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CONFEDERATION IN NOVA SCOTIA—A CRISIS PAST.

ON the 28th July, 1873, (we were told by telegraph), the Viceregal yacht entered Halifax harbour, and His Excellency the Governor-General the following day was received, on landing, by the Government of the Province, the Mayor and Corporation, and all the dignitaries, ecclesiastical as well as civil and military, of that part of the Dominion. The fuller details which have since been received show that unfortunately, owing to weather, accidents and mistakes, the reception of Lord Dufferin was an exceedingly tame and wofully mismanaged affair. But we have been assured on all sides that this result was purely accidental—that it was not premeditated; and that it was not indicative of a wish to slight the Governor-General, the subsequent efforts made by Halifax to do proper honour to her noble visitor sufficiently testify. Persons of all ranks, all creeds, and all parties, united in entertaining Lord Dufferin; the "Halifax Club," where the Anti-confederate element is said to muster in force, gave His Excellency a dinner and applauded his pleasant sentences to the echo; the Mayor, Corporation and citizens also gave a lavish entertainment; and the Provincial Government received His Excellency and the Countess of Dufferin at a grand ball.

In the middle of August, 1869, Lord Lisgar (then Sir John Young) landed at Pictou: the first arrival in Nova Scotia of a Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. At that seaport the flag of Nova Scotia was on that occasion conspicuously exhibited at half-mast on more than one vessel and building. As the special train swept through New Glasgow, where it was not deemed advisable to stop, the American flag was at least as prominent as the Union Jack. At Halifax it is true that a large crowd welcomed, or at least witnessed, His Excellency's arrival; but the demonstration was confessedly a one-sided affair. The Confederate party, which since the General Election in 1867 had up to that time been singularly apathetic, seemed to rouse itself and to feel that its credit was at stake, and that now at least the truth must be proved of the oft-repeated

assertion that a large proportion of the wealth, intellect and population of the capital was in favour of union with Canada. It was the more incumbent on them to do this because, while it was notorious that the whole Anti-confederate party and the Provincial Government would keep aloof, it was at least within the bounds of possibility that some deliberate insult would be offered to His Excellency. Fortunately for the credit of Halifax, "the harmony of the proceedings" was not interrupted; although, as if to show that the idea of insulting the Representative of the Queen and the head of the Dominion was not altogether alien to the more ardent spirits of the Anti-confederate party, a malcontent clothier stretched across the line of the then expected procession a string of garments which, as they fluttered in the breeze, advertised the political grievances (and, we may add, the indecent vulgarity) as well as the commercial pursuits of their owner.* A so-called public dinner was given to Lord Lisgar, which was apparently accepted solely because of the opportunity which it afforded him of correcting a misconstruction which had been put upon an ill-considered expression of which he had lately made use at Quebec. During His Excellency's stay in Halifax the Provincial Government and the "Anti" party studiously absented themselves from Government House, and abstained from paying the commonest courtesy to the Representative of Her Majesty, because he represented also "the hateful Dominion." To make the distinction, as they thought, the more marked, and to testify their own loyalty to the Crown, they hastened to pay their respects to Prince Arthur, when H. R. H. landed shortly afterwards; but as the youthful scion of the Royal Family placed himself as unreservedly in the hands of Sir John Young as his elder brother had done with the Duke of Newcastle, and gracefully maintained that Her Captain-General was the true representative of his august mother in the Dominion, it became impossible to distinguish between the cheers which greeted the Prince and the welcome which was accorded to His Excellency. In the confusion a better feeling was created; enthusiasm swept away differences; corners were rubbed off and bitterness was mitigated; and once again the cry of Loyalty did useful, but perhaps unfair, service to the cause of Confederation.

We have dwelt at some length on these incidents, in order to bring out the contrast between the occurrences of 1869 and those of 1873. Time moves rapidly nowadays. Four or five years mark an era of no little importance in the progress of a State; and during that time new politicians are coming to the front, and our future leaders are growing up, who are forgetful or ignorant of the facts that occurred just before their own days. For what epoch so difficult to master as that of one's own boyhood? It is not history: it has no place in Pinnock, and is not yet written in the chronicles of Markham. To say "that was before my time" is a confession of juvenility which some of us, males at least, hesitate to make. To write contemporary history, however, is more than difficult; and the attempt to do so is of at least doubtful expediency. But a few years make a great difference. In the gap of one or two *lustra* many surface bubbles burst and much scum is swept away. Local incidents, all engrossing at the time, shrivel to their due importance, and the once "startling events" contract to the size of very second-rate occurrences. Perhaps then the

* This, the only approach to an actual collision between the two parties, resulted in amusement to many, gain to several, and loss to one. Shortly after the display was seen to be neither strictly loyal nor purely decorative, a truck was rapidly driven down the street, and, a weighted rope being deftly thrown over the obnoxious line, it soon snapped, and amid much laughter the fluttering "reach-me-downs" were appropriated by the more necessitous of the bystanders. An action was brought for the recovery of the goods; but we fancy that, as in many other cases, the litigation benefited only the lawyers.

time may have come when it may be possible to record with impartiality and brevity the dangers of the crisis which beset the early years of the Dominion, and which nearly throttled in the cradle the infant which we fondly hope will yet prove to be a Hercules.

Late on the evening of September 18, 1867, the telegraph reported far and wide that in the Nova Scotia Elections the Confederate party had fared badly; and when, next day, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that a "clean sweep" had been made at the polls, that out of 18 members Dr. Tupper alone would plead for Confederation and justify his own policy in the House of Commons, and that in the local House of Assembly two Confederates alone would confront 36 Antis, anxious thoughts everywhere followed the receipt of the news. Not only did the more immediate promoters of the Union feel some anxiety for its safety, not to say for their own positions; but those who had regarded it with some disfavour, and even the Anti-confederates of New Brunswick who had acquiesced in the inevitable, and had had three months' experience of the dreaded change, were hardly prepared for a sudden return to old ways; commerce, already walking in new paths, looked uneasily on the future; and even the victors in Nova Scotia, when the first flush died off their faces, were somewhat embarrassed by their own success. What will they do with it?—was the general and anxious enquiry.

But, some of our younger and our foreign readers will ask, what brought about this state of affairs? Briefly, this:—The approval which the "Quebec Scheme" in its somewhat crude entirety met with from the English Ministry was full and prompt, and Mr. Cardwell lost not a moment in enjoining on the Governors of the B. N. A. Provinces the desirability of taking speedy action upon it. Some of those gentlemen were, for reasons which it was understood hey had not hesitated to express, not favourably disposed to the measure. They knew at least as well as the Colonial Office the real motives which had prompted its inception and necessitated its completion. They thought they had reason to distrust its authors and to be sceptical about its ultimate success. They saw lions in the path; the demerits and disadvantages were patent; the gain was, to them, problematical. However, their chief's commandment was urgent. As a matter of fact, we believe that the Lieutenant-Governors of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick (Sir Richard Macdonnell and Mr. Gordon) did suggest that the development of the new policy should be entrusted to hands and heads more impressed with its benefits and more likely earnestly to carry it out than their own. But, if tendered, their resignations were not then accepted.

Action was first taken in New Brunswick. Mr. Gordon and his Government agreed that Parliament should be dissolved and the sense of the country taken upon the question of Union. The result at first was eminently disastrous. The furnace into which the scheme was plunged was exceeding hot, and it and those who plunged it in were alike consumed. Nova Scotia took warning, and pursued a policy of inaction. The Colonial Office took note of events, and whilst it launched against New Brunswick the vials of such wrath as a Mother Country can safely launch against a small colony that runs counter to her wishes, it no longer pressed for an immediate reply from Nova Scotia. Sir R. G. Macdonnell, however, accepted promotion (?) to Hong Kong, and Sir Fenwick Williams brought to Halifax a despatch which, while it passed a doubtful compliment on that gallant officer and his native Province of which he was appointed Governor, left in no doubt the wishes of Her Majesty's Government regarding Confederation. Early in 1866 events, into which it is needless for us to enter, brought on another General Election in New Brunswick; the

vote of the previous year was almost exactly reversed; and the Union soon became a fact, constitutionally accomplished and loyally accepted.

How, then, did the Nova Scotia Government propose to bring their Province into line with the new position taken up by New Brunswick? They determined to act upon a vote of the then existing Legislature, if a favourable vote could be obtained, and to disregard the petitions for a dissolution which were pretty numerously signed in the country. A favourable vote *was* obtained —we abstain from any enquiry into the means used or alleged to have been used to obtain it—and the long-desired assent of the people of Nova Scotia to the Quebec Scheme was duly reported to the Colonial Office as having been given. Now, on the face of it, this was a very questionable proceeding, questionable for its policy as well as for its honesty. We do not hold, with Mr. Martin Wilkins and others, that it is necessary that a measure for altering the constitution or for doing anything else *must* be previously submitted to the people at the polls. To bolster up such an opinion we must also maintain that members of the Legislature are not representatives endued with freedom of action, but merely delegates to carry out a predetermined policy—unreasoning machines, wound up in the country and sent into the capital to play set and fixed tunes. It is difficult to see where, if such were the case, a line could be drawn between the permissible and the forbidden: or upon what principle a "delegate" would be able to distinguish between a legal and illegal vote. Technically, we fancy, it must be admitted that the Imperial Government, on receiving the duly authenticated resolution of the Legislature of Nova Scotia giving in the adherence of that Province to the Confederation project, were justified in looking upon it as sufficient. Indeed if the Legislature does not represent the people, who does, or can do so? And it is obviously unfair to impose upon the Colonial Office the task of deciding whether a vote of a Colonial House of Assembly is or is not in accord with the wishes of the numerical majority of the Colonists. In further justification of the action of the Secretary of State, it is not unfair to assume that the Imperial agent at Halifax had reported favourably on the state of public opinion, as it appeared to himself, and on the policy of his Ministers; while it is difficult to conceive that they and he should have deliberately adopted a course based on premises so admittedly rotten as necessarily to involve themselves and possibly their cause in disgrace and disaster. It was probably urged that, if the result of a direct appeal to the people were *even the least* doubtful, a general election would for many reasons at that moment be particularly undesirable; and we may be pretty confident that the assurance was added that the opposition to the measure was merely skin-deep, and would speedily disappear altogether in the face of an accomplished fact. Beguiled by some such assertion, and animated by a strangely strong desire hastily to consummate the Union of the B. N. A. Provinces, the Imperial Government endorsed a doubtful policy, and acquiesced in doing a little wrong that a great good might come. And so matters took their course. On the 1st July, 1867, the provisions of the B. N. A. Act came into force by proclamation, and the Dominion of Canada was created. To the conglomerate Cabinet then first formed Mr. Kenny, a merchant of Halifax and a Senator, contributed, on behalf of Nova Scotia, respectability and Roman Catholicism; Mr. Archibald the experience of an old politician and the education and abilities of a sound lawyer. Dr. Tupper waived his claim to a portfolio. The new constitutional machine, considering that total absence of care and prevision which is characteristic of our present "let-it-slide" policy, ran with remarkable ease and smoothness for several weeks; but on the 18th September a strange light was

thrown on that part of the Preamble of the B. N. A. Act which recited that the several Provinces of the Canadas, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, had expressed a desire to be united together. What was to be the upshot of this sudden repudiation of the agreement by one of the (supposed) assenting parties?

The completeness of the success, the utterness of the defeat, was to the outside world rather a source of merriment; and people who wished it to be so soon came to the conclusion that the victors would rest satisfied with having inflicted such condign punishment on their opponents. It was argued that the defeat of a Cabinet Minister, and the winning of 54 out of 57 seats, might satisfy their vindictiveness, especially as the spoils of victory, the political loaves and fishes, and perhaps even a seat or two in the Cabinet, might reasonably be expected to fall to their share.

Immediately after the elections, the few gentlemen who had composed the Provincial Government since July 1st, tendered their resignations to Sir Fenwick Williams, which His Excellency declined to accept on the ground that, as he was to quit the Province in a few weeks, it would be fairer—not to say pleasanter!—to leave the task of forming a new Government to his successor. The selection of Sir Hastings—then Major-General—Doyle for the office of Lieutenant-Governor had been determined upon several months before the September Elections, and, altered as was the aspect of affairs and stormy as the outlook had suddenly become, the choice proved a singularly happy one. If we cannot unhesitatingly acquiesce in the fulsome laudations lately lavished by a distinguished Prelate upon His Honour, nor quite concur in the exaggerated estimate of his statesmanlike qualities and consummate Executive abilities which his friends (if parting addresses ever speak the truth) entertain, we must yet cordially accord to him credit in full measure for what he did achieve; for the rare tact which he showed in handling delicate complications; for his unvarying good humour and considerate courtesy, which baffled quarrelsomeness and disarmed hostility; for his candour, which prevented as well as cured many a grievance; and for the promptitude with which he acted on critical occasions. His constitutional preference for the "policy of inaction;" a Gallio-like indifference to the proceedings of those who quarrelled among themselves before his judgment seat; his natural Celtic geniality; even his sorely-ridden hobby of Loyalty—the key-note and ever-recurring refrain of those portions of the speeches with which he may be supposed to have had more immediate concern—all stood him, as we shall see, in good stead. Placed, by no fault of his own, in a position which, from whichever side you looked at it, appeared utterly untenable if his assailants were only in earnest, and to which, if such were the case, it was almost impossible to afford relief, he held it steadily. Repelling with vigour one or two attacks, he was not beguiled by success into attempting to follow up his victory and leaving his intrenchments. Constitutionally to baffle his constitutional advisers; to support a policy which had been condemned at the polls; to maintain a system which it was the especial function of his Ministers to overturn; and to do this without quarrelling with them—for a quarrel would be fatal—this was the problem which General Doyle had to solve. If we say that the absence, rather than the possession, of high statesmanship and great executive ability enabled him to find the solution of this problem, we do not in the least detract from the credit due to him for having done so. If his opponents were vanquished mostly by time and by themselves, they yet were vanquished, and he remained confessedly master of the situation; for although, when he gave up his position, no formal treaty had been signed and no written surrender testified to their discomfiture, it had long been tacitly acknowledged that hostilities had ceased;

and on his departure showers of addresses and offerings of handsome plate testified that the old soldier possessed the goodwill not only of those whose cause he had served, but also of those whose policy he had baffled and whose designs he had thwarted.

The new Lieutenant-Governor assumed office late in October, 1867, and, accepting at once Messrs. Hill and Blanchard's resignation, requested Hon. R. A. McHeffey, M. L. C., to form a new Ministry. That gentleman seems to have delegated to a "caucus" the task imposed upon him. The field of choice was, numerically, a large one; for 36 out of 38 members of the House of Assembly were by their opinions qualified and by their inclinations anxious to hold office; but intellectually the House was below the average standard. The elections for Ottawa and Halifax having been held on the same day, and the system which is mysteriously named Dual Representation being forbidden, it followed naturally that few but second-rate men on either side were candidates for the Local House. The list, however, of the new Ministry, as finally submitted to the Lieutenant-Governor, was probably the best that could be selected, and contained some names of note and ability. Mr. Annand, who had been defeated by Dr. Tupper in Cumberland, was placed in the Legislative Council, and as Treasurer was recognized as leader of the Government. Mr. Wilkins as Attorney-General, and Mr. Vail as Provincial Secretary, conjointly led the House of Assembly.

The first Session of the first Parliament of the Dominion of Canada opened at Ottawa in November, 1867. Some of the Nova Scotian members went and some stayed away; thus manifesting from the very first a want of unity in aim which did not augur well for the future cohesion and success of the party. Signs of active defection were also not wanting. Mr. Howe gave notice of his intention to move such an amendment to the Address in reply to the Governor-General's speech as would have brought up the whole question of Nova Scotia's grievance; but the notice was withdrawn. Under his leadership, however, the Nova Scotian members made a forcible protest on behalf of their Province, and personally created a favourable impression. On the whole, the Session was fruitless of result to the anti-Confederates, whilst at the same time the effect which it produced throughout Nova Scotia was anything but favourable to the cause of Union: for an impression got abroad that the Dominion Parliament displayed an *animus* hostile to the just claims of the recalcitrant Province, and that the Administration seemed, both by speech and policy, inclined to punish in their turn the "Party of Punishment." There does not seem to have been the least cause for such an idea; and policy as well as justice pointed out the necessity of dealing gently with those who honestly opposed the Union. Of the wisdom of the course adopted by the Nova Scotian members there was, and still may be, much difference of opinion. We will not discuss it now. But it must be borne in mind that a general line of action had not at that time been decided upon. A manifesto was put forth in December by the Attorney-General (Wilkins), on the occasion of his re-election for Pictou after accepting office, and in this, for the first time, it was clearly laid down that the ultimate aim of the Anti-confederate party was REPEAL.

This having been decided on, it was of course to be expected, if active measures were to be initiated to "break the hateful bonds of serfdom from the neck of Nova Scotia," that means should be taken to arouse public feeling and to strengthen the hands of the Local Government in dealing with the matter. The agitation was commenced by a meeting held at Dartmouth, followed by one at Halifax, at which Mr. Howe spoke forcibly, yet with moderation. Indeed he seems even then to have felt some hesitation about the future, and to

have had some glimmering notion of the awkward dilemma in which the party would eventually find themselves. The more advanced spirits had already compromised themselves with disloyalty, and been tampered with by Americans and Annexationists. Such a course was repugnant both to his feelings and his reason, but he could not afford to do more than mildly deprecate it. "The old flag," he said, "must float above us still, and be revered and respected until we receive our answer from England." And what then? All he could say was that "a Council of War must be called."

It was with much interest that the meeting of the first Nova Scotian Legislature was awaited, and the speech of the Lieutenant-Governor was looked for, both in and outside of the Province, with greater curiosity than is usually excited by such perfunctory orations. Would the Executive Council put forth such pressure as would compel His Honour to endorse words and express opinions at variance with his own ideas, and indicative of hostility to the superior authority of which he was the representative? How could the change in the constitution be alluded to—and it could hardly escape mention—without the expression of an opinion favourable to one side or the other? A cautious, humdrum paragraph, in which the Lieutenant-Governor expressed his conviction that, if the loyal people of Nova Scotia desired any political changes, they would seek to attain them only by constitutional means, showed that at least His Honour had the power *not* to do things that he disliked. The Attorney-General immediately laid on the table of the Lower House a string of Resolutions, in which prolix and somewhat gratuitous assumption did duty largely for logic and law. Mr. Wilkins, judged by his words and deeds anent Confederation, must be a clever and versatile, if a somewhat unsafe, man. There is an evident originality about him, and he has, we believe, the reputation of being a good speaker: but he is obviously careless as to facts, crotchety as to law, and inaccurate as to history. He inserts into a document claiming the dignity of a State Paper arguments that might pass muster in some special —*very* special—pleading, and while speaking as the Law Officer of the Crown, launches out into rhodomontade that might be not much out of place in a hustings speech. His lucubrations about Queen Anne's Charter, and his famous scheme for releasing Nova Scotia from Confederation by the potent agency of a five-cent Bill Stamp, will long be remembered, and the remembrance will always call up a smile. His "Resolutions" betrayed the weakness, not of the case, but of those who were to plead it.

As the Government did not command, and could not quite obtain a majority, in the Legislative Council, the "inevitable Delegation," in which a wearisome debate in the Lower House resulted, went to England, representing only the Commons of Nova Scotia. It consisted of Messrs. Howe, Annand, Troop and Smith. On arrival there it engaged counsel, by whom Mr. Wilkins' historical assertions and legal assumptions were pronounced unsound and untenable, and nothing more was heard of them. Hampered by their instructions, which bound them to accept nothing short of the Repeal of the Act of Union, and finding Repeal to be—as everybody but the House of Assembly knew beforehand—utterly unattainable, the Delegates found themselves in rather an awkward position. However, they obtained Mr. Bright's aid in bringing their case before the House of Commons, while Lord Stratheden ventilated it in the House of Lords. In the former—to cut a long story short—the motion for a Committee of Inquiry was rejected, if we remember right, by a majority of about 90: in the latter the motion was, after a debate, withdrawn. The Delegates fired a parting shot called "Nova Scotia's Protest," a paper which rather sacrificed dignity to pertness,

and which obtained far less attention than the grievance—a very true one—of which the Colony complained, merited; and then they returned home in company—and it was probably not, on his part, accidental—with Dr. Tupper, who had been despatched by the Canadian Government to counteract their movements and thwart their application.

A despatch from the Duke of Buckingham conveyed to Lord Monck the official reply of the English Cabinet to the Delegates. The gist of it was that the Act of Union could not be repealed, and that the Dominion Government must do its best to remove the grievances of detail and of policy of which Nova Scotia complained. In fulfilment of the charge thus laid upon them, Sir John Macdonald and other Ministers visited Halifax in September, and, after some preliminary negotiations, attended the Repeal Convention which was then sitting. The Delegates listened to the Ministers' speeches, and complained that no active remedies were proposed. The Ministers inquired what the grievances were, and complained that the Delegates declined to discuss them; and so they parted. In a few days the Conference reported its pledged determination to use every lawful means to obtain Repeal. At a distance, then, the first negotiations seemed to have utterly failed; but those on the spot, judging perhaps from private information, were satisfied that, if due care were exercised by those in authority, the agitation would gradually subside. Perhaps they knew already as a fact the rumoured coolness between Mr. Howe and the more advanced section of the Anti-confederate party. Whispers of his defection had even preceded the return of the Delegates from England, and one trifling event showed at this time the anxiety with which his words and deeds were watched. A suggestion had been made in some disreputable newspaper that Sir John Macdonald and his associates should be pelted or otherwise insulted on their arrival in Halifax. Mr. Howe published a letter which, though outwardly only the letter of a gentleman deprecating a resort to ruffianism, was immediately taken as a proof that he was "coming round." The inference, though not logically deducible from his words, was yet a true one; and when, on the occasion of the Delegates receiving the thanks of the House of Assembly for their services in England, Mr. Howe's chair was conspicuously vacant, the breach between him and his former friends was no longer merely a matter of conjecture. We need not indulge any surmises as to the influence that, either in England or on the return voyage, had been brought to bear upon him. Sufficient reason for his "change of base" may be found in his own assertion that he found his party unmanageable, and that the alternative lay between leaving them altogether or conniving at the extreme measure of a resort to arms which the more ardent spirits advocated, but which to him seemed neither justifiable nor feasible.

It was at this moment of excitement and anxious uncertainty that an incident occurred of which the full importance was not at first generally understood, but which, while it effectually pricked the bubble of bunkum disloyalty, gave also to the credit and influence of the Local Executive a shock from which it never recovered. Newspapers more or less under the influence of the Government were dallying with treason. Their correspondents were openly advocating Annexation, and hinting at the material aid which American "sympathizers" were ready to afford; and, on the whole, things "looked ugly." Such was the opportunity that the Attorney-General seized to conclude an exciting speech in the House of Assembly with the deliberate assertion, that "if Nova Scotia was too weak to free herself from her thraldom, she would appeal to another nation to assist her." Amidst great uproar the Speaker cleared the galleries. The position of the Lieut.-Governor must

now have been a perplexing one. If he treated, as he would probably be naturally inclined to treat, his Attorney-General's words as mere froth and claptrap, it would be obviously impossible to take any subsequent notice of disloyalty and treason in other quarters. If, on the other hand, he called his Law Officer to account, and Mr. Wilkins either defended his words or sheltered himself behind the Parliamentary privilege of freedom of speech, the evil would be aggravated instead of cured. His Honour, however, does not seem to have taken long to make up his mind, for the next day he requested "the Attorney-General to inform him whether the disloyal sentiments attributed to him" in the newspaper reports "were really uttered by him." If Sir Hastings was fully aware, as we suppose he was, of the risk he was running, we imagine that it must have been with feelings of no slight relief that he received the Attorney-General's assurance that he was "incapable of entertaining or expressing sentiments of disloyalty," whilst, so far from repudiating the Lieut.-Governor's interference with the freedom of debate, he seemed glad of the opportunity of airing his devotion to the Crown. His Honour hastened to assure his "dear Attorney-General" of the great satisfaction —no doubt genuine—with which he had received his assurances, &c.; and, with Chesterfieldian politeness and tact, intimated that, on behalf of himself and his Ministry, who might all be compromised by the Attorney-General's utterances, it was desirable to make public his prompt disavowal of disloyalty. This correspondence must have been gall to the Annexationists, for it showed them that the Attorney-General had been only toying with them for his own purposes; and they and all the more advanced section of the Repeal party felt distrust of the Government's intentions; whilst the Government, anxious to shake themselves clear of so dangerous an associate, and not, it may be, so solicitous as the Lieut.-Governor chose to assume them to be, of their own reputation for loyalty, yet could not throw over their Law Officer *because* he had repudiated disloyal sentiments. It was an amusing, if an awkward, situation.

But the matter was not over. The House of Assembly sat with closed doors, rating, it was whispered, the Attorney-General, the Government, and the Governor; and when, at last, it leaked out that they had passed a vote of censure on the latter, it was evident that the crisis had come—that one or other must give way, or that the battle must be fought out *à outrance*. The cause of the censure was said to be His Honour's interference with the liberty of speech of the faithful Commons; and their object in passing it must presumably have been a desire to recover, by a display of vigour, some of the prestige which had been lost to their cause by the Attorney-General's "backing down;" an incident to which the newspapers were never weary of referring. If Sir Hastings' position was now awkward, it strikes us that that occupied by his Ministers was ridiculous in the extreme. They, who were all-powerful in the House of Assembly, had, at least, connived at a vote of censure passed by that body on the Lieut.-Governor, for whose acts they were themselves responsible: and still they showed no wish to evade their responsibility by resigning their offices. So that, in their anger towards him, and their ignorance of constitutional government, they had in fact censured themselves! Whether it was an intimation given to them that they must resign, or the threat of a dissolution, or any other advice or reasons that prevailed, the public never knew, and, as far as we are aware, there is no document that throws any light on the subject (the Government organ said that it had all been a "mistake!"); but, by whatever means the result was brought about, the vote of censure was erased from the Journals before the doors were next opened to the public; and the scorers marked "another one for the Governor."

On the results of this, the first session of the Provincial Legislature, Sir Hastings Doyle at least could look back with complacency. He had more than held his own; he had gained much more for the Confederate cause than time, valuable as that was—he had made his power felt, and had sensibly weakened his adversaries. The Assembly from which so much had been expected, the Ministry whose only policy was Repeal, had not only utterly failed to fulfil their promises, but had come out of the contest decidedly worsted. Their prestige was gone: their credit for honesty of purpose and vigour of execution was irretrievably shaken. Difficulties there might, and probably would, be still to be encountered before the agitation finally subsided, but Unionists from this time felt that, practically, the danger was past.

Soon after the close of the Session all doubts as to Mr. Howe's position were removed by the appearance of a letter from that gentleman, in which he avowed his disapproval of the policy of the Anti-confederate party; expressed his opinion that Repeal was absolutely unattainable, and announced that he was prepared fairly to consider a proposal for "better terms" for the Province, which the Finance Minister of Canada had made to him. This declaration, although long expected by those who were behind the scenes, created, of course, a great sensation, and, acting on the throats and brains of his *quondam* friends much as a dose of sods acts on the great Geyser, was the occasion of an alarming ebullition of mud and hot water. The "traitor's" former services and his old reputation were alike forgotten. From the crest of the wave of popularity he sank into the trough of the sea of abuse; and he found himself holding the key of the situation, and yet almost alone. He maintained that the course which he was adopting was the only feasible one; and he challenged his opponents to prove either the practicability of Repeal, or to suggest anything else that was preferable to the line which he recommended. They could not answer his challenge, but they would not follow his lead; while the Confederate party, some from jealousy and some from fear of perplexing the situation still further, kept aloof from him. Associating with himself Mr. McLellan, a gentleman who had apparently achieved some local reputation as a financier, Mr. Howe had a conference with Sir John Rose, and after a lengthy negotiation an agreement was come to by which Nova Scotia was to be placed, approximately, in the financial relation towards the other members of the Confederation, which the "Antis" maintained was only her due, but which they alleged that the original delegates, in their haste or their ignorance, had failed to obtain for her. Mr. Howe's success in negotiating "better terms" was, of course, to his old associates more unendurable than even his original defection from their side. True, they had themselves no policy to propose beyond a vague suggestion of a second delegation to Downing Street, or a dreamy notion that something might be done towards resuscitating the old plan of a Legislative Union of the Maritime Provinces. They had dallied with Annexation, and found that it would not pay. They are even said to have approached General Butler, but "he of the spoons" had failed them. They had always muddled up the question of "better terms" with the cry for Repeal; but now, when they confessedly could not themselves obtain the latter, they turned against the man who had, for them, obtained the former. When Mr. Howe, in order, as it was said, to prove his sincerity, and to aid the Government in carrying through the House of Commons his agreement with Sir John Rose, suddenly accepted office and a seat in the Dominion Cabinet, the whole, or nearly the whole, Anti-confederate party, backed by the influence and resources of the Local Government, opposed his re-election for Hants County. His defeat would,

of course, have put some fresh life into their decaying cause, and they would at least have been then in a position to assure the Imperial Government that Nova Scotia had not been conciliated. To secure this result they employed all the means in their power; they strove, tooth and nail, to win the contest; relays of speakers and their *claqueurs* followed Mr. Howe throughout his canvass. They nearly cost him his life, for he was in ill-health at the time; but he won his election by a large majority. Once again—and finally—the Repealers were defeated, and once again they had no alternative policy ready to meet the emergency. It is, perhaps, not in human nature, certainly not in Colonial politicians' nature, candidly to acquiesce in a defeat, and to follow an enemy's lead; but there are occasions on which in honesty either such must be done, or something else must be, at least, attempted. In the present case the Repeal party did neither. They seem to have taken refuge in sulks, and they made their case as bad as they possibly could, by accepting the increased subsidy while they would not accept their defeat. The members of the Local Government, with the exception of Mr. Annand, and of Mr. Vail, the Provincial Secretary, (who, by his manners and evident honesty, made a very favourable impression when he once or twice visited Ottawa,) are entirely unknown in Canada; but we may fairly argue that they were, as a whole, of little ability and vigour. For this was an occasion to which men of political *stamina* or moral courage would certainly have risen. They would have either done something for Repeal, or they would have spent the next two or three years in useful works and needed legislation, instead of (politically) wasting them in discontented apathy, meaningless regrets, and powerless hate.

These, then, are, we think, the main facts, which we have taken some trouble to compile from many sources, oral and written, of the Anti-confederate campaign in Nova Scotia. In small communities it is often a small event that decides a great issue, and a question involving a great principle is frequently settled by the influence of some personal or local association. And so, to some extent, it was with the Repeal movement in Nova Scotia. The result was reached not so much through a calm and dispassionate weighing of the merits of the case, as by the day-by-day effect of thoughts, words and acts, which outwardly made little show, but which sunk into the hearts and ruled the conduct of those who, if not the ostensible leaders, yet supplied the power on which the movement rested. In selecting the chief points, and noting what appear to us the main events, we have omitted much that to others, and especially those on the spot, may seem noteworthy. And into the principle that underlies the Confederation policy we have not entered—for happily that is now a dead issue; neither have we touched on the grievances in detail of which Nova Scotia complained, nor discussed the justice, wisdom or necessity of the "better terms" accorded to her. There are numberless occurrences, endless speeches and infinite propositions which we have not chronicled, and which seemed at the time to be of some moment, and which attracted some attention. But we have recorded all the incidents that materially affected the issue of the contest, and we have brought the narrative down to the practical close of the fight; at the time when the sponge *ought* to have been thrown up. Before closing this article, which has hitherto dealt with what *has been*, we may fairly add a few words on what *might have been*, the result of the Repeal movement.

It is rarely, we imagine, that one party is so completely successful, or that a policy is so unmistakably supported, as was that of the Anti-confederates at the General Election in September, 1867. Why, then, were its objects not attained? Why was the whole movement so entirely devoid of results? In the first

place, the party went into action without discipline, without plan, and without preconcerted unity. It was composed of a miscellaneous conglomerate of persons temporarily united for one purpose, and having one grievance in common. There was no other bond which kept them together but that of opposition to the principle or the details of Confederation, and anger—very just anger—at the manner in which it had been carried into effect. Under these circumstances it was obviously necessary at once to mark out a defined line of policy, that the leaders should know exactly whither they were leading, and that the rank and file should all know the aims that were to be held in view. To the cause of Union delay was, above all things, most favourable. Time was on the side of the accomplished fact, and every month and every week that passed made it less necessary, as well as less feasible, to repeal the B. N. A. Act. The dismal vaticinations of unutterable woe and inevitable ruin in which the gloomy and partizan prophets of the Anti-confederate party had indulged, remained unfulfilled, and the consequent reaction, of course, converted many, who distrusted their leaders and despaired of their cause, to at least a tacit acquiescence in the *status quo*. The first Session at Ottawa disclosed a want of unanimity and of cohesion in the Nova Scotian ranks, of which the astute Premier took note and advantage. Repeal was not at that time even accepted as the policy of the whole party. Punishment for their opponents, and "better terms" for the Province, were rather the objects sought after. We see, too, the want of a policy pervading all the documents and manifestoes that were issued from Halifax. Even after the Government were pledged to seek Repeal, and averred that nothing short of it would satisfy them, we find resolutions and minutes of Council wandering vaguely away from the subject, mixing up "better terms" with Repeal, and moaning querulously over the inequality and injustice of the Act which, in the same breath, they denounced as unconstitutional, and, consequently, as not binding upon them.

There seems almost to have been a half-heartedness in the cause from the very first; and looking back now on the contest, contrasting the nominal programme with the actual deeds of the Repealers, their professed intentions with the accomplished results, one sometimes doubts whether any large proportion of the party was ever thoroughly in earnest in its loud-voiced demand for the Repeal, and nothing but the Repeal, of the British North America Act.

It must, indeed, be granted that to have obtained its repeal would have been, under any circumstances, extremely difficult, although, at the same time, the Anti-confederates may be pardoned for believing—such of them as *did* believe—that the English Parliament could not but listen to and remedy the wrongs of which they complained. For, whatever the Confederate party could allege to the contrary, whatever inconsistencies they could point out between Mr. Howe's present and past opinions, however plausible were the insinuations which they made as to the real motives of the "Antis," and the true object of their agitation, still they could not controvert the main facts of the case. They could not deny that petitions had been very extensively signed throughout the Province, in the first place to the Lieut.-Governor, praying for a dissolution, in order that the question of union with Canada might be pronounced upon directly by the people; and, secondly, to the Imperial Parliament, praying that the Act of Union might not pass until the people had had the opportunity of so voting; or that the Lieutenant-Governor and his Ministers, and the Queen and her Ministers, had been fairly warned of the consequences of so passing the Act; nor, by any reference to the influence that side issues and local animosities had possibly exercised upon the elections, could they much lessen the weighty significance of the assertion made

in the petition presented by the Delegates to the House of Commons—that "of fifty-seven members returned to both Houses (Ottawa and Halifax) all but four are humble petitioners to your honourable House for the repeal of a law so universally condemned." And so the case which the Delegates went to plead was undeniably a strong one. But it so happened that, owing to a recent change of Government, both parties in England were not only committed to the principle of Canadian Confederation, but had also been concerned in carrying it into effect. That the Delegates, under these circumstances, failed in their mission, and that Parliament refused to reopen the whole question, surprised no one. The surprise is that the Anti-confederate leaders had no policy ready to meet this contingency. The delegation seems to have been the Alpha and Omega of their ideas; and when it failed they were not a whit more ready than Mr. Howe had been six months before to answer the question—*What then?*

It is not a captious or *ex post facto* criticism to say that an answer to that question ought to have been prepared. In the event, which was so probable as to be almost inevitable, of the English Government refusing to accede to the Delegates' demands, it must have been all along obvious that some active measures must be taken, some pressure must be called into play, if Repeal was to be won.

