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TWO PROBLEMS IN SOCIAL STATICS.

I.—Emigration, from a European Stand-Point.

THE question of Emigration is too many-sided to think of treating it exhaustively in one or two periodical articles; all we shall at present attempt, therefore, is to set forth some aspects in which it is not generally regarded, and to express in passing the regret which we feel in common, doubtless, with many others, that more attention is not paid to a subject which so intimately affects the future well-being of this Continent and the Continent of Europe, as well as the growth of civilization all over the world. The phenomena connected with the migratory movements of mankind, and the laws in accordance with which those movements take place, when viewed in their deeper and more philosophical aspects, are equally worthy of attention, whether considered with reference to the over-populated lands of Western Europe, the future occupancy of the American Continent, or the ethnical distribution of man over the yet unoccupied tracts of the earth's surface. A large part of America, both North and South, is still unpeopled except by the nomadic savage and the fur-trapper; and as it would require many generations to elapse before it could be filled up with the descendants of the races at present inhabiting it, it must be to a large extent peopled by immigrants from other lands. The question then of foremost importance to us, not only with respect to the future moral, political, social and intellectual condition of our country and our continent, but still more with reference to the future destinies of the great mass of

the world's population is, by whom shall our vacant territories be occupied? Shall we endeavor to bring in the vigorous and progressive races of Western Europe to lay the foundation of future moral and intellectual greatness; or shall we abandon what remains of our virgin soil, our primeval forests, and our vast prairies and pampas to effete, immobile, unprogressive and, worst of all, unintellectual and immoral Orientalism, as represented by the "Heathen Chinee?" This is one problem in Social Statics for which a solution will speedily be required.

The other, and that to which we shall at present direct attention, is the terrible incubus of pauperism, which weighs down the energies and prevents the progress of more than one country in Europe, but which is perhaps most seriously felt in Great Britain and Ireland, especially the latter—an incubus so far fatalistic in its character, inasmuch as it can be shown to be to a large extent due to the normal operation of the natural laws under which we live and move and have our being. These are our two problems, and we trust to be able to show that a proper estimate of the philosophy of emigration will furnish the only satisfactory solution for both.

Pauperism, like all other great evils which afflict humanity, in its aggregate or social aspect, is the product of many forces at work to produce it as their effect. It is, no doubt, largely due to intemperance, improvidence, the absence or excessive weakness of the effective desire of accumulation of the results of labour, the consequent absence of that propensity to save which is necessary for the increase of capital, a low standard of life with respect to its necessities, and still more with respect to its comforts and conveniences, a low moral and intellectual tone among the working classes, and other causes too numerous to specify, much less to expatiate upon here. It may be noticed, however, in passing, that all these causes of pauperism are removable in some way or other, and therefore we may expect that in so far as its existence depends upon theirs, their removal will carry along with it a diminution of the evil complained of. The power of intemperance, *e. g.*, may be curtailed by the diffusion of a more correct scientific knowledge of the nature of stimulants and narcotics of all kinds, their deleterious influence, and the inevitable fatality attending their use; improvidence may be diminished, and the effective desire of accumulation increased, by doing away with cottier and other objec-



tionable systems of tenure of land, and by abolishing such restrictions as the laws of entail and primogeniture impose on the transfer of real estate in most European countries; and the whole standard of life may be permanently raised, and the moral and intellectual status of the community permanently improved by the more complete diffusion of a sound education, physical as well as moral and intellectual, among the masses.

It is manifest, therefore, that all these causes of pauperism of which we have spoken, as well as others which have not been specified, are adventitious and removable, not fixed and necessary in their character. But there is one cause which must be placed in the second category, which is altogether, in the last resort at least, beyond the control of the masses to counteract, and beyond the effort of the reformer and philanthropist to neutralize,—one whose effects may be retarded, indeed, but which must, in the end, prevail over every barrier opposed to it. The human race, and indeed the whole animal kingdom, exists under the dominion of a law, absolute as a decree of fate, stern and relentless as a fiat of doom,—a law, the discovery of which by Malthus towards the close of last century has revolutionized the whole science of Political Economy, opened up new views of humanity and of the conditions and limitations under which it exists, and furnished to earnest inquirers a key for the successful solution of some of the most difficult problems in social statics, many of which had, before that time, presented insuperable obstacles to human progress and the amelioration of the evils which afflict society in densely peopled countries. The law itself may be thus succinctly stated: "*The capacity of the human race for increasing in numbers is greater than its power of multiplying the means of subsistence;—in other words; the ratio of increase of mouths to be filled is greater (potentially, if not actually) than the greatest possible ratio of increase of the food to fill them.*" Of course there are circumstances in which the operation of the law is scarcely felt, as, for instance, in a country which is in actual process of settlement, like Canada or the United States. Its effects only become in any degree noticeable when population becomes dense, and when the demand for food has brought into requisition very inferior agricultural land. But that it always and everywhere exists is shewn by the rapid increase of population in new countries compared with those which are older and more thickly peopled. And in process

of time even America will begin to feel the pressure caused by its operation, as European countries now do.

