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THE EARTH AND MAN.

BY REV. CANON O'MEARA, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, WINNIPEG.

GREAT, wonderful, and manifold have been the triumphs of man over nature. In all ages, and in none more than in the present, the God-given inheritance of reason and will has obtained for our race the sway over the world of matter. No lands have been too remote for man to penetrate, no seas too broad for him to cross, no powers of nature toc vast or terrible for him to bend them to his will, and make servants and handmaidens of his all-pervading genius. And since we, as a race, have a very exalted opinion of our own powers and importance, these victories of ours over the outside world have been very largely and plentifully dilated on. Poets have made them the subjects of their most stirring measures; philosophers have moralized on them with self-satisfied complacency; they have kindled the tongue of the orator, and caused it to glow with all the fire of eloquence; and even the painter has not scorned to immortalize them on the canvas.

The prominence thus given to the influence of *man* upon *matter*, makes us, I think, a little too apt to forget that there is quite another side to the picture. Looking as we do on the long and glorious panorama unfolded to our view by the annals of our race—a panorama representing with more or less faithfulness and truth the victories achieved and the influence exerted by the human will over the so-called dead world of matter—we are very prone to turn our backs upon another and no less interesting picture, that of the influence for good or evil wielded by the powers of nature over the lives and destinies of the human race. That such influence is a real and a great one no thoughtful man can for a moment doubt. But few of us have, I think, an adequate conception of *how great* has been the power exerted by the physical world in moulding and fashioning the individual and collective life of our race, from the time when our first parents wandered amid the trickling fountains and the shady groves of the Garden of Eden down to the present day, when well-nigh every hill and valley, and every forest and plain, re-echoes to the sound of our industries, our pleasures, and our strifes. In some small measure to trace and illustrate the subtle connection between the life of the race and its physical surroundings will be the endeavour of your lecturer* this evening, and he hopes that he may obtain the pardon of his audience if,

* This paper was originally delivered as a lecture.

from his necessarily weak and imperfect handling of the subject, so noble a theme should lose, in the minds of those who hear him, any of that interest which ought to belong to it.

Under the term *Physical Geography* are included a variety of different factors. For, as has been well observed by an eminent writer upon this subject, *mere* description is not sufficient to give us an adequate and connected idea of the whole surface of our globe, not only in its individual parts but in its entirety. We must ascend to the causes and descend to the consequences of the various physical phenomena presented to us in our survey of the earth's surface, ere our system of Physical Geography be complete. I would therefore define Physical Geography to be the aggregate of those facts which we glean from a study of the earth's surface, diversified as it is by sea and land, mountains and valleys, lakes and rivers, winds and tides; and, combined with this, some considerable acquaintance with the causes which underlie the mutual action and reaction of these various natural phenomena. Let me illustrate to you the necessity of some acquaintance with the causes of which I speak. Our geographies inform us that certain fogs arise continually off the coast of Newfoundland; but how meagre and unsatisfactory would be this as a mere fact, were we not also to discover the cause of this phenomenon to be the meeting of two opposite and distinct currents of water—the one proceeding from the cold waters of the Arctic Ocean, the other carrying with it across the Atlantic the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico. In a full and complete system of Physical Geography must also be included all climatic influences, such as the prevailing winds, the relative amount of heat and cold, the slope of any particular country or continent, its amount of coast line, and many other particulars, all of which have some bearing on the character of the country, and the occupations and destinies of its people.

Taking Physical Geography in this broad and extensive sense, we shall find, I think, that its connection with the collective life of our race has been close and intimate.

Not only the inspired Word of God itself, but the traditions of nearly all the great races of the world point to the plains lying along the upper portion of the Tigris and Euphrates as the cradle of the human race. And in the natural features of that country we find many reasons to prove to us the wisdom of the Creator in selecting that particular locality as the birthplace of mankind. The soil is rendered rich by the alluvial deposits left by the periodical overflow of the rivers, and thus agriculture was rendered easy and simple to our infant race; while, on the other hand, the want of rain obliging them to have recourse to artificial irrigation, and also their struggles to keep the rivers within bounds, had a tendency to develop and foster careful industry and considerable attention to the useful arts. But as population increased and the circles of settlement grew wider and wider, the inhabitants of the different sections of country began each to assume different characteristics—each to bear different types stamped on them by their physical surroundings.

The old world may be divided into two great and essentially different portions, viz., the country lying west of the Hindoo Koosh mountains, including the western portion of Asia and the whole of Europe; and that lying east of that range of mountains, which section includes India, Burmah, China, and Japan.

Let us glance briefly at the grand physical characteristics of the latter portion. We find it a region in which the soil is richer and requires less laborious cultivation than in the west; the climate is more enervating in its effects upon the human system. Again, we find that the whole of Eastern Asia is one vast inclosure, shut in by mountain ranges; and across this run mountain ridges which cut it up into countries and tracts, shut out from each other by almost impassable barriers. You will easily see what would be the effect upon national character of these natural phenomena. The easiness of cultivation, combined with the enervating climate, would make the inhabitants indolent and greatly lacking in energy. Again, the great mountain barriers would tend to shut each nation in upon itself, and to prevent free and extensive commerce among the different peoples of the continent. Furnished so easily with all that they required by the hand of bountiful Nature, these Eastern nations had no mind to travel beyond the confines of their own country to obtain all that could make life easy and pleasant. Thus would grow up a spirit of exclusiveness, of intense dislike

to foreign relationships, an intense antipathy to foreign travel; and this spirit, acting on the nation as a whole, would affect it in its domestic life. We should naturally expect to find the East essentially the land of classes —of classes hemmed in by barriers as unchanging and impassable as the everlasting hills themselves.

Another cause operating upon national character may be found in the monotony of the country thus shut in within those mountain peaks. There were no pleasing changes from sloping valley to sunlit hill, but one long expanse of plain. And here let me remark that the highest development of the human race seems to be reached in a condition of surroundings, mental, moral, and physical, in which variety is the prevailing law. There is something in variety which stimulates the senses to a keener activity, quickens the moral energies, and brightens and sharpens all the powers and faculties of the mind; the continual change from one condition to another, requiring continuous forethought and renewed physical and mental exertion to adapt oneself to the change of circumstances; the continual variety of scene and surroundings, requiring fresh intellectual effort to comprehend and appreciate them. All these benefits of variety were lost to the inhabitants of those Eastern plain countries, and thus we should expect to find their character and their history alike bearing the stamp of monotony, And do we not find, in the actual history of these people, that such has been the case? You all know how intensely exclusive has been, till within very late years, the policy pursued by the Empires of China and Japan; so that it was only when almost forced to it at the cannon's mouth that they opened their ports to commerce and intercourse with foreign nations. We have all heard of the system of caste in India, and of its rigid exclusiveness; and in the fact of these nations being so shut out from one another, combined with the monotonous character of their country, we can find a reason for the stationary nature of their history, and the traditionary character of their institutions. Away back into the dim and distant past, with hardly a way-mark on the great march of time to distinguish from each other the centuries as they rolled by, stretch the annals and records of those oriental peoples. While one political earthquake after another was changing the whole social, civil, and religious aspect of Europe, these peoples remained essentially the same.

And now let us follow the course of the Western peoples—those who, descending the western slopes of the Bolor and Hindoo Koosh mountains, took their way towards the setting sun. Upon entering Europe they at once found themselves in a land which, from its character, was well fitted to develop to the full all the faculties and powers of the race. Nature yielded none of her treasures save at the summons of earnest labour. Lying as it does almost entirely within the temperate zone, Europe is the natural home of energy and progress. Nature, while calling out man's energies to the full, gives him the promise of something beyond the bare necessaries of life; so that, having thus, by labour and perseverance, provided for his merely physical wants, he may have leisure to cultivate the higher faculties of the intellectual nature. To the fathers of our race nature proved herself, on the one hand, no over-indulgent mother, by the lavishness of her gifts killing out all energy of action, all force of character, all earnestness of purpose; and on the other, no stern and unloving parent, denying to her children all save the barest necessities of existence. She was rather the thoughtful and considerate mother, assisting and sustaining the first steps of her children, while encouraging them to independence of action and self-reliance, stimulating to fresh exertions by holding out to them the hope of great and yet greater rewards awaiting on energetic labour, aided by skill and forethought; and not only the climate and character of the soil, but the formation of the country as well, favoured the first settlers. The immense proportion of seaboard that Europe possesses, as compared with the other continents of the old world—arms of the sea running into and penetrating the land to an extent not even approached in any other part of the world—with the mountain ranges so situated as, on the one hand, not to hinder the different countries from having free intercourse with one another; and on the other, to afford that diversity to the surface of the country which has such a beneficial effect on the character of its people—with an atmosphere as far removed from the dryness which prevails in lands too far remote from

the sea, as it is from that oceanic atmosphere which is experienced in islands far out in the ocean, and which, by its excessive moisture, has a tendency to render the inhabitants lethargic and apathetic. With all these advantages, you will readily perceive that Europe was the fitting cradle and home of those mighty nations which, by the sword of the conqueror, or the pen of the writer, or the hand of the artizan, have graven deep their story in the imperishable records of the race. Of these different causes, the one perhaps which most of all conduced to the greatness of Europe was the facility of intercourse among its different peoples. "Men run to and fro, and knowledge is increased." Such is the utterance of Divine wisdom, and such has been the lesson taught us by all history. It is as impossible for a nation, as for an individual, to grow to greatness by itself. The man who goes not forth to commune with his brother men—to sharpen his intellect, and enrich his store of knowledge by the mutual exchange of ideas—to gather the ripe fruits of experience left him by his fellows, becomes a mystic and a dreamer; one who can never be fit to play his part in the great drama of real life. And so it is with nations. If, either by natural barriers, or national ignorance or prejudice, they are shut in on their own ideas, their own resources, their own plans of action, then they can never hope to rank high in the muster roll of nations. Happy is it for a nation or a continent when nature has paved the way, by her wise arrangements, for the free interchange of commodities and ideas.

And now let us take a brief survey of some of those countries which have played the chief parts in European history. And first let us turn our attention to a certain island in the German Ocean, whose name must be dear to most, if not to all, of those to whom I speak; dear to some by cherished memories of childhood and of home, by well-remembered visions of a quiet English village, or peaceful farm-house, or thriving town or crowded city, where dwell those towards whom their hearts are ever turning, reaching with their arms of love across the wide expanse of sea and land which stretches between them; dear to others by the heritage of a glorious name, a birthright of honour and renown, which is the noblest legacy handed down from British sire to Canadian son, and which is the peculiar property and most precious possession of every son and daughter of our new Dominion. Let us seek to discover some of the physical causes which, along with other causes of no less importance, have conduced to place England in the proud position she occupies in this nineteenth century, and to make her the nation which she is to-day—a nation which has given to the world its bravest soldiers and its ablest statesmen, which has bestowed on literature its brightest ornaments, and which has given to science and philosophy some of their profoundest thinkers and most ardent disciples; a nation whose keels plough the waves of every sea; a nation which, by her manufactures and her commerce, has amassed wealth surpassing far the fabled riches of Ormuz and of Ind; and, above all, a nation which has been privileged to be the missionary nation of the world—one which, under God, has carried the old, old story of the Gospel far and wide—whose sons have borne the standard of the Cross through burning heat and Arctic cold, through storm and tempest, through danger and through death, till to-day that standard waves from the frozen shores of the Hudson's Bay to the coral isles of the South—from the palm groves of India to the pine-clad slopes of the Pacific.

In the first place, we remark that England is almost in the centre of the land hemisphere—the great heart of the world, from which are sent out the veins and arteries of commerce and of enterprise. Again, though lying between the same parallels of latitude as the country round the Hudson's Bay, the climate of the British Isles is rendered moderate and equable not only by the near presence of the sea, but also by the influence of the Gulf Stream, whose waters, carried like a mighty river across the ocean from the Gulf of Mexico, preserving their warmth to a great extent, strike first the shores of Ireland, making it, indeed, an emerald isle, and then wash the coast of England. There are three causes which go to make England the manufacturing country which she is. First, her jagged and deeply indented coast-line, bringing her at every point near the sea. That great highway of the nation made it, in the first place, easy for her to bring to her great manufacturing centres the raw material from India and America; and, in

the second, it afforded her an easy means of sending to all parts of the globe her manufactured stuffs. Again, in these days, when so much of success in manufacture depends upon the wide-spread application of machinery, driven by steam or water, you will see of how great benefit to England are the numerous little streams that water it, and, above all, the vast coal-fields, giving her the means of a cheap and abundant supply of steam power. Again, the presence of iron in large quantities, affording her material wherewith to make her machinery, has also assisted in building up the manufactures of England.

Again, see what an influence her insular position has had upon the history of England. Once rendered strong at sea by an efficient navy, England was nearly secure from foreign invasion or from permanent conquest. While this acted as her safeguard, it also exercised a very beneficial effect by preventing her from becoming, to any very great extent, a continental Power. In the few instances in which English kings have sought to achieve European conquests, they have fortunately either failed at once, or been unable to retain the countries they had seized. Thus remote from the systems of European nations, she has held, as it were, the position of mediator between the nations of Europe. Glance for a moment at the physical geography of Ireland, so easy of conquest, while all the armies of the Plantagenets were powerless permanently to subdue Scotland. Was it because the Irish were less brave than the Scotch that such was the case? I, who have in my veins a very good share of Irish blood, would be the last one to cast such a slur upon that nation of "fair women and brave men." We find the reason, I think, in the structure of the country. The whole centre of Ireland is one vast plain. Its mountain ranges are all scattered along the sea coast. Once the invaders crossed the mountains at the edge, there was nothing to prevent them obtaining a firm hold of the country. The sole refuge of the conquered lay in a few mountain ranges at the north and east and west, separated far from each other. How very different might have been the results had there been some strong central mountain range, in which the Irish might have banded themselves together to resist their Sassenach invaders. Scotland, however, has a great advantage in her mountains. However strong an English invader might be, he was always stopped at the foot of the Grampians. The patriot Scots, when defeated by superior numbers in the plains of the lowlands, might always retreat upon the highlands, and there make a stand, and from this point of vantage so harass their southern foes as to make them glad to evacuate the country. Such is the history of the brave days of Wallace and of Bruce—days of which every Scotchman may well be proud, and to which even an Englishman can now afford to look back with a certain satisfaction; for was it not the same spirit of indomitable courage and high-souled patriotism which fired the hearts of those heroes of the olden time that nerved the arm and sped swift the footsteps of a Havelock and a Campbell, as they bore England's banners to the relief of her children and the overthrow of her murderous enemies? Was it not the same blood that dyed the heather of Bannockburn, that has flowed so freely on well-nigh every field of battle since then, where honour and renown have been reaped for the dear old flag?

And now let us see what light is thrown upon the history of France by a study of her Physical Geography. As a great manufacturing country she can never hope to rank, but there are some of the finer manufactures which, on account of its drier and sunnier atmosphere, and the delicate touch and keen perception which such a climate helps to form, may be carried on in France to a much greater extent than they ever could be in England. During the days of hand labour, France led the Western world in manufactures; but as soon as machinery was introduced, then, with little water power and no coal, France necessarily sank into the background. Then look at the features of France as, to a great extent, determining her military history. Observe her central position—Italy on one side, Germany on another, Spain on a third, with the Pyrenees, the Alps, Jura, and the Vosges all surrounding her, so that in case of defeat her beaten armies might fall back on these and rally their strength for a fresh effort. You can see at once that France would naturally become the aggressive Power of Europe; from her central position, striking in several directions at once, she might lay all the Continent at her feet. But once let the con-

quered nations rally, and unite to resist her, then what should we expect? Once having passed the mountains—which, though difficult, are not impassable to a firm and determined foe—once having passed these, the whole of France would be in their power, and there would be nothing to prevent them marching straight on the capital itself. And is not such, to a great extent, the history of France? Remember the wars of Napoleon—how, leading on his armies east and south, he laid all Europe at his feet; but once they united, then, having beaten Napoleon and passed the mountain barriers, they marched straight on Paris itself.

And now let me refer you to a country whose story seems somewhat at variance with the ideas I have been seeking to propound—Greece. The difficulty lies here. Greece is the same now, physically speaking, as she was in her palmy days of glory and of greatness, when her painters and her sculptors gave to art its richest treasures; when her lyre re-echoed to the sweetest songs that earth has ever heard; when those grand old dramas were produced which have served as the model of all true dramatic art since then; when her statesmen gave utterance to those orations which were mighty to move the multitudes, stirring them to passion or firing them to patriotism, leaving as their legacy to the world masterpieces of eloquence, which, for beauty of style and resistless power of expression, have seldom been equalled and never been excelled; when her armies marched on from victory to victory, shaking to their base the mightiest dynasties of the East.

And yet, though her hills and rivers, her fertile plains, her sounding shores, her deep blue sky, are all the same, how changed are her people! Well might the poet sing as he stood on the site of her vanished glory—

> "The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!
> Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
> Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
> Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
> Eternal summer gilds them yet,
> But all, except their sun, is set."

And now let us seek, to some extent, to account for this great change in the fortunes of this wonderful land. You will remember that the life of Greece was essentially a city life. It is Athens, or Corinth, or Sparta, or Thebes, of which we hear as playing the chief part in the great historical drama; and this the natural features of the country favoured. It is a hilly country, enclosing little fertile valleys, with well-watered fields. In the centre of the valley was the city. These cities, with their little stretch of valley country round them, and their few dependent villages, formed a series of independent States, united to the others only by common religious festivals, a common language, and, sometimes, the resistance of a common foe. The strength of these States lay in their independence and in the flourishing condition of their cities; and as soon as the world-conquering Alexander destroyed their independence and laid low the cities, then the heart, as it were, was taken out of the greatness of Greece.

And now I come to the last division of my lecture. I have now to draw nearer home, and speak of the New World. And, before I go any farther, let me mention a few of the most general natural peculiarities which distinguish the New World from the Old. The former, as contrasted with the latter, is essentially the moist continent. From its shape, stretched out from north to south to great length, while it is comparatively narrow from east to west, it is much more under the influence of the damp winds coming from those two vast bodies of water, the Atlantic and the Pacific, than is the Old World. Again, it is essentially the land of seas, rivers, and lakes. Nowhere in the whole extent of the three continents which compose the Old World are there such mighty rivers as the Amazon, over 3,000 miles in length, draining a surface of over a million and a half square miles; the Mississippi, over 3,000 miles in length; with other great streams, such as the St. Lawrence, the Ohio, the Missouri, the Saskatchewan. Again, look at the lakes of the New World. The immense bodies of fresh water connected by the River St. Lawrence cover a surface of nearly 80,000 square miles, and contain nearly one-half of all the fresh water on the globe. And they are not all; for have we not Winnipeg, Arthabaska, Great Slave, and Great Bear Lakes, worthy to be ranked side by side with their southern brethren? And now let us see what effect this prevalence of the water element has upon the continent as the abode of man. In the first place, as has been ably shown by M. Guyot, a writer to whose excellent work I

have been much indebted for some of the materials of this lecture, warmth and moisture are the most favourable conditions for the production of an exuberant vegetation. All forms of vegetable life find their highest realization in the New World, whether it be the bright tropic flower and palm groves of the south or the stately forests and goodly corn lands of the north. And it is on account of this prevalence of moisture that we find none of those great sand deserts which are so numerous in the Old World. The only desert in North America is that known as the Great American Desert; and, as we were informed by the able lecturer to whom we had the privilege of listening a few weeks ago, this is not a desert absolutely, but only relatively to the more fertile lands to the eastward of it. And I believe a reason for the comparative barrenness of the soil may be found in the fact that it is, on the one hand, so far removed from the Atlantic that the ocean winds lose all their moisture before they reach it; and, on the other hand, it is shut out from the breezes of the Pacific by the lofty ranges of the Rocky Mountains, which near that point have not so many nor so great passes as they have opposite the far west of our country, as, for instance, the valley of the Peace River.

Thus we see that America is essentially the vegetable producing continent. Lying dormant in its valleys and its plains, there is a productive power which only awaits the skill-directed energies of man to bring forth the richest treasures. And here we see the relation which subsists between the New World and the Old. They are, as it were, the complement the one of the other. To quote again the words of M. Guyot: "As the plant is made for the animal, as the vegetable world is made for the animal world, so is America made for Europe." Compare the condition of the two continents, Europe and North America (for it is to that portion of the New World that I would now confine my remarks)—Europe, with its overcrowded towns and cities; with its soil impoverished and exhausted by long tillage; full to overflowing of an energy and a life which can find no outlet; which is powerless to prevent millions of its inhabitants from dragging out a miserable existence in the most abject poverty—such is the state of Europe. On the other hand we have America, with its millions of acres of fertile land as yet untilled, with its great streams affording easy communication, with its cotton fields in the south giving to England the source of her greatest wealth. On the one hand, Man, possessed of energy, skill, and perseverance; on the other, Nature, with a boundless store of undeveloped wealth lying hid beneath her soil. And the very structure of the country seems to favour this relation between America and Europe. Suppose the first settlers had met, close to the shores on which they landed, an impassable mountain wall, hindering them from entering farther into the new and unknown land, would they not very probably have been driven back again to the Old World, leaving the new continent in all its primeval loneliness? Such would most likely have been the case had the Rocky Mountains run down the eastern instead of the western side of North America. But, as it was, they found themselves in a country which, by its gently undulating character, invited them farther and farther into its depths. Again, what an assistance to speedy colonization were those great rivers flowing down and across the whole extent of the continent, affording a safe and easy highway from the sea coast to the very heart of the country. Up the Mississippi, the Missouri, the St. Lawrence and the Hudson, those old settlers travelled on and on, ever planting new colonies along their banks.

Thus we see it was no chance impulse that led the nations of the Old World ever to follow the setting sun, from those old days when they left their first homes in the far-off East, down to the present time, when wave after wave of the great human tide is rolling from the shores of Europe across the wide ocean to our own, advancing with resistless might, never stopping till it shall break at last against the great barriers of the West. It was no chance, I say, that led them thus, but the all-wise care of a Being who shapes and fashions all events to His own great purposes, and who so directs the lives, not only of individuals, but of nations and of races, as that they may work out fully and perfectly their parts in the great universal plan.

And now, let me ask, what is *our* part—I speak as a Canadian to Canadians—what is our part, I say, in this great destiny that lies before America—a destiny upon which, in part, she has already entered?

We too have a share, and I think a great share, in those blessings which the hand of Nature has so richly showered on the peoples of the New World. Ours are the vast forests, ours are the mighty rivers, ours are the wealth of the mine, and above all, ours are the treasures of the soil. Our territory stretches in one almost unbroken extent of fertile land from the iron-bound coast of the stormy Atlantic to the balmy shores of the Peaceful Sea. We too are the heirs of all the ages, foremost in the files of time. We have in our veins the blood of the noblest nations of the Old World. We have as our birthright those free institutions and that untrammelled exercise of thought and religion for which our fathers fought and died. What then is to prevent us from becoming a great nation? Surely it is no vain dream, no fancy born merely of the wish, that deludes me when I look forward to the coming years, and see arise from out them a great nation—a nation which shall be the pride of her subjects, and the honour and glory of the country which gave her birth. With whom lies the great question whether Canada shall be a great country, taking her rank high up in the muster-roll of the nations, or shall never rise beyond the condition of a third or fourth-rate Power? Is it not with her own sons and daughters? With *them* lies the future of their country. Nature has done all she can for us. The Old World sends to our shores year by year fresh supplies of men to till our fields and work our mines. We, the people of Canada, hold her destiny in our own hand.

What is wanted in Canada is more true and pure patriotism—more of that spirit of which England's greatest historian speaks when he says:

> "Then none was for a party,
> Then all were for the State,
> Then the great man helped the poor,
> And the poor man loved the great;
> Then lands were fairly portioned,
> Then spoils were fairly sold,
> Then Romans were like brothers,
> In the brave days of old."

We want more union of all nationalities, all creeds, and all sections, on the grand and comprehensive basis of a common love for our country and a common earnestness of national purpose. Let us lay deep and strong the foundations of that national edifice of which we are and must be the architects, whether for good or evil, for failure or success. Let us lay as our chief corner-stone that pure religion, that open Bible, which is our most precious inheritance from the generations of the past. Let us develop carefully and thoroughly our educational institutions, so that as our people grow in wealth, they shall grow in knowledge and in power. Again, let us pay more and more attention to the cultivation of the soil. It was said by an envious Emperor that England was a nation of shopkeepers. Let it be Canada's proudest boast that she is a nation of farmers. She must be that or nothing. As I have endeavoured to point out to you, it is to a great agricultural future that her natural features point; and if we as a nation tread not in the path pointed out to us by the hand of Nature, we cannot hope to reach to greatness. And here let me say a few words of a spirit I have observed among the young men of some of the older provinces, which does not augur well for the future of the country. What I refer to is that tendency to forsake the farm, as something degrading, something menial, and to rush to the towns and cities and there to seek employment, perhaps as clerks or bookkeepers, or in some other occupation which can only render them a mere subsistence in return for constant labour. They do this because they think that their occupations are a little more stylish, and confer better social position than working on a farm. This, I need hardly say, is a great mistake. There is no more honourable, no more thoroughly independent life, than that of the farmer. If a young man should obtain a little more learning, or get a little wider knowledge of the world than his fellows, let him turn it all back again upon the farm, and the soil will richly reward the skilled labour he may bestow on it. And here, with these words of hope and trust for the future of our common country, let me draw my lecture to a close; only adding that in all I have said in regard to the future of Canada, I would not seek in the slightest degree to loosen, but rather to draw yet closer, the golden link of reverence and of love which binds us to the motherland. Because a son strives to make his mark in the world by talents and virtues that are all his own, it surely needs not that he should abate aught of that affection and respect which is due from child to parent. And so because we would wish and hope to see our own country shine with a lustre not merely reflect-

ed from the transcendent glory of her motherland, but with one which shall be all her own, there is surely no necessity that we should breathe the slightest whisper of disrespect or disaffection towards Old England. Let us as Canadians be but true to our own selves, and all will be well with us. Let us not rest content with the progress we have already made on the road to greatness. Let "the things which we have done be but earnest of the things that we shall do." Let us cast away from us the cramping fetters of narrow-minded sectionalism and Provincial prejudice, and let us, with a high, unfaltering trust in the great King of kings, take our stand boldly and resolutely on the great platform of a common Canadian nationality. Let us each and every one throw in our influence to make our country prosperous at home and respected abroad by the vigour of her enterprise, the purity of her legislation, and the stainless honour of her name. Then shall Canada play no mean part in the great to-be that lies before the world,

> "When the war-drum throbs no longer,
> And the battle flags are furled,
> In the Parliament of man,
> The Federation of the world;
> When the common sense of most
> Shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
> And the kindly earth shall slumber
> Lapp'd in universal law."

A TRILOGY OF PASSION AND VICTORY.

I. At the Supper: Man's Self-Questioning. II. In the Garden: God's Questioning.
III. O Grave! Where is thy Victory?

BY F. R., BARRIE.

I.

"And they began to be sorrowful, and to say unto Him, one by one, 'Is it I?' and another said 'Is it I?'"

LORD! at Thy Supper I have supped,—and fed
Upon Thy words and bread;
Thy wine upon my lip is hardly dry,
Yet am I fain to cry
(Hanging my shameful, self-abaséd head),
"Lord, is it I?"

Friend! in Thy bosom I have lain,—and known
What 'tis Thy love to own;
And shall I turn a traitor unto Thee?
O, be it far from me!
Yet must I ask, in self-accusing tone,
"Lord, is it I?"

Master! Thy lessons came to me untaught,
Thou gavest them unbought;
No word of treachery in them I find,
No treason in *Thy* mind;
Then how should these among Thy friends be sought?
Yet "is it I?"

This talent in my hand, it is but just
Should gather golden dust
For Thee—since it is Thine to give or spend,
Or to another lend ;
And can I turn against Thee Thine own trust?
"Lord, is it I?"

Lord, Thou hast loved and taught me, and Thy care
Is round me everywhere ;
Wherefore my soul is bitter, as I cry
(Shunning Thy loving eye)
"Judge me, O Lord ! yet in Thy judging spare !
For, it *is* I."

II.

"Could'st thou not watch one hour?"

Lo ! in my watchings, times without number,
Praying alone on the height of a hill,
I have forbidden mine eyelids to slumber
Though the world slept, and the voices were still.

Far in the moonlight, dark in the distance
Clustered the snow-covered mountains of God,
Friends in the night, whence cometh assistance
To the sad soul that is bent by the rod.

Down the steep rocks to the watercourse falling,
Dropt one by one, one and all, the streams ;
Sounding like strange familiar voices calling
Soft in the ear of a man who dreams.

High overhead the infinite arched heaven
Rolled its star dust and its stars athwart,
As when before the steady east wind driven
Bend the light flowers, by the breezes caught:

So have I watched. What tho' the eyeballs, blinded
With the fierce glare of sunshine on the sand,
Ached in the gloom? my spirit was not minded
To drop the cup of sadness from its hand.

On the day's labours and the work to-morrow,
On the ravell'd thread that I will knit again,
On all the pain, sin, weariness, and sorrow
Borne on my head and often borne in vain,

Only on these, with nerves unstrung, in meekness
  Shall my soul rest and ponder through this night,
Till I perceive a power grow from weakness,
  And night and I shall feel the coming light.

But you, oh weary ones, and oh faint-hearted!
  When the crowd followed, and my fame was wide,
After the feast and multitude departed,
  Then did you seek with me the mountain side?

Now in the danger, when the shouts that cheered you
  Die upon white lips quivering with scorn,
And hate appears in the false eyes that feared you,
  Now can you watch and wake until the morn?

Sleep on! it skills not whether you are sleeping:
  See! through the olives comes a glint of spears,
Deem not my life entrusted to your keeping,
  Nor mourn your sleeping with these idle tears.

Nay, play the man! and henceforth, faring forward,
  Keep on your way in darkness and in light;
With a brave life wipe out the name of "coward,"
  Which, ere the cock-crow, will be yours to-night.

III.

"They found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre."

(*From the German.*)

When the Easter Bells are ringing
  Through the quiet land,
And the Church is full of singing
  Chorals sweet and grand,
Then sounding their bells in the meadows sweet,
The silver snowdrops sprout under our feet;
    They call together, "For sweet spring's sake,
    Now winter's over, ye flowers awake!"

Quakes Christ's grave from its firm station
  At the Eternal's call;
Christ, to whom we owed creation,
  He will save us all!
From little graves, too, where a clustering heap
Of chafers and flies all the winter sleep,
    The summons is answered, and gladly run
    One and all to the light of the sun.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S BIRTH-PLACE.

BY GEORGIANA M. CRAIK.

WE were in the North of Ireland, and about to start for London, in the spring of 1857, when, soon after it was published for the first time, we read Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë." The book had been eagerly looked for by us, and when it arrived we read it with the deepest interest. It was a biography that took possession of us; for days, as it passed from one of us to another, we talked of little else but the pathetic story of that wonderful household amongst the Yorkshire moors.

One day, at last, one of us said, "Suppose we were to go and see Haworth on our way to London?"

It was a happy proposition, that seemed to fit in with everybody's desire. We seized the idea with delight, and in a very short time we had resolved to make out the little expedition, and had arranged our route. We could only manage to spend one day in the place, and as we all wanted, if possible, to see Mr. Brontë, this single day, we agreed, had better be a Sunday. To enable us to reach Haworth on Saturday evening we therefore set out upon our journey—four of us in number—F., A., M., and I—on a Friday evening (it was the 29th of May, the evening of a glorious summer day), in the steamer to Morecambe from Belfast.

Early on Saturday morning we reached Morecambe, and thence, after a pause of some hours, we went on by Lancaster to Keighley. It was five in the afternoon when we arrived at Keighley, the nearest station to Haworth; and here, after having booked our luggage at the station to await our return next day, we made our way to the best-looking inn that we could find; very tired and hot and hungry, for we had spent a good while in wandering about Lancaster under a burning sun.

We were now between three and four miles from Haworth, and we had to trust to our feet, which were already tolerably weary, for making out the remainder of our journey. In addition to fatigue, also, M. was unfortunately by this time ill with a violent headache, and we were, further, labouring under some half-acknowledged anxiety as to the nature of the accommodation that we might find at Haworth when we finally reached it; for though we were well aware of the existence of an inn in the place—the "Black Bull," poor Branwell Brontë's inn—for anything we knew it might be the smallest of hostelries, quite incapable of supplying us with the three bedrooms we needed. As we sat in the hotel at Keighley, waiting hungrily and wearily for the meal that was curiously long in coming, anticipations of the manner in which we might be called upon to pass the night began to press rather seriously upon us.

"It is a very wild expedition, I am afraid," F. said, shaking his head with gloomy forebodings; and the other three of us were too ill or too hungry to make any very effective attempt at consolation.

By the time, however, that we had been refreshed by food (and very excellent, when at length it appeared, was the meal that we were given—served to us, too, in a homely, old-fashioned, sunny room, which has left an impression on my memory ever since as of the pleasantest hotel-room I ever saw), our spirits rose once more. The evening was so beautiful that with our hunger appeased, perhaps even the prospect of a night upon the moors did not seem altogether alarming to us. At any rate, at half-past seven o'clock, we started on our walk to Haworth—doubtful though we were as to what was to become of us at the end of it—full of energy and eager anticipation.

From this point I copy from my journal, written at the time.

"It was the walk that the three Brontë girls used to take so often. It is nearly four miles; a road closed in for the most part on the left hand, sometimes by houses or mills, sometimes by high banks or low hills, but on the right open in length and breadth for miles—a long, wide, verdant valley, rising up with a splendid sweep into high moors.

Behind one of these moors, as we walked, the sun set, and a great flush of crimson rose over half the sky; and then, as the twilight came slowly on, faint mists began to steal up out of the valley, and fall like a veil upon the hills, wrapping the whole wide beautiful view in a soft mysterious haze. And then high up, far above us, almost on the summit of one of the bleak moors, the Haworth lights began to steal out one by one, like stars in the deepening twilight. For full two miles before we reached it we could see the village, and the square church tower against the sky.

"For the most part of the way the road is level; the real ascent of the hill only begins at the entrance of the town. There it begins suddenly. We entered the street and then at once the ascent became abrupt, growing steeper at every step, until, after climbing nearly half a mile, it was almost precipitous; a narrow street, paved all across with long rough narrow stones, down which the wooden shoes of the villagers came clanking as we toiled upwards, with a strange, most unfamiliar sound.

"We were almost tired out when we reached the top, and saw at last, hanging out conspicuous against the sky, on the very summit, the welcome sign of the 'Black Bull,' our hoped-for destination for the night. We went straight to it, and our first inquiry was whether we could get beds. All through our walk we had been half afraid that at the end we should find ourselves compelled to return and sleep at Keighley; but a moment more set us at our ease now. The old inn had beds for us all—plenty of them—accommodation of all kinds.

"We told them what we wanted, ordered our beds to be made up, left poor M., who was utterly exhausted now, lying on a sofa; and then the rest of us—F., A., and I—far too excited to stay indoors, went out again into the village. It was almost ten o'clock now, and nearly dark. The inn joins the churchyard, and we stood at the churchyard gate as we came out of it. There was the church close beside us, and beyond the church was the Brontës' house. We spoke to a policeman whom we found standing near, and asked him the way to it, for there seemed no pathway. He took us in charge at once, guided us first to the front of the house, which, as it stands actually in the churchyard can only be seen from there, and then took us round to the entrance, which is on the north side. As we stood looking up at the front, lights appeared at one or two of the windows, at the parlour down stairs, and at the window of the little room that used to be called the 'children's study.' We spoke to the policeman about the Brontës, and found that he seemed to have some glimmering notion of Charlotte Brontë's fame.

"Having finished our survey of the house we returned to the inn, and F. being too tired by this time to walk any more, we left him there, and A. and I, after a few minutes' rest, sallied out again. We wanted to make some little purchases before the shops closed; we went once more down that strange precipitous street, which, long past ten though it was now, was still all alive with men and women clanking up and down it in their wooden shoes, and we went into several of the little shops and bought various odd things in remembrance of the place. To several of the people too that we saw we spoke about the Brontës, and they all talked of them with a certain amount of kindly interest and regard, but with little or no warmth. On the whole, it struck us as very curious how little mark they seemed to have made upon the place. Nobody showed any desire to be communicative about them. Such questions as we asked were answered, but this was nearly all. Evident as our interest in the whole family must have been, it seemed to stir no desire in any one to gratify it. There was even an appearance of what almost might be called unwillingness to acknowledge any peculiar excellence or noticeableness in the Brontës, which is, perhaps, when they speak of their superiors, a common trait of the democratic, independent Yorkshire mind, but which, from its unfamiliarity, amused and struck us. 'Yes, they are very good people,' their whole tone seemed to say, 'but we haven't much to do with them. It's no business of theirs to meddle with us. They keep to their work and we keep to ours. As to their being more remarkable than other people—it may be so, but we know nothing about that.' Of what Charlotte Brontë had become, their knowledge was for the most part very vague indeed. The landlady at the 'Black Bull' said to us afterwards that she had heard there had been a book written about her, and there was one copy of it, she believed, in

Haworth, but she had not seen it, and she did not seem to feel, nor did she profess that she felt, any curiosity at all about it.

"A little before eleven we made our way back to the inn for good, and had supper, and went to bed, A. and I sleeping in a room whose windows looked clear down into the churchyard, with a damp, mouldering churchyard smell in it.

"Sunday, May 31st.—We were pretty early astir, and before I was dressed I saw F. out in the churchyard, and having, in a few minutes, joined him, we wandered for a little about the tumble-down graves (there is scarcely a grave-stone in the whole place that is standing upright), and presently, seeing an old man lingering about much as we ourselves were doing, we went up and accosted him, and found that he was the old clerk of the church. So finding him, after a few moments, unlike our friends last night, evidently of a garrulous turn of mind, we attached ourselves to him, and soon fell into a long talk about all the Brontës—a talk that was very interesting to us, though he had little or nothing that was actually new to say. I forget how long he told us he had been clerk of the parish, but at any rate he had watched the growing up of all the Brontë children, and he talked of them familiarly and with great kindness, speaking of them always by their Christian names, without any formal prefix of 'Miss' or 'Master,' and repeating many of the little facts about their common daily life that Mrs. Gaskell tells. He had taught them all to sing when they were children, he said. He spoke a good deal about poor Branwell, and all his miserable story. While we stood talking with him, leaning over one of the grave-stones, a younger man, who turned out to be the sexton, came up and joined us; A. and M., too, had already some time before come from the house; and presently we four, having parted from the two men, went round the churchyard again, and stood for a good while looking at the house, and the small, ugly-looking garden belonging to it, that is cut out of one corner of the churchyard, with a path running all round just within the stone boundary wall.

"We returned to the inn after about an hour, and had breakfast; then, going out again, we were, for the second time, picked up by our friends the sexton and the clerk, and taken by them into the church. It is a large, open church, with a gallery at the west end, and with the reading-desk and pulpit placed in the centre of the south aisle, and facing the north. We were taken within the communion rails, where, beside the altar, the Brontë monument stands, with its long, sad list of names overflowing into the little added tablet that records Charlotte Brontë's death; and then to the vestry, where they showed us the registry of her marriage, and where we stood for a good while, with the open book and its two signatures before us, while they talked to us of her wedding-day. Then we left the church, and they took us to the Sunday-school, which the clerk was eager that we should inspect; but when we reached the door we saw that teaching was going on, and, in spite of the old man's reiterated invitations, we insisted on drawing back. Indeed, we were a little vexed even to have been brought to the door, and rather annoyed again when, on returning to the church half-an-hour later for service, the sexton—to show, I suppose, his sense of the fees bestowed upon him—marshalled us into one of the most conspicuous pews in the whole building, immediately under the reading-desk.