But in truth, the answer to that question had been rendered very difficult, and the next step forward had been much hampered by the disloyal utterances and annexationist proclivities in which, from the very first, many of the rank and file had indulged, and at which the leaders had, either from sympathy or weakness, connived. Speaking now without reference to the veniality of ever holding such views, we deem that their adoption by the Anti-confederates before ever it was known if the English Government would listen to the Delegates' remonstrance, was, in the interests of the cause they were pleading, a grave and fatal mistake. If the intention was to menace and put a pressure upon the mother country by a threat of insurrection, the menace and even the Attorney-General's solemn and affectionate words of warning were alike wasted. In the rest of the Dominion there were many Confederates as well as "Antis" who thoroughly sympathized with Nova Scotia, and heartily disapproved—especially after its failure—of the policy by which the Province had been included in the Confederation, but nine-tenths of them promptly withdrew their sympathy from a cause that seemed tainted with treason. In the Province itself, the same reason operated with no less force. There matters had gone so far, highflown and treasonable language had been used to such an extent, such grand promises had been held out, and so many had been led to believe that an appeal to arms was seriously and honestly contemplated, that, after the return of the Delegates, the leaders found that with a large proportion of their followers the next step was rebellion; and that they must go to that length or forfeit confidence. Mr. Howe distinctly stated that such was the dilemma in which he found himself. By the light of this fact, we can see why the Resolution passed by the Convention at Halifax, in September, 1868, viz., to use *every lawful means* to secure Repeal, was considered by those on the spot as a death-blow to the cause, while to those at a distance it seemed to prolong and give a proper direction to the agitation. It was a distinct repudiation of the policy of the party of action; the only section of the party that had any policy at all. If the same Resolution had been adopted in September, 1867, the results might have been very different.

Again, if Repeal and nothing short of it was aimed at, it was surely a mistake for the Nova Scotia members to present themselves at Ottawa for any other purpose than to

make their protest. If Mr. Howe had moved the resolution of which he gave notice, and if after its rejection all his followers had returned to their Province and refused to take a share in any other debate, or participate in any legislative action, great weight would have been added to the remonstrance presented to the Imperial Parliament by the Delegates.

But there was another "lawful and constitutional means" for obtaining Repeal so obvious and so feasible, and apparently so well calculated to ensure success, that it is incomprehensible why it was never at least tried. If you wished to disconnect from a railway train a car which had been wrongfully, illegally, and against the wishes of its owners attached to it, would you upset the train and involve your property in the general smash that would ensue? Would you not rather, if you could, put on the brake, and, locking the wheels of your car, bring the whole train to a standstill until your property was unhitched and restored to you? Mr. Howe found it convenient to allege that, at the Convention in 1868, he suggested that the Provincial Government should all go up to the Lieutenant-Governor and in a body resign their offices; and he said that when he looked at the "Treasury Bench" and saw that not one of its occupants relished the suggestion, he felt that the "game was up." There is good evidence to show that this proposition, if made at all, was only made, and was treated, as a joke, and was heard by but few then present. But it is passing strange that such a course had not from the first suggested itself to the Anti-confederates as being the one most likely to bring about the results which they professed to desire. Had they adopted it, what could the Lieutenant-Governor have done? The Opposition numbered only *two*, and subsequently *but one*, in the House of Assembly, whilst in the Legislative Council there was, at most, a majority of one against the Government. Probably no Confederate of any note would have assumed office and, at the same time, the responsibility of advising His Honour to dissolve Parliament. If the latter had done so *proprio motu*—a questionable but, under the circumstances, a probably necessary proceeding—it is certain that the Anti-confederates would have again been returned in an overwhelming, even if a somewhat reduced, majority; and if they still refused to assume the Government, the dead-lock would have been complete. Purely as a matter of curiosity—a curiosity in which we do not suppose that the Lieutenant-Governor and his confidential advisers in the least participated—we confess to a wish that this step had been taken—not for the sake of a malicious pleasure, but because it would have been interesting to see what solution, if any, could have been found of the difficulty, and how representative institutions would have stood the strain to which they would have been subjected. If the Anti-confederate leaders had possessed the intellect to devise, and the nerve and backbone to carry out some such policy—if the politicians of that day had belonged rather to the vertebrate than to the molluscous order—if the people had, when appealed to a second time, deliberately demanded to have their old constitution restored to them—very different possibly would have been to-day the political configuration of British North America.

Faint mutterings of discontent may even still reach us at times from Nova Scotia, but the storm has long since spent its force. Dark clouds long and obstinately shrouded the landscape, but at last the genial sunshine of cordial acquiescence in Confederation has broken forth. Time the healer has scarred over, if he has not entirely obliterated, all the wounds. In the grave of one of her most distinguished sons, at once the backbone and the marplot of the Anti-confederate cause, Nova Scotia has buried her grievances, and at the present moment

is inclined to connect the name of the Dominion less with oppression and ruin than with the sunshiny visit of a genial Governor-General. The turn of the wheel has brought to her and all the Maritime Provinces their full share of political power and influence, and of this she shows no disinclination to avail herself. Entering keenly into the strangely attractive whirl of our Western politics, stepping briskly into that loathsome pool which, if some will stir, others (one would think) might as well leave alone, she is identifying herself unreservedly with the rest of the Dominion, and at last admits the oneness of the present interests and future prospects of all the members of our great confederacy. Other dangers there may be, some already looming above the horizon, which may threaten to mar the harmony, or even to imperil the existence, of the Dominion; but its first, and perhaps its greatest, peril is past. And there are but few of those who, like the writer of this article, cordially sympathized with Nova Scotia in 1866-7, or even of the Anti-confederates themselves, the men who in 1869 would ignore, if not insult, Lord Lisgar, but who in 1873 have fêted Lord Dufferin—there are few, we say, of all these who are not in their inmost hearts glad that things are as they are to-day, that the Union once consummated was not hastily and angrily dissolved, and that these pages, instead of containing a record of the Repealers' victory, are simply entitled

A CRISIS PAST.

A GAME OF CHESS.

(*From the Poems of* MORTIMER COLLINS.)

TERRACE and lawn were white with frost,
Whose fretwork flowers upon the panes—
A mocking dream of summer, lost
'Mid winter's icy chains.

White-hot, indoors, the great logs gleam,
Veiled by a flickering flame of blue:
I see my love as in a dream—
Her eyes are azure too.

She binds her hair behind her ears
(Each little ear so like a shell),
Touches her ivory queen, and fears
She is not playing well.

For me, I think of nothing less;
I think how these pure pearls become her—
And which is sweetest, winter chess
Or garden strolls in summer.

O linger, frost, upon the pane!
O faint blue flame, still softly rise!
O, dear one, thus with me remain,
That I may watch thine eyes.

LITTLE DORINN.

A FENIAN STORY.

By LOUISA MURRAY, *Author of* "*Carmina*," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GARDEN IN THE ROCK.

SKIRTING the edge of the glen, Matty soon got down into the more level land, and by the time it was broad day reached a farm-house, in which he had for some time found a temporary home, having his meals, when he chose, with the farmer and his men, and his bed in the lodge, as it was called, in which the labourers slept. Here he got his breakfast, and then, having put a bottle of his famous herb-cordial in his pocket, he set out for Dunran. Early hours, for Ireland, were kept there, the family always breakfasting at eight o'clock, and Matty calculated on reaching the house at that hour, when he was most likely to find Mrs. Wingfield at home. Turning again towards the hills, never far distant in that region of mountains, and taking the shortest way across fields and through plantations, he soon reached the great quartz rock behind Dunran. Climbing its side for a short distance, he struck into a path, partly natural, partly formed by art, and turned downwards. Here the scene was wild and solitary, the rock being bare, or only covered with heath and a few scattered blueberry-bushes; but having passed a huge crag, which forced the path to take a sudden turn, a beautiful little garden, filled with bloom and verdure, opened out as suddenly and unexpectedly as if it were the work of some enchanter's hand.

This fairy-like garden was embedded in the rock, and set round with fragments of pure quartz, on which glittered myriads of Irish diamonds. Roses of every hue, tall white lilies, salvias, carnations, fuschias, verbenas, and many another lovely flower, blossomed in that sheltered spot, where no fierce winds or scorching sun could reach them. On every leaf and petal, on shining crystal and moss-grown rock, on the walks strewn with many coloured sea-sand, and on the silver birch and mountain ash trees waving above, the morning dew still lingered; and that exquisite purity, clearness, and freshness of earth and air and sky, never seen except in day's first prime, made it look like an Eden which had just sprung into being.

And this lovely Eden was not without its Eve. A lady, young and beautiful, was gathering flowers, and murmuring to herself as she did so the words of the sweet old song—

> "And gin a leaf fa' in my lap,
> I'll deem't a word frae thee."

At that early hour, and in this garden shaded by rock and tree, no sunshade was needed, and her head was only covered by her abundant black tresses, among which, as she moved, rich bronze and purple tints gleamed till their lustrous darkness almost seemed to rival the hue of a Tuscan rose. Her delicate beauty bloomed under the balmy breath of the morning like an opening flower, and her light summer dress of green was a flower-like robe.

> "She looked of kinship with the flowers;"

and as they bowed their heads in the soft June breeze, and sent forth fragrant odours, one might have imagined they were doing homage to some higher existence which yet was allied to their nature,—the culmination of their purity, their sweetness and beauty.

"The top of the morning to you, my lady," said old Matty. "God bless your pretty work and your pretty fingers, and may your roses never have any thorns. Sure you look like the Queen of the Fairies herself this blessed morning."

"Did you ever see the Queen of the Fairies, Matty?" asked the lady, smiling simply and kindly at the weird little figure bowing before her.

"Well no, my lady, I can't say I ever did; but I had an uncle who saw her, and danced with her, too; and, with your ladyship's permission, I'll just tell you the story."

"Pray tell it, Matty. I like to hear fairy stories," said Katharine.

"Musha, then, it's glad I am to be able to please you, my lady," said Matty; "and I'll tell it to you word for word as I heard my uncle tell it himself. He was a fine, tall, straight, strapping young fellow then, with as handsome a face as ever was seen on a poor working boy, though, as your ladyship sees, all his relations did not resemble him. Well, he was coming home one night from a wedding, where he had danced till all was blue, and had just passed Rathnew, and come out on the green bank where the old rath is, when what did he see but more than a hundred fairies, dancing round and round in rings to the sound of music that seemed to set your feet dancing whether you liked it or not, though he couldn't see where the music came from, or who played it. While he was wondering, as well he might, the most beautiful lady he ever saw in his born days stepped out from among them, and came towards him. She was dressed in green, and had shining jewels on her neck and arms, that he supposed were diamonds; but her eyes were far brighter than the jewels, and her yellow hair shone like sunbeams and flowed down to her very feet. She seemed tall enough, too, though the rest of them were weeny little creatures, and altogether like an earthly woman, only a thousand times more beautiful. And what did she do but make my uncle a curtsey; and 'Sir,' said she, 'will you dance a round with me to-night?' Well, my uncle was as bold a boy as ever shook a shillelah, and besides, no doubt, he had taken a glass or two at the wedding. Moreover, as he used to say when he told the story, he couldn't refuse to oblige a lady. 'It's proud I'll be of the honour,' said he; and he took her hand, which was as fine as a lily and as soft as silk—such a hand as he never touched before—and the next minute they were going round in the ring with the rest. And sure it's no wonder if he felt his head going round too, what with the beauty of the lady and the way she smiled at him, and the wonderful witchcraft of the music. Suddenly she clapped her hands, and the music and the dancers stopped. 'Sir,' she said, 'I'm sure a handsome young man like you is a judge of beauty, and I'd like to know what you think of mine?' 'Madam,' said my uncle, 'I think there never was a painted picture came up to it!' He put his hand on his heart as he spoke; and by chance, as one might say, he pressed a piece of holy scapular which the little girl he was courting had got from the priest and sewed up in his waistcoat, and as he did so he fancied that all of a sudden the beauty went out of her face. Her red lips, her pink cheeks, and her golden hair, all looked false and unnatural, and the brightness of her eyes seemed to him poisonous and unholy, like the brightness that comes from wine. 'Have you ever seen a mortal woman as beautiful as I am?' said she again. Now, by the virtue of the blessed cloth that was in his waistcoat, he was beginning to see that all her charms were as hollow and deceitful as the fairy coins, that look like gold guineas at night but turn to slate stones in the morning. But he didn't think it would be either polite or wise to tell her so, and yet he knew that a lie might be still worse for him; so he tried to speak

her fair and yet keep to the truth. 'Sure it's making fun of me you are,' said he. 'You don't need a poor boy like me to tell you what you are. If you've no looking-glass, every clear stream you meet must show it to you.' 'Do you love me, then?' said she. 'Oh, my lady,' said my uncle, still keeping his hand on the scapular, and thinking of his own little sweetheart, 'sure I could never be so bold as to say I loved a grand lady like you.' 'But you may say it,' said she; 'and if you do, I'll take you to a country so beautiful that you never dreamed of the like, and I'll give you a palace to live in finer than the Queen of England's, and rich clothes to wear, and servants to wait on you, and you'll never have to do a hand's turn that you don't like from one year's end to another.' 'I'm afraid I wouldn't be fit for that kind of life,' said my uncle. 'I'll make you fit for it,' said she. 'Pluck up your courage, and take the good fortune that's waiting for you. You'll never get such an offer again as long as you live.' 'It's too great an honour for the likes of me,' said my uncle, still trying to put her off civilly. 'No, not a bit,' said she; 'nothing's too great an honour for those that I love; and I love you,' said she, laying her hand on his sleeve, 'and if you come with me I'll be your wife and your slave.' 'Madam,' said he, 'I don't want you to be my slave, and neither do I want to be yours, andso, than king you for your kind offer, I hope you'll forgive me for refusing it.' 'But I never will,' said she; 'it's some miserable mortal woman that's keeping you away from me.' 'Well, madam,' said my uncle, 'I won't deny it. There's a girl that I'm promised to, and I'll never forsake her.' 'What!' said the lady, frowning as black as a starless night, 'would you choose a poor drudge of a girl out of a cabin, her figure made coarse and her hands hard with work, her eyes made dull with toil and trouble, her skin tanned and freckled with the sun and wind, and her dress ragged and old, to my lily fairness and softness, my silken robes and rich jewels?' 'I wouldn't give a hair of her innocent head for all your wicked beauty, and all your fine clothes, and palaces, and jewels besides,' said my uncle, speaking out at last like a man. 'You're a fool,' said she, 'and a mean-spirited creature into the bargain; but for all that, since I have taken the fancy, I must have you, or it will be the worst day for you ever you saw. You haven't said "No" to me yet, and you'd better not; for if you do, it will be the last word you'll ever speak.' 'You'll do what you're permitted to do, and no more,' said my uncle, 'and I'm not a bit afraid of you. If I didn't say "No" before, I say it now, and you may do your worst!' With that, something seemed to hit him a blow on the head, and he fell flat and senseless on the ground. When he wakened it was broad day, and he didn't feel much the matter with him, only a dizziness and soreness of the head, and there wasn't a sign of what had happened in the night only the fairy rings on the green bank. He was married to his sweetheart soon after, and many a time I've heard him joke her about having a husband that might have been married to the Queen of the Fairies. And now, my lady, I hope I haven't tired you with my story."

"No, Matty, it's a very pretty story; but I'm sorry you see any likeness between me and the wicked Fairy Queen."

"Only just the green dress and the beauty, my lady," said Matty; "and there's this difference, that her beauty was false, while yours is true. They say beauty's only skin-deep, and so it is with some; but your beauty's as deep as your heart, and any one may see the heart's sweetness and goodness shining through it. But sure I ought to ask your ladyship's pardon for making so free; but it is just a way I have of speaking my mind, and every one excuses it in old Matty, for they know he means no harm. And how's all up yonder?" and he pointed with his thumb

in the direction in which the house of Dunran lay.

"All quite well, Matty."

"Well, indeed I'm glad to hear it. And is Mr. Frank at home?"

"No, he's in Dublin, but I expect him home to-night. Do you want to see him?"

"Well, my lady, I've a message for him—a very particular message; it's from an old friend, but I'm not at liberty to mention his name. And indeed I was charged not to delay a minute in giving it to him."

"Is it anything I ought to know?" asked Katharine.

"To tell you the truth, my lady, I came here with the intention of telling you, but I don't know—I'm not sure if I'd be doing right——"

"Oh, don't tell me if you think it wouldn't be right," said Katharine, smiling, and perfectly unsuspicious of coming evil.

"I mean right to you, my lady," said Matty. "I can't find it in my heart to make you uneasy."

"*Uneasy!* What do you mean, Matty?" and Katharine turned from the tall, yellow rose-tree from which she had been cutting some perfect blossoms, to look inquiringly at Matty.

"Yes, my lady, uneasy about Mr. Frank."

"Mr. Frank? Why should I be uneasy about Mr. Frank? Tell me at once;" and growing very pale, she let the flowers drop from her hand, their rich blossoms strewing the ground unheeded.

"Well, my lady, I hope there's no cause to be afraid. The message is from one that's a true friend to Mr. Frank. You mustn't be too much frightened, my lady; but it's a message to let Mr. Frank know that there's men watching to take his life."

"To murder him!" said Katharine, pale and trembling, but not losing her self-possession. "Fenians, of course?"

"It's not for me to say who or what they are," said Matty; "all I've got to do is to deliver my message, and I'll just keep to that. He's never to stir out alone, and he's to suspect an enemy in every stranger, and he's always to carry a good revolver; that's the message. And it's best that you should know it, my lady, for you'll be more careful for him than he would be for himself, and you'll see that he takes proper precautions, and if he does he'll be safe."

"But to-night," said Katharine—"the last train comes in late, and he will have only a groom with him coming from the station. They may be watching for him then, and he will not know. But he must know," she added, hurriedly—"he must know at once."

"Yes, my lady, you must contrive to give him warning."

"Matty," said Katharine, "you know who these men are, and where they are to be found. Can you believe it right to screen such wretches from justice—men who deliberately and in cold blood can plan to murder so good a man, so just and liberal a landlord, so kind and generous a master, so true a friend to Ireland and to her best interests; one who cares for neither creeds nor parties, but only for truth and justice?"

"I do believe he is all that, my lady, as far as any Englishman can be," said Matty.

"He's not an Englishman," said Katharine; "he's a true Irishman."

"Oh, my lady," said Matty, "he has the English blood. Sure the first Wingfield that settled in Ireland was one of them Undertakers.* But far be it from me to say aught against Mr. Frank. God knows, Ireland would not be the distracted country she is if all Englishmen had been like him, and long sorry I'd be to see any harm befal him—why else am I bringing this message?"

"I suppose it was Maurice Byrne sent it," said Katharine.

* Englishmen, to whom were granted the conquered Irish lands on their undertaking to "plant thereupon" so many families—none of the native Irish to be admitted. Among these "Undertakers" were Sir Walter Raleigh and Edmund Spenser.

"Well, my lady, I'm not at liberty to say who sent it," said Matty.

"How is it," exclaimed Katharine, "that men who, like you, will not commit murder themselves, will yet endure any penalty rather than let those who do meet the justice they deserve? Ireland must always be lawless and distracted while such a state of things exists."

"Well, my lady," said Matty, "the truth is that we Irish don't make much account of English justice. There's been a deal of wrong, and robbery, and worse, done in the name of justice; and so we've just learned to hate the very word."

"Won't you come in and have your breakfast, and speak to Dr. Wingfield?" asked Katharine, though she had little hope of getting any more information from Matty than he had chosen to give already.

"Thank you, my lady, I've had my breakfast," said Matty, "and I wouldn't tell anything more to the Doctor than I've told to you. No, nor to Mr. Frank either, if he was here. I've my own notions of loyalty and honour—loyalty to my country and my religion; honour and good faith to them that put their trust in me—and, right or wrong, I'll stick to them till I die. I'm too old to change now. I can't nor I won't say any more than I've said; but if you and Mr. Frank will act upon my warning, I'll warrant you he'll be safe enough. So good morning to you, my lady, and that God may bless you, and spare your husband to you, is the prayer of old Matty!"

And taking off his hat, and making a low bow, Matty walked quickly away.

As he turned an angle in the path, and was out of sight of the garden, Malachy Bride appeared on the top of an overhanging cliff, and coming down its precipitous face like a cat, dropped at Katharine's feet.

"Miss Katharine," he said—for so he always called her—"I heard all that Matty was saying to you, and I know where the Fenians are; they're in the Phooka's Glen."

"How do you know, Malachy?" asked Katharine.

"I saw them, Miss Katharine, and I'll tell you how it was. Yesterday evening, just at dusk, I was in Rosana rookery, thinking I'd climb up and get a young bird out of one of the nests for a pet. It was pretty nigh pitch dark under them old fir-trees, and two men passed close by without seeing a bit of me. They seemed to have just met, and one said to the other, 'Where are you going so late, Mike?' 'Well,' said Mike, 'not to deceive you, Denis, I'm going to the Phooka's Glen.' 'What to do there?' said Denis. 'I'll go bail you wouldn't be a bit surprised if I told you,' said Mike; 'a good Irishman like you isn't without knowing what's going on there.' 'You mean the Fenians?' said Denis. 'Yes,' said Mike, 'I mean the Fenians.' 'And are you going to join them?' said Denis. 'That's my intention,' said Mike. 'Then you're a fool for your pains,' said Denis, 'and it's mad they are to come here till they have a force strong enough to defy the police or the soldiers; for as soon as Mr. Frank Wingfield comes home, he'll hunt them out just as if they were so many badgers.' 'How will he know they're there?' said the other; 'sure they mean to keep quiet till all the boys of the right sort hereabouts have joined them, and then they'll move on to Glenmalure, and keep moving about that way through all the glens in the county, till they get every man in it that's worth having.' 'How will he know it, do you say?' said Denis. 'Sure hasn't he been keeping close watch night and day with his "peelers" for fear the Fenians should come; and if he hadn't been from home, and the police hadn't been careless because he was away, they'd never have got into the Phooka's Glen without being seen.' That was all I heard, Miss Katharine; but it came into my head just like a flash of lightning that I'd go up to the Glen, and see if it was true the Fenians were there, and what they were like. And sure enough,

Miss Katharine, there they were, all camped round about the Devil's Kitchen, and they were eating and drinking, and talking and singing, and full of sport, and it came into my head to give them a fright, and I screeched just like the Banshee of the Glen —I can do it splendid. And when they heard it—and it sounded so wild among the rocks that it almost frightened myself—they jumped up, out of their wits with fear, and some ran down to the river, and some up to the top of the mountain, and some one way, and some another, but they didn't catch me, I'll be bound. And then I got a snug place among the heath, and fell fast asleep, and when I woke I screeched again, and I screeched once more at daybreak, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if I have scared them out of the Glen."

"Malachy," said Katharine, "you mustn't tell any one that you saw them, or that you know they are there, till Mr. Frank hears."

"Not a word will I tell, Miss Katharine," said the boy. "Sure you may trust me. Did I ever tell any one about the papers I found in Black Tom's cellars?"

"No; I am sure you are a good, faithful boy; but, Malachy, even Mr. Frank's life may depend on your silence!"

"Ropes and wild horses wouldn't draw it out of me, Miss Katharine," said the boy, passionately. "Don't you believe me?"

"Yes, Malachy, I believe you," said Katharine. "Now come with me to the house."

On entering the breakfast room, Katharine found Dr. Wingfield and Miss Dicy there, wondering at her absence. "Dear Aunt Dicy, dear Dr. Wingfield," she said, speaking as calmly as she could, "I must go to Dublin instantly; I must see Frank before he leaves; no telegram, no messenger would do. I must see him myself. When you have heard all I have to tell you, I know you will agree with me that I ought to go to him without a moment's delay."

CHAPTER XVII.

A FENIAN CAMP.

IT was one of those delicious nights in June when sunset and moonrise meet together, and the silvery rays of the first stars were faintly gleaming through the golden atmosphere in which earth and heaven were wrapped, when Matty the Mouse passed the sentries guarding the Phooka's Glen, and climbed the rocks to the spot selected by McCann for a camp. It was half-way up the northern mountain, where great masses of rock were thrown together in such a manner as to form a chain of caves or grottoes capable of holding several hundred men, and with so many intricate passages and windings that no one ignorant of their mysteries could have traversed them in safety. Here a remnant of the rebels of "Ninety-eight" lay concealed for months, till a spy of Lord Lake's managed to get in among them, and having mastered the secrets of the caves, led the soldiers thither and surprised the fugitives, who, after a desperate defence, were driven out, and nearly all mercilessly slaughtered. One of these caves, with a curious funnel-shaped opening at the top (called the Phooka's Chimney), was traditionally known as the Phooka's Kitchen; and another, in which something like a horse's stall and manger appeared to have been cut in the rock, bore the name of the Phooka's Stable. In front of these caves was a broad ledge or terrace, falling precipitously down more than a hundred feet, where it was broken by a deep dent or hollow, called the Phooka's Footstep, in which lay broken and jagged fragments of rock, a few hazel and holly bushes, and one very old and thickly branched yew tree growing among them. Huge masses of rock, with stunted and twisted oak and birch trees hanging almost horizontally from their crevices, impassable cliffs rising at each side, led from thence to the river and glen below.

In this wild and picturesque spot, the heath-covered mountain opposite which shut in the glen glowing rosy red in the last rays of sunset, and the muffled roar of the waterfall coming up from the dark ravine beneath, the Fenian volunteers were scattered in groups, sitting or lying under the trees which here and there grew on the cliff. They had just finished their evening meal, which had been somewhat scanty, as they had depended on the country people for provisions, and had found the supply fall very far short of the demand. Their drink, too, had been only water, Fenianism enforcing the strictest temperance as an indispensable condition of secrecy and safety. But they were, like all true Irishmen, careless of comfort, patient of privation, and when under the influence of a sentiment or a passion needing no other stimulus, and their meagre fare had not subdued their high spirits and good humour. There seemed to be little order or discipline among them, and long before Matty reached the camp he heard their merry voices raised in laughter and song.

They were evidently picked men—all young, well-made, and active. They were dressed in a plain dark green uniform, and the rifles stacked near proved that they were well provided with arms. Altogether the band looked a formidable nucleus for a military corps—at least as far as the raw material went—and, likely enough to attract daring spirits to swell their ranks.

"God save you, boys!" said Matty, as he came near. "Success to the good old cause, and may ye soon pull down the Red, and plant the Green above it."

"God save you kindly, honest man," said the foremost of the group he had addressed, —all Dublin "boys,"—looking with some surprise and amusement at the queer little man who stood grinning before him.

"And where would I see the Colonel?" asked Matty, "if I may be so bold as to ask."

"He's over there among the caves with Captain McCann and a dozen of the boys, holding a private consultation on the affairs of the army, and can't be disturbed. But what was it you wanted with him?"

"Oh, sure I can wait," said Matty,—"it's himself I want to see."

"Arrah, be aisy, boys, and mind your manners!" said a merry young fellow; "it's a fairy man the ould gentleman is, and he's been sent by the 'Good People' to know what it is brings us here, disturbing them in their own grounds without leave given or asked. Or maybe it's the King of the Fairies himself he is, in disguise."

"Hould your whisht, Mick," said another young Fenian; "sure I wonder you're not afeard to be making game of such things after hearing the Banshee last night."

"Och, what's the Banshee to him?" said a third; "sure his family's too mean for a Banshee to have any concern with it!"

"My family's as good as yours, Pat Grogan, and a deal better."

"Sure, if it was, they'd have taught you better manners, Mick."

"Never mind him, avick," said Matty; "he must have his joke, and sure I'll just pay him off with a bit of a tune."

Raising his magic stick to his lips, he drew forth such a hideous discord of sounds as made Mick and his companions spring to their feet, half believing that the queer old man who produced them was really a wizard.

"May I never see the Curragh of Kildare again if that isn't Matty the Mouse!" cried a voice from a knot of young men a little way off. "Come here, Matty, and tell us if it's yourself, or only your fetch."

"Oh, faix, it's myself—all that old age and hardship have left of me," said Matty, crossing over to the speaker. "Is that you, Terence?"

"Who else would it be? Sure you're among friends here, Matty. We're all Kildare boys here, able to handle our pikes

and shillelaghs, and up to everything from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter. You won't frighten us with your stick as you did them Dublin chaps yonder. We all know it well, don't we, boys?"

"Of course we do," said another Kildare boy; "we've known it since we was knee-high to a goose. Sit down, Matty; sit down on this stone. See what an elegant cushion of moss is on the top of it. Sit down on it, and make yourself at home. Wisha! a seat on the rock is all we can offer you, for divil the bit or sup have we got to give you."

"Faix, I'm glad to see you all," said Matty, taking the seat so politely offered to him; "and sure if you're hungry, you're hearty. Bedad, you're all as merry as a lot of magpies."

"It's just the thoughts of the fighting we're going to have keeps up our spirits, Matty. That'll be meat, drink and divarsion all in one for us."

"Indeed, and I believe there's them that finds it so," said Matty; "but it wouldn't be me, for I never was much of a fighter."

"We'll fight for you, Matty, and you'll sing for us. You always were good at a song."

"Give us one now, Matty—give us one now," cried several of the boys.

"Is it a tune on my stick you want?" asked Matty, laughing.

"No, no, keep that for the Dublin boys. We want a song, a real song. You've lots of fine songs, I know. Hasn't he, Terry?"

"True for you, Miles, he has. Sing us a song, Matty, and we'll drink your health in cold water, since that's all the drink we're allowed nowadays. And mighty cold it is too," added Terry with a comical grimace.

"Troth and you might have worse," said Matty. "Water's a good wholesome drink, and never breeds mischief."

"Och, well, it's little of it goes far with me," said Terry; "but I keep up my spirits thinking of the fine times we'll have when Ireland's our own. And in the meantime, Matty, let us have your song."

"It's making game of me you are," said Matty. "Sure I'm too old to sing."

"Not a bit of it. You're as young as ever you were. Come now—we're all waiting on you."

"Troth I'm an old ol to listen to you," said Matty; "but sur you must have your way. And what song will I sing? Will you have the 'Shan Van Vocht?'"

"Och, we've sung the 'Shan Van Vocht' till we're hoarse. Give us something else."

"Will you have 'The Croppy Boy?'"

"No, faix, that 'ud never do; that 'u make us down-hearted entirely. Sure I never hear the last verse without feeling ready to cry. How's this it goes?"

And Terry crooned over the last words of the mournful ballad which possesses so strong a fascination for the Irish people:

> "At Geneva barrack that young man died,
> And at Passage they have his body laid;
> Good people, who live in peace and joy,
> Give a prayer and a tear to the Croppy Boy."

"Troth, it's a sorrowful ballad," said Matty; "I wonder what put it into my head; but I'm afeard I've forgot all the funny songs I used to sing."

"Give us the 'Rakes of Mallow,' said one of the boys. "That's a fine song, and lots of divilment in it."

"Aye is it," said Matty, "but I'm not able to sing it now; the divilment's all gone out of me; but the days that I *could* sing it—oh, them was the days!"

"Oh, bedad, you'll have better days than ever you had, when Ireland's our own again, and we get back the lands our fathers were robbed of. We're the swallows that show the spring is coming; so keep up your heart, old boy, and sing us that song."

"Well, boys, I'll sing you an old ditty I learned from an old blind piper when I was a boy. He used to play his pipes in all the houses of the gentry, and he had a power of elegant songs. It's many a long day since, but what we learn when we're young we

never forget, and faix I think I could sing that same song in my sleep."

"I'll be bound you could, but you'll do it better now you're awake. Attention, boys, all! Matty's going to begin."

Raising a voice that had once possessed some natural melody, but was now cracked and tuneless, Matty commenced his song—

"One day Madam Nature was busy,
Bright Vanus beside her was sated,
She looked till her head was quite dizzy,
And longed till the job was complated.
I'm making a heart, cried the Goddess,
For love and its joys all my trade is;—
Not a heart for a stays or a boddice,
But an Irishman's heart for the ladies.

"She bound it about with goodnature;
'Twas tender and soft as a dove, sir;
She poured in a drop of the cratur,
And creamed it with large lumps of love, sir.
'Twas mild as the waters of Shannon,
'Twas 'softer than roasted potatoes,
And quick as a ball from a cannon—
'Twas an Irishman's heart for the ladies."

Matty's song was warmly applauded and loudly encored; but just as the good-humoured old man was complacently recommencing it, Maurice Byrne rushed out from an opening in the rocks, hastily followed by Colonel McGarvey, while McCann and several other men came hurriedly after. Maurice was evidently in a state of intense excitement, and McGarvey seemed absolutely convulsed with rage.

"I say, you men there!" he shouted fiercely, "don't let him escape! Stop him! Take him! He's a darned traitor!"

Striding on to the very brink of the precipice, Maurice turned there and confronted McGarvey and the Fenian band, all of whom had risen tumultuously. Controlling his agitation, he drew himself firmly up, and spoke in a clear, ringing voice—

"There's no need to stop me," he said, "I'm not going to run away. I've got a few words to say, and I call upon every true man here to listen to them."

"Don't let him speak!" screamed McGarvey, emphasizing his words with frightful oaths. "He's a traitor—false to his country—false to his oath!"

"You lie!" exclaimed Maurice.

"You're a scoundrel," cried McGarvey, "and if you say another word I'll send you to kingdom come!"

"What is it he's done?" asked a tall, powerful, determined looking young man, stepping forward.

"He has refused to obey the commands of his officers. For half his insolence and insubordination a man in the American army would have been shot dead on the spot."

"No officer has a right to command his soldiers to commit murder," said Maurice.

"Stop his throat—take him prisoner—I command you to arrest him!" cried McGarvey.

"The first man that touches me till I've said what I want to say, I'll fling over the rock!" said Maurice.

The men, in doubt what to do, looked at each other.

"Musha, then, fair play's a jewel!" said old Matty, raising his cracked voice now far louder than he had raised it in his song. "Give the poor boy a chance to say what he can for himself. Sure you're all gentlemen volunteers, and not to be treated like them poor devils that sell themselves for the Queen's shillings."

Matty had struck a chord to which all the wild, lawless nature of the Fenian boys responded.

"Aye! aye! we're all gentlemen volunteeers!" "The poor boy musn't be shot down like a dog, anyway!" "We'll give him fair play!" "Speak out now, and defend yourself!" "We'll hear what you have to say!" and similar cries resounded on every side.

McGarvey in vain attempted to enforce order and discipline; his words were overwhelmed by a perfect tempest of voices; shouts for fair play, and reiterated assevera-

tions that they were all gentlemen volunteers!

"Why, what madness is this?" exclaimed McCann, taking advantage of a lull in the storm, and springing on a rock that he might have a better chance of commanding attention. "How can men be held together if they refuse to obey their superior officers?"

"We've no superior officers here," said the tall young Fenian who had spoken before, "except so long as we choose to make them so. Speak, Maurice Byrne, and let me see the man, Colonel or Captain, or General either, that'll dare to stop you!"

The cheers which rang out in answer to this speech clearly showed that the speaker had a large majority on his side, and McCann, thinking that before long his conspicuous situation might not be a very safe one, stepped down and drew a little back; while McGarvey, silently pressing his hand on a revolver in his pocket, seemed to wait with eager, savage looks, like a tiger watching for an opportunity to spring.