Of the full exposition of the above law given in Mill's Political Economy we shall avail ourselves by quoting a passage or two in which the principle is stated with remarkable clearness and conciseness; and we have the more satisfaction in doing so, because we may have occasion, before closing, to dissent from more than one of the author's conclusions on points of great importance. Speaking of the law of the increase of production from land, Mill says: \*

After a certain, and not very advanced stage in the progress of agriculture, it is the law of production from the land, that in any given state of agricultural skill and knowledge, by increasing the labor the produce is not increased in an equal degree; doubling the labor does not double the produce; or, to express the same thing in other words, every increase of produce is obtained by a more than proportional increase in the application of labor to the land. †

Again he says in the same part of his work, when speaking of the limit to the increase of production arising from the weakness of the effective desire of accumulation:

In these countries (*i. e.* where neither the spirit of industry nor the desire of accumulation need any encouragement) there would never be any deficiency of capital, if its increase were never checked or brought to a stand by a diminution of its returns. It is the tendency of the returns to a progressive diminution, which causes the increase of production to be often attended with a deterioration in the condition of the producers; and this tendency, which would in time put an end to increase of production altogether, is a result of the necessary and inherent conditions of production from land.

And yet once more in the same connection he remarks:

In all countries which have passed beyond a rather early stage in the progress of agriculture, every increase in the demand for food, occasioned by increased population, will always, unless there is a simultaneous improvement in production, diminish the share which, on a fair division, would fall to each individual. An increased production, in default of unoccupied tracts of fertile

\* "Principles of Political Economy," Bk. I., Ch. 12.

† By "land," Mill means all the powers of nature in conjunction with which human labor is able to produce the means of life: *e. g.*, mines, fisheries, &c., as well as arable land.



land, or of fresh improvements tending to cheapen commodities, can never be obtained but by increasing the labor in more than the same proportion. The population must work harder or eat less, or obtain the usual food by sacrificing a part of their customary comforts. From this results the important corollary, that the necessity of restraining population is not, as many persons believe, peculiar to a condition of great inequality of property. A greater number of people cannot, in any given state of civilization, be collectively so well provided for, as a smaller. The niggardliness of nature, not the injustice of society, is the cause of the penalty attached to over-population. An unjust distribution of wealth does not even aggravate the evil, but, at most, causes it to be somewhat earlier felt. It is in vain to say that all mouths which the increase of mankind calls into existence bring with them hands. The new mouths require as much food as the old ones, and the hands do not produce as much.

The logical inference from this statement of the law of increase of population and food is, that, supposing a country to be completely isolated from the rest of the world, the time must come when no one would be able to procure more than the mere necessities of life; with the further increase of population, less than the requisite amount, even of these, would fall to the lot of each individual; and further increase would be arrested by death. It is not by any means contended that the actual limit has yet been reached in any European country; but long before that limit is even approached the pressure of the law must be severely felt, and its consequences to all the lower strata of society must be practically the same as they would be to society as a whole, provided wealth were equally distributed and the absolute limit were reached. In other words: in densely populated countries pauperism and mortality are the inevitable results of its operation on the working classes. The principal reason why the limit has not as yet been reached even in Europe is that improvements in agriculture, and still more in manufactures, have been so rapidly multiplied within the last half century, that the increased facilities for production have more than kept pace with the increase of population. But that this remedy or countervailing principle must be regarded as adventitious and transient, in Britain, at least, is manifest from the fact that her manufactures and commerce are so intimately connected with her mineral wealth, which is so far from being even practically inexhaustible that the operation of the law of increase of production with respect to coal and iron is even now

being seriously and increasingly felt, as the depth of mines increases or their richness diminishes.

Two remedies for over-population are discussed by Mill, the importation of food from abroad, and emigration to other lands, both of which, and especially the latter, he seems greatly to undervalue. His favorite remedy is, restraint imposed on the increase of population, either by public opinion, or by the operation of a higher standard of life, which would make parents averse to bringing into the world a progeny so numerous that the effort to support them would lower their own social status, or even prevent it from rising; or would hinder them from bequeathing to their children such a patrimony that their social position would not necessarily be any worse than that of their parents. That such a motive, however, must long remain comparatively inoperative, is manifest, even when the question is regarded *a priori*, for the natural impulses of humanity are too powerful to admit of being efficiently controlled by mere prudential considerations. For a clever statement of the argument on this point, in a popular form, we cannot do better than refer to the chapter entitled "Malthus and Man," in that pungent satire "Ginx's Baby;" and, indeed, to the whole series of Mr. Jenkins' books—including both "Little Hodge," and "Lord Bantam," and the paper entitled "Two Solutions" published in Fraser's Magazine for April, 1871.