"Only Mr. Nichols officiated—a dark, grave-looking man, with a sensitive face, and a singularly sweet voice. He preached a plain sensible sermon to a very thin congregation, and at about twelve o'clock we were all dismissed.

"We went back to the inn, and had lunch; then walked for a little about the village, which, lonely as its position is, perched up on a hill-top, is a large and populous place (they told us that the parish had as many as seven thousand inhabitants), and then climbed up to the wild barren moor behind the parsonage, where the Brontë girls so often used to go and lie down in the sunshine on the heather for a happy half-hour. It was another perfect summer-day, clear, warm, and bright, and the great spread of high moorland, with its subdued colouring, was wonderfully beautiful. As we lay resting and looking at it, it seemed so easy to picture the three little solitary figures that used to roam about it hand in hand. We could almost fancy that we saw them emerging from the dingy stone house, and climbing, with their quiet, unchildlike steps, up the steep ascent.

"We were wending our way slowly back to the village, when a well-dressed man came up to us, and saying that he had heard we

were strangers, invited us to come and see the house in which he was living, which long ago had been occupied by a former eccentric clergyman of Haworth—a Mr. Grimshaw—of whom Mrs. Gaskell gives a curious account in her book. He took us to it accordingly—a quaint and very charming old house—and talked to us by the way as we went; but he was more disposed to talk of Mr. Grimshaw than of the Brontës, and though he was a sensible man, we did not get much out of him that was especially interesting. After we had seen his house we parted from him, and, returning to the village, proceeded once more to church, to the afternoon service, which begins at two o'clock.

"This, it soon appeared, was the fashionable hour in Haworth. The church, which in the morning had been two-thirds empty, filled well now; and though, as before, the service began with only Mr. Nichols being present, it had not proceeded far when the vestry-door opened and Mr. Brontë, dressed in his gown, came slowly into the church and took his place in his pew—the old Brontë pew, which had stood sadly and touchingly empty until now.

"He preached an extempore sermon, on the text: 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings,'—a poor sermon enough, yet more interesting to us than many a better one might have been. We were in a pew in the gallery looking down upon him, so close that we could see him very well. He is a tall, large man, and was dressed with the utmost scrupulousness. The face struck us as handsome, but possibly it may be handsomer now than it was in his youth, for the features are large and strongly marked. I thought I saw some likeness in him to his daughter's picture, but it might have been merely fancy. He has a very self-possessed manner. He walked into the church and up the pulpit stairs with great deliberation, and even with a kind of stateliness, converting the slowness of movement that is probably forced upon him by his feebleness and his half blindness into something that rather adds dignity to his appearance than suggests the idea of weakness. More than once, both before he began his sermon, and in the course of it, he turned his head round and looked full at us. The old fire, of which, I suppose, there was plenty once, seems all to have burnt out of him now. He looked quiet, grave, emotionless; neither stern nor gentle; only calm.

"The sermon was ended, and we had taken our last look of the church and of the preacher by half-past three; and half an hour later our last look of Haworth itself. We left it at four o'clock, and walked in the bright afternoon sunshine the four miles back to Keighley, often turning to look once more at the square church tower standing so long in sight against the sky, and once for a long time sitting down to rest by the roadside, with the beautiful valley at our feet, and the wild wide moors rising up, wave on wave beyond."

Eighteen years have passed away since that little visit was paid, and the last of the Brontës—the old man whom we saw that day, left then so sorrowfully wifeless and childless—has long ago now gone to join wife and children,—one name more added to the long list of names on those two stones within the communion rails. Not many persons connected by blood with the Brontës are probably ever likely to visit Haworth and the church in which the old man preached so long; yet, possibly, for years still to come, some strangers now and then may care to go out of their way a little to make a pilgrimage as we did, to that curious village on the Yorkshire hill, and, thinking of the strange and touching story of those three sisters' lives, may linger, as we lingered, about the moors they loved so dearly, and the melancholy little house in which their childhood and their youth were spent, and the church where two of them lie buried.

WINDS OF WINTER.

BY MARY McIVOR RYAN, OTTAWA.

WINDS of Winter
You I follow,
O'er the mountain, o'er the moor;
Old oaks splinter
Down the hollow
With the thunder of your roar.

Yet, unheeding
All resistance,
On your wide wings am I borne;
Shadows leading
In the distance
To the far lands of the Morn.

But I wander
Through dark spaces,
Where the spectres of the wold
Look out yonder,
With blank faces,
Wolf-like hunger growing bold:

Forest-phantoms—
Tho' loud whine these,
Fettered spirits only fear;—
Stormy anthems
'Mid the pine-trees
Are the only sounds I hear.

And unshrinking
I revisit
Sparry sea-caves far away,
Never thinking
E'en "What is it—
This cold light that mocks the day?"

Bells are ringing
In high towers
As ye rush past sea-girt isles;
Hush the singing,
Blight the flowers,
Grief for gladness, tears for smiles.

Winds of Winter,
You I follow
O'er the mountain, o'er the moor;
Old oaks splinter
Down the hollow
With the thunder of your roar.

A GLIMPSE AT POLYNESIA.

BY ALLAN N. MCNEILL, OTTAWA.

NOT long ago, while serving on board one of Her Majesty's ships—a frigate of nearly 3,000 tons—it was decided that the monotonous work in which we were engaged—that of cruising from port to port on the Western coast of South America—should be abandoned for a few months, in order to indulge in a roaming voyage amongst the Marquesas and other Islands of the Pacific, and we felt that ours was indeed an enviable situation.

On a fine May morning, while the ship lay at anchor in La Sarena Bay, in the Republic of Chili, the boatswain's whistle sounded the well-known pipe, "Hands, up anchor." In a moment the capstan was rigged; the band struck up a lively tune; tramp, tramp, went the feet of the men manning the capstan bars; on board comes the heavy iron cable, the anchor has lost its hold of the earth in which it was embedded, the sails are set, ropes hauled taut, and the ship is fairly under weigh, "gliding out of the harbour like a thing of life." More sail is set, and we are soon out on the broad waters of the Pacific Ocean. The officers and crew, well trained and disciplined, have dropped into the routine established and necessary for a ship-of-war at sea. No confusion; no carpetbags or Saratoga trunks stand conveniently in the way to give offence to the seaman's eye; no land-lubbers prowl about with hands in pockets and mouths wide open. All is order, regularity, agility, and perfect silence, save the creaking of the timbers as the gallant ship speeds on, and the decisive tones of the commander's voice as he issues forth his orders. No oath profanes the scene, but all goes "merry as a marriage bell."

Our course is shaped; the sails are trimmed. We head north-west, to enable us to fall in with the trades blowing from west to east. Ten days have passed, each with its own peculiar drills, routine, and amusements:

> "And now the wind draws right abaft,
> All hands are up the yards to square;
> And now the floating stun'sails waft
> Our stately ship through waves and air."

On, on we swept, leaving twelve miles behind us every hour. No tack or sheet was touched. The quartermaster and the helmsmen remained at the wheel hour after hour, with nothing to do but to keep the helm steady. The favouring breeze drove the ship along surely and steadily, without any further adjustment of the helm or canvas. In this way we swept over the ocean for three weeks. I shall never forget the happy, contented days we passed! When the general duties of the day were over, which was at about five o'clock, a delightful feeling of contentment and repose seemed to steal into all our hearts. We thought of home and happy days; those who before had maintained a freezing silence respecting their friends and past life, opened up their inmost thoughts to one another. This feeling pervaded the whole ship's company, from the commodore down to the second-class boy. For many months we had sailed together, but not until now did it seem that we were becoming acquainted with those around us. Should it not have been so? The beauty of the situation ought to have been sufficient to do more than this to the most callous heart amongst us. The sky, a clear expanse of blue, with speckled tints upon the horizon, which, where the setting sun was fast receding from the view, was resplendent with a golden brightness. The long swell of the ocean, as it caused the ponderous ship to roll, bearing it one minute down into the trough of the sea, and the next lifting it up on the top of a crested wave, added to the languor and sleepy feeling which prevailed. The spouting whale ranges up alongside; the prowling shark follows in our wake; the screaming seafowl soars aloft, remains stationary for a moment, and then darts with lightning

speed from its high position, down into the waves to seize its prey. A score of flying-fish skip along the water, leaping into the air, and some of them now and then falling upon our decks.

As night closes in upon the day, such of the officers as felt so inclined would leave the quarter-deck and poop, and go noiselessly forward, where they would ensconce themselves in the hammock-nettings, unknown to the jolly tars, who, unsuspicious of our presence, would crack their little jokes, sing their quaint old sea-dog songs, spin their yarns full of interesting reminiscences of hard-fought battles or disastrous shipwrecks in which the narrators had borne a part—tales which occasionally would draw tears from the eyes of some of the bronzed and hardened listeners. A minute or two would pass in perfect silence, when one of the tars would strike up a song full of the romance of love and war, rendered as only a son of the ocean can—sometimes soft and sad, but generally comical in the extreme. The more youthful portion of the crew would amuse themselves by playing such games as are generally engaged in at holiday hours on board ship; the most perfect harmony and good feeling always existing, although occasionally a practical joke, such as no landsman would care to be made the butt of, would be played off. The ship's fiddler must not be forgotten, for he has ever been a most important personage in these pastimes. His arm, head, and fingers keep going on every suitable, and perhaps very often unsuitable, occasion, as if his life depended upon the amount of noise he could get out of his battered old violin; whilst half a dozen sailors keep time to the music, dancing the sailor's hornpipe.

At two bells, or nine o'clock, every man belonging to the "watch below" has departed to his hammock; those of the other watch, the one on duty, coil themselves into the smallest possible space on the main deck, and sleep lightly, ready to spring to the upper deck when called upon to perform any duty which may be required.

Now a death-like silence prevails, save the plashing of the waves as the noble ship rushes through them. I look above, still reclining in my hiding-place, and there I behold a sight such as I suppose I shall never see again, nor can I describe the glory of the scene in anything like fitting terms. We cannot boast of any picture of the heavens in northern climes so gorgeous, so beautiful as this!—myriads of bright, shining stars, including the glorious Southern Cross, which surpasses all other constellations in beauty, and whose brilliancy enchants the beholder's eye!

"One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine,
And light us deep into the Deity:
How boundless in magnificence and might!
O! what a confluence of ethereal fires
From urns unnumbered, down the steep of Heaven!
My heart at once it humbles and exalts,
Lays it in dust and calls it to the skies.
Bright legions swarm unseen and sing unheard
By mortal ear, the Glorious Architect,
In this, His universal Temple, hung
With lustres, with innumerable lights,
That shed religion on the soul, at once
The Temple and the Preacher!"

The moon appears to struggle up from amidst the waves, and as it rises higher and higher, spreads over the sky its dim, pale light. There is a peculiar fascination or subtle power possessed by the moon in southern latitudes, especially over those who lie down exposed to its light on board a ship at sea. Sleep slowly steals upon the person so situated, and often he awakes to find himself afflicted with moon-blindness, which deprives him of all power of vision during the night, or between sunset and sunrise.

On the 8th of June, at nine o'clock in the morning, the Island of Magdalena, one of the Marquesas group, was sighted, at a distance of forty miles; the summit of a high mountain being seen above the mist which hung around it. The eastern side of the island appeared to be very rugged, with steep ridges stretching down from the mountain, and terminating in high precipices over the sea. How cold, how uninviting, the island looked, with the surf beating heavily against the rocks! During the afternoon we rounded Point Venus, a perpendicular, rocky cliff, about 1,200 feet high, overhanging the sea, and at once stood into Bon Repos Bay, where we dropped anchor.

Instead of the dreary rock-bound coast which we had been skirting along for several hours, we suddenly beheld an island such as we sometimes read of but seldom see. The valley which winds up among the hills from the bay is very beautiful—covered with the rich foliage of tropical fruit trees—and the native cottages and huts situated beneath the protecting shade of bread fruit, cocoa

nut, and orange groves, add greatly to the attractiveness of the scene.

This island, together with others of the group I shall mention presently, were discovered by Mendanna in the year 1589. He had been sent by the then Viceroy of Peru, Marquis de Mendoza, on a voyage of discovery—more in search of gold than of anything else. The group was named the Marquesas Islands in honour of the Marquis. On the return of Mendanna from these islands—which to him and his followers seemed like a fairy-land, a paradise on earth, a place beyond the boundaries of this world—he described them in a pleasant and sweet-flowing strain, which in the Spanish language can be done with so much ease and beauty. To the present day these lovely gems of the Pacific Ocean, if we except Nuka-hiva, are but little known. The world remains in almost total ignorance of their beauty, their fertility, their deep ravines, their clear flowing streams rippling down to the sea.

Before the ship had fairly come to an anchor, a host of naked savages came swarming in upon her decks. Their faces and bodies were tattooed in every part, even to the eyelids and lips, by which they believe hunger and blindness are averted. It would be difficult to enumerate in a limited space the many different ways in which the tattooing was marked upon their bodies. Some had parallel patches and lines across the face; others the same downwards; each one having a distinguishing mark, such as a pair of shin bones, a human skull, &c. The son inherits the marks of his father, and some figure or line to denote his name. In most cases the head had been rendered hideous by a portion of the hair (according to the fanciful design of the owner) having been removed close to the scalp, with the aid of a shell or other sharp instrument. In some it was removed from above the forehead; in others, from the crown; others again had, as it were, a path running round the head; and so on. The more pain they suffer, the more they believe the gods they fear will be pleased. The tattooing process begins with a youth when he attains the age of about 16 or 17 years. A diabolical old priest, after going through certain forms and ceremonies by which he hopes to drive away the anger of the gods, in whose power he believes himself to be whilst he is performing his fiendish office, begins his work. The victim is lashed down, where he has to remain for weeks, whilst the work is being done, the object always being to cause as much pain as possible. The tools with which the operation is performed are a piece of sandal or other heavy wood, used as a hammer, and a fish bone about eight inches long and three wide, with teeth filed into it like those of a cross-cut saw, and equally sharp, which is driven into the flesh, a powder procured from the root of a tree having been previously rubbed on the part receiving the tattoo. This is so painful that only a small portion can be done at a time. No one is allowed, under pain of death, to approach the miserable wretch during the weeks—sometimes months—that he is in the hands of the priest.

In my opinion, the natives of this island have changed their uncouth and heathenish manners but little since it was first discovered. No women were amongst the number that visited the ship; the taboo prohibiting the use of boats or canoes to the whole sex, they could not get to the ship as did the men. They knew full well that ours was not a whale ship, or they would have swam to her. When a whaler arrives at any of these islands, the women are the first to reach her, and immediately commences the grossest licentiousness, such as it would be hard to find in the back slums of the most degraded city on the face of the earth. Shame on men, I say, who would remorselessly drag down into drunkenness and depravity a confiding and unsophisticated race, who, hitherto acting according to their own ideas of right and wrong, had never become as degraded as teeming thousands of those who live within reach of Gospel privileges! "Thrice happy are they," says Melville, "who, inhabiting some yet undiscovered island in the midst of the sea, have never been brought into contaminating contact with the white man."

The morning after our arrival at Magdalena I started, with the commodore and a small party, in one of the cutters to visit a valley about eight miles distant. The boat's crew were well armed with rifles and cutlasses, which of course was a necessary precaution, although we found no cause for using the weapons. After a delightful pull of about two hours and a half we entered the beautiful little Bay of Vierges at nine

o'clock. The sight which here suddenly opened upon us was very pleasing. Great pillars of rock rose straight up out of the sea on either side; a little further on the vegetation on either hand was luxuriant; whilst in front of us was a valley stretching far away until lost in the hills, whose surface presented a mass of foliage spread out with such richness that it was difficult to determine of what description of trees and plants it consisted, the scene being, in my opinion, the loveliest I had ever looked upon. For a few minutes a mist shut us out from the view; as it rose, we descried a number of strange-looking creatures running about on the beach, making evident signs of pleasure at our unexpected arrival in their bay. On closer inspection we found them to be a fine, able-bodied set of men, with a genuine nobleness of mien, and very pleasing looks, which the tattoo did not altogether take away from them. They helped us out of the boat, each one insisting upon embracing us in turn as often as we would let him. One of their modes of salutation—rubbing noses, which is practised with them as kissing is with us—we strongly objected to, and peremptorily declined.

The king, a strapping youth of about twenty years of age, conducted us to his hut, or as we might, without stretching a point, call it, his cottage. The description of similar dwellings given by Herman Melville, in his work entitled "Typee," is so good that I cannot do better than adopt it, after making a few alterations. The frame of the house was constructed of large bamboos planted uprightly, and secured together at intervals by traverse stalks of the light wood of the hibiscus, lashed with thongs of bark. The rear of the tenement, built up with successive ranges of cocoa-nut boughs bound one upon another, with their leaflets woven cunningly together, inclined a little from the vertical. The shelving roof, thatched with the long, tapering leaves of the palm tree, sloped steeply off to within about five feet of the floor, leaving the eaves drooping with tassel-like appendages over the front of the habitation. This was constructed of canes, tastefully adorned with bindings of variegated sennit, which held together its various parts. The sides of the house were similarly built, thus presenting three quarters for the circulation of the air, while the whole was impervious to the rain. In length it was about twelve yards, while in breadth it did not exceed more than half the length.

The door, or entrance, was four feet high. The floor of the house was spread with matting made of fibres of cocoa-nut wood woven together. This space formed the common couch and lounging place of the natives, answering the purpose of a divan in Oriental countries. Here they would slumber through the hours of the night, and recline luxuriously during the greater part of the day. From the ridge pole of the house hung suspended a number of packages enveloped in tapa. These contained their gala dress and other articles, principally wearing apparel.

Certainly a more commodious and proper building for the climate and the people could not be devised. It was cool, free to admit the air, and scrupulously clean. The same description will apply to almost every house I saw, some of course being meaner than others.

On entering the king's house I perceived, to my astonishment, two chairs and a table, and, in a corner on the matting, a Bible and hymn book in the Marquesan dialect. I afterwards had pointed out to me a native, very respectable in appearance, wearing a shirt and trousers, and on his head a broad Panama hat, who, I was given to understand, was a Missionary. He had a calm, subdued look, ever deep in thought, and quite different from the other natives. There seemed to be a barrier between him and his cannibal brethren which could be broken down only by the Divine teachings of the Gospel entering into their hearts.

A few words about the female portion of the inhabitants of this valley. On landing from the boat we found a considerable number of them squatting after their fashion on the beach, watching every movement we made. Their dress was a large piece of tapa around the shoulders, reaching a little below the knees. Many of them were very handsome; there was a grace and beauty about them which almost amounted to perfection. Their complexion was of an olive hue, the face oval, the teeth of a pearly whiteness, and the whole expression one of merriment. The hair, of a dark brown colour, hung down about their shoulders. Some, as in all the islands of this group, were not tattooed at all; others had either lip marked with three perpendicular lines. The portion

of the leg exposed below the dress of a few was embellished by beautiful devices. Evidently the practitioners of the barbarous art consider that although the men may require their services (perhaps to hide what they consider their hideousness), the women do not stand in need of any such assistance to increase their beauty.

Leaving the king's house we wandered up the valley, seeing on all sides the most charming scenery; but time will not permit of any long description of this island.

We returned to the ship, and the next morning left for San Christina, without waiting for the battle which we were informed was to take place between the savages of the valley off which we were anchored, and those living in the valley just described, only a high hill separating them from one another. The incessant warfare which was carried on was fast reducing the population to a very small number; the decrease may also be attributed to the prevailing custom of polyandry, or plurality of husbands. The French, who at one time had control over the natives of this group, have deserted all of them except Nuka-hiva. Their intercourse with foreigners is confined to the crews of a few whalers that occasionally call for supplies. Though all profess Christianity, they still practise the same heathenish rites and entertain the same superstitions as formerly, whilst cannibalism yet exists in connection with prisoners of war.

The morning after our departure from Magdalena, the Island of San Christina was sighted. On approach, it looked cold and barren; its dark, rugged, and steep side appeared to stand bluff out of the water, sending a chill through our hearts as we gazed upon it. For nearly three hours we coasted along with this dull, and at the same time awfully majestic, scenery on our starboard side, when we rounded into Resolution Bay and there came to an anchor. In a very short time the boats were manned and lowered from their davits, and away a number of us went to the shore. We landed at one of the two small villages situated at the head of the bay. This village consisted of about a dozen huts, very inferior to those at Magdalena, but built in the same manner. There were also two large buildings constructed of stone and clay, each exhibiting a quaint and venerable appearance. Not far from this were the ruins of a fort and gardens—the work of the French, who some years ago had a considerable settlement at the place—but they had entirely abandoned it, and their works had fallen into ruin and decay.

The inhabitants of this island are inferior in appearance and manner to those of Magdalena. They did not number more than 300, and from disease and other causes were fast decreasing. At one time, judging from appearances, they must have been a very numerous people. Leprosy, elephantiasis, and diseases introduced by Europeans were fast doing their deadly work. I saw many who, covered with leprosy, bore their fearful sufferings without a murmur. In a short time they would be gone, and their places filled up by others similarly afflicted. In a few years not a soul of them will be left to guard the hills and the valleys which God has given to them as an earthly heritage. Laziness, cunning, and theft appeared to be the predominant features in their character. They showed no signs of pleasure or displeasure at our presence. They evidently had had enough of the European, and of the curses which he had brought to their shores. Up to the year 1865, all the natives of this island were cannibals, and the prisoners taken in battle were always eaten. During that year the chiefs of the different tribes agreed to give up the heathenish custom, and, as far as I could learn, it had not been revived. Crossing over a small mountain, we entered the second of the two villages, the population of which did not exceed more than thirty persons. This, at one time, had been the most populous settlement on the island. It had a weird and death-like appearance, everything bearing a sad and solemn impression. The very sea-fowls seemed to have forsaken it, and the sound of the surf, as it rolled in, fell with a mournful cadence on the ear. Almost every tree was tabooed, no one daring to approach them. A number of peculiar-looking huts raised on piles were also tabooed. I was on the point of looking into one of them, when I was startled with shouts of "Taboo! taboo! taboo!" in very menacing tones. On inquiry, I found that I had been about to desecrate the place specially set apart for the reception of the dead, within whose holy precincts no person, except those properly authorized, could tread without incurring the penalty of death, which doubtless would

be visited upon the sacrilegious offender in the most horrible manner possible.

When a native dies his body is placed in one of these huts or dead houses by the nearest relative or friend, who remains by the corpse and rubs off the flesh as it decomposes, anointing it continually with oils and spices. This generally takes about five days, the person so engaged not partaking of food until there is nothing left of the dead but a mass of highly polished bones. During the night these are put into a canoe and set adrift, except the skull, which is conveyed to the mountains and there secreted. The natives are actuated in this proceeding by the belief that the dead guard the living during troubles, illness and sorrow, and that they are equally capable of doing harm as good—hence the two feelings of love for and dread of the dead.

Let us wander for a moment to more pleasant scenes. Passing through groves of orange, lime, cocoa-nut, guava, fay, bread-fruit, and other trees, loaded with their fruits, we find ourselves in a valley teeming with the richest vegetation, and diversified with ridges, glens, and waterfalls. The place seemed to be one of such enchantment that I felt that if left here alone I should be content to pass the remainder of my days in reflecting on the glorious works around me, which seemed to have only just passed from the hand of the Creator. A spectator of such scenery, who sits enchanted within the protecting shade of an orange grove close by, can easily imagine that he hears, in the stream rippling at his feet, a song of praise to his Creator. The broad canopy of heaven overhead is clear and blue; the sun shines brightly down upon a scene so calm, so heavenly, that the most indifferent heart must fain say within itself, surely this is the work of God. Was the whole earth like to this at any time? Have the depravity and wickedness of the human race so defaced and removed the beauty of the garden which had been entrusted to man to adorn, that it has been left hideous, uncouth, vile—laid out and moulded after the imaginings of his own wicked heart?

During our stay of two days at this island, the ship was surrounded all day long with canoes loaded with fruits. These were taken in exchange principally for old clothing—a marine's worn-out and worthless red jacket might have procured for the owner sufficient fruits of different kinds to make him, if he had them in one of our Canadian cities, a man of such wealth that he might very soon consider himself fairly entitled to enrol his name amongst the host of independent citizens who aspire to municipal honours. The natives endeavoured, in a dozen different ways, to take advantage of the blue jackets. They had very little idea of carrying on their exchanges on just principles. For instance, several canoe loads of sour oranges were tendered and accepted as sweet oranges. When the imposition was discovered, at least fifty sailors seized upon the unacceptable fruit, and at a given signal they threw a volley at the unsuspecting occupants of the canoes, at which the natives were so astonished that a dozen or more of them, who could not get beyond reach of the missiles, leaped overboard, where they might have laughed at their tormentors had they not already donned the garments which they had just procured.

One evening, when on this island of San Christina, I was reluctantly retracing my steps through a thrice enchanted valley, to the shore, with thoughts of regret and sadness that I never more should gaze or tread upon this earthly Paradise, which then seemed hushed in a calm and sweet repose, the refrain of a low and plaintive melody was carried to me on the evening breeze. I sat down and listened in mute and spell-bound astonishment. The tones were like those of children, so sweet and natural, and unlike anything we ever hear in civilized countries. The most accomplished musician might do worse than take a leaf from the book of the poor uncultured savage in this respect. I had only been listening a few minutes when I was aware, by the discord, that possibly some irrepressible midshipman had disturbed the singers. Passing through a grove of lime, bread-fruit, and orange trees which intercepted my view, I came to the soft and shelving beach, where I found a dozen or more children throwing their limbs wildly about and placing their bodies in different positions, as they chanted what seemed to be a hymn or song of praise to the sun, which was slowly sinking behind the western hills. Standing in front of the children was a midshipman, who had a greater share of the clown's nature than is generally possessed by any one man, using his best endeavours to turn the sublime into the ridiculous by

acting as a kind of bandmaster, and mimicking the children in a most ludicrous manner.

During the time the ship remained in Resolution Bay, a party of us accompanied the commodore in two of the ship's cutters, which were well manned and armed, to the Island of Dominica. After several ineffectual attempts to land on the shore of Tava Bay, we made for a small island not marked on any map, passing round which we discovered a small harbour known to the French as "Traitors' Bay," where we found a good landing-place. One could hardly believe that such a beautiful spot as this could ever have been the scene of a most cold-blooded and wicked massacre. Some years ago the whole crew of a ship were betrayed into the hands of the natives and murdered; hence the name which the harbour now bears.

The island possesses, as do all those which I visited, a number of fertile and well-watered valleys, capable of growing coffee, sugar, cotton, tobacco, and other tropical productions. The population was supposed to be about 1,500, and fast decreasing. The men were able-bodied, but the women depraved and ill-looking. There were three French priests living on the island, one of whom told me that they had not made a single convert. He said the natives were inveterate cannibals, always at war with each other, and much addicted to drunkenness and other evil habits. The priests had quite abandoned the object of their mission, and had taken to cultivating cotton, a quantity of which they had lately disposed of for $2,000. I might here with propriety enter upon the subject of missionary enterprise amongst the islands of the South Seas, but the theme is too extensive to treat of on the present occasion. I shall merely, a little further on, make a few general remarks on that interesting topic.

On the morning of the 13th June we sighted Cape Martin, Nuka-hiva, with its tower-like cliff overhanging the sea. Passing through two islands, very appropriately called "the Sentinels," we were soon at anchor in the commodious harbour known as Taio-hai, or Port Anna Maria, where the largest ships may ride at anchor with perfect safety, in fifteen fathoms of water. The beauty and fertility of the islands which I have heretofore endeavoured to describe, were altogether surpassed by the magnificent scenery and richness of this, the most civilized and interesting island of the Marquesas group.

I must again refer to that entertaining book entitled "Typee," in which is contained much which to many persons may seem almost too strange and romantic to be believed, but nevertheless substantially correct, except where the author, on certain subjects —more especially that of missionary enterprise—gives opinions and not facts. In this work are recounted some of the adventures of a medical gentleman who in his young days was fond of roaming about the world, and leading a life of wild adventure. We first find him on board a whale ship, where he quarrels with his captain, and on arriving at Nuka-hiva deserts the ship with a friend. The runaways endeavour to get into the Happar valley, the inhabitants of which, at that time, are spoken of as quiet, gentle, and kindly disposed towards strangers. By some mischance they descend into the Typee valley, where no white man, on a peaceable errand, had ever been, and the natives of which were bloodthirsty, cruel, and savage in every sense of the word. The hero, who, in some editions of the work, bears the name of Dr. Long-ghost, although treated kindly, was held in captivity for four months. Strangely enough, some of our officers, after the return of the ship to Chili, received hospitality at the hands of a Dr. Bourke, living on the frontier of the territory of the wild Arauco Indians. In him they discovered the Dr. Long-ghost referred to. He was then a gentleman of comparative wealth, holding a position of emolument under the Chilian Government, and rather ashamed of the freaks of his more youthful days.

Let us see what the doctor says of the island and its inhabitants. Speaking of Taio-hai Bay, he says, what one might still say of it: "Very often, when lost in admiration of its beauty, I experienced a pang of regret that a scene so enchanting should be hidden from the world in these remote seas, and seldom meet the eyes of devoted lovers of nature. Besides this bay, the shores of the island are indented by several other extensive inlets, into which descend broad and verdant valleys. These are inhabited by as many distinct tribes of savages, who, although speaking kindred dialects of a common language, and having the same re-

ligion and laws, have, from time immemorial, waged hereditary warfare against each other. The mountains—generally two or three thousand feet high—geographically define the territories of each of these tribes. Separated from Taio-hai by a mountain, lies the lovely valley of Happar, whose inmates cherish the most friendly relations with the people of the bay. On the other side of Happar, and closely adjoining it, is the magnificent valley of the dreaded Typees. These celebrated warriors appear to inspire the other islanders with unspeakable terrors. Their very name is a frightful one, for the word 'Typee' signifies a lover of human flesh." All the natives of the island are, however, described as being, at the time, inveterate cannibals.

In the year 1814, Commodore Porter, of the U. S. Navy, endeavoured to subdue the Typees, in order to gratify the hatred of the other tribes. A large detachment of marines and sailors, accompanied by about 2,000 native allies, landed on the shore of the Typee Valley. The invaders, after a hard-fought battle, were obliged to retire, and to abandon their design of conquest. On their march back to the sea, they set fire to every house and temple on their route, "and a long line of smoking ruins defaced the once smiling bosom of the valley." I re-echo the words of the doctor: "Who can wonder at the deadly hatred of the Typees to all foreigners after such unprovoked atrocities?" Almost every massacre and murder which has ever taken place amongst the islands of the South Seas has been brought about by such acts as these. Who can wonder that the savage should seek revenge for the injuries and devilish acts of white men, who pillage their houses, commit uncalled-for murders, and carry off into slavery numbers from amongst them by force? Slave vessels are continually being fitted out for the nefarious work of kidnapping the hitherto happy and contented Kanaka. The captain of the vessel gets papers from the proper authorities at one of the Australian or New Zealand ports to go on a "labour cruise," that is, to hire natives for a certain number of years to work on plantations situated on islands other than those to which they belong. In nine cases out of ten, the unfortunate natives are carried off against their will, in much the same way as the negro has repeatedly been torn from his country. Did we know of one-half the atrocities committed on these unfortunate creatures, under our own flag, the whole of Christendom would be stirred up to put down the bloody traffic. Until this is done we cannot expect our missionaries and other respectable countrymen in the South Seas to be safe from the arrow or the spear of the Kanaka. Nor should the savages, in the name of justice, be visited always with punishment for their acts, where the white man is in almost every case the aggressor.

At the time of our visit to Nuka-hiva, there were only about 800 souls on the island. Five years before, the Peruvian Government being in need of labourers to work the guano deposits on the Chinchas Islands, sent two vessels from Callao to carry back natives of Nuka-hiva. The vessels arrived in Typee Bay. A large number of the ferocious Typees were seized, taken on board, and stowed away in the ships' holds like so many pigs. As soon as the vessels had completed their human cargoes they sailed away, but before reaching their destination they were overhauled by a French man-of-war and taken back to the island. Some of the captives were transferred to the French ship, where one of the crew was sick with small-pox. The savages caught the disease, and, on being put on shore at their native island, the infection spread like wild-fire. Victims were struck down on all sides. A dying man would, as is their custom, take a few faint draws from a pipe, which would be passed from one to another. They knew of no cure, but threw themselves wildly into the streams and pools in sheer madness, where they either died or were devoured by hogs. Three-fourths of the population were carried off. Those left. I noticed, were nearly all pitted with the marks of the disease. Only about two hundred remained in the once populous Valley of Typee. Now the houses are few and far between, but the many heaps of ruins which I observed betokened the places where houses had once stood.

Nuka-hiva is governed by the French, who have an establishment consisting of a "Resident," two soldiers, and a Captain of the Port, a vagabond Englishman, who once held a commission in our navy.

As a rule, the South Sea Islander has no occasion to work; he finds food sufficient for all his wants at his door-step. In summer

he eats bread-fruit, the meat of the cocoa-nut, yams, fays, taro-root, &c. In winter his principal article of food is poē-poē, which is prepared by the women during the months of March and April, which of course is summer time with them. The bread-fruit is then most plentiful. Large quantities of it are taken to the streams, where scores of women pound away at it with stone pestles from daylight till dark. As soon as it is, in this manner, worked into a doughy mass, it is divided into parcels, enveloped in leaves, which are tied up with thongs of bark. These are stored in their garner houses, which are merely holes made in the ground. There the food remains until required for use, when a portion is taken out. In this state it is not considered palatable. The natives have several methods of preparing it, the most common of which, and perhaps the best, is baking it in an oven composed of stones. In this state the food is not altogether unpleasant. Generally it is subjected to another process. After being taken out of the oven it is placed in a wooden vessel and water mixed with it, when it becomes what is called poē-poē, and is then ready for consumption.

The South Sea Islander gathers in the bread-fruit as we do our grain, and to him it is of greater importance than wheat is to us. Upon it he depends chiefly for food during the winter months, and when, as sometimes happens, the bread-fruit trees fail to bear a productive harvest, the inhabitants are reduced to a state of starvation. At such a time the women suffer more than their lords, the edicts of the taboo prohibiting them from tasting of the flesh of any animal or bird. Wherever the influence of the Gospel has been felt this law has died out, and equal privileges in this and many other respects have been accorded to the women.

Although the Marquesas Islanders have in most cases abandoned their gods of wood and stone, there are as yet but few among them who acknowledge Christ as their Saviour. The destruction of idols is, however, the first sign of the ultimate conversion of the natives of Polynesia. I might recount a number of instances where the loss of faith in and the putting away of idols by the inhabitants of many of the islands has been the beginning of Gospel success. Again, missionaries have laboured for years, and have apparently done no good, until some unexpected circumstance would awaken, perhaps, one or two of the natives to a sense of their condition, resulting in a universal conversion.

One of the most important instances—one fraught with the most pleasing results—happened upwards of seventy years ago, shortly after the first Missionary Society was formed in London with the object of sending missionaries to the South Seas. A number of missionaries left England for Otaheite in the "Duff," commanded by Captain James Wilson. Before the arrival of the ship at the island a shock of earthquake was experienced by the natives, a thing until then unknown to them. They were greatly alarmed, and many were the conflicting opinions amongst them as to the meaning of the phenomenon. An old chief, however, rehearsed to the people a tradition which existed on the island, namely, that there is an unseen God, and that strangers would at some period visit the island to tell them of this Being. In his opinion, he said, the earthquake was caused by this unseen God of which they had heard, and that men who should tell them of Him must be near at hand. The missionaries were kindly received, and not long after their arrival King Pomare proposed to his subjects the adoption of Christianity, which, although strenuously opposed by several powerful chiefs, was ultimately agreed to—not, however, without bloodshed. Thus Christianity gained its first foothold in Polynesia by the sword; and to-day, we are told, there is not an island within a radius of two thousand miles of Otaheite where the Gospel has not been preached, and where there cannot be found some who acknowledge Christ as their everlasting Redeemer.

The South Sea Islander in his original state is brave, honest, and possesses a good-natured and pleasing disposition, which makes one sensible, when coming in contact with him, that he is in the presence of, not Mr. Darwin's "missing link," but in reality a man of true noble bearing, capable of taking his place amongst the most enlightened nations of the earth, could the benefits of education, unalloyed with the vices of civilization, be placed at his disposal.

We know that he is a cannibal, and addicted to habits which to Europeans appear horrible. He, however, only acts according to his ideas of right and wrong. Many of

our customs are looked upon by him with quite as much disgust as we view his deeds of cannibalism. It is, then, only just to say that these people are good, and not disposed to evil until led into it by the civilized men who visit their shores. The fact of their tendency to do what is right rather than wickedness has sufficient proofs in the reports of missionaries labouring among them. To the teachings of these devoted, self-sacrificing men of God they lend an attentive ear, and not one, but often hundreds at a time, are constrained, nominally at any rate, to espouse the cause of Christianity.

In studying the Polynesian character I think we can find arguments tending to overthrow the theory of Darwin and his followers, that all creatures are distinguished from each other by differences only of degree, and not of kind. In other words, that the mental powers in man, although differing in degree from those of other animals, are nevertheless of the same kind; and that in the social instincts possessed by many animals there is a basis for the moral sense or conscience in man. Further, that one uniform law has governed the whole animal population of this world. In every island of the South Seas, and in fact amongst all savages, we find some kind of religion or belief in a Deity by which they are more or less governed. It is needless to say that there is nothing of this kind in the brute creation.

Let us look for a moment at the progress of the Tahitian. He has advanced but little, if at all, from a lower to a higher grade. He is to-day much the same as he was when found by Captain Cook on the discovery of Tahiti. Christianity has, doubtless, done much good, but at the same time that he is receiving religious instruction he is subject to the bad examples set him by the white man. Instead of the generous and kindly disposition which he naturally possessed, he has become as debased as his white brother, and more like the brute than he was before. We know in our every-day life how degraded a white man may become. On an unfrequented island of the Marquesas group I found an Englishman named Joshua G. Upton, born in Birmingham in the year 1833, who, from long residence amongst the savages, had become as savage as they, losing all his own virtues and gaining none of theirs. His case is, to my mind, telling evidence in favour of the theory that it is easier for a man born in a civilized community, when thrown amongst savages, to descend rather than ascend, whilst it is more difficult for the savage to ascend than descend. Where are now the Incas of Peru, with their gorgeous temples and noble laws at which the whole world has wondered? Has civilization done anything for this people? Have they ascended, or become more like the man or the brute?