"I haven't much to say," said Maurice, speaking quickly and clearly; "only this. I and some others were summoned this evening by our two leaders yonder to a private conference. We were told that one of us was to be appointed to perform an important secret service, and we were made to draw lots to decide which of us it was to be. The lot fell on me. And what do you think the secret service was, boys? To murder a man that has been all my life long the same to me as a brother!"

A murmur ran through the listeners, and then there were cries of—"His name? His name? Give his name."

"Mr. Frank Wingfield," said Maurice, "well known through all Leinster as the poor man's best friend."

"I guess he's one of the friends that's worse than any enemy," said McGarvey. "If things were as they ought to be, and as we'll make them when Ireland is our own, there would be no poor man. He'll throw us a bit of bread to keep us from starving, just as he would to his dogs, but he'll take darned good care not to let us have the lands we've a right to, and that would make us rich. He's a darned aristocrat, and a supporter of English rule, and it's all owing to him that Fenianism has never got a footing in this county."

"He was the man that drove me out of it when I came down to organize Circles and enlist recruits," said McCann. "He is a greater enemy to the cause than the most bloody-minded Orangeman."

"It's no matter what he is," said Maurice; "I don't even want to make my friendship for him any excuse. I'll take no man's life in cold blood. I joined the army of the Irish Republic, and swore to be true to it; but then I thought it was to be an army of soldiers, not of assassins."

"What do you mean by assassins?" cried McGarvey. "How else are tyrants and despots in high places to be reached? Every true patriot ought to strike down his country's oppressors wherever he can find them; and such means of liberation have always been permitted to enslaved peoples. This Wingfield, as I said before, is a determined enemy of the Irish Republic—an open foe to Fenianism. Would any one of you have refused to put him out of the way if the lot had fallen on you, instead of on that traitor? Will any of you now support him in his treason to his country?"

McGarvey's appeal was not without some response from his impressionable hearers. "Faix, the Colonel's right enough," said one. "What's the life of a cursed Sassenach compared to the freedom of Ireland?" "Bedad," cried another, "I'd think no more of taking it than if he was a rat!" "Why didn't you give the job to me, Colonel? I'd soon have done his business." "Sure it was his duty, and he ought to have done it," and similar exclamations were heard.

"It *was* his duty," repeated McGarvey;

"but will I tell you why he didn't do it? I'm ashamed to say it of a sworn Fenian and a born Irishman, but it was because he was afraid!"

But here the young man who had before taken Maurice's part interposed. "Maurice Byrne's not the man to be afraid of anything. Not one of his name ever was!" he called out; and his supporters quickly chimed in—"No! no! faix! Maurice Byrne's no coward." "We'll not see him trampled on." "If he doesn't want to do it, can't some one else be chosen?" "The Colonel mustn't be carrying too high a hand over us—sure we're all gentlemen volunteers." "Yes, all volunteers, free and equal; not like the Queen's paid beggars of soldiers." "Faix, it's we that have given our money instead of receiving it; and nothing to show for it but Fenian bonds, and God only knows when they'll be due, let alone paid!" said one truculent-looking fellow.

At this McCann once more came forward. "Maurice Byrne is no coward," he said, "I'll answer for that. Let me speak to him quietly, and I'll undertake to bring him to reason."

"It's no use your speaking to me, Captain McCann," said Maurice; "I'll never fire a shot or strike a blow at Frank Wingfield, nor let any one else do it while I'm by. I'll harm no man except in fair fight; and I'll tell you what, boys—if you had any honour or manhood in you, you wouldn't follow that man an hour longer, but send him back to America, or wherever it was he came from."

"I'll do for you first, anyway, you everlasting scoundred!" shouted McGarvey, and, drawing his revolver, he fired at Maurice before McCann could stop him. Maurice reeled and fell, grasping a fragment of rock which hung loosely over the cliff; it gave way, and after a desperate effort to regain his footing, he plunged into the gulf below, the broken rock following with a crash that awakened all the echoes in the Glen.

Some of the men rushed to the edge of the precipice and looked over, but from where they stood the hollow beneath looked dark and shadowy, and nothing could be seen.

"Ochone! ochone! that was a cruel murder on a brave boy!" said old Matty, raising his hands to heaven in the helpless passion of impotent old age.

Fierce murmurs of anger and indignation were heard among the Fenians, gradually growing louder. Many of the men drew close together, looking ominously at McGarvey, who stood his ground, grasping his revolver. "If any darned idiot says I did what I'd no right to do, I've another shot ready for him—and more behind!" he said savagely.

McCann and a few others grouped themselves about McGarvey, and a fight seemed impending, when a voice rose high above all the tumult and noise—

"Run for your lives, boys—run! Wingfield's coming straight to the Glen with a whole regiment of soldiers!"

The effect was like magic. The defiant attitudes, fierce glances and menacing gestures disappeared, and every one looked from tree to tree and rock to rock, where, however, there was nothing to be seen.

In the midst of their surprise and confusion, McCann, who had disappeared for a minute, came forward again, after whispering a word or two to McGarvey, who stood quietly looking on, though still holding his revolver.

"A messenger was sent down from Dublin by the Central Committee to warn us," said McCann, "but the soldiers came quicker than they expected, and he was nearly too late. They're not a hundred yards from the lower pass into the Glen."

At first a few fierce spirits proposed that as they held so strong a position they should stand their ground and sell their lives as

dearly as they could, but they were but a small minority, and were soon silenced. Hiding in the caves was next suggested, but the want of provisions seemed to negative that.

"Besides," said McCann, "Wingfield knows the caves better than any one here. I have heard since I came down that he has a regular plan of them drawn out."

"Arrah, wisha!" said one of the boys, "sure there's no place secret now. It isn't as it used to be in the good old times. What with the miners hunting for gold, and them that go knocking the stones about to find out how long they were made before the creation of the world, there isn't a hole or corner left for a fellow to hide in when he wants it."

"We might have stayed here as long as we liked if Wingfield had been put out of the way," said McCann.

"Oh, by the mortial! it's a pity he wasn't then!" said the Fenians with one voice. "If we had him here it's little mercy we'd show him, or any one that 'ud dare to take his part. It's plain to be seen now the Colonel only gave Byrne what he deserved! No doubt it was he sent Wingfield word we were in the Glen."

"Just so," said McGarvey, coming triumphantly to the front on the favouring tide. "Stick to me, boys, and you'll never find yourselves in the wrong box. Darned if I ever was euchred yet! Keep cool and steady, men, and I'll take you right through. I guess the upper pass to the Glen is clear, or the sentries would have come in. We'll go out that way, and make tracks for Lugnaquillia Mountain. I guess it will be a while before the soldiers get there. Now, boys, shoulder arms, and fall into line the best way you can."

His air of easy assurance and tone of habitual command gave courage and confidence to the wavering Fenians, and they obeyed his orders with alacrity. Just as they were ready to move off, he caught sight of old Matty kneeling on the rock, beating his breast and praying audibly.

"Bring the old beggar along," he said; "it's as well to keep him from chattering about us. Two of you take him between you and help him along. Now, boys, quick march!" And with as much order and rapidity as the rocky path they had to traverse permitted, the Fenians filed out of the Glen.

(To be continued.)

SHATTERED IDOLS.

Oh, shattered idols, framed of fragile glass,
We thought were jewels! Yet the day may come
When every fragment which lies shattered now
May turn to sapphires in the land of rest.
We raise a palace through a waste of years,
And think its walls are crystal in the sun
Of this world's glory, flashing for an hour.
We look again, and see it was but ice
Which we have dwelt in, thawing fast away—
At every burning grasp it melts the more.
Blessed be he who leaves the treacherous hope,
And into heavenly crystal turns the thaw.

MONRO.

MUNICIPAL TAXATION.

BY ECONOMIST.

WITHIN the last few weeks the question of subjecting to an exceptional tax, for municipal purposes, one particular form of capital, has been unpleasantly obtruded on public notice. The materials of which Municipal Councils are ordinarily composed are not such as to lead us to expect in these bodies any profound knowledge of political economy; yet we should probably find in the most insignificant of them all members who believe themselves greater authorities on taxation than Bentham or Mill, Ricardo or Sismondi, and who would think themselves making a poor bargain if they bartered their "practical knowledge" for the speculations of Adam Smith and the multitude of eminent disciples by whom his doctrines have been promulgated during the last century. Men do not set up for mathematicians without making the acquaintance of Euclid, or for navigators without being initiated into the mysteries of latitude and longitude, or for anatomists without having studied the structure of animal bodies; but of political economy the number is infinite who profess to know everything without having studied anything. If we blunder on with our eyes shut, and grope in the dark of our own self-sufficiency, the best of us will certainly fall into the ditch.

That is where some of our municipal rulers have already arrived. Bank Stock has been seized upon as the lawful prey of partial confiscation, under the name of local taxation. The question of the right of Municipal Councils to tax bank stock, in its capital form, has been before three different County Judges, two of whom have given affirmative decisions, the third a negative decision. From these inferior courts there is no appeal, although the amount of this form of capital is counted by many millions. For the present, therefore, there seems to be nothing but submission to an impost which attacks not the income but the capital, in a way which is at once exceptional, partial and arbitrary.

Formerly there existed a tax of one per cent. on the issue of bank notes, levied by the general Legislature for the benefit of the public treasury. We can understand the implied theory on which this tax was grounded: the theory that Government has a right to provide the national currency, and that, if it parts with any portion of that right, it may fairly claim compensation for the concession to a private corporation. The time came when the Government found it convenient to make a partial resumption of this concession; a tempting form of extending the public credit having been found in the issue of legal tender notes. The combined influence of the banks is formidable in the Legislature; and at least one Government found its plans thwarted by the exercise of that influence. When another Government wished to withdraw the concession of the right to issue bank notes below the denomination of four dollars, and to fill the void to be made in the currency with notes of its own, it agreed, as an equivalent, to repeal the tax on issues. If a Municipal Corporation can step in and tax bank stock, the security of the convention entered into by the highest authority in the land becomes valueless. This untoward incident must cause an enquiry into the necessary limits of the multiform powers of taxation under our federal and sub-federal system of Government. It will be necessary to ensure that these powers do not clash; to guard against duplications and triplications of taxation that would operate

unequally and unjustly. It will probably then be found, on a full investigation, that municipalities must confine themselves to local rates, and drop all pretensions to use complicated and extensive powers of general taxation.

The tax on bank stock is a tax on capital, not on the annual produce of the capital, and in this particular violates one of the essential and universally recognized principles of taxation. "Every tax," says Sismondi, and the great body of economists are in accord with him, "should be levied on the revenue, and not on the capital. In the former case, the State spends only what private persons ought to spend; in the second case, it destroys that on which both private persons and the State alike depend." An annual tax of one and a half per cent. on the capital, if it were made perpetual, would be equal to a destruction of about twenty per cent. of that capital; as it would take away for ever that proportion of its earning power. The capital being in a mobile form, and capable of relieving itself from the burthen, would soon emigrate. In the case of bank stock not only is the facility of transfer great: the temptation to escape would be overpowering. The municipalities that try to mulct capital, in this form, will soon find themselves deprived of it: they will not only lose the revenue anticipated from this source, but also the presence of the capital on which it was attempted to be levied. The trade of the place would languish, and in general the local prosperity would decline, through the check given to reproductive industry. The partial nature of the tax—its being confined in practice to Ontario and to the banks of Ontario—would be sufficient to insure the emigration of the capital attainted. The Ontario banks have no exclusive monopoly privileges which would enable them to bear this pressure of exceptional taxation. Holders of the stock would gradually transfer their capital to other employments, to obtain the average profits yielded by similar forms of investment. Unless the holders submitted to a sacrifice of about twenty per cent. on the price of their stock, the time would come when the towns and cities in which this impost was enforced would be dependent for banking facilities on banks having their headquarters outside the Province of Ontario; or if the stockholders were willing to submit to the confiscation of twenty-five per cent. of their capital by making this sacrifice, the local banks might continue to languish, under this deduction. But the aid they could lend to reproduction would be diminished in a degree corresponding to the destruction of this portion of the national capital, and the whole community would suffer; the greatest sufferer would be the municipality in which the tax had been attempted to be enforced. These would be the inevitable results of a tax that would operate as an arbitrary interference with the natural distribution of capital.

The difference between a tax on bank stock and a tax on incomes derived from other sources would be something like this: One and a half per cent. on a thousand dollars of bank stock would be fifteen dollars a year; on the income derived from a thousand dollars, in another form, at eight per cent., one dollar and twenty cents. It would hardly be possible to sin more conspicuously against the rule that taxation ought to be equal. Other stocks are not taxed in their ca ital form—an additional aggravation of the wrong.

The municipal tax exempts all incomes under £50 a year; but to secure this exception in the case of bank stock a vexatious appeal would frequently be necessary. The excepting of small incomes is traceable originally to a suggestion of Bentham, elaborated by Sismondi, accepted by Mill without repeating the reasons which form its strongest support, interwoven in the law of England by Peel, and then copied, with a reduction of two-thirds the amount, by the Legislature of

Canada. But this exemption does not rest on authority alone. The great reason in its support is, that he who has barely enough to support that existence to which he is entitled, has nothing to give to the State. Holders of small amounts of bank stock must often be in this position or on the border of it. While the head of the family lives to derive an income from his exertions, he can afford to let a part of his property lie in a state in which the annual revenue is confounded with and consists of the annual increase in the value—a state from which no immediate return is obtained. But when the income dies with him, this non-productive property—we give it this name for want of a better, not that it quite expresses the truth—must be exchanged for something productive, something from which the means of daily existence can be obtained. Bank stock is a common resort for this class of investors; but this will no longer be the case if one-fifth of the income is to be swallowed up in the gulf of local taxation.

Even as between one bank and another, the tax, from the way in which it is in some cases levied, presents crying instances of inequality and injustice. All bank stock is assessed at par; while in point of fact the market or intrinsic value of the stock of one bank is more than double that of another. The result is that the force of the tax falls with double weight on the stock least able to bear it. In one case, the assessment covers an amount beyond the actual capital, as tested by the current value of the stock; and this assumption of fictitious capital leads to a further confiscation of real capital. It would be possible to calculate the time when this process would eat up all the capital; in which respect it would outrival Say's scheme of graduated taxation, and match that of Paine, which, at a given point in the ascending scale, ended in avowed and absolute confiscation. In the other case, where the par value of the stock is less than half the real or market value, one-half of the capital escapes untaxed. The high current rate of some bank stocks is explained by the fact that these banks have in fact two capitals, while nominally they have only one: the subscribed capital and a capital derived from undistributed profits, held under the name of a "rest." The original theory of the "rest" is, that it is a prudential reserve of undistributed profits, held to meet the contingency of possible future losses; or as a means of ensuring an average of dividends in a series of years—a principle necessary to be observed in all commercial undertakings. But in point of fact, the "rest" has, in some cases, become practically a second capital, which can never be wanted to cover average losses. If the capital stock of a bank were properly taxable, the assessing of all such stocks at an uniform figure, without regard to their real value, would produce inequalities of taxation equal to the real difference in the values. Bank stock does not represent a fixed quantity, as the equal assessment of unequal values assumes; and in this respect the local tax is more objectionable than the late tax on the note issue, which was measured by the circulation—one of the main sources of a bank's profit—and which it was felt could no longer be equitably retained after the withdrawal of the right to issue small notes. Before then there was a reason for its existence.

In considering the most equitable modes of municipal taxation we must circumscribe the view to the actual situation, and not reason as though we had great national interests to deal with. In our tripartite form of government, the municipality occupies the narrowest sphere, and derives its right of taxation, or levying local rates, entirely from a higher authority. It has not, like the Commons of England, the inherent right of taxation. Material interests are what it most takes cognizance of; and these interests are largely represented by real estate, comprising both houses and land. It is

these forms of property which receive the most benefit from the improvements on which a large part of the revenue is spent. If a comparatively small sum is spent, in the average of years, on public works, the heavy interest account which forms so large a drain on the resources of most cities will generally be found to have been mainly incurred for works of that character. Even under a national Government, it is true, as Sismondi remarks, "the greatest part of the public works, the greatest portion of the cost of defence, and of the administration of justice, has for its object territorial rather than moveable property; it is, therefore," he adds, "just that landed proprietors should bear a larger proportion of the taxes than others." As a matter of fact, he shows that this rule was carried into effect; the estimate being that land in Europe, at the time when he wrote, paid three times as much taxes as personal property. This is the more notable, since the legislative power was exercised by the landed class; and they would take good care not to place on their own shoulders an undue share of the public burthens.

Real estate benefits through public improvements made by local rates in a much greater degree than through the national revenue. To such an extent is this true that many cities, both in England and America, throw the cost of several kinds of improvements wholly on real estate. In Manchester, whenever a proprietor of land lying contiguous to the built-up parts of the city wishes to bring it into the market for building sites, it is a condition precedent that he drain every street, cover the centre with stone and the side-walks with flags. In the cities of the United States, it is a very general rule to make all such improvements by means of a special frontage tax; it is natural and certain that improvements made by this means are far more thorough than under any system where the direct benefit of the expenditure to the payer is less apparent. The corporation prescribes the character of the work; and sometimes individual proprietors have the option of doing the work themselves, according to the pattern given; but if they neglect to do so within the prescribed time it is done for them under the direction of the city engineer, and they are charged with the cost. The direct benefit derived from the improvements gives a great impetus to their extension. They are found to pay. It is stated that in every instance where wooden block pavement has been put down in Chicago, the value of the property on the street where it was laid has been doubled. In that city, the assessment for this kind of improvement is not confined to the streets on which it is made; the holders of property on contiguous streets are required to contribute in the ratio of the benefit they receive. This is the correct principle: a direct payment for a direct benefit, and though far from being of universal application, it should be enforced wherever it is applicable. Canadian cities have made only very partial attempts to act upon it. In Toronto, the public sewer is about the only thing paid for by a frontage tax. Where a different system prevails, the contributor has no guarantee that he will benefit in proportion to what he pays; and he often goes on paying for years without receiving the equivalent to which he is entitled. Where the public works are left to the management of a committee, each member attempts to get as much as he can for his own ward, which may mean, to a considerable extent, for himself and his friends. On every such committee there is a small ring, comprising the majority, and if the rest do not fall in with its plans, they get next to nothing. If improvements were made by a frontage rate, the abuses of the present system would be reduced to a minimum. On a thorough investigation, it would certainly prove that nothing so much requires improvement as our municipal system of assessment.

Real estate within the limits of cities is of two kinds: that on which buildings have

been erected, and that on which there are yet no buildings. They are sometimes distinguished as improved and unimproved, sometimes as productive and unproductive. But neither of these distinctions contains a true definition. No land from which the roots of trees have been removed is wholly unimproved. There are various degrees of improvement which land may undergo without being built upon. Much of such land may be wholly unproductive, in the sense of yielding a direct return; but when this is the case, it will generally be found to be the fault of the owner. There is another sense in which this land is productive: the profit lies in the progressive, or what has been called—as the basis of an ominous proposal—the "unearned increment" of value. From a few dollars an acre the value of land rises in the principal streets of our cities to many hundreds of dollars for each foot of frontage. The rapidity of the rise in value depends on the growth of the city; but the rise is certain. The argument is not at all affected by the occasional occurrence of land panics and the ruin of speculators whose movements were guided by ignorance and based on miscalculation; many of whom founded almost their whole operations on credit, of which the too great expansion produced an inevitable collapse. The wealth of a Street may show how profitable the holding of land may be under good management.

Land held under these conditions is a fair subject of taxation; but the tax should bear some proportion to the improvements. The tax takes nothing from the capital, but only a small portion of the "unearned increment." What is necessary is that the tax should be levied in an equitable manner. In practice, monstrous inequalities crop up. Numerous distinctions are made, some or all of which are necessary, between the different purposes for which land is held: as farm, garden, paddock, land in immediate demand, and land not in immediate demand, for building purposes. The categories get confused; and one proprietor, who has for years been able to sell for building purposes, is assessed at only seven hundred dollars an acre, while others whose properties are more remote are mulct in three times that amount. It requires much conscientious painstaking to arrive at an equitable assessment in all the different classes of cases; and justice can never be done if the assessors be under the malign influence of Ward politicians. The existence of a Board of Assessors, with a supervisor at their head, may be very useful, provided it is not led by an excess of newborn zeal to overact its part.

A tax on buildings is of a different character. It is a tax on consumption. Rent is not altogether a fair criterion of the annual value, since it is the gross product, while only the net revenue should be taxed. From the rent should be deducted the average cost of repairs, and an annual amount that will suffice to form a rebuilding fund by the time the house is worn out. What is left after these deductions are made is the whole net revenue. Still, although the assessment should be below the gross income, the rent will generally form a good criterion of value; but it should be taken subject to the necessary deductions. There are some exceptions to this rule. It may be that a very expensively built house would fail to bring a rent at all proportionate to the cost; but if the practice, so dear to the heart of Shoddy, of erecting palatial residences as a means of sensuous display, is to be adopted here, there is no form of enjoyment on which it would be more appropriate to lay the full tax rate current. The improvident locking up of unnecessary amounts of capital in this way is nearly equivalent to its destruction, and it is not a thing to be encouraged by any partial exceptions; rather the contrary.

In estimating the amount of the annual contribution necessary to form a rebuilding fund, reference must be had to the difference in the perishable qualities of the material

used in the construction. Wooden buildings have a comparatively short existence, but they generally yield an exceptionally large revenue on their cost. The annual value of the ground connected with buildings represents a ground-rent; this part of the property, instead of decreasing, is generally increasing in value, and is not properly subject to any deduction in the assessment. What is requisite is that no part of the capital necessary to the preservation of the whole should be taken by the tax-gatherer.

Mill contends that houses of a certain value, as well as incomes below a certain amount, should be exempted "on the universal principle of sparing from all taxation the absolute necessaries of healthful existence." Objections to all exemptions have been raised by writers of less or of no authority, but it does seem on insufficient grounds; for to take away part of what is absolutely necessary to an individual's existence, supposing him to make a full exertion of all his powers, is to make an attack on his life. The exemption from the income tax, levied for purposes of State, reaches as high as £150 in England; here the maximum in our municipalities is only $200. But the exemption of any class of houses, in cities, must be nearly or altogether impossible; nor, on the assumption that the $200 limit is the one which, on the whole, it is fairest to adhere to, would it be necessary. It would hardly be possible to keep up any sort of a house on $200 a year; and where the income exceeds the maximum amount of the exemption, which it is necessary to make uniform, there the line must be drawn.

The expediency or the fairness of allowing municipalities to tax incomes at all is far from being above question. It is a primary principle of taxation that "the subjects of every State ought to contribute to the support of the Government as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities; that is, in proportion to the revenue they respectively enjoy under the protection of the State." This principle, formulated more than a century ago, has now, in the words of a recent writer, by almost universal adoption become classical. As applied to general taxation, hardly any one would now think of denying its justice. But the municipality is not the State, and it does not afford the national protection which the national taxation secures. It supports a police force, and is at some expense in connection with the lower forms of the administration of justice, including the support of prisoners for petty crimes. The school-rate may, in one sense, be regarded as a means of reducing the cost of the administration of justice, but that is levied on real estate. The social duties of the municipality are not carried much farther; and the cost of these items is a very small part of the whole expenditure. Against the expense connected with the police administration may be set off the amount received from tavern licenses: as the drinking which taverns invite and facilitate considerably increases the cost, there was a manifest propriety in handing over this source of revenue to the municipalities. On similar grounds, if there were no other, cab licenses are justifiable: they return, in whole or in part, the expense which the use of cabs makes necessary in keeping up the streets. But, if we are to adopt this principle, and base the cab license on this ground, it would be necessary to extend it in other directions. If cabs wear the streets, much more do drays, which should pay proportionately higher; and a rigid adherence to the rule would not allow even private carriages to escape. In local taxation, the more frequently the benefits and the expenditure are brought into juxtaposition—the more frequently the one can be made a consequence of the other—the greater will be the satisfaction in paying taxes, and the greater the progress of improvement. But many things to be dealt with are too indefinite to be reduced to a rigid rule of equivalent values, and if such a

rule could be found it would be too narrow to cover the social aspects of the question.

But though every one should contribute to the support of the government of the nation according to his means, it does not follow that, even then, this contribution should frequently take the form of an income tax. This tax, even when levied for this purpose, is open to many and grave objections. In England it has always been considered an extra or supplementary tax; a thing for emergencies, and which ought not to become perpetual. But few people really know what their incomes are; and from many of those who do know it is impossible to extract the truth. Whatever may be the merits of the respective theories on which an income tax ought to be levied for national purposes; whether the scale ought to be graduated upwards; whether incomes derived from individual exertion and terminable with the life of the individual should be assessed at a lower rate than incomes derived from capital; whether the difference between the two ought to be adjusted by a deduction from the perishable income to pay a premium on life assurance; however these questions may be settled, when the principles on which an income tax for national purposes have to be settled, there could scarcely be a more monstrous proposition than that all incomes, of whatever amount, above a conventional maximum, and from whatever source derived, should equally become the prey of municipal taxation. We are quite aware that it is absolutely impossible exactly to adjust the sacrifice made to the benefit received, where we have to deal with a thing presenting so many social aspects as a city government presents; but the attempt to tax all property alike for city purposes, without regard to the benefit or the protection it receives, would practically destroy the equality of taxation, and thereby contravene a fundamental maxim which ought ever to be observed in its enforcement.

One man's property, consisting of real estate, is quadrupled in value by lighting, paving and draining; another's, consisting of stock in a bank or a woollen factory, carrying on its business in a different municipality from that in which the owner lives, and taxed there on its real estate and fixed capital, does not receive the least benefit from the expenditure of the taxes levied in the city where he resides. In this case, there is no pretence of protection; and if the bank or the factory had an agency in the city, it would pay its quota of taxes on real estate or fixed capital, and having done that it would have borne its equal share of taxation. To meet the social aspects of the case, the resident owner of the stock might be taxed on that portion of his personal property which consists of furniture and works of art, which he keeps to minister to his enjoyment. They represent an expenditure on objects of consumption—slow, indeed, but still consumption—and as they receive the same police protection that other visible forms of property receive from the municipality, they are fairly liable to be taxed. But in any case it is necessary to guard against the duplication or triplication of a tax, previously levied by higher authority in virtue of a prior or superior right.

The expediency of going beyond local rates on real property, in any case is open to question. In these days of excessive competition, the trade of one city cannot be weighted with exceptional burthens, from which its rivals are free, without the greatest danger of losing in the race. The difference might prove sufficient to close the old channels of trade and open new ones. The spectacle of a city granting bonuses by the million to railroads, in the hope of attracting trade, while special local burthens are thrown upon that trade, is that which of all others represents failure as purchased at the greatest cost and folly in its most conspicuous form. Non-traders who, besides real estate, have much which the expanding

forms of municipal taxes can be made to embrace, have few temptations to set up private residences amidst the floating dust, the unconsumed smoke, the noxious exhalations of an ill-governed city. The counter-temptation of pure country air and pleasant scenery is strong enough, in most American cities, to dot their suburbs with costly residences. Cincinnati, a city of the fourth class, scatters its wealthier population over a radius having a circumference of ninety miles—that is fifteen miles from the centre. Twenty years hence it is probable that no wealthy citizen will think of building his dwelling-house within the present limits of the city of Toronto, the superficial extent of which may be three times as great as the district swept by the great fire of Chicago. Every year the facilities for gratifying the desire for suburban domiciles increase; and though cities may extend their bounds, they will always find themselves distanced by the out-spreading population. The railroad gives a time measure in lieu of the old measure of distance. The defective government of our cities will act as a repellant to population. London, with its teeming millions outnumbering the entire population of this young nation, has become healthier than mere townlets of which the appearance is not less tempting than deceptive; but with us sanitary questions have not yet forced themselves on public attention, and it is not probable that anything less than a plague, decimating our urban population, will be strong enough to produce any vigorous sanitary reform. The population doing business in the city and living in the country can set off doctors' bills against the cost of the daily railroad ride; and the per centage of life saved is net gain to which no measure of money value can be applied. The rate of taxation is much lower in the country, even if the objects of taxation were as extensive, which is not the case. Let city rulers consider whether it is wise to drive rich men rom their midst, by attempts at exceptional taxation, which in the end must defeat themselves. We do not desire to elevate unproductive expenditure above its true rank in the economic scale; but though its benefits are inferior to those of productive expenditure, it must not be forgotten that if there were no consumption there would be no production.

To depend entirely on their own proper resources—local rates on real property—is the lesson which of all others the municipalities require to learn. The proceeds of the Clergy Reserves have been flung to them; the tavern licenses have (not unreasonably) been flung to them; a large part of the surplus of Ontario has been flung to them; and all these various amounts, swelling to an immense aggregate, might nearly as well have been thrown into the sea. The part of the surplus which they got they had anticipated, before it existed as a surplus, by an irregular and unjust distribution, enforced by something scarcely distinguishable from repudiation; and the Adjustment Act of last session of the Ontario Legislature was a sad but inevitable necessity. The absorption of these various amounts of national capital was nearly equal to its destruction: as a capital nearly all of it has ceased to exist, even in a fixed form. The dependence on their own resources will, in the end, be the best thing for the municipalities themselves; for the time will come when the fixed subsidies payable out of the consolidated revenue of the Dominion to the several Provinces will become inadequate to the wants of a greatly increased population, and when that time comes the only resource of the Provinces will be direct taxation, and all extraordinary sources of revenue will have to be taken from the municipalities. Some of the Province scannot be many years distant from direct taxation; and though the time will not come so soon in the Provinces where the municipal principle is most fully developed, it will one day inevitably come. For that day it is the part

of wisdom to be prepared. The danger is that, in the meantime, obligations will be assumed on the strength of extraordinary resources which will be cut off before the obligations are cancelled.

In the meantime, if any extraordinary sources of local taxation are to be allowed, it will be necessary to provide that they do not, when drawn upon, involve glaring inequality and flagrant injustice; that it shall not be permissible arbitrarily to select particular forms of capital on which to lay exceptional burthens, impressed with the hideous features of partial confiscation. Against attempts to contravene this principle it will be necessary to provide for a final appeal to some higher tribunal than a County Court. If pressure be brought upon the Legislature, by municipalities, to continue the right to levy other than local rates, it must be met by a demonstration on the part of the people which will effectually settle the question. To win a victory in such a contest, a resort to the right of petition, will, when the question is once understood, prove sufficient.

LOVE'S QUESTIONINGS.

IF questioned why I love thee I must pause
And count thy charms, as misers count their stores
Of treasures rare;
And mental calculation make, to see
Wherein consists the subtle witchery
That doth me snare.

It may be in thy soft and gentle tones,
Which like a purling rill breaks over stones
In cadence sweet.
It may dwell in those pure and holy eyes,
Within whose depths one dreams of azure skies
Where Angels meet.

Perchance it lieth in thy gift of mind,
Which yields an ore prolific and refined,
From its rich beds;
It may be in thy gentleness and grace,
Or in thy purity, which round thy face
A halo sheds.

Mayhap 'tis one or all these charms combined,
That form the chain which Fate hath closely twined,
Love-linked to thee.
But it were futile task to analyse
Each spell, for any single one were prize
Enough for me.

ST. CATHARINES. H. M. GILES.

SILVÉRIA.

SCENES FROM MEXICAN LIFE.

(*From the French of M. Lucien Biart.*)

CHAPTER I.

ON leaving the valley of Ahuilitzapatl, an Aztec name signifying "place full of water," which the Spaniards converted first into Arizahuatl and thence into Orizava, the *Rio Blanco*, here but a mountain torrent, falls down a height of one hundred and twenty feet between two steep cliffs. The tumultuous stream rushes through its bed of black rocks, some of which, rising above the surface, form a striking contrast to the white foaming waters with their frothy spray. Five hundred yards further on the left bank decreases in height, and the little river, which, in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Alvarado, is navigable for large vessels, here flows peacefully amid ferns, mosses and all sorts of plants belonging to the orchis family. The right bank of the *Rio Blanco* is covered with trees of many centuries' growth, and has never yet been desecrated by the hand of man, the clearings being arrested by the tumultuous waters of the torrent and its steep and rugged banks. On one side are vast prairies, wherein graze semi-wild cattle, —sugar canes, bamboo cabins, the white walls of a farm-house and the spire of a little church emerging from a clump of trees ; on the other rise the woody slopes of a mountain, whence issue every evening, towards sunset, sounds proclaiming that the deer, the boar, and the tiger, hold sway in this wild and unsettled domain, facing and overlooking the civilized world.

At different times I have been seized with a passion for this wilderness, so rich in productions of every description, and whence several of my entomological discoveries have proceeded. Whenever fate and my patients left me a free afternoon I had my old horse saddled, and, armed with pincers, bottles, boxes and pins, directed my steps towards the waterfall. I would trot through the village with as much appearance of business as I could assume in order to keep off importunate persons, and when once in the outskirts I accelerated the pace of my nag still more to avoid open-air consultations. Children, who swarm on the threshold of every Mexican dwelling, often revealed my presence: "Mother, here is Doctor Bernaguis!" these little demons would exclaim while hanging on to the window bars, and I would lower my head, vexed at not being able to pull the ears of some of the indiscreet youngsters to enforce their silence. Grandfather, father, mother, and grown-up sister would hasten to greet me, in chorus, with the habitual "God protect you, Doctor!" to which I replied according to the usual form: "And may he make saints of you, my children!"

Sometimes, willing or not, I was compelled to halt, to feel a pulse or apply the stethoscope ; sometimes, too, at sight of a pale and wan countenance on the threshold of a poor dwelling, I reined up "Cosaque," my faithful horse, and alighted to inquire, scold or remind that every morning I was to be found in my surgery, and that an illness which the simplest julep might cure if taken in time, might become fatal if neglected.

When I reached the plain without too great a delay, "Cosaque," as if thoroughly aware of my delight, ventured upon a gallop.

The sight of the fine pastures in the midst of which he made his way enlivened the brave animal, who took me of his own accord to the old widow Lopez' cottage. There I left him to be petted and caressed while I wended my way to the waterfall, opening a path for myself among the underbrush. Thanks to a ford, known only to myself, I was soon on the right bank of the torrent; I climbed about fifty yards over uneven, broken ground, and rested only on reaching the shelter of a large rock shadowed by gigantic branches. Here I was free! Above my head the dense, unexplored forest, full of mysterious sounds; around me rare plants, stones covered with fossil impressions; while through a vista I beheld the valley of Ahuilitzapatl, bounded by the buttresses of the sierra of Saint Cristophe. At my feet the river rippled and sparkled, and within gun-shot the white path leading from Orizava to the domain of Tuspango was visible through a thick carpet of verdure. I enjoy society, yet, however pleasant it is to exchange thoughts, feelings and hopes with one's fellow-beings, the desert and solitude possess powerful attractions for those who have once tasted them. It is certainly agreeable to me after a day's work to receive the learned licentiate Tornel and the venerable *curé* Bermudez in my study. For many years these old friends have their easy-chairs immovably fixed in my surgery, close to my study table. Before taking their seats both invariably assure themselves, first, that their chairs form the correct angle with mine; the *curé* generally opens proceedings by consulting me about his asthma, of which he persists in wishing to be cured, and by degrees the licentiate begins to talk. He has read the Mexican papers, and we argue about matters relating to the Government; gradually we become excited, and it would soon be a difficult matter for Government to satisfy us, as we naturally express three different opinions. However, upon one point my guests invariably agree—that everything was better managed thirty years ago, when they were young—an assertion to which I decidedly object. Presently my old servant brings in the chocolate, and by the time our cups are empty politics have been discarded. The licentiate is learned, and the *curé* knows the Aztec, Totonaque and Mistéque languages, and assists me to decipher old text. Then I either read one of my memoirs, or else we discuss some point in the history of Netza huacoyotl, the celebrated Emperor of Tescuco, one of the greatest monarchs who ever sat upon a throne. The *curé* compares him to Charlemagne; the licentiate (I know not for what reason) makes an Augustus of him: and in my opinion the Indian monarch should be compared to Francis I. At nine o'clock my friends take their departure and I resume my studies. This is happiness! But far above these delightful hours spent in the company of my friends, I place the moments of solitary reverie which fly so swiftly on the right bank of the *Rio Blanco*.