It has already been remarked, that we might predicate futility of Mill's remedy, even when we consider the question theoretically; it certainly appears no less futile when regarded in the light of actual facts. The fecundity of the race is most strikingly manifested in those strata of society where the individual has no social position to lose, as the penalty for having too large a progeny to support, and where he has no hope of ever gaining a respectable position, even if he has none but himself to care for. The prudential considerations, therefore, so urgently insisted on by Mill, could not possibly operate here; and it would seem to follow that if they operated anywhere it could only be where their operation would be detrimental, for they would act as a check on the growth of population, just where rapid increase is desirable, and where there is provided for the new comers the means both of subsistence and education, while it would leave uncontrolled that growth where there exists neither the one nor the other.

Admitting, then, the validity of the objection brought by Mill



against the importation of food as a remedy for over-population, on the ground that it must always prove too precarious to be relied on, it follows that emigration must be resorted to, in order to carry off the annual surplus population. It is futile to raise any question as to the possibility of conducting systematic emigration to any desired extent, while so much of the habitable and even the fertile portions of the earth's surface is still unoccupied. It is manifestly to the interest of every country which has a government to support, to be able to distribute the public burdens on as many shoulders as possible; we would naturally expect, therefore, to see the different countries of America, vying with each other in their efforts to draw immigrants to their shores, and in the inducements offered for the purpose of attracting them. Such has long been the case with Canada and the United States, and with Australia and New Zealand, as well; and more lately it seems that Brazil is moving with such extraordinary energy in the matter that she is likely to prove a formidable competitor to the above-mentioned countries, in the labor markets of Europe. There are special reasons, obvious to all, why each Province of the Dominion of Canada, should seek to encourage immigration to itself, since both the number of representatives it sends to the House of Commons, and the annual subsidy it receives from the Dominion treasury depend on the number of its inhabitants. As might have been expected, therefore, the years which have elapsed since the inauguration of Confederation have been characterised by an activity in the furtherance of immigration unprecedented in Canadian history, while the new schemes, already perfected or only projected, bid fair to perpetuate and even extend the movement. Nor can the Mother Country afford to regard with indifference, a question so intimately affecting herself, as well as her Colonies. Considering the desirability of increasing the population of the latter, with a view to extending the market for British manufactured goods, it would be a good commercial speculation for the Imperial Government to devote special attention and some expenditure of means to the furthering of a systematic scheme of emigration, even if the relief to be experienced by the removal of the incubus of pauperism were left out of the calculation altogether. We shall yet see that a liberal emigration policy is still more urgently demanded, in view of entirely different considerations. Meanwhile it may be asked, if all, or more than all, of the annual

increase of British population could be carried off by emigration, thereby relieving the Mother Country of its burdens, and enriching her at the same time, improving the Colonies, and spreading civilization over the world, where is the need of imposing any restraint, either legal or moral, either natural or artificial on the production of population? The evil consequences of such restraints—even if they could be made effectual, and they would be all the more detrimental the more effectual they were—will appear much more clearly when we come to discuss the question of Chinese immigration into America.

It may not be amiss to inquire briefly what some of the causes are which have hitherto hindered a more abundant stream of population from flowing to America, whilst a vast annual expenditure is incurred by European countries in supporting their pauper population in comparative idleness. Generally speaking, those who would like to emigrate, or could be induced to do so, are unable for want of means; while those who have enough to enable them to emigrate, are apt to think they have enough to maintain them where they are. For this reason it has been found necessary to provide for paying a small bonus to the emigrant, the money, in some cases, being expended in actually paying his passage out, in others, in reimbursing him for the outlay he has incurred by paying for it himself. While the Provinces of Canada might profitably do a great deal in this way, surely it would be a much more sensible method of curing the evils of pauperism for the Imperial Government to supply those who wish to go with the necessary funds, than to expend them in keeping thousands of idlers preying on the vitals of the community. It requires no great sagacity to see that the money wisely spent by any particular Province in promoting immigration, must of necessity be restored to it by means of an increased annual subsidy from the Dominion treasury; and it is just as apparent that any Province which falls relatively behind the others in the ratio of increase, even though absolutely progressing, must suffer pecuniary loss. Neither is it difficult to see that money well spent by the Dominion Government in increasing the population of the whole of the Confederated Provinces collectively is very speedily and directly restored to the exchequer. Whether wisely or unwisely, this country has adopted the indirect mode of raising its revenue, not a single dollar being contributed to the Dominion treasury in the shape of



direct taxation. So long, therefore, as this method of financing is continued, and there seems to be no prospect of its being speedily abandoned, every immigrant coming to our shores has a distinct money value as a contributor to the general revenue. Every imported article which he either wears or consumes helps to decrease the burdens of the community by the duty it pays, while he himself, if orderly and law-abiding, adds nothing to the expenses of Government. Surely then, if it is so clearly to the advantage of the Mother Country to get rid of her surplus population, of the Dominion of Canada to add to the number of its inhabitants, and of the separate Provinces to increase the proportion which their respective populations bear to that of the whole Dominion, it is nothing less than suicidal to remain apathetic on a question of such surpassing importance, when, by a little properly directed and combined effort, so much might easily be done. Indifference in this matter is little short of criminal, and it is sad to see so much of the time, the money and the intellect of both countries spent in wrangling over questions which are of infinitely less consequence in their relation to the public weal, while comparatively little is done towards supplementing the voluntary efforts of philanthropic societies and individuals in furnishing aid to intending emigrants.