My views on this subject were more fully confirmed on visiting Rapa-nui, or Easter Island—a small and barren spot in the midst of the sea. Its inhabitants at no time could have numbered more than a few thousand souls, and at the time of our visit only a few hundred. The natives have a tradition in which they generally believe. It is, that a long time ago a great king started with a number of followers in large canoes from Rapa-ite, or the Big Rapa, an island far away. After tossing about at sea for many days they arrived at this, the island they were in search of, which they called Rapa-nui, or Little Rapa. They lost no time in erecting huts for themselves, nothing but large pieces of slate being used in their construction. As the king could not remain long with his people, he commenced at once to hew out images from the rock, assisted by his subjects. One night, when the work was nearly completed, the earth opened and breathed forth fire and sulphur, the island shook and rolled about, the king was at the same time transformed into a butterfly, and the images arose and walked about. Some stopped to rest; others fell down on their faces, never to rise again.

Of course we can believe as much of this story as we like. It is, however, true that there is an island called Rapa-ite in existence. It is situated about 2,000 miles from Rapa-nui, and is now used as a coaling station for steamers running between New Zealand and Panama. My belief is that these people did originally come from that island, as related by their tradition; but how is a question not likely to be easily solved. The huts, built of slate, about four feet high, still stand, though unoccupied, at one side of a high peak, near the mouth of an extinct volcano. The images are a perfect marvel. Hewn out of the rock by no inexperienced hands, they display an ingenuity and artistic skill which seem to surpass even that of the ancient Druids or Egyptians. These images

or statues are of different sizes, measuring in height from eight to thirty-six feet. The faces of many bear pleasing expressions, whilst some are hideous. The inscription on the back of each, which I suppose will never be deciphered, is not only a great curiosity, but there is subject for reflection in the thought that the natives of this and other islands, whom we are accustomed to look upon as poor untutored savages, may have been able, at one time, to carve their thoughts and record their ideas and exploits upon the rocks.

In what manner the images were moved from the quarries to the different parts of the island where we found them is a mystery which will not be solved until the civilized world has learned much of what has been forgotten by the savage. Two of the smaller images were removed to the ship, but with great difficulty on account of their immense weight. The largest of these, named Hoa-ha-ka-na-na-ia, was found in what was supposed to have been the king's house. It took over a hundred of our men, with all the appliances and ingenuity of the officers and mechanics of the ship, two days to draw it down the hill to the beach, a distance of about two miles. Each image has a name, and every native I spoke to seemed to know the names of all of them. The two we secured remained on board until the ship arrived in England, when they were transferred to the British Museum in London. Afterwards, on visiting that institution, I had the pleasure of seeing both of my old friends occupying an honoured position amongst a vast collection of antique curiosities. I was informed that the characters on their backs were not at all unlike the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians.

Are we then to believe, I ask, that the artistic and mechanical powers which these rude and uncultured savages must have possessed (saying nothing of their intellectual and moral nature) are to be put down as mere bestial developments? Or in the face of such testimony as this, can any man who fears God entertain for a moment the idea that the savage, however low, can form a connecting link between us and "the beast which perisheth?" Is the world to sink into a state of debased materialism, which it most certainly would do if the conscience and intellect in man could be traced back to the instincts of the lower animals? Ponder for a moment on the awful thought, that then all communion with God and hope of eternal life beyond the grave would be blotted out from our lives, and that the whole scheme of salvation as declared to us in God's Word would be a myth!

HORACE, BOOK I., ODE XI.

TO LEUCONOE.

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

LEUCONOE, you should not seek to know
What term of life the Gods above to me
May have assigned, or what allotted thee;
Nor try if Babylonian schemes can show
Our fate: that is forbidden man below.
How better far it were whate'er may be
Calmly to meet! whether, by Jove's decree,
We've many winters more, or the last now
Dashes in fretted foam the Tuscan sea
'Gainst wave-worn rocks. Be wise; your wines outpour;
Far-reaching hopes reduce to a short span.
Even while we speak the envious moments flee
Our idle grasp: Seize, then, the present hour;
And to the morrow trust as little as you can.

ENGLISH RADICAL LEADERS.*

BY G. S. G., QUEBEC.

"THE decisive sign of the elevation of a nation's life is to be sought among those who lead or ought to lead. The test of the health of a people is to be found in the utterances of those who are its spokesmen, and in the action of those whom it accepts or chooses as its chiefs."† It will hardly be disputed that the Radical leaders are the "spokesmen" and "chiefs" by whom it is right to judge of the health of the nation. Though they are in so great a minority in Parliament they represent the stage to which the nation is gradually advancing. The more shortsighted are gradually seeing into the future through the broad way which these social pioneers have hewn clear.

Even if the local or social (if the expression be permitted me) politics of the empire were not of interest to us, it would still be worth our while to study the views of these, the leaders of the advanced wing of opinion, that our way may be made easy when similar problems present themselves in Canada. And the time has even now come when we need all the light and experience we can find to help us to solve our difficulties, for we are strangers to but few of the great questions which agitate the public mind in England. Though the conditions which surround these questions may allow of an easier solution than do those which encompass the same problems in an old country, the character of the majority of our politicians of whom it may be said that they count "the narrow, immediate, and personal expediency for everything, and the whole, general, completed expediency for nothing, surrounds them with an element of difficulty, even harder to overcome than the fixed prejudices of a long-established community. How well do the scorching words of the editor of the *Fortnightly* describe the state of the political thought in the country! "Thoroughness is a mistake, and nailing your flag to the mast a bit of delusive heroics. Think wholly of to-day, and not at all of to-morrow. Beware of the high, and hold fast by the safe. Dismiss conviction and study general consensus. No zeal, no faith, no intellectual trenchancy, but as much low-minded geniality and trivial complacency as you please." Perhaps the reasons for this state of things are not far to seek, and possibly time may remedy the evil; but unless a determined effort be made by those who have the power to control, we can only look forward to an increase of corruption.

The importance of a high ideal will be readily admitted, as also the great value of examples of noble-heartedness and disinterestedness, coupled with courage and unflinching perseverance. These rare qualities, when united with great intellectual power and strong sympathy with suffering humanity, combine to form a character which cannot fail to inspire admiration, and challenge imitation. A few such men there are in every country and every generation, and of some of these it is our purpose to speak.

It is a well-established fact, which experience in constitutional government has proved, that the stronger an opposition is the better for the purity of the executive acts. And if that opposition be itself composed, not of a party anxious for power, but of men who look merely to the good of the country, and the justice and expediency of projected legislation, the greatest benefits coupled with the fewest disadvantages may be expected. The independent member always inspires more respect than the party man, for even the leaders are obliged to modify their views and give way to the exigencies of the party, while the motives of the independent member are above suspicion, his position precluding him from sharing in the spoils, whichever party be in the ascendant.

The independent members are those first discussed by Mr. Hinton. They are Prof.

* English Radical Leaders. By R. J. Hinton. G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York.

† On Compromise. By John Morley, p. 17.

Fawcett, Sir Charles W. Dilke, Sir J. Lubbock, Peter A. Taylor, Joseph Cowen, and Robert M. Carter. Each of these names, in fact every name in the book, is well known to the student of English politics; some are high placed on the roll of literary fame.

"There are not," says Mr. Hinton, "half-a-dozen public men in Great Britain more likely than the member for Hackney to become, at a day not very distant, the Prime Minister of the great Empire." There is certainly no impossibility in public opinion advancing to the high level of Prof. Fawcett's political opinions in the comparatively few years during which he would be available as a leader; but the reaction from the present conservative aspect of politics would need to be unusually swift and strong. Prof. Fawcett's views are those of the most advanced Liberals. "He does not seek to pull down, but, conserving the good, aims to re-create his country without disorder or dangerous excitement." Although he generally agrees with the majority of the Liberals, yet his differences of opinion are very marked. His vote on the Hon. Mr. Forster's Education Bill alienated many of his admirers, and his opposition to the Factory Health Bill of 1874, whereby women and children were prohibited from working more than a certain number of hours a-day, was distasteful to many of his constituents. These votes, which were opposed to the general current of liberal opinion at the time, only exemplify the sturdy independence of Prof. Fawcett's character; his straightforward manliness alone preserved to him the confidence of his constituency. In his speech on the Factory Health Bill he said: "It is not often that one has to charge the working-classes with a deliberate scheme of injustice or oppression. But I fear that under the terrible struggle for existence in this country, the working-men have at length begun to show signs that their instincts have become impaired. From them appears to have proceeded a demand for a measure, which, under pretence of a desire to protect women and children from over-work by restricting the hours per day during which they can labour, can only result in rendering women unable to compete with men, even in the few employments now open to them, and so crippling that sex still further in the struggle for life."

We had hoped to find an extended notice of Mrs. Fawcett, which would not have been at all out of place, even in a survey of her husband's merely political opinions. She has the reputation of being nearly her husband's equal in power of thought, and she has made social and economic science the study of her life. Also an appreciation of Professor Fawcett's work in economic science would have been most welcome. However, Mr. Hinton has not thought fit to satisfy us.

Next among the independent members comes Sir Charles W. Dilke. No man was more prominently before the British Public than he, during the years 1870 and 1871. It was startling to the people "when a young, wealthy, cultivated, and titled gentleman—one whose father had been the companion of princes, and whose name is linked with the fairest aspects of later English History—rose in the House of Commons, and delivered a carefully prepared, moderately toned speech, very level and direct in its argument, and aimed at the extravagant cost of the Royal Establishment. The act was a daring one, and it raised a howl of anger and indignation." Since that time Sir Charles has shown such aptitude for the driest parliamentary work, such earnestness, and so extensive a knowledge of almost all subjects which come under discussion—more especially of the social and economic condition of the United States and Canada—as have gained for him the respect, if not the sympathy, of the House.

Upon a motion of his was printed a valuable report showing the number of persons possessed of the franchise. We must, however, refer our readers to the work before us for a summary of this report (page 46). It discloses what, to us, is a strange state of things, though one that may very well present itself before long, owing to the ever increasing tendency of the rural population to migrate to the large towns. In one of his speeches on electoral reform, Sir Charles Dilke read an advertisement clipped from the *Times*, in which landed property was offered for sale, including among other advantages a seat in the House of Commons. Surely the Electoral Reform Association are justified in demanding a re-distribution of seats. Sir Charles is well known as the author of "Greater Britain" and as the chief editor of the *Athenæum*. He has acknowledged the authorship of an anonymous

pamphlet which appeared under the title of "Prince Florestan," and which created a great stir at the time of its publication.

That portion of Mr. Hinton's book which treats of the labour agitation and its friends is the most interesting and the most useful. Mr. Mill, in his chapter on the "Probable Future of the Labouring Classes,"* comes to the conclusion that "the relation of master and workpeople will be gradually superseded by partnerships, in one of two forms—temporarily, and in some cases, associations of the labourers with the capitalists; in other cases, and perhaps finally in all, associations of labourers among themselves."

It is with men who have given their time and thought to the advancement of this latter system that we are at present concerned. Those who doubt the practicability of this method of manufacture need only be referred to the many examples of success mentioned by Mr. Mill in this same chapter. We cannot resist quoting the paragraph in which he sums up the result: "It is hardly possible to take any but a hopeful view of the prospects of mankind when, in the two leading countries of the world, the obscure depths of society contain simple working-men whose integrity, good sense, self-command, and honourable confidence in one another, have enabled them to carry these noble experiments to a triumphant issue, which the facts recorded in the preceding pages attest." "In the co-operative movement we see exemplified the process for bringing about a change in society, which would combine the freedom and independence of the individual with the moral, intellectual, and economical advantages of aggregate production, and which, without violence or spoliation, or even any sudden disturbance of existing habits and expectations, would realize, at least in the industrial department, the best aspirations of the democratic spirit, by putting an end to the division of society into the industrious and the idle, and effacing all social distinctions but those fairly earned by personal services and exertions."

Among the originators of the first co-operative store established in England was Thomas Hughes: he, from the first, took the greatest interest in the movement, and devoted much of his time to fostering it. In his address before the 4th Annual Co-operative Congress, of which he was President, held at Bolton in 1872, he summed the good which co-operation had already done: "It is impossible for a man with eyes in his head or a heart in his breast not to have seen, even in the darkest times, what an educational power of the highest kind lies under this co-operative movement, for the great masses of the people. It has already done more, I venture to say, than any other religious or social movement of our day. Not even the most blind of our opponents can deny that it has made hundreds of thousands of our people more prudent and temperate, has developed in them great capacities for transacting their own business, and has made them conscious in some dim way of that highest mystery of our human life, which can only be adequately described in words with which, I hope, all of us are familiar, that we are members one of another, so that if one member suffers all suffer, and that if one member rejoices, all rejoice." To all who take an interest in co-operation, and we would that they were more numerous, we recommend our author's pages, though we might wish them fuller.

However successful the co-operative venture may have been, and for however glorious a future the movement may be reserved, the existing relationship of employer and labourer demands the attention of all thinking men. For the evils and wrongs which attend the practical working of the system neither employer nor labourer can be exclusively blamed; any plan which promises a better understanding deserves a trial. The labourer complains that capital receives too high a rate of interest; that the division of profits is unfair; that they pay too high a price for the tools with which they work. In M. Feugueray's words "*La racine la plus profonde des maux et des iniquités qui couvrent le monde industriel est l'exploitation du travail par le capital, et la part enorme que les possesseurs des instruments de travail prélevent sur les produits.*"* In their efforts to redress the balance the labourers have recourse to strikes. The man who has done most to prevent strikes in England is Anthony John Mundella, member for Sheffield. At ten years of age Mr. Mundella

*Political Economy, Book IV., ch. VII.

*"L'Association Ouvriere, Industrielle et Agricole," par H. Feugueray, quoted by Mr. Mill in his "Political Economy."

left school and worked till the age of twelve in a printing office; he was then apprenticed to the hosiery business, and at twenty he married a daughter of a Nottingham manufacturer. At fifteen he had identified himself with the Chartist movement, and his political songs were sung everywhere. He was the first to establish Boards of Conciliation and Arbitration.

"In 1860, some at least of the Nottingham masters became weary of contention, and were persuaded that lock-outs were not a remedy for strikes. After a century of feud, they desired an era of conciliation. First communicating with their brother masters, they brought them into the same mind. A resolution was passed and a handbill issued. In fact the masters invited the men to meet them with a view to some arrangement. The invitation was accepted, and at the end of three days' discussion the existing strike came to a close by mutual concession. But this was not all. It was further agreed that, to prevent strikes for the future,—"strikes so disastrous to employers and employed,—" a Board of Arbitration should be at once formed. It was to consist of six masters and six workmen. To it all questions relating to wages were to be referred, and its decisions were to be final and binding upon all parties. No sooner said than done, only, by mutual agreement, nine from each side were substituted for six. The nine workmen were chosen by the universal suffrage of their own trades' unions; the nine masters at a general meeting of their own body.

The Board met on the 3rd December, 1860. They had neither rules nor precedents. The scheme was not universally approved by either masters or men. Some distrusted it even to suspicion; others assailed it with ridicule and sneers; a third portion of the masters doubted the practicability, if they did not disdain the thought, of masters meeting men on terms of perfect equality. However, the experimenters had with them the majority of the masters, and perhaps the bulk of the intelligent men. The result shall be stated as nearly as may be in the founder's own words: "Wherever men meet together with the honest desire to aim at the truth, and to do justice to each other, a good understanding is almost sure to follow." The working-men delegates proposed a master as president; the masters, a workman as vice-president—precedents which have been invariably followed. The rules originally made have never been altered. Brief and simple, they provide for arbitration on any questions relating to wages, and for conciliation in any dispute that may arise; and they intrust to a committee of four members (two, it is assumed, on each side) the inquiry into cases referred to it, with instructions to settle the disputes, or if unable, to remit them to the whole Board. This, therefore, is, after all, an example of "settling their disputes among themselves." "Not only is no stranger called in, but no umpire; no chairman ever is appointed beyond the members of the Board, who, as has been said, choose their own president and vice-presidents among themselves." "Mr. Mundella does not pretend that there have been no difficulties, no mistakes; but he distinctly states that every question submitted for seven years has been successfully adjusted. The Nottingham Board now governs the hosiery trade of Nottingham, Derbyshire, and North Leicestershire; and the number of persons employed cannot be less than sixty thousand. It is very rarely that the price originally proposed by either masters or workmen is the price ultimately agreed to. Some alterations or concessions are generally made on both sides, and the price once fixed is considered mutually binding. But a month's notice must be given before any change of prices can be discussed." "For three years and a half (the latter portion of the seven) the Board have arrived at all their decisions without voting. The Board is open to receive delegations from out-of-doors, a practice which has had a very wholesome effect." The workmen who have seats at the Board are almost always, says Mr. Mundella, "prominent leaders of trades' unions; and I have found among them as much wisdom, tact, moderation, and self-denial as the best of us who are employers can show."

Mr. Mundella is not alone in advocating the establishment of the boards. Mr. MacDowal, the working-men's member; Mr. Morley, the member for Bristol (himself a wealthy man and large employer of labour as a manufacturer); and Mr. Hughes, all speak in the highest terms of the successful working of these councils. "In the North of England Coal Districts . . . so far has this plan been carried that . . . power is given these boards by both parties, to fix

at stated periods, the rate of wages, and to make the necessary regulations."

Mr. Morley gives his opinion of these boards in a letter to Mr. Kelley, who was engaged in forming the Agricultural Labourers' Union, and at the same time in promoting the establishment of arbitration boards:

"These boards are, I am convinced, the very best remedy for the evils and misery which come from lock-outs and strikes. They serve to make masters and men think about the justice of their respective claims, and prevent the enormous loss of labour, and consequently of capital (which is only accumulated labour's results), which presses most heavily in time of strike on the workman and his family. I sincerely hope your efforts will be crowned with success. It is most opportune to have everywhere the boards formed and ready to act before the differences arise, and to have them consist of the most strictly upright and honourable persons—capitalists and labourers in the various localities."

The success which almost invariably attends the establishment of these boards in England would not desert them in Canada. We cannot admit that Canadian employers of labour are more exacting or less generous than English masters; nor can we acknowledge that our labourers are more unreasoning or less moderate in their demands than English workmen. It would be greatly in the interest of all to establish boards when there is perfect good understanding and good feeling between employer and employed.

The Parliamentary agitators discussed by Mr. Hinton are Samuel Plimsoll, Edward Miall, Sir Wilfred Lawson, and Henry Richards.

The objects for which these gentlemen are agitating are well known, except, perhaps, that of Mr. Richards. He has devoted his life to the advocacy of peace. Probably the nature of his agitation has made it less violent, and therefore less far-reaching, than those of the former three, who are waging a war to the knife with the proprietors of rotten ships, the Establishment, and the licensed victuallers.

The concluding part of the book is occupied with "Popular Leaders," some only of whom are members of the House of Commons. This class includes the foremost of those men who have put themselves in strongest opposition to the feelings and ideas of the ruling classes, whether in religion or politics. The book opens with a biography of George Jacob Holyoak, the last man imprisoned in Great Britain for what the law terms blasphemy. Sir John Lubbock, at the annual meeting of the "British Association for the Advancement of Science," declared that, "but for the labours of Mr. Holyoak, it might not be possible for them, the *savans*, to speak as freely as they do in these days." Mr. Holyoak was told on the day before his trial, by the principal magistrate of the district, that he would not be allowed to speak in his own defence. He determined to try, and, accordingly, he spoke nine hours and fifteen minutes, concluding his defence at past nine o'clock at night.

Republicanism is by no means favourably looked upon in England, and when coupled with professed atheism needs no active political agitation to render the holders of such opinions obnoxious to the "respectable majority." To most people Charles Bradlaugh is known merely as an avowed atheist, and as an advocate of sweeping political and social changes. The wrongs he has suffered are unknown; the good he has done is overlooked; the battles he has fought for those whom he considered oppressed are ascribed to ambition,

At the age of fifteen, Mr. Bradlaugh, then an earnest believer in the doctrines of the Established Church, was requested by the incumbent of the parish in which he resided to prepare for confirmation. Meeting with some difficulties in the course of his necessary studies, he wrote to the incumbent for assistance; that gentleman denounced the letter, to his parents, as atheistical, and suspended him from his functions as Sunday-school teacher. Subsequently, at the instigation of the vicar, Mr. Bradlaugh, senior, demanded a surrender of his son's opinions, coupling with the demand a threat of loss of employment. Upon this a quarrel ensued, and the son left his father's house never to return. Pressed by poverty, he enlisted in the Dragoon Guards, in which he served in Ireland for three years. At the end of that time he was enabled to purchase his discharge by means of a legacy left him by an aunt. Mr. Bradlaugh then entered a solicitor's office, and, subsequently, he became a lecturer and the editor of a newspaper. The Government

attempted to suppress the paper for alleged infraction of the press laws. The case went through all the courts, and was finally decided in Mr. Bradlaugh's favour by the full Bench. Mr. Bradlaugh personally defended himself, and though the Government was beaten it refused to reimburse any of the costs incurred by the defendant.

In conclusion, we must express our gratitude to Mr. Hinton for the pleasure he has given us in reading his book; it satisfies a want, and affords a ready means of reference for information about the leading Liberals of the Mother Country; it is written in good, forcible English, quite untainted by the author's residence in the United States. The gravest fault we have to find with him is that, as a rule, he prefers to quote some other author's estimate of the man under discussion, and though the personality of most of his subjects is vividly brought before the reader, yet one feels as if Mr. Hinton had himself gained his knowledge of them rather from the newspapers and biographical sketches, than from personal contact and acquaintance. We conclude with the hope that Mr. Hinton may give to the world a similar book on "American Leaders," a work for which his English rearing and long sojourn in the States would, we think, especially fit him.

L'ENVOI.

THERMOMETER down below zero,
  And powdery snow-drifts piled high,—
The bitter wind blowing by keenly,
  And a grey pall obscuring the sky;
No sign of the gentle spring nearing,—
  For winter holds guard o'er the scene,—
Save one snowy crocus, appearing
  In the window, half shrouded in green.

O welcome! you silver-robed princess,
  Entrenched in your guard of green spears!
You come with a sweet, hopeful message,
  Like a smile that gleams brightly through tears!
Of such coming, incredible wonders
  You tell us, in prophecy sweet,—
Of pure skies, and soft, balmy breezes,
  And marvels like you—at our feet!

Of the quickening life that is flowing
  Through the boughs of the bare, budding trees,
Of the leaflets so silently growing,
  Soon to dance in the sweet summer breeze.
Like the bright, rosy streak of the morning,
  In silence a poem you sing,
Of the miracle yearly returning,
  The wonderful birth of the Spring!

FIDELIS.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED !*

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

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

BOOK I.

" THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE NOBLE POOR."

CHAPTER I.

SAINT LAZARUS.

THE Hospital of St. Lazarus, a quaint old pile of Norman stonework, stood grey and grim in the meadow-lands of Pentonshire, a mile and a quarter from the old cathedral city, very grey and grim to match. An excellent institution this of St. Lazarus, which a wealthy cardinal of the fifteenth century had repaired and re-endowed for the sole use and benefit of " The Brotherhood of the Noble Poor." Here the noble poor had lived and thrived, and grumbled and grown garrulous, been thankful for small mercies or for none, had had their trials and temptations, their dinners and their perquisites, had known peace and rest and discontent and envy after their kind, and had died and been buried, for the last four hundred years. There were not many to die or to be buried at the time our story opens. The ancient charity had gone the way of similar " foundations," and strange stories were extant of funds wasted and misapplied, of lands stolen or given away, of trustees neglectful or unprincipled—all of course happening in the good old times, when humanity was very different, and such dreadful things as these were possible to be! Thoughtful and superstitious people wondered if the original founders of the edifice rested in their graves, there had been such wholesale peculation in the centuries since they had thought it seemly to remember God's unfortunates; and there was a well-authenticated ghost-walk in the neighbourhood, where a figure had been seen so very like the portrait of his Eminence the Cardinal in the refectory, that more than one respectable villager, coming home late from the " Rising Sun," had been prepared to swear to him. The Cardinal had been a man of figures in his day, a far-seeing, shrewd old gentleman, who estimated that lands would grow in value and rents rise high when sight-seers should be gaping at his marble effigy in the cathedral yonder. The Cardinal had calculated for everything but wholesale robbery and men waxing fat at the charity's expense, and the " Hundred Mennes" dwindling down for want of funds to thirteen tottering old fellows in black gowns and serge skull caps, who in their penury and decrepitude now represented all the forces of the Brotherhood of the Noble Poor.

They were thirteen men, well cared for and well looked after by the Master of the Hospital, whose salary was large, and whose residence was large too, having been built on the site of some forty houses once belonging to the brotherhood, and which had been demolished to make room for him in the dreadful old days to which allusion has been made. Still the charity existed; men duly qualified found a refuge here, and a something better than the workhouse; and honest folk, it was rumoured, were now looking after the funds, and after those who had a hold upon them, fairly or unfairly, as circumstances and courts of law might eventually decide. It was a show-place, this Hospital of St. Lazarus, dear to antiquaries and to lovers of tradition, and possessed a show-church, which restorers had re-touched and re-scraped. and so wonderfully and terribly recoloured, that only art-critics of the first degree of refinement could see anything in it but lumps of red and blue. It was a place

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where people stepped back to the past as they entered the gateway in the entrance tower, and drank of the beer which was offered them at the porter's lodge, by order of the Cardinal, who must have fancied that Englishmen were fond of beer, or might grow to like it in good time. There were sights here worth a journey across the fields from Penton to St. Lazarus, and the members of the brotherhood acted as showmen and looked after the sight-seers and the fees. There were a few old paintings as well as old buildings and old men: there were leathern jacks and iron candlesticks; and carved oak and stained glass, and a porridge pot, and other relics of the times when merry England lay a few centuries further back in history. The pilgrims came in the tourist season thick and fast enough, but in the spring and winter "business was awful slack," as one despondent brother of ninety-two, saving up fees for a rainy day, was in the habit of declaring in dull seasons.

Business at St. Lazarus—the business of the brotherhood—had been very slack indeed on the day we take our readers into Pentonshire. It was the end of May, too, when a few stray tourists are to be generally discovered on the march, the flying squadron of the great army of knapsacks advancing in the later months. It had been a cold, disagreeable May, with the winds of March and the damps of April clinging to its skirts still, and with not a glimpse of the coming summer in the leaden sky. It was close on sundown at St. Lazarus, with the wind in the east, and the thermometer low. There had been no visitors that day to the hospital or the church, and the doors of the brothers' houses were, as a rule, closed in the quadrangle. The monastic life seemed nearer to the nineteenth century on such a day as this; all was still and peaceful—even the rooks were depressed and sulky in the giant elms beyond the walls, and the swollen river flowed on silently past the hospital, and in a broad silver band across the green fields to the sea.

The solitary man in his monastic dress at the open door of one of the houses surely belonged to the old days, as he sat there nursing a crutch across his knees; we have seen him on the canvas of half a hundred pictures in the galleries abroad. The long black robe, somewhat rusty in the light, the close-fitting cap pulled down till it met the shaggy white eyebrows, the rugged, angular face, the big-veined, claw-like hands, the silver cross hanging on the left side of his gaberdine, seemed all parts of a portrait of past history—the priest resting from prayers and penance, and dreaming of the world beyond his four stone walls. In the hall across the square plot of garden ground sat ten or eleven monks like unto him, cowering and shivering round a coke fire in the centre of the hall, a fire kept within bounds by a large rusty hoop of iron, and the fumes rising to the raftered roof above, and mixing with the darkness there. The old men were all silent—three-fourths of them asleep, and the others blinking like grey "mousers" at the fire, and brooding over things that had been, or life that might be presently. The heaviness of the day had crept into the refectory, and settled on the spirits of the inmates, and the light behind the stained glass windows was dying fast away. The monks of the times gone by had looked and dozed and croned like that over their wood fires in this very hall, until the bell for even-song had roused them, as a bell roused them on this particular occasion, and set them upright and listening—the bell of the outer gates, which Hodsman, the porter, had banged to for the night at seven hours by the clock.

It was a visitor to see the church and inspect the hospital, and Hodsman, through a little trap, informed the late-comer that the hour was too late. The visitor was pertinacious—for she was a lady—and would not go away. From her seat in the open fly which had brought her from the hotel at Penton, she argued the point with the gatekeeper; spoke of the trouble and expense to which she had been put in coming thither, of the value of her time, and the shortness of her stay in Penton, of the unnecessary rigour of the rules of St. Lazarus, that would not allow five minutes' grace to a lady, until the porter wavered beneath the stream of eloquence with which she favoured him.

"I will go and ask the Master," he said at last, "but I don't think it is of any use, mind."

The trap was closed, and the lady sank back in her seat and into the heavy folds of sable in which she had enshrouded herself that cold spring afternoon, and waited for the porter's reappearance. She was a young woman, for certainly twenty summers, all

told, would have sufficed for her life's calendar. She was a very pretty young woman also—which is a matter of importance to our readers as well as to herself; a pale-faced beauty, with soft brown hair, and clear-cut features of a Grecian type, and big grey eyes that looked out boldly at the world, and seemed to have no fear of it. She was a shade above the middle height of woman, we may add, to render our sketch as complete as these few lines will allow, and was "almost too thin to live," her maid had said confidentially to Mrs. George's maid, when the maids and mistresses were steaming across the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool last week.

The porter's head reappeared at the open trap.

"The Master says as how he can't make any hexception to the rules, and you must come to-morrow."

"Did you tell him all that I said?"

"All I could remember," answered Mr. Hodsman, who was a cautious man, and not disposed to commit himself if he could help it.

"Let me see. What is the name of the Master of this hospital?" she said.

"Salmon."

"Ah! yes. The Reverend Gregory Salmon," she said, musingly: "wait one moment, if you please."

From the pocket of her dress she drew forth a capacious morocco purse, which she opened, and took out a letter and a card.

"Will you present these to Mr. Salmon at once," she said, "and tell that gentleman the bearer is waiting without?"

She gave the letter and card to the flyman, who tumbled off the box and delivered them to the porter, who went away once more on this persevering young lady's business.

"I would have preferred to do without it," she murmured to herself, as she once more subsided into sable, and looked thoughtfully before her.

Meanwhile Mr. Hodsman had passed from the outer quadrangle to the inner, and rang the bell once more of Mr. Salmon's private and palatial domicile. Mr. Salmon was in his study, and in his second doze—he was dreaming of preferment and more loaves and fishes, when Mrs. Salmon came softly into the room and touched him on the shoulder.

"My dear Gregory," she lisped, "I hardly liked to wake you."

"But you have waked me, ma'am," he said sharply. He was an easy kind of man, as a rule, but he did not care to be roused from his nap twice in five minutes, and the masculine biped very seldom does.

"It's the lady again," Mrs. Salmon informed him.

"Now—upon my word—this is too much," and Mr. Salmon, a portly little man of fifty-six, sat up and planted his hands upon his knees.

"She brings a letter of introduction—from our boy. Our dear Angelo!"

"How do you know that?"

"I have opened the letter," said Mrs. Salmon, meekly. "I thought I would not disturb you unless it was absolutely necessary."

She did not inform the Reverend Gregory Salmon, M.A., that female curiosity had got the better of her sense of etiquette as regarded epistles addressed to her lord and master, especially epistles in a lady's handwriting, accompanied by a lady's card, and sent in by a lady who was waiting outside in a fly, and disinclined to go away again. She gave him the letter, on the outer envelope of which was written, "With Miss Westbrook's compliments," and from which he took a second letter that had been sealed a few minutes since, and was in the handwriting of his son. As the letter is characteristic in its way, and has its future bearing on our story, we make no apology for reading it with Mr. Salmon:—

"Boston, United States of America,
April 3, 18—.

"My Dear Father,—The bearer of this letter of introduction is a *personal friend of mine*, and one for whom I entertain the *highest* feelings of *respect*, *esteem*, and *admiration*; therefore I need not press upon your attention the necessity to welcome her with all that *kindness* and *geniality* which any friend of mine is sure to receive at your hands. Miss Westbrook is a lady—*an orphan lady*, having lost both father and mother—a calamity from which I hope to be long and mercifully spared. She occupies one of the *highest social positions* in the great country wherein I sojourn for a while, is a lady of *immense fortune*, highly intelligent, highly educated, deeply read, *singularly*

observant, and wonderfully meek and kind. I cannot, in a hurried letter of this description, enter into full particulars of *all* the virtues and accomplishments which this American lady *undoubtedly* possesses, but I trust you will judge quickly for yourself, and become her friend, guide, and even *counsellor*, in the lone land whither she has taken her way. It would be an *unspeakable comfort* to me to find that she is *one of us*—one of our happy and united family—when I return to the shores of my country the month after next, probably about the *15th or 16th of July*, D.V. I will write to you all the news by the next mail. Meanwhile with love to mamma, and all my relations,

"Believe me,

"Your affectionate Son,

"ANGELO SALMON."

"My dear," said the Master of St. Lazarus, "this lady must be seen to at once."

"It is Angelo's wish."

"And mine, Mrs. Salmon," he added with emphasis.

"Certainly."

"I will attend upon Miss Westbrook immediately. Tell Hodsman to inform the lady that I shall have the greatest pleasure in waiting upon her—and that he is to bring the lady round here and show her into my drawing-room, if she will be kind enough—bless my soul, what have I done with my boots?" And Mr. Salmon, full of excitement, kicked his slippers across the room, and trotted in an insane fashion the full length of his library. Mr. Hodsman delivered the message in due course to Miss Westbrook, who inclined her head slightly to the communication, and sat for a few moments longer in the fly, looking at the landscape, or at something farther away than the Pentonshire hills, dusky and grey in the dim light. Presently, and at her leisure, she descended, and in her deep rich mourning, passed under the Cardinal's Tower into the first quadrangle.

"This way, ma'am," said Mr. Hodsman; and the late visitor followed her guide to the inner court, where the church rose before her, grand and imposing in its nobility of stone. The houses of the brotherhood, with their tall twisted chimnies in dark relief against the sky, were on her left, the Master's house and the great hall or refectory making up the square. The day was dying out; the shadows were thickening on this haven for old age; the fig trees were dank and drooping in the twilight, and the big elms, towering above the house-roofs, seemed steeped in ink against the dull dead sky. There was an unearthly stillness in the place at that hour—but then, business was slack!

Miss Westbrook gave a little shudder at the prospect, and pointed to the almshouses.

"Where the brotherhood live?" she asked in an inquiring tone of Mr. Hodsman.

Mr. Hodsman nodded an affirmative.

"And die?" she added.

"Ay—and die. Pretty sharpish too sometimes, ma'am, when the winter comes, and catches 'em in the chest. We had one die yesterday."

"Ha! who was that?"

And Miss Westbrook turned with such suddenness upon Mr. Hodsman, that he nearly bit his tongue in half.

"Martin Drycot was his name, my lady. He was eighty-three, but we've older men than that here—ay, and younger, too."

"Have you?" And then Miss Westbrook stopped, and pointed to a something dark and indistinct, heaped as it were against the wall or doorway of one of the distant houses.

"What is that?" she asked.

"Ay—Lor' bless us—if it beant one of the brothers. And I'll bet a shilling now, ma'am," he said with a sudden outburst of cackling laughter, that startled Miss Westbrook in her turn, "that I guess who it is."

"It is late for him to be sitting out there, in the night-mists."

"He can go in to the fire if he likes—but he don't like. He can go in to the house, to his granddaughter—but he don't go."

"Why not?"

"He's sulky. Somebody's offended him—another brother perhaps, or Dorcas—that's the grandchild I was speaking of," said the man; "he's often like that, in his tantrums, and he's precious hard to please when the fit is on him. Hi! Adam!" called the porter; "Adam Halfday—here!"

"Adam Halfday—here!" murmured the young woman, with a gloved hand suddenly uplifted to the bosom of her mantle.

"Did you speak, ma'am?"

"No. That is, not to you," said Miss Westbrook.

"He's pretending to be deaf—that's a trick of his, the old artful, but he can't come over me in that way. I'm not a brother, thank goodness. Here—hi! Adam—here's a lady wants to see the church. If that don't stir him up, he's in a fine temper, to be sure."

The figure in the shadow moved, and the face of an old man looked towards them for an instant, white and gleaming, and then was turned away again.

"I thought he was dead," said the porter.

"Now, Heaven forbid!" ejaculated the visitor, fervently.

"Oh! they goes off in all kinds of fashions here, ma'am—like the snuffs of all kinds of candles. They——"

He paused and touched his hat, and it became apparent to Miss Westbrook that no less a personage had come upon the scene than the Master of St. Lazarus.

CHAPTER II.

ADAM HALFDAY.

THE Reverend Gregory Salmon raised his hat and bowed to the lady, even ventured to extend his hand in greeting, but Miss Westbrook did not see, or did not pretend to see, this exhibition of friendliness. She looked steadily at the clergyman and bowed in return to his salutation. Perhaps she had not quite forgiven his first reception of her application for admittance to St. Lazarus, or had considered that a slight acknowledgement of his welcome was quite sufficient at that early stage of their acquaintance.

"A friend of my son Angelo's is a friend of mine, Miss Westbrook," he said politely.

"Thank you," she responded, in a low voice, "but I am scarcely a friend of your son's."

"He writes to me that—"

"I have met him once or twice in Boston, and I am indebted to him for a letter of introduction," she said, interrupting him, "that is all."

"Oh! indeed. I was led by Angelo's letter to anticipate that you and he were great friends. At all events," said Mr. Salmon, with a broad beaming smile, "it is not his fault that you are not."

"No, it is not his fault, I think," said Miss Westbrook, quietly, and the corners of her red lips twitched with a reminiscence at which it was difficult to repress a smile in return.

"You must allow me to apologize, madam, for my first reply to your request," said Mr. Salmon; "but I was not aware that you brought a letter of introduction from my son, and we are compelled to keep to rules here very strictly. It is a habit of human nature, as strikingly exemplified by visitors to this establishment," he added, rhetorically, "to evade every possible rule which is posted up at the entrance gates."

"Is there any rule, Mr. Salmon, to keep that old man from the cold?" asked Miss Westbrook, pointing to Adam Halfday in the distance, "or does the brotherhood act as it pleases?"

"Eh! what old man is that, then?"

The Master of St. Lazarus shaded his eyes with his hand, and peered across the quadrangle, but Mr. Hodsman saved him the trouble of making the discovery for himself.

"It's Adam Halfday, sir. He's been there all the afternoon."

"Where's his grandchild?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You have not seen her about?"

"No, sir."

"That will do, Hodsman. You can go."

Hodsman touched his cap again and went back to the porter's lodge, and Mr. Salmon turned to his young visitor, and said:

"You will allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Salmon; she is extremely anxious to make your acquaintance, after all that Angelo has said in his letter concerning you. If you will kindly step in with me for a few minutes, whilst I run across to Halfday yonder, and see what is the matter, I— "

"I would prefer to accompany you for the present, Mr. Salmon, if you have no objection," she said; "I am greatly interested in the hospital and the brotherhood."

"It is a noble institution. Doubtless, my son Angelo has described it to you in his own graphic way."

"Yes, he has described it—graphically," she added, after a moment's pause.

"This brother is somewhat of a character You will be amused with him; you will see what we poor masters have to put up with, now and then."

"They are old and querulous, and not too happy, I dare say," was the thoughtful comment.

"They should be as happy as the day is long."

"Why?" asked Miss Westbrook, who was evidently a girl of many questions.

"They are free from anxiety, they are well provided for, they have everything they need in moderation—board, lodging, clothing, fuel, and money," answered Mr. Salmon; "I tell them this half a dozen times a week at least."