This afternoon—July 15th, 1852—about three o'clock, I reached the foot of my favourite rock; the sky was clear and bright; the hawks, more numerous even than usual, soared almost without moving their wings: the still air seemed on fire. Yielding to the weariness which paralysed even the very plants, that seemed to bend their boughs to the dry ground, I went down to the banks of the stream. A tatou, evidently under the belief that he was alone, slowly left his burrow and allowed me to witness the details of his toilet; then, darting on to the moss, the animal undertook a series of gambols, of which I made careful notes. Unfortunately both for him and myself, the rodent was closely watched by a wild-cat; the carnivorous animal attacked and devoured the herbivorous one, and ere I had recovered from my surprise the assassin had disappeared.

At the turning of the road, discernible from my position, I beheld an Indian family

passing along. The bare-headed women, with their matted hair, sheltered themselves from the rays of the sun with large leaves, and followed the chief in single file. It was by this road that my friend Lucio Dominguez was to return from the tapir hunt. If the young man has been successful, I shall be able definitely to describe the characteristics which distinguish the tapirs of the new world from those of the old; but I dare not hope, for, as I well know by experience, not every one can catch a tapir.

I was suddenly recalled from a fit of day-dreaming on beholding in front of me, about twenty paces from the bend of the road to Tuspango, a man, armed with a musket, gliding stealthily behind the bushes. He was attired in the buckskin trowsers and vest usually worn by horse-trainers, while a broad-brimmed hat concealed his features. What game was this huntsman pursuing? In vain did my questioning glance roam over the landscape: all was silent, solitary, motionless. On reaching the trunk of an old tree the cavalier knelt down and carefully examined the road to Tuspango; then he kept perfectly still. This hunter was evidently in pursuit of men; but for whom could he be on the watch on this lonely path? What should I do? explain, shout, reveal my presence? That is what I should have done at once, but now, taken in the very act, the huntsman would doubtless salute me with a discharge from his rifle. I am a witness, which means an enemy who must be kept silent, and, as regards that, in Mexico people only believe in the silence of the dead. The man pulls off his cap. Good Heavens! it is Diégo Lara! There will soon be bloodshed on this quiet path!

To whom does this scoundrel, whose misconduct has in turn caused the death of his father and mother, now bear malice? This road is only traversed by Indians, and their purse is assuredly not worth a shot. This scamp and unmitigated gambler is young, handsome and brave; he regards neither law nor gospel, cheats at play, plunders stage-coaches, and defies the gallows by some unknown privilege, considering that he has killed Ciudaréal with sword thrusts, Barrenos with his knife, and Caldéron no one knows how. He was imprisoned, but he always found twenty witnesses to assert that he had only used lawful means of defence. Should I now likewise have to testify in his favour? What should I do? Cross the ford in haste and arrive as if accidentally beside Diégo, and thus baffle his intentions? But it would require at least a quarter of an hour to reach the opposite bank, and what might not take place during this interval? Besides, Diégo is an excellent shot, and were he to perceive me . . I seemed to feel already the ball of his rifle piercing my chest, and the sensation, though imaginary, was none the less disagreeable. However, I must not allow this ambush to succeed, even if the target at which Diégo proposes to aim should prove to be my most cruel enemy. While reasoning thus I advanced through the trees until on a line with the bandit—he shoulders his musket—a horseman appears. Acting on a sudden impulse, I struck up the Mexican national anthem with all my might. The rider was walking his horse. It is the Texan Warren, the guardian of Silvéria Martinez. I show myself openly, fully persuaded that a musket ball will be the reward of my music; but Diégo has lowered his weapon and concealed himself in the grass. Warren appears thoughtful, and his horse, whose usual pace is a gallop, is walking leisurely: I raise my arms to attract the rider's attention, who, however, instead of putting spurs to his nag, stops, undecided, in order to listen. Terrified at the result of my manœuvre, I remain silent; Warren resumes his way and passes over the angle of the road, and I stretch myself on the ground, feeling stifled.

Behold me master of a dreadful secret. Why does Diégo bear malice to Warren?

How is it possible to warn the latter to be on his guard without denouncing Diégo? I must speak to the young man and explain myself clearly, and that immediately. I arise; the plain is deserted; the setting sun has tinged with a fiery glow the mountain crest of Saint Cristophe; the birds warble, and the *Rio Blanco* murmurs placidly along; the bulls slowly approach the hedges which enclose them, and bellow as if to greet the breeze, which comes to them laden with saline odours. A cloud of yellow butterflies flutters where a moment ago Diégo's musket glittered. Have I been dreaming?

CHAPTER II.

MY injunctions are useless. Under pretext that on some previous occasion I had cured her of pneumonia, the widow Lopez insists on cramming "Cosaque" with the tops of sugar-canes, and consequently I find on my return to the widow's cottage, in place of the inoffensive, steady animal I had committed to her charge, a wilful, dull and stupefied one, exceedingly loath to retrace his steps.

"Have you seen any one to-day?" I inquired of the good woman while in the act of mounting.

"Not a soul, Doctor; with the exception of your honour, who ever thinks of turning aside from the road to come here?"

It was only after several invitations, backed by an application of my riding-whip that "Cosaque" consented to take his departure, frisking and neighing. I am in nowise deceived by these brilliant starts: once fairly on the road, the jolly fellow lays back his ears, stretches his neck and slackens his pace. I endeavour to make him hasten a little, for I am anxious to see Diégo; but my steed halts, bends his head and prepares to kick and rear. I am on the alert, however, determined, by use of whip and spur, to prove that I am master; but the animal is more obstinate than his rider, and I am at last compelled to yield. The horse takes the path to the right, lulls me with his slow and gentle motion, and thus borne onward without fatigue I see Saint Cristophe looming nearer and nearer. Buffon is certainly right—the horse is the noblest conquest of man.

Why on earth is Diégo seeking to kill Warren? All along the road I vainly rack my brain without discovering a key to this mystery. Had it been some time since, I might have attributed it to a quarrel at the gaming-table, or some rivalry in love affairs; but it is more than half a score of years since Warren has renounced all these pomps and vanities of Satan, as the *curé* has it, and he is now occupied only with the interests of his ward Silvéria—interests with which Diégo has nothing in common. What a mysterious affair that conversion of Warren's was! On his arrival in Orizava he gave me considerable work by breaking several arms and heads; he was a gambler and very quarrelsome, scarcely better than Diégo, although he was more learned, more brave and generous—for the arms and heads he broke were invariably injured in broad daylight, and by blows with his fist. He rarely took either knife or revolver from his belt; these, he said, were only to be used by a gentleman in defence of his honour or his life.

From January, 1841, to July, 1852—almost twelve years ago—is it really so long since the death of Silvéria Martinez' father?—Martinez, whose family had been banished from Mexico at the time of the war of independence, possessed claims to an immense property alienated by faithless major-domos or parcelled out by the Indians, these greedy lovers of the soil. He had to commence endless lawsuits and brave terrible hatred to substantiate his title. Although of a delicate constitution, Martinez was patient and tenacious, and he progressed slowly, though surely, in his undertaking. He became a widower at an early age, and

settled down with his daughter in his ancestral halls, the restoration of which had proved his first judicial conquest.

Constantly occupied in poring over old papers, Martinez left home only to go either to the court-house or to study the boundaries of the domain the Indians were contending about. He met Warren several times in the camp of the spoilers (whose counsellor he was), expecting to receive one of the beautiful properties in litigation as a reward for his services.

One afternoon I was summoned in haste: Martinez, a wretched rider, had been thrown from his horse, and his thigh severely crushed. I found him bleeding and unconscious, and was able to examine his wound leisurely. So soon as the unfortunate man regained consciousness I told him it would be necessary to amputate the mutilated limb, but he indignantly rejected this measure. When I assured him it was a matter of life and death, he clasped his hands and began to pray.

"My choice is made, Doctor," he said after a minute's silence; "I deliver myself up into the hands of God. He will heal me if such be His will."

"But your daughter?" said I, taking the little Silvéria to his bedside; "she has no other stay save you. Come, Martinez, it is not the pain which frightens you, and as a Christian it is your duty to live."

The wounded man took hold of the young girl's curly head, pressed a lingering kiss upon her brow, and pushed her from him.

"Take her away," he said; "God takes special care of orphans." Then he recommenced praying.

"I want to know the truth, Doctor," he resumed after a few moments' interval, "how many hours have I yet to live?"

"Before sundown," I replied sadly, "you will be seized with fever and delirium."

"Then I have still two hours before me?"

"Rather less than more. Pray reflect that two hours hence it will still be in your power to get rid of this inert member; later, the operation will be utterly useless."

"Do not let us speak further on that subject, Doctor."

The *curé*, who arrived just then, likewise urged Martinez to submit to the amputation. He pressed their hands and shook his head.

"Grant me one favour, Doctor," he said, turning towards me. "I must set my temporal as well as spiritual affairs in order, and for this double care it is absolutely necessary for me to see Warren. I beseech you bring him here, and after having seen him it is possible I may give myself up into your hands; but rest assured that by granting my request you will have done as much for me as by saving my life."

I leaped on "Cosaque," then less wilful than now, and one by one I traversed every gaming-house in the city. At length I found the Texan, with a red face and eyes betraying want of sleep; he waddled towards me smiling, blinking, and endeavouring to arrange the tangled locks of his neglected hair. He shook his head while listening to my request, and flatly refused to accompany me.

"Martinez is a cunning old fox," he said; "he doubtless wishes me to abandon the cause of the Indians of Téquila, who have plundered him; but they hold the property, and possession is nine-tenths of the law. Dying do you say, Doctor? Oh, I know myself too well. I might become affected and yield, and thus lose a fortune at a single blow. Old age is coming on, Doctor, and it is high time for me to think of my future. Let us drink a glass of grog together—thanks to me the people in this house know how to prepare it—and then we will have a game of *monté*. Surely you are not offended at my proposal."

I stood in front of the door of the gaming saloon so as to bar his passage: I was indignant, and spoke vehemently.

"You are very obstinate," he replied, "but I wish to be agreeable; so let us play, and if you win I will accompany you to your

friend's house ; if you lose, you must drink a glass of grog. That is surely a fair arrangement."

I was extremely annoyed, and made a last appeal to every sentiment of humanity which might possibly vibrate in the soul of this hard-hearted man. Warren listened silently : by degrees he knit his brows and began to lash his boots with his riding-whip. I spoke to him frankly, without disguising any of my opinions, and he gazed at me surprised and bewildered, while the blood rushed to his face.

" You doubtless think I am raving, and imagine me mad thus to brave the riding-whip you flourish so nervously. Well then, Warren, strike me if you like. I will submit silently to the insult on one condition, that you follow me to the Martinez' house."

The Texan gazed at me as if in a stupor. " Do you judge me so ill ? " he exclaimed, throwing aside his whip ; " you surely never for one moment thought I would strike you?"

He went to the fountain with which the yard of every Mexican dwelling is provided, plunged his head into the running water, and returning—

" So true as my name is Warren, Doctor," he said, " you are a deuce of a fellow. What powerful arguments you have used ! Honour and humanity are all very well, but I am a hawk, and you ought to speak to me of prey. However, let that pass : I will follow you, Doctor."

On arriving at Martinez' house, we met Silvéria in the entrance. She gazed inquiringly at Warren, whose long beard, red shirt and large boots puzzled her.

The Texan took the child in his arms and kissed her. " I wish she were mine ! " he said.

I gazed at him in astonishment.

" Oh ! I like children," he said, " at least pretty ones."

I found Martinez perfectly conscious : he pressed my hand gratefully on seeing my clumsy companion.

" Do you suffer much ? " I inquired.

" No," he replied, " all sensation of pain seems to have left me. Send for Silvéria."

The licentiate was seated at a little table, writing busily ; the *curé*, with his arms crossed on his chest, sat near the wounded man. On her entrance Silvéria rushed towards her father, whose pale features frightened her ; she did not utter a word, but her large, liquid, black eyes questioned us in turn.

" I have only this child, Warren," said Martinez with a great effort ; " her mother, as you know, died long ago ; I have neither brother nor sister, and when I am gone Silvéria will be left alone,—quite alone."

" You will not die, señor," stammered the Texan. " The Doctor "...

" Let me speak, Warren," said Martinez, " for my moments are numbered. I am about to die, Warren ; I feel it ; and in this my last hour, in the full possession of all my faculties, I have selected one man to take my place—a man to whom I can depute all my authority, so that he may protect my child. The licentiate has just drawn up the necessary documents. Remember, Warren, it is a dying man who speaks—and the name about to be inscribed on the papers, which I have already signed, is yours, if you consent to it." The Texan stepped forward, the *curé* rose, and the licentiate ceased to write. " He is delirious," I thought.

Night was coming on. But one last ray of sunlight still lingered in the large room where we were assembled. Warren went to the dying man's bed, and turned abruptly towards me.

" Am I dreaming," he inquired, " or have I misunderstood ? "

" I require from you neither promise nor oath," pursued Martinez, with his hand on Silvéria's head ; " I know you, Warren, and a simple ' yes ' from your lips will suffice."

In vain the Texan endeavoured to conceal his emotion by pulling his beard and hair, while a tear rolled down his cheeks. He stood erect, stretched out his hand to-

wards Silvéria's head, muttered some unintelligible words, and then sat down. The *curé* and I had to witness the deed by which Martinez constituted Warren guardian of his daughter and manager of all his property. The *viaticum* was now brought, and every one knelt down except Warren and myself. Martinez seemed to sleep; his calmness surprised me. When lights were brought he opened his eyes:

"Cut, cut!" he said wildly.

He breathed his last at break of day. Warren, silent and grave, had never left his bedside: he wished to watch and preside over the burial himself, and once more pressed the hand of Martinez ere the gravedigger accomplished his work.

It is now twelve years since these events have taken place. Twelve years! Life is indeed a dream. Martinez knew mankind; he was wise, and we were fools to blame him, for God knows we did blame him. Silvéria, who is just about entering her eighteenth year, is, thanks to the tender care of her guardian, the most charming little fairy that could be met. She owes to Warren's activity, energy and probity, the entire possession of her ancestors' domains, which make her one of the richest heiresses in the province. Since Martinez' death there is no man to be found more economical, humane, generous, sober and steady, than Warren. Three months ago, when one evening the *curé* Bermudez brought the licentiate and myself back in a very gay humour from the fête of Ingénio, my old housekeeper sternly cited the Texan as a model for me to follow. Warren is now almost fifty years of age; he has but one joy, one thought, one pride—Silvéria—whom he adores, and who returns his love.

But, once again, why does Diégo Lara wish to kill Warren?

CHAPTER III.

NIGHT was falling when I reached the entrance of the town, and I found it necessary to stimulate "Cosaque" to exertion, for he, profiting by my fit of absent-mindedness, was taking his ease. I spurred him on straight to Diégo's dwelling, and finding the latter had not yet returned, left a message to say I should expect him at my house until midnight; then went to visit some patients. When in the act of passing out of the *Place de la Paroisse*, I heard behind me the sound of galloping, and turning round beheld Lucio Dominguez. The young engineer was covered with dust, and his nag appeared worn out with fatigue. "An unsuccessful expedition, Doctor," said he, grasping my hand; "the tapir whose fur I promised you is still browsing in the forest."

"Did you not follow my instructions?"

"It was necessary first to see the animal, and I lay on the watch for six nights without even hearing him."

"I am not surprised at that, for, thanks to the successful war waged by the Indians against these representatives of the antediluvian world, the species has almost entirely disappeared from the American continent. The tapir which Pliny . . ."

"Can I see you to-morrow, Doctor?"

"Certainly. Do you wish to consult me?"

"I have a favour to ask of you."

"Speak; what can I do for you?" I inquired, reining up "Cosaque."

"I will tell you to-morrow."

"As you please. By the way, did you come through Tuspango?"

"Yes, Doctor, and I galloped my horse to overtake you, for I knew you were in advance of me."

"Who told you? The widow Lopez?"

"No. Diégo Lara."

"Your friend Diégo!" I exclaimed. "Is this a . . . Goodbye."

"Diégo is not my friend, Doctor; you are well aware of that," replied Lucio, eagerly. "But what were you going to add?"

"Nothing. Goodbye until to-morrow."

Lucio watched me disappear. What a contrast between this gentle, industrious, shy youth, and Diégo, to whom I was preparing to tell more than one of his faults. Whenever my old friends maintain that the present generation is not equal to the last, I cite Lucio, and they are forced to give in.

A horse was pawing the ground in front of my house. "Thank Heaven, Doctor!" said Warren, emerging out of the shadow to assist me to alight; "I began to fear I should not see you to-night." Not only did I press his hand warmly, but I embraced him Mexican fashion; for the knowledge that I had, unknown to him, saved his life, affected me strangely.

"What is the matter with you?" he inquired, curiously.

"Nothing; nothing at all, except that I am pleased to see you safe and sound."

While speaking, I felt the chest and arms of the Texan, who looked at me with increasing astonishment.

"I would bet," said he, "that you have just returned from a convalescent patient."

"One entirely cured, I trust," was my reply. "But what good wind brings you here? For some time past you and your ward have singularly neglected me."

We had just entered my surgery, and I was struck with the sorrowful expression of Warren's features.

"Surely Silvéria is not ill!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Doctor, she is very ill. It is on her account I am here to consult you."

Seizing my hat, which I had flung aside, I hastened towards the door; for the little Silvéria, whom I had known and watched from childhood, was very dear to me.

"Where are you going, Doctor?" said Warren, who had thrown himself into the *curé's* arm-chair; "Silvéria is not suffering from any bodily ailment; it is her mind for which I have come to claim your assistance, for I am half mad. My beautiful butterfly has singed her wings; she is in love."

"That child? What nonsense."

"You forget, Doctor, as I myself forgot, that the little girl will soon be eighteen years old."

"But with whom is she in love?"

"With Diégo Lara," said Warren, vigorously lashing his boots with his riding whip.

I threw down my hat.

"You must be joking. Silvéria in love with Diégo! Where could she have spoken to him? Surely this is mere fancy on your part."

"It is the sad truth. Ever since that bull-hunt organized by Sevane, in which Diégo carried off the prize, Silvéria has become dreamy and absent-minded. Nothing which concerns her escapes my notice, and it was wrong of me not at once to investigate the cause of this change. A month ago she told me simply, with her arms around my neck, that she loved Diégo, and wished to be his wife."

"And what was your answer?"

"I laughed, and endeavoured to turn the matter into ridicule, thinking it mere caprice on her part. I pictured Diégo's life to her. 'You yourself were not very wise at the age of twenty,' she replied, 'and yet I converted you into an excellent father and the best of men. If I possessed so much power when only six years old, what may I not accomplish now that I am eighteen?'"

I could not repress a smile, for I knew the little lady, and fancied I heard herself.

"Every day since then the refractory little creature comes to me, and, throwing her arms around my neck, coaxes and beseeches in turns, and with her head upon my breast artlessly confesses her love for Diégo, because, she says, he is brave, bold and venturesome; because he resembles *me*. Doctor, do you understand what chastisement . . ."

"You must explain to her . . ."

"What? If she were a boy—and now I wish she were a boy. Meanwhile I sought Maître Diégo, and signified to him that if he so much as approached Silvéria close enough to be recognized by her, he would have to deal with me."

"And you thus revealed to the villain what you should have concealed from him at any price."

"By no means, Doctor; for he quietly answered that he loved my ward, that he had every reason to believe himself loved by her, and that he had been thinking of commissioning you to ask her hand in marriage from me. At this declaration the old Adam awoke in me once more, and I took the scoundrel by the throat with the intention of strangling him; unfortunately, yielding to an emotion which I have since regretted, I released my grasp, and contented myself with swearing that, so long as I lived, Diégo Lara should never marry Silvéria Martinez."

"That means that you have simply signed your own death-warrant."

Warren looked at me with a provoking air, and shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"Be on your guard," I said, "Diégo is more to be feared than you seem to think. You were within reach of his gun this evening, and I will not always be present to sing the national anthem."

"What do you mean?"

"That the air of Orizava is equally pernicious to you and your ward, and you must both leave."

"I have thought of that, Doctor, but she refuses to leave the city."

"Has the evil already reached so great a height that Silvéria dares to disobey you or set you at defiance?"

"She does not set me at defiance; she weeps, sighs, kisses me, and I relent."

"But her future is at stake—the happiness of her whole life; firmness is a duty."

"How could I have the courage to do violence to a woman—a child?"

I remembered "Cosaque," and hung my head.

The Angelus bell rang, and according to custom the *curé* and licentiate now entered my surgery: they had a right to share the confidence of Warren, and in order to insure their attention I waited until they were seated ere making them acquainted with the circumstances under discussion. We discussed the matter at great length, and finally came to the conclusion that, as Silvéria's oldest friends, we should severally and with all possible tact explain to her the disastrous consequences of her passion.

"I rely especially upon you, Doctor," said Warren in an undertone as I was seeing him out, "Silvéria is so fond of you."

"I will see her to-morrow; meanwhile remember that Diégo's ill-will is not to be trifled with."

The Texan shrugged his shoulders, sprang into the saddle and disappeared. On returning into the room I found the licentiate expounding the laws of Alphonse le Sage—laws still in use in Mexico—to the *curé*, which gave Warren full control over his ward. He was at liberty to send Silvéria to a convent and leave her there in trust. The *curé*, who had implicit confidence in the wisdom of the lady abbess of the Ursulines, was greatly in favour of this proceeding. I allowed my two friends to talk unrestrainedly: I too had a plan in view, but first of all it was necessary to know the enemy's tactics. About eleven o'clock I heard some one tapping gently at my window, and on opening it beheld Diégo. "Come in," said I.

"No, thanks, it is late; and besides, you would read me a lecture."

"You have been lying in ambush to kill Warren."

"And yourself along with him, to teach you to sing in better tune."

"No nonsense. I want you to give me your word of honour to give up your pro-

ject, for if you do not I mean to go to the military governor, and will have you imprisoned or banished from town."

"That idea pleases me," responded Diégo, ironically. "I just happen to have a little *pronunciamento* in my head, and only lack a pretext; furnish me with one, Doctor, and I will thank you with all my heart."

"Well," I replied in a conciliatory tone of voice, "what do you want to do?"

"To marry Doña Silvéria, whom her guardian keeps sequestered, and who would like a little liberty."

"And you think she loves you?"

"Her looks seem to say as much; at all events she is rich, and I intend to become so; I want to live happily."

"And do you believe for one single moment that Doña Silvéria would consent to marry Warren's murderer?"

"No; I well know how dearly she loves that confounded Yankee, consequently I spared you both to-day. Your anthem was of some use, Doctor, for it gave me time to reflect; but, between ourselves, why do you wish to meddle with this business? You are a Frenchman, and I like the French. As to Warren, he is an American and a Protestant—that means a heretic; he has not, like us, a soul to save, consequently may be killed at a moment's notice. Counsel for counsel, Doctor; don't meddle with Doña Silvéria and my fortune."

"Do you promise me not to set any snare for Warren?"

"I give you my word only to strike him face to face, and then only in self-defence"

"Are you serious?"

"I swear it by the memory of my mother."

In the name of the poor woman I endeavoured to impress upon Diégo that one of the means of achieving his end was to amend his life.

"I know a better method," he replied, and took himself off.

What would Jean Jacques Rousseau have said to such a creature as this? He who, never having visited the country of the Apaches, founded all his paradoxes on the idea that man is born good, and that civilization alone perverts him.

I slept badly, being only half reassured on the subject of Warren's fate, whom the slightest accident might bring into Diégo's hands, who was as ready to employ either knife or revolver as the Texan was opposed to their use. Neither could I fathom Silvéria's passion for a scoundrel from whom her education alone should have sufficed to alienate her; but it is a well-known fact that women have always been, and ever will be, swayed by sentiment rather than logic.

In spite of Diégo's reasoning, my esteem for Warren, respect for the memory of Martinez, and friendship for his daughter, combined to make me interfere and warn Silvéria; consequently, being at liberty about one o'clock the following afternoon, I prepared to pay her a visit. Ere I left the house Lucio entered.

"Good morning, Doctor," said the young man; then added, "If you are in a hurry just now, I will return later."

"Not at all, my friend. I recollect you wanted to ask me a favour; pray be seated, and let me hear what I can do for you."

My visitor turned towards the door. "I have evidently come at an inconvenient hour, and will return some other time," he muttered in embarrassed tones.

"Confound it!" I said, compelling him to be seated, "can you not come to the point at once? You are surely not going to ask me for the moon! Speak, then."

"Perhaps my request may appear indiscreet, Doctor: I would like to see the nail . . . the tapir's hoof in your possession. Although I was unfortunate enough not to be able to add to it the animal itself, I yet saw the impression of its footsteps, and I should like to compare . . ."

"Surely your request need not have been

accompanied by so many ceremonies," I exclaimed. "Will you never get over this stupid bashfulness, which makes you appear wanting in courage and frankness? I would excuse your stammering in presence of a woman—I have done so myself; but where a man is concerned . . ."

While speaking, I opened one of the compartments of my cupboard and took out the tapir's hoof which I had brought back from one of my excursions to the banks of the Papaloapam. I handed it to Lucio, who took it with a trembling hand and turned pale.

"What is the matter with you?" I inquired, greatly surprised.

"Nothing, Doctor; at least I would like you to lend me the hoof, if only for a week."

I gazed at the speaker, who seemed ready to faint, and could not refrain from laughing. The hoof in my possession came from a young animal, and looked like the tiny foot of a hind, the black horn shining as if polished. I divined Lucio's thought.

"So that is the secret of your enthusiasm, and I felt so grateful for all your efforts and fatigues while endeavouring to enrich my collection with this herbivorous animal, when, after all, you only intended presenting me with a lame one. You deceitful boy! How," I continued, reproachfully, "can you give credence to such absurd tales, and believe that the hoof of a tapir is a talisman? The only talismen in the world, my dear Lucio, are virtue, science, labour and goodwill. Come, what new idea is in your head? Are you tired of honourable poverty, and do you desire to acquire wealth?"

"By no means."

"What virtue do you believe my tapir's hoof possessed of? Ruiz wished to borrow it in order to learn to play upon the guitar, Ibarra to acquire strength to tame bulls, Manuel Gomez to make himself beloved . . You blush! By the soul of your mother, my boy, there must be a woman in question. Who is she?"

Never was man more ill at ease than Lucio just then; he came up to me.

"Do not question me, Doctor," he said beseechingly; "be kind, and lend me the talisman without exacting conditions."

"No," I replied, replacing the hoof, "I will not be accessory to such absurd superstition."

"You are not aware of my reason for wishing to become possessed for a short period of the object you despise."

"You believe most implicitly in its power, and it would be absurd to give it to you. Who knows in what ridiculous adventure you might engage. Come, let us talk rationally; you are surely able to acknowledge what you want, Lucio?"

The young man remained silent.

"Good morning," I said, taking up my hat.

"You are usually good and kind," he exclaimed, clasping his hands.

"I good?" I repeated; "certainly not, at least to the extent of countenancing prejudice and superstition. Thanks to my efforts, no one in this town believes that the entrails of a black hen can cure phthisis, and that the slimy skin of a toad is a sovereign remedy for burns; and yet you wish me to become the apostle of the untrue qualities of the nail of a pachyderm! Don't mention the subject again unless you wish to annoy me. Good day."

I left the surgery, and Lucio followed me slowly. Once in the street we took different directions, and I soon reached Silvéria's dwelling. "Is your mistress at home?" I inquired of the Indian who opened the door.

"Yes, señor, she is waiting for you in the garden."

Warren must have apprised her of my visit, I thought. Walking along the Moorish hall I beheld Silvéria approach, and waited while she advanced slowly, with her peculiarly graceful, undulating motion. She was of medium height, slender, her complexion exquisitely delicate, and her head adorned

with masses of brown curls of a rich golden tint. Silvéria was singularly lovely, and watching her approach I was charmed by her lively and at the same time gentle look, by her smile and her airy gait. She came up to me, and placed her little hands upon my shoulders : " Good morning, Doctor," she said in her musical voice ; " it seems I require to be ill ere you condescend to come and see me."

" Ill, Silvéria ! with your rosy colour, bright eyes and red lips ! "

" That is my style of being ill, as you ought to know," she replied. " Pray give me your arm, for I can hardly drag myself along in this heat, and it was with difficulty I summoned up sufficient energy to leave my hammock and come to see you."

Then, with her beautiful hand on my arm, we walked into the garden, where, near an immense aviary, under the shade of large orange trees, and about ten feet from a pretty fountain, was the hammock of the lovely girl. She extended herself on her silken couch, then stretching out her hand and glancing at me out of the corners of her eyes inquired :

" Am I very feverish, Doctor ? "

" Very feverish indeed," I replied ; " but I have undertaken to cure you, Silvéria, and will succeed if you are the same docile and reasonable child you used to be."

" I am still reasonable and docile, but no longer a child."

" What are you then, Silvéria ? "

" A very unhappy woman," she replied.

She became serious, and a sombre light passed into her eyes.

" Do you know what brings me here, Silvéria ? "

" I saw your friends the *padre* Bermudez and the licentiate Tornel this morning."

" And what did they say to you ? "

" That I was mad, and driving my guardian to despair ; and they threatened to send me to a convent."

" Did that annoy you ? "

" Not much, for they spoke at the same time of Don Diégo Lara, and I am always interested when people speak of him."

Silvéria uttered these words naturally, and in gentle tones, without lowering her eyes, making me feel embarrassed, for I had counted on a timid enemy who would be disturbed by hearing Diégo's name. Instead of that, I found myself face to face with a resolute antagonist, who fired the first shot.

" Is it a crime to love ? " queried the young girl, whose eyes were fastened on mine.

" No," I replied, " but it is a crime to bestow one's affections on the wrong person. Consider, my child, whether Diégo Lara is a suitable husband for Silvéria Martinez ? "

" Why not, Doctor, if he loves me and is loved by me ? "

" But he is a bandit," I exclaimed—" a highway robber. . ."

Silvéria started up, and darted at me a lightning glance ; she shook her pretty head negatively, then replaced it slowly on the pillow.

" What else ? " she inquired.

" He is neither your equal in rank, nor," I continued more courageously, " in education, and does not understand the care and consideration required by a sensitive girl like yourself."

" Do you consider women powerless, Doctor ? Don Diégo will be whatever I like."

" Perhaps so—for six months ; but afterwards ? "

" Well, I am forewarned. My guardian and the *curé* have told me all this and everything else you could possibly say ; if I am mistaken I will only have myself to blame, and I believe I possess sufficient pride never to complain."

It was evidently necessary to strike a decisive blow, and I was firm and resolute.

" Do you know, Silvéria, that your guardian has sworn solemnly that you shall never be the wife of Diégo Lara, and that you will be the cause of some catastrophe ? "

"How so?" she inquired, coming to seat herself near me.

Frankly and without evasion I related the events of the preceding day. When depicting Diégo's cowardly attitude behind the brushwood she made a superb gesture of disdain: my stratagem to put Warren on his guard made her laugh. She pressed my hand warmly, and remained thoughtful for some time.

"Well, Silvéria?"

"Do you know a secret for wresting a beloved image out of one's heart?"

"Absence. Leave the city."

"No, not that."

"There is argument or reasoning."

"They are powerless."

"Then Warren will kill Diégo, or Diégo Warren."

"You make me nervous, Doctor; that is enough for to-day."

"Will you promise me at least to reflect?"

"I promise."

She shivered and drew a scarf round her. Not wishing to leave the charming girl under the painful impression I had just caused her, I took advantage of her mentioning Lucio's name in connection with the plans of the domain of Tuspango, and related to her the episode of the young engineer's visit. The story of the hoof cheered her, and she at once regained her usual animation; she made me repeat all the young man's words, and made me promise to show her the wonderful talisman.

"I love you," she said, as I was taking leave of her.

"As much as you do Diégo?" I inquired gayly.

She knit her dark brows. "More, Doctor," she replied, "but not in the same way. You will not cease to watch over my guardian?"

"Certainly not, if you will assist me to render the truce lasting."

"You will not let them send me to a convent?"

"No, though that depends more upon yourself than me."

"Then *au revoir*."

Just as I was entering the passage I turned round. Silvéria, with her head leaning on her arm, and her face buried in her brown curls, was gazing at me smilingly. In truth, I think I would sooner go and fight Diégo myself than see him get possession of this charming child.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT evening, when the Angelus bell rang, the *curé* and licentiate were already in their easy-chairs. I had left word that no one else was to be admitted except Silvéria's guardian, and he did not let us wait long for him. He took his seat and listened silently; the *curé*, during his visit to Silvéria, had naturally enough spoken in the name of religion and morality, while the licentiate invoked reason, the mother of justice. The penitent, as the *curé* called her, had listened to them calmly and patiently with lowered eyes, approving their every word, and yet, when asked to speak out, she declared that her feelings were more powerful than her will, and that she could not help thinking of Diégo.

When my turn came I related the result of my undertaking. Then Warren spoke. At dinner-time, shortly after my departure, he had been overwhelmed with caresses by his ward, who was unusually gracious. In short, we were unanimous in the praise of Silvéria's amiable character, but were no further advanced than on the previous day.

"I wish she would resist me," said Warren, "for then I would speedily find energy enough to take her out of the city and withdraw her from Diégo. But her resignation disarms me."

Again the *curé* and the licentiate proposed the convent, an expedient which was rejected by Warren and myself. It was time

enough to see about that when all other means had failed: it should be only a last resource. The *curé* feared an elopement; the licentiate an abduction, which would for ever compromise Silvéria. From Diégo anything might be expected, but nothing in her guardian's behaviour could give the young girl cause to do anything hasty. Warren was satisfied to implore without ever invoking the authority with which he was invested. He behaved altogether like a father, and even disguised his ardent desire to strangle Diégo.

The following day, on returning from my usual morning visits to my patients, I was astonished to find Silvéria quietly seated on the couch in my study.

"For a patient," I said, pressing the little hands she held out to me, "this is rather a longer walk than is prudent in the hot sun."

"It is your fault, Doctor; you prevented me from sleeping by your story yesterday."

"Have you reflected on what I said?"

"Yes, very seriously, and you cannot imagine how greatly poor Don Diégo's affection touches me. How passionately he must love to give way to such ideas!"

"Do you believe, Silvéria," I exclaimed indignantly, "that yesterday's proceeding was this bandit's first attempt at murder?"

"Hush!" said the young girl, putting her fingers on my mouth. "For shame, my old friend; I can hardly believe that it is you who are maligning any one."

"Not maligning, Silvéria; it is the sad truth." Have you confidence in me?" I inquired, after a long interval of silence.

"Yes, I know you are my friend."

"But Warren, the *curé* and licentiate are also your friends. They only desire your happiness and welfare."

"Theirs is an easy task. They have only to let me marry Diégo."

"It were better for you to be dead, my poor child."

"Then cure me, Doctor, lest I die. They have enlisted you on their side; let me win you over to mine. We two united can accomplish a great deal."