One reason for the apathy respecting emigration, which is so apparent in England, is the misconception which prevails regarding the real cause of the pauperism which afflicts the country. Some attribute it far too exclusively to vice and improvidence among the working classes, potent auxiliary agents, no doubt, in bringing about the state of affairs complained of, but only auxiliary ones after all. Some, like the late Dr. Chalmers, attribute it to the operation of the poor laws, and there can be little doubt that these have a most mischievous effect, though all English political economists seem to think their repeal impracticable for the present. Very few, apparently, have been able to realise fully the importance of the law we have indicated above, and the part it plays in creating a pauper population and keeping its ranks recruited. Even those who fully appreciate the results of this law of population are too apt, as in the case of Mill, to resort to advice which cannot, and, under the circumstances, ought not to be followed, instead of directing public attention to the only true remedy, the encouragement of emigration. The ultimate and far-reaching consequences of placing any restraint on the increase of

population in Europe can only be clearly seen when we remember that there is no such restraint exercised in Asia, and that the surplus population of Asia is even now competing with that of Europe for the possession of the American Continent.

But the most powerful opposition to the carrying out of any liberal scheme for promoting emigration comes from the capitalists of the Mother Country and those who speak in their behalf. This has been made more clearly apparent than ever by the conduct of the upper classes during the late agricultural strike in the South of England, when even a prominent dignitary of the Established Church went out of his way to declare himself in favor of using the harshest measures towards those who were goaded into social insurrection by a state of affairs and a condition of life outrageously oppressive almost beyond credibility. It is not difficult to understand why the ruling classes in England should oppose emigration, since it would tend to diminish the supply of labor, raise the wages of employees, and diminish the profits of capital; but it is to be hoped that opposition based on a plea characterised by the most unmitigated selfishness will not long be allowed to stand in the way of a movement fraught with so much benefit to the masses.

A far more insidious argument against encouraging emigration is one which may by courtesy be granted the title of "patriotic," though such patriotism is of a very selfish, narrow and unenlightened kind. It is contended that the efflux of laborers will raise the wages of labor by diminishing the supply, that this must of necessity enhance the cost of production, and that Britain must be placed, relatively, at a disadvantage in the markets of the world. It is predicted that her commercial greatness, depending as it does, mainly on her manufactures and her mineral productions—these being so closely associated with cheap labor—will decline, as the enhanced cost of her goods enables other nations to undersell her, that her supremacy will soon vanish, and that she will sink rapidly to the rank of a third or fourth rate power in Europe, if, indeed, she has not reached that stage already. That there is much force in this reasoning, Englishmen are even now learning by experience, when the prices of coal and iron are rapidly increasing, through the diminution of the supply, caused by the operation of strikes and lock-outs. The whole plea might safely be admitted to be valid from the point of view of selfish



patriotism, if by patriotism be meant what the Manchester school of politicians by implication define it to be—a regard for the material prosperity of Great Britain, considered apart from her Colonial Empire. But this is far too narrow a ground to place the question upon, even when the Mother Country alone is taken into consideration. Surely the material prosperity of any country is of vastly less importance than the moral and intellectual status of its inhabitants, even if it did not depend so directly as it does on this latter; and surely the increase of the aggregate material wealth of any nation is of vastly less consequence than the allotment of a larger average share to each member of the community, thereby furnishing the means for elevating the standard of life, and for the physical, moral and intellectual improvement of the race. This tacit assumption, that rapidity in the increase of the gross wealth of the community is the true test of the prosperity of its condition, involves a most egregious fallacy, and one fatal to the attainment of anything like true views on the intricate questions propounded by Political Economy, and as we shall hereafter see, we find it constantly cropping out in the arguments of those who defend the importation of Chinese labor into America. Material wealth is not the *summum bonum* after which a nation ought to strive; nor is the ratio of increase of wealth the only, or even the most real criterion of advancing civilization. And if this is true of wealth as distributed, how much more will it be found to be the case when account is taken only of the growth of the wealth of the whole community, without any regard to the average share secured by the individual members of society.