"Do they complain, then?"

"They are full of whims and fancies. They are not all grateful."

"Many of them, probably, have known better days?"

"Most of them," was the reply; "some of them have been shopkeepers in the town, others even gentlemen. This man, Adam Halfday, was worth fifty thousand pounds when he was young."

"Indeed."

"And it all went in speculation—in that dreadful greed of gain, Miss Westbrook, which makes even Christians discontented very often."

"Yes," was the answer of his fair companion, "very often."

They had been sauntering side by side towards the almshouses, and were standing now before Mr. Adam Halfday, who, seated in his chair, with his crutch across his knees, seemed to all outward appearances ignorant of his watchers.

"Well, Adam, old gentleman," said Mr. Salmon, in a fussy but not unkindly tone, "is it quite wise of you to sit out so late as this?"

Mr. Halfday did not look up at the speaker, but he mumbled forth an answer.

"What's the time?" he said.

Mr. Salmon inspected his gold repeater.

"Half-past seven."

"I should have known the time for myself once," muttered Mr. Halfday, "but I haven't a fine gold watch now, and a big chain—and seals. Half-past seven is it? So early as all that."

"It is too late for you to sit here, Adam."

"There is no rule against my sitting here, Mr. Salmon?" asked the brother, more sharply and clearly.

"There is a rule that you should all be in bed by eight o'clock, you know. You have not a great deal of time before you, and there's tea to have."

"I don't want any tea. I have quite made up my mind not to have any tea. She can drink it all," said Mr. Halfday.

"Who is she?" asked Miss Westbrook of the clergyman.

"His granddaughter," replied the Master. "As the brothers get weak and feeble they are allowed a female relative—a wife, sister, daughter, granddaughter, or even niece, to wait upon them."

"And I hope they get waited upon better than I do, Mr. Salmon, or it's a queer kind of attention the poor wretches get," observed Mr. Halfday.

"Come, come, you and Dorcas have had a little tiff, I see."

"We're always having little tiffs," said the old man. "There is not a worse temper in all Pentonshire than Dorcas Halfday's. Where she got her nasty sulky ways from, the Lord knows. I can't make out myself."

"I'll go and talk to Dorcas immediately," said Mr. Salmon. "Pray excuse me for an instant," he said to Miss Westbrook, "you see I have a multiplicity of duties to perform. One instant—thank you."

Mr. Salmon passed into the cottage, and Miss Westbrook moved more closely to the bowed form of the old man, stooping down even and gazing into his seamed face.

"You have not found happiness, or peace, or content, amongst the Brotherhood of the Noble Poor, then, Mr. Halfday?" she inquired in a low voice.

The white shaggy eyebrows quivered as though stirred by the sweet breath of the speaker, and two keen dark eyes looked into the face so close to his.

"Now, who can you be?" he said, in a wondering tone of voice.

"One whom you have never seen before," was the reply.

"One of the curious sort, who want to know everything, our lives, histories, and adventures, who take up an hour of our time in the busy season, when people are turning in by wholesale, and there are not half guides enough to show the antiquities of this interesting spot in which we crawl about," he said, with a considerable amount of bitterness in his voice; "but you have come too late to see the church."

"I am afraid so," replied the lady.

"It's a ghastly den in the dark. It wants

the sunlight behind the painted glass. It wants the summer, but if you'll come early to-morrow, and ask for me, Adam Halfday, I shall be most happy to act as your guide," he said, with a sudden servility exhibiting itself, to the visitor's surprise. "I flatter myself I have more brains than the rest of the old men you'll find about, and can show you more of the hospital than any one else in the same space of time,—and if you are pressed for time, that is."

"Have you been here long?"

"Some fifteen years, prisoner as it were," he answered, shrugging his shoulders, "and all the rest of my life a gentleman at large."

"You have had reverses?"

"I have been a rich man, and I have stared ruin in the face. I have spent thousands freely, and I am thankful—ay, truly thankful—for the gift of half-a-crown." He added this with great eagerness, rubbing one thin claw over the other as he spoke.

Miss Westbrook took the hint thus neatly conveyed, and dropped money in his hands. He looked down at the gift, drew a quick breath, and then peered from beneath his brows at a donor more generous than he had met of late years.

"Thank you, lady—you are very kind to me. Heaven bless you," he murmured.

"Will you answer my question now, Mr. Halfday?" she said; "it is very rude, you know, to keep a lady waiting all this while?"

Mr. Halfday laughed feebly, and put his hand to the side of his skull cap, by way of military salute.

"What is it that you pleased to ask me, my good lady?" he inquired again; "I haven't as good a memory as I used to have."

"Have you found happiness, or peace, or content here?" she inquired again.

"It is a noble institution this," the old man muttered; "what should I have done without it in my deep distress?"

"That is no answer to my question, and I am a very curious young woman."

"So it seems," was the dry response. "And what makes you anxious to know?"

"I have an interest in this charity—this may be a question which I shall put to each of the brethren, in turn."

"And you can do us good—stand up for our rights—see where all this money is gone which should have made this place a palace for us," said the old man, with new interest. "Ah! we want a dozen like you. Have I known happiness, peace, or content, you ask? Well,—No!"

"Why not?"

"There is too much form and rule, and too little comfort. Plenty of interference, and no money. I don't think anything of the Master—he's a poor stick! and as for the brethren, they're are a quarrelsome, selfish, disagreeable gang."

"You haven't found a friend here in the fifteen years?"

The old man shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders, but Miss Westbrook would not take gesticulation for an answer. Yes, she was a curious young woman, it was her own acknowledgment.

She repeated the question almost anxiously.

"You have not found one friend, then?"

"Except the Master of St. Lazarus—he's a perfect gentleman, and very kind; he always does the best for us that he can, or that the rules allow him to do. I haven't a fault to find with him, my lady."

Miss Westbrook was not surprised to discover that Mr. Salmon was at their side again.

"That's right, Adam; give an old friend a good character," said the Master, as he laid his hand on the old man's shoulder; "I am glad to see that my fair friend has cheered you up during my temporary absence."

"She wishes me to show her over the church to-morrow, Mr. Salmon," said the brother.

"Is it your turn?"

"It is a little out of my turn, perhaps, but the lady wishes it. and I can settle that with Scone."

"Very well, and if Scone does not mind, and the lady wishes it—"

"I should prefer Mr. Halfday for my guide," said Miss Westbrook.

"Thank you, my lady. You could not have a better," replied Adam, with a naive conceit in his own abilities, with which most people would have been amused. But the clergyman was not listening, and upon the handsome face of the lady there had settled a strange sad shadow which was deepening fast, unless it was the fading light that deceived one in the study of her.

"And here is Dorcas," said Mr. Salmon. "You must make it up with Dorcas before the lady says good-night to you, Adam."

He spoke as a doctor might have done to a refractory patient whom he was anxious to conciliate, and Mr. Halfday struggled from his chair, and planted his crutch under his left arm.

"Oh! you have come to your senses at last, my fine lady, have you?" said Mr. Halfday, snappishly.

The person addressed was a tall young woman of seventeen or eighteen years of age, not too scrupulously neat in her attire, and with a tumbled mass of black hair, which she appeared to have scrupulously disarranged with both hands before emerging from the house. It was a handsome sullen face at which Miss Westbrook gazed, and they were two large dark eyes that turned in restless fashion from the grandfather to the lady, from the lady to the grandfather, and finally from the grandfather again to the heavy sable trimmings of the mantle on the lady's shoulders—a point of interest that drew Miss Halfday's attention to a focus, and brought a look of admiration and awe into her countenance.

She replied to her grandfather's question with her gaze still directed to the mantle.

"I never had any senses to come to—or I shouldn't have been here," she muttered.

"Now, Dorcas, what did you promise me?" remonstrated Mr. Salmon.

"All right, sir; I know," answered Dorcas, "but he begins it always by aggravating me—by saying something or other which he knows I can't bear—by talking of my mother, which I won't bear, never—not from him even. See if I do!"

And the girl, forgetting her interest in Miss Westbrook's sable trimmings, raised her right hand in the air, and shook it in a menacing manner at the old gentleman whom she had in charge.

"Your mother was an ungrateful, selfish —" then Mr. Halfday paused, as if still conscious of the visitor's interest in him, or twitted by remorse for his own hard words; "but there, there—bygones are bygones, and I have nothing more to say, Dorcas. Is the tea ready?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"A good girl this, my lady, when free from her bad tempers," observed Mr. Halfday by way of introducing his granddaughter to Miss Westbrook's especial notice; "my nurse, friend, confidante, little mother, daughter, everything. If there are times," he added mournfully, "when we do not agree together, when between her and me arise recollections of some bitterness—for we are both hasty and impolitic in our expressions—still there are times when an angel in that beastly little room yonder could not fill the place with greater brightness."

Both Mr. Salmon and Dorcas Halfday opened their mouths at this last speech of the old gentleman, for both were evidently surprised.

"I am glad to learn you have so good an opinion of your granddaughter, Mr. Halfday," said Miss Westbrook.

"The best of opinions, or she would not be with me," he added, almost peevishly for an instant; "I should have kept her at arm's length as I did her mother—as I have done her wicked brother, and—"

"He's not wicked," cried Dorcas, in warm defence of another member of the family.

"I tell you he is."

"I tell you he isn't."

Mr. Halfday's hand clutched his crutch more tightly, as if a fleeting idea of braining his refractory grandchild on the spot had just occurred to him; then the fingers relaxed, and he smiled at Dorcas, and disclosed more gums than were absolutely necessary.

"High-spirited you see, my lady," he said, turning to Miss Westbrook again; "but that runs in the blood of the Halfdays, and is purely constitutional. Still, a good child—careful of herself and me out of the little money I can afford to give her. It is very little, but she takes care of it. She is saving up for a new spring dress, but the spring will be old before she gets it at my rate of wage, I fear."

"This will not do, Halfday; I can't—" began Mr. Salmon, but Miss Westbrook had already shown the most surprising alacrity in taking his hints that day. Never had Adam Halfday encountered a lady or gentleman in so extraordinary a hurry to give money away. There was a sovereign in Dorcas's hand, not too unwillingly extended, before Mr. Salmon had time to complete his remonstrance, and Dorcas was already executing an elaborate curtsey of gratitude for the gift thus promptly conferred.

"I thank you very kindly," said Dorcas, her face beaming with smiles, and not a

remnant of the old sullenness of aspect visible.

"We will bid you good-night," said Miss Westbrook; "to-morrow, Mr. Halfday, I shall see you again."

"Thank *you*, *my* lady. You will find me in the quadrangle here," was old Adam's reply; "you will remember the quadrangle—not the refectory, where the rest of them are."

"I will remember. It is too late to see the church or the hospital to-night," said the lady, turning to the Master. "You were right, Mr. Salmon, in refusing me admission in the first instance."

"Nay—nay—Miss Westbrook; do not remind me of my discourtesy."

"I was in the wrong—not you."

"You will see Mrs. Salmon before you go? I hope you will. She is very anxious to have the honour of welcoming you to St. Lazarus, I assure you."

"Thank you. Ye-es," she added, in a strangely hesitating and almost uncomplimentary way, "I think I will see Mrs. Salmon. I shall have great pleasure," she added with more warmth of manner.

"This way, if you please."

Mr. Salmon offered his arm to Miss Westbrook, who rested the tips of her gloved fingers upon it, and walked by his side thoughtfully.

"It is all very strange," she murmured suddenly.

"My dear madam, what is strange?" asked the clergyman, looking hard at his companion.

"This place—and those people—everything," she answered.

"Ahem! yes—perhaps so. But you will like the establishment better in the morning."

"I hope I may," she answered, so wearily that Mr. Salmon looked at her again, but did not press her with another question.

Meanwhile Adam Halfday had let the crutch slide from beneath his arm to the damp grass-plot, and stood there clutching for support to the shoulders of his granddaughter.

"What did he call her, Dorcas?" he cried eagerly, and with a perceptible shortness of his breath. "By what name did he call that woman?"

"Westbrook."

"Westbrook it was, then. I thought I could not have been dreaming. Yes, it was Westbrook, by Heaven!"

"What of it?" asked Dorcas, as she stooped and picked up the crutch.

"I used to know that name very well indeed. That's all," answered the old man, as he limped towards his house, with Dorcas guiding his steps carefully.

CHAPTER III.

AT THE MITRE.

MISS WESTBROOK lost time at the residence of the Reverend Gregory Salmon, but there was no help for it. The Master of Saint Lazarus was over-courteous, over-exuberant in his professions of service to the lady, and Mrs. Gregory Salmon, a rosy-faced fat little woman of forty-five, followed suit, and for all this polite attention Miss Westbrook was compelled to be grateful. She wondered a little what Mr. Angelo Salmon had said in his letter to make man and wife so complaisant, but she guessed pretty shrewdly that he had spoken of her as an heiress, as a young woman standing alone in the world with a great deal of money on her mind, therefore one whose acquaintance was worth cultivating by respectable folk who had a marriageable son on hand, and not too wise a son either.

Still they were kind in their way, though she did not like their way, and was perfectly assured that had she arrived from the New World "uncertificated" only a scant amount of courtesy would have been found at Saint Lazarus. Well, that was the way of the world, and the world was growing more sceptical, more exacting, and more arrogant every day, especially this old world whence her father and mother had sprung, and to which she had returned with a strange mission.

She bore with all the inquiries of the Salmons, answering many of them, and finding it necessary to evade many also. Would she stay to dinner? She had dined at an earlier hour at the hotel. Tea?—She had ordered tea to be ready upon her return. Would she allow Mr. Salmon to dismiss the flyman, and put up with the shelter of their humble roof for one evening—just one evening! added Mrs. Salmon—they would feel

highly honoured, and it would save Miss Westbrook the trouble of coming in the morning? Thanks to Mrs. Salmon, but it was necessary that she should get back to the city. She had friends with her doubtless? No, she was entirely alone. She was not quite certain, she added with a fearless little laugh, that she had any friends now, and then her face shadowed suddenly with the consciousness of her recent loss, or of friends in the flesh set apart from her by circumstances which it was no intention of hers to explain to these inquirers. Would she like to have any letters of introduction to Mr. Salmon's friends in Penton? Thanks again, but she would prefer not to have them at present. Did she intend a long stay in that part of the country? She had not made up her mind. She would return to America, of course? It was very doubtful; she had always considered England as her future home, and had been taught to look forward to returning to it. Had she any particular interest, if Mr. Salmon might be allowed the liberty of putting such a question to her, in Pentonshire, that she had come direct from London to that county? Yes, she had.

That was the last leading question which Miss Westbrook, it may be perceived, replied to with some frankness, but with no amplitude of detail. To speak plainly, her answer "shut up" the Reverend Gregory Salmon, who saw that he had overstepped the boundary line which separates the natural interest in a stranger from vulgar curiosity. He was still polite and bland, and only one more question escaped him that evening, and that was at the entrance gate to which he had escorted his visitor.

"Any time to-morrow I shall be disengaged, Miss Westbrook, and most happy to act as your guide over this ancient edifice, if you will kindly let me know the hour at which you are likely to arrive?"

"Mr. Adam Halfday will act as my *cicerone* on this occasion," was the reply.

"Yes, but ——"

"I have given him my word," said Miss Westbrook, decisively.

She shook hands with the Master of Saint Lazarus, who escorted her into the fly, closed the door, raised his hat, stood back, and bowed.

"To the 'Mitre?'" asked the flyman, surly and blue with cold, and tortured inwardly, having partaken of one mugful of the founder's ale, which Mr. Hodsman had very generously brought out to him.

"Yes, back to the 'Mitre,'" answered Miss Westbrook.

It was dark night now, and the country road was lampless until the city of Penton was within a hundred yards of them. The man drove fast, and Miss Westbrook wrapped herself more closely in her sables, and went off at once into a reverie, deep, solemn, and depressing, or that speaking face belied her, until a half shriek, a volley of abuse from the driver, and a swerving of the horse and carriage towards a high hedge and a side ditch, roused her to active life.

"What is it?" she exclaimed.

"Only a woman in the way," said the man; "can't you hear when a trap's coming, you deaf adder?" he shouted down to some one very close to the wheels of the equipage.

"Can't you see when any one's ahead of you, you blind idiot?" was shouted back with energy; and after the carriage had driven off again, Miss Westbrook fancied that the voice was not unfamiliar to her—that its tone reminded her of Dorcas Halfday, when she was arguing with her grandfather in the quadrangle of the hospital. She leaned from the carriage and looked behind her, but the backward road was steeped in night, and the woman nearly run down was swallowed up in its depths.

"It is not possible to be Dorcas Halfday," said Miss Westbrook to herself; "she must be with her grandfather at Saint Lazarus."

Dorcas Halfday was forgotten by the time the city of Penton was reached. It was a dull old city by lamp-light, and more than half asleep already. The gas in the streets was burning faintly, the shutters were closing before the wares of early closing traders, the people were few and far between upon the narrow pavements, the overhanging fronts of ancient houses seemed nodding over the roadway, and their latticed windows with the shimmering lights behind them might have stood for blinking eyes which once had fire in them, but had grown dull and feeble with old age. A hundred yards of road like this, a cross cut to another, a street wider and with a trifle more of life in it, a market cross, the cathedral rising above a pile of house-roof, and faintly distinguishable through the blackness of the sky, and then

the "Mitre," a modern stucco edifice, with a bishop's cross in gold and colours painted on wainscot over the big portico.

This was home to Mabel Westbrook at present, and the sight of it did not add any brightness to her face, as she entered, and went slowly up the brass-bound stairs.

An angular sallow-faced woman of forty was reading by the firelight as Miss Westbrook entered the private sitting-room. She rose at her mistress's entrance.

"No one has called, I suppose?"

"No, madam."

"Any letters?"

"No letters, madam."

"Take my hat and mantle, Jane, and ring for tea."

"Yes, madam."

Jane rang the bell, and departed with the hat and mantle to a room adjoining, where she tried both articles of apparel on for the second time that day, and thought they became her very well indeed. Meanwhile her mistress put two little feet on the fender, planted her elbows on her knees, took her fair head between her hands, and opened her great grey eyes at the coals spluttering in the grate.

"This is a weary business, Mabel," she said, apostrophizing herself, "and begins badly. My heart is in my work, and yet it is as heavy as lead to-night. Why is that?"

She did not answer her own question aloud; the thoughts which had troubled her coming back to Penton gathered thick and fast in the quiet of that room, and took her from the working world again. The waiter of the "Mitre," a cadaverous man in a dress-coat, brought in the tea-service, coughed and retired without attracting Mabel Westbrook's notice, and the maid entering half an hour later, after a preliminary tap on the panels of the door, found her mistress still brooding over a fire that had grown hollow and cavernous with inattention.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, ma'am; I thought you had finished tea, perhaps."

"I had forgotten it, Jane; a few more minutes, please."

The maid withdrew, and Mabel Westbrook drank her tea in solitary state, and went back to the fireside afterwards—on this occasion to study the contents of the big morocco purse before alluded to, and to read many papers, with which the pockets were full.

The tea-service had been taken away, and the hour was late—it was half-past ten by the marble clock upon the mantelshelf—when the cadaverous man knocked softly, and re-entered.

"If you please, madam, here's a young person wishes to see you!"

"To see me?"

"Yes, madam."

"Did she mention her name?"

"Yes, madam. Dorcas Harkaway."

"You mean Halfday."

"It's very likely that was the name, ma'am."

"Show her upstairs at once."

The servant retired, and shortly afterwards reappeared with Dorcas in tow.

"This is the young person," he said, and closed the door upon Dorcas and the lady whom she had come from St. Lazarus to see. Dorcas Halfday was looking grimmer and more sullen than when she had first attracted Mabel Westbrook's notice; she was carelessly attired also—a straw bonnet loosely tied by strings beneath the chin was hanging off her head and down her shoulders, which were draped by a three-cornered shawl of white and black check, put on askew. She came in with a brisk, quick step, paused as she encountered Mabel's gaze, and then slouched slowly towards a vacant chair, upon the edge of which she sat.

"I thought I'd come and have a little talk with you," she said, abruptly.

"You are very welcome," was the answer.

There was an embarrassing pause after his, during which Dorcas stared over the head of Miss Westbrook at the opposite wall with great intentness.

"I should scarcely have thought the rules of St. Lazarus would have permitted you to leave the establishment at so late an hour," said Mabel Westbrook, at last.

"The rules!" said Dorcas, scoffingly; what do you think I care for the rules? And what can they do to me if they find I break them?"

"Dismiss you?" Mabel suggested.

"From waiting upon one who wears my life out, who does not care for me, or for anybody in the world, for the matter of that. Yes, that would be a punishment!" she added, with a scornful little laugh.

"You would not like to leave your grandfather?" asked Mabel.

"Wouldn't I! Ah! that is all you know

about it. Only give me the chance to get away from him, and then you'll see."

"What prevents your getting away from him, if you are inclined?" asked Mabel.

"Oh! I don't know quite," said the girl, restlessly, "heaps of things—my brother Brian for one, though he's as bad as the old man with his aggravating ways. But I haven't come to be talked to by you, you know. That's a likely thing!"

"Well, Dorcas, what have you come for? I am all attention."

"It's a mercy I'm alive to tell you," answered Dorcas, suddenly remembering a new grievance, "for you nearly run over me some time ago."

"Was it you, then?"

"Yes. My grandfather took it in his head to go to bed directly after tea, and I leaped the stream at the back of the chambers, and came across the fields to the high road, where that wretch of a flyman tried to make short work of me. He did it on purpose."

"Nonsense."

"Yes, he did. I know him. He has owed me a grudge for six months. He's only one more of the heaps of people who hate me and wish me dead."

"Hush, hush, child! this is mere raving."

"Ah! you don't know how everybody hates me," said the girl, half mournfully and half savagely; "and how I hate everybody, for the matter of that."

"Have you come all the way from St. Lazarus to tell me this?" said Mabel Westbrook—"to show me what a wild, inconsiderate, reckless young woman you are?"

Dorcas's eyes blazed at this criticism, but she replied with a single word:

"No," she answered.

"Tell me in what way I can assist you?" inquired Mabel.

Dorcas moved restlessly in her chair.

"I haven't come for any help from you. Early in life, lady," said she, more gently, "I was taught to help myself, and had to help myself, my mother having been turned out of doors by that old man you spoke to this afternoon. I don't suppose in all my life I shall ask help of any living soul."

"You may want help and seek it in vain."

"Then—*there's the river!*"

"Great Heaven!" ejaculated Mabel, in dismay. "So young, and so desperate as that."

"It was my mother's end, madam. I shouldn't care for a better if I was in trouble."

"I am very, very sorry to hear it," said Mabel, and two white hands went up suddenly to her face, and hid it from the strange, excited girl confronting her. "God forgive that mother."

"She was a good woman," said Dorcas, emphatically. "Don't make any mistake about that, please. You had much better say, 'God forgive all those who drove her to it.'"

"Amen, child," said Mabel, very reverently. "God forgive them too."

It was Dorcas's turn to be surprised at the manner of her companion—to sit and watch the young, fair woman in her attitude of grief—suddenly to leave her chair, and advance stealthily towards her, and touch the hands still held before her eyes.

"Did you happen to know my mother, lady?" she asked, in a curious tone.

"No, I have been in America all my life."

She lowered her hands and looked steadily at Dorcas as she answered her.

"I'm not clever," Dorcas continued, thoughtfully. "I don't make things out so clearly as Brian does. I'm not sharp, but I know you didn't come to St. Lazarus to see the church and hospital."

"What do you think I came for, Dorcas?"

"To see my grandfather," she replied. "It's no use saying 'No' to me, because I have put this and that together, and am pretty sure of it."

"You are too quick at jumping at conclusions—you judge too hastily."

"Not in this," said Dorcas, shaking her head; "and it is this I have come about all the way along the dark roads, and before you should get to us to-morrow. Am I right, Miss Westbrook?"

Mabel hesitated for a single moment, and then answered quietly—

"Yes, Dorcas Halfday, you are quite right."

CHAPTER IV.

DORCAS WARNS MABEL WESTBROOK.

MABEL'S previous estimate of Dorcas Halfday's character was correct in one instance at least. Dorcas was evidently

strangely excitable, for she clapped her hands noisily together, and exclaimed—

"I knew it! For all he said, I knew it! He went to bed to get away from my questions, but I was not deceived."

Mabel drew a quick breath.

"Is it possible he guesses why I came to St. Lazarus?"

"I think so."

"Did he hear my name?" said Mabel. "Ah! I remember Mr. Salmon's mentioning it at the last."

"Yes—what does it mean?"

"Has he never mentioned the name of Westbrook to you?"

Dorcas shook her head.

"It is as well. Presently you will know all, with the rest of them."

"I am not sure of it," answered Dorcas, doubtfully. "No one tells me anything, or thinks I am to be trusted; no one ever did, after mother died. I make a good drudge, a tolerable nurse, a decent slave, and that's all they want of me, you see."

"You are a strangely discontented girl," said Mabel: "will you tell me what you want for yourself?"

"Not I," replied Dorcas, shrugging her shoulders; "not such a silly as that at my age. Besides, I haven't come here to answer your questions, but to put you on your guard."

"Against whom?"

"Well," she added, hesitatingly, "against yourself, if you have an idea of obtaining information from Adam Halfday, or of doing him any good, or of giving any information to him. He is much better as he is."

"I have come from America expressly to see him. I have no other object in England, at present, than to be of service to your grandfather," answered Mabel.

Dorcas opened her dark eyes to their fullest extent at this announcement.

"You come as his friend then?"

"Yes."

"I did not think he had any," muttered Dorcas."

"Yes," she answered for the second time.

"Well, then," said Dorcas, taking a long breath, before bursting forth full of excitement again, "that's an idea, Miss Westbrook, you had better drop, once for all. He does not want a friend, and you can't make him one of yours. You had better leave him in that place to die off quietly, and when his time comes; he is only fit for that. He *is* best off now. He is at peace. He is a better man now than he has ever been. He is old, and not fit for change. If you have anything to tell him, for mercy's sake keep it back. There is nothing you can say or do that will be of any benefit to him."

Mabel Westbrook was intensely astonished at this outburst. She was unable to account for the warning thus delivered, and the character of Dorcas Halfday became a greater perplexity than ever.

"It is impossible that I can understand your meaning," said Mabel. "If I come to brighten the last days of Adam Halfday's life, why should the effort on my part be completely unavailing?"

"Nothing can brighten his life or make it better."

"You may be mistaken in that, Dorcas."

"Your friendship could not; your money could not; and it would be one or another, I suppose," replied Dorcas, shrewdly.

"Will you tell me your reasons for this strange assertion? Your grandfather is without friends or money, you acknowledge."

"Neither would do him any good."

"You cannot say that."

"On my soul, I can," was the emphatic answer.

"To offer him money may not be my mission in life, Dorcas," said Mabel, after a moment's further reflection, "but I must see him again at all hazards."

"I have warned you," said Dorcas, helplessly; "I can do no more, unless"—

"Well."

"Unless you will come with me to Brian's house."

"Your brother's house?"

"Yes, and hear what he has to say. He will not talk to you in my style," she said, with a short laugh, "and you might feel inclined to trust him further than you do me. Oh! he's a man wonderfully respected in the good city of Penton, he is," she added.

"You do not love your brother."

"There is not a great deal of love lost between us," was the dry answer, "but this I'll say of him, for all that: you may trust him. He's a man who says what he thinks, and it would be as well for you to see him."

"Where does he live?"

"Oh! hard by here. It's not a long way to go."

"Will you accompany me?"

"I'll show you where he lives," was the evasive answer.

"Yes," said Mabel, starting to her feet, "I'll go with you. Wait here one moment, please."

Was Mabel Westbrook excitable and impulsive herself, or was the curiosity to sift further into the mystery, and to comprehend the manners and motives of these Halfdays, too strong for her to withstand? She was in England on a mission which she had come from America to fulfil; she was a young woman, very shrewd and clear-headed, and business-like for her years, and her task was full of complications. It had seemed easy work enough until she was close upon the end of it, and the Hospital of St. Lazarus only a mile away. Yes, she would see this Brian Halfday.

She was equipped speedily for the journey, and it was not eleven by the clock when she and her eccentric guide were together in the city of Penton. It was a cold, raw night, following the cold, raw day, and the wind came keenly at them as they stepped from beneath the portico of the "Mitre" into the streets.

"It is a late hour to call upon your brother," said Mabel.

"He keeps late hours. He is a man who never rests."

"How will you get back to the hospital?"

"By the way I came. Across the stream and over the brothers' gardens to the window of the room I have left open."

"I hope this flitting from St. Lazarus is not a habit of yours, Dorcas?"

"No, not now," she said.

"That means"—

"Ah! never mind what it means, Miss Westbrook," cried Dorcas, quickly; "I do not like all these questions. I am not used to them. This way."

"If the brother resembles this girl," said Mabel Westbrook to herself, "I have chanced upon a family that I shall never comprehend."

They turned from the principal street into a narrow archway, and through the darkness that was there into a broad space of ground where were big trees, and gaunt, gable-roofed houses, and in the centre the old cathedral, dark, massive, and grand—a pile of Norman work looming from a background of dense sky.

"It is a short cut across the Close," said Dorcas, by way of explanation, "but if you are afraid to come back this way by yourself—afraid of the ghosts, that is," she added, with the short laugh once again jarring on Mabel Westbrook's nerves—"there is another road in the front of yonder houses."

"I am not afraid of ghosts."

"That's well. The ghosts do not trouble you as they do the Halfdays," said the girl.

Mabel glanced at Dorcas's face, but t was grave and matter-of-fact, and without the suspicion of a jest upon it. She did not ask any further questions; Dorcas had already entered her protest against it. She kept step with her guide, and wondered once if she had done a wise thing in accompanying her on this expedition. They went across the Cathedral Close and through a second dark subway into another old-fashioned street, where the houses seemed to Mabel taller, narrower, and older, and more full of cross beams and blinking windows than any she had seen in the city of Penton yet. Before one of the oldest and largest of these houses Dorcas came to a full stop.

"There are no lights up there to-night," she said, looking at the windows. "He may be out, after all."

She disappeared in the deep doorway, where she tugged vehemently at a bell, which was heard clanging in distant settlements for a long time afterwards, but there was no response to the appeal.

"Is this house your brother's?" asked Miss Westbrook.

"He minds it for the city—he's custodian."

"Of what?"

Dorcas indulged in her short laugh again.

"Of all the ugly things they have picked up, or dug up, in this place for the last thousand years."

"Is this Penton Museum?"

"Yes. I hope you like it," answered Dorcas.

"It does not seem a very large place for a museum," said Mabel Westbrook.

"Oh! it's large enough," was the reply; "too large for the company it gets. No one goes to it, or cares about it, that ever I knew. There are enough bits of brick about the high road, without coming here to see some more of them."

"You are no lover of antiquities, Dor-

cas," said Mabel, smiling at her companion's criticism.

"I see enough of them at St. Lazarus," answered Dorcas, pulling at the bell handle again, impatiently. "Brian is a light sleeper, or I should think he was dozing over his books; he's a young, strong man, or I should think he was dead."

"If he does not hear the bell I should think he was deaf," was Mabel's comment here.

"Neither dozing, dead, nor deaf, ladies," said a sharp, clear voice, so close to them that both women started. "To what cause may I attribute the honour of this late visit to the museum?"

The speaker was short-sighted, probably, for he craned his head towards his sister, and added—

"Dorcas!"

"Yes, it's Dorcas," was the answer, and a very deep and sullen answer it became at once.

"I am glad to see you," said her brother, "although I wish you had arrived at an earlier hour."

"I could not choose my time, and I did not come to see you," said Dorcas, slowly and uncivilly.

"If the visit is postponed to a time more fitting, Dorcas," said her brother, drily, "you might have let the bell alone."

"I brought some one here who is more anxious to talk to you than I am," answered Dorcas, "who has come all the way from America to see one Adam Halfday in the hospital of St. Lazarus."

There was a pause, and Brian Halfday, who had taken a latch-key from his pocket, stood with it in his hand, a silent figure enough, at this communication. It was a dark night, and they were far removed from the rays of the gas-lamp in the distance, but Mabel fancied that she could detect an expression of astonishment, even of utter bewilderment, on the face of the man confronting her. He peered now in the same short-sighted way at her as he had done at his sister, and Mabel went back one step from the steady stare of two bright, black eyes.

"May I ask your name?" he said.

"Mabel Westbrook."

"The granddaughter of James Westbrook, once in business in this city?" he added.

"The same."

"It is a strange hour for a strange visit," he said, "but it is as well that you have come. One moment."

He opened the door with his key, passed into the big entrance hall, struck a match, and lighted the gas in the lamp above his head.

"Step in, please."

"You will come with me, Dorcas?" said Mabel.

"No," was the reply.

"I ask it as a favour? You will consider that your brother is a stranger to me."

"The lady cannot enter here alone," said Brian Halfday. "Cannot you see that, girl?"

"I said I would never put foot within this place of my own free will again," said Dorcas.

"Is this free will when you are forced in against your inclinations?" asked her brother.

"Well, no."

Dorcas stepped into the hall along with Mabel Westbrook, and Brian Halfday closed the door behind them. As he lighted an oil lamp of antique pattern, he looked from his sister to his guest across the flame.

"Welcome," he said in a low voice, and with a ring of wonder in it still.

CHAPTER V.

THE CURATOR.

BRIAN HALFDAY, the curator of the museum which had recently been so severely criticized by his sister, was a man of the middle height, very slim, very pale, very shabby, with a quantity of long black hair, that might have been cut some weeks since with advantage to his personal appearance, streaming from beneath a rusty hat. He was not so much a bad-looking man, after a close survey of him, as an unhealthy-looking mortal who seemed growing thin, and lined, and sallow with close attention to the antiquities with which the place was stored. The dust of the place seemed to have settled on him and on his life together, although an absent far-away look, belonging to other times, as it were, and which was natural to him, was not apparent then. On

this occasion he had "woke up;" the novelty of Mabel Westbrook's appearance had surprised him and stirred him into action, and there was a wondrous shrewdness in the face that agreed well with his sharply-cut features and dark eyes. He had had books under his arms and a roll of paper in his hand when he had first surprised the ladies at the street door, and these, which had been set aside whilst attending to his lamp, he now took up again.

"Will you follow me?" he said politely, as he led the way up a broad flight of stairs, ornamented with richly-carved oaken balusters, and on through a series of rooms on the first floor, full of glass cases and open cabinets, where the bits of brick were upon which Dorcas had commented. Their footsteps on the floors of that solitary house echoed noisily, and the long rooms were full of shadows, which the oil lamp did not readily dispel. Mabel Westbrook was glad that Dorcas had condescended to stay with her as companion for the nonce. Through half-a-dozen rooms to another landing place, and a second flight of stairs, more narrow and cramped and dusty, and halting at the top of them, before a green-baize door, over which were affixed the words CURATOR'S ROOM, in small capitals. Pushing this open, and a second oaken door beyond it, Brian and his visitors stepped into a room, half museum and half library, with a faint suspicion of a laboratory about it also—a room crammed with books, carvings, brasses, heaps of papers, and horribly shaped things that had crawled this earth in ages past, and been mercifully struck into stone by the Great Hand.

"You will excuse the litter. I did not expect the pleasure of receiving lady visitors this evening," the curator said, as he took off his hat, set down the lamp, dropped his books and paper, and placed two chairs for the ladies with methodical gravity.

There was a bronze gaselier hanging from the ceiling, and this he lighted before he took a chair for himself, with his face from the light, for the sake of his eyes, of which he was careful, perhaps, or the better to study Mabel Westbrook, whose chair he had placed in the full glare of the gas. The room was not dark, and in the brighter light, and with a broad, white forehead unconcealed by his bad hat, Brian Halfday looked not much older than the six-and-twenty years with which time had credited him.

"Now, madam, I am all attention to any statement with which you may favour me," he said.

"I have no statement to make, Mr. Halfday," answered Mabel Westbrook,

"Indeed! I understood from Dorcas ——"

"That I have a statement to make to Adam Halfday, of the Hospital of St. Lazarus. Yes, I have come from Boston with a message to him."

"From whom?"

"From the dead," answered Mabel, sadly.

"Your dead father?" said Brian, inquiringly.

"No."

"Your grandfather?"

"Yes."

"He is dead then, James Westbrook," said Brian, with one hand clutching the other firmly; "after all these years this is the end of it."

Mabel regarded him very anxiously, and with a colour flickering on her cheeks; but he had turned his gaze from her, and was looking down at the well-worn carpet, as at a problem, which the death of Mabel's father had rendered more intricate. Was it a wise step which had brought her to this house after all? Had she acted prudently in following the counsel of a half-demented girl? Here was a man who seemed to know her story, or at all events to quickly judge the motive which had brought her from America. She had promised to see Adam Halfday, not his grandcnildren, and they seemed to have taken the case out of her hands, or to be standing in her way, almost in opposition.

"I may not ask you the purport of that message, Miss Westbrook," said Brian, looking at her at last, "but I think it is understood."

"It would be a breach of trust on my part," replied Mabel.

"It is not difficult to guess," Brian continued. "A man on his death-bed would surely be at peace with the world he is quitting. A bad man might wish for pardon of those whom he had injured; and a good one might extend his forgiveness to old enemies, for all trespasses against him. The dead man sends forgiveness to Adam Halfday."

Again the red blood mounted to the

cheeks of the fair woman, and she shrank at the satire which she was sure was conveyed in the curator's words. This man knew the secrets of her grandsire's life—it had been his business to learn them, but he did not, he would never, guess how good a man James Westbrook was. She would be able to tell him in good time, but the tidings were not for him now.

Both were startled by the voice of Dorcas in reply to the last words. She leaned forward suddenly and said—

"It is not forgiveness she brings to him, but money, Brian."

"I did not say so," was Mabel's quick, almost indignant, answer.

"She has come from America to see him, to brighten his life, she says. She has no other object in this country than to be of service to my grandfather; she told me so to-night," cried Dorcas.

"Well?" said Brian, sharply.

"And I thought she had better come to you, and hear all you had to say about it."

"Yes," muttered Brian.

"As you generally have a great deal to say about everything," added Dorcas, spitefully.

"Which I have not, in this case," replied her brother; "it comes upon me suddenly, and I want time to think. Where are you staying, Miss Westbrook?"

"At the 'Mitre.'"

"I shall not forget the address. Meanwhile," he folded his hands upon the table, and looked across at Mabel very intently, "may I ask you not to see my grandfather again until you hear from me."

"I have already seen him," answered Mabel.

Brian's face once more expressed surprise and mortification. It was a speaking face, thought Mabel, and the thin lips, undisguised by moustache or beard, betrayed the owner's feelings very clearly, although in this instance it may be said that he had made no effort to conceal them.

"And told him your name?" said Brian, in as sharp a tone as he had addressed his sister.

"No," was Mabel's reply.

"He heard it though," said Dorcas, "and he has been queer ever since."

"Queer?" said Brian, interrogatively.

"Thoughtful and odd; you know his way," explained Dorcas.

"And you have left him?"

"To warn her, and bring her to you. Was I wrong again?"

"No," replied Brian, "you were right."

"Ah! I am glad of that," said Dorcas, satirically, "it's so very seldom you think anybody is in the right—except yourself," she added in a low tone. The sharp ears of her brother caught the words which were not intended for him.