I again pleaded in favour of good sense and reason, and Silvéria listened to me attentively, gazing at me from under her long lashes. I spoke of Diégo, and thus unwittingly played into her hands; for had she not declared that she forgave everything gladly provided she was entertained about him? Remembering this I became silent.

"'Tis true, Doctor, that you are very good, and it grieves me to vex you. I can listen to you without the slightest impatience, and feel that you are right in spite of myself. If any one were to convert me it would certainly be you. But let us talk of something else now. Come, show me your talisman."

"Remember, my child, that a matter of life and death is at issue. If you forget it, I at least cannot do so."

"What am I to do?" exclaimed the young girl; "am I at liberty to love or not to love? Once again, let us leave it to God and time, two agents which, according to you, must bring all things to a favourable issue."

I had to give in to the wilful maiden and show her the tapir's hoof. She examined it from every side, but only touched it with the tips of her dainty fingers.

"Are you quite sure, Doctor," she inquired, "that it is not a real talisman?"

"If it had the slightest power," I replied, "Silvéria Martinez would ere this have renounced her folly."

"And you do not know why Don Lucio wished to possess this little paw?"

"No; neither do I care to know."

"What a blessing it is for men that they are not inquisitive! Doctor, will you lend me your talisman? I promise not to make a bad use of it."

"Little scoffer," I replied, taking the hoof to replace it in its compartment.

Silvéria burst out laughing, then proceeded to examine my collection. Just then I received a summons from the hospital.

"Do you wish me to escort you home?" I inquired of my fair visitor.

"If you have no objection, Doctor, I will amuse myself here looking at your animals until the sun is a little lower in the horizon."

"You will reflect?"

"As if I ever did anything else! I think I shall lie down on your couch and reflect until I fall asleep; you can wake me on your return."

On coming in I learned that Silvéria, in spite of the heat, had set out with her attendant almost immediately after my departure. That evening there was another consultation with Warren, my friends and myself, and matters continued thus unaltered for a fortnight without the slightest result. The young girl, however, became pale and thin. Instead of being indolent, as was her custom, she now exhibited a strange restlessness, and seemed to be attracted towards Lucio by some strange sympathy. Occasionally she took long rides with her guardian, and if accidentally they met Diégo, Silvéria approached closely to Warren, as if to protect him—a circumstance which deeply affected the Texan.

"She is losing her appetite, Doctor," said he one day, "and her resignation distresses me. Must she be sacrificed, after all?"

I had no words to reply.

One morning, as I was returning on horseback from Santa Anna, my mind occupied with thoughts of Lucio's credulity, I was suddenly reminded of Bacon's *Novum Organum*. My friends and I were turning in a circle, and in order to get out of it we must, like the celebrated English philosopher, courageously wipe out all our trials—our fruitless attempts. This was a ray of light. Neither the *curé*, licentiate, nor myself were experienced in love affairs; we were more blind even than the enemy we wished to conquer. Silvéria lived much alone, and in such cases a girl easily takes a fancy to the first man who pays her any attention. That she did not lack admirers, however, was evident by the group of young men who were ever on the watch for her on leaving the church, and it was from among this number that we must seek the antidote.

Full of this new light I started off on a brisk trot, and reached my dwelling in high spirits. I had mentally passed in review the young men in town, and in spite of the demoralization which was such a grief to the *curé*, I managed to select three who would doubtless prove excellent husbands.

At this point of my meditations, who should enter but Lucio—a strange coincidence, as it was especially with him that my imagination had just been busy.

"So you are not offended with me?" I inquired, shaking hands with the engineer. "Have you returned to your tapir hunt yet?"

"No, Doctor. I am busy at present with the plans of Tuspango and Téquila, which Warren and Doña Silvéria are urging me to finish."

"Can I be of any service to you?"

"Indeed you can. I have just come to you for some geological details."

Whilst Lucio explained I listened in a preoccupied manner, thinking meanwhile of Bacon's method. By birth, if not by fortune, Lucio was Silvéria's equal, and in Mexico, thanks to the gaps of civilization on certain primitive and patriarchal points, the matter of money plays but a secondary part in matrimonial alliances. Lucio, although perhaps not so handsome as Diégo, was none the less a good-looking fellow. If Warren gave his consent, would it not be possible by some means to bring these young people together? Completely absorbed by this idea, I began rubbing my hands while my interlocutor gazed at me in amazement.

"Go on, go on," I finally said. "I am more interested in your affairs than you imagine. By the way, why don't you get married?"

"Get married! Where should I find the

lady?" said Lucio, crimsoning to the roots of his hair.

"There are no end of ladies in town."

"That is very true; but it is necessary to love, and, above all, to be loved in return."

"And do you love nobody?"

"Oh yes, Doctor, I love."

"And, pray, whom do you love?"

"You would know that by this time had you consented to lend me the tapir's hoof."

"Oh, that was to have made you beloved. I know your weakness."

"She I love . . ."

"Keep your secret; I don't want to know it," I said, vexed at seeing my grand project counteracted as soon as formed. "Good Heavens! what a rage for love! Let us speak about geology."

At our usual hour of meeting I opened the conference by quoting the proverb, *un clou chasse l'autre*. Silvéria, as already mentioned, had no lack of admirers, and at my request Warren enumerated the chief among them. These were subjected to a very critical examination, but none of them appeared worthy of the fairy with whom we wished to endow them. Lucio's name, which I mentioned, was received with entire approbation; Warren alone shook his head.

"About ten months ago," he said, "Lucio asked me for Silvéria's hand in marriage."

"He!" I exclaimed; "whence did he derive his courage?"

"His embarrassment and awkwardness were partly the cause of my refusal, for I like a man to be bold and frank; and you know, Doctor, that Silvéria, being of an energetic and decided disposition, could not well agree with a husband lacking these characteristics."

"And so you refused the poor boy?"

"Yes, rather harshly I am sorry to say, although rendering full justice to the loyalty of his behaviour. Perhaps I was wrong; but then Lucio was the first who had the misfortune to enlighten me as to the prospects of my soon losing my ward, and fathers are egotistical."

I pressed Warren's hand silently. He seemed to appreciate Lucio better since he was more intimate with him, and gave us *carte blanche* as regarded him; but we agreed not to come to any definite conclusion until the morrow.

About ten o'clock that same evening I went to see Lucio, and found him bending eagerly over his plans.

"I hear nice stories about you, sir," said I. "Are we quite alone?"

"Yes, Doctor; but you frighten me. What is the matter?"

"You are an honourable man, Lucio, and if we do not agree, do you promise me to forget my communication as soon as I am gone?"

"I swear it, Doctor."

"If you had the chance of marrying Silvéria Martinez, would you do so?"

He threw himself into my arms exclaiming, with tears in his eyes: "It is she I love, Doctor! A year ago I asked her hand . . ."

"I am aware of that, my poor boy; but do you love her still?"

For a full hour I had to listen to his praises of Silvéria. He escorted me home, and I spoke of Diégo as a rival whom he had to contest with. For sole reply he began to sing first my praises, then Warren's, which naturally led him on to Silvéria's. Bewildered by his talk, I finally shut the door in his face; never before had I known him to be so loquacious. The following day his request was formally made and granted. When Warren acquainted the lover as delicately as possible with the situation, he was a good deal agitated, and had it not been for my authority there would soon have been bloodshed between the rivals. I found it necessary to exact a solemn promise of patience from the young man, and never was promise more difficult

to obtain. Our various parts were soon portioned out to us. Warren, who had formerly been inimical to Lucio, was to keep up his coldness, and treat him with his customary indifference; the *curé* and licentiate, in their daily visits, were to praise the engineer on every possible occasion, and after this course had been pursued for some days, it was to be my duty to probe the heart of the little beauty, who had succeeded in throwing us all into such a state of excitement, and if needful give the finishing stroke to the affair. The licentiate built upon his eloquence, the *curé* trusted in Providence, and I relied on the good looks of my protegé. After all, this was but a castle in the air; but we were, at all events, about to take a bold step of some kind, and to fight Love with its own weapons. We were full of hope, and hope makes people happy: it is the blessing of the unfortunate.

CHAPTER V.

A WEEK later, encouraged by the reports of the *curé* and licentiate, I directed my steps towards the dwelling of Silvéria. The young girl had given up her rambles, and now rarely left the house. She endeavoured often to make the bandit the topic of conversation, but did not evince any impatience when Lucio was the theme under discussion. Warren, who felt anxious at seeing her so dreamy and listless, was surprised, when one day he complained of the young engineer's slowness, to find Silvéria taking his part with much vivacity, and displaying such unusual interest in him that I considered it an excellent omen. In the midst of so many preoccupations I thought of Diégo only as one does of the absent, that is to say, incidentally. You can therefore judge of my surprise when I found myself actually face to face with the enemy in the street inhabited by Silvéria.

Draped in a large cloak he appeared to be doing sentinel duty—expecting some one.

"I know, Doctor, that you are not exactly enlisted on my side," said he, addressing me, "but let me tell you that you will regret it some day."

"Indeed! Pray since when have I lost the right of acting according to my own inclination? Have the goodness to explain what you mean."

"I only wish to warn you, Doctor, that this will end by a massacre, and that you will come in for your share of trouble."

My patience is proverbial, but Diégo's ironical tone roused me, and with a weakness which is unfortunately only too common, I entirely forgot to profit by the sage advice I was constantly giving to Warren and Lucio.

"See here, young man," I exclaimed, seizing him by the wrist, "if you are anxious for a duel, my eyesight is still good enough to send either a bullet or a blade into your body, and I am free to cure you afterwards—but if, as is more likely, you are thinking of assassination, I hold myself forewarned."

A quarrel in the public street would not have suited my adversary, for the Indians would doubtless take my part; consequently he was content with casting a sullen look at me and taking himself off. The scene had ruffled me, and my pulse was still beating rapidly when I appeared before Silvéria, whom I found installed in front of a table, examining the plan of one of her properties.

"You only visit your patients when you feel so disposed," she said, offering me her hand; "come and sit down beside me. Please explain to me the meaning of all these various little signs on the plan. Here are woods, meadows, and streams, but what are these pale green patches?"

"They are marshes."

"Is it on the banks of these that your friend Lucio hunts tapirs?"

This spiteful question embarrassed me not a little. I regretted my indiscretion in

placing Lucio in a ridiculous light while relating the little episode, fearing it might prove prejudicial to my project. To change the subject I spoke of my meeting with Diégo, without, however, revealing the subject of our conversation.

"He is always on the watch, and never loses sight of the house, Doctor," said Silvéria.

"Do you still think of him?"

"So much so that I am fast becoming ugly and emaciated. You have no idea of the amount of self-control necessary to prevent my being continually at the window or going out. The night before last, at midnight, I was serenaded, but I never stirred —I thought of my guardian and of you, whom I do not wish to grieve; but seeing me so unhappy, you will surely take pity on me at last."

She drew me into the garden, and during the half hour spent in her company I came to the conclusion that the *curé* and licentiate had been grievously mistaken.

Two days later Silvéria entered my study abruptly; she was dressed in black, and her face had a weary expression.

"What are they all driving at?" she said without preamble, "and what have I to do with that Lucio whom your friends seem determined to inflict upon me? Am I their child or plaything?"

I took her hands to compel her to be seated.

"Even my guardian persecutes me," she continued; "he is frightened at the idea of my getting married; he is an egotist."

"You wrong him, my child; you can never be too grateful to Warren, who sacrificed his tastes and very life for you: egotists are incapable of such sacrifices."

"Why then does he persist in making a crime of love? In my heart I do not doubt my guardian's friendship any more than I do yours, Doctor. He does not mean to be egotistical, but in his opinion no one is worthy to marry me. Your friends only amuse me by their endeavours to make a match between me and Lucio; they are not aware that my guardian refused him a year ago, thinking him unworthy of me. Doctor, he appears to love and esteem you; suppose you ask my hand in marriage, he will refuse you also, I am convinced."

"If the idea of marrying you ever crossed my old brain," I said, unable to repress a smile, "Warren would be mad not to send me back to my dissecting table. You wish to prove too much, and end by proving nothing, my dear Silvéria."

"Do you know whom my guardian wants me to marry?"

"He has no choice, and Lucio, whom you have just mentioned, seems to suit him admirably."

"Oh no, he would say Lucio wanted my fortune; he said so once before."

"Authorize me to plead his cause, and I promise to gain it."

Silvéria stretched herself on my couch, and I took a seat by her side.

"Do you really believe that my guardian will always oppose my union with Don Diégo?"

"Yes, should he even see you in despair."

She closed her eyes, rose abruptly, walked to the table, then returned to my side. "I have only enemies!" she exclaimed. "What do you think my guardian dared tell me yesterday? That Don Diégo coveted only my fortune, and that he loves another woman."

"Your guardian spoke the truth, my child."

Silvéria covered her face with her hands.

"Would you swear that?" she inquired.

"Without a moment's hesitation," I replied.

"Forgive me, my friend; your word is sufficient; but this is very cruel. I surrender now," she added mournfully; "do with me what you like."

"You must act neither from motives of spite nor jealousy, my child."

"Jealousy, Doctor!" exclaimed the

young girl, disdainfully; "certainly not; but I am in nowise compromised, for my guardian will no more accept Don Lucio than he did Don Diégo—you will see."

That same evening I brought to Silvéria her guardian's consent, which she received silently, hiding her face in her hands.

"It is a solemn matter," said I, "to bind one's self for life, and should only be done after due reflection. Lucio is a worthy man, and he adores you, and in time, I doubt not, you will love him likewise. In any case, you will in him have a husband upon whose arm you can lean with pride."

When Silvéria raised her head her face was bathed in tears, though a smile hovered on her lips.

"I always said you would be the one to convert me, and you see it has proved so," she said, taking my arm.

The young girl's calm resignation affected me, for I understood the bitterness of her delusion. "I believe you will be happy," I said; "but yet, if your repugnance to Lucio . . ."

"Neither he, nor you, nor my guardian can expect me to worship him all at once," she interrupted. "Doctor, you and your friends have conquered; let everything be arranged at once."

CHAPTER VI.

MY news caused numerous exclamations of joy in our little guest-chamber. I alone was rather saddened by the victory. Unknown to my friends, who deemed my scruples exaggerated, I offered Silvéria her freedom on several occasions, but she invariably met my offer with a request to hurry matters.

The *curé*, the licentiate and Warren acted with so much activity that twelve days later we were on the eve of the ceremony. The news, which had been kept a secret on Diégo's account, burst upon the town like a clap of thunder. Lucio, rendered egotistical by love, seemed to care but little for the secret griefs of his affianced bride, and never dreamt of dissembling his own joy and rapture. The young girl behaved better than I had dared to hope, and although slightly nervous—rather pensive than sad—I often succeeded in making her smile. We made it our business never to leave her alone, and herein Lucio rendered us valuable assistance.

"I console myself with the reflection that you are all so happy," she said one evening to me.

I embraced her silently, praying Heaven the while to grant her all the happiness she deserved; and I had strong faith that Lucio's pure and fervent love would meet with its reward.

The afternoon preceding the wedding day I met the banker Lopez.

"How is the wounded man getting on?" he inquired, ere greeting me.

"What wounded man?"

"Is it not true that Lucio got a sword-thrust through his chest?"

"Where—how—by whom?"

"By Diégo Lara. They fought a duel this morning."

I set off at a run, and entered Lucio's dwelling like a bomb-shell. On seeing him standing up, in the act of trying on some article of attire, I let myself fall into a chair. His right hand was bound in linen rags.

"It is nothing, Doctor; absolutely nothing," he repeated, as I took off the miserable bandages with which his wound had been dressed; "the point of a knife has scratched me; that is all."

"Did you fight with knives?"

"No; once again I repeat, it is nothing."

It was truly but a slight gash. I heard then that, being provoked by Diégo, Lucio had knocked him down, disarmed him, and compelled him to acknowledge himself beaten.

"I will hasten to him," I exclaimed,

seizing my hat. "If the Criminal Judge wishes to arrest you, offer me as security."

"Arrest me, Doctor! why should he wish to arrest me?"

"Is not Diégo wounded?"

"He is more whole than I am myself. I had his life in my hand, and granted it him in Silvéria's name."

I could not help approving his generous action, though fearful of the consequences; and cordially embracing the youth took my leave, though not ere he had exacted a promise that I should not mention the subject to Silvéria.

It was a difficult matter to restrain Warren, he was so full of the engineer's generous and heroic conduct.

"This Lucio is truly a trump of a man; how much anguish might I not have spared myself had I discovered this sooner!"

He wished to tell Silvéria of the event, which caused no end of talk in town, but I thought that the young girl who loved Diégo would not look with favourable eyes on this adventure, and persuaded him to keep silent on the subject. On going to Diégo's house I heard that he intended starting for Mexico the following day. I went in quest of him, fearing some sinister motive was at the bottom of this departure, and wishing to get a full explanation. In no wise did I share Lucio's confidence, who declared we had nothing to fear, but spent the whole day in searching after Diégo, and retired feeling very uneasy that all my efforts had proved fruitless.

The following morning I was up at three o'clock, for according to Mexican custom the ceremony was to take place at four. I was one of the first to reach the church; the *curé* had donned his most gorgeous stole, and the chapel of the Blessed Virgin was a perfect blaze of light. Silvéria appeared radiant in her white toilet, and wondrously beautiful. She smiled on perceiving me, and held out her hand; Warren seemed deeply affected. Lucio's gaiety formed a striking contrast to our gravity, and the licentiate endeavoured to restrain his demonstrations of joy. The church was crowded in spite of the early hour, the organ struck up a joyful melody, and the ceremony began. At this moment I perceived Diégo, and the blood rushed to my face; he was endeavouring to get near the altar, and I on my part was manœuvring to get close to him. Soon we were side by side, and he saluted me with a nod. While the *curé* was officiating, and the crowd kneeling in prayer on the flags, I watched my enemy's every movement. What had been his intention in approaching the altar? What victim had he selected? I trembled for Warren, for Lucio and for Silvéria. Who knows but what he was determined to strike the innocent child? Among the hours of anguish spent in the course of my life, the mass at Silvéria's wedding holds the first rank. So soon as the *curé* left the altar a line was formed to watch the procession file off, and I passed my arm through Diégo's as if for support. In this way I was master of him, and ready at the slightest equivocal motion to demand the assistance of the friends surrounding us. Silvéria and Lucio returned Diégo's greeting, and presently a crowd of inquisitive people separated us from the newly wedded couple, and when we reached the square in front of the church the carriage was already at a distance. In Mexico the wedded pair receive the congratulations of friends at their home—not in church.

"Have you any orders for Mexico, Doctor?" inquired Diégo, calmly as if nothing peculiar had ever occurred between us.

"Do you set off soon?"

This very minute."

"To be gone a long time?"

"Yes, I mean to enter the army. Lucio has put me in a position to purchase a colonelcy; this has always been my dream;" and Diégo gave my hand so cordial a squeeze that, in surprise at seeing him so resigned, I mechanically returned his pressure. He directed his steps toward the upper town,

and, quite unable to explain to myself this sudden transformation of a wolf into a lamb, I hastily repaired to Silvéria's house. I found her engaged in a warm discussion with her guardian.

"Come to my assistance, Doctor!" she exclaimed; "he wants to go away."

"Is my work not accomplished?" inquired the Texan. "All that is left for me to do is to give an account of ——"

"An account!" interrupted Silvéria; "if you should ever attempt to hand me a paper of this description—a single paper—even so much as the title to the properties I owe to your devotion—I warn you I shall burn it. Everything here is yours, and if it pleases you, you shall continue to increase my riches. Such is my wish," said the lovely child, tapping her little foot upon the floor, "and if my wish is not sufficient, I implore you." Instead of replying, Warren stepped forward as if to examine a plant more minutely, but in reality to be able to shed unobserved the tears that were rising to his eyes..

The air was oppressive, and we repaired to the garden to wait until the breakfast should be served, of which a hundred guests were to partake. Silvéria stretched herself indolently on her hammock whilst I questioned Lucio about Diégo. Suddenly I perceived two little hands being laid on the engineer's shoulders, and a smiling, arch head appear close to his. Silvéria's familiarity rather surprised me; as for Lucio, he turned round to embrace his wife, who, to my utter amazement, did not shrink from him.

"Well, Doctor," said she in her harmonious voice, "will you still deny the virtue of your talisman?"

I gazed with wide open eyes and gaping mouth at the tapir's hoof which the happy, triumphant husband and wife held out to my view.

Scales seemed to fall from my eyes.

"Were you two agreed? Did you love each other?" I inquired.

Silvéria bowed her head and blushed in the most bewitching manner.

"But what about Diégo?"

The young wife bridled up. "Hush," she said, putting her fingers on her lips, "*he* withheld his consent, and it was that we wished for."

The "he" referred to was Warren, who approached at this moment, and whose dislike to Lucio had been exaggerated by Silvéria. I hid away the talisman, which had in truth given patience and confidence to the two children.

"It was I who stole it, Doctor; will you forgive me?"

I embraced the guilty one so cordially that her husband might almost have become jealous.

On evenings when the *curé*, the licentiate and I, meeting for our wonted discussions, chance to mention Lucio and his wife, and my old friends boast of having made two people happy, I smile modestly and gaze at the compartment in which lies the tapir's hoof of which we have all been the sport. However, no one must be deceived: the *curé* knows Aztec like Guatimotzin, and the licentiate is the most learned man in the two hemispheres on the subject of Netzahuacoyotl.

CATHERINE—DYING.

I LIE in this quiet room,
Waking the livelong night,
Counting the hours on the far-away bells,
Watching the lamp's dull light.

How many nights to wake,
How many days to weep—
Before they will take me out in the winds
And lay me down to sleep?

If they would take me now
Out 'neath the August skies,
That I might watch the stars grow dim
And see the dawn arise;

If they would leave me there
In the twilight of the morn,
When low, low down, the eastern moon
Hangs her pale silver horn;

That I might see the world
Lie in the dawning dim,
Before the footsteps of the day
Have passed heaven's brightening rim.

That I might feel the cool
Wind-fingers on my brow,
Thrill like the blessed touch of a hand
That is dust and ashes now.

Oh! if they'd take me out
Under the cool grey skies,
I would not ask for the sunlit day,
Nor care to see it arise.

I would rather die in the morn,
And pass with the night away—
For all my Life has been so dark,
And Death will begin my day.

Woodstock. MARY ST. LEDGER.

CURRENT EVENTS.

IN the interval, probably, between our going to press and the appearance of this number, the great national question will be formally decided in the Parliament House at Ottawa. Formally it will be decided in the Parliament House at Ottawa; that is, if Lord Dufferin has determined to leave the matter to Parliament, and not himself to call to account the Privy Councillors who have confessed an act at variance with their oath. Practically it will have been decided elsewhere, and has in fact already been decided by personal influence and intrigue, not, it is to be feared, unmingled with corruption. Before the pretended inquiry of the Royal Commission had been brought to a close, Ministerialists were boasting of an assured majority of twenty-six. We shall be surprised, we own, if their actual majority amounts to more than half that number; but we shall not be surprised if they have a majority. No inconsiderable section of the House of Commons must be bound to their fortunes by complicity in their guilt; thus much even the investigations of the Royal Commission have sufficed to prove. The eyes of all who are seeking to cast our political horoscope are anxiously turned towards Prince Edward's Island, which, though the smallest as well as the youngest member of the Confederation, finds, immediately upon its entrance, the balance of power committed to its hands. We rejoice in the completion of the Federal edifice; but the accession of the remaining Colonies was merely a question of time; and it is of less importance that they should come in at once than that they should come in as additions of strength to a sound Government, not as successive reinforcements to a system of corruption. In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, however, there appears to be the normal uncertainty as to the course which their representatives will take; and the scale will probably be inclined, as usual, by influences far from identical with the general interests of the Dominion. This, advocates of party government tell us, is because the party lines have not been drawn in the Maritime Provinces. Will they also tell us on what question or questions the party lines are to be drawn? Will they tell us what general principles there are which, in the case of the Maritime Provinces, can be permanently adopted as the distinctive creed of the one side or the other? Are people always to profess themselves Reformers where there is nothing of importance to reform? And if one organization is to inscribe "Reform" upon its banner, is the other to inscribe "Corruption?"

Party, desperately struggling to maintain itself in power against the attacks of its rival, has plunged us into these calamities. Party prevents, or threatens to prevent, our escape. Party goads respectable men in public life to the defence of acts which in private life every one with a vestige of moral sense would heartily condemn, and causes principle, truth, the honour, and the interest of the country, to be immolated to the passionate desire of sustaining in power a Minister whose personal leadership, since great questions have ceased to divide us, has become the keystone of the organization. Party confuses the national judgment, and opens a door for the escape of guilt, by placing the Opposition in the attitude, not of patriots vindicating the purity of Government, but of a greedy coterie, ready to clamber into power over the ruins of national honour, so that good citizens hesitate to take part in overthrowing the Government, tainted as they believe it to be, from aversion to its

probable successors. If no government is possible but party government, there can be no Government in this country but one of Pacific Scandals, with their moral and political results.

What strokes of strategy the Minister may yet have in store, the opening of the session only will reveal. But supposing matters to take their natural course in Parliament, the constitutional question will, we presume, come first, and will be settled before these pages meet the eyes of our readers. We find ourselves apparently at issue upon one part of it with certain organs of the English press. We say apparently, because even the best informed of the English journals are still so imperfectly informed—they fall into so many errors of fact, in addition to their general ignorance of the men and the situation—that it is difficult to say what their opinion would be if the case were placed accurately before them. They seem inclined to justify the appointment of a Royal Commission. We agree with them so far that, as we have said throughout, we should decidedly prefer a Royal Commission appointed with the sanction of Parliament, and selected under impartial advice, to a Committee of the House of Commons composed of delegates from the two factions. But they evidently are under the impression that the Governor-General selected the Commissioners himself, without taking the counsel of the inculpated Ministers; whereas we know that he took their counsel, and that a packed Commission has been the inevitable result. What is of still more importance, the English journalists do not see the connection between the two parts of the Ministerial policy—the appointment of the Commission and the abrupt prorogation of Parliament—which together evidently constitute an attempt to wrest the inquiry into the delinquencies of Ministers out of the hands of Parliament, already seized of the case, and transfer it to a tribunal appointed by the Ministers themselves. When Parliament meets, if the partisans of the Minister are ready to sustain him upon the case as disclosed in the report, the report will be pressed upon the House by a party vote, directly or indirectly, in bar of further inquiry. Viewing the case in this, which is the true light, an English constitutionalist could not hesitate to pronounce that the Opposition, whether its motives were high or low, in resisting the Ministerial policy, was practically defending the safeguards of the Constitution. If he did hesitate, it could only be because he tacitly assumed that Colonial rights and liberties were not of the same quality as his own. We believe that such an assumption does, in fact, more or less underlie a great deal that is said and written by Imperial critics on Colonial questions. But Canada could be guilty of no greater treason to her mother country, or to herself, than by admitting that the constitutional rights of England are not hers.

Not the English press only, but certain critics among ourselves also, need, it appears, to be reminded that the objection is not to a Royal Commission in itself, nor to a prorogation in itself, the power of the Crown in both cases being indisputable, but to the misuse of both prerogatives by an accused Minister for the purpose of defeating the ends of national justice. Those who are inclined to believe that there has been any inconsistency on our part with regard to this, or, indeed, to any portion of the question, if they wish to do us justice, will refer to the text of our articles, not merely to quotations, which sometimes remind us of the misbeliever who proved the New Testament to be contrary to the Old by quoting "Hang all the Law and Prophets." Nothing can stand against a resolute quoter. A Commission appointed under proper conditions, for the purpose of furthering the ends of justice, we have always advocated, and do still advocate, as preferable to a Committee of the House of Commons, provided that the Commission can be armed with sufficient powers,

for which it now appears the aid of Parliament is required. A Commission appointed under improper conditions, and for the purpose of defeating the ends of justice, we have never advocated any more than we advocate it now. While, therefore, we see our liability to error, our inconsistency we do not see. Moreover, there are Commissions and Commissions; we do not object to the Court of King's Bench, but we object to a Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys or a Lord Chief Justice Scroggs; we do not object to trial by jury, but we object to the juryman who assured a friend, on the eve of a trial in which the latter had the misfortune to be personally interested, that he would sit a hole in his new leather breeches before he found against him. But we must also beg leave to remind our candid critics that the appearance, in the shape of the documents published by Mr. McMullen, of proof, morally conclusive, that the Ministers had taken money from Sir Hugh Allan, having altered the case, the case thenceforth was altered. Our own opinion since that time has avowedly been, and still is, that it was the duty of the Governor-General to demand an explanation from the Ministers personally inculpated; and in default of an explanation satisfactory in his judgment, to take measures for placing the Executive Government of the country in untainted hands. We have, no doubt, been very inconsistent in finding that some of the charges against the Government had not been proved while others had; and we feel how little the opinion of persons who thus differ from themselves must be worth in the eyes of a good partisan. We have also modified our views on some points in accordance with the changes in the evidence, which is another manifest proof of instability of mind.

It is alleged that the Governor-General, as a separate branch of the Legislature, has a right to an inquiry for his own information, distinct from that of the House of Commons. But, according to the same authorities, the Governor-General can act only by the advice of his Ministers; in which case you might as well have a Commission to inform the mercury in a barometer or the hands of a clock. The Ministers, on the other hand, can hardly need a Commission to inform themselves, except upon a very literal version of the hypothesis that their right hands had not known what their left hands were doing.

The praise, faint as it is, bestowed by English journals on the results accomplished by the Commission, seems also to proceed from a misapprehension. The McMullen documents had been made public before; their genuineness was not disputed; and a single question put to the Ministers would have formally established it. As to the Cartier-Allan letter, which clinches the case, its existence was known through the double reference to it in one of the published documents, and though anxiously withheld, it must in any case have been dragged to light. What else the Commission has been instrumental in disclosing, with all its paraphernalia and all the public expense attending it, its advocates would, we believe, find it difficult to say. It wandered at last into hearsay evidence, or rather gossip, respecting the election expenditure of the Opposition—a subject not included in its instructions, and by meddling with which, as names were mentioned, it laid itself open to merited rebuke. There was one purpose, and one only, we repeat, which it could subserve—that of furnishing the Ministers with a pretext to present to their party for voting down further inquiry in Parliament.

In the minds of some whose opinions are entitled to respect, we believe a notion still lingers that the members of the Parliamentary Committee might have accepted the Royal Commission. But such a view cannot be maintained without overturning, not only mere forms, but the most indispensable rules of business. That a Committee shall confine itself to carrying out the instructions

of the body by which it is appointed, is a principle without the observance of which Committees could not with safety be employed at all; and its force is only enhanced when it is applied to so high a case as that of a Committee of either House of Parliament. Least of all could a Committee of Inquiry permit itself to be meddled with by the accused Minister. The House would, among other things, have practically lost the power of discharging its own Committee, and it would have been compelled to retain Mr. Hillyard Cameron as Chairman, when he had himself fallen under strong suspicion of participation in the offence which formed the subject of inquiry. A reference to the House for further instructions was the obvious and the only tenable course; and those who prevented this course from being adopted by abruptly proroguing Parliament have no right to complain of their opponents for refusing to cut, by a gross irregularity, the knot which it was easy by regular means to untie. Who, in any legal case of an ordinary kind, would listen to proposals of irregular action when there was a ready access to the regular courts of law? The Prime Minister of England instinctively assumed that upon the disallowance of the Oaths Bill there would be a reference to Parliament; and it is remarkable that, in his reply to the ninety-six remonstrant members, the Governor-General made no reference to the refusal of the Royal Commission.

To the theory that the Governor-General is a moral nullity, bound to do whatever he is bidden by his Ministers, till they have been actually deposed by a vote of the House of Commons, and precluded from even testing their claim to Parliamentary confidence by requiring them to meet Parliament except with their own consent, an answer has been given by an authority at least sufficiently punctilious in questions of constitutional law. "Lord Dufferin," says the *Saturday Review*, "were he personally satisfied of the guilt of the accused persons, might well have insisted that the facts which were known to himself should be at once submitted to the judgment of the House of Commons. It will now be his duty to dismiss his Ministers unless they anticipate his interference by resignation; and he will necessarily select their successors." Where there is room for two opinions it is useless to dogmatize; and as to the exact limits of the duty of so dimly defined a personage as the constitutional Governor of a Colony, there is certainly room for two opinions. But we maintain, as we have always maintained, the position the correctness of which is tacitly assumed by the *Saturday Review*. We maintain that in certain cases it devolves upon the Governor-General himself to preserve, by his own remedial action, the purity and integrity of Government. We maintain, as we have said before, that upon the appearance of such evidence against the Ministers as the McMullen documents, the Governor-General might well have called for an explanation; and if an explanation consistent with the position of an adviser of the Crown was not forthcoming, he might have declined to be further advised by the inculpated Ministers in that matter, and have signified his intention of availing himself at once of the counsel and support of Parliament. If the Ministers had thereupon resigned, the Governor-General would have had no difficulty in providing himself with other advisers; for it is not likely that the Canadian people, when appealed to, would have insisted on his taking back Ministers who had been guilty of a pecuniary fraud upon the public. The character of the country would then at once have been redeemed, and the nation would have been rescued from the boiling cesspool of insane faction, mutual slander, confusion and shame, in which it has been weltering for the last four months, and from which it is yet far from having finally emerged; as well as from the effects, already serious, of seeing men as to whose guilt no one—

not even their most unscrupulous defenders in the press—entertains any serious doubt, occupying high places of honour, guiding the councils of the state, and standing forth as the representatives of Canada. The change of Government which would then have ensued, as it would have been brought about by the interposition of the Governor-General, on a question of personal integrity, not by a victory of the Opposition in Parliament, would have been an act of national justice, not the triumph of a faction; and in place of the narrow clique which, in case the Government should fall, will now, in all probability, come into power, we might have had a broad Administration composed of the untainted elements of both parties, and capable of rallying in its support all who hate faction and love the country.

The *Saturday Reviewer's* statement of the case is somewhat abstrusely legal. "In general it may be said that the Governor-General is bound to act on the advice of his Ministry; but fraud, which vitiates all contracts, may also be regarded as introducing an exception of constitutional maxims." We do not see why we should not accept the broader and simpler principle that no man, not even the man whose moral being is legally reduced to a minimum, the *roi qui regne et ne gouverne pas*, can possibly be bound in any position—in that of a king any more than in that of a shoeblack—to be a party to that which is morally wrong. He may be required by the Constitution to acquiesce in what he deems impolitic, and perhaps even to recommend it in language put into his mouth by his Ministers; in what is morally wrong and dishonourable he can never be required to acquiesce. When George III. refused to assent to Catholic Emancipation because it would be a breach of his coronation oath, the answer was not that he was bound to break his oath whenever he was told to do so by his constitutional advisers, but that he had not in fact taken the oath which he imagined himself to have taken; he had sworn, not, as he supposed, to resist the alteration of the law, but to maintain it till it was altered by the proper authority. It can never be the duty of the Governor-General to admit a lie into the Speech from the Throne; and as little can it be his duty to retain in the service of the Crown, and in his personal confidence, Ministers who have taken money from an applicant for a public contract.

A Privy Councillor's oath is a pledge of his personal integrity given to the representative of the Crown: the Governor-General is bound, we conceive, by his duty to the nation, to see that the pledge is redeemed. If a technical ground of action is preferred to those furnished by the simple dictates of broad morality, the soundest, we apprehend, is that suggested by the duty incumbent on the Governor-General of enforcing the Privy Councillor's oath, which was unquestionably violated when the Governor-General was advised to assent to a Charter from the applicant for which money had been secretly taken by the Privy Councillor tendering the advice; and upon this ground, we believe, the Governor-General might safely and constitutionally have proceeded, with the best results to the country.