We have already remarked that the objections to increased emigration prevalent in certain quarters in England, even if admitted to be perfectly valid from some points of view, rest on too narrow a basis to have much force. There is another and a greater Britain than the one bounded by the North Sea, the English Channel and the Atlantic Ocean. Many centuries ago the southern part of Italy was called "Græcia Major," as being the home of a larger number of Greeks than Greece herself. Following the precedent thus set, Sir Charles Dilke designates the British Colonies collectively by the title of "Greater Britain." There are some who would cut the cord which binds these communities to the mother land and cast them adrift on the political sea; and naturally enough we always find those who regard the

Colonies as a burden and a nuisance pretty closely associated with those who argue against the expediency of promoting emigration from England. The question, even from an Imperial standpoint is of far more striking significance than is commonly supposed. Unquestionably the days of cheap coal and iron are forever past in Britain, the former selling, at present, for more in London than it would bring at normal prices in New York. Britain's supremacy as a political power, depends so exclusively on her commerce and on her iron-clad fleet that even if she were relieved of all Colonial burdens, she can only retain that supremacy by means of cheap coal and iron. Divest her, therefore, of every dependency she owns and she will soon sink into insignificance in the councils of Europe. Even if it were true that the Colonies are burdensome, which we cannot admit, it would still be necessary for the Mother Country to bear the encumbrance cheerfully if she would retain the position she has long held, and which she will be loth to abandon. But surely some less ignominious fate must be in store for the great mother of nations than to sink in hopeless imbecility at the very moment when the demand for vigorous action is more irresistible than ever before. The time seems to be rapidly approaching when she must either make some efforts to keep her Colonies from drifting away from their moorings, or make up her mind to contend against her foes without the aid of the prestige which her Colonial Empire lends. Independence, in the case of some at least, would be only the precursor of annexation to foreign powers, who make even now no secret of their anxiety to gain possession of what would add so much to their importance and the deference with which they are treated in international councils. The true solution of this problem may perhaps be found in the much talked of scheme of Imperial Federalism; but whether it is or not, it can never be to the interest of England to see the vast uninhabited tracts of the earth's surface at present under her control, handed over to other nations for settlement. Whether Canada is to belong to Great Britain or the United States is of less consequence to Canada than to either of the others. But whatever be her ultimate destiny, and whether her fate is to be a type of what the future has in store for all the other Colonial possessions or not, it is manifest that the filling up of our vast areas by a population British in sentiment, if not by descent, cannot injure, and may greatly benefit the Mother Land. The dream of



the Imperial Federalist may as yet be nothing but a dream—may, indeed, never become anything else; and yet it may be perfectly true that conjuring up such splendid visions is quite as profitable and sensible as the ostrich-like policy of shutting our eyes to the dangers ahead of us, and then fancying that they have no existence because we do not see them.—WM. HOUSTON.

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## A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

### CHAPTER III.

**A**FTER figuring in the tableau we have described, our youthful hero, in the solitude of his apartment, had been agitated by a variety of conflicting emotions. The soft wings of Love had fluttered around him; the perfumed breath of the goddess had fanned his brow; her hand, half luring, half repelling, had held out the cup of her witching sorceries; and he, enchanted, delirious, had pressed the maddening draught to his lip. How did the nectar taste? It would have puzzled the youth to answer. A world, hitherto unknown, of blissful emotions, of ecstatic desires, stood revealed. With amazement, almost with terror, he surveyed the abysses of passion opening within him, whose door the skilful enchantress, at a word, at a breath, had thrown wide, like the "Open Sesame" of Arabian legend. And yet, underlying all, there was the uneasy suspicion that he had been practised upon, allured, duped, aye tricked into the surrender of the most precious gift that youth and innocence have to bestow—the first kiss of love!

That was an airy sprite that descended at the first summons of the breakfast-bell. But she would have looked less radiant, less triumphant, had she only known why the youth delayed, almost dreaded to appear! Had she but suspected what was now his revulsion of feeling: that the ardor of gratified desire had changed into wounded self-respect: that youth's jealousy of a woman's making the first advances was all aroused: that his fastidiousness now charged her with a want of true maidenly delicacy: had she

but known! But she suspected nothing of all this. And so it was with a proud consciousness of her beauty and its power that she now swept into the apartment, acknowledging with a graceful courtesy the high-bred salutation of her uncle, and the half-amused, half contemptuous *empressement* of her brother, as he hastened forward to lead her to a seat.

After an interval of impatient waiting on the part of the Colonel, Calvert made his appearance just as the former was pulling out his watch. Replacing the time-piece, with a pointed look at the tardy delinquent, his father remarked: "The company wait your convenience, sir. Assist your cousin to table." Awkward and *distract* the youth advanced and did as desired, but at the pressure of the dainty fingers on his arm, his color came and went painfully. Little interested in the conversation that ensued, and scarce noticing the little coquetries by which Marie strove to engage his attention, he sat absorbed in his sombre meditations: but was at last aroused by the mention of a name—that of his friend of the morning. It was Delaval who spoke:

"The organization is more complete than the authorities are aware of. Even in this outlandish district they muster strong. Some of your own tenants are engaged in the movement, and, if report is to be trusted, the most active among them is one Bralligan, or some such name."