"Except myself—exactly," replied Brian, drily, "having found myself once or twice in the right, when other people have thought me in the wrong. Miss Westbrook," he added, addressing his visitor again, "I have grown conceited perhaps. Still I am so right in advising you not to see Mr. Halfday until you hear from me, that I have no hesitation in asking this as a favour."

"I have told him I shall call at the hospital to-morrow."

"You must not do it," cried Brian Halfday, peremptorily.

"I have a habit of keeping my word." said Miss Westbrook, proudly.

"When keeping one's word is likely to work harm to a fellow-creature, Heaven will forgive the omission," said Brian, quickly.

"I am in England to work good, not harm, to a man who is unhappy at St. Lazarus," answered Mabel, a little nettled by the reproof conveyed in the last remark.

"You will work good by delay," said Brian.

"Pardon me, but I have only *your* word for that, and you are a stranger to me," answered Mabel with severity.

"So is my grandfather," replied Brian, in the same rapid way.

"I have my instructions as regards him."

"They are very bad ones, if they leave no margin for discretion."

"I am compelled to act upon them."

"Not too rashly."

"Imperatively, and at once."

Brian Halfday's sharp tones subsided, and there was a strange look of pity in his eyes, as he said, in an earnest voice—

"Then for your sake, Miss Westbrook, I am very sorry."

(To be continued.)

THE ADVANTAGES OF PROTECTIVE TARIFFS.

BY R. W. PHIPPS, TORONTO.

I CANNOT promise my readers an agreeable and lively composition, but, if its suggestions be followed, I hope it may prove a valuable one. Neither can I promise originality, for Protection is a science built up by the observations —the discoveries—of many successive individuals, many distinguished philosophers. Its adoption has benefited many countries; but never any as it shall benefit Canada, and all who make Canada their home. Are you a farmer?—it shall lighten your labour, double your sales, and quadruple the value of your land. Are you a lumberer?—by its aid Canadians shall pay you better for pine and oak than ever did foreigner. Are you an importer?—under it home goods will yield you more profit than now do foreign ones. Are you a storekeeper?—it shall give you customers willing to buy and able to pay. Are you of the professions — an artist, a writer?—it shall change our poor towns into wealthy communities, ready to appreciate and employ. Have you a family to settle in life?—it shall give your sons a choice of lucrative employments—your daughters of eligible suitors. Are you a patriot?—thence shall come national power and honour—men and means —fleets and armies—and the public spirit without which they would be useless. Is this incredible? It often is wiser to investigate than disbelieve the incredible.

There are some people I heartily wish to carry with me; probably they are laying down the magazine already. I must open a gate, or not one of them will be in at the death. I mean those who, believing England prosperous through Free Trade, advocate it here. Now let me point out to these gentlemen that English Free Trade is based on changes made in the Navigation Laws, the Corn Laws, and the general tariff. Under the first, no goods could come to England but in—1. English ships; 2. Ships of the country producing; 3. Ships of the country where shipped. The Corn Laws prevented the exportation of grain when a certain high price was reached in England, and importation when it had fallen to a certain lower figure. These laws English Free Traders repealed, with excellent effect. The whole nation felt the beneficial stimulus. But these laws are beside the question here. Canada is not a small island with a large population. The matter here is one of manufactures—under the third, or general tariff, head. Did England admit any of these free? Yes. Why? Because she was making them more cheaply than they could possibly be imported. Here is the sum total the British custom-houses were receiving before the change: Coffee, £888,563; breadstuffs, £576,407; currants, £221,197; spirits, £2,410,184; timber, £1,488,531; butter, £262,967; cheese, £136,054; fruits, £290,960; seeds, £107,111; silks, £244,076; sugar, £5,123,986; molasses, £193,546; tallow, £206,464; tea, £3,978,518; tobacco, £3,580,164; wines, £1,800,128; miscellaneous, £2,098,268.

Now, will any one point out what manufactures are here, paying a duty, which could be exempted? They are not to be found. Under the miscellaneous head was certain raw material which was admitted free on the change being made. But as to manufactures, the fact is simply this; nothing was placed on the free list, till it had taken itself out of the paying column. Iron, for instance, had been protected for 150 years. The duty was prohibitive; it had been raised to $35 a ton. Under it, England had made her iron the cheapest in the world. She made it at £10 a ton; the lowest elsewhere was £13.13s. Then, when it could not possibly be imported, she took off the duty.

The statement concerning iron is from the *N. Y. Tribune*, of 1866; the previous list from a compilation by the late Mr. Whitney, of Toronto. Others speak to similar effect.

As to free trade in manufactures being the cause of English prosperity, I must remind

you that it has ever failed elsewhere; that it has been tried but a few years there; that other causes have helped England during them, namely: the constant armament and occasional wars of the rest of Europe; the war in America; the expenditure for public works in England, being the immense sum of three thousand millions of dollars for railways alone, for military and governmental works and telegraphs a great sum besides: and more than all this, the expenditure of money by capitalists, who, believing it was to continue the workshop of the world, have filled the country to the choking point with factories, foundries, and furnaces—all this spent in a little place not much larger than Superior is something. The money was British, but it would not have been spent there otherwise. Now, at this moment, no other civilized country has been convinced that Free Trade will help it; all the rest are busy strengthening their protective duties; the trade of England is already suffering thereby; Englishmen fear that it will suffer much more. The presidents of the Birmingham and Sheffield Chambers of Commerce should know something of it. Well, two years back, he of Birmingham publicly said that Belgium was underselling England in her own market; and this winter the Sheffield official informed the Chamber that they would never again have the trade they had with America; that the goods of Germany and America were driving the English goods into a corner. In the face of these facts, the assertion that Free Trade has been a success in England may very well be questioned. The facts tend pretty sharply to prove that the protected countries are distancing the unprotected one. As to Free Trade being politic in Canada, the idea is utterly absurd. Read this extract from Adam Smith. It is practically true, which cannot be said of his Free Trade theories:—

"The capital which is employed in purchasing in one part of the country in order to sell in another the produce of the industry of that country, generally replaces by such operation two distinct capitals that had both been employed in the agriculture or manufacture of that country, and thereby enables them to continue that employment. When *both* are the produce of domestic industry, it necessarily replaces, by every such operation, *two distinct capitals*, which had *both* been employed in supporting productive labour, and thereby enables them to continue that support. The capital which sends Scotch manufactures to London, and brings back English manufactures and corn to Edinburgh, necessarily replaces by every such operation *two British capitals*, which had *both* been employed in the agriculture or manufactures of *Great Britain*.

"The capital employed in purchasing foreign goods for home consumption, when the purchase is made with the produce of domestic industry, replaces, too, by every such operation, two distinct capitals, but *one of them only* is employed in supporting domestic industry. The capital which sends British goods to Portugal, and brings back Portuguese goods to Great Britain, replaces, by every such operation, *only one British capital*. The other is a Portuguese one. Though the returns, therefore, of the foreign trade of consumption should be as quick as those of the home trade, the capital employed in it will give but *one-half the encouragement to the industry or productive labour of the country*.

"A capital, therefore, employed in the home trade will sometimes make twelve operations, or be sent out and returned twelve times, before a capital employed in the foreign trade or consumption has made one. *If the capitals are equal, therefore, the one will give four-and-twenty times more encouragement and support to the industry of the country than the other*."

"Replacing capital," let me explain, means this: I may have spent a dollar in getting a chair made. The dollar is gone. I have the chair. You buy the chair of me, and when you pay me for it, you replace my capital. I have my money again; but not only that, for I will not sell without some profit. I shall have $1.25. Every time capital is "replaced," generally speaking, profit is made. Now follow it, and notice how the operation sends the successive prices two distinct ways:—I spend the $1.25 to get more chairs made; the man I paid for the first carries the dollar to another person, who makes something else for him—to a tailor, say. It replaces two capitals there—that of the tailor, and that of his man, whose work is his capital. These two will each have a dollar more to spend, each a profit. It is the same dollar, but each spends it in turn. The profit remains to each. Follow it as far as you please, and

while the dollar remains in the country, some one is profiting. It very soon gets to the farmer, and back to the tradesman. But as soon as it gets into the hands of the importer, its career of usefulness to us is stayed. It goes out of the country and does not return. Goods return, but their circulation is stopped by consumption or delay of sale. But why does the money not return, you ask, when other countries buy of us? Because our exports seldom equal our imports by many millions, and instead of getting any money back, we have to pay yearly a large balance in cash. There is but one way to change this. Foreign countries will, for many years, buy of us. We have some commodities they must have, and can get nowhere else as profitably. On the other hand, we buy of them much we might make here. By making these ourselves, we shall turn the balance the other way, and make the yearly difference of cash payable to ourselves. Whatever country does this, if she avoid war, must grow rich. Within herself she will have two great items of prosperity—plenty of work to do, and plenty of money to pay for it. Here are the imports and exports of late years :—

	Exports.	Imports.
1868	$57,000,000	$73,000,000
1869	60,000,000	70,000,000
1870	73,000,000	74,000,000
1871	74,000,000	96,000,000
1872	82,000,000	111,000,000
1873	89,000,000	128,000,000
1874	89,000,000	128,000,000

Strange nonsense has been written about this balance. The fact is, as a country improves, it can issue money on the security of its landed and personal wealth. This is the real security for the payment of bank-notes. With this money, actually made in Canada, we pay our balance. But it is none the less a drain on our labour.

Now will my reader take the trouble to follow the reasoning of the quotation following. Pardon the dry legal style; it is from the pen of the learned Mr. Justice Byles; but the oftener you read it the better you will like it. Truth will conquer; and this is true. Where Mr. Byles uses the word "British" I have taken the liberty of substituting "Canadian."

"The entire price or gross value of every home-made article constitute net gain, net revenue, net income to Canadians. Not a portion of the value, but *the whole value*, is resolvable into net gain, income, or revenue maintaining Canadian families, and creating or sustaining Canadian markets. Purchase Canadian articles with Canadian articles, and you create *two* such aggregate values, and two such markets for Canadian industry.

"Change your policy—purchase foreign articles with Canadian articles, and you now create only *one* value for your own benefit instead of creating *two*, and only *one* market for Canadian industry instead of *two*. You lose by the change of policy the power of spending the entire value of one industry which you might have had, as well as the other, and you lose a market for Canadian industry, to the full extent of the expenditure of that superseded industry.

"A small difference in price may cause the loss, but will not compensate the nation for that loss. For example, suppose Canada can produce an article for $100, and can import it for $99. By importing it instead of producing it, she gains $1; but though she pay for it with her own manufactures, she loses (not, indeed, by the exchange itself, but by the collapse of the superseded industry,) $100 of wealth which she might have had to spend by creating the value at home. That is to say, on the balance, she loses $99 which she might have had in addition, by producing both commodities at home.

"Nor can it be said that what the producer loses, the consumer gains. The producer loses $100; the consumer gains $1. The nation, moreover, loses the markets which that superseded industry supported."

I will remark, in explanation of the last paragraph, that the producer loses $100 in this way. His product remains on his shelves : the $100 which might have bought it, have gone out of the country. He is idle; his men are idle; those who supplied them are to that extent idle. Had he got the $100, he would have forthwith spent it here, and it would have circulated as I pointed out before. But he is idle. Some say, let him go to farming. But he will not; it will not pay interest on his capital. He will go to the States, and he does.

If, when foreign importations throw native workers out of employ, other work, with which foreign incomings would not interfere, could be found for those workers, Free Trade theorists might have some ground for their claims. But that other work cannot be found. The tradesman—the factory

hand—must pass years of lost time before he is worth as much as an ordinary farm labourer on our farms, and all his acquired skill at his own trade is thrown away. Will he wield pick and shovel on our roads and trenches? He is often physically unable. Get a clerk's place? There are none. Can he then stay with us? Yes, as a pauper, fed by a soup-kitchen. And his family? Well, as we refuse to aid them, it is more comfortable not to think of them.

Suppose, now, a factory, established in a Canadian town, employs three hundred hands, say at $1.50 per day. Every day four hundred and fifty dollars are paid out. The men do not keep this money. Even if they deposit it, the banks lend it. Now, if this were under a Protective system, which tended to keep all money in the country, every week twenty-seven hundred dollars would pass from these men to some other class in the community. These would again spend it; it would go on to another; it circulates continually; it comes back to the factory owner; it goes out again; every time it changes hands there is a profit. Remember, there would not only be one factory; our land has room and work for thousands; most of them directly playing into one another's hands by furnishing markets for each other. Nay, even those who compete will yet in some way benefit each other, for fifty factories in the same line of goods can get machinery made much cheaper, can get a steadier supply of practised hands, can therefore turn out better and cheaper stuff, can be more known and famed among buyers, than can a few isolated factories. Now, all this creates what is called *a series of markets*. Create one, and you create others, and occasion production and consumption in an infinite series. Now, I beg Canadian farmers especially to consider how great their part in this prosperity would be. This money would at once, most of it, come into their hands. It is among themselves, their labourers, their blacksmiths, their carpenters, their bricklayers, brickmakers, lime-burners, tile-makers, all those who (when neighbouring farmers are prospering) cluster in rural villages, that this money would circulate. And they would earn their share of it so easily, too, compared to their present hard toil! No more wheat after wheat, the ground run to exhaustion—the farmer worn out with hard labour. No more sending his grain round the world, to be sold there as cheap as a California man finds it pay to send wheat in competition. The market would be close at hand, where productions, unable to bear long transport, would sell at good prices. Their potatoes and turnips, hay and straw, apples and plums, their poultry, their butter, they could readily dispose of. More than all these, they could sell as many fat cattle and sheep as they could raise, at paying prices. This would enable them to keep men at work the year round. They could get quantities of manure back from the towns. Their land would rise in value enormously. It would employ from four to ten times the labour it does at present. They would pay better wages, and would be far better able to pay them. Their sons would stay with them, for farming would become easy and profitable. They could stay, too, on the farm, for one farm, cropped for a distance, will make four, cultivated for a thriving home market, and the returns from each of the four will often be greater than ever the old farm gave. Much land now idle would be worked. Great swamps would be drained, stony fields cleared, hill-sides planted with trees. I am speaking to men who know this to be true. Every farmer knows the value and use of a farm close to a busy town where ready money is plenty. Farmers all through Canada are now assisting to give bonuses to manufacturers, in order to have a market near them. They cannot succeed, for it is only pitting village against village to strive for the few industries low tariffs allow to drag on a sickly existence. But the day is at hand when Protective measures will fill the country with the busy towns they now strive in vain to create. Farmers, we hear, are opposed to Protection. Their interests are not opposed to it; the intelligent of their class are heartily in favour of it, and the rest are fast learning.

Then, we are told, it would raise the prices of the goods farmers buy. No more distinct untruth was ever uttered. What the Protectionists intend is simply to place a high tariff on such goods as Canadians can easily make. Suppose we do; what follows? The manufacturers of these commence to make money. What next? Why, this: We have given them no monopoly, have we? Others, seeing these thrive, go into the trade. You know this would be so in any industry. As many crowd into the

trade as can make money. Capital is always watching for such chances. Well, presently they compete for custom. "Here," one cries, "buy of me, I will make a reduction." "Ah!" say the rest, "if you sell cheap, so must we." And prices come down and stay at the lowest profitable point. But they do not rise again, for as long as there is profit, a sufficient number will remain in the business to prevent a rise taking place. That is what is now occurring in the States. The high tariff has so stimulated industry as to establish furnaces, factories, foundries, mills all over the land, and to employ an enormous number of people. Presently there will be too many factories to pay the owners; the lowest paying point will have been reached. Then some few must cease work. They are even now doing so. But prices are very low, and can never rise to an unfair height. Why? Because the moment they showed signs of rising, more people would embark in the manufacture. Shortly, the increasing market will allow those now thrown out to start again.

That this has been so in the States, I will give some instances furnished by Mr. Greeley. These are concerning places wherein he had passed his life. The best proof that he has told the truth is that his countrymen, known as the keenest business men in the world, have believed him, have based their whole policy for fourteen years on the belief, have greatly prospered by their adhesion to it, and show no signs of changing it:—

"In Vermont," he says, "before Protection, *i.e.*, in 1820 to 1825, a day's labour would not purchase one-half as much cloth, sugar, or store goods generally, as it will now (1871).

"In 1872, the States' duties on cotton goods were very low. They were raised to 100 per cent.—prohibitory, in fact. The makers did not raise their prices, for two reasons—they could sell more by making cheaper, and competition was keen among them. The Act was passed in August. This is the way prices were affected:—

	In May, June, and July, 1842. Per yard.	In Sept., Oct., and Nov., 1842. Per yard.
Drillings	7¾c.	7c.
Shirtings, common	5¼c.	5c.
Shirtings, heavy	6¼c.	5¾c.
Sheetings, common	6⅔c.	6c.
Sheetings, wide	8½c.	7⅔c.
Flannels (cotton)	10c.	8½c.

"In wool, the price of fleece per pound, coarse to fine, was, in 1860, 30c. to 60c.; in 1866, 32c. to 51c. The wool tariff was passed in 1867. In 1869 the price was 30c. to 50c. Pulled wool fell more still. The reason simply was that home production had been stimulated; farmers had grown more sheep."

In flannels, blankets, delaines, and cloths, a long list is given, all at lower prices in 1869 than 1859.

"The prices," he says, "of home manufactures, estimated in labour or farm products, tend steadily downward. A hundred bushels of wheat or corn, a ton of beef or pork, a load of apples or of potatoes, will buy far more iron, or cloth, or hardware, in 1869 than it would have done in any ante-Protective era of our country."

In calculating the present position of the States, allowance must be made for the pressure of their vast war debt, which they are yearly reducing. To do this, they submit to an amount of internal taxation which diminishes greatly the assistance they receive from Protection. It is said their foreign shipping trade is falling off. This interest they have not protected. To protect it, something similar to the Navigation Laws, noticed previously, would be required. This would be at present impolitic, for reasons I cannot spare space to give.

Another well-known instance of Protection cheapening manufactures is the beet-sugar industry. This was commenced in France under the First Napoleon; in Prussia under Frederick the Great—both firm Protectionists, as all men of keen mind, who valued greatly the strength and honour of their countries, have ever been—and ever must be. For many years its manufacture was declared impossible as a paying speculation. A duty of 8 cents per pound was imposed in France. This, in 1816, made raw sugar 12 cents per pound. But the ever-increasing competition in this now paying manufacture lowered prices steadily, till in 1862 it was 5 cents. The duty had been long lowered, and in 1837 an excise tax had been laid on the manufacture. Since 1860, no foreign sugar could compete with it in France, and it is now sent in large quantities to England. Germany and Russia had also protected this industry, and in 1868 there were 3,173 factories making it in Europe. Without Protection there would never have been

one. Remember, I do not say Canada should grow it. As to that, I have no knowledge, and cannot advise. I say Protection cheapens, and I give this instance to prove it.

Another is a Canadian instance—that of salt. When our salt wells were discovered, the States' salt was sold everywhere in Canada. Their makers sold salt here at less than cost, to crush out ours. Our factories were closing. They petitioned Parliament, and a heavy duty was imposed, shutting out the States' salt. Its making then became profitable here; more factories commenced operations; the price fell to the lowest paying point, and for years it has been so low that, though the duty exists no longer, Canadian makers have the undisputed control of the market, and even send salt to the States. We now import only sea-salt, which is for a different purpose; though even this, it would seem, our Maritime Provinces ought to be able to make.

I suppose it will be allowed that Protection has made cutlery pretty cheap in the States when they carry it to Sheffield and sell it, as well as to the markets Sheffield hitherto supplied. Here is the Sheffield circular of this year, in the *British Mercantile Gazette*:—

"Nations which used to depend on Sheffield for hardware are now to a considerable extent supplying themselves. American cutlery-makers now not only supply their own markets, but compete with us in Canada, the Continent, and the Colonies generally. The Continental makers are, too, every year, more formidable competitors in iron and steel rails. Quantities of Belgian iron were used this year right in the heart of Sheffield, with our own ironworks less than two miles away. American manufacturers are making such rapid strides, that if they have five years more of Protection, our Sheffield middle-class pocket-knife trade (an immense industry) for instance, would not be worth having."

One word more about cottons. I need not tell any Canadian housewife how much cheaper and better American cottons, of nearly all descriptions, are than their British competitors. Most undoubtedly, this is the result of the imposal of Protective duties by America. I was last week in John Macdonald's wholesale establishment in Toronto, watching a friend buy goods from heaps of white and grey cottons, prints and tickings, drillings and glazed linens. There lay the British; here the American—those of weak thread, and full of clinging chalk—these pure cotton, round-threaded, sound, and strong. A glance at the goods explained the surprising news we lately heard, that America now weekly sends quantities of cotton goods to England. The cottons I saw, I was informed, were none of them "slaughtered goods," but all obtained in the regular course of ordinary trade.

An acquantance of mine in St. Louis, who is about to visit her native Canada, sent me lately patterns of black silk and black cashmere. "You have Free Trade there," she wrote; "send me word how much cheaper I can buy such as these in Toronto, and I may not buy till I get there." The patterns were sent from the most reputable St. Louis stores. I compared them with the goods of similar stores here, and found the silk one-fourth dearer here, the cashmere nearly double the American price. So much for those who say Protection raises price. As for hardware, every buyer knows that our stores have for years back been supplied with American; generally, in my opinion, cheaper and better than the British.

A favourite argument with Free-traders is, that *if free trade were only universal* it would be a universal benefit. This is an egregious fallacy, as I shall presently show. I will give, in his peculiar terseness, another quotation from Mr. Byles, which is worth being carefully read. Every line is as capable of mathematical proof as any problem of Euclid:—

"There are some few countries in the world which enjoy peculiar facilities for the production of different commodities; but the immeasurably greater portion consists of countries but moderately adapted for the production even of the necessaries and comforts of life—of food, clothing, and lodging. These countries can, in every single article that they produce, be surpassed and undersold by some country or other.

"Put the case of such a country, with *moderate* facilities for the production of most things, and *extraordinary* facilities for the production of nothing. It can grow wheat, but not so cheap as Poland; it can grow wine, but not so cheap as France; it can manufacture, but not so cheaply as England.

"First, imagine that country under a system of Protection, so strict as to be jealous, and if you please, injudicious. The nation cultivates the land and works up the pro-

duce. It creates wealth at both ends of the exchange. Its manufactures exchange with its agricultural products. Native industry can and does supply it with the necessaries and comforts of life. A numerous population may be employed, fed, clothed, and lodged. Industry and plenty reign. All this may be, and is, done under great natural disadvantages, both of soil and climate. Foreign trade will in the end be introduced, supplying luxuries and carrying away superfluities.

"Now, imagine that country under a universal system of free trade and unrestricted imports. Except in a few favoured spots, it cannot grow wheat, for Poland will be able to undersell it, not only in foreign markets, but in its own. It cannot manufacture, for in cottons, woollens, hardware, and other products of manufacturing industry, England can undersell it abroad and at home. It cannot grow wine, for France can everywhere undersell it. Neither can it continue to import its corn, its manufactures or its wine from abroad, for, its own industry being superseded and smothered, it has nothing to give in return. It becomes, then, in this condition: it can neither grow nor make for itself, nor yet buy from abroad. It goes without, or if not entirely without, it is scantily and wretchedly supplied. A starving and ragged population derive a precarious subsistence from half cultivated land. It has neither domestic industry nor foreign trade."

Let it be added in explanation that a country may be so undersold, and greatly injured, in a manner unfortunately exemplified by our own country to-day. We grow wheat for export to Europe; so do Russia and the States, California in particular. The Russian farm labourer was till lately a mere serf. He is ill-fed and ill-paid. The Californian soil is new and rich, easily worked, and most of it free from timber. Bayard Taylor tells us that even the native attempt at ploughing used to return wheat a hundred-fold. There is a vast amount of level wheat land. One valley (San José) has 500 square miles of such. There is no rain between the regular rainy seasons, which do not interfere with cultivation. They need no barns. The climate allows the grain to be threshed in the field, and carried at once to a river side or shipping port, where the bags remain in huge heaps until shipped. I ask any Ontario farmer if he could not, with such facilities, grow twice the wheat with half the labour required in Canada. What is the result? That our farmers must sell in Europe as cheap as the Russian or Californian farmer, who grows it at a cost far less than they. What is the remedy? Shut out foreign goods; bring your wheat consumers here to work for you. They will soon, as I have proved to you, sell you goods cheaper than you now get them. But this is not the principal advantage. They will buy your wheat at a price which will pay you, and not only your wheat, but all those other articles which your farm can grow more easily and profitably than wheat—articles which they now buy from farmers close at their doors, who do the profitable farming for them, while you do the drudgery. Is it not a most pitiable loss of labour to carry wheat 3,000 miles, and bring back cotton or iron 3,000 miles, when, under another system, your factories might be within five miles of you?

Let me say one word as to the oft-quoted maxim, "Buy in the cheapest market." For what purpose? That you may bring cheap articles home to your own country, is it not? Now, let me point out to you that nothing is cheap except in comparison with the means you have of paying for it. You may make goods very cheap, but if you manage at the same time to throw your countrymen out of remunerative work, they will be only cheap to the rich—the masses will find them dearer than ever. As was written a few years back, "That sort of plenty now exists in an Irish market, where the poor eye wistfully, but in vain, English hats, shirts, shoes, American flour and Indian meal. This mere relative and spurious sort of plenty, free importations and one-sided free trade may tend to create, and doubly, for they at the same time tend to diminish and destroy the means of purchase." If you would examine the statistics furnished by Mr. Butt, one of the Irish Home Rule agitators, you would find that what Ireland really desires is the power to introduce Protection for her manufactures. Let any old resident of Canada answer this plain practical question, based on his own experience: "Did you make most money here when prices were high, or when everything was cheap?" Nine out of ten will answer, "When they were dear, because then wages were high, and we all had plenty of money to buy with." I do not say that such times, so produced, are beneficial—

times such as the Crimean war gave us, for example. But remember this, what is wanted is not cheap articles, but constant employment at wages which will give the means of buying them. What Protection aims at, and what it will most certainly give, is this: A state of society in which the farmer can buy more manufactures for his year's labour, and the manufacturer more farm produce for *his* year's labour, than a system of free importations would allow to either.

Let my reader consider this example: Here, in Canada, let us say, flows a deep river; there, in the States, is a coal mine. The water-power can turn wheels, so can the fuel. Factories are commenced on the States side (say in an industry which water-power could run), which, under low tariffs, can supply us. Say they are wholly in the Canadian trade. They employ twenty thousand hands, and send us a couple of millions' worth yearly. The workers and their families will number a hundred thousand. A large city will grow up; all kinds of tradesmen will go there to work for the factory hands. Lawyers, doctors, ministers, artists, writers, will flock there. Clever books will be written there; great orators will speak there. Magnificent public buildings—churches, universities, colleges, halls, theatres, hospitals—will be erected. Many people of independent incomes will go to reside there. All around it, for many miles, farms will increase in value, and farmers, who, if growing only for distant export, would remain in comparative poverty, will now employ many labourers, and live at their ease, all their produce finding ready sale at this close home market. Now, what will be on the Canada side? We must pay for the two millions of goods by farm produce, got by the hardest work, and sold as cheaply as California or Texas can grow wheat or cattle. We must pay duties, which they do not. We, on our side, have a scattered farm population, growing for export; they have a dense one, growing for home market. Our farmers will be poor; their's, rich. They have a city; we have none. In case of war, their side will levy ten regiments to our one. I ask you, Canadians, are those men lovers of you or your country who speak, write, and agitate with the object of perpetuating this state of affairs? Now, what might be done? A high protective tariff would have taught your water-power to turn the very wheels the coal set in motion; *you* would have had the city—the industry which rightly belongs to you; practice and competition would have brought your goods as cheap or cheaper; *you* would have had the rich population *you* the art, the science, the military and commercial strength which your free trade has sent from your shores to theirs.

Do I wish to benefit the manufacturer at the expense of others?—at the expense of myself? it might as well be asked. I do not; nor do I know any one who does. All manufacturers do not desire Protection. Here are some who did not:

Massachusetts had a cotton tariff. Protection was asked a higher one. Mr. Lloyd said: "I own stock in a cotton mill; it pays good dividends, and is likely to. But, should you pass this bill, hundreds of such factories will be erected, till the market is glutted and prices fall. I entreat you not to pass it."

When Polk was elected President, it was thought he would not raise the tariff, and the Hon. J. Buchanan publicly declared that "the domestic manufacturers would thereby be saved from being overwhelmed by the immense capital which a high tariff would have poured into them for investment."

A manufacturer would often be content with a medium tariff—just enough to give him sufficient advantage over imports—so that he might jog on quietly and sell his goods. But the people are interested in heightening the tariff to a point which will bring others to compete with him—bring capital, bring machinery, bring employment. It is the people—the farmers—whom Protection will benefit. It is not for the sake of present manufacturers we wish high tariffs; it is for the sake of bringing other manufacturers here, to whom these present ones are but as a drop in the bucket.

But what an outcry is raised against those we have! The whole importing interest is denouncing their rapacity! Considering that we have thrown most of them out of work, we might be satisfied, having effectually stopped their nefarious practices for the present. But where are the palatial mansions of these bloated capitalists? Look for them in our city suburbs, and you will find miles on miles of very handsome residences indeed. Oh, these are the houses of the wicked manufacturers, robbed from the people—eh? What rascals! These are the

spoils of the nineteen-twentieths! Softly. sir; few manufacturers live in such as these; most of them are lucky if they have much inferior ones. These are occupied by gentlemen of the importing interest. To drop metaphor, surely every one knows that for every dollar Canadian manufacturers make, importers make twenty. But the first spend it here, the others elsewhere; the first give work, the last none. Protection, however, aims not to deprive the importer of employment, but to change its nature. Double their present facilities would not more than accommodate the volume of foreign and home-made goods which, for storage and distribution, would pass through their hands under a high tariff. And here it may be remarked that the imposal of such would not diminish revenue, if it were announced (some months in advance) as permanent. It would increase importation, at first, by a large stock of staple goods sent anticipatory of its imposal. Second, by much machinery and materials sent here to build new factories. Thirdly, by an ever-increasing importation of goods, unproducible here—necessaries, luxuries, materials for the use of the artizans whom high tariffs would bring here, and the population which would follow in their track.

It is not over-wise, let me remark, to compute your prosperity by your trade. You sell a million dollars worth of wheat to Europe for a million dollars of iron work. Ah!—that sounds well. "Fine words," as Count Smorltork says, "to head a chapter." "Imports and Exports, two millions!" Now suppose you had some Canadians who could make the iron stuff, and had sold it to Canadian farmers for the million of wheat. You would not have the imports nor exports either; but you would have something better—solid pudding instead of empty praise—would have both millions left in the country—both being so much actual capital to go on with.

But there are those who ask, "What can you do? So little coal, so few markets! Leave manufacturing. Be agricultural." Suppose we take this not always disinterested advice. If we have luck, we may have a paltry city or two, perhaps, almost as big as Buffalo; a good many scattered attempts at villages (two stores, two taverns, a blacksmith's shop, and a waggon maker's), and all over the rest a widely scattered lot of farmers—a pea to a pint—one man to a hundred acres; swamp lands, stony lands, hard lands, unimproved and nobody on them. Nothing but the best lands will pay to grow wheat for England and cattle for the States (if the eminent United States men graciously let any in), and these lands will grow poor under it. Brother Jonathan all this time extends his lines, masses his population, builds his cities along our front, full of men, full of foundries—full, when he wishes, of cannon and muskets, powder and lead. What are we likely to do but yield up our existence in a lamb-like manner, when our cousin Lupus chooses to accuse us of muddying the St. Lawrence? That is, if we are spared to die at all—if our scattered Provinces stick together under such a *regime;* which is not a mathematical certainty. But it is said England will defend us. Now, if you want either respect or help from an Englishman, you must show him that you respect and can think and act for yourself; and the nation is as the individual.

Instead of this ominous agricultural picture, let us take another very plain, practical view. The Maritime Provinces have coal and minerals in abundance. So has the Saskatchewan. There is chance there for manufactures on both flanks, you will admit. Well, considering that the countries between them, Ontario and Quebec, have excellent water powers everywhere, that they abound in iron and other minerals, that the whole rear country is forest, fit to yield charcoal for 300 years, and timber for every purpose, and that, if indispensable, to the greater portion of the extent of the long lake and river line American anthracite coal can be carried at cheap rates, you will not deny that there may be, after all, with sound protective tariffs, a considerable chance for manufactures there too. And when you consider that last year we imported one hundred and thirty millions of dollars' worth of goods, mostly manufactures, mostly such as we can make, many such as we *do* make—iron, iron-work, textile fabrics, woodenware, steel, brass and copper goods, stone and marble, leads and oils—you will acknowledge there is something to manufacture. It should be remembered that the enlargement of the St. Lawrence canals will greatly help the Maritime Provinces. Were that work completed, their coal could be very profitably sent here, our flour there. Many millions of dollars

sent to the States for these articles could be kept in the country thereby. It would be no unsound policy at present to give a Governmental bonus to this carrying trade. At a less annual loss than conciliating them yearly incurs, our flour might be sent there, their coal brought here. The loss would be slight compared to that suffered every year by the low tariff which their influence assists to retain in force.

There is much to manufacture. But to do the work without high protective tariffs the way exists not here, neither did any such country ever find such a way. No half measures—no incidental protection—will serve. What Canada wants is this:—To employ the men who are here; to bring those here whom we keep employed at a distance; and to bring here the capital which will employ both. If Canada, without regarding or asking the opinion of any manufacturers whatever, would fix her tariff, now 17½, at 25, with the distinct pledge that it should not be lowered, and that if certain results were not obtained it should be heightened, a hundred million dollars of British and American money would be invested here within a year. A hundred thousand men, whom we now feed and pay in foreign lands, would leave for Canada. Instead of ruining our land by free-trade wheat-farming, we should then commence really to *use* it, and to benefit ourselves in proportion to our labour, which neither Canadian farmers nor townsmen have ever yet done. The welcome sound of wealth-creating machinery would break the stillness of our silent rivers. Our forests, now recklessly destroyed, would be protected—be used, for charcoal, for fuel, for buildings, for manufactures, for a thousand purposes adjacent consumers quickly teach. Over our waste and barren lands, cultivation, assured of return, would stretch its transforming hand. Instead of a few rich farming counties, a multitude of poor ones, broad Canada itself would be one rich and prosperous farming community, dotted everywhere by the manufacturing towns to which that prosperity was owing, and which by that prosperity would thrive. Within your own territory, your wealth, now sent elsewhere, would be spent, would return to you, increasing ever with each successive return. To guard that wealth, should it ever be threatened, you would find millions of defenders eager to sustain the land in which they have prospered. Deep and still in many a mine and cavern you have the materials for their armament. Riches and security would bring refinement and luxury, art and science. Leisure, and literature, its companion, would be here, and abler pens than mine would eulogize the solid foundations of your prosperity, and tell how true are the principles I have here advocated.

Some time ago, I read a FreeTrade article. Free Trade was, the writer said, a straight railway, exchanging products with ease and celerity. It is true, but that Free Trade line has one product which it does not interchange. It has a remarkable facility for keeping all the prosperity at one end. Protection, he said, was a crooked line, winding in and out, up and down. It is; it does; but for a purpose, and with an effect. It climbs the mountain, and the mines open among the neglected rocks; the barren hillsides employ a vigorous race. It threads the valley, and it is a garden; along its central river, cities succeeding cities rise. It penetrates, uses, preserves the forests; the wide and poisonous morass is rich with cornfields; the rocky desert is seamed with quarries, busy with life. Such is Protection; such its uses; such its ends. Without it, our country must remain half-cultivated, ever poor, ever despised. With it, her name shall be known among the nations, and not as the least among them.

THE STORY OF A LIFE.

AN IDYL.

BY S. F. R., TORONTO.

LIFE! what is life? Not riches, fame, or self;
Nor even love in its dear human forms.
These, without God and duty and the right,
Become but ministers of the evil one,
Which, from their beauty, ruin far more souls
Than sin uncovered, lost to shame, and vile.
But when the wealth and fame are won for God,
When self is freely given up to Him,
When love, the near, dear, human love, is traced
To that which He who first loved us demands,
Then are these gifts bright links in God's great chain,
Windows through which we see the Invisible,
Paths that will lead us up to higher ground,
Fair and unsullied, till at last we know
Perfectly, face to face, as we are known.

There was a man who had been poor, and knew,
None better, what the current phrases mean,—
Current among the sheltered, rich, and wise,—
Such as "the sharp, sharp fangs of poverty,"
And "houseless wanderers," and "crusts of bread;"
And oft he thought, "Ah! to be like these rich!
To know but once what rest and respite are,
Just once to feel this hunger satisfied,
But once to wake, and shut my eyes again
In quiet ecstasy of rest, quite sure
That next I need not for *one* day at least,
Wonder if what they call our *daily* bread
Will come to me or not!" And thinking so,
Would he, upon the piers of the great town
Wherein he dwelt, pace slowly hour by hour
If it were night, and in the day would beg
From strangers a few pence for osier-work,
Baskets and mats of yellow osier-work.

This was his life, at least his outward life;
But even in the midst of discontent,
And poverty which was often nearer want,
He could not stay or half control his thoughts.
These were not always of the happy rich,
But full as oft of nature and of mind,
Of fresh green fields where sometimes—Sundays most—
He solitary, sad as was his wont,
Would walk in almost calm forgetfulness;
Or of the great grey ocean which he loved,

Or of the clouds and sunsets, birds and brooks ;
Or last of man, and what he was and is—
What his beginning, and his ending what ;
And visions of these things would crowd his mind
And there receive new meanings, diverse forms.
In brief, the man, though voiceless, was a poet,
And the great town—which scarce did recognise
The osier-man—it knew it not ; and he—
He felt, but did not know ; nor could he, yet.