We should be sorry to encourage the habit of deferring too much to the opinions of the English press: it is humiliating to see the two parties here scrambling like hungry spaniels for the bones carelessly flung, now to one side, now to the other, by London journalists, generally ill-informed, and who are often the merest Bohemians. But a plain question of morality and honour is the same, and equally intelligible, at Ottawa, London and Timbuctoo. When the fact that the money was taken from Sir Hugh Allan has been proved and is confessed by the Ministers, the case, in the opinion of the best authorities in the English press, is at an end; and the opinion of all men of sense

and honour is the same. The English press is perfectly in the right, too, in saying that when the act is proved it is enough: we cannot be called upon to pass from the domain of public justice into that of psychology, and to make our proceedings against public offenders dependent on our discovery of their motives. Their motives are locked in their own breasts, and may be painted by them as suits their purpose. Possibly the applicant for a public contract who gives money to a Minister, and the Minister who takes that money and uses it in electoral corruption, may both be actuated by the highest moral aspirations; but they must keep their moral aspirations within the bounds of official integrity on the one side and of commercial integrity on the other. The *Saturday Review* calls attention to the fact that the effect of the corrupt expenditure was to keep the Ministers themselves in lucrative offices. Without unduly pressing this point, we may observe that the line which separates the more refined from the coarser kinds of corruption is soon passed. The Fenian Claim, and the honour of the country with it, are sold for the Pacific Guarantee; next, money is taken by the Ministers from the contractor for a party purpose; before long, money will be taken by Ministers for themselves.

We remarked that the words "or your Company," in the Cartier-Allan letter, shut out all doubt as to the character of the transaction. The argument is not essential to the case; nothing is essential but that which we undeniably possess — positive proof that the money was given on one side and taken on the other. But it undoubtedly is clinching, and extraordinary efforts have accordingly been made to escape from its fatal pressure. It is actually contended that "company" is used for "firm," and means, not the railway company which was the subject of all the negotiations between Sir George Cartier and Sir Hugh Allan, but the private steamship firm of Allan, to the funds of which it seems the owner of six millions thought he might possibly be driven to resort by his personal inability to provide $160,000. The use of "company" for "firm," we are told, is to be accounted for by Sir George Cartier's imperfect acquaintance with English. Unfortunately for this hypothesis, the letter was drafted, not by Sir George Cartier, but by Mr. Abbott. In no part of the correspondence, in no part of the evidence, documentary or oral, is there the faintest indication that the firm of Allan was ever present to the mind of any one of the parties to the transaction; nor is it alleged that there is any entry on the books of the firm, or that the subject was ever mentioned in conversation or in correspondence between the partners. Mr. Andrew Allan, Sir Hugh's only Canadian partner in the firm, is treated by him in the railway matter as a separate interest, and set down among those to be propitiated by a gratuity. But Mr. Andrew Allan has denied any knowledge of the matter. And on whom did the Ministers draw? On the firm of Allan? They drew on Mr. Abbott, solicitor to the railway company, whose intervention as assistant in the negotiations, as framer of the letter, as holder of the fund, is in itself sufficient proof that the relations of the Government were with Sir Hugh Allan in his capacity as the head of the railway company. But the singularity even of this explanation is transcended by that offered of the colourable stipulation for repayment which appears, with sinister aspect, in the same letter. We are desired to believe that when Sir George Cartier undertakes that any amount which Sir Hugh Allan advances for the assistance of government candidates in the elections shall be recouped to him, his meaning is that Sir Hugh shall largely benefit by the general policy of the administration. Selling the general policy of the administration would hardly be less culpable than selling the Pacific contract. But why not

say at once that the meaning was that Sir Hugh's beneficence should be recouped to him by the blessings of heaven, and that he wanted the letter as a voucher to be produced to Providence? Had Sir Hugh Allan been strictly examined before the Commission as to his conduct at previous elections, his motive for spending $160,000 on this particular occasion would, we believe, have been placed beyond the possibility of question. Such expedients, like the brazen assertions of Ministerial organs that nothing has been proved against the Ministers, merely show that the case is desperately black, and that the only question is now how many people can be found to vote it white.

Another new point point for the defence, which seems to be thought very telling, is that the contract cannot have been sold to Sir Hugh Allan because he did not get it. No doubt it was given, not to him, but to him and the Company. Sir Hugh Allan was satisfied with his bargain. He told his friends that he had got, on certain monetary conditions, what he wanted. He got the Presidency and the chief conduct of the enterprise. He got the exclusion of his great commercial rival. But more than this, he got a hold upon the Government which, so long as Sir George Cartier's letter was in his possession, never could be relaxed; and his habits, as disclosed by his letters, show that as his grasp closed upon this pledge he must have known its value well. Had he, however, been bilked of his object by those with whom he bargained, this would not improve the case. Once more, the fact of payment, clearly proved, is enough. It may be aggravated, it may be extenuated; but by itself it is enough. Poll the British Privy Council on that question, and there will be only one dissentient voice.

In blindly defending, against overwhelming evidence and the plainest rules of public life, the cause of their immediate patrons, the leading Ministerial journals are sacrificing the larger interests as well as the moral character of their party. At the outset, as we have said, there was no reason why the removal of the Ministers personally proved to have been implicated in corruption should have been an Opposition triumph, or have resulted in the formation of an exclusively Grit Government. The Opposition was still in a minority—there had been no decision of Parliament or of the nation in favour of its policy against that of the Government, either generally or on any particular question. The charge which brought on the crisis was entirely personal, and it affected two members of the Cabinet only, the rest remaining, so far as we know at present, unaffected, at least by any specific impeachment, though there are general imputations yet to be sifted. Had not the Prime Minister happened himself to be one of the two, the Cabinet might have gone on after the dismissal of its inculpated members as the English Cabinet went on after the dismissal, on a personal charge, of Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, and in more recent times of Lord Chancellor Westbury. The Governor-General was not bound in such a case, by the spirit of the constitution, to send for the leader of the Opposition, as he would have been if the Ministry had been outvoted in Parliament, or had resigned upon any question of public policy. Negotiations might have been opened between the remaining members of the Government and the Opposition; some leader acceptable to moderate men of both parties might have been found; and the result might have been the formation of a Government comprehending honourable men of all sections, national in its character, and strong in national support, such as commerce needs and the country in its heart desires. But if a party vote is taken at the opening of the Session upon the constitutional question now raised, and the Government falls, such a solution will no longer be practicable: the Grits will ride into power on the wings of a

Parliamentary victory, and their real chief will become the irresponsible master of the Dominion. Should this be the result, we beg Conservative journals, which have made themselves the personal organs of the Prime Minister, to take note that, so far as journalism may have had any influence in the matter, the calamity will be due to their efforts, not ours. We have behaved just as English journals occupying a neutral position, or generally favourable to the Government of the day, behaved in the case of Lord Westbury, or in that of the scandalous appointment of Lord Clanricarde. As we have said before, we had not the slightest wish for a change of Government, and still less for a narrow Grit Administration. But we refuse to be accomplices in an attempt to drag down public morality to the level of a corrupt Minister's need, we decline to lend a hand in putting the national honour under the feet of any human being. This will not satisfy fanatical partisans, who cannot conceive it possible that fault can be found with any act of the head of their party except from party motives; but it will satisfy reasonable and patriotic men. The better class of Conservatives will also see that no service, but a most fatal disservice, has been rendered to their party by identifying its principles with conduct on the part of public men which they cannot doubt, when the storm is over and the hour of calm reflection arrives, will be generally regarded, and represented by every writer of our political history, as having dishonoured the nation. Once more we say, if in this new world, where society is essentially and unchangeably democratic, you wish to be conservative, conserve Honour.

Should the day go against the nation at Ottawa, the only course left will be to petition the Governor-General for a dissolution of Parliament. The ground for such a petition would be one which it would be difficult to disregard. Under a Commission directing them to inquire into the alleged payment of a large sum of money "for the purpose of aiding the election of Ministers and their supporters at the ensuing general election," it was apparently competent for the Commissioners to trace the application of the money, and let us know what elections were purchased or aided out of the fund. This, however, they forbore to do, though, as we have already mentioned, they took evidence as to the employment of money in the election of Mr. Jetté, an Opposition candidate for Montreal. We are consequently in the dark as to the names and the number of the members of Parliament whose elections are tainted with corruption. It is pretty certain, however, from the largeness of the sum and the manner in which it was distributed over the provinces, that the number is considerable; and the members, whoever they are, have no more right to be sitting or voting in the House of Commons than the door-keepers of the House. To allow such a Parliament to uphold in office for the next four years a Government the leaders of which have actually confessed themselves guilty of corruption, and of corruption the avowed object of which was to influence the elections, would be to destroy all confidence in Parliamentary institutions. The Home Government is, naturally and properly, unwilling to interfere in any way with the working of Canadian liberties; but if any power of remedial interposition in extreme cases is reserved, it might surely be exercised to prevent the complete and open nullification of the very charter of our freedom. "Parliaments without Parliamentary liberties are but a fair and plausible way to bondage," were the well-known words of one of the great historic champions of English rights; and what he said of a Parliament whose liberties had been destroyed by coercion, may be said with equal truth of a Parliament whose liberties have been destroyed by corruption.

The members of Parliament who received a part of the fund would have been themselves corrupted, whether they spent the

money in bribing the constituencies or not. But that the money was spent in bribery, not merely in organization, as is pretended, is proved by Sir John Macdonald's urgent call for $10,000 at the crisis of the elections. It is proved still more clearly and more disgracefully by his too provident refusal to amend the Election Law.

Unhappily, to get rid of a Government supported by a corrupt Parliament and wielding the prerogative at its will, there is need of a vigorous and sustained effort on the part of the people. Are the people of this country capable of such an effort? It is a question which few will venture to answer confidently in the affirmative. There is too much ground for the disappointment felt in England at the state of moral sentiment among us indicated by the tone of a large portion of our press. Nor is it in the party press alone that want of loyalty to principle is to be found. A demagogue could hardly desire better materials for an invective against the higher classes of society than have been furnished by the conduct of some of our commercial and social leaders on the present occasion. Not only has loose language, and language worse than loose, been held on questions of public morality: actual homage has been paid, by men of wealth and high position, to politicians stained with offences against honour and their country, which would contaminate an honest peasant's home. Here, not among the obscure conspirators of the International, are the enemies who really menace the social fabric with subversion. Here are our truly dangerous classes.

Corruption has done its work through all grades of the community. That the corruptionist should plead that the work was necessary, and challenge gratitude for having performed it, is intolerable. Canada might have been governed without corruption by statesmen, though mere tricksters and intriguers could not do it. There is not a community in the world to which an honest Administration might more surely look for support than the yeomen and merchants of this country. The moral material for a popular Government is, we do not hesitate to say, far better on the whole here than it is in England, with her vast masses of dependent, needy and ignorant population. But the work of corruption has been done, and it may be the lot of those who love the country to see her for the present hopelessly succumb, and to find nothing left for them but to use such influence as they possess in preventing the contagion of dishonour from descending to future generations.

We have been sarcastically told that the Pacific Scandal is a godsend to the opponents of party government. We take the sarcasm in good part, and profit by the suggestion. Assuredly no general arguments of ours, no precedents drawn from the history of other countries or of the past, could be half so impressive, or appeal half so directly to the understanding and the heart of the people, as the spectacle of the nation brought to its present condition by party. Bad is party corruption, as the voices of our sorrowing friends and of our exulting enemies alike declare. But not less bad are party envy, hatred and malice, party assassination of character, party demoralization of the press, party diversion of the energies of Government and of public men from public objects to personal rivalries and mutual defamation, party ostracism of all statesmen who will not become abject slaves of the party whip, party destruction of the unity of the nation. If people believe that the national character will bear much more of this without breaking down, their confidence in its soundness must be great indeed. It is a test which the most famous nations in history have failed to stand.

Of course party politicians tell us that the idea of government without party is a dream. Equally chimerical to their minds appears the idea of government without corruption.

In our judiciary, in our public departments, in our municipal councils, in our railway and commercial management, it is thought reasonable to expect ordinary integrity; but the central administration of the country is by some inscrutable necessity the fated appanage of rogues, the most unscrupulous of whom must be the head of the nation. It is natural that those who subsist by a system—who in it live and move and have their unbeneficent being—should regard it as a part of the immutable nature of things. No doubt tigers regard as visionary enthusiasts those who propose to clear away the jungle, and meat-flies are satisfied that the indispensable basis of society is tainted meat. So the party journalist tells you that venomous personalities, such as he is in the habit of purveying, are the only things that can possibly please the taste of the people, and that to imagine that breadth, candour, good humour and geniality can be popular, is to show yourself ignorant at once of journalism and of the world. Unfortunately, when a nation has long been under the influence of such leaders and such teachers, the vicious state of public opinion which they imagined to exist, begins to exist indeed.

We can afford to smile at such a piece of claptrap as the charge that in deprecating the continuance of party government we are decrying Canadian institutions. Party government is not a Canadian institution. It is not of native growth. It is a travesty of the institutions of another country formally incorporated in ours by constitution-builders who knew just enough of political history to suggest to them false analogies and misleading precedents. Party, in the proper and the only moral sense of the term, as a combination founded on distinctive principle, has in truth no existence here. It has not existed here since the secularization of the Clergy Reserves. Our combinations since that time have not been parties but factions, personal in their aims, personal in their bonds of connexion, personal in their animosities, and rancorous in proportion to their personality. To the assertion that any government but party government is an impossibility, the answer is that party government is itself an impossibility in this country, and that only the government of faction is possible. Great questions there are still in abundance: the liquor question, the emigration question, the question of municipal government, the education question, and a variety of questions arising out of the crude state of democracy among us, and the dangers attending the first advent of the masses to power. But these are questions which ought not to divide but to unite us; and the united strength of all good citizens will not be more than sufficient to conduct them to a right issue.

To say that there is no alternative to making the executive the prize of such faction fights as we now witness is absurd. There is a very simple alternative, which we have more than once pointed out. It is to have the executive elected by the legislature, with provisions for a proper rotation, and a minority clause to prevent sectional ascendancy. This arrangement would not shut out human nature; no political mechanism will. But the constitution would no longer be faction; and as there would no longer be any motive for bribery, at least on the part of Government, it seems not very visionary to suppose that bribery on the part of Government might cease.

Scarcely less important or less urgent than the reform of the mode of appointing the executive is the enactment of a proper law, and the creation of a proper tribunal, for the repression of political corruption. The extortion of money by a trusted servant of the Crown from an applicant for a public contract is as distinct a crime, and as capable of proof, as embezzlement or stealing trust securities; and it might be repressed by the same means. The existence of a definite law will, at all events, save us a good deal of ethical discussion; and ex-

perience shows that when one or two offenders have been visited, not with moral reprobation, for which no criminal cares, but with sharp and condign punishment, the rest are apt to become tired of the game.

By the abandonment of the Pacific Charter, now officially announced, a heavy stone is taken at once from the neck of the Government, as the Government is at this moment circumstanced, and from that of the nation. Ministerial journals, of course, cry out that a great national enterprise has been killed by the factious malignity of the Opposition. We should be very unwilling to detract from the force of the lesson which has been taught us by the spectacle of a public work, of such magnitude as to seriously involve both the political and commercial destinies of the nation, thus exposed to the fury of contending factions, and made the mark of animosity on one side and the stalking-horse of corruption on the other. There has been more than one instance, even in English history, of military operations frustrated by the spirit of party, which saw in its political rival an enemy more hateful than the public foe. But the enterprise of Sir Hugh Allan would have failed, even if we had been a united nation of self-denying patriots. Sir Hugh, though an energetic operator, is a bad negotiator, as his published letters sufficiently prove. There being no accurate surveys or estimates of the line, what he had to offer to the wary English capitalist was a great leap in the dark, not rendered more attractive by previous experience of Canadian investments; and he had himself proclaimed that his scheme was one which promised more glory than profit to its supporters. His own position as a capitalist is, undoubtedly, the highest in Canada; but the immense magnitude of his concerns would probably have prevented him from paying sufficient attention to a work which could not fail to demand the concentrated energies of the most powerful mind. The railway will now, we trust, be undertaken as a national enterprise—and one of which the expense must be mainly defrayed by the nation—should be, under national auspices, by a public commission, and under the permanent control of Parliament. But first, common prudence requires that a complete survey should be made and accurate estimates obtained. In the meantime, there seems to be no reason why we should not construct the shorter and easier lines, which, linking together the water communications, would form a system, inferior of course to a through railroad, but still most useful to the territories in their present stage of development. The people of British Columbia will have the good sense to give us time; they could gain nothing by a precipitation which would end in failure.

As though to bring all possible troubles upon the nation at once, the murderer Riel has been elected by acclamation for Provencher, and, it is to be presumed, will attempt to take his seat in the Dominion Parliament; and this at the very time when his subordinate accomplice, Lepine, is being proceeded against for the murder. Had Sir Garnet Wolseley been entrusted with proper powers, which he would, no doubt, have used temperately as well as vigorously; had Governor Archibald acted with firmness; had the Dominion Government, in short, looked before it to see what was right, instead of looking behind it to see how the French Canadians would vote, the question would long ago have been settled; nothing extreme, we may be sure, would have been done, and the honour of the country would be safe. A duty weakly evaded has come back, as usual, with the difficulty multiplied tenfold. It would, indeed, puzzle any statesman, however intrepid, and however free from the trammels of faction, to find a safe and dignified way out of the dilemma; much less can we look with confidence for a satisfactory

solution to the leaders of factions comprehending both Orangemen and French Catholics at such a political juncture as the present. We shall be fortunate if we are not condemned to see the two parties bidding against each other for a murderer's vote. Three things, however, seem to us clear. In the first place a general amnesty, under the present circumstances, as it would be a transparent subterfuge, could only aggravate the national humiliation; it would be better frankly to acknowledge the necessity, if it is one, and avowedly to abandon the proceedings against Riel and Lepine. In the second place, the Provincial Government of Ontario, to whatever it may have apparently committed itself, is not called upon, nor has it any business, to meddle with a member of the Dominion Parliament in the seat of the Dominion Legislature—at all events in such a case as this. The question belongs to the Dominion Government and Parliament. Ottawa ought to have been federalized, and on the present occasion it must be regarded morally as if it had been. In the third place, the Riel affair, however important and pressing, must stand over till the question immediately before Parliament is settled, and it is determined under what Government the country is to be. Beyond this we do not pretend to see, especially as the real relations between the Government and Riel are still a matter of mystery and conjecture.

Mr. Joseph Arch merits the honourable reception which he has met with both from the Governor-General and from the Ontario Government, which has wisely availed itself of his presence for the promotion of emigration. To the most suffering and down-trodden class in Europe he has been an industrial liberator, without being a social agitator; he has given them the organization, and infused into them the spirit necessary to the assertion of their rights as labourers, without resorting to the evil acts of a demagogue; and the result has been that a movement which might easily have been attended with violence, has been marked, on the whole, by singular calmness and moderation, the proceedings of the peasantry having, in fact, been more temperate than those of some among their better educated opponents. Those who remember the disturbances among the English peasantry engendered by the general excitement which accompanied the Reform movement of 1830–4, and who then saw night in the disturbed counties illumined with incendiary fires, can appreciate the influence exercised for good by Mr. Arch. It would be an unwise parsimony of honour to withhold from such a man the tribute which is lavishly paid to the victors in the ordinary wrestle of Greek with Trojan for place and pelf.

Of the beneficence of Mr. Arch's present mission there can be no doubt. But we may be permitted to speak with more hesitation of the particular scheme of emigration which he proposes, and which is, in effect, a scheme for a special colony of British farm labourers, to be planted on a tract of land set apart by Government for the purpose, the emigrants becoming at once owners of the soil, and receiving aid from Government to enable them to clear, make roads and provide themselves with houses. This plan seems to us to be tinctured with two sentiments, natural in the case of the peasant in the Old Country, but which would be misleading if imported into Canada—a passionate desire to become the owner of land, and an aversion to the condition of a farm labourer. Mere ownership of land has not in this country the value, either economical or social, which attaches to it in a country still imbued with the territorial ideas of feudalism, and engrossed by so small a number of proprietors that proprietorship is a rarity, and almost makes a man a member of a privileged class. A land owner is not here, as perhaps an English peasant might imagine, a little squire. Nor is owning uncleared or even cleared land in a back settlement

by any means the same thing as owning land in a country cultivated like a garden, and within a mile or two of a good market. On the other hand, the farm-labourer here is not, as he too commonly is in the Old Country, a down-trodden and half-starved helot, bowed through life with servility as well as toil, and doomed to end his days in penal pauperism. His wages are so large that he is to all intents and purposes part owner of the land, and the value of his services is so great that, combined with the comparative freedom of our community from class distinctions, it effectually secures him against anything offensive to his self-respect. He lives with his employer upon terms of social equality. In a few years he saves enough to buy a farm. The sons of English gentlemen are not ashamed to undergo in this manner a training in Canadian farming. Such a training, if it is necessary in their case, is still more necessary in the case of the English peasant. The English peasant gives a better day's work for his wages probably than any other labourer in the world; nor is he wanting in native shrewdness; but his intelligence has been little cultivated either by education or by variety of employment, and he does not easily adapt himself to new circumstances and new conditions of life. Even the English artisan, though his intelligence is far quicker and his power of self-adaptation far greater than that of the labourer, is often depressed to a surprising degree on finding himself taken out of his old industrial groove. The English farm hand is little accustomed to the use of the axe, and would very likely be disconcerted at finding himself, instead of raising crops, set to felling timber. He is in the habit of looking to mechanics, who are always close at hand, for a number of little jobs which a farmer in a back settlement must learn to do for himself. He has always been used to obey orders, and the guidance of his master, though often tyrannical, becomes a necessity with which he can only by degrees learn to dispense. To manage and conduct to prosperous results a separate settlement of English farm-labourers would appear to us rather a formidable undertaking. The history of such separate settlements generally is one of failure, except in the peculiar case of religious settlements, such as that of New England, where enthusiasm supplied the place of discipline, and rendered hardship almost welcome. It is, however, well that the attention of our farmers should be called to the necessity of providing dwellings for married labourers on their farms.

In England there is a continuance of the Conservative reaction, marked by the signal defeat of the Government candidate at Dover. The causes remain the same. The deepest of them are those which are not merely English but European, and which will gain or lose strength according to the course taken by the European movement. The Home Rule movement, with its attendant Fenian demonstrations, appears to be advancing with unabated force. In the next Parliament a large majority of the Irish members will no doubt be of the Home Rule stripe, and form a flying squadron of malcontents between the two great British parties. The increasing prosperity of Ireland, however, which is undoubted, is a strong guarantee against insurrection.

In the order for the execution of the Modocs we seemed to hear the death knell of the Red Man. That the extermination, which will soon be complete in the territories of the Republic, was either righteous or a necessity we cannot admit. That it was not a necessity the success of a different policy in Canada is a sufficient proof. The Indians have been treated by the American frontiersmen as none but a man without mercy would treat a beast. They have not only been butchered wholesale, man, woman and child, in frontier war, but in time

of peace and when perfectly unoffending, they have been shot—even women have been shot—for mere sport. The very language used in regard to them has been such as to show that they were considered out of the pale of humanity. Of course they have turned to bay, and committed atrocities in their turn. The Modocs after their treacherous murder of the negotiators could not have been spared. Yet there is reason to believe that even in their case the Red man was not the original aggressor, but that he was wreaking, in accordance with the tribesman's law, an ancient wrong upon the white man's tribe. On one occasion a frontiersman was tortured to death by the Indians, in the presence of his horror stricken companions; but he had wantonly and in mere bravado shot an Indian woman with a child at her breast; for this he suffered the ferocious vengeance of her kindred, while, with a justice which perhaps the white man would scarcely have shown, his comparatively guiltless companions, after having been made to witness his punishment, were allowed to go free. Unhappily the American treatment of the Indian is only one chapter in the dark volume in which, beside the name of the ruthless and bigoted Spaniard, appear those of nations which make the highest pretensions to Christianity and enlightenment. It is true, we fear, that Caffirs were stalked by British officers like wild beasts, and that natives were poisoned by settlers in Australia. The Maoris experienced not much better treatment, and being savages of unusual vigour and intelligence, resented their wrongs with terrible effect. The waste of British treasure in Maori wars has been enormous; yet it is less to be deplored than the waste of gallant lives, laid down not on the bright field of honour, but in obscure and murderous warfare against the savage lurking in his pathless woods, with disease as his ally. Of late years the defiance of humanity has extended from practise to theory. In the last century men, though often unmerciful, were Christians by profession; they acknowledged, at least with their lips, the Christian doctrine of the brotherhood of man, and paid deference to that cardinal maxim of all Christian civilisation, the sanctity of human life. But Materialism and Anthropology have changed all that. An American can propose, with general approval, to put an end to nuisances, and issue general orders "to hunt and shoot down every Indian from the Colorado to the Clamath." Mr. Roebuck can say, in the Parliament of Pitt, Wilberforce and Romilly, that new countries ought to be cleared of wild animals, and that of all the wild animals the most noxious is the wild man. Professor Tyndall, a man of the highest scientific gifts, but at the same time a perfect incarnation of the materializing tendencies of science, can boldly aver before the nation which once gloried in the abolition of slavery, that to kill a Jamaica negro is in his opinion a very different thing from killing an Englishman. A German anthropologist, with perfect consistency went further, and declared that a community did not deserve to be called scientific in which a physiologist was not at liberty to go out and shoot for the purposes of his science a specimen of the genus man. Of course he would shoot a fine specimen—a Göethe, a Humboldt or a Bismarck.

No doubt the case had been put too high on behalf of the savage by Rousseauists and by ultra-humanitarians in general. The savage is not pure and innocent humanity, as Rousseau dreamed, but a degraded being, and must be treated as what he is. He must be kept in subjection, tamed, and gradually broken into the habits of civilization, which, if forced upon him all at once, immediately prove his corruption and his ruin. It is equally absurd to treat him as invested with a sacred ownership of the vast tracts over which, as a hunter, he ranges, and from which he but yesterday ousted by

violence some weaker tribe. A fair provision for his wants being offered him, he must give place and allow the earth to be tilled; had this necessity been looked in the face, what are styled treaties with the Indians would have been less hypocritical, and, being less hypocritical, perhaps they would have been better observed. But to avoid overstrained sentimentality is one thing; to rob, butcher, and revel in robbery and butchery, is another. The Indian had his use and an important one. His habits as a hunter and a warrior naturally fitted him to become the pioneer of colonization; and in fact, when well used he has done good service in exploring and surveying as well as in connection with the fur trade. In the same employment, pursued under the personal government of his white superior, he finds the aptest training-school for a savage in a transition state, and his best safeguard in his passage over that perilous bridge which leads from barbarism to civilization, and from which so many races, not ungifted or unpromising, have fallen into the dark gulf below. To say that the Indian is inherently incapable of civilization is absurd; his condition is that of the Teutonic and Celtic founders of the European nations. The root of civilization is morality; and it has been practically proved that the Indian can be made a Christian. He cannot at once be made a model Christian, but he can be made much better than a heathen and put in a way to become better still. The character of the converted Indian is probably as great an improvement on that of the heathen members of the same tribe, as the character of the converted Saxon in the time of Ethelbert was upon that of the heathen comrades of Hengeist and Horsa. Of course whiskey is not civilizing, but whiskey is an excrescence on Christianity.

It is due to the American Government to say that its edicts, and probably its intentions, have been good, though its edicts have been set at nought and its intentions frustrated by corrupt agents and bloodthirsty frontiersmen. It is due also to the Society of Friends to say that, though it has fallen short of its usual measure of success, yet in this as in so many works of mercy it has left a memorable record. The end of Quakerism is evidently near; not only is it doffing its outward garb: its faith in the cardinal doctrine of the Inner Light waxes faint; its religious services are growing more like those of other churches; to all appearances it will soon merge in the general body of society and Christendom. In the past, the church of Fox has not been without its aberrations, its chimeras, its absurdities, perhaps even its hypocrisies. But it has so embodied the spirit of Christian beneficence as to extort heartfelt homage even from the mocking spirit of Voltaire. Its services to humanity have been immense, and its epitaph will be a grand *circumspice*.

The treatment of the financial panic, which at first threw Wall Street into a state of paralysis, consisted of the application of new stimulants to the high pressure inflation by which prices had long been kept abnormally high. The Treasury threw greenbacks on the market, as if an addition to the paper currency could be made a substitute for confidence. The banks, sparing in the issue of greenbacks, substituted certified checks, on the security of unsaleable stocks. Confidence had been carried to the extreme of self-deception, involving the ruin of thousands. Jay Cooke and Co. were caught in the trap they baited for others. In trying to float Northern Pacific Railway Bonds by means of representations deliberately deceptive, they anticipated sales that were never made by ruinous advances. If they became the dupes of their own strategy, it was because they rated too highly the complicated machinery of deception they had set in motion. If the withdrawal of confidence had been confined to objects in which no confidence should ever have been placed, nothing but unmixed good would have come of the crash. But

it is the nature of all panics to weaken the popular faculty of discrimination; and stocks yielding a good revenue underwent an unnatural depression. The results of the war expenditure and a double currency —one currency for the Government and another for the people—were to turn Wall Street into a financial Bedlam; and the character of the chief operators, as illustrated by the Black Friday and other memorable occasions, forbids confidence in a time of financial perturbation. In spite of opiates and stimulants, a fitful, feverish anxiety, has continued visible. The germ of the malady will not be reached by such remedies. Till the normal condition of a gold basis be restored, abnormally high prices, with ruinous tendencies to fluctuation, will continue. The vast volume of currency afloat is not necessary for the purposes of trade; it is only kept in existence—for some time it has scarcely been in motion—as a fulcrum for forcing prices above the natural standard, and from the fear which speculators have of the consequences of a sudden fall to the solid earth. The destruction of this artificial condition of things will be a happy event for the nation.

A Conservative Republic has not done badly for the French people. It has rid the country of the enemy; it has paid the war indemnity; it has quelled the Commune; it has restored order in the political and social chaos left by the war. Under it the country has been recovering material prosperity as rapidly as could reasonably have been expected. If it has not yet made society feel secure, this is due to the incessant machinations of the Pretenders. The last elections in the departments show that the feeling of the people is in favour of making the best of the Republic rather than of embarking in a Monarchical counter-revolution, itself to be followed, in all probability, by the collapse of another dynasty and another series of convulsions. The Provisional Republic, in a word, is tending to become permanent. This the Monarchists see, and, as we write, they are evidently on the point of making a dead-lift effort to kill that which will not die. Some sort of arrangement appears to have been patched up between the Legitimist and Orleanist candidates, though how the question of the flag has been settled we are not told. The Legitimist and Ultramontane clergy have been exerting themselves with a zeal which seems even to overshoot the mark in stimulating enthusiasm for the candidate of the Papacy by pilgrimages and every kind of religious excitement. All is prepared for a blow, which, though it may be dealt with the forms of Parliamentary voting, will be morally a *coup d'état*, since the Assembly, elected merely to make peace and free the country from the presence of the enemy, has no constituent powers, and cannot, without an act of usurpation, dispose of the political rights of its constituents. The Republicans, on the other side, are endeavouring to close their ranks, broken for a time by the discord which ensued upon the election of the Red Republican Barodet for Paris, and to present a united front under Thiers, who now casts in his lot thoroughly with the Republican cause. The Bonapartists have prepared their amendment, decreeing that the form of government shall be Monarchical, but that, instead of proclaiming Henri V., the choice of the Monarch shall be left to the people, who, they feel confident, will elect Napoleon IV. It is not unlikely that the people would do so were not the bigotry of the priest-ridden Empress Regent at least as much an object of fear and aversion as the bigotry of the priest-ridden Henri V. The nervous disclaimers of the Duke de Broglie attest the manifest unwillingness of the great body of the nation to be ruled by priests. When Napoleon I. restored the Roman Catholic Church, the mental emancipation of the mass of the people, in spite of the ostentatious antics of a small body

of extreme freethinkers, had not gone far; it has gone much farther, notwithstanding the pilgrimages, now.

If Henri V. becomes king, ther ewill be intervention in favour of the Pope, a quarrel with Italy, and war in Europe, whatever flattering hopes of peace the Pretender may think it politic to whisper while he is courting the suffrages of the nation. Paray-le-Monial does not mean peace; it means a crusade against heretics for the restoration of the temporal dominion. Victor Emmanuel sees this clearly; and that he does so his visi tto the German Emperor shows.

So evenly balanced are the parties in France that prediction would be more than usually unsafe. If there were only one Pretender we should deem the chances greatly in his favour; as there are two, and one of them is the candidate of a most inharmonious coalition, it is at least as likely that the Republic will survive; and if it does, authority sufficient to maintain order will have been definitively established on an elective basis, and a critical point will have been passed in the progress of France and of Europe. A survey of the movement from the beginning of the first Revolution, and of the relative strength of the various forces developed in it, will show, we apprehend, that its natural result is neither Jacobinism nor Imperialism, much less a revival of the *Ancien Regime*, but a Conservative Republic.

Of one thing we feel pretty sure—that a constitutional monarchy after the British model will never succeed in France. Constitutional monarchy is the special offspring of British character and British history, and though it has often been transplanted, can hardly be said to have taken deep root or greatly flourished in any soil but its own. But to the political temperament of the French it is singularly unsuited. A Frenchman cannot help pushing every principle to its extreme logical conclusion, and exerting every legal power to the uttermost. He lacks the enthusiasm of compromise, by which the Briton is animated in a high degree. But constitutional monarchy depends for its existence on compromise, or forbearance to push principles to extremes or to exercise powers to the uttermost. It is the least logical of all systems; at the same time it is the least sentimental, and in both respects it is most unsuited to the French. Monarchy in France will be despotism.

Nations of robust character, when they have been beaten, say, "We have betrayed ourselves; let us search out our fault and cure it." The French always say "We have been betrayed." Bazaine, we take it, is the victim of this nationa infirmity, as Custine and other unfortunate generals were before him. He is one of the most unscrupulous and sanguinary satellites of the Empire, and has well merited any fate that can befal him by the atrocities which he committed against Mexican patriots, guilty of no crime but that of daring to defend their country against a rapacious invader, and of which the gallant and hapless Maximilian in fact paid the penalty. But the treatment which the Marshal is suffering from the mortified vanity of his countrymen is, we can hardly doubt, unjust. The conduct of the Duke d'Aumale, the President of the tribunal, towards the prisoner, exceeds even the usual iniquity of French judges, and derives a still worse complexion from the political antagonism existing between the head of the Orleans party and the favourite Marshal of the Empire. Nothing more has appeared against the Marshal, so far, than that when the Government had collapsed and everything had fallen into utter confusion, he, cut off at Metz, did not know to whom to look or what to do, and amidst the general uncertainty was inclined to preserve his army. So far from treasonably allowing himself to be shut up in Metz, he, in attempting to escape from it, fought against very superior numbers the most desperate battle, and the one which was nearest being a French victory in the whole war. Von Moltke, the greatest master

of war in this and perhaps in any age, invested Metz in the conviction that it must fall; and it did fall. That seems to be the whole account of the matter.

In the case of Spain our anticipations seem likely to be fulfilled. The nation, doubly imperilled, has rallied round the National Government: Carlism is still confined to its mountains, where its reduction is only a question of time, and Anarchy is dying (hard enough, thanks to its ironclads) in its last ditch at Carthagena.