"My tenants! and Bralligan! my right-file on many a stiff fought field. Impossible!" broke in the Colonel testily. "No, no! If all the landowners were bound to their tenants by ties equally strong with those that bind my people to the house that for generations has never been tainted by an absentee, save when its head has led forth the flower of their youth to do battle for their country's flag; if the landowners were what they ought to be, *chiefs* in war, and *benefactors* in peace,—then, sir, there would be no talk of insurrection in Ireland for a thousand years to come."

"I appreciate the noble incredulity with which you receive my statements. But this very magnanimity renders all the more unpardonable that dastardly spirit of insubordination that would conspire to rend the hand that guarded the people in war, and to pierce the heart that would cherish them in peace."

"You talk well, Delaval," returned Ansdell, warmly, "but



you'll have to make out a far stronger case yet, before you'll get me to believe this of them. Why, when I got my commission—and, by the way, the poor old estate had to sweat for that—that's the time that cotton-man, what-d'ye-call-him? Sir Jute, bought the lands t'other side of the Dog's Nose, and ran up his bit of a Brummagem hotel. Well, when the boys down in the village yonder heard of it, didn't they list to a man—and Barney, that you talk about, at the head of them—'to follow the young master,' as they said, 'to the wars?' And follow they did, poor fellows, and shed their blood like water for the old flag, and their young Captain. And a pretty company they were. None of your heavy-gutted, big-bellied English clowns, but true sons of the old Celtic breed, whose fathers would have sliced off, without more ado, any unlucky warrior's paunch, if it stuck out an inch too far on parade. And do you mean to tell me there's a man of them all would lift a finger against me or mine? Why man, that day your father saved my life—and I wish you had seen him do it, boy!—it was some of my own lads I rallied round me when we charged into the thick of them. And they stuck by me like leeches till the last man of them was down. Didn't I see Barney himself spitting three Russians who were trying to bring me down, as cleverly as you could truss a woodcock? Do you think that's the breed to hatch conspirators and cut-throats out of?" And the Colonel, in his vehemence, brought down his fist with a force that made all ring again.

"I grant you, sir," replied the Frenchman, "that the facts you have mentioned, facts that redound equally to your own and to their honor, do give one side of the composite Celtic character. But that character is never proof against a sentiment. And a sentimental notion of independence, an insane idea of a regenerate, reconstructed, self-governed Ireland has taken possession of the mind of the nation. Set yourself in opposition to that prevalent sentiment of nationality, and those whose devotion risked life itself in your cause will be the first to rank among the 'tumblers,' who are even now conspiring to wipe you out as an 'obstruction.'"

"Pshaw, man! I gave you credit for more sense than to fly off into your French rhodomontade at this rate. I always knew the Gallic mind had an insane hankering after the sensational. But what incredible mare's nest is this next that your keen scent for

conspiracy has led you to run your nose into?" Nettled at his uncle's cutting rejoinder the Frenchman broke out:

"Laugh if you will, but the facts are the same. For weeks past midnight drilling has been going on under the direction of those who have enjoyed regular training in the army; particularly active among these is this person Bralligan. Arms, ammunition, accoutrements and money have been secretly introduced no later than three weeks ago. An American, suspected to be a deputy from the Central Bureau of the organization, is even now residing at the neighboring hotel. Everything is ripening for an outbreak. To you, the only resident landholder in the district, Government will look to stamp out the first sparks, that, if let alone, will kindle a conflagration."

"Why, how do you happen to know so much? *you*, a stranger in the country? Proof, man, proof;" said the uncle, with impatience.

"How I happen to know so much," continued the nephew, "concerns myself at present, and will all be made plain in due time. But, if you want proof, I point to your son. I suspect he knows more of this than he cares to avow. Ask him what was the object of his visit to this same Bralligan no further ago than this morning?"

The young man who with marked interest had listened to the discussion, now that all eyes were turned questioningly upon him, hung his head in confusion.

"Speak out, sir," said his father, sternly. "Do *you* know anything of all this?"

"Of all what, father?" answered Calvert, and the trouble was manifest in his eye. "What do you wish me to tell?"

"Anything, everything—about those midnight gatherings, and what not, that your cousin has been deafening us about."

"Midnight gatherings!" said the youth. "I can't say anything about that, sir. As to my meeting Barney this morning, that's easily explained. I was out riding ——"

"Out riding!" interjected the Colonel. "You *can* ride then, eh? I hope you didn't hurt the horse."

"Not a mite, sir. You see the sand was soft; and he fell as easy as if it were a feather-bed. When Barney's dog came out barking at us, old Inkerman couldn't stand it. First he tried to bolt, and then reared and flung himself."