But change like sorrow comes to all of us ;
And so it chanced that in the sweet June time,
Perfumed with roses, green with tender blades,
Nor yet embrowned by summer's scorching sun,
And musical with bee and bird and brook,
There came a wondrous change into his life.
A stranger, stiff, and learned in law, severe
Of speech and mien, and breathing out it seemed
The dust of ancient Blackstones, and the air
Of grim old courts and cases, came to him ;
Found him at home—if home it could be called,
Which was—a room, a bed, two chairs, one maimed
And dislocated sadly, some old books—
For he could read—one was a half-torn Bible,
And a few flowers—yes, a bright geranium,
A little pot of musk, which once held blacking,
And a great yellow prickly cactus, set
In the one window where it grew and bloomed,
And with its golden flowers created sunshine
For barren room and narrow street alike.
The stranger ! Well, he was not solely stern,
Austere and starched, but like an apple, which
For many a day has lain among its fellows,
With one bright cheek turned down and hid from sight,
The other, which you see, so shrunk and brown
That you might never know what rosy hues
And fair ripe plumpness round the corner lay,
Till the occasion comes, and, lo ! you see.
So with this man. One might not truly say
If e'er before a task so arduous—
More fit for woman's tact and delicacy
Than man's proverbial—yes, and tested bluntness—
Had crossed his path ; yet, after some few minutes
Spent in discussion of the charming weather,
The town, its prospects, and the osier-work,
He left his mount of learning and of law,
Descended from forensic to the friendly,
And told with judgment what he had to tell.
And this was it. The osier-man was rich ;
Some long-forgotten relative had died,
A miser who had lived but in his gold,
Yet dying, in a late death-bed repentance,
Had bade his friend, the lawyer, find the man
Whom never he had seen, and whose existence
He dared but hope for. He had made no will,
But with the money, huge, high heaps of gold,
And piles of rustling bank notes, ay and stocks

And shares, and rents and lands, one rich estate
In the far German country, near the Rhine:
With these there was a note not to be read
Till he, the osier-man, should sometime feel
The want of help and counsel, and besides
Should (so it ran outside) ever become
Tired of the world and what it might have brought.
This all explained, the stranger once again—
The man of law and learning—took his leave,
Half bitterly soliloquising down
The creaking stair, on fate, or chance, or luck,
Or Providence as some will have it still.
This man! What could or would he do with all
The money? Be a parvenu and noisily
Insinuate himself into society?
Give dinners to his friends—no, enemies?
Support some charity in hope of praise
And loud laudation from the Christian world?
While he, with all his learning and his law,
His own good name and blood, could scarce command
Enough to keep, before the world, a show
Of comfort and respectability!
The law is honourable *as* the law,
Though few of its disciples are the same:
But lucrative? Not often, and it seems
That they who find it so are not the ones
Who most deserve it. This was all his thought,
As walking briskly on to where a grim
And dingy building, which inclosed his office,
Stood with some others of its kind, more grim
And gray, if possible, than even it.
He sighed and wished that long, long years ago,
Some other occupation had allured him,
Furnished his hands with work, his purse with gold.

The osier-man had heard the lawyer through
His tale and explanations quite unmoved,
But now alone, and having now to face
His fortune and his future, he bent down
His head upon his hands and wept—ay long,
So long that when again he looked around
On his bare room and long-neglected work,
The afternoon was o'er. The sun had gone,
Not in his purple pomp and golden glory,
Not with encrimsoned banners, but in still
And solemn quiet he had just withdrawn
Behind the floating, falling clouds of gray.
And then it rained; not in the mild June drops
Which fall so gently on the grateful earth,
But thick and fast the clouds poured down their rain;
God's thunder filled the air with might, the flash
Of His dread lightning struck the hearts of men;
Save one, who saw and heard as in a dream;
For heedless of the storm he turned away,
Began his preparations for the morrow,
That long and glorious morrow which would bring
Riches and honour, respect, and happiness.

Ten years had passed, ten years since one June day,
The storm-king threatened, and the sun went down
Wrapt in dim cloud and darkling mist,—since fate,
Or chance, or Providence, or what you will,—
'Twere best we did not quarrel with the word,
Lest we confuse with it the thing itself,
And though we may not know just where and how
God's knowledge of the future lies and ends,
Yet is it better that we go too far
In our poor human guessing than assume
The cold and lifeless, bare and dead assumption,
That all things happen only by blind chance,—
Since chance, or Providence, or what you will,
Had brought the osier-man the gold whereby
For ever and for ever would be his,
Riches and honour, respect, and happiness.
And were they his? He dwelt on that estate
In the far German country. Lands were his—
Fields of rich grain—ripe fruits and vineyards fair;
His house a castle, modernized, improved,
Yet still a castle, feudal, Gothic, gray,
Festooned with daring ivy, looking down
Where the blue Rhine, like Dionysius crowned
With leaf and tendril, white and purple grape,
Reels in and out among those vineyards fair.
No noisy parvenu he. That nicer sense
Which led to fair and beautiful results
In wisely ordering his house and home
Preserved alike his head and heart from wrong.
In him the poet's voice so long had slept
That, when awakened, its maturity,
Its power and sweetness, took the world by storm.
You know the hackneyed jargon; the reviews
And comments of all-powerful editors,
And critics, and reviewers of the age,
This useful age of science, which produces
Few geniuses or poets;—here was one,
Bow down and worship! Or he was compared
To a bright rocket in the sky of fame,
Which now might blaze, but soon would be extinct.
So riches, honour, name and fame, respect,
Culture, and all refinement—these were his;
But peace and happiness, content,—unknown.
Then came another change into his life,
That doubling of pulsation, that sweet strife,
Sad joy, which men call Love, it came to him.
If through his poet's spectacles the clouds
To him were more than mere gray clouds or white,
The stars far more than distant burning suns,
Each flower some revelation half-divine,
Yet now he saw, or thought he saw, new strength,
And light, and glory on the mountain-tops,
New splendour in the orbed vault of heaven,
New green in springing blade and forest leaf,
New ripple on the rivulet, new meaning
In the song of birds, new sympathy with nature
In all her varied moods and changeful phases.

Fair and serene she was, the girl he loved—
Lovely, though not beautiful; that sweet serenity
Stamped on her low, broad, womanly brow, and set
For ever on the firm, sweet, gracious mouth,
Imprinted yet more truly in her eyes,
Her eyes of darkest hazel—this serenity
Was more than beauty: and this was her charm.
She was at peace. Some of that Christ-given peace,
Which passeth understanding, had found her,
And in her youth she knew, she felt, she lived
The higher, truer, nobler, living life!

And he was almost happy. If at times
Some intimation of that truer life,
Some yearning for his God, did cross his heart,
He flung it by, until one dark cold night,
The third great change came into his strange life.
The stern Death-angel came into his home,
Took from his longing arms his gentle wife,
Who died with the word "Believe" upon her lips;
Died in the dreary darkness of the night;
Died in his arms who scoffed and laughed at Death.
Grief does not kill, nor joy, though of the two,
Sorrow is oft times nearer it—so with this man.
He turned with curses, smothered not nor low,
But loud and terrible, from the couch of Death,
And paced long hours upon the wild, dark cliffs,
As in long years ago he used to pace
Down on the piers of his native town,
When the world knew him not, nor he the world.
"What have I then, or am I? Oh! my wife,
My wife, my guardian angel! Whose dear speech
And counsel I so oft have scorned—oh! what
For one brief loving word would I not give?
This Death, it comes to all, will come to me;
Oh God! I cannot, will not, must not die!"
Then in the dim, gray dawn he left the cliff,
And ever as he went he muttered low,
"This Death, this Death, oh! lost! it comes to me;
I will live on; yea, God, I will not die!"
He looked at her who lay in peace, at peace
Now and for ever, then he turned in hard
And stiff rebellion to his books, those friends
Which now could give no comfort. As he took
Some old and precious volume from its place,
He saw his ancient, long forgotten Bible,
Dusty and worn through age and long disuse,
And suddenly bethinking of the note,
Placed there with careless fingers one June day,
Found it and read—"What profiteth it a man
If he shall gain the world and lose his soul?"
He rose, he reeled, like Paul, in one bright flash
Of God's light in his soul; he felt the truth,
The awful, binding truth of those few words,
And waited not, but sank beside the couch,
And there bewailed his folly and his sin,
His selfishness, his blindness, all his sin;

And as he prayed, the room in which he knelt
Was filled with shining spirits, God's own angels,
In crowns of amaranth and vesture white;
And she whose crown was brightest, and whose robe
More snowy white and pure than all the rest,
Was she he loved, who joyfully exclaimed,
"Behold he prays!" and after her the throng
Of bright and shining ones took up the strain,
And one great, glorious anthem filled the air—
"Behold he prays." He rose at peace forever.
Henceforth his life was hid with Christ in God.

THE MOHAMMEDAN LUTHER.

BY W. O.

AMONG the many dangers which threaten the stability of our Indian Empire, none appear to cause so much apprehension at the present moment as those arising from the plots and intrigues of that particular body of Mohammedans known as the Wahabees. Yet, familiar as this name has become to readers of the reports of Indian affairs, there are but few to whom it conveys any clear idea either of its origin or of those to whom it is applied. A brief sketch of both will, therefore, it is hoped, not be unacceptable.

From India we must first make our way to the birth-place of Islamism—the interior deserts of Arabia—from whence issued that most wonderful of all human inventions, which, having once spread its desolating career over some of the richest and fairest portions of the globe, still wages a contest with the Cross, which, considering the numbers engaged, can hardly be said to be unequal. The sword its only weapon, its history may truly be said to be written in blood, and this, its latest development, may yet afford the most sanguinary chapter of all. In one striking particular Mohammedanism resembles Christianity. Simple as were its first rudiments of faith, it was not long before the ingenuity of its followers overlaid them with glosses and traditions, giving rise to an endless variety of sects, who hated each other only one degree less than they did the idolaters and infidels around them. Corrupt practices, too, forbidden by the Koran, crept in, until its comparatively pure precepts were in danger of being forgotten, and altogether Islamism was more likely to fall by its own backslidings than from any assaults from without. In this state of things a Reformer was needed, and such, in due time, appeared in the person of Abd-ool-Wah-hab, or "the Slave of the Most High," the founder of the Wah-ha-bees, and from whose name their's is derived.

It was towards the close of the seventeenth century that this personage first saw the light, and the movements that he set on foot are therefore contemporaneous with many religious and political revolutions of which Europe soon after became the theatre. His birth was naturally attended by phenomena foretelling his future spiritual pre-eminence. His father, a scion of the family of Koreish, illustrious as that from which the Prophet sprung, and the chief of a pastoral clan roaming through the province of Nedjd, one of the most central districts of Arabia, had so long been childless that the birth of this son was of itself regarded as a prodigy. An earthquake, it is said, shook every mosque and minaret. Towns and villages were illuminated with supernatural light, and, what was still more significant of the reforms about to ensue, the lamps which modern superstition had lit in the sepulchral chapels and tombs of the Prophet and other saints

were preternaturally extinguished. This wonderful birth was followed by careful training in the best schools of Arabia; so that, unlike some reformers whose zeal is only equalled by their ignorance, Abd-ool-Wahhab entered upon his great work with a mind thoroughly prepared for its destined task. In order, however, to reduce these glowing traditions to what may be assumed as their real basis, it must be observed that the pastoral tribes of Central Arabia had, owing to their isolated position, been preserved from the corruptions into which the chief part of the modern world had fallen. To any one, therefore, going out from among them the smallest departures from the early faith and practice would plainly appear; and so much was the young student struck with the grossness of the prevailing errors, that on his return to the desert he resolved to devote his life and energies to their extirpation. Of grave aspect and austere demeanour, and possessed of learning unusual among the Bedouins of Nedjd, his personal character and ability, and his position at the head of his tribe, soon acquired for him an extended influence in the desert, where his tenets met with general acceptance. Chief among these, after the unity of God, the inspiration of the Koran, and the belief in Mahomet as the Prophet of God, was the sinfulness of invoking the intercession of departed saints and paying honour to their remains. All such practices were forbidden as savouring of that idolatry so hateful to the true believer. The moral code and the religious observances as set forth in the Koran, and the teaching of the orthodox traditions, were rigidly enforced. The use of wine and tobacco was prohibited, as well as the indulgence in luxurious food or raiment. It would seem, therefore, that to describe Abd-ool-Wah-hab as the founder of a sect, in our sense of the term, would be erroneous. He was but a reformer of abuses, a restorer of the original faith of Islam.

For some years this Mohammedan reformer peacefully pursued his labours among the adjacent tribes, until about the middle of the seventeenth century, when, being driven by authority from his native village, he took refuge at Deraiah with a chief named Mohammed ibn Saoud, who became his son-in-law. Wahabeeism now entered upon a new phase of existence. Feeling its growing strength, it in turn took up the sword as the best method of restoring that worship which by the sword had been established. This well-tried weapon it wielded with a vigour worthy of those who first drew it in the holy cause, and under conditions somewhat similar. The Arabs of the desert at this period differed but little from those of the time of Mohammed. They were to the effete descendants of the various races which, while embracing Islamism, had overthrown its first professors when enervated by success, what the latter had been, when they emerged from the desert, to the effeminate people of the Greek and Persian empires. The same bodily hardihood and the same fanatic energy which carried the standard of the Prophet and the Empire of the Saracens from the Himalayas to the Pyrenees, now threatened the remnants of that empire in the cradle of its former greatness.

The death of Abd-ool-Wah-hab, in 1787, left his spiritual power to his son Mohammed, who, being blind from his birth, was better fitted to expound the Koran than to handle the scimitar. A military leader of great ability was found in Abd-el-Azuz the son of Ibn Saoud. and maternal grandson of the Reformer, who established an independent power in Nedjd, which was soon extended over the chief provinces of Arabia. But a rival so dangerous to its spiritual and political domination soon awoke the jealousy of the Sublime Porte, and in the beginning of the present century hostilities regularly commenced between them, though for some time the Turks carried on the war with little activity. In the year 1803 Abd-el-Azuz was assassinated, and was succeeded by his son Saoud, who had for long been the most successful of his generals, and who soon carried the power of the Wahabees to its highest point, and extended his conquests over a large part of Syria. On the Persian Gulf, however, his influence was severely checked by an English expedition from Bombay, sent to protect the trade of the Gulf from his piratical cruisers. The Porte, finding it impossible to repulse this new power from his Asiatic borders, determined to assail it from Egypt, from which side its territory was more accessible. The famous Mehemet Ali was then Pasha of Egypt, and his ambition was aroused to attempt the deliverance of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina from the fanatics who

had usurped their possession, set at nought their spiritual glories, and sacrilegiously plundered their treasures. Extensive preparations both by sea and land were necessary for such an undertaking; but in August, 1811, the armament was ready. Toussoun Bey, the second son of the Pasha, who, though but eighteen years old, had given great proof of courage and capacity in his father's struggles with the Mamelukes, was appointed commander of the expedition, which landed at Yembo, the port of Iecca. Disaster, however, met the young general at the outset of his career. Deciding to make his first attempt on Medina, he was assailed on the march by a superior force of Wahabees, led by the sons of Saoud, completely routed, and driven back in despair to Yembo. Ali, however, was not daunted. He sent fresh forces, and by the free use of gold opened the dangerous passes, so that in the following year Toussoun was able to make his way to Medina, which he took after a determined resistance by the Wahabee garrison. Then commenced the first of a series of atrocities which throughout marked the progress of the war; for in spite of a promise of safe conduct all the prisoners taken were massacred by the Turks. The first Governor of Medina under the Egyptian rule was, strange to say, a Scotchman, named Keith, who, having served in the 92nd Highlanders during the British expedition into Egypt, had been taken prisoner, and had entered the Turkish service. A subsequent expedition resulted in the capture of Mecca, but all attempts by the Turks to enter the interior failed, and in one of them Toussoun Bey was again completely routed, and the wreck of his army only saved by the intrepidity of Keith. Repeated disasters followed, and though he did not despair, all the efforts of the Pasha seemed to be hopeless, when the death of Saoud, in 1814, opened better prospects of success.

Abdallah, the son of Saoud, who succeeded him, was, though a tried and brave warrior, inferior to his father in both military and political ability. In Mehemet Ali, too, who now undertook the conduct of the war in person, he had an opponent who had proved himself more than a match for any of his Eastern rivals, and who was able to call to his aid not only the immense resources which his severe yet enlightened policy was able to wring from his Egyptian subjects, and the military skill and discipline which he had borrowed from his French instructors, but also a powerful artillery which went far to neutralize the superior courage of the Wahabee soldiery. Notwithstanding all this, the Arabs gained several successes over the subordinate chiefs of the Egyptian army, in which frightful butchery was perpetrated. At length, in January, 1815, Mehemet Ali, having completed his preparations, left Mecca for Taraba, where the Wahabees had their headquarters, and which was a place of great strength. At Bissel he met the Arab forces, about equal in number to his own, but destitute of artillery. The Arabs fought with their usual bravery, and for some time resisted all the attacks made upon them. Finally a stratagem, similar to that which won the battle of Hastings for the Normans, drew them into the plain, when the superior skill of Ali gained a decisive victory. No quarter was asked, and the Wahabees, disdaining to fly, were slaughtered in great numbers. A reward of six dollars was offered by the Pasha for every head brought to him, and a pile of five thousand was soon erected before him. Three hundred prisoners, taken under express promise of safety, were inhumanly executed after the action. The whole camp of the Wahabees was taken. Several actions followed, in which the Turks were successful, and finally, the Pasha being obliged to return to Egypt, terms of peace were settled between Abdallah and Toussoun Bey, by which the Wahabees acknowledged the supremacy of the Viceroy of Egypt, and renounced all claim to the guardianship of the holy cities.

The peace so made was, however, of short duration. Mehemet Ali soon made it appear, by the terms which he superadded to the treaty, that he had no real intention of observing it. The Arabs, finding that their only chance of independence was in their power of maintaining it by the sword, again took up arms. Under Abdallah, a powerful confederacy was formed, which put thirty thousand men into the field, and armed and garrisoned the chief towns and fortresses. To put down this formidable insurrection, Ali sent a force under his adopted son, Ibrahim Pasha, who afterwards succeeded him as ruler of Egypt. A series of sanguinary engagements followed, in which the Turks were in almost every instance victo-

rious, and at length they brought the Wahabee chief to bay in his own town of Deraiah, the capital of the province of Nedjd. For five months the town held out with the utmost resolution, but at length only Abdallah, with four hundred men, remained to oppose the invaders. In his palace he still fought with desperation, determined to hold out to the last in defence of his country. He was, however, induced to surrender in the hope of saving for his followers at least their lives, if not something of their fortunes. But in vain did he trust to the clemency or generosity of the Turks. In defiance of all assurances of safety, he was led captive first to Cairo and thence to Constantinople, where he was executed as a rebel on the 19th December, 1818.

Such was the end of the Wahabee power in Arabia. Their towns and strongholds were destroyed, the city of Deraiah being so completely demolished that not one stone was left upon another. Their chiefs had either fallen in battle, or, when compelled to surrender, had been mercilessly put to death. As a military power they were destroyed, and the government of Ali and of his successor, Ibrahim, was so firmly established throughout Arabia that any revival of their confederacy was rendered hopeless. Under these circumstances, nothing was left but their religious fanaticism, which their overthrow in Arabia was of itself the means of disseminating wherever the system of Mahomet prevailed. In this way their doctrines gradually spread into India, where, however, until very lately, they have attracted little attention.

During the last few years it would appear that a large class of persons among the Mohammedans, who, previous to the mutiny, had held official positions from which they derived considerable emoluments, have since been deprived of them. The discontent thus caused has been taken advantage of by Wahabee missionaries, ever on the alert for opportunities of inculcating their doctrines, to stir up hostile feelings against the rule of a Christian Power, to whose malign influence all existing evils are attributed. They appear to have set on foot a system of organization which has a twofold object—politically, to subvert British power; and polemically, to make converts among the Hindoos. In this latter object, which, of course, subserves the former, they seem to have made great progress, and to be extending their influence to the remotest parts of the country. To the educated and luxurious among the Mussulmen, doctrines which denounce every sort of refinement and self-indulgence, and rigidly enforce the observance of the moral code, would present but few attractions; but to the poor and discontented, who have nothing to lose and much to hope for from any political change, a religion of self-denial, coupled with a scheme for personal revenge and political aggrandizement, would be highly alluring. To serve their religion alone might not cause them to enter upon revolution; but to merit Paradise, and at the same time indulge their fanaticism and promote their worldly interests, would be a temptation too powerful to be resisted. Strange that England, without whose aid Mohammedanism would long ago have been swept off the face of Europe, and have been stripped of its adjacent Asiatic dominions, should be threatened by purely Mohammedan fanaticism with the extinction of her Indian Empire!

The progress of events in India will be watched with great interest by all British subjects. The assassination of Lord Mayo is not a hopeful augury, but the results which British energy and courage have accomplished we will trust that the same qualities may, under Providence, maintain.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE AMENDMENT OF THE LAWS RELATING TO LAND.

BY GEORGE S. HOLMESTED, TORONTO.

THE title of this paper may, we fear, induce some of the readers of this magazine to conjure up thoughts of Coke upon Littleton, Blackstone's Commentaries, and other equally learned and heavy expositions of the law, and may possibly induce some to think that the suggestions we are about to make will be found, if not equally learned, at all events equally dry and uninteresting to the lay reader.

There is no doubt that the law relating to real property is practically a *terra incognita* to all except the few who have made the study and practice of the law their business; but in this country, where the possession of the soil is not limited to a comparatively few favoured individuals, but is diffused among all classes of the community, and where there are few men who do not aspire to become at some time of their lives the possessors of at least a habitation or a farm of their own, the law which regulates the acquisition, holding, and transmission of real property, ought to be, if it is not, a subject of more than usual interest, as a matter of the greatest practical importance to a large section of the people.

Of late years a good many strenuous efforts have been made in the way of law reform. We have got rid of the cumbrous system of barring entails, and have bade a last farewell to those legal phantoms, John Doe and Richard Roe. The practice of our courts of law and equity has been greatly simplified, and more recently the technical distinction between law and equity has been so modified that it is no longer possible to treat an unfortunate suitor in search of justice like a legal shuttlecock. The limitation of the time for bringing suits has been shortened, and the law of descent has been improved and placed upon a more equitable and intelligible basis. But, notwithstanding these and other amendments, our law of real property has retained its essential characteristics, and our legislators have thus far contented themselves with perfecting the system of registration of deeds and providing less verbose forms of conveyance than those formerly in use. The reform which we intend to suggest, however, is of a much more radical character.

The law of real property which prevails in Ontario, and also we believe in the other English-speaking Provinces of the Dominion, is a part of the common and statute law of England which our forefathers brought with them, when they came to lay the foundation of the great North American nation. It would have been a strange and altogether unique spectacle to find a new community just struggling into existence, devising a system of jurisprudence of an entirely new and original character; the tendency always has been and always will be, for such a community to adopt as far as possible the system of the parent state; and as it progresses in wisdom and experience such amendments and alterations are made as the lapse of time and the novel circumstances of the community suggest. It is not in the least surprising that a system of jurisprudence thus imported, *ex necessitate*, to a virgin soil is sometimes found to be not quite so well adapted or so appropriate to the new sphere of its existence, as it is to the old, and there will always be a danger that not only the most admirable features of the older system will be perpetuated in the new country, but that the cobwebs and dust of ages, which have helped to mar rather than increase its utility, will also be preserved with the same care.

Thus it was hardly to be expected that the early settlers in Canada would have devised a new system for the transfer of land, or have invented any new system of law applicable to the acquisition or holding of real property, and one is not surprised to find that in Ontario the English system of

law was, at an early period, introduced with such trifling modifications only as were absolutely necessary in order to adapt it to a new country. Our early lawyers were, for the most part, men trained to the study of English law, and the system with which they were most familiar was, of course, that which they preferred, and which was introduced here mainly through their instrumentality. While this result is not surprising, it is a matter of regret that laws which in so many respects are needlessly cumbersome, and which do not always in their operation tend to the security of property or the effectuation of justice between man and man, but, on the contrary, are frequently the means of rendering the possession of property a matter of hazard and insecurity, and the attempt to obtain justice a mockery, should have taken such permanent root amongst us.

The English law applicable to real property is a system which has been in the progress of centuries evolved from mediæval feudalism. It is a curious maze of ingenuity, subtlety, and artifice, woven in a great measure by mediæval intellects, many of whose absurdities survive even to the present day. And yet so vast and so complex are its proportions that it is not surprising to find that those who have mastered its intricacies are enamoured of the learning which has cost them so much labour to acquire, and are prone to overlook the manifold perversions of human ingenuity which it so often presents. In old countries, such as England, where the land is comparatively in the hands of a few, and where it seems to be accepted as an axiom that the dignity of ancient families must be maintained at all cost, it is not, perhaps, of so much moment that there should be such great facilities for its transfer as it is in a new country, where land is constantly changing hands.

The death-blow to the building up of a territorial aristocracy in this country was struck when the law of primogeniture was abolished. The country then, in effect, declared itself in favour of the policy of distributing the lands amongst the many rather than that of keeping it in the hands of the few—such a policy as was calculated to secure the greatest good to the greatest number, and to promote the formation of a nation of land-owners, whose direct interest in the soil would give them a wider and deeper interest in the welfare of the country of their birth or adoption than could be hoped for had they no such permanent interest.

The easy acquisition and disposition of land may seem at first sight calculated to lessen the effect of its wide distribution, and to reduce its value in the eyes of its possessors, and lead men to think no more of it than they are accustomed to think of the wheat which it produces, or the other commodities in which their moneys may be invested; but such a conclusion would be fallacious. No matter what may be the nature of property, it must always add to its value, and be to the interest of those who desire either to acquire or to dispose of it, that there should be the utmost facility for so doing, and that the title of the owner should be as perfect and as little liable to be defeated as, in the nature of things, is practicable. Difficulties in the way of selling, and uncertainties which may surround the title to property, have an obvious tendency to diminish its value, and any system which shall increase the facilities for transfer and, at the same time, give greater security to the purchaser, will not only sensibly increase the value of the land itself, but will moreover confer a boon on the community the importance of which it is hard to estimate. Whether this is a feasible project it is the object of this paper to enquire.

Any one conversant with the English law of real property must be compelled to admit, that one of its greatest and most disastrous defects lies in the fact, that, in order to ascertain the title to land, it is not sufficient to enquire into the right of the apparent owner, but it is necessary to find out whether all those through whom he claims have also been well entitled, otherwise a purchaser has no security that he will get what he bargains for; and even where the investigation of the title of prior owners has been made, there are not a few cases to be found in which such investigation has proved illusory, and purchasers who have dealt honestly and parted with their money in perfect good faith, have found that they have acquired nothing but a worthless piece of paper, or perhaps a right to bring a suit against a man who has left the country for parts unknown or is utterly worthless.*

* A very amusing and instructive account of the vicissitudes of a title appeared in the *Canada Law Journal* for December last.

This is a necessity of the English law of real property, but whether there is any necessity for the perpetuation of that system in this country, or in still newer countries, such as Manitoba, is more than doubtful.

In England, the absence of all regularity of survey, and of any universal system of registration of deeds, would make any attempt to resort to a simpler system almost certainly fruitless. But in Canada, from the fact that our lands, especially in Ontario, have been laid out under a regular system of survey, from their earliest settlement, and that the system of registration of deeds has been long in force, we are at once relieved of two of the most insuperable obstacles which would otherwise lie in the path of the reform which we would suggest.

Something was attempted in this direction by the Act for Quieting Titles to Real Estate, for which, as for several other valuable reforms, the Province of Ontario is indebted to Attorney-General Mowat; but this piece of legislation, though its object was undoubtedly good, and its results to some extent beneficial, can hardly be said to have proved a great success. The Act came into force on the 18th September, 1865, and yet during the succeeding ten years only 520 petitions were filed under it, and of these, only 350 resulted in a certificate being granted. So that for ten years we have only an average of 35 successful applications per annum—not a large result it must be confessed.

The object of the Act was to provide for the judicial investigation of titles by the Court of Chancery, and for the issuing of a certificate by that Court declaring the validity of the title investigated, which certificate, upon registration, makes the title of the holder good against all the world. But, of course, this gives a legal certainty to the title only up to the date of the certificate. A great point, undoubtedly, is thus gained, especially in cases where, although the title might be perfectly good, yet, owing to the loss of deeds or to other causes, there is difficulty in giving legal proof of its goodness; and the trouble and expense of the repeated investigations of title (which had to be incurred on each successive transfer of the property) are, by means of a certificate obtained under the Act, to a certain extent avoided. But it appears to us that the Act would have been of greater benefit and the benefit of it would have been much more widely sought, if upon it had been grafted a provision that, after a certificate of title had been issued, thenceforth the land embraced in the certificate should be subject to a more simple mode of transfer than that now in force; and the possible necessity of any further investigation of title at any future time be thereby effectually obviated. Is it not even now possible to find our way to a simpler state of things through the machinery which this Act affords? Fortunately the simpler method which we venture to propose, is not an altogether new and undiscovered road.

In the Colony of South Australia the English law of real property was originally introduced, and after the people had for many years borne the burthen and expense which it entailed, it at length occurred to a gentleman who was employed in the Customs' Department of that colony that the trouble and hazard attendant on the buying and selling of land, to say nothing of the expense involved in the repeated investigation of the title on each successive transfer, were all of man's creation, and that as man had created them, it was equally possible for him to get rid of them; and it occurred to this gentleman that, as in the selling of a ship there was no such difficulty, hazard, or expense about ascertaining the title of the owner, the same system which had proved to be effective for the transfer of ships might be made equally so for the transfer of lands. He accordingly set to work and agitated the subject, and having devised a scheme embodying his idea, he had the satisfaction of seeing it become law. Under this system, which is not compulsory except as to lands for the first time granted by the Crown, the title is investigated by a public officer, who is empowered to grant a certificate of ownership wherever a good holding title is proved,* and the holder of the certificate at once becomes indefeasible owner, subject only to such charges as appear on the certificate itself. Upon any subsequent sale of the land,

* The power to grant certificates whenever a good holding title is made out, is one that our Court of Chancery does not possess. It seems to be one that might be usefully extended to that Court, and the want of it, perhaps more than any other cause, has made the Quieting Title Act of so little practical utility. The rights of possible claimants, however, ought to be protected by some such scheme as that provided by the South Australian Act.

the certificate is delivered up to a public officer, and a new certificate issued to the new owner.† Thus in dealing with the holder of a certificate under this system, a purchaser has only to satisfy himself of the identity of the person he deals with with the person named in the certificate. It is no longer necessary for him to inquire as to the right of former owners, he is perfectly safe in relying on the certificate, the certificate granted to each successive owner being equivalent to a grant from the Crown.

To meet the possible existence of undiscovered adverse claims, the Australian Act provides for the imposition of a small *ad valorem* tax upon each parcel of land coming under the provisions of the Act, and this tax forms a fund out of which such claims are to be met in case any should arise.

This is but a brief outline of the scheme; but if any of our readers are desirous of further information they will find it in a little work entitled "The South Australian System of Conveyancing by Registration of Title," published by its author, Robert A. Torrens, at Adelaide, Australia, in 1859. The benefits actually realized in South Australia by this system are thus summarised by Sir Robert Torrens: "Titles being indefeasible proprietors may invest capital on land secure against risk of deprivation, and the no less harassing contingency of a Chancery suit; mortgagees, also, having no further occasion to look to validity of title, may confine their attention to the adequacy of the security. 2nd. A saving, amounting on the average to ninety per cent, or eighteen shillings in the pound sterling, has been effected in the cost of transfers and other dealings, irrespective of the contingent liability to further expenses resulting from suits at law and in equity, the grounds of which are cut off by the alteration in tenure. 3rd. The procedure is so simple as to be readily comprehended, so that men of ordinary education may transact their own business. 4th. Dealings in land are transacted as expeditiously as dealings in merchandise or cattle, fifteen minutes being the average time occupied in filling up the forms and completing a transaction."

† If only an incumbrance or a partial interest is created, it is registered in the Registry Office, and a short note of its effect is endorsed by the Registrar on the certificate of title.

We think we have already pointed out sufficient reasons why a reform is needed, and it is only necessary to add that it is one which should be effected without delay, because every year that passes increases the difficulty in ascertaining titles under our present system. If the change is to be made, and is practicable, as we are persuaded it is, the sooner it is made the better, and the more easily will it be adopted.

That there are great difficulties in the way cannot be denied. Perhaps one of the chief obstacles will be found in the opposition of the legal profession. Lord Westbury once, when introducing a bill into the House of Lords, to facilitate the transfer of land in England, remarked "that in the English law nothing had been more fertile of results to be regretted than the attachment of our lawyers to the mediæval logic—the pedantries and puerile metaphysical disquisitions which distinguished what was called the learning of the time." It is to be feared that this predilection will be found to exist, even in this new country; but the weight even of the legal profession would not be sufficient to prevent a reform in this direction if it were demanded by the great body of land-owners, who are so largely interested in the question. In the great reforms which have taken place of late years in our legal procedure, we have the consolation of knowing that the leading members of the profession have been foremost in the work, and, indeed, without their aid such reforms could hardly have been effected. The conservativism of the profession and its preference for well worn paths, is not to be despised, for the reforming hand is often too ruthless and inconsiderate. We are in hopes, however, that the scheme which we have advocated will commend itself to the judgment of the profession, and that instead of meeting its opposition it may receive its approbation and support. Indeed, it is to a member of the legal profession, and one whose business lies chiefly in conveyancing, and who, so far as pecuniary considerations are concerned, is largely interested in maintaining things as they are, that the writer is indebted for having his attention forcibly drawn, not only to the evil, but also to the remedy which has been suggested.

If the introduction of the system of transfer suggested were to effect nothing less than to give to owners of real estate indefeasible

titles, it would be of inestimable value; but it is clear that it would also be the means of diminishing the cost attendant on the transfer of land to a mere trifle; and it is also argued very plausibly, and we think conclusively, that it would have a direct tendency to increase the value of the land itself, and put it on a par with the best class of stock, as an investment; for there is no doubt that the increased rate of interest which lenders on mortgages of real estate are accustomed to demand and receive is due, in some measure at all events, to the hazards attending the title.

But it is possible, we think, to carry reform much farther than the mere simplification of the mode of transferring land. It is possible, and we think highly expedient, that the artificial distinctions which exist between what are known as real and personal property should be abolished.

These distinctions arose at a time when personal property was of very little moment; but at the present day, when personal property has become of such immense value, it seems ridiculous to perpetuate distinctions which had their origin in an altogether different state of society. We have now two entirely distinct systems of law applicable to real and personal property. Of course the different character of the property renders some distinctive features necessary, and there must always be some laws exclusively directed to the regulation of rights in real property; for example, the laws relating to easements. But this diversity should not be suffered to be wider than the nature of the case demands. For instance, it is difficult to see why there should be one law regulating the descent of real property, and another regulating that of personal property, or why a deed granting to A. B. a million dollars' worth of personal property should suffice to give him an absolute right to the property, whereas the same words used in a deed of an acre of land would only confer on him a life estate.

As the law now stands, if a man die intestate, leaving the bulk of his property in wild lands, his widow gets no portion of it, whereas if he leave property of the same value in personal estate she gets a reasonable share. Why the beggary or independence of a man's widow should depend on the accident of his property being in land or money, is hard to explain on any principle reconcilable with natural equity.

The assimilation of the laws relating to real and personal property, as far as practicable, may, at first blush, seem a somewhat revolutionary measure, but the effect of it would be that we should rid ourselves forever of a highly intricate system of jurisprudence, and one that is full to overflowing of technicalities, and should get in exchange a system of law infinitely simpler in its character, and based on common sense and equity. This exchange might render useless a vast amount of legal literature, but that is a loss which the community at large would not shed many tears over, although it would cost many a well-read lawyer a sigh to see all his hard-bought learning vanish into the limbo of the antiquary. Such a change at all events would wonderfully facilitate the system of land-transfer to which we have here directed attention.

CURRENT EVENTS.

DURING the various debates on fiscal policy in the House of Commons, there was one feature so remarkable that it seems worthy of more attention than it has received. Mr. Irving, for example, in moving that singularly abortive motion, which expressed both confidence and want of confidence in the Government, made a remark which was felt to be so good that it has been more than once repeated in the House and in the press :—"He" (Dr. Tupper) "did indeed speak in some general terms of 'a national policy,' but I have yet to learn what is really meant by such an indefinite term." If by this affectation of ignorance the member for Hamilton merely intended that the leaders of the Opposition had not tabulated their opinions in the schedules of a tariff, his remarks, although utterly unreasonable, might at least have been understood. If he expected Sir John Macdonald and Dr. Tupper to lay upon the table of the House a detailed statement of the duties they were prepared to propose in the shape of a tariff, he could have been easily met by the double retort, that it is not the business of an Opposition to frame fiscal schemes in their entirety, and, in the next place, it would be unconstitutional for them to move in the matter of increased taxation. But that was scarcely what Mr. Irving could have meant, although the *Globe* evidently takes pleasure in ridiculing "a national policy" on similar grounds. The organ, with cunning shrewdness, would like to inveigle its opponents into some sort of statement of their precise policy, cut and dry, and ready to be presented and defended on the floor of the House. It would have proved a *bonne bouche* to the *Globe*, and it has never wearied in pressing it home upon Liberals or Conservatives who advocate a re-adjustment of the tariff, that they should make their demand in figures—20, 25, 30, or 40 per cent. It feigns to be blind to the fact that the industries of the Dominion are not to be squared off in this way. A Finance Minister would require, of necessity, to investigate many questions regarding the claims of any particular manufacture, before he decided upon an alteration of the tariff in its interest. Such are: the probability of the manufacture being suitable for naturalization here; the amount of protection necessary to set it upon its legs; and the effect of the enhanced duty upon the rest of the community. To decide these questions satisfactorily would require patient inquiry, prolonged study and reflection such as no man on the left of the Speaker could reasonably be asked to bestow, even if he possessed adequate means of doing so. So far as the tariff is concerned, Mr. Young gave a fair definition of "national policy" when he said—"The true policy for Canada is not one of absolute free trade or absolute protection;" and again—"Believing the fiscal policy of the Government should be based upon the general policy of free trade, I have never held, and do not now, that exceptional circumstances should never be taken into account. There is no use in denying the fact that situated as we are, both geographically and politically, we occupy an exceptional position." The member for Waterloo then goes on to say that he favours a national tariff, so long as it does not lead to "absolute protection" or retaliation. That is the policy unfolded by Sir Alexander Galt, and approved of by the Premier. Mr. Walter Bagehot, no mean authority, in a passage from "The Postulates of Political Economy," quoted in our last number, points out one weakness of the science when he says that "it has often been put forward, not as a theory of causes affecting wealth in *certain* societies, but of all the causes affecting it in *every* society." He proceeds to show by crucial examples into what a labyrinth of fallacy the economists have been led by that bane of science—hasty generalization founded upon imperfect induction. Mr. Stuart Mill's name was introduced into the debate by Sir John as an authority in favour of moderate protection in new countries, where there was a danger of their industries being crushed in the bud by more powerful competitors. The well-known passage tells so strongly in favour of a national policy in

Canada that it is scarcely wonderful Mr. Cartwright endeavoured to break its force. Every line of it is directly and distinctly applicable to the circumstances of the Dominion, as we had occasion to show on a former occasion, and it never was expunged from the work or retracted by its author. When the ultra-Protective spirit had gained the mastery in the United States, some Free-traders there wrote to Mr. Mill, asking him to state whether, when he wrote it, he had in contemplation New England and Pennsylvania. His answer was—"Decidedly not; they are old countries, in which manufactures have been flourishing for many years. My reference was simply to those cases in which manufactures could be introduced or deserved to be fostered, but which were in danger of being choked by old-established industries abroad." Mr. Cartwright's quotation against the American policy does not touch the passage in the "*Political Economy;*" and had he turned to that work, he might have selected, side by side with the disputed quotation, utterances quite as strong or stronger than the one which he fondly imagined to be a later and more enlightened view.

There has been so much tilting at windmills in these debates, and so much fighting at cross-purposes, that the effect of them is rather depressing than instructive. Both the fanatical Free-trader and the fanatical Protectionist may be safely left out of the reckoning; but there is a disingenuous habit on both sides which cannot be too strongly reproved. The moment it is proposed to adjust the tariff so that our nascent industries shall not be too much weighted in the race, the cry is immediately heard that a manufacturers' ring is desirous of raising a "Chinese Wall" about the country—a bit of as arrant nonsense as any rational man ever uttered. "Retaliation" is another bogey conjured up to frighten the intelligence of the country. The word, it is true, is not happily chosen, and has been used by some who ought to know better. A re-adjusted tariff means "Defence, not defiance;" and it would be just as unreasonable to charge Mr. Gathorne Hardy and even M. Dufaure with a retaliatory policy against Germany because they are preparing defences and reorganizing armies, as to make a similar accusation against the advocates of a national fiscal policy in Canada. We have no desire to injure our neighbours; but it is our right, as well as our duty, to take every precaution against a continuance of the injury they are persistently inflicting upon us. If this be a retaliatory policy, then we are bound to adopt it.