With the garrison of Carthagena perishes probably the International, that great bugbear of Conservative society in Europe. The shadow of the International was always far greater than the substance. It never wielded the forces which it was supposed to wield; nor could it have done anything very serious of itself. But it applied the match to the vast mines of explosive misery and discontent which had accumulated in the great cities of overpeopled or ill-governed countries. Having used up its aliment in France, it found a new store in the pauperism, ignorance and brutality which had collected amidst the crumbling ruins of despotic and ecclesiastical Spain. Its only remaining field is now Russia, the parent of one of its two present leaders, Bahounin, a type of the extravagant and almost delirious Communism which alternates with the abject Imperialism and Ecclesiasticism of the half barbarous Slave. The other leader, and the chief contriver of the conspiracy, is the Jew, Karl Marx, who has had the cunning, while always pulling the trigger, himself to keep out of range. Since the society lost sight of its original objects, which were purely industrial, and may be summed up, in fact, as a universal raising of wages by means of a European strike, many of its earlier promoters, especially those from practical England, have abandoned it. It is said, and all analogy would lead us to believe the statement, that the intelligence of these men has led not a few of them to high industrial success. A workman addicted to Utopian schemes must at least be a thinker, and is not likely to be given to drink.

If Castelar succeeds, it will be absurd to say, as his detractors are evidently preparing to do, that he has only brought Spain back, after a sanguinary revolution, to the point at which she was before. Spain will have been finally wrested from the Papacy and Philip the Second. She will have definitively entered on a new career as a partaker of modern civilization. The change may be for good or evil, but there will have been a great change.

In Germany a great event has taken place, though without the thunder of cannon. Bishop Reinhens, the first prelate of the Old Catholic Church, has been recognized by the State without being required to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope. Prussia hereby renounces the Concordat; and the act is probably significant of the general tendency of the secular power, whether Protestant or Catholic, in Germany. There was more than one element in the Reformation. It was partly a revolt of reason and conscience against superstition; partly a revolt of the laity against priestly domination; partly a revolt of the nations, especially the Teutonic nations, against Rome. The two latter elements were combined in the English Parliament, which heartily followed Henry VIII. in his defiance of the Papacy, and in his reduction of the power and wealth of the clergy; while it not only did not sympathize with the Lollards, but actually made it a ground of complaint against the hierarchy that it did not persecute them enough. The revolt of the Old-Catholics against Infallibility and the Syllabus, their attempt to create a national Church, Catholic in its doctrine and organization, but independent of the Papacy, and the recognition of that Church by the Prussian Government, may be regarded as a prolongation of the Reformation movement in the

two latter respects. In fact, the Catholics of the Teutonic race generally are manifesting their native love of independence in opposition to the overweening pretensions recently put forward by Rome. To found an authoritative Church with a fixed creed out of communion with Rome, will, however, not be so easy in the present day as it was when the progress of doctrinal reform could be arrested at a given point by the will of a king. It will be difficult to cast anchor in the restless and shifting elements of modern German thought. The impulse of change, once given, is likely to continue without defined limit. In his letter to the Evangelical Alliance, Bishop Reinhens distinctly fraternizes with the Protestant Churches; and Old-Catholicism will soon stand confessed, at all events, as a secession from the Church of the Middle Ages, not, what it at first professed to be, a reform of that Church from within. It will be identified, in fact, with the movement of Luther, not with that of the Councils of Constance and Basle.

The Pope has addressed a strong remonstrance to the German Emperor on his general treatment of the Church. But an Emperor has not much difficulty in answering a Pope whose *syllabus* threatens all civil government with subversion or subjection to priestly will, and whose emissaries not only excite disaffection and disunion, but court, and have once brought on, foreign invasion. An immense loss again threatens the Papacy, but it has gained the Marquis of Bute.

AUTUMN.

'TIS the golden gleam of an autumn day,
With the soft rain raining as if in play;
And a tender touch upon everything,
As if autumn remembered the days of spring.

In the listening woods there is not a breath
To shake their gold to the sward beneath;
And a glow as of sunshine upon them lies,
Though the sun is hid in the shadowed skies.

The cock's clear crow from the farmyard comes,
The muffled bell from the belfry booms,
And faint and dim, and from far away,
Come the voices of children in happy play.

O'er the mountains the white rain draws its veil,
And the black rooks, cawing, across them sail,
While nearer the swooping swallows skim
O'er the steel-grey river's fretted brim.

No sorrow upon the landscape weighs,
No grief for the vanished summer days,
But a sense of peaceful and calm repose
Like that which age in its autumn knows.

The spring-time longings are past and gone,
The passions of summer no longer are known,
The harvest is gathered, and autumn stands
Serenely thoughtful with folded hands.

Over all is thrown a memorial hue,
A glory ideal the real ne'er knew;
For memory sifts from the past its pain,
And suffers its beauty alone to remain.

With half a smile and with half a sigh,
It ponders the past that has hurried by;
Sees it, and feels it, and loves it all,
Content it has vanished beyond recall.

O glorious autumn, thus serene,
Thus living and loving all that has been!
Thus calm and contented let me be
When the autumn of age shall come to me.

W. W. S.

SELECTIONS.

DRESS.

(From "French Home Life.") *

THERE was a time when men used to dress; when high hats, black coats and trousers, were not invented; when velvet, lace and satin, feathers, curls and ruffles, were masculine adornments; when women had no monopoly of the more delicate materials of costume; when colour, shape, and substance were at the equal disposition of both sexes. The Revolution of 1789, its consequences throughout Europe, the levelling tendencies which resulted from it, brought about equality in men's clothes, and gradually led us to the hideousness of covering which now distinguishes male humanity, and to the apathy which induces us to support it without revolt. The slavery of habit, the tyranny of our neighbours, the terror of opinion, have thus far kept us where we are, and have rendered change impossible; but, for our children's sake, it is indeed to be fondly hoped that a resolute reformer will soon appear, and will deliver us from our bondage. Our period is great in trade, in newspapers, in preserved meat, in war; but it strangles individuality, it chokes all aspirations which lie outside the adopted groove; it has no sympathy with social innovators. We live in such constant need of each other's aid that we dare not offend each other's prejudices; so that even those amongst us who most keenly feel that a radical change in the dress of men is absolutely necessary, and that its originator would be a benefactor to the universe, do not venture to offer an example. Yet surely we all must recognise that the nineteenth century is an epoch of appalling frightfulness; that the gentlemen who now have their portraits proudly painted in tail-coats and white cravats will be objects of contumely to their grandsons; and that their successors will be utterly unable to comprehend that a generation which was so inventive in politics, in science, and in the details of material progress—which was seemingly so full of liberty of thought—should have had no liberty of action, and should have silently supported the outrageous despotism of ugliness.

We shrink from change because we pretend that it would indicate vanity and affectation, and that the frank adoption of external ornament would be unworthy of the manly natures of our time. But we overlook two facts: the first that, with all our fancied manliness, we Europeans of to-day do pay singular attention to our vestments, abominable as they are; the second, that when men did dress well, they were quite as much men as we are, and perhaps a little more so. The Mousquetaires of Louis Treize wore the most perfect clothes which the world has ever seen; Condé, Raleigh, Henri Quatre, the Cavaliers, were models of costume; but it would be difficult to pretend that they were not gallant soldiers and real men. There is no necessary connexity between effeminacy and graceful dress; there is no inherent unworthiness in the pursuit of outward charm by men; and though so many of us proclaim that the adornment of male bodies is an object beneath our care, there is no argument to be found in history or in morals in favour of that pretension. Still, however false the theory, there it is. It holds us and it binds us. Its first result is to make men odious to contemplate; its second consequence is to limit the application of the word "dress." In considering the influence and the *rôle* of dress in France, we can speak of women only; men are outside the question for the present.

But though we are thus obliged to eliminate half a people from our field of observation, there still remains enough—too much, indeed—to talk about. Women's dress has become of late years one of the great questions of our

* Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Publishers, Edinburgh and London.

time: it ranks with poor-laws, emigration, separation between Church and State, and universal suffrage. It has not yet assumed, as those subjects have, the character of a national or political problem; the attention of Governments has not yet been avowedly directed to it; but its effects have been enormous, its influence has been all-pervading, its importance is really graver than that of many measures which Parliaments discuss. The absolute exclusion of the male half of the community from direct participation in outside ornament has led the men to gratify their pent-up vanity, their unsatisfied ideas of taste, by excessive adornment of their women. Vanity must come out somehow; taste—be it good or bad—must have its say; so, as men are limited to the eminently insufficient satisfactions which modern tailors offer them—to the choice between two buttons or one button on their sleeves, to trousers rather loose or very loose—they burst out in their wives and daughters, and seek in them what they are forbidden to enjoy in their own proper persons. The women have no objection to this system—on the contrary, their monopoly is peculiarly agreeable to them; but it would be unjust to attribute to them the whole blame of the excesses which actual Europe, from France downwards, offers to our eye. Men have asked for these excesses, have stimulated them, have admired them; for the theory that women dress for women, and men for men, is an illusion: women dress to please, and to please men more than women. They have used their opportunity with audacious recklessness, but the opportunity was created for them, they did not invent it all alone; men have helped them eagerly, and cannot escape the responsibility of their acts. They may, however, reasonably invoke extenuating circumstances; they may point to their own miserable condition, and ask if their eyes are to receive no satisfaction anywhere; they may say that they are poor weak creatures, full of frailties, and that they find enjoyment in the contemplation of smart clothes on women, because they cannot admire them on themselves. They do deserve some excuse, in the origin of their action at all events. Their longing for a pleasanter sight than they present themselves was natural and even praiseworthy; but when once they had pushed women on the road, hey lost all control over them; women got away and culminated in the mad elegance, the wild extravagance which distinguished the Second Empire, and which aided in some degree to bring about the rottenness of France.

We should not, however, forget that the dressing of Frenchwomen has a good many aspects. We see the more riotous elements which compose it, because, by their very nature, by the publicity which they seek, they are visible to all spectators; and because the harm which they have done is the talk of Europe. But there are other sides to this large subject: it is not all vanity, frivolity, and expense; it contains intelligence, and tact, and economy, and sense, and art, in their most curious developments; it is a mixture of good and bad, of foolishness and wisdom, in all their varying shades. But its action, whatever be its form and consequences, is omnipresent; scarcely any Frenchwoman escapes from it. Dress, in some way, is generally her main preoccupation, and that is why the matter has grown so big; why it has risen to the front rank amongst the questions of the moment. This sort of language is not exaggerated, though it looks so, and it is applicable more or less to other countries besides France. The desire to be admired, to produce personal effect through the covering of their bodies, is a prevalent disposition amongst women of European origin. In England it has attacked the lower classes with singular ferocity and with the most deplorable results; in France and elsewhere its manifestations have occurred mainly in the higher strata of society. The feeling which prompts it is, however, identical in all cases—the satisfaction of individual vanity and the longing to attract men—but its practical working out in France has a character of its own which we discover nowhere else.

The Frenchwoman has a sentiment of shape and colour, of varieties and fitnesses, which is proper to herself, and which women of other races do not attain, unless by rare exception. She has an instinct of singular precision in everything which relates to dress; her faculty of comparison is marvellously rapid; her innate sense of the laws of harmony in outward things rises to the level of a science. And the word science is employed here in its purest meaning, as significative of knowledge which has been controlled and systematised by the application of method. It is not a haphazard

feeling; it is a resolute conviction. It is not an accident of momentary experience; it is an infused faith, matured and verified by patient study, thought, and observation. Readiness of decision, facility of execution, are the first consequences of this state of mind; there is no hesitation about choice, no uncertainty in selection; the thought is so well prepared beforehand that the most complicated difficulties are disposed of with unerring sureness, and that apparently impossible solutions are attained as if by instinct. And these solutions are aided by a handiness of fingering, a dexterity of touch, which also are peculiar to the race, and which render possible the incarnation of fantastic fancies which heavier manipulators could never realise. Starting with weapons such as these, served by both head and hand, the Frenchwoman has reached a type of dress which others may strive to imitate but which they do not realise. It is not enough to copy; possession of the self-same objects does not suffice; they must be put on, they must be worn, as their inventors wear them. Here, again, comes in a local virtue which cannot be transplanted: the art of carrying dress is almost purely French; not one Englishwoman in a hundred thousand can disguise her nationality behind foreign clothes; the indefinable peculiarities which early teaching gives are beyond her reach. She may struggle, but she fails; and although she may be quite convinced that she looks the part she wants to play, the least practised eye detects the sham.

But the mere fact of her would-be imitation involves a conscious recognition of the superiority of the type imitated; we only copy what we really like and what we are desirous to resemble. There are Englishwomen who pretend to reject with scorn the notion that they wish their dress to be mistaken for that of Frenchwomen; but if their assumed denial were real and honest, they would not expose themselves to the necessity of making it; they would say that Englishwomen are themselves, not other people; they would create a model for their own use, peculiar to the land, and though they would gain nothing by the process —for nationally they have no idea of dress— they would at all events escape the charge of counterfeiting. It would be no joy to men if they were to do so; the eye would receive no contentment; our women would be more abominably got up than they are at present; but we should have the virtuous satisfaction of independence, whatever that may be. Another and a far more practical solution would be to candidly avow that though we long to dress our wives well, we have not the faintest conception how to set about it, and that, consequently, we openly and frankly follow the most perfect type we can discover, acknowledging our incapacity of both production and imitation, but doing our little best to atone for our self-recognised inferiority, by the humble avowal of its existence, and by the obedient acceptance of a pattern. That pattern exists in France, not amongst the rapid people who have made for themselves so unenviable a reputation, but in another and a larger category of true women, who regard their toilet as a legitimate source of charm, as a natural indication of their individual sentiment of art. Those are the women who are good to look at and to follow; for though they do love *chiffons*—though they do devote to their discussion a considerable portion of their time and thoughts—though they, too, like the rest, lift up dress to the altitude of a great question,—they do it well and wisely, in a form and with a result that others may be proud to emulate. It is only by dividing the subject into two distinct parts, that the truth can be arrived at; fast dressing makes up one side of it, good dressing makes up the other: in their moral consequences, as well as in their material aspects, the two are entirely different.

Not very long ago nearly all Frenchwomen were *distinguées*; the social influences of the Restoration, and of Louis Philippe's reign, were mainly pure and honest, and they showed out in women's dress with singular completeness. There was something in the air then which led the French to put grace and charm above all other attributes. On the one hand there was no rowdiness; on the other, there was nothing of what we understand by aristocracy—indeed that peculiar denomination seems to belong exclusively to what are called the fair-haired races, particularly to the English, the Austrians, and the Swedes—but there was something quite as good, there was distinction. The women knew it, and they cherished their rare merit with infinite care and fondness. To look *comme il faut* was their one dream;

and though the exact form of realisation of the phrase varied naturally from year to year with the fluctuations of passing fashion, the object and the result remained the same. And both were reached without expense; simplicity was the rule, and simplicity means economy. That was the time when nearly everybody wore merinos in winter, and plain muslin in the summer; when the only extravagance which women perpetrated was in their *chaussure*, their linen and their gloves; and, delicate as was the dressing of the hands and feet, it did not cost much then. The revival of Imperial Government brought in abundant money, easy pleasures, and all the excitement and need of stimulants which are proper to periods of moral decadence. Distinction ceased to satisfy the ambitions of a society which wanted glare, which had grown beyond the calm of moderate and purely feminine contentments, which claimed to show its wealth and its bad taste in action, no matter how. So a new type arose; the woman of the Second Empire replaced the quiet elegant Parisienne who was identified with the Monarchy of July; in came *toilettes tapageuses*, and high-heeled boots, and nakedness, and riotous expenditure. Art-lovers and wise men stood by and mourned.

Not that Frenchwomen's love of dress sprang up in 1852—it was an old, long-cherished worship, deep and faithful; it simply changed its gods with the new master. Its intensity did not grow, for it was already so profound and real that it could scarcely gather farther strength, but it modified its ends and ways; from a winning perfectness made up of true female graces and of intelligent applications of the most ordinary means, it swelled into "*Benoît-orism*." That one word marked the period; it signified the abandonment of simplicity and of tranquil elegance; it indicated the pursuit of loud effects, in which eccentricities of form and colour were the sole elements; it implied an interior moral state in harmony with outside manifestations of such a nature. The change was not, however, universal; it was met by indignant protests, by heart-rending lamentations, by bitter criticisms, by satire, mockery, and organized opposition. And yet it rolled along, augmenting from year to year, gaining always fresh adherents, but never conquering a majority. It shocked too many old convictions, and it cost too much to become a nationally accepted movement; it was but an accident of the epoch, born of evanescent causes, and destined to fade away with them. It was limited to certain classes and to certain places, it never stained out on to the entire population; but in its relatively restricted sphere of action it did prodigious harm, and exercised a corrupting influence which has never been exactly measured.

A certain set of women, who, though not numerous, occupied positions so conspicuous and so influential that everything they did was seen and much of it copied, organised their diversions, their manners, and their dress in a way which, till their time, had never been practised either in or out of France. The peculiar circumstances of the moment rendered their proceedings possible, and not only disposed but materially enabled a good many other women, of lower social rank, to imitate them. The outlay which their extravagance entailed was good for trade; a special category of manufacturers sprang up to minister to their needs, and to earn large profits by their folly. So far their doings had a use, for it would be absurd to complain that rich people spend their money and so contribute to general prosperity. If Mr. Worth, for instance, has made a fortune out of the wants which he supplied, he deserves the credit of having intelligently understood his time, and of having been the first to satisfy a new demand. He has no responsibility in the matter; he happened to possess certain natural gifts of a peculiar kind; he was able to invent prodigious dresses with a fertility, a variety, an audacity, and a skill which no one else possessed in the same degree; so the women who wanted dresses of that description came to him. Finding that the current had set his way, he asked prices which represented two separate sorts of goods, material and invention: his rivals could only execute, he was able to create; he naturally claimed to be paid for both, and the world he served accepted his conditions. It is correct to say "the world," for two-thirds of all Worth's productions have been absorbed by foreigners. The Americans especially have been his largest customers. It is necessary to state this, so that the blame of giving £50 for a plain costume or £200 for a ball-dress may not be attributed to Frenchwomen alone. The truth is, as may easily be ascertained by a little inquiry in the right

places, that the great providers of the various details of toilet who cluster round the Rue de la Paix—the makers not only of inconceivable gowns, but of fairy bonnets, admirable jewels, dreamy *chaussures*, and the other thousand delicacies which contribute to make up the modern woman—all work more for the United States and Russia than for France. There are ladies at St. Petersburg who spend £120 a year in shoes alone—whose annual outlay for gloves and stockings would keep six families of weavers—who think it quite natural to pay the journey of their favourite author from the Boulevard to the Newsky Prospect, in order that he may exactly take their measure for a corset. In abusing Frenchwomen for their extravagance—as we all do so willingly—let us be honest enough to remember that not one of them attains the height of folly which is reached by certain ladies whose names it is not necessary to mention, but who are well known on the borders of the Neva and the Hudson, and of whose bills in Paris curious stories might be told if discretion did not bar the way.

The sin of France lies in the fact that she sets the example: her imitators—some of them at least—go beyond the pattern which she offers; but the original fault is hers. The defect is, however, rather ancient: it was not a product of the Second Empire. Europe has appropriated French fashions for so many centuries that it is difficult to determine when she began to do so. Furthermore, France is so prodigiously indifferent on the subject, her women care so little whether other women copy them or not, that they cannot be accused of any wilful desire to lead astray the nations around them. Frenchwomen dress for France alone; if others follow them, that is their own affair; the fact scarcely constitutes in itself a ground for blame against the original models. But still, if extravagance and bad taste are applied amongst the French, the harm they do is all the more extensive because of the vast field of action which they influence, and that is why their indirect responsibility is great and real. Of course they repudiate it with indignation; of course they say that as they impose their will on no one, as all the women of the earth are free to cover themselves as they like, it is most unfair to impute to them the tumultuous dressing which has grown up in so many countries during the last twenty years. The objection is specious, but insufficient; whether they like it or not, monarchs must accept the consequences of their position. France is the acknowledged Queen of dress, and, as such, she cannot escape from the duties and the charges which surround all crowns. That her outlying subjects are voluntary slaves is true—that she claims no authority over them is perfectly exact; but those facts do not efface the moral responsibility which attaches to all those who stand in high places, and have thereby become accepted models. So long as Frenchwomen were what they used to be thirty years ago, they did their duty to themselves and to humanity—they offered an example of perfect dress, and so bore usefully the burden of their royalty; but when they began to fling aside the wise precepts of their mothers, when they introduced mere money into the composition of their effects, when grace and charm were regarded as inferior ends, when their one object was to dazzle and bewilder, then they ceased to deserve the place which they had so long held; they became a danger, and ought to have been dethroned. But they held their sceptre by divine right; their vassals never thought of getting up a revolution to depose them; the slaves continued to obey—they followed on with unfatigued servility, as the populace of Rome bowed down before the Cæsars.

It is, however, in its French results rather than in its outside bearings that the movement of women's clothes since 1852 interests us here. It is its influence on France that we have to consider. It may at once be said that that influence was infinitely less extensive and less serious than has generally been supposed. The outbreak of exaggeration was so violent in certain classes of society that, by its mere glitter, it seemed to be vastly more important and more widespread than it was in fact. Its vivid glare gave it a character of universality which it never really possessed; its appearance of omnipresence was deceptive, and was brought about solely by the excessive publicity of the goings-on of its promoters. If the women who resolutely adopted fast dressing could have been counted, it is probable that not fifty thousand of them would have been found in the whole of France. But they made noise enough for five millions, and so misled the lookers-on, who fancied that such a *tapage* could not possi-

bly be the work of a small set of people, and who therefore, not unnaturally perhaps, ascribed its production to the entire nation. The truth is, as has been already said, that the example was first given by a few ladies who liked strong amusements, whose rank and social power enabled them externally to defy opinion and to rely on being obsequiously imitated by the group immediately around them. But the real women of France resisted the attempt at its outset; they saw no gain to taste or charm in the ways which the Second Empire inaugurated; they persistently opposed them; and when, ten years afterwards, the evil had reached its climax, they who had in no way contributed to it shook their heads and sadly said, "A curious book will some day be written on the harm which Madame A. and her belongings have done to France." They expressed this opinion with conviction, for they thought the ill laid deep: they, like all the rest of the spectators, believed that the contagion had laid hold of the majority, and that its consequences would be durable. This, however, was an illusion; rapid dresses and rowdy ways (which seemed to have become a system) disappeared with the state of things which caused them; their life was ephemeral; they did much damage while they lasted, but their time is over: Frenchwomen are becoming themselves once more.

And yet the movement was accompanied by features which gave it an appearance of vitality and force, and contributed to deceive even the most experienced judges of social follies. It had a literature of its own; it had Feydeau's novels, Sardou's plays, and that peculiar newspaper the "Vie Parisienne." It was backed up by money, by Court favour, by the most exciting forms of pleasure, by a good deal of sharp writing, by the personal action of men and women of position. It succeeded in thoroughly depraving public taste within the limit of its action. The toilets of the actresses of the Gymnase, the Variétés, and the Vaudeville, were accepted topics of conversation; Jules Janin—the critic, the judge, the thinker—wrote *feuilletons* upon them in the grave "Dêbats," and did not seem to recognise that he thereby degraded his pen and his reputation. The fancy balls at the Affaires Etrangères and the Ministry of Marine were such big events that they absorbed attention a month before and afterwards; stories were eagerly told and listened to about duchesses and princesses who took tea with Mr. Worth at five o'clock to discuss the last details of the composition of their costumes, and who drove back to him at 10 P.M., on their road to the entertainment, in order to submit their adornments to one final touch from his skilful hand. As skirts grew longer bodies grew shorter; and the first half of Levassor's description of a ballet girl's dress, "Une robe qui ne commence qu'à peine et qui finit tout-de-suite," became exactly applicable to the upper part of what was called an evening toilet. Some people, indeed, were inclined to think that it was an exaggeration to pretend that it "scarcely began," and that it would have been far more exact to assert that it did not begin at all.

It was a curious period. The pursuit of material satisfactions, of the glorification of vanity, was the main object of the women who dressed and of the men who hung about them. The women spent all they had, and a good many got copiously into debt: faces were laboriously and pinctorially prepared for the day's work: the stinginesses of nature were more than ever compensated by various devices adapted to various parts of the body—before, behind, above, below; somebody else's hair, added to wadding and heels, composed a charming creature. The clothes which were put over these under preparations were violent in form and colour; all the ordinary theories and rules of art were wilfully disregarded; velvet was worn in summer—green, yellow, and red were resolutely mixed. Luxury reached so furious a development that even M. Dupin—who, after serving thirteen governments with unvarying fidelity, might have been supposed to be able to stand a good deal—burst out in the Senate with a moral speech against the women of his time: but the ladies it was meant for read it in the "Moniteur" next morning laughed, and said, "Poor old Dupin!" That was what he got for his trouble. It needed a stronger hand than his to stop the wave. And yet, with all this noise and splashing, the wave did not really hold much water; it was made up of surface foam. It seemed to cover almost the entire sea of society, but it had no depth, and even its superficial area was vastly less than was supposed. The majority of women are good and innocent, and are more inclined to

the discharge of quiet duties than to the pursuit of reckless pleasure; it was but a minority—a small minority—which went in for joy and dress, and adopted them as the sole object of existence. Of course a good many of the quiet wives and mothers were a little tempted by the glitter round them; they would not have been Frenchwomen if they had been quite insensible to the glory of other people's clothes: but their good sense and their innate love of honesty protected them from danger; they stood by in safety; they went on dressing mildly, and limited their outlay to what their husbands gave them. There are, however, enough "frisky matrons" and foolish virgins on this earth to supply material for any madness which fashion may set going. There are abundant asses among the men that modern civilization has produced who are always ready to applaud excesses, even if they have to pay for them. So, with example from above and imitation from below, rowdy dressing and rowdy manners became typical of the period, and will be long remembered as having constituted one of its worst social aspects.

Not that the members of the group who dressed immensely were morally much worse than the people who live for pleasure in other lands. There is a singular equality in the dissemination of vice and virtue. The accidents of exterior development which come and go with every generation affect but little more than mere externals; they do not exercise any real influence on the inner condition of a nation, unless, indeed, they last long enough to acquire a permanent hold of its thought and action. Women who seek solely for diversion are not likely anywhere to do their duty to their children; and whether they be English, French or Russian, their neglect of home duties is probably everywhere the same. Worldliness, whatever be its form, is not a peculiarity of a race or of an epoch; frivolity, vanity, and lust of the eyes have been pretty general since the world was made, and it would be untrue and unjust to describe them as monopolies of the women of the Second Empire. But, however founded this reservation may be, those women did go singularly far in the pursuit of contemptible enjoyments; they did their very utmost to damage their generation by destroying the higher objects of society; and if women of other countries do the same in varying degree, that fact does not excuse the Parisians for setting the example.

Perhaps, however, the men merit more blame than the women, for the latter are only what the former make them. It is a question of supply and demand: when men want ladies round them, women become ladies; when men want the other thing, women become the other thing. They model themselves according to the requirements of their masters, and the fluctuations of their type and manners may always be taken as a tolerably safe indication of the male tendencies of the period. Men have therefore but small right to complain if the result be bad; it is mainly their own work: they deserve credit if the end is worthy; they must take the greater part of the responsibility if it be the contrary. It is they who have lifted up *cocottes* into the detestable prominence which they occupy in Paris; it is they who have led other women to suppose that the *cocotte* aspect is the one which pleases men, and which all women whose desire is to please must necessarily pursue. We foreigners may attribute all this folly to the women who perpetrate it; but that is unfair: the greatest sinners are the men who ask for it. Women follow and obey far more than they originate. Of course this argument applies to the principle alone, and does not reach the details: there men are outside the question; they have no hand in the compilation of grotesque adornments; they like them, but they do not invent them. They may not wish their wives to spend £4,000 a-year apiece on clothes, but they pay the bill because its very bigness flatters them; it is a merit in their eyes to have a wife who costs so much. This is a consequence, exaggerated and absurd, but still a consequence of the ugliness to which they are themselves condemned: when men become able to dress themselves with freedom they will feel less pride in over-dressing the women around them.

The effect of these extravagances has necessarily been to almost destroy family life for the people who have indulged in them. There are women in France—a good many, too—who dress only for their husbands and their firesides, who think that they do their duty to God and themselves in trying to make their homes attractive to their proprietors, and who imagine rightly that they serve that purpose by adorning their own persons for the greater delecta-

tion of legitimate spectators. But the quick-living ladies, who, until a short time ago, existed for the world at large, did not content themselves with any such restricted field of action. One admirer did not satisfy their eager minds ; they went in for multitude, and adopted means which were as large as the end they had in view. That some of them really liked their husbands, and had a sort of tenderness for their children, is not at all impossible; but as it is extremely difficult to associate indoor love with outside vanities, the former was pretty often abandoned in order to be better able to attend to the latter. It would be particularly useless to draw harrowing pictures of worldliness, and of the damage which it has done to family joys in France, for its effects are pretty much the same in all the capitals of Europe. Piccadilly can tell us as much about it as we can learn in the Champs Elysées. We all perfectly well know what it looks like and what it produces, only it is infinitely pleasanter to abuse it in the French than in ourselves. It is very soothing to discuss the mote in our brother's eye : so we go in at the iniquities of France, as if we were all purity and virtue on this side. It is true that the Parisiennes do encourage us to this sort of action, for they have always exposed their faults to the universe with a frankness and a completeness of which we can discover no example elsewhere. Other people cover themselves with hypocrisies and sham ; but as the "nation de trop de paroles" does not seem, in this respect at least, to care what its neighbours think, it shows itself as it is. Socially there is very little humbug and scarcely any snobbishness in France. There is no recognised upper class to struggle after or to imitate. Great as are the demerits of the country in its politico-moral developments, it is singularly free from the disposition either to revere and copy rank, or to veil its own passing tendencies. We see the French pretty nearly as they are; the good and the bad in them come out with full distinctness ; and that is one of the reasons why it is so delightfully easy for us superior people to call them hard names.

The bad, however, was so terribly prominent amongst the riotous society of the ante-Sedan period, that there is really some excuse for insisting on it. Since the Regency the world has not seen such a wilful apotheosis of pleasure as those twenty years produced ; and of all the external forms which the movement assumed, women's dress was the most marked and the most evident. Whether that dress was a cause or a result is rather difficult to determine ; but its action, though limited to a certain set, was as great, within its sphere, as that of any other of the deleterious springs which were at work. It is true that there was an amusing side to the question ; but so there is to the history of a good many other of the damaging influences to which life is exposed. It is true that the pictures of contemporaneous society with which the "Vie Parisienne" stimulated every Saturday the appetites of its readers were extremely clever and abundantly diverting. It is true that the realities, the actualities, of daily talk and daily ways, were often provocative of much laughter (more than France hears now); but, after all, laughter may be bought at too high a price—and so it was in those times. Brightness and gaiety are cheering and tempting ends to follow, especially when life is young ; but they are none the less real if they are innocent and not too dear. The Second Empire, however, was not particularly innocent, and no one will accuse it of having led to cheapness. It broke down the honest and wise social traditions which preceded it; it enthroned extravagance ; it lowered both men and women ; and one of its active agents towards these results was the style of dress which it inaugurated.

But whatever may have been the degree of moral harm which was thus generated, it was, relatively, less conspicuous than the odious corruption of taste and type which grew up during those twenty years. Regarded as a form of art—and it certainly ought to be so considered—women's dress is a manifest indication of current ideas on form and colour. It does not constitute a mere accidental ornament of the body. It is not limited to the expression of personal conceptions, or sentiments of fitness (though that is the very best development which it can assume in individual cases); it is, or ought to be, taken as a whole, an outward sign of the art tendencies of an epoch. Not of art in the restricted sense which so many of us attribute to the word—the narrow art of pictures, and of statues, and of sculpture—but the art of universal harmonies of shapes and tints which nature shows us

how to realise, and which, at many periods of the world's history, men and women have felt and followed. This is the art which so disposes objects round us that each presents the highest form which it is susceptible of attaining, and produces in us the keenest satisfactions which the eye can convey. This is the art through which home adornment in furniture, in dress, achieves the end of rendering life pleasanter, and of showing us how great results can be obtained by little means, how truth and delicacy and taste can be insensibly inculcated by the daily sight of the things we live with. The fashions of the Empire offered no such teaching; glare and eccentricity were their distinguishing characteristics; they did not contain one sign of the higher views which the choice of dress ought always to pursue; they were excessive in every detail, especially in cost. The caricatures of the period will hand down to posterity a tolerably correct knowledge of what the streets and drawing-rooms of Paris looked like between December 1851 and September 1870. French grandchildren will indeed mock at the aspect of the women we have known, at their crinolines four yards round, replaced, five years later, by narrow skirts clinging round their legs. They will recognise in them what they really were, "des femmes remplies de bijoux et d'ellesmêmes," with small room for love of other people, and with a permanent disposition to disobey all the rules which ought to guide the choice of feminine costume. When all possible varieties of form had been exhausted, the ladies of the period took up colour, and if Germany had not intervened, they would soon have worn out colour too, and have had nothing left to choose from. The reaction which has now set in is against all colour; women are wearing tints which have no name, which never were real or fresh or true, but which still do not quite reach the tone which we design by "faded;" they are essentially "des couleurs provisoires," as Paris calls them, in sympathy with the sort of government which France just now possesses, neither Monarchy nor Republic, neither reality nor fiction, neither seed nor flower. It really is amusing to see dress thus fit itself to the accidents of politics. From respectable under Louis Philippe, it became turbulent under the Empire, and has now turned to "provisional" under M. Thiers. Whatever be its next stage, we may, at all events, be sure that it will never grow "definitive." Its essence is to change, not only with dynasties, but with all the passing fancies which caprice may set afloat. It is as well that it should be so, for if the fashions of the Empire had lasted, there would have been an end of all elevated taste in France; such treatment would have suffocated it. Let us remember, however, that an exact measure of the style of a period can scarcely be arrived at by contemporaries; prejudice and habit blind us too much to allow us to exercise discriminating judgment on objects which surround us all day long. We can recognise the superiority of the toilet of both men and women during the epoch which stretched from the thirteenth to the sixteenth Louis; we can all see how ungraceful dress was under the Valois, the Directory, and the First Empire; but we cannot form an equally sure opinion with reference to ourselves, partly because we are accustomed to what we live with, partly because the differences which arise from year to year involve only modifications of mere detail, with no marked change of character or type. As yet, although we can only compare together the trifling contrasts which we have witnessed at different moments of our generation, we can, at all events, give a verdict on them as between themselves, and can, within that limit, assign to the ephemeral fashions of the reign of Napoleon III. their little place in history. A detestably bad one it is. Rarely has the theory of dress assumed a less satisfactory expression than during those twenty years amongst the women who, whether we like it or not, we must take as typical of the time. Rarely has a momentary rush of extravagance, in all its forms, exercised a worse influence, artistically, on those who were subjected to it.

It is scarcely necessary to offer any arguments in proof of this; but if there should still be people who, by long custom (they can have no better motive), should wish to defend the piece in which they have played a part, let them explain—if they can—the merit of a system which was based on nothing but the deification of money. Since the Byzantines put gold and silver into pictures, and called the product art, we have had no similar example of the adoration of mere glitter. Happily it is over; and if the Empire should get back—

which is an eventuality not to be disregarded —we may presume that it will not repeat the error, but will offer another model to its restored subjects.