"Old Inkerman!" cried his father, profoundly mystified, for hitherto he had looked upon his son rather in the light of a milk-sop. "What the deuce made you back that horse? Would nothing else serve your turn but him?"

Seeing the good-humored twinkle in his father's eye, the boy added simply—

"I thought, being the oldest in the stable, he would go gently."

"Ha, ha! old Inkerman go gently! Come, that's not bad," laughed the Colonel in high glee. "It's a wonder you didn't get your neck broken for your impudence. There are few ever dared sit that horse but myself." And again a smile of gratified pride in his boy's daring belied the implied censure.

"But what about the conspiracy that you and Barney have been hatching between you? A pretty pair of conspirators you would make!"

Gathering courage from his father's evident partiality, the boy faced round defiantly on Delaval, saying—

"If Barney *did* say anything of conspiracy, he bade me look for it in a very different quarter from what Monsieur here would make out: and, any way, I wish him joy of all that beggar of a spy we chased has brought him."

A rapid glance was interchanged between the brother and sister, and in some confusion Delaval responded—

"Our young friend is pleased to talk in riddles this morning."

"There are more than he that have been talking riddles, I think," said the Colonel. "But how about your mare's nest now, Delaval?"

"Time will tell, Colonel," responded he, with a baleful glance at the youth.

"So you've taken to riding, boy," said his father, laying his hand kindly on the lad's shoulder. "Well, I suppose we'll have to find you something to try your mettle on."

And, at the word, the company rose.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

IT was with a beating heart that Calvert followed his father to the stables. Unused to any demonstrations of regard on the part of his stern, self-contained parent, he could scarcely credit his senses when those few words of unmistakable kindness and interest

greeted his ears. His heart smote him too for the hidden way in which he had hitherto indulged his passion for riding. So plainly did his trepidation show itself that the groom, as he acknowledged the presence of his master by a pull at his forelock and a scrape of the leg, slyly tipped the son a reassuring wink. Thus, having intimated that he was prepared for any emergency, and was resolved at all hazards to shield his young master, he stood with the stolid look an Irishman invariably assumes when placed in the witness box.

"Well, Larry," said his employer, "show us through the stables. I want to pick out a quiet, steady brute for this young cock-sparrow of mine. Inkerman is hardly the thing for a beginner."

"Thru for yer haner!" replied Larry. "An' it's well the ould harse knows the smell of the thru blood; for, barrin' yer worship's own flesh and blood, there's nivir another leg daur sthraddle him."

"Aye; so he thinks this springald here is a bit of the true blood then."

"Ye may say that, sir. Look at him backin' him, an' ye'd think he was born there. An' the knowin' brute 'ud twist round, an' snuff at his knee; an' if it wasn't the right scent, maybe he wouldn't have had the leg aff him at a scrunch, nayther?"

"Well, well! let us see what you have got that will suit better."

"Something quiet, did ye say, yer haner?" And passing into the stable, he led the way to a stall, where stood a new acquisition that had come in in the way of rent.

"Faix, now! an' there's the baste a suckin' babby cud handle."

His tongue thrust into his cheek, and a surreptitious dig with his elbow under Calvert's rib almost made the youth explode with laughter, for he knew the brute to be the most notorious breacher and bolter in the whole country round, utterly unmanageable by any of the recognised rules of horsemanship; never having been ridden, in fact, save by some ragged *gossoon*, bare-backed, and with a hair-rope twisted round its nose.

"Not much to look at, certainly," replied the Colonel, dubiously. "Good bottom, though, I dare say."

And in truth, though her looks were against her, to the practised eye there were the unmistakable tokens of good bone and blood. Long, lank and low-lying, ewe-necked and somewhat Roman-nosed, she was nevertheless well ribbed up, short in the



cannon-bone, sloping, but not too much, in the shoulders, ample in the chest, had a sneaking look about the eye, but plenty of hidden fire for all that,—in fact, she was just such a brute as would merit Larry's whispered encomium to Calvert:

"She's a deal better than she looks. There's not the mates of her in all Munster for a turf-dyke, or a bog, an' sure she'll bate a cat at climbin'. She's a spiteful divil though if ye chack her: so, to save throuble, I've jist slipped in a tang o' leather for the bit. Shpake to her, an' she'll min' the word, or a touch o' yer hand, maybe, on the neck. Keep switch an' spur aff her, an' give her her head, an' she'll carry ye over iverything."

"All right, Larry!" said Calvert, "I'm up to her tricks, I fancy."

"Well, saddle up, Larry!" said the Colonel, breaking in on the whispered conference, "let us see what you can make of her, boy, and you may bring out my cob too."

The father and son were speedily sweeping down the avenue, side by side; the former at a hand-gallop, criticising with an amused glance the non-descript, shambling gait, half trot, half amble of the youth's mount, yet noting with approval the easy seat and careless grace of the rider.

"Which way, father?" said Calvert, as they swept through the park gates on to the main road.

"Wherever you like, boy. Lead on," was the reply.