So far then as a "national policy" concerns itself with the revenue, it is easily defined, and, when clearly understood, will commend itself to the approval of all classes. Canada is a young country with only four millions of people, bordering for thousands of miles upon a not over-friendly Republic with forty millions. The Americans are not unfriendly to us simply as Canadians, but because we are British also. Any momentary cause of offence, real or imaginary, at once sets their rulers upon some device to punish us, in the shape of the termination of reciprocity treaties, the abolition of the bonding system, exclusion from canals, bounties, drawbacks, and exorbitant duties, or Fenian harassings. For the past ten or twelve years we have been, at intervals, the victims of hostile action of this sort. Moreover, although we do not assert that this could be cured altogether by any tariff, we have suffered constantly from their financial crises and trade depressions to a greater degree than our commercial sins have deserved. As if all these adverse fluctuations were not enough, our rulers, instead of agreeing upon some stable policy in the interest of the country, have been almost invariably engaged in aggravating the disease by trying experiments *in corpore vili*, according as the whim seized them. At one time capitalists are tempted to enter upon extensive enterprises, and erect expensive buildings and machinery and employ thousands of men; and then, soon after, the Government changes its mind, the capital invested is impaired or lost altogether, and the artizans are driven away to more hospitable shores.

Such being the actual state of things, Mr. Cartwright might readily have been excused if he had stated frankly that there were difficulties in the way of any immediate re-adjustment, with which he was not at present prepared to cope. He might reasonably have urged the want of sufficient information, trustworthy in its nature, or of opportunity to digest it in a form which he could justify to himself and to the country. Instead of doing this, however, he filled his able Budget speech with quixotic attacks upon windmills which were purely imaginary.

When he talked about the incompatibility of a "free" government with a "protective" government—by which he meant a paternal government—he was trifling with words, paltering with them in a double sense. Presently he ventured to distinguish the deputations which had waited on him. "Some of the gentlemen who have addressed us have done so as the advocates of protection pure and simple" (a rather vague phrase, we may remark); "others—and I think I may say the abler reasoners—have contended, *and not without force*, that, circumstanced as we are in connection with the people of the United States, it becomes the duty of the Administration to meet the peculiar policy of that people with a reciprocal policy in the same direction." Now, he seems virtually to adopt this latter position, although it is incorrectly stated, in words which are a mere paraphrase of Mr. Stuart Mill's celebrated passage, and his entire argument is directed against a theory which nobody seriously advocates. It is quite true that some ultra-Protectionists have pointed to the United States' fiscal policy as one which we should imitate, and so far they are as bad as the fanatic Free-traders. They are both *doctrinaires* whose crude theories have no hold upon the commo sense of the people. Mr. Cartwright's disinclination to "indulging in purely abstract discussions on the questions of Free-trade and Protection" is shared in by nine-tenths of the people. They have no desire for abstract reasonings at all; but they recognize the difficulties in which we are involved by the policy of the Republic, and they had a right to expect from the Finance Minister some clue to the labyrinth. A rehash of Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, or Mr. David Wells, is of no service to them at this exigency. Their want is a national policy—one suited to the circumstances of our peculiar case, as a nascent and progressive country possessing boundless resources, but crowded out of all chance in the competition by a more powerful neighbour; and such a policy Mr. Cartwright refuses to initiate, simply—so far as we can understand him—because excessive protection has been proved bad by its results in the United States. If any doubt could be entertained of the Finance Minister's deliberate intention to confound the two classes into which he had himself divided his opponents, it will be dissipated by his concluding remarks, in which he stigmatizes a national policy as "one of which it can only be said that it is a servile plagiarism of the blunders which the United States have committed," although he evidently knew that it was nothing of the kind.

There is another phase of the discussion on this subject upon which the Opposition have dilated with evident gusto. There certainly seems to have been some wavering and indecision in the Privy Council on the fiscal policy to be adopted. The story of a deputation from the Maritime Provinces having changed the whole framework of Mr. Cartwright's Budget, may go for what it is worth. We are not of the Opposition, and therefore are at liberty to doubt it, which we do almost to the verge of unbelief. But it was most unfortunate, to say the least of it, that Government candidates, Government organs, as well as deputations who had met the Finance Minister face to face, should all have been deluded into the conviction that a readjustment of the tariff was imminent. That Mr. Cartwright ever stated to any deputation his intention of remodelling the tariff in the interest of any branch of industry, we do not for a moment believe; it would have been highly improper to do anything of the kind. Hope springs eternal in the manufacturing, as in the ordinary human breast, and it may well be that the few soothing words by which a Cabinet Minister always thinks it necessary to earn the usual vote of thanks may have been strained beyond their meaning. The few vague expressions, intended to signify nothing in particular, were interpreted in a spirit of confidence by unsophisticated men who forget the real object of words in the mouth of a Cabinet Minister—to conceal rather than express thoughts.. At the same time, Mr. Cartwright should have remembered that he is not a Disraeli—a sphynx professedly dealing in riddles, whose function it is *spargere voces in vulgum ambiguas*. Moreover, the merchants and manufacturers had still further grounds for putting a gloss of their own on the utterances at Ottawa. Sir Alexander Galt's letter, pronouncing for a national policy, had been deliberately approved by the Premier in his speech at Sarnia. To Montreal Mr. Mackenzie made a journey on purpose to advocate the claims of a candidate who entertained similar views; and this candidate

ventured deliberately to announce the future policy of the Government as founded upon those views. Putting all these things together, shrewd men though they were, they found themselves at last mistaken, and no doubt exasperated. Even on the eve of the Budget exposition, the *Globe*, which is popularly supposed to derive its knowledge through the inspired Pythoness of North York, added a further confirmation of hopes which were in a few hours dashed to the ground. Now, it would be unfair to say that there was throughout a deliberate intention to deceive; all that we have a right to assert is, that the Government have been unfortunate in two ways—first, in their policy, which satisfies no one; and secondly, in raising unwittingly false expectations which they did not intend to fulfil.

There was one pleasing feature in Mr. Cartwright's speech which it would be unjust to leave unmentioned. He spoke of a "reciprocal" and not of a "retaliatory" policy; he did not fight against a fancied "prohibitory tariff," which could only be a bugbear to fools, and he omitted to mention the "Chinese wall" which looms up before the heated imaginations of some fanatics. He evidently desired to be a "judicious trimmer"—a wary boatman of the ancient type, hugging the shore as close as possible. *Alter remus aquas, alter mihi radat arenas*, is evidently his cautious motto. It would have been well if all his supporters had done the same. Mr. Dymond, for example, belonging to the rampant school, ventured, on what authority we know not, to read all who were not ultra Free-traders out of the party. On the other hand, Mr. Mackenzie, evidently disturbed by this attempt to snatch the reins out of his own hands, rebuked the *Globe* spirit in these words:—"He was glad to know that although the paper in question had accused the hon. gentleman (Mr. Greenaway) of having deserted his party, no Ministerial journal had accused seven or eight Ministerial members of having done anything of the sort because they had chosen on that particular occasion to vote according to their consciences with the Opposition." This sentence is of some importance in more respects than one. It administers a snub to the *Globe* Patroclus who has donned the armour of petulant Achilles, absent in Europe without leave, and it imparts some valuable information. We learn that party men do possess consciences, and that "on a particular occasion" they are free to heed them, and, more important than all, that the fiscal policy of the Government is an open question, with which party has nothing to do. The first two bits of instruction are curious rather than intrinsically valuable; but the third carries with it a sweeping condemnation of the entire fabric of party, as it exists among us. The question at issue, and the four debates upon it, have occupied the public mind to the exclusion of all others. They form, in fact, the sole topic of general interest, and yet the Premier confesses that the party system is incompetent to deal with it. The obvious reason is that it is a national question, which must be grappled with outside party limits altogether. The only subject where party aims and party machinery are not utterly impotent is the all-absorbing one of the ins and the outs. The present Administration is, perhaps, less to blame than the one which preceded it. Both have muddled the Pacific Railway, the North-West troubles, the relations of the Dominion to its outlying Provinces, and every other national question that can be named; Both have wasted their energies on purely party or personal objects; both have played into the hands of the hierarchy when any paltry success seemed likely to be gained thereby. But for any great purpose these organizations have been worse than hindrances to national progress. If any one doubts it, let him study the history of the Pacific Railway scheme, from its inception until now. Has it served any practical purpose, from the fight of the Allan and Macpherson Companies to the breakdown of the Foster contract? After being the shuttlecock between Grit and Conservative battledores for years, how much nearer are we on the way to its completion—how much nearer to the fulfilment of our promises to British Columbia? The only remedy for this lamentable condition of things is to rend parties asunder whenever any great object is to be attained, or any truly national work is to be executed. Let those who choose to scramble for office, do so in their way; but when the trade, the industries, the works, the national advancement by sober and well-considered measures are in question, the best admonition to party, as the Premier in part confesses, is "Hands off; these matters are too weighty to be committed into the hands of either

faction." There is no reason that will stand examination why all measures of really national moment should not be open questions, or why two parties, professedly having the same object in view, should array themselves against each other, merely in a struggle for office. One hon. member said the other day that all policies are national policies. Perhaps they may be; but only in the sense in which the masks at a carnival are the faces they conceal. Public questions ought surely to be discussed on purely public grounds, not only ostensibly, but in reality. As it is, the effort of each faction is to beguile the public into the belief that it alone can and will serve the country—if only the people place it or maintain it in power. A Government measure must be opposed, simply because it is a Government measure. This is not only a game not worth the candle, but far worse; since the counters with which it is played are the best and dearest interests of the country. Mephistopheles and Faust contending in a match, with a human soul as the stake, is scarcely a more pitiable sight, because it is not realizable, than that of two political parties gambling over the progress, the resources, and it may be the entire future of a noble country like ours. If our statesmen would only approach national subjects in a statesmanlike way, does any one suppose that our greatest national work, and the important fiscal question now agitating the country, would be treated as they are and have been? On the tariff, there is really no difference in principle. Mr. Mackenzie's and Mr. Cartwright's views are recorded, and so are those of Sir John Macdonald and Dr. Tupper; collate and compare them, and where is the substantial difference? They all coincide in the opinions expressed by Sir Alexander Galt, and yet being under the yoke of partyism, they are obliged to drag their clumsy chariots to the battle. The mischief of it is, that no matter which side conquers, the country pays the piper for victor and vanquished alike, whilst its progress and development are arrested or impeded by the party fray. The fiscal question is only one branch of the general issue—only one of those subjects embraced in our understanding of a "national policy;" but it is a most important and pressing question, on which the people, in French parliamentary phrase, will ere long "demand urgency." Requiring full information and much anxious thought from the Finance Minister who undertakes its solution, we believe it may be solved to the satisfaction of the people of Canada. Starting with the broad principle that the prosperity of the Dominion and the development of its resources, are the sole aim of legislation, all the preliminary inquiries must be directed in the light of it. If the policy of the United States is distinctly hostile and aggressive, it behoves us to act upon the defensive. Where any of our nascent industries can be saved from destruction by a moderate amount of protection, without pressing unduly upon the mass of the people, it should be granted. We say "unduly," because it may be worth while for the country, where prior occupancy of the field gives another nation the advantage, to submit to a temporary tax in order to secure a lasting benefit. At the same time, it must be clear that the industries claiming protection are adapted to the country, and capable of holding their own after a reasonable time against outside competition. Where two interests are apparently in conflict—such as those, for example, of the paper-maker and the publisher—it would be the duty of the Minister to weigh carefully the claims of both, and administer impartial justice between them. Above all, when a matured scheme is adopted, it must be clearly understood to be a system settled as the national policy, removed out of danger from the changes of administration at least for a term of years. Capital is exceedingly sensitive, and not too plentiful in Canada; and, after the experience of former years, investors will be shy of sinking money in manufacturing schemes which depend for their existence on the passing whim of the Finance Minister of the day. They cannot live from hand to mouth, and therefore have a right to demand some degree of fixity in the tariff. These, roughly stated, are the considerations to be kept in view in framing a national policy; and we are not without hope that during the recess, Mr. Cartwright will digest such a scheme as will be approved by the vast majority of Canada, and, in its broad features at any rate, stand as a monument of his sagacity during the next decade.

As for the general legislation of the Session, it can scarcely be said to need any special reference. The Government measures have been tolerably numerous, but they are

rather practical than startling in their character. The tariff debates have engrossed so large a share of attention, and honourable members have been so busy in proving everything by means of statistics, that they seem to have cared very little for anything else. The representatives of the Maritime Provinces have been looking after the interests committed to their care, and Dr. Orton has taken agriculture under his special protection. Moreover, the Senate, not having the fear of Mr. Mills before its eyes, has offered the annual holocaust to its own dignity, by rejecting the Bill regarding the Law of Common Carriers. *A propos des bottes*, what has the member for Bothwell been about, that we have heard nothing of his Senate Bill this year? Mr. Brown is over the seas and far away, and Mr. Mills might have stolen a march upon that potent element which works against him. Perhaps the weight of financial depression is too much for the "ex-schoolmaster," or haply he may have paired off with the great Senator upon this question in a novel and unprecedented way.

The better terms for Manitoba seem unobjectionable in every respect. The Local Government seems disposed to meet the Ottawa powers half way by a judicious policy of retrenchment, and it is not beyond hope, we should think, that matters may be settled amicably with British Columbia. Mr. Costigan's motion, aiming at an amnesty for O'Donoghue, was "clean out of the way." The idea of a man who claims that he was innocent of the murder of Scott, and could prove it, only that since then he has committed treason a second time in a more odious form, asking that the crime of 1871 may be condoned in order that he may return and prove himself guiltless of a previous crime, is preposterous in the extreme. He does not come into court with clean hands, and therefore has no business there at all. Mr. Blake's speech was unanswerable in every respect; but Mr. White, of Hastings, seemed to think that the wanton and outrageous crime of introducing a band of Fenian ruffians within a year after Manitoba had settled down as a peaceful member of the Dominion, was no crime at all, or else that an admixture of two blacks made an immaculate white. The sorriest figure was cut by Mr. Barney Devlin, of Montreal, whose speech speaks for itself, in wretched contrast with the utterances of that last noble Irishman who came from Montreal to be struck down by an assassin at the capital. The odious imputation that nationality had anything to do with the attitude of the Government towards O'Donoghue, and that "a man might as well be a farmer as an Irishman"—whatever that meant, unless to catch Dr. Orton's vote—is utterly absurd. Nationality had its share in the particular form of O'Donoghue's last crime, no doubt; but none with the justice of the Crown's treatment of this doubledyed traitor. The motion was decisively thrown out by a vote of 136 to 30.

The debate on the Charlevoix election was not satisfactory so far as the Government, or rather the President of the Council, is concerned. During the bye-election at which Mr. Langevin was returned, Mr. Cauchon took upon himself, without authority from the proper department and without requisition from the local authorities, to order a detachment of the Dominion Mounted Police into the country, nominally to preserve order—that is, such order as would serve the particular purpose of Mr. Cauchon. When Mr. Langevin introduced the subject, he did so in a calm and dignified way. He complained that Mr. Cauchon had attempted to throw doubt upon his veracity, when he stated the facts of the case; but that even then, if the President would withdraw his *quasi* denial, he would let the matter drop. Mr. Cauchon, not yet sufficiently nerved for the conflict, thrust forward Mr. Frechette as a buffer, and the latter proceeded to let the House know what a terribly wicked constituency Charlevoix had always been. His chief point was that the present member had, at previous elections, employed a Conservative bodyguard known as "Langevin's lambs" and, therefore, it was only right that Mr. Cauchon should introduce lambs of his own, mounted and armed at the expense of the Dominion. The President's speech followed after, in that well-known sputtering style of his, which may be best described in the satirist's words, *spumosum et cortice pingui*—as Mr. Conington renders them, "frothy and fluffy." Perhaps he had better have held his peace; but, at any rate, we have no intention of following either him or the debate at further length. Yet there is one feature in it to

which we must allude as illustrative of our time-honoured party strategy. The President was clearly to blame, and no one attempted to defend him, unless a free application of the retort "*tu quoque*" can be construed as a defence. Now, one of the most objectionable features in our present system is, that whenever an accusation is urged against a Minister or a Government, it is always deemed a sufficient answer that some other Minister was guilty of something akin to the particular offence charged, at some other time in the near or remote past. It is needless to say that if this system can be justified on ethical grounds, any imaginable political crime may be committed with impunity. What, we should like to know, had "Langevin's lambs" or "Peter McNab," for that matter, to do with Mr. Cauchon's actions? If the President did right, why should his case be defended otherwise than on its merits? Supposing a second Pacific scandal were exposed, though that is improbable, what sort of defence would it be that the first had been committed by those who now lay bare the second? As between the parties it might be valid, but how about the country—the last consideration to weigh upon the consciences of party? Moreover, the present Government are estopped from filing any such plea in defence or extenuation. They came into office avowedly to change the old order of things. They professed their intention of washing the face of the begrimed goddess of politics—of leaving undone those things which their predecessors ought *not* to have done, and of doing those things which they ought to have done. If one thing more than another will tend to the painful conclusion that there is no health in any of them, it is this justification of one offence by another. That the present Government entered upon the duties of office with the firmest resolution to act purely and honestly, we believe; that they have not been able to save their characters from aspersion is not so much their fault as the fault of the system. Partyism is at best an unsavoury concern, and, as it obtains in this country, is foul in the extreme. In the President of the Council they have introduced an element which can bring them no strength, but is potent only for evil, and the sooner they rid the Council Chamber of his presence the better for themselves and for the country.

It is exceedingly inconvenient to reply to the strictures of a daily paper in these columns, especially when three weeks have elapsed since their appearance. Still, in justice to ourselves, and also as an acknowledgment of the courtesy ordinarily extended to us by the *Mail*, we are constrained to offer some remarks upon an unfair and ungenerous criticism. The gravamen of the charge against us is contained in the sentence:—"We could believe that our contemporary held to these views with sincerity, if it had not garbled the evidence, and by a discreditable suppression of words placed both M. Masson and Mr. Bowell in a false light." Now we may remark, *en passant*, that this is the first time "garbling" has ever been regarded as the peculiar attribute of insincerity. The history of controversy abundantly shows that the grossest sins in the way of deceptive quotation have been committed by the most zealously sincere. The general charge is a serious one, however, and before making it, the *Mail* should have considered whether it might not in charity be presumed that the omission of a few words at the end of a sentence were not purely accidental, as in fact it was. And further, whether the words omitted were at all material. If our contemporary had inserted the paragraph in which the quotation was embedded, its readers would at once have seen that the words left out would have strengthened our position instead of invalidating it. It is unnecessary to re-quote the passage entire, but this is the latter portion of it:—"We are ready, and shall always be ready, to give to the opinions of these gentlemen (the clergy) that respect to which they are entitled, owing to their high intelligence, their great virtue, and their disinterestedness; *but we are not ready to give any more*." The words italicized are those inadvertently omitted in the haste of transcription. Now, observe the manner in which the quotation was introduced by us:—"Take the question of clerical interference by ecclesiastical terrors, for example, and mark how mildly he puts the basest portion of his political creed." Then follows the sentence from M. Masson's speech. The words omitted are entirely of a piece with the rest; they were in fact merely the dying cadence—the last soft *susurrus* of the Ultramontane lion, roaring as a sucking dove. Our accusation was, that M. Masson was

"sugar-coating" a most serious assault upon the freedom of election by representing it in a "mild," diluted form, and the clause left out proves that quite as much the rest. With regard to the leadership of the Ultramontanes, we have only to say that if an honourable member speaks "as a Conservative, and as an Ultramontane—or, as I am called by the hon. gentleman on the other side of the House from the Province of Quebec, as the leader of the Ultramontanes," he distinctly adopts and boasts of the titie. Besides, Mgr. Bourget singled out MM. Masson and Mousseau as pre-eminently the exponents of his views.

And now for Mr. Bowell, on whose behalf the *Mail* asks us to make the *amende honorable*. We charged the hon. member for Hastings with deliberately disguising his opinions for a paltry party purpose, and giving aid to the Ultramontane party by every means in his power. Unhappily the hon. gentleman has himself afforded confirmatory evidence of the truth of our imputation. Fearing that his attitude on the Argenteuil speech was unpalatable in Ontario, he addressed a letter to the *Christian Guardian*, in which he wrote: "I never, even by implication, disapproved of the sentiments in the speech of Mr. Huntington." Then why, in the name of common sense, did he join in the hue and cry against the Minister? Because, he says, that gentleman backed down from his position in a letter to Mr. Power, of Halifax. *That* he certainly did object to; but had he the moral courage to avow his sympathy with Mr. Huntington's *opinions?* No; the nearest approach to it was a remark that the Power letter had "created a feeling of utter and thorough contempt for him in the minds of those who approved of the sentiments which he proclaimed in his Argenteuil speech." Was Mr. Bowell one of "those who approved?" He certainly did not say so then, although he evidently desires to be enrolled among their number now. The inconsistency of the hon. member's position is obvious. Mr. Langevin accused the Postmaster-General of insulting his countrymen, and his co-religionists, and the Bishops of the country; and yet Mr. Bowell approved of the speech, as he would have us believe, without demurring to Mr. Langevin's misrepresentation of it. If Mr. Huntington's sentiments, as interpreted by Mr. Bowell's Quebec allies, were consonant with his own, why did he hesitate to confess the fact? This dilemma is before him, and he can choose the horn on which to be impaled. He cannot accept, and therefore does not approve of those opinions, because he requires religion to be "left out" of the political sphere, and, according to M. Masson, it was dragged in at Lachute. Nor can he disapprove of them, because, according to him, the Power letter was a woful retractation of Mr. Huntington's real sentiments. In short, Mr. Bowell favours either the speech or the letter; if the speech, then he should have manfully defended it, and reserved all his fire for the letter; if he is opposed to any interference with spiritual terrorism until "the time for that battle comes," he should have approved of the letter instead of denouncing it. Had Mr. Bowell been true to his Orange creed, he would have repelled the monstrous assumption set forth in plain words by M. Cauchon, of the "superiority," or, as Archbishop Manning calls it, the "supremacy" of the Church over the State. The hon. gentleman knows well what is going on in the Province of Quebec, and we again charge him with wilfully cloaking the truth for party purposes. It was not Mr. Bowell but M. Bechard who protested against sacerdotal politics. The Grand Master had no word in favour of freedom of election, but was content to leave its defence to a French Liberal. We may remark, as a matter of justice, that the *Christian Guardian* is wrong in attributing to Mr. Bowell the words "inopportune, imprudent, and dangerous," as applied to the celebrated speech; they are M. Bechard's, although any one who has the Reports in his hand (p. 45) can easily see how the mistake may have occurred. The member for Hastings was too clever to make such a positive assertion as that, because he knew what the probable effect of such a backing of his friends would be in Ontario. He preferred a sinister course and used language befitting it. The sons of King William are not less deft and wary in their use of words than the disciples of Loyola. As for protestations of what the Grand Master would do in certain contingencies, dignified as they are in the *Mail* with italic honour, we take them for what they are—"springes to catch woodcocks." One word and we may leave this debate in the family vault of the abor-

tions. We are charged with falling "into the great mistake of viewing the political question from the religious standpoint." Our reply is that the entire tenour of the article complained of is one constant unvarying protest against the introduction of religion into the controversy at all. We have no space for quoting at length from our own columns; but those who have read pp. 242-244 of last month's issue—and we have charity enough to exclude the *Mail* from the number—are perfectly aware that it would be impossible to misrepresent the views there expressed more grossly and palpably.

So much is said about introducing religion into secular journals, that it may not be amiss to adduce a real, instead of factitious instance, in point. Whether the *Globe* styles itself a secular journal or not, we should be afraid to determine; if it does, it seriously mistakes its vocation. No one expects much beyond blind and unreasoning zeal from the *soi-disant* religious press, and charitable consideration of dogmatic differences is of course out of the question. Every denomination being, in its own eyes, "the temple of the Lord," and intellectual error the lowest depth of turpitude, there is no difficulty in understanding the vigour with which the "drum ecclesiastic" is sounded, in perpetual tattoo, from a score of camps. But, as a rule, secular interests are tended after another fashion. The practice of politics is not what it might be, no doubt—notably in Canada. It has one vile element which does not usually form a constituent of the religious atmosphere—personality. Still so far as principles are involved, where there are any, men agree to differ and make allowances for the ignorance, the prejudices, or the obtuseness of their opponents. But where religion is concerned, the secular journalist endeavours, or should endeavour, to remain absolutely neutral. To the great problems of human life and human destiny he cannot be indifferent if he would. They have given to the time "its form and pressure," and are now practical questions to be solved, rather than theological *credos* to be maintained, as they were of old. Science and philosophy are wrestling with the beliefs of humanity, and these are not the property of any special cult or church. The intellectual air grows dark with the gathering storm, and, however secularly inclined, no man who thinks at all can shake off the oppression or withdraw into an atmosphere of his own. When the tempest rages, and heaven and earth seem to come together and commingle, cloud with dust, religion, in its broadest sense, ceases to be theological and sectarian, and becomes the chief concern of all, lay or cleric, secular or theologian. But, as between the churches, secular journalism should preserve a discreet silence. It may rejoice at the prosperity of any or all of them, at efforts for union and amity, and at anything else by which the *odium theologicum* may be reduced in volume or kept within salutary limits. There, however, its function ends. It has no right to take up the cudgels for or against a denomination, to foster and embitter sectarian strife, or to descend at all into the arena of vulgar disputation. There are enough and to spare of men who are willing to fly at one another's throats for the love of God; let them have it all to themselves. We do not assert that circumstances may not arise in which the secular journalist is not bound to repel aggression on the part of one church or another; but he will always stand upon the defensive. With dogma he has nothing to do, either in England, Belgium, France, South America, or Quebec. It is no concern of his, *qua* journalist, what a man believes or disbelieves, so long as he restrains himself from trenching upon the functions of the State or the liberties of his fellow-men. An assault repelled, whenever and by whomsoever made, is the signal for truce, be the assailant's theological opinions what they may. The work is done when the trespasser retreats, baffled and discomfited, within his own landmarks. In such a case the contest is political, not religious in any sense, and forms no exception to the general rule; it is not an attack upon a church as such, but upon a political crusade organized in the name of religion. The golden canon of secular journalism then requires entire abstinence from interference in purely denominational controversy.

It appears to us that the *Globe* not only violates, but violates persistently and systematically, this obvious duty in a most offensive way. Our newspapers are edited by men of every form of religious belief; yet outside the avowedly denominational press, there is not, we believe, one journal which obtrudes itself so constantly into sectarian polemics as the *Globe*. It has constituted itself the spokesman of one church without

the slightest authority, and it denounces another, day after day, and week after week, with the bitterest acrimony. The Church of England, not merely in England but in the Colonies, is its *bête noire.* Prelacy, except that form of it recommended by the Catholic League, is more infamous in its eyes than even that sum of all the villanies—Toryism. The question of Disestablishment in England is, of course, a political question more or less, upon which a Canadian writer has a perfect right to express his opinion; but that is no sufficient justification for keeping it perpetually on the anvil. After all, it concerns the English people only, and is a matter with which we have nothing to do, except as we have to do with the land tenure, the county franchise, or the Scottish law of hypothec. The evident zeal with which our contemporary pursues the subject almost every day, and sometimes twice a day, must be a matter of surprise to every one who does not understand the bitterness of sectarian animosity. It would be explicable, to some extent, if the question were one likely to divide political parties for years to come; but Mr. Bright and his friends have by common consent laid it on the shelf *sine die.* No one in England keeps up the agitation at present but a small knot of clerics, ritualistic and nonconformist, and their allies, the Positivists and Secularists. The only perceptible reason why the *Globe* hammers away at Erastianism, and favours Mr. Orby Shipley and his associates, is from pure hatred of the Episcopal Church. It does not matter what ecclesiastical dispute arises—Mr. Osborne Morgan's Burial resolution, the "Reverend" question, the Risdale case, or Jenkins *v.* Cook—there is the same old story over again, ending with a fatuous prophecy that disestablishment, and of course disendowment, are imminent. We can hardly imagine a layman persisting in publishing these stereotyped philippics; and behind them, with a rustling of silk, there always appears to rise the dusky phantom of a Genevan gown.

Take the case of Jenkins *v.* Cook as an example of this sort of politico-religious literature. There is no pretence that the judgment of the Judicial Committee was an erroneous one; indeed, there could not be, as the respondent must have discovered when he came to frame his defence. The only offences which warrant a clergyman in refusing the communion to a member of the Church are "openly living in sin notorious, without repentance," &c. (Canon 26), and being "a common and notorious depraver of the Book of Common Prayer," &c., or "of anything contained in the Articles agreed upon in the Convocation of 1562" (Canon 27). Now, of neither of these offences was Mr. Jenkins so much as accused, his crime being the denial of Satan's personality, which is certainly not *de fide*, for it is not mentioned in the Creed or Articles. Soon after the judgment was delivered, the Rev. Mr. Haweis declared that the idea of personifying evil was derived from the Persians, whose Ormuzd and Ahriman represented God and Satan, and that the modern notion is Manichæism pure and simple. The Rev. Flavel Cook took upon him to excommunicate a layman for holding an opinion held, or at least not rejected, by many Christians of all denominations. The vicar unquestionably transgressed the law, and rather than obey it resigned his incumbency. Supposing that the Church were disestablished to-morrow, what difference would it make? A purely clerical court could hardly pronounce a judgment or deliverance contrary to the law of the Church—at least they ought not to do so, though there is no knowing what they would attempt in the way of constraining freedom of conscience and opinion. The outcry against Erastianism and in favour of Church freedom resolves itself, under analysis, into a hatred of comprehension, and a traditional love of rigid tests and iron-bound definitions. Ecclesiastical liberty, in short, merely means clerical power to control the individual conscience. That Canon Liddon, Bishop Fraser, and Dean Stanley, should be permitted to remain together in the same church, although they hold diverse views about doctrine and sacrament, is a serious grievance to those who desire everything shaped to one pattern by the ecclesiastical shears. In the case immediately before us, the real issue was clerical assumption as opposed to the rights of the laity. The Judicial Committee decided in favour of the latter, holding, as the *Spectator* aptly puts it, that the clergy have no right to impute "constructive" heresy—no right to resolve doubts and difficulties into positive errors—no right to be judges of the consciences of their parishioners. It will be an unfortunate day for the Anglican Church, or any other

church now comparatively free, when such rights are committed to any body of men, however learned or devout. The time is past when religious truth was the exclusive property of a caste; the deposit has passed from the hands of the depositaries, and been diffused amongst the whole cultured class in or out of orders. There is no church now—no Protestant church certainly—in which the laity are not impatient of clerical coercion and control. Others, besides the ordained, have studied Scripture; have examined the theologies, past and present; have pondered deeply over the lessons of church history; and the conclusion they are rapidly reaching is unfavourable to the continuance, much less to the extension, of exclusive claims in the definition of dogma. The desire for disestablishment on political grounds, of which we are not now speaking, is one thing; and the same desire with a view to crushing independence of thought and private judgment is another. And if the Church of England continues to be the national church, it will be mainly owing to the settled conviction, which is rapidly gathering strength amongst the English people, that the Erastianism so distasteful to clerics is their best and surest defence from the vexatious hair-splittings of theology. The Judicial Committee may sometimes err, as have also General Councils, Synods, and Convocations, but it has the advantage of acting as a buffer, where a buffer is most surely needed.

Any one who has carefully followed the *Globe* editorials on this subject must be convinced that its attacks on the Church of England are ecclesiastical and not political. No sane man would pour forth the vials of his wrath, almost unremittingly, against a merely national institution, three thousand miles away, especially at a time when the people immediately concerned decline to consider the question of its destruction. The land tenure and the county franchise are not so dealt with, and why? Because in discussing them there is no room for a display of that *odium theologicum* which finds a rich field where writers, ostensibly treating of a *quasi* political question, may take their petty survey through clerical spectacles. It is to the distinctly sectarian nature of these attacks that we object, because it is not the business of a secular newspaper to constitute itself the enemy of any form of religious belief, as such, or of any church, merely on account of the laxity of its discipline, or the latitudinarian freedom of opinion tolerated within its pale. Any writer whose sympathies were not bounded by his own sect would rejoice at the spiritual vitality which has been manifested in the Anglican Church during the last thirty years—the new life which has clothed the dry bones with the glow and vigour of rejuvenescence, and displayed its activity and zeal on every hand. He might be expected to rejoice also at the exhibit made in a return moved for by Lord Hampton, of a sum of twenty-six millions expended voluntarily since 1840, upon church building and restoration alone, excluding sums under five hundred pounds. This evidence of growing popularity, as the *Times* calls it,—"not the balance sheet of a sect, but the budget of a great national institution,"—finds no mention in the *Globe*. And if it be said that our contemporary only denounces the Church of England as an Establishment, let its treatment of the same Church disestablished in Canada be the conclusive answer. There is no space for details here, but it may suffice to affirm that its uniform attitude has been one of open or flimsily disguised hostility. Its chief delight has always been to widen the breach between church parties, to aggravate differences and to encourage schism at every favouring opportunity. There is something petty in this relentless and persistent system of covert persecution—something happily unprecedented in the annals of Canadian journalism. So far as the MONTHLY is concerned, its uniform practice is to congratulate every church upon its successes, and leave the faults of all to be detected by the vigilance, and exposed with the virulence, characteristic of the sectarian press. We expressed satisfaction at the consummation of Presbyterian Union, and at the progress made in the same direction by the Methodist bodies; and now, without being specially the champion of the Church of England, we beg to protest most earnestly against a system of hostility to it, which is as unjustifiable as it is wanton and offensive.

The clouds which were long hovering upon the horizon at Washington have burst more than once, and yet they are still gathering in gloomy menace. How far all the stories of official corruption are deserving of

credence it is difficult to say. The probability is that many of them are the offspring of spleen, and that others will resolve themselves into black-mailing. During the prosecution of the whiskey frauds in the West, there was an organized system of false accusations, almost as evil as the "ring" itself. The guilty managed to go scot free by charging similar offences u[pon] the innocent, until it was difficult to know whom or what to believe. Titus Oates, in all his infamous glory, was not more adroit than these black sheep of Chicago and St. Louis. One plan, where it was found practicable, was this:—Having discovered that Bristow's blood-hounds were on his trail, the dealer in "crooked" whiskey made the best of his way to Windsor, or some other safe spot on the Canadian bank of the Detroit River. From this vantage-ground, operations were begun by wholesale charges of complicity against any one whose name came into the rascal's head; then followed a promise of immunity for himself, and his return home. Many other ingenious devices, inspired by the genius of roguery, have been put into execution, and the result is an almost universal scepticism in charges of malversation or corruption on the part of officials. Added to this cause of distrust, there is, as in Canada, the party system—itself a prolific parent of scandal in many forms. Secretary Belknap's confession, however, came like a thunder-clap in a sky heavily overcast with clouds, and the storm has set in with a vengeance. Marsh and his wife have returned to Washington, under a safe-conduct more trustworthy than the Emperor Sigismund's, and their story has been improved, we do not say coloured, during their temporary residence in Montreal. Still they can hardly do Belknap any further harm, whatever they may allege, be it true or untrue. The terrible fact stares Americans in the face that the circle surrounding their President is steeped in corruption to an extent never dreamed of by the gloomiest pessimist. The exposures of the last few weeks are especially trying to the national pride, because they are made on the eve of the Philadelphia Exhibition. It certainly seems the very irony of fate that when the nation is about to extend a friendly welcome to the world, and call upon all men to rejoice with her over the success and prosperity which have crowned the work of a century—at the very moment when she is disposed to utter the ancient boast, "I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow,"—this bitter humiliation should come upon her. With the purity of her free institutions tarnished, and the plague-spot stamped upon her brow, she is, for the moment, stunned by the sense of a crushing misfortune. Fortunately, there is a life in the great Republic which no calamity can permanently impair. Its power of recuperation is as vast as its domain, and the nation will not for long stand confounded by the blow. If the memory of it linger with sufficient power until November, it will not have fallen upon it in vain. Enough has been made known of the extent of the evil, and whether it be so or not, the people are thoroughly convinced that the entire Governmental system is rotten to the core. Of General Schenck nothing need be said, as his defence has yet to be heard; but there is too much corruption unearthed, in all directions, to make the Emma Mine a matter of the slightest consequence. The question in every one's mouth is, "What can be the cause of it all?" Of causes more or less remote, there are many—the system of official appointments, the party system, the war, with the shoddy prosperity it brought in its wake, rapid fortunes by contracts, gold-gambling, carpet-bagging, and barefaced peculation, and a rotten currency—all culminating in one universal rush for wealth, squandered, when secured, in vain and ostentatious display. But the public departments, at any rate, might have been kept pure, and the civil service throughout the country decorous on the outside, if not absolutely immaculate, if a man of sensitive purity, unflinching will, and thorough unselfishness, had sat in the seat of Washington. To General Grant more than any other living man must be attributed the disgrace which has befallen his country. Though perhaps not personally corrupt, he is greedy, a nepotist and the worst chooser of his associates imaginable. Either pachydermatous or destitute of moral backbone, he has, especially during his second term, been the pliable instrument of scoundreldom throughout the Union. It is certainly one redeeming feature in this ugly business, that the bad rule of the past seven years will soon come to an end. Whether it will be renewed by his successor depends upon the wire pullers of Cincinnati and St. Louis.

The New York Republican State Conven-

tion met during the month at Syracuse, and proposed Senator Conkling for the Presidency, but only by little more than a two-thirds vote. The Democratic Pennsylvania Convention held its session at Lancaster. Both Conventions pronounced in favour of a speedy resumption of specie payments, but in the platform of the latter, there was reservation, as might have been expected. It is quite certain that the Act fixing 1879 as the time of resumption will not be repealed. In the Senate its doom is certain, and even in the Democratic House its passage is now considered impossible; so the "rag-baby" may be accounted dead and gone.

There is nothing specially noticeable in recent Parliamentary proceedings in England, if we except the Royal Titles Bill, which has provoked discussion of a very promiscuous and discursive character. History, geography, archæology, law, and constitutional precedent have been overhauled to very little purpose. Her Majesty desires to be called the Empress of India, and there is the end of it. One very curious feature of the discussion was the attitude of the leaders in respect to the Colonies. Mr. Gladstone appeared in a new rôle as their champion. He was very angry that India should be specially mentioned in the new title, while Canada and Australia were ignored. Mr. Disraeli went into an elaborate argument, though not a very sound one, to prove that the Colonies were included in the phrase, "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." The reasoning convinced no one, and he did not seem very well satisfied himself; and he made a ludicrous blunder when he said that Canada did not now exist—it was called "The Dominion." The answer to that may be in the Hibernian form of a question—"What Dominion?" Mr. Osborne Morgan's resolution in favour of permitting Nonconformist funeral services in the parish churchyards was rejected by a vote of 279 to 249—a slightly increased Ministerial majority as compared with last year; but the House was fuller, and it is a notable circumstance that Mr. Morgan obtained the votes of twelve Conservatives as against seven on the last occasion. Doubtless an arrangement will soon be made which will set the question at rest.