But even the Empire did not crush out the true Frenchwoman; she lived through it, unaffected by bad examples; she maintained the old tradition in silent corners; she is now coming out again in her ancient wisdom; she is once more showing Europe what a woman's dress ought to symbolise. Her principle always has been that the brightest forms, the most admirable results, are attainable by the simplest means, and that they are utterly independent of the fictitious splendours which bank-notes pay for. She has not abandoned the great theory that women should be women always; that when they drift to rowdiness they lose their charm; that distinction is the one end worth struggling for. And here it should be noticed that distinction is not, necessarily, a pure gift of nature. Its highest manifestations are, of course, dependent on physical conditions which no employment of intelligence, however cunning, can thoroughly replace; but intelligence can do a vast deal to atone for corporeal insufficiencies, and, as regards dress alone, it is the one guide to perfectness. But intelligence, in this case, means wisdom, tact, and common sense, as well as the able manipulation of form and colour. It means suitableness in everything—in the choice of substances and shapes and tints which fit the social condition of the wearer as well as her personal aspect. It means not only the pursuit of a harmonious whole, but the diligent appropriation of all the smaller delicacies of detail which true women ought to practise, so that every element of their dress may support critical examination, so that no "faults of spelling" may be discovered by an investigating eye. And it means the realisation of all this with little money. This was what most Frenchwomen used to reach; this is what many of them have never forgotten; it is to this they are coming back. When they have done so thoroughly, the world may safely copy them once more.

Our society is, however, so blind to art, so generally devoid of all perception of the immense results which may be produced by the will to please, that the highest forms of coquetry in dress are appreciated only by the few who have really studied the delicate science of attraction. Even amongst women there are not many who know their power, who recognise the influence they can wield by outward stimulants, who measure the true value and extent of the physical effects they can induce, who see within themselves how thoroughly they can rule the men around them by the mere strength of charm. And yet, of the many forces by which we act upon each other, the well-applied coquetry of woman is perhaps the most insidious. Not the miserable coquetry of idle vanity; not the unintelligent display of purposeless, senseless ornament; not the paltry effort to attract by means which everybody else employs,—but the thoughtful handling of well-calculated adornment, the scientific development of natural beauties, the skilful *mise en évidence* of each winning detail, so as to arouse in lookers-on the utmost admiration they can give. Talent such as this is seldom found. But, here and there, as years go by, one meets a woman who merits memory, whose knowledge of profound subtleties and sweet seductions is complete, whose every movement is a charm, whose beauty seems almost perfect, because of the perfect frame she sets it in. In cases such as these—too rare, alas! the hair, the feet, the hands, like all the rest, are used for the part they have to play; they live, and speak, and aid. Loveliness does not lie in the face alone, as we Islanders imagine; grace does not depend on features; charm is not a special property of eyes, mouth, and chin. The true woman thinks of every detail of her effect; nothing is too small for her attention. It is because the French recognise this principle of action that they excel so singularly in the grand art of pleasing, of which their dressing is an element.

But results so perfect cost some money; the average types of France do not attain them. It must not be forgotten that to a Frenchwoman of the middle class dress involves an expenditure of only £60 a-year: within that limit she can let her imagination travel; beyond it lie forbidden things. Now, considering that £60 is the price of one ordinary gown for certain other people, it is not easy to understand how Madame Somebody, whose husband is a small barrister or a Government clerk, who owns two children, and

whose entire annual income is £440, can be got up as she is. And yet she does it, and a vast number of her sort do it too with identical success. The result is seemingly out of all proportion with the means, but that is only an optical illusion. The £60 form but one detail in the means; we do not see the rest unless we look very closely for it; but when we have discovered the supplementary sources of action which contribute to the end produced, we are almost inclined to think that the £60 are a superfluity, and that the whole thing might just as well be managed without any money at all. Amongst the many employments of human ingenuity it would be difficult to select one in which inventiveness, resolute purpose, dexterity of treatment, and especially utilisation of the very smallest chances, are set to work with more persistence or more craftiness. There is assuredly no similar example of the victory which cleverness can win in battle against poverty. But triumph is attainable solely by personal action; in such a struggle nothing can be delegated to others; the author must do everything herself—not, perhaps the sewing, which is a merely mechanical act, but the devising, the arranging, the fitting, the ordaining, and more than all, the organising of the whole, so that it may present unity of effect. Furthermore, as Frenchwomen of the class we are talking of are perpetually restoring their old clothes, and adapting them to new necessities, it is clear that no one else can serve them, for no one else knows what they possess. Their habit of directly governing their dress is not, however, peculiar to this or any other class. No Frenchwoman who respects her own opinion allows herself to be guided by a *couturière* or a *femme-de-chambre*. She lets them cut and sew, but she originates, knowing, by her instinct, that in no other way can she make her toilet what it ought to be—representative of herself. The main features of the dressing of the true Parisienne—of the woman who is always charming, despite her empty purse—are individuality, harmony, and finished detail.

It is very easy to talk about the process in this loose way; but it is almost impossible to describe it accurately, especially so as to enable others to try their hand at it. Both means and end are peculiar to France. The result is unattainable unless it be realised by the imagination before it is produced materially. To say "I will have a black silk dress" is an abstract proposition, containing no sort of specific meaning beyond that which strictly belongs to the words which form it. But to the true female mind, the phrase a "black silk dress" is susceptible of a thousand senses, particularly to women who, both by pecuniary necessity and by personal disposition, do not stumble, haphazard, into their clothes, but carefully weigh them out beforehand, and use much comparison. Their work is essentially one of choice and calculation, restricted, of course, in execution, by economy and by the accidents of individual talent, but absolutely limitless in general theory and idea. A black silk dress may assume almost as many forms as sunset clouds can offer. It is in selection between these forms—it is in the character and expression given to the product—that the idiosyncrasies of the wearer come to light, that the woman shows out herself, that the Parisienne stands alone. The gown is, however, but one element of the whole—the largest and most apparent, it is true, but far from the most important, for a cotton dress worth fifteen francs may speak up with equal power, and may proclaim with as loud a voice, the merit of its author. The gloves, the sash, the hat, the parasol, the *chaussure*, and the linen above all, subscribe more largely still to the tone and type of a well-dressed woman: it is to them that the experienced eye turns curiously in order to determine the exact degree of her perfection in this branch of merit. No one who really knows and feels what dress ought to imply will limit observation to a skirt; the dissection will be rapid but complete; it will extend to every detail—hands, feet, hair, and under-garments will each receive a scrutinising glance, and opinion will be formed on the assemblage of them all, not on any single element. In Paris, and elsewhere in France, there are crowds of women who come out reproachless from these ruthless examinations, the reason being that they know beforehand that they will be subjected to them, and prepare accordingly. It is not amongst cunning artists such as these that one sees jewels worn in the early morning, or gloves with holes at the finger-ends like full-blown tulips, or stockings dangling round the ankles, twisted like the screw of a music-stool, or hanging help-

lessly like Turkish trousers. It is not they whose linen ever shows a stain, or who add coarse embroidery to their hidden vestments, or who pile on all they have, solely to show their property. Delicacy and fitness are their immediate means, harmony their object, perfection their final end; and they reach it.

These are true women in one of the most feminine senses of the title: it is they who brighten up so many homes in France—it is they who of late years have angrily resisted the barbarian onslaughts of money and bad taste—it is they who have preserved unweakened the traditions of their mothers—it is to them that we now should look for teaching and example. But they do not think of us; their field of action is indoors. They do not care for foreign imitators; their work is done for themselves and their own children. Their girls grow up in contact with sound theories on dress, in constant practice of the intricate science of self-adornment, but with the conviction that its highest truths lie in simplicity, in the resolute avoidance of all violence, of all waste, of all unnecessary outlay. At fourteen years old, those girls can cut out their own dresses; at ten they could trim bonnets, and hold forth learnedly on the theory exhibited in their mother's practice. Education such as this makes wonderfully handy women; they know how to use their fingers for pretty nearly everything. Skill in dress leads on to other skills; the sentiment of art in its personal applications opens out the mind to its larger teachings. Regarded from this point of view—which, though it may seem exaggerated to persons who hear of it for the first time, is incontestably sound—Dress acquires a new use; it ceases to be an exhibition of vanity, or of low-class ability; it takes its place amongst the useful elements of instruction; it helps women along the road to art-knowledge.

But, alas! this pretty picture does not apply to everybody. It is so pleasant that it is particularly disagreeable to turn away from it to the crowds of utterly incompetent, blind-eyed, ordinary people, who are so terribly abundant in French departments, who are incapable of comprehending the most elementary of the laws of fitness; who wear leather boots with a muslin dress; stick cameo brooches in the middle of their chests, and accumulate feathers, flowers, and lace in resolute confusion—really just like Englishwomen. Sins of this kind do not shock them: the poor creatures do not see them; they suppose it is all right, and have no qualms of conscience. And yet, next door to them, there may be one of those perfect models we were talking of just now—a model with no students and no admirers, like that rose we heard of in our youth, which wasted its sweetness on the desert air. This seems to show that the faculty of rightly appreciating dress is either a natural gift or a result of early teaching; anyhow, it is probable that it is difficult to acquire in after-life, unless in rare cases and under special circumstances of example and assistance. It shows, also, that though the highest types of dressing are to be found in France, they are not a necessary property of the entire nation. They must be regarded as developments of a special capacity under favourable conditions rather than as an inherent right. The better class of Frenchwomen have grown slowly, with each other's help, to the height which they have now attained; their talent has become transmissible to their children (Mr. Darwin has not thought of that example of natural selection), but unequally and capriciously; they have not communicated it to the whole crowd round them, and the crowd remains incapable of imitation, or even of comprehension. It does not know how much a woman augments her power by a well-calculated use of carefully-selected ornament, or how a mother can help her child to acquire the appreciation of shape and colour by the study of her daily dress.

Regarded as one of the occupations which ought to fill up women's time at home, the preparation of well-chosen clothes is natural and legitimate. All the world cannot be rich enough to pass its time in pleasure or in intellectual pastimes; the mass of us spend our lives with less money than we should like to have, and in a consequent constant effort to diminish our impecuniosity by our labour. Men trade and speculate, and do various other things for this end; women, who, unless exceptionally, have no direct power of earning cash, can only try to satisfy their longings by indoor work for their own account. Foolish people, who think it beneath their grandeur to make their own gowns and bonnets, are rare in France; there, even the richer classes generally consider it to be a duty to help them-

selves in some degree, and to know, at all events, how to sew.

But whether or not it be admitted that the subject is susceptible of these accessory merits, most of us will own that a well-dressed woman is an agreeable thing to look at. We do not all agree as to what a well-dressed woman is, and there is room for a pretty quarrel between the advocates of French and English views of the matter; but the principle remains unimpaired, even though its forms of realisation are open to discussion. Even in France itself, as we have seen, there has been a fight between two types; one of them is nearly suppressed at last, and the other one is slowly regaining its old supremacy: but we English people, after all, can regard the model only as an admirable curiosity; we are incapable of imitating it, for the same reason which prevents our learning how to cook—our women cannot do it.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

ONE of the most important industries of the present, and likely to become enormously more important in the future, is that connected with the manufacture of what may be called "Modern Steel." It is not yet twenty years since Mr. Bessemer read before the Cheltenham meeting of the British Association, his celebrated paper "On the Manufacture of Iron and Steel without Fuel." Now "Bessemer Steel" has achieved a world-wide reputation, and it is still but in its infancy. The discovery of Mr. Bessemer was supplemented by the invention of what is known as the "Siemen's Regenerative Furnace," and finally a process has been perfected by which steel can be made directly from the ore. What the future of the steel industry will be, no one may dare to predict; but it is clear that this substance is likely to supplant iron in many large engineering works, such as railway bridges. According to the returns published by the Jury of the International Exhibition of 1852, the total annual produce of steel in Great Britain at that time was fifty thousand tons. At the present moment more than half a million of tons of steel are annually produced in Great Britain by the Bessemer process alone, whilst the Siemen's Works at Landore turn out two hundred thousand tons more, and large additional quantities are manufactured in other works. Unless this continent should soon assume the position, for which it is undoubtedly qualified, of one of the great iron-producing countries of the world, it seems probable that in the year 1892 the above returns may be quadrupled.

The manufacture of artificial butter has long been a problem which has occupied the attention of practical chemists. The first attempt to solve this problem failed, as might have been expected, owing to the fact that though the natural product was fairly enough imitated, as regards its chemical composition. it was found impossible to produce the flavour and odour of good natural butter. Some years ago M. Mouriez, a Frenchman, invented a process of manufacturing butter from beef suet, which, after modification by subsequent inventors, is now believed to be nearly perfect, and is said to yield a product fully equal to second-rate natural butter. This process has found its way into this country, and it is at the present moment being carried out on a large scale in the City of New York, at the establishment of the "Oleo-Margarine Manufacturing Company." Here something like a ton of artificial butter is daily manufactured, and finds a ready market. The proprietors intend to increase the amount to twelve tons a day, which is about a tenth of the total

amount used per diem in the City of New York and its environs. The butter is said to be undistinguishable in appearance, taste or smell, from ordinary firkin butter, and it is stated to bear exportation much better than natural butter.

Lake dwellings, somewhat similar to those of Switzerland, have, it appears, been recentiy detected in the vicinity of Leipsic, as the result of certain engineering operations undertaken with a view of regulating the course of the river Elster. After passing through a series of superficial deposits, the workmen found a number of oaken piles, pointed below, and decomposed above, and supporting a number of oak trunks placed horizontally. On the same level with these were found the lower jaws and teeth of oxen, fragments of the antlers of deer, broken bones of various kinds of quadrupeds, shells of river-mussels, fragments of pottery, two polished stone hatchets, and other objects of interest.

One of the most interesting of the various addresses delivered by the Presidents of the Sections at the recent meeting of the British Association at Bradford, was that of Mr. W. J. Russell, who presided over the Chemical Section; though it should be added that its character was most severely technical, and that it bristled with the terribly long compound names in which the soul of the modern chemist delights. The address is a practically exhaustive memoir and history of the common and important dye, Madder, from the time of its first mention by classical writers up to the present day, when Madder—as such—appears to be on the point of being finally superseded. Modern chemists, in fact, as the result of a long series of most elaborate researches in abstract chemistry, have succeeded at last not only in making artificially the colouring principle of Madder, but in discovering a process by which this principle can be manufactured much more cheaply than it can be obtained from the plant itself—the substance out of which it is made being a hitherto useless bye-product in the manufacture of coal-gas. The cultivation of Madder would thus appear to have received its death-blow, and Mr. Russell concludes that there "is growing up a great industry, which far and wide must exercise most important effects; old and cumbersome processes must give way to better, cheaper, and newer ones; and lastly, thousands of acres of land in many different parts of the world will be relieved from the necessity of growing Madder, and be ready to receive some new crop. In this sense may the theoretical chemist be said even to have increased the boundaries of the globe."

A very praiseworthy association has been formed at Cincinnati for the purpose of introducing and permanently acclimatising such foreign birds as are either valuable to the agriculturist or gardener, or are specially noteworthy for their powers of song. Last spring the Society expended no less than five thousand dollars in the introduction of fifteen new species of birds. Amongst these was the European sky-lark, the acclimatisation of which had been successfully effected. Next year it is proposed to introduce, amongst other novelties, the European titmouse, which has a high reputation as a destroyer of insects injurious to vegetation.

It is far from creditable to England, and speaks ill for the position which science occupies at home, that, alone of all the European powers, Britain still holds aloof from the Association originally formed for the purpose of determining a standard European metre, and now devoting itself to the ascertainment of the dimensions of the globe. This Association was founded at first in connection with the Berlin Geographical Society, and its primary object, as above stated, was to determine a standard metre by the accurate determination of the meridian between Christiana and Palermo. All the chief European powers, except France and England, joined the Association at once, and now France has just given in her adhesion also. Thus, Britain alone declines to take part in a work which has now assumed a cosmopolitan importance. It is to be presumed that economy is the motive of this abstention, but even the present Chancellor of the Exchequer can hardly think that we are too poor to engage in work for which even impoverished France finds herself equal.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH it does not usually fall within our province to record the proceedings of religious bodies, the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance at New York ought not to be passed over in silence. From the large number of delegates assembled, the full representation of sects and nationalities, the grave importance of the subjects discussed, the great unanimity and brotherly feeling which prevailed, and the interest displayed by the religious public of America—the meeting of the great Protestant Council was an event of deep significance.

The problem which the Alliance has undertaken to solve may be stated in a few words. Given the denominational divisions of "evangelical" Christendom, as the inevitable outcome of free thought and free discussion, to find a common ground upon which Protestants may meet in fellowship and organize for defence. A satisfactory basis of action was found in what are called the essential truths of religion—truth acknowledged by all the churches, though usually supplemented by particular views of *doctrine, practice* or *discipline* in each denomination. The Apostles' Creed is accepted as the symbol of the faith, and, as such, was recited, after the Dean of Canterbury, by the delegates and visitors at the New York Conference. Though sufficiently broad for the purposes in view, the platform of the Alliance is sufficiently definite to exclude the Catholic by the adoption of Chillingworth's axiom, that "the Bible, and the Bible alone, is the rule of faith of Protestants;" and the Unitarian by the assertion, in clear terms, of the Divinity and vicarious atonement of Christ. The aims of the evangelical movement are, therefore, two-fold:—first, to soften the differences which separate Protestant denominations, and thus to ensure a vital and spiritual unity, as distinguished from an organic fusion of the churches; and, secondly, to form a united front against the solid phalanx of the Catholic forces on the one hand, and the guerilla warfare of rationalism and materialism on the other. It is also claimed that the Alliance has already, by the moral force it can bring to bear upon Governments, interposed with effect in Spain, Roumania, the Baltic Provinces of Russia, Turkey, and other countries, as a powerful protector of the weak and the oppressed. Now that the State, in most countries, has adopted the *laissez-faire* principle in international matters, the intervention of a powerful body like the Alliance will not be without effect. The New York Conference is the sixth the Alliance has held since its organization—the preceding five having met successively in London (1851), Paris (1855), Berlin (1857), Geneva (1861), and Amsterdam (1867). Six years had elapsed since the last meeting. Meanwhile the Franco-German war had taken place, and the meeting in the American Metropolis, originally fixed for the autumn of 1870, was postponed for three years.

Although it can hardly be said that so many Protestant nations or missions were represented last month as on previous occasions, yet, allowance being made for the great distance to be travelled, the delegation was much more varied than the most sanguine friends of the Alliance had any right to anticipate. From the mother country—especially from England—the various denominations were very fully represented both by ministers and laymen. Scotland had only one prominent spokesman, Dr. Arnot, of Edinburgh, to whom, perhaps, ought properly to be added Dr. Cairns, Dr. McCosh, and other American and English delegates. Germany came over in full force—Drs. Dorner and Christlieb and their colleagues, by their learning and eloquence, and in spite of the difficulty they had to encounter in speaking in a foreign tongue, occupying, perhaps, the foremost place in the Conference. The French and Swiss Protestants were well represented, chiefly, of course, from the great centres, Paris and Geneva. The former, unfortunately, were unable to induce the Monods or Prèssensé to cross the ocean. From Italy the only delegate who took part in the proceedings was the Rev. Matteo Prochet, of Genoa. Rome, Florence, Venice and Naples, which are peculiarly the objects of religious anxiety and hope, did not appear by their representatives. Two Protestant clergymen attended from Spain. China, Jamaica, Syria, Greece and Denmark had each one delegate. Holland, strange to say, had also but one, the Rev. Dr. Cohen Stuart, of Rotterdam. The Rev. Narayan Sheshadri and the Rev. Mr. Woods represented India. Of the laymen who took a prominent part in the Conference we mention Count Andreas von Bernstorff, Lord Alfred Churchill, Chas. Reed, M.P. for Hackney; Messrs. Girdlestone and Williams of England; Gen. Fisk of St. Louis; Hon. P. Cooper, of New York; Hon. Geo. H. Stuart, of Philadelphia; Henry Bergh, of New York; and Hon. W. H. Allen, of Girard College, Philadelphia. It would be impossible within our limits to give even a partial list of the American clergy present; it must suffice to say that they represented every Protestant denomination throughout the Union. Coming nearer home, we may name the Rev. Dr. Wilkes and Principal Dawson, of Mon-

treal, as having taken a prominent part in the proceedings of the Conference.

The addresses of welcome may be passed over without remark; as fraternal greetings they were, of course, pleasantly complimentary, but they contain no matter of permanent value. The first paper read was, very appropriately, one transmitted through Dr. Witte, by the venerable Dr. Tholuck of the University of Halle. It is now fifty-seven years since the Nestor of German orthodoxy entered college, tinged, as he laments, with the prevailing rationalism of the time. His history of religious life in Germany was appropriately cast in an autobiographical form. A sketch of the religious and political struggles of sixty years is to Dr. Tholuck the record of his earnest and useful life. From the French war of 1813 to that of 1870, the Halle professor has been an actor upon the scene. In the rapid sketch of the religious contests of the century nothing is omitted down even to the dismissal of Mühler and the expulsion of the Jesuits. A member of the "mediation" school, he is an admirer of Schleiermacher and Hegel, although neither of them was, strictly speaking, orthodox. They both aided in the spiritual reaction; but both also had a negative, if not a destructive side, which paved the way for new developements of rationalism and heterodoxy. It is only the former phase of their influence that Prof. Tholuck notices in his brief paper. Those who wish to have a more extended view of the divisions in the German Church and the influence of rationalism both without and within it, should consult Hagenbach's Christian Doctrine in the 18th and 19th centuries, and Dorners's recent work on Protestant Theology. From Italy and Spain the reports of the delegates were not promising. In the former, according to Mr. Prochet, Ultramontanism is triumphant in the Church. Moreover, "there is an enormous proportion of the population which, while it remains outwardly Roman Catholic, belongs really to the religion of I don't care, that is no religion at all. . . They are Roman Catholics by birth, and consider it their duty to belong to the church of their fathers." In Spain, the prospect is somewhat similar; their adherence to the old religion in name is made a matter of patriotism, even by those who have made shipwreck of faith altogether. Castelar has said that Protestantism is not suited to the genius of the Latin race. This the delegates to the Alliance think a premature conclusion; meanwhile they pray for a continuance of the toleration they enjoy under the Republic, and dread, like their French brethren, the return of the Bourbons. We must pass briefly over the admirable papers of Dr. Stuart, Dr. Krummacher and Dr. Coulin on Holland, Germany and Switzerland respectively. In all of them, the foe is not Catholicism but rationalism in divers forms, degenerating into the now outspoken pantheism of Strauss. In Germany, the pessimism of Schopenhauser has been reproduced by Ernest—it is the philosophy of sensuality, ill-temper and despair—the antipodes of Straussian idealism and yet equally the foe of orthodox religion. The bad side of Schleiermacher's Platonism has found a place in the semi-Arianism of the Gröningen school of Holland. Of Switzerland, Dr. Coulin speaks in almost a despairing tone. In France, the sturdy Huguenot faith, which has passed so often through the fire, maintains its ground in spite of rationalistic defections. Under the guidance of M. Guizot, it has driven the heterodox from the fold. As in Spain and Italy, however, its progress among the masses is slower than ever. The Catholic re-action, described admirably by Dr. Fisch of Paris, has set in, for the present, with irresistible power. Like their Spanish brethren, the French Protestants pray that Ultramontanism may not be stimulated into further extravagance by the extinction of the Republic and the restoration of the Bourbon.

We pass over likewise the papers on the Infallibility question—a subject discussed *ad nauseam* during the last three or four years. The most noticeable were that of Dr. Dorner, of Berlin—an exhaustive account of the history and bearings of the subject—and an able view of the Old Catholic movement by Dr. Krafi, of Bonn. On the subject of vital religion, there was occasionally, as might be expected, an apparent contradiction in the deliverances of some of the speakers, from the different standpoints taken. Dr. Arnot, for example, ridiculed the modern idea that charity, or, perhaps we ought to say, morality, is religion. He regarded this as a short cut to truth through a quagmire. With him doctrine, or, as he has no objection to call it, "dogma," is everything. We quote a short extract, chiefly for its pungency. It seems to be aimed at Dean Stanley, and we must say the *argumentum ad hominem* is unfair, and perhaps might be retorted on the learned doctor:—

"A class of men is springing and pressing to the front in our day, who laud charity at the expense of truth. Doctrine, as truth fixed and independent, they seem to think a hindrance rather than a help toward their expected millennium of charity. Their creed is that a man may attain the one grand object of life—practical goodness—equally well, with or without belief in the Christian system. That there may be no mistake in the transmission of their opinion, they take care to illustrate it by notable examples. John Bunyan, who received all the doctrines of the Gospel, and Spinoza, who rejected them all, attain equally to the odour of sanctity in this modern church of charity. This representation is publicly made by men who hold influential ecclesiastical positions in England. Our latest reformers, I suppose, came easily by their discoveries. I am not aware that they passed through any preparatory agonies, like those which Luther endured at Erfurt. Your philosophic regenerator of the world dispenses with a long search and a hard battle. When he brings forward for my acceptance his savoury dish, like poor old blind Isaac when his slippery son presented the forged venison, I am disposed to ask, 'How hast thou found it so quickly, my son?'"

Papers of more or less merit were read on Personal Religion, Missions, Sabbath Schools and charities. Amongst the latter was one prepared for 1870, by the lamented Count Agenor de Gasparin, on the Care of the Sick. We should not forget to mention also, that the indefatigable Henry Bergh put in a plea for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

We are compelled to reserve our remarks on the aspects of infidelity for another occasion.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A HISTORY OF CRIME IN ENGLAND, illustrating the Changes of the Laws in the Progress of Civilization, written from the Public Records and other Contemporary Evidence. By Luke Owen Pike, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, author of "The English and their Origin," &c. Vol. I. From the Roman Invasion to the Accession of Henry VIII. London: Smith & Elder.

This is a work evidently of great research, and we should say of considerable merit. Its merit is not unalloyed. Mr. Pike is strongly prejudiced in favour of Roman law and of Roman civilization. He represents Roman law as far in advance of anything which the Teutonic races produced, both in point of enlightenment and in point of humanity. So, no doubt, viewed in a certain aspect, it was, besides being the only law in the world at all systematic and capable of codification; and, no doubt, under a tolerable Emperor, it did guard pretty well the legal rights of the small governing class. But we are convinced that Mr. Pike greatly underrates the legal evil of slavery, and we suspect that he greatly underrates the legal incapacities and wrongs of the conquered populations. He forgets that under the Empire four hundred slaves were once legally put to death merely because they had been in the house at the time when their master was murdered, and had failed to prevent the murder—a state of the law indicative at once of the most inhuman disregard of all principles of justice, and of the unsoundness of a state of society which could demand such fearful safeguards for the lives of the master class. In estimating the condition of the Provincials, Mr. Pike lays too little stress on the evidence afforded by insurrections, and by such occurences as the war of the Bagandæ, or Peasants' War, in Gaul. Nor does he satisfactorily explain the collapse of a society which he depicts as so sound and flourishing before the bands, whose numbers we have every reason to believe were very small, of the northern barbarians. His picture of the luxury and refinement enjoyed by a Roman gentleman in a Province is a learned vision: in describing the comforts of the household, he forgets to say that there was no glass and no linen; in describing the comforts of travelling, he forgets to tell us that there were no springs to the carriages. In proportion to his undue partiality to Rome is his undue severity to the Teutonic successors of Rome and to the feudal communities of the Middle Ages. Feudal law was, of course, rude and unsystematic, but there can surely be no question that it practically proved itself a better guardian than the Roman law of personal liberty. In penal cruelty and brutality it could not possibly exceed the amphitheatre, and Mr. Pike has not read the Histories of Tacitus if he does not know that judicial torture, which was repudiated by the feudal judges in England, as we learn from the memorable case of the Templars, was practised at Rome, with hideous barbarity, even upon freemen. It was Theocracy, not Teutonism or Feudalism, that burned heretics alive. The crime of the Middle Ages is recorded, though imperfectly; that of the Roman Empire, especially of the Provinces, is almost unrecorded. The crime of the Middle Ages was the open crime of turbulent freemen, that of the Roman Empire was probably the secret crime of slaves. If the truth could be known, we should not be surprised to find poisoning as common in a Roman Province as ever homicide and forcible entry were among the rude Teutonic heroes of Crecy and Agincourt. In speaking of the expulsion of the Jews from England as the most enormous of crimes, again Mr. Pike seems to us to overlook the extenuating circumstances—the fact that the Jews were not merely foreign to the national creed, but foreign to the soil, and that they appeared to the people as intrusive aliens eating the nation alive with their ruthless and oppressive usury. This prejudice, however, in favour of Roman and against Teutonic institutions, though it detracts from the value of the book, does not destroy it. The connection between the general state of society and the progress of the criminal law, is carefully, and in general, we believe, correctly traced. We may say this especially with regard to the critical reign of Henry II. The part of the work relating to the period of the Wars of the Roses is less full and satisfactory; nor are we sure that full justice has been done to the legal reforms of Edward I. Students of history will, however, find Mr. Pike's work throughout full of information not easily to be obtained elsewhere, while there is not a little to interest the general reader. We shall look with interest for the remaining volumes.

A First Sketch of English Literature. By Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature at University College, and Examiner in English Language, Literature and History to the University of London. Cassell, Petter & Galpin: London, Paris and New York.

The number of books of this class which have issued of late from the English and American press, afford a gratifying evidence of the increasing attention now devoted to our own language and literature. The English language has at length come to be recognized as a no less useful means of intellectual culture than the dead languages in which ancient classical literature survives; while it is at last universally admitted that in the writings of Chaucer are materials invaluable for philological study; and in those of the great Elizabethan writers a literature unsurpassed by anything in ancient or modern times.

Two special characteristics distinguish Professor Morley's "Sketch of English Literature." He clearly recognizes that the language and literature of a people are inseparable from its history. "The literature of a people tells its life. History records its deeds; but literature brings to us, warm with their first heat, the appetites and passions, the keen intellectual debate, the higher promptings of the soul, whose blended energies produced the substance of the record." Starting with this conviction, he begins with a history of the people: first Celts, including the Britons and the Gaels; then the Teutons from beyond the German Ocean; and the obscure strifes of Celt and Saxon, in the era of King Arthur and his race Next comes the true Anglo-Saxon era, with its great King Alfred, with the rude Pagan Dane, and the Norseman, transformed by their abode in later centuries on the banks of the Seine, into the Norman and Plantagenet of English history.

The element of race thus made clear, Celtic and Saxon influences are next traced, alike in rivalry and in combination. The older Celtic literature, with legends of its Cymric bards, out of which have been framed the Idylls of our own living Laureate; and those of the Gaels, which Macpherson wrought into the Ossian poems. Then follow the literature of the Saxons, including not only Beowulf, the poems of Caedmon, and other examples of the native Teutonic language; but also the Latin writings of Saxon scholars, and especially the ecclesiastical history of the venerable Bede. Such points have, of course, received due attention before; and by none more so than by Professor Spalding, in his admirable "History of English Literature." But Professor Morley recognises, more clearly than any previous writer, the intimate relations between the political history and the contemporary literature of each period. The reigns of the Edwards, followed by the troubled transitional era of Richard II., abound with incidents all-important for a clear understanding of the writings of Langland and Wyckliffe, of Mandeville, Gower, and Chaucer. So is it with the later eras of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth; of James I. and Queen Anne. The history cannot be separated from the literature of the times, without the latter losing much of its original significance. All this Professor Morley clearly recognises; and he has skilfully compressed into the briefest space an admirable epitome of those historical events best calculated to illustrate the literature which came into being under their influence.

The fact that the author of this work is one of the Examiners of the University of London will doubtless contribute to the popularity of his work at home. Nor is it a slight recommendation even here. The experience of an examiner is admirable training for clearly understanding the difficulties and the requirements of the student; and we can confidently recommend this volume as an admirably condensed summary of useful knowledge.

One novel feature must not be overlooked. Compressed into the very smallest compass is a minute record of the chronological details of English literature, from the close of the eighteenth century, under the title of Annals. Beginning with Henry Mackenzie, it follows down the long list of poets, essayists, historians, &c., to Lord Lytton, who has just closed his long and brilliant literary career. From all this it is obvious that Professor Morley's "First Sketch of English Literature" is a welcome addition to the available materials of our modern manuals for higher education.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Proctor, author of "Light Science for Leisure Hours," &c., has a new work in press, entitled "The Border-land of Science."

Mr. Vizetelly, the journalist, is preparing a volume on "Berlin under the New Empire," treating of its institutions, industries and amusements, and of its inhabitants—their manners, misery and vice.

Mr. Sheldon Amos, Professor of Jurisprudence to the London Inns of Court, has nearly ready a "Primer of the English Constitution and Government."

Messrs. Longman have published Mr. Lester's book, "The Atlantic to the Pacific; What to See, and How to See it."

A new illustrated library edition of the novels of Charles Dickens, to be completed in thirty monthly volumes, at ten shillings sterling each, is about to be issued by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

Rev. Dr. Cumming is again in the field of prophetic literature with a volume entitled "From Patmos to Paradise; or, Light on the Past, the Present and the Future."

Prof. Flint, of St. Andrews' University, is preparing a work on "The Philosophy of History in Europe," to be published by Messrs. W. Blackwood & Son in periodical volumes.

The second volume of Mr. Hosack's "Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers," is announced; embracing a narrative of events from the death of James V., in 1542, until the death of Queen Mary, in 1587.

The fifth volume of the English edition of Mr. Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea," making the third of the American reprint, is now in press. The volume will be known as the "Inkermann Volume."

A work compiled from the private journal of General Sir Hope Grant, G.C.B., of "Incidents in the Sepoy War of 1857-8," will shortly appear.

Dr. Edward Freeman's recent Lectures at the Royal Institution, London, on "Comparative Politics," is in the press of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

Two American humourists, Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner, have made the experiment *a la* MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, of jointly writing a novel. It is entitled "The Gilded Age," and will be issued by Messrs. Routledge & Son, in the conventional three-volume form.

The same publishers announce Dr. Russell, the *Times'* Correspondent's "My Diary in the Last Great War;" and a "Book of African Travel," by W. H. *Kingston.*

Mr. F. H. Robinson's new novel, "Her Face was Her Fortune," is being highly praised by English critics. "I go a-Fishing," by a modern Izaak Walton, Mr. W. C. Prime, is meeting with an extensive sale on both sides the Atlantic.

The author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family," Mrs. Charles, has ready her new book, "Against the Stream; a Story of an Heroic Age in England." The novel is said to present a vivid picture of the great struggle in which Wilberforce and Macaulay the elder bore such a noble part.

Miss Mayo, writing under her *nom de plume* of Edward Garrett, is again before the public with a new story entitled "Crooked Places; a Family Chronicle."

Mr. S. J. Watson, Librarian of the Legislative Assembly Library of Ontario, has prepared for press a History of the Constitutional History of Canada, from the Conquest in 1760, to the passing of the Constitutional Act in 1791, and embracing the period occupied by the three forms of Government which extended over this period. The Author has paid considerable attention, in the preparation of the work, to the social phenomena of the time, and the political development of Upper Canada. A subsequent volume, covering the period to Confederation, may be looked for at no distant day. The volume is now in the press of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., and will be issued shortly by Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co., at the price of one dollar.

Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co. have issued a Canadian edition, by arrangement with the author's New York publishers, of Miss Hesba Stretton's new novel, "Hester Morley's Promise."

The first issue, on St. John's Gospel, of M. Bida's superbly illustrated work, "Les Saintes Evangiles," will be shortly published in an English dress.

Mr. H. M. Stanley, the discoverer of Livingstone, has, before setting out as correspondent for the *Times* in Ashantee Land, written a story for youths, entitled "My Kalulu, Prince, King and Slave."

A new novel, entitled "Nancy," comes from the pen of Rhoda Broughton, author of "Cometh up as a Flower," &c.