The Republican Constitution has now been finally set in working order by the election and assembling of both Houses. There is no doubt now of the exact position of parties in the Assembly. The Republicans—Conservative, Moderate, and Radical—number 330. Of the rest, there are the Orleanists, who cut a sorry figure, and count only 58, with the personal adherents of the Marshal; Imperialists, 92; Legitimists, 36; doubtful, 14; total, 200. It will thus be seen that the Republicans have a majority of 130, and, throwing the Radicals into the Opposition, a majority of 10. If Gambetta can keep his following in order, the Assembly may last as long as it chooses, for it is indissoluble except with the consent of the Senate, which is also Republican. There would even be room for considerable defection, without bringing matters to a dead-lock. M. Dufaure has succeeded in forming a Cabinet which will in all probability be sustained by the Assembly. M. Buffet has yielded his place to M. Ricard, who is said to be "a sound Liberal Republican," and he will, doubtless, turn the disaffected prefects out of office without delay. The only friend of Gambetta's in office is M. Marcère, but he is under Ricard in the all-important bureau of the Interior. The general complexion of the Cabinet is Moderate, but they are all true Republicans, not Monarchists or Imperialists in disguise. One subject debated in the new Assembly is of some interest to Canadians. A motion for inquiry as to whether the election of M. Mun had been secured by undue interference on the part of the clergy was carried by 309 to 170. During the debate, in reply to an Ultramontane, M. Gambetta is reported to have used these words:—"We do not allude to the religious or sincere Catholic clergy, many of whom, doubtless, dread the encroachments of the Vatican. All we aim at is to confine the clergy in a proper sphere, and prevent the pulpit from being transformed into a political platform. We desire to have this inquiry in order to call on Government to remind the clergy that they should remain in their proper sphere."

Carlism has, for the present at any rate, received its quietus in Spain, and Don Carlos is in England settling with his creditors. He can afford to do that, because his final defeat entitles him to the eight millions sterling bequeathed to him by the ex-Duke

of Modena. His sojourn in England is not likely to be protracted. He had hardly touched the pier at Dover when a crowd of Foresters and others, assembled there for another purpose, gave the exile a reception the reverse of encouraging. This "claimant" will probably settle down into a life of inglorious ease on his Styrian estates. King Alfonso, meanwhile, has entered Madrid amid loud acclamations, worth very little, it is to be feared. The next business is the Constitution, and then we shall hear further from the Ultramontanes. Indeed, the Pope has already renewed hostilities by a brief in which he denounces liberty of worship as loading the State with a great crime.

BOOK REVIEWS.

PAUSANIAS THE SPARTAN. By the late Lord Lytton. Edited by his Son. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1876.

This work is unfortunately only a fragment, and for that reason, if for no other, unlikely to be acceptable to the ordinary reader. The present Viceroy of India has done his best to excite the reader's interest by giving aids to conjecture where mere perusal will not avail. The unfinished state of the story is no doubt tantalizing, but it is well to have it, for two reasons—first, because it is satisfactory evidence that the author's cunning had not forsaken him to the last; and, secondly, because it brings into bold relief at once the manners and the heroisms and meannesses of the time. It is a singular proof of the late Lord Lytton's industry and mental vigour, that he was at work upon *Pausanias*, *Kenelm Chillingly*, and *The Parisians*, simultaneously. The story opens under the hegemony of Sparta, and leaves us when death dropped the curtain upon its author at the first note of Athenian ascendency. The characters introduced are almost wholly historical. We have first the hero himself, whose sun rose to its meridian at Platæa and set in ignominy and disgrace at the Temple of Minerva of the Brazen House. Then follow, as skilfully posed *dramatis personæ*, the aristocrats of Athens—Aristides the Just, and Cimon, son of Miltiades, the unsuccessful rival of Pericles. In the Spartan fleet there is, above all, Lysander, whom Pausanias had saved in infancy from death by exposure on Mount Taygetos, the same who afterwards set up the Thirty Tyrants at Athens, and fell in conflict with Thebes at Haliartus.

The character and career of Pausanias are not as fully developed on the page of history as might be desired. His acts are plainly set forth, but his motives and ultimate aims are not clear to us—perhaps they were not understood even by his contemporaries. That he had secret communication with the Persian Court during his residence at Byzantium is established. What was the precise nature of them? Was he really guilty of "Medism," in the sense in which that offence was held in such detestation, especially in Sparta? Or did he only desire to secure Persian aid to seat Sparta more firmly in her supremacy over the rest of Greece? So far as this work is complete, it tends to the latter conclusion. The Spartan accepts Persian aid, but utterly refuses to consent that his country should acknowledge their subjection by the yearly tribute of earth and water. Of the un-Spartanlike luxury in which Pausanias lived at Byzantium, historians usually speak as a proof that he had grown giddy and voluptuous from the height of fame he had reached, and the unlimited wealth and power he enjoyed. Lord Lytton does not represent him in that light. He is represented as excusing his adoption of the "*Persicos apparatus*," and the Persian dress, on the ground that they dazzle the Byzantines. Throughout he appears thoughtful and sadly cynical, rather than epicurean. The story opens with a dazzling panorama of the Grecian fleet, comprising Spartans, Athenians, and Ionians. The contrast between the two rival powers is admirably indicated. The *hauteur* and self-assertion of Pausanias, the dignified patriotism of Aristides and Cimon, and the flippant tone of Antagoras and the other Ionians, strike the reader at the outset. It would be impossible to give in brief the general drift of the story, which extends from the first expression of Athenian discontent to the recall of Pausanias by the Ephors of Sparta. The fragment ends, we may here remark, with a conversation between two of the Ephors about the successor of Pausanias, who, as both history and the

fiction tell us, was Dorcis. Here the story is cut short, and we can only conjecture what the author would have made of the wealth of dramatic incident at his disposal, and which yet remains upon the page of history. Plutarch tells the story of Cleonicè, whom Pausanias loved, whether honourably or otherwise it is difficult now to say; of her being brought to his chamber in darkness; and of his slaying her in the dark, startled from his sleep, and deeming her an assassin. Of her spirit, which, hovered about as a fearful Nemesis, or a warning apparition, till his death, the historian gives us the tradition that Alithea, the hero's mother, laid the first stone, when outraged Sparta walled him up to perish of starvation in the temple. How Lord Lytton's fancy would have moulded these hints of history we cannot guess There are beautiful scenes between Pausanias and Cleonicè, and at Sparta, and in the less demonstrative but sweet and tender love-making of Lysander and Percalus, with the stern figure of Alithea also, the proud mother of Pausanias, but prouder of her race and country than of her son. The peculiar institutions of Sparta, which have caused some perplexity, are elucidated and, to some extent, justified, as from the Spartan point of view, especially the exposure of the aged and the sickly young, the encouragement of theft as a part of male education, and the *crypteia*, or midnight mission of slaughter by which the youth were taught to hate and exterminate the subject Helots. In conclusion, let us quote, as a specimen, two verses of one of a number of spirited lyrics translated from Alcæus :—

"Multitudes backward! Way for the Dorian;
Way for the Lord of the rocky Laconia;
Heaven to Hercules opened
Way on the earth for his son.

"Steel and fate, blunted, break on his fortitude;
Two evils only never endureth he—
Death by a wound in retreating,
Life with a blot on his name."

BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER. A Novel By George Meredith. *Fortnightly Review*, 1874-5.

The most remarkable novel which has been running through any English serial of late, is the one which has lately been concluded in the *Fortnightly Review*, "Beauchamp's Career," by George Meredith. Its author is far less read and less heard of than he deserves to be—probably because his works are of a class beyond the appreciation of the average novel-reader, who cares only for highly wrought plot and sensational incidents; and partly, also, because his circuitous and somewhat recondite style, strong and vivid as it is, resembles that of Browning too much to be palatable to the man who takes up a work of fiction for relaxation only, and does not care to be confronted with social problems or literary enigmas at every turn. But Mr. Meredith is obviously too "terribly in earnest" to care for spreading sail to catch a breath of popular applause. He writes to depict life as he sees it, its inconsistencies and ironies, and more especially its evils and its needs. "Beauchamp's Career" will probably be far less widely read than "The Boudoir Cabal," but any true lover of literature will rank it as far superior to that clever satire as "Romola" or "Middlemarch," is to a novel of Rhoda Broughton's. The atmosphere of the story is not—like that of "The Boudoir Cabal"—one of petty intrigue and political chicanery, with hardly anything to relieve the disgust excited by its pictures of the hollow rottenness of metropolitan society. In "Beauchamp's Career," we are in the midst of ordinary, healthy English life—out-door and in-door—but chiefly country life, with the pure air of the downs or the bracing sea-breezes blowing freely about us, and good, honest English characters to study, honest and sturdy even in their thoroughly English prejudices.

Nevil Beauchamp, though pertaining by class to the aristocracy, is, by nature, of the stuff of which honest Radicals are made—warm, generous, and chivalrous in all his impulses, boiling over with indignation at the sight of a wrong, and with impatience to redress it—an impatience which often fails to discriminate, and baffles its own ends by injudicious rashness,—and withal as inflexibly obstinate as his Tory uncle, Everard Romfrey, himself, who does all he can to bring back his "crack-brained" nephew, as he calls him, to ordinary class prejudices and "common sense." His Tory cousin, at a later period, thus descants upon Beauchamp's peculiarities :—"Lydiard tells me he has a very sound idea of the value of money, and has actually made money by cattle-breeding; but he has flung ten thousand pounds on a single building outside the town, and he'll have to endow it to support it—a club to educate Radicals. The fact is, he wants to jam the business of two or three centuries into a lifetime. Beauchamp's no Radical. He hasn't forgiven the Countess of Romfrey for marrying above her rank. He may be a bit of a Republican, but really, in this country, Republicans are fighting with the shadow of an old hat and a cock-horse."

Nevil is in the naval service, "fought to the skeleton in our last big war," and contracted a warm friendship in the Crimea with a young French officer, the Comte de Croisnel. Returning to Venice with De Croisnel, invalided by a wound, he meets the object of the *grande passion* of his life—the sister of his friend—the fascinating Renée de Croisnel—decidedly the most feminine and interesting female character

in the book. The reader can never quite get over the regret that their romantic intercourse, amid the enchanting scenery of the Gulf of Venice, did not arrive at its natural conclusion on account of the previous betrothal of Renée to an old French marquis, whom she was marrying to please her father, and whom she persisted in marrying from a mistaken idea of duty—although her affection was irrevocably given to Beauchamp. This perversion of right the author allows to occur twice over in the book, without protest on his part, notwithstanding that, in this case, the step works out its natural evil results. Wifely happiness and wifely duty, in the true sense of the word, are of course impossible to the woman who has given her hand to one and her heart to another; and half of the unhappy complications of Beauchamp's subsequent career are to be traced to the ineffaceable first love which is ever and anon springing up with renewed life at the most inopportune moments.

Renée, as a French marquise, goes to live at her husband's château of Tourdestelle, and Beauchamp returns to England, throws himself heart and soul into politics, and comes under the influence of an earnest ultra-radical, an old gentleman of Utopian ideas, Carlylean style, and inextinguishable zeal, Dr. Shrapnel by name, under whose tutelage he soon develops into a Radical of the most advanced type. As Dr. Shrapnel afterwards observed, "You, Beauchamp, when I met you first, you were for England, England! for a breadth of the palm of my hand comparatively—the round of a copper penny, no wider! And from that you jumped at a bound to the round of this earth; you were for humanity. Ay, we sailed our planet among the icy spheres, and were at blood-heat for its destiny, you and I." Dr. Shrapnel is the most original and powerful study of character in the book, probably because the type is especially congenial to the author's genius and peculiar form of expression.

Nevil, of course, looks towards a political career, and runs for the family borough, in which, had he not been a Radical, he would have had no difficulty in succeeding. But his uncle and his other friends, after vainly endeavouring to change his views, bring in a Tory candidate of their own. Beauchamp has no chance. Any prospects which he might have had are effectually shut out by an inopportune and apparently useless summons to visit Renée at Tourdestelle, and by vague rumours about the "French Marquise," which become associated with his name. These also embarrass his relations with the daughter of his old Tory friend, Colonel Halkett—the beautiful and aristocratic Cecilia, who begins by trying to win back her old playmate to the paths of Toryism and peace, and ends by finding her own Toryism disturbed and her heart won by the handsome, impracticable young sailor. There is a long conflict between Beauchamp's old love for Renée and the new and more auspicious affection which Cecilia's rare though somewhat cold attractions have awakened, which is warmly encouraged by his uncle, in the hope that the alliance may steady his nephew's erratic tendencies. An inexcusable personal indignity, however, inflicted by his uncle on poor old Dr. Shrapnel, diverts the current of Beauchamp's thoughts from love-making, and absorbs them in the determination to win a reluctant apology from his haughty uncle, and he loses the golden opportunity which would have won the beautiful heiress for his wife. A sudden impulsive appearance of Renée in London—although Nevil acts nobly in the matter—still farther mars his prospects in this direction, and is the real cause at last of his irrevocable loss of Cecilia, whose conduct in the end is certainly disappointing. It would appear as if the author had determined to run counter to all ordinary conceptions and traditions, when he makes his heroine, after a long and devoted attachment to one man, and at the very time having a half-platonic inclination to marry another, suddenly, at a moment's notice, accept a *third*, towards whom she had seemed utterly indifferent; while the hero, who has so long oscillated between his affection for her and his old love for Renée, as suddenly offers himself to a girl of whom we have heard but little before, and who, in her turn, had had her mind occupied by another. To be sure, she had just nursed Beauchamp through a nearly fatal attack of typhoid fever—caught by visiting a poor man who had ruined himself by voting for him —and it was not unnatural that his heart should be caught on the rebound from his unsuccessful wooing. But Cecilia's conduct, while not impossible, appears so unaccountable as rather to interfere with our interest in, and realization of, the story. We are told that though she felt she had accepted a man from whom she strongly desired to be free, though conscious of still loving Beauchamp so devotedly that the news of his illness and danger distracts her, and sends her to assist in nursing him, she has yet "such a high conception of duty" that "not the less did she retain her cold resolution to marry to please her father and fulfil her pledge." As a characteristic example of the author's intricacy and peculiarity of style, we give the following rather mystical analysis of Cecilia's feelings of regret for Beauchamp after accepting his rival:

"Cecilia had said to herself for consolation, that Beauchamp was no spiritual guide; he had her heart within her to plead for him, and the reflection came to her, like a bubble up from the heart, that most of our spiritual guides neglect the root to trim the flower: and thence turning sharply on herself, she obtained a sudden view of her allurement and her sin in worshipping herself, and recognised that the aim at an ideal life closely approaches to self-wor-

ship, to which the lady was woman and artist enough to have had no objection, but that therein visibly she discerned the retributive vain longings, in the guise of high individual superiority and distinction, that had thwarted her with Nevil Beauchamp, never permitting her to love single-mindedly or whole-heartedly, but always in reclaiming her rights, and sighing for the loss of her ideal; adoring her own image, in fact, when she pretended to cherish and regret that she could not sufficiently cherish the finer elements of her nature. What was this ideal she had complained of losing? It was a broken mirror: she could think of it in no other form. Dr. Shrapnel's 'Ego-Ego' yelped and gave chase to her, through the pure beatitudes of her earlier days down to her present regrets. It hunted all the saints in the calendar, till their haloes topsided on their heads—her favourite, St. Francis of Assisi excepted."

This may be a very clever analysis of a young woman's thoughts at such a time, but we do not think such a description of them would ever have been recognised by the subject of them, and are inclined to think them rather a part of the "inner consciousness" of the author than of his heroine. The *sang-froid* of Cecilia's *fiancé* as to her devotion to Beauchamp, of which he was quite aware, and his determination to hold her to a loveless engagement, are also somewhat improbable, as is the philosophical matter-of-course way in which Lord Romfrey takes *his* wife's absolute adoration of her friend and *protégé*, Beauchamp, for whom, throughout the story, she displays the devoted, disinterested, untiring affection of which some women are capable. Her feat in securing the wished-for apology from the proud Lord Romfrey is one of the most remarkable things in the book—so dexterously and, on the whole, naturally is it brought about. And though we are provoked for the time at the improbabilities in the *dénouement*, yet so vivid is the author's presentation of the new and unexpected relations, that, in view of Beauchamp's complete matrimonial happiness, we almost forget our displeasure and disappointment in Cecilia, and are inclined to think Nevil's marriage with "dowerless Jenny" the best thing that could have happened to him. And we forgive Lord Romfrey, too, for all his hardness and even cruelty, and are more sorry than we could have believed for his disappointment in the death of his child.

Nothing in the story is more powerful, more nobly touching, than its close. It was inevitable that Beauchamp's "career" should end with the story, and we recognise, even amid the pain we feel at the sudden and unexpected catastrophe, that a more fitting close it could not have had. Beauchamp had fought bravely for his country; he had, as Dr. Shrapnel said, "jumped at a bound to the round of this earth," and been "for humanity;" but he dies neither for his country nor for "humanity," but to save an eight-year-old urchin, whose life was of no particular consequence to any one but his mother, a fisherman's wife. By such apparently needless and meaningless casualties are often the noblest lives and purposes cut short; yet it was not a meaningless end to a chivalrous and unselfish life. The catastrophe is told in a page, briefly—as it were reluctantly—without any highly-wrought pathetic description, such as we have in the previous illness of the hero. The pathos is rather that of a *seen* tragedy than of a *told* one—abrupt and stunning as would be the reality itself. But no elaborate description or multiplication of words could leave the impression produced by the closing picture—Lord Romfrey and Dr. Shrapnel, natural antagonists and opposite as the poles, bowed together in a common affection and a common inexpressible grief, as they blankly stare at "the insignificant bit of mud-bank life remaining in the world in place of him," and say, in looks, not words, "This is what we have in exchange for Beauchamp!"

DANIEL DERONDA. By George Eliot. Book II. Meeting Streams. Canadian Copyright Edition. Montreal: Dawson Brothers; Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

This part is an improvement on the first, both in interest and in style. We have here a full-length portrait of Mr. Mallinger Grandcourt, the man to whom Gwendolen Harleth was introduced at the archery meeting at the close of the first part. His character, which is purposely left enigmatical during his first encounter with Gwendolen, comes out clearly in a subsequent scene with his factotum, Mr. Lush. Between the wealthy aristocrat and the proud but portionless beauty, it becomes a case of "diamond cut diamond;" and the ensuing flirtation scenes are very cleverly described, and are as interesting as passages of the kind between two such eminently selfish and generally unpleasant persons can be expected to be. In the later chapters we at length get a formal introduction to the hero, Daniel Deronda, to whose early life and character, and the circumstances and influences which have combined to mould it, the author devotes a good deal of that minute and subtle analysis in which she delights. The heroine also appears on the scene, in the person of Mirah Lapidoth, a young Jewess; and she promises to turn out a very beautiful and original creation. In the chapters devoted to these two characters, the author's style rises very perceptibly, being almost free from those pedantries of language which disfigure a good deal of her later work; and it gains greatly in simplicity, and consequently in beauty. It has been remarked that one of the secrets of the wonderful power which the orations of Mr. Bright exercise over his audiences, is the unusually

large proportion of monosyllables which he uses. Perhaps the most moving utterance of any personage in George Eliot's new novel, so far, is the last—that in which Mirah Lapidoth invokes the blessing of the God of her fathers upon Daniel Deronda. It contains exactly fifty words, and of these not less than forty are monosyllables. Writers who are partial to fine language, and to long and sounding words, might ponder over such facts very profitably, both to themselves and to their readers.

THE COMEDY OF TRADE; or, Every Man for Himself: as recently performed at Ottawa. By A Distinguished Company of Amateur Legislators. By a Spiritual Medium. Montreal: Dawson Bros., 1876, pp. 31.

This little *brochure* is an amazingly clever burlesque or satire—none the less effective because perfectly good-humoured — upon the recent meeting of the Dominion Board of Trade, at which were passed resolutions advocating extreme Protectionist views. The anonymous author is evidently a strong Free-trader, and he exposes, in an ironical vein and with telling force, the weakness and selfishness of many of the arguments used by members of the Board. Free Trade or Protection is the most difficult and important politico-economical problem which the people of Canada and her statesmen (if she has any) will be forced to solve in the immediate future; and every publication, no matter how slight, which will throw any light upon the question ought to receive careful attention and study. The present contribution contains, beneath an entertaining exterior, a fund of sound common sense, and we can heartily recommend it to the notice of the manufacturers and merchants whose arguments it so good-humouredly ridicules; and especially to the general Canadian public, whose interest in the subject is, of course, of infinitely greater moment than that of any special class can possibly be.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE *Contemporary Review* of the month contains several interesting papers. It opens with a protest by the Duke of Argyll against the proposed amendment of the Agricultural Holdings Act of 1875, and its extension to Scotland. Our readers are aware that landlords and tenants are authorized by this Statute to provide by contract for the payment, at the expiry, for unexhausted improvements. It is now proposed to make the bill compulsory instead of permissive. Like all opponents of the proposed measure, the Duke argues in favour of complete freedom of contract, untrammelled by law. He goes so far as to urge that in many places any such compensation would be in fact a payment twice over for improvements; that "tenant right" is in many cases unnecessary, and would be vain in all, because landlords would take care to adjust matters in fixing the rent. Mr. James Martineau concludes his paper on "Modern Materialism." He first examines the modern scientific theories on matter and force, in order to establish the thesis "how little able is even exact science to preserve its habitual precision wher pressed backward past its processes to the point of commencement, and brought to bay in the statement of their first truth." Taking first the position that matter is indestructible, he contends that the proof, say in the case of combustion, is afforded by weighing the ashes and the smoke. "Weight, however, is a force; and thus to establish the perseverance of *matter* he resorts to the equality of *force*." Then, examining the corresponding position of the conservation of force, he says, "*Movements* are material phenomena: so that to establish the persistence of *force* he steps over to take counsel of *matter*. He makes assertions about each term, as if it were an independent subject; but if his assertion respecting either is challenged, he invokes aid from the other; and he holds, logically, the precarious position of a man riding two horses, with a foot on each, hiding his danger by a cloth over both, and saved from a fall by dexterous shifting and exchange." Mr. Martineau then endeavours to follow the corresponding ideas of the above-mentioned positions "into their last retreats." "Our instructors," he says, "suppose themselves acquainted with more than mere phenomena; and believe that inductive analysis has carried them behind these to the hiding-place of *power*;" but, in the writer's view, "though the whole objective world has been laid bare before him, and he has read and registered its order through and through, he has not yet alighted on a single *dynamic* idea; all that he has seen may be stated without resort to any term that goes beyond the relations of co-existence and sequence." Mr. Martineau then proceeds to examine in turn the pleas for Materialism, argues that our notion of *power* is necessarily

associated with the idea of *will*, and that "the existence of a universal will and the existence of matter stand upon the same basis, of certainty if you trust—of uncertainty, if you distrust—the *principia* of reason. Then follows an examination of Professor Clifford's favourite position, "that mind is not energy at all, and can never stir a particle of matter," a re-statement of the Theistic arguments from causality and design, and a formal reply to Professor Tyndal. This exceedingly able and lucid essay concludes in these words :—"Look at the sacred poetry and recorded devotion of Christendom ; how many lines of it would have any meaning left, if conscious relationship and immediate converse between the human and Divine mind were withdrawn ?" (This is, of course, in reply to Prof. Tyndal's aspiration after religion without a personal Deity.) "And wherever the sense of these conditions has been enfeebled through superficial 'rationalism,' or ethical self-confidence, 'religious sterility' has followed. To its inner essence, thus tested by positive and negative experience, Religion will remain constant, taking little notice of either scientific forbearance or critical management ; and though left, perhaps, by temporary desertions to nourish its life in comparative silence and retirement, certain to be heard when it emerges, still speaking in the same simple tones, and breathing the old affections of personal love and trust and affection."

Mr. Schutz Wilson's account of the Rubaiyat, or Verses of Omar Khayyam, the Astronomer-Poet of Persia, is the most attractive paper in the number. It is a sketch of the opinions of one who doubted everything, and sought to drown his dreary thoughts about God, life, and destiny in sensual pleasures. His poems, judging by the few specimens given from the vigorous translation of Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, are full of much that is beautiful, and more that is unspeakably sad. They form, in fact, a sort of Mohammedan Job and Ecclesiastes, without the solid basis on which both the Hebrew poems rest. Mr. Matthew Arnold gives the second of his lectures on "Bishop Butler and the Zeit-Geist," in which he applies his dissecting-knife to the ethics of Butler, and also to his Analogy. Mr. Mark Pattison, who will be remembered as one of the writers in "Essays and Reviews," contributes a reply to Mr. Frederic Harrison, on "The Religion of Positivism." It is a masterly refutation of the pretensions of Comtism. The writer denies the right of this new and somewhat clamorous sect to use the term "religion" in a non-natural sense, and holds up to scorn its so-called cult of humanity. We regret that we have not space enough to give a full analysis of it. Mr. Oxenham continues his essay on "Eternal Perdition and Universalism," from a Roman Catholic point of view. We scarcely merge from the patristic argument, even in this third paper ; but the text of Scripture begins to appear towards the close of this instalment, but only so far as a few passages strongly making for the orthodox view are concerned. Mr. Gladstone gives a specimen brick of his new work, "Thesauros Homericos," being the portion which relates to Apollo and Athene. It exhibits the untiring industry, and wonderful power of perception and analysis, characteristic of the ex-Premier, and that is perhaps all that can be said about it.

The *Fortnightly Review* is hardly as interesting this month as its rival. Nevertheless, there are some valuable papers, and to these we shall confine ourselves. Mr. R. W. Dale contributes a very able and earnest appeal in favour of "Disestablishment," of which we regret that no adequate account can be given in these pages, from the extreme length of the paper. The historical portions are particularly good, and the general argument is stated clearly and in good temper. The writer states that half the population of England "appear to have given up attendance at public worship altogether. Of the remaining half, the National Church can claim only a doubtful majority." Our readers are aware that this matter of numbers has been the subject of warm discussion, and it appears likely to remain undetermined for some time to come. Mr. Dale's argument, of course, presumes that three-fourths of the nation are indifferent or hostile ; his opponents would put it in another form—that, reckoning all Nonconformists on the side of Disestablishment, they only stand as one to three. Great stress is laid on the social favour shown to the established clergy by the State, and he contends that it is unjust. He next proceeds to show that Parliament is unfitted for ecclesiastical legislation, although he allows that it would not do to touch "any of the greater subjects affecting the faith, the discipline or the worship of the Church." He thinks that the Thirty-nine Articles are obsolete, and speaks strongly against any of the old formularies. "Orthodox Protestant theologians," he remarks, "retain the substance of the creed of the Reformers, but the definitions of nearly all the principal articles of that creed have been re-cast." The essay concludes with an examination of some objections.

Mr. John Morley gives a *critique* of the first volume of M. Taine's new work, "Les Origines de la France Contemporaine." Although the author is complimented on brilliancy as a literary man, the editor of the *Review* shows very clearly that he is not of the stuff from which historians are drawn. The main thesis of the book runs thus : "It is the classic spirit which, being applied to the scientific acquisitions of the time, produced the philosophy of the century and the doctrines of the Revolution." This view is divided and dissected in masterly style and

completely controverted. Mr. Abbott's paper, "The Catholic Peril in America," is a valuable account of the progress of the Roman Catholic Church in America and the attempts of the clergy to overthrow the Common School system. We think he rather exaggerates the future growth of the Catholic population. He does not forget that immigration from Ireland and South Germany has fallen off to a mere handful, but he does not appear to lay sufficient stress upon the fact. The Catholic *Advocate* gives some valuable hints to its party when in a minority. It recommends them to "allow politicians to divide themselves," and then to vote for the highest bidder. They know all about that quite as well in the Province of Quebec. Sir Henry Havelock's paper, "A National Training to Arms," is a comprehensive survey of the entire Army question, presented in a form adapted for general reading. It occupies thirty-four pages, but in it there is not one redundant line.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Mrs. Morrison unweariedly continues her exertions to cater for the patrons of The Grand Opera House, and in the past month her success has by no means been small. If we have not wended our way to the theatre with that eager anticipation which the keen playgoer would desire, we have always had that faith in the managerial enterprise that has raised the hope of a possible enjoyment in our visit, and we have not often been disappointed. The temptation to fill a theatre by means of attractions which dramatic art will not sanction has always been very strong. The temptation exists no less to-day. Indeed, it seems stronger than ever; for the rage increases for the spectacle, the costly show, and the realism of the modern stage. What wonder, then, if acting should descend from representation to illusion, or that the actor, in the descent, should lose that ideal of, and respect for, his art that has hitherto exercised the best influence on his profession. In this state of things, one might well question what the drama of the future is to be. Histrionic talent and mimetic power are not now the all-attracting features of the stage. These have given place, in great degree, to spectacular effects, mechanical triumphs, and the *ensemble* of scene and pageant. The art of filling the house with the voice, by the play of the features, or with the subtle and varied mental action of the player, is in danger of being lost. Everything seems to be sacrificed to a fatal realism which would replace the traditions of the stage by the panoramas and pageantry of the Music-hall and the Circus. Even character-acting has felt the baneful influence of the change; and the old-time secrets of dramatic interest and amusement seem to be becoming things of the disregarded and unhonoured past. The sparkle and brightness of the olden comedy, with its flood-tides of humour and gaiety, are losing their charm now, and the keen pleasures and enjoyments of the quiet, innocuous humour of an earlier era have given place to the farcical exaggeration and the vehement riot of the present. The easy, unstrained, yet satisfying effects which a quiet drollery and a natural humour used to produce, pall now, and in their place we have but little else than unchecked license. Are managements really at fault in this matter? Let any one interested in the question notice the character of the amusements that draw the largest audiences at our theatres. Are they, it may be asked, of the kind that the best friends of the drama would like to encourage in our midst? It can hardly be doubted that they are not. Cheap sentiment, commonplace incident, and violent situation, however presented, are not the attractions one would wish to see the public satisfied with. Neither does the importunity of the public eye for realistic productions, and elaborate provision of scenery and setting, indicate health in its demand, nor give a hopeful assurance of its result. However, there is some encouragement in the thought that good sometimes comes out of evil; and the more effectively the vicious tendency of the times is impressed upon the public mind, the more surely reaction will follow. This month we have to record two engagements at the Grand Opera House, which, if not altogether exempt from the features we have been decrying, were heartily acceptable to the true lover of the drama. We refer to the engagement of Mr. Dominic Murray, and that of the Jarrold and Palmer combination, in its performance of Shakespeare's play of Henry V. Mr. Murray's engagement gave satisfaction, though not unqualified. With a flexible and expressive voice, a slight physique, and a marvellous faculty for ready personation, Mr. Murray's efforts in delineating character were a constant surprise and an amusing study. There was no exaggerated buffoonery in his acting, no over-tendency to grimace, no straining after

wit, but an easy and spontaneous flow of fun, and a quaint drollery of manner that irresistibly amused. Rarely have we seen the exuberance of low comedy under better restraint, or less objectionable in its representation. The principal character in which Mr. Murray appeared was *Pierre la Croche* in "The Golden Bubble." The name of the author of this beautiful and picturesque drama did not appear, but the play is evidently from a French source, and the scene is laid at the time when all France went mad over the "Mississippi Scheme" bubble. Mr. Murray's performance of the principal character was a remarkable one, being marked by passion, power, and a realism more intense than we have witnessed in any actor of such parts, except the late Mr. Robson, of London, whom, in general style, Mr. Murray very much resembles. The support on the whole was good. The highly dramatic scene in the last act, between the rival claimants for the hand of the heroine, was superbly acted, Mr. Grismer fairly sharing the honours with Mr. Murray; and in other portions of the play Miss Davenport and Mr. Curtis rendered very efficient aid. The other two important plays in which Mr. Murray appeared, "Escaped from Sing Sing" and "Innocent," were quite unworthy of his powers, and forcibly exemplified the deteriorating effect which the influence of a certain class of audiences in this country and the United States has upon a really fine actor. The first-mentioned production is one of those atrocious American proteo-sensation pieces which seem to be written for the especial delectation of "Bowery boys." It absolutely reeks with ruffianism, vice, and crime. The other play, "Innocent," is morally unobjectionable, but, apart from the story (which is adapted from the same materials as Charles Reade's "Foul Play,") and one or two scenic effects, it is destitute of merit. Of character-drawing, there is none, and the dialogue is the baldest commonplace. Neither play is amenable to criticism from a literary or dramatic point of view.

The representation of Henry V. by the members of the Jarrold and Palmer combination, assisted by those of the Grand Opera House Company, was one which, in its quality of picturesqueness and realism, surpassed everything that the stage has hitherto given us in illustration of the historical drama. The play, to be effectively and attractively rendered on the stage, requires the setting of stately pageants and pictorial tableaux, and in the present instance nothing could exceed the beauty of the gorgeous series of pictures presented during the performance of the piece. In the costumes, the scenic effects, the massing of supernumeraries, and in the whole paraphernalia of the stage, it exhibited a spectacle of imposing grandeur and beauty that gave the happiest realization to the drama. Mr. George Rignold, in his personation of Henry the Fifth, afforded an admirable lesson in dramatic art. To his acting of the part a great deal of the success of the spectacle was due. Its qualities were breadth of effect, moderation in style, and a sympathetic exposition, which brought out the grand features of the monarch's character with the most artistic skill and success. With a fine stage presence, a kingly bearing, a powerful voice, under perfect control, and a pleasing elocution, Mr. Rignold has all the qualities that mark him emphatically for the part. In every appearance he effectively realized the frank vivacity and chivalrous bearing of the king; and, coupled with the heroic and picturesque character of the situations, his exposition elicited the heartiest applause. The many singularly beautiful passages which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of the king were rendered with fine effect by the actor. The noble soliloquy, and the grand invocation to the Deity which Henry utters on the morning of the Battle of Agincourt were given with a sympathetic interpretation which amply brought out the beauties of the text. The subsequent inspiriting speech to the troops was also finely declaimed, and met with a general response from the audience. The business of the play was admirably managed; the successive appearances of the poetical herald, *Rumour*, the continuous movement and action of the piece, the introduction of the boy choristers, the representation of the comic element, and the fine effects of massing and grouping on the stage of the King's troops, and the thrilling scene of the battle, were all triumphs in pictorial and historical display that excited the utmost enthusiasm. Among those on whom the honours of interpretation fell, and who acquitted themselves with marked success, we must notice prominently the *Pistol* of Mr. Bishop, and the *Fluellen* of Mr. Thorne. These representations were admirable in the extreme, and gave much amusement to the audience. The scene introducing Mlle Dorel as *Katharine of Valois*, and the lively parley with her royal wooer, was rendered with much sprightliness and *navieté*. Of Mrs. Morrison's company, Mr. Grismer as *Williams*, Mr. Farwell, as the *Duke of Exeter*, and Miss Carr, as *Dame Quickly*, rendered the most service. To the orchestra, also, acknowledgment is due for the aid musical exposition gave to the rendering of the piece. As a stage spectacle Henry V. will long be remembered as a signal triumph of mechanical and dramatic art, and a representation of a glorious national drama such as it is not often given our play-goers to witness.

As we go to press the performance by the Toronto Philharmonic Society of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" is announced to take place on the 31st March. We hope to notice it at length in our next number. The days fixed for the

two concerts of Herr Von Bulow to which we alluded in our last number are the 24th and 25th of April. With the exception of the unapproachable Abbé Lizst, Herr Bulow has no superior among living pianists, and for the credit of Toronto it is to be hoped that his concerts will be well attended. The Holman Opera Troupe will appear at the Royal Opera House here for a short season of Opera-bouffe, opening on Monday, the 3rd of April, with Giroflé-Girofla.

Among dramatic events *in prospectu* is a visit from the celebrated American tragedian, Mr. Edwin Booth, who it is stated will shortly appear at Mrs. Morrison's Opera House in this city. We also understand that Mr. Barry Sullivan, the great Anglo-Irish tragic actor, will make a tour through Canada in May, taking Toronto in the second week in April, next. Mr. Sullivan appeared in Toronto many years ago, and his numerous admirers here will no doubt greet him warmly on his return. We learn also that the well-known Vokes Family are expected to visit Canada in July. In their particular line of light and amusing entertainment, of which "The Belles of the Kitchen" is about the best specimen, this clever family are unequalled. Their coming visit will be the first ever made to this country, and probably also the last, as, if report speaks truly, two of the sisters are to enter the bonds of wedlock before the end of the year.

LITERARY NOTES

Biographical literature has just been enriched by a delightful contribution in the Memoir of the Scottish Broad-Churchman, Dr. Norman Macleod, which appears, in two volumes, edited by his brother, Rev. Donald Macleod, one of Her Majesty's Chaplains. The Memoir, in its literary features, as well as in the large human interest that centres in the subject of it, has met more spontaneous and appreciative notice from the reviewers than any work that has appeared for a long time. An American reprint is about to issue, and possibly a Canadian edition may be undertaken, which will make the work readily accessible to the many admirers of Dr. Macleod on this side of the Atlantic.

Lord Macaulay's Biography and Epistolary Remains, edited by his nephew, G. O. Trevelyan, M.P., is announced by Messrs. Longman for publication in London on the 30th March.

A Memoir of the late Canon Kingsley, edited by his wife, is to appear from the press of Messrs. H. S. King & Co. A new edition of Mr. Kingsley's early novel, "Alton Locke," has just appeared, with a prefatory memoir by Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P.

The third edition, revised and enlarged, of Prof. Daniel Wilson's important work on "Prehistoric Man," comprising researches into the origin of Civilization in the Old World and the New, has just been issued by Messrs. Macmillan, of London and New York.

Mr. W. R. Greg, the eminent social economist, has a new work in Messrs. Trubner's hands for early publication, on the subject of "Mistaken Aims and Attainable Ideals of the Artizan Class." From the same house is to issue, during the present month, Lord Amberley's posthumous work, "The Analysis of Religious Belief."

A work characterized as a splendid monument to the memory of a distinguished Indian Administrator has just been published. We refer to the "Life of the Earl of Mayo, fourth Viceroy of India," by Dr. W. W. Hunter, author of the "Annals of Rural Bengal."

A second edition of Dr. Chambers's important "Manual of Diet in Health and Disease," has just been issued; while a new work, from an equally high authority on medical and sanitary science, appears in Dr. Richardson's treatise on "Diseases of Modern Life." The latter work has been reprinted by Messrs. Appleton, of New York.

Joaquin Miller, the Californian poet, has published a novel entitled "The One Fair Woman." Miss Braddon's latest production, "Dead Men's Shoes," is now completed. "Ersilia," by the author of "My Little Lady," is another recent addition to the literature of fiction.

[ADDENDUM.—After the article on "The Advantages of Protective Tariffs" was in type, evidence was given before the Committee of the House of Commons to the effect that salt is now being imported from the United States, to a small extent, at points distant from our salt wells. The statement on p. 308, that "we now import only sea-salt," is, therefore, open to correction to the extent indicated.—R. W. P.]