Turning to the left, the youth led the way across a high-pitched Gothic bridge, so narrow the two could scarcely ride abreast, whose single arch spans at a bound the deep, sullen pool where the waters of the lake above meet and mingle with the turbid tide of the bay. Suddenly leaving the beaten track, he struck across the quaking soil, half meadow, half swamp, intersected and seamed with dykes and ditches, that stretched on to the precipitous flanks of the ridge before them.

"Ha! the lad means business, then," muttered the Colonel, settling himself more firmly in the saddle, and keeping his beast well in hand.

Away went the youth with a "whoosh, hirroo!" in true Hibernian style, that made his father roar outright, and yet stare with amazement. The brute seemed transfigured. The trailing, loping gate was all thrown off, and with a fleet, level action, belly to the ground, she sped on, taking everything in her strides,—hedgess,

peat-holes, bog, ploughed land, stone fences,—no matter what; for Calvert, mindful of the groom's directions, had given her her head, and let her do as she liked. At last, the difficult, broken ground passed, he emerged on the hard, shingly beach; and stopping the mare with a word, he turned round in time to catch sight of his father topping the last stone wall in true English sportsman style, and bearing down upon him at a dashing gallop.

"Hallo, lad! I didn't bargain for a steeple-chase," cried the Colonel, as he reined up. "Never mind; go ahead. We'll start fair this time though."

Again they broke away, and the running became more even, for their course lay along a narrow strip of hard, wet sand, lying between the receding tide-water on the one hand, and the steep glacis of the ridge that terminates in the Dog's Nose on the other. For a mile or more the footing was good, but a patch of deeply embedded boulders, mantled with sea-weed, here made the Colonel's beast flounder and slip badly; Calvert's mare, on the contrary, dashed on, making nothing of it, when suddenly a sharp cry ringing out behind him:

"My God! I'm hit!" arrested the youth.

"Oh, father! have I killed you?" cried he in agony as he saw his father down.

"No, boy, no! its only a scratch. But look yonder." And following the direction of the finger, a white puff of smoke was seen curling along the hillside. A startled exclamation from the youth, and he was away madly rushing up the steep acclivity, unmindful of his parent's alarmed shout:

"Hold hard, lad! The boy is mad! he'll be certain to break his neck. No horse can do that. What? the deuce! He'll be down!"

Scrambling, slipping, clawing, leaping, the mare struggled upwards, marking her progress by a torrent of earth and stones that she displaced at every bound, till, at last, she and her daring rider disappeared behind a huge boulder and thick furze-scrub that had evidently concealed the cowardly assassin who had attempted his father's life. Backwards and forwards, through and around, he vainly searched for the slightest trace of the murderous scoundrel. At last he was giving up the useless quest, when, at sight of an object glistening in the tangled shrubbery, he dismounted and picked it up. Only the lid of an old tin box!



What was there in that to blanch the boy's face with a vague terror and surprise? At last, recollecting himself, he thrust the object into his bosom, and with a moody, disturbed brow, he climbed again to his saddle, and commenced the descent. Finding herself left to her own resources, the sagacious brute he bestrode, obeying her instincts, ranged along to where lay a deep bed of loose shingle that ran sheer down to the beach. Here, first gathering her feet well under her, and lying back on her haunches, she suffered herself to drift with the stream of gravel, slowly at first, but with ever-increasing rapidity as she descended, till, on arriving at the bottom, the impetus was so great she was carried clear across the narrow sand-belt into the water. Snorting and plunging, she regained the shore at a few bounds, and stood shaking herself like a big water-dog.

"Seen anything, boy?" said the Colonel. "But of course not. The rascals were too quick for you. You're well out of it too, my lad. Who ever heard of cavalry charging a rifle-pit, and over ground like that? They could easily have drilled your jacket for you, if they had been so minded. But that mad rush of yours put them out of conceit of themselves, I fancy. Here, help me up. They've spoiled my bridle hand for me, I doubt."

"Oh, father! you're not badly hurt, are you?" exclaimed the youth, as he helped the disabled veteran into the saddle.

"Not much!" he answered, wincing at every motion nevertheless. "I'm cheap of it all though, for ever having doubted my boy's pluck."

Melted even to tears by his father's changed tone, Calvert nervously tore his handkerchief into strips, and proceeded to bind up his arm. The blood was slowly oozing from an ugly bullet hole, into which some fragments of cloth had been forced. It was only a flesh wound, but was likely to cause trouble if not promptly treated.

"So Delaval was right after all," said the Colonel gloomily, "and the reign of terror has begun here. I'll never believe, though, that it was any of our people fired the cowardly shot. But what did the fellow mean by singling out Barney?"

The question had an overwhelming significance to his son, knowing what he knew; nay, having upon his person the proof that, if displayed, would almost fix down his friend's guilt as the intended murderer: for had not he often, in their hunting and

angling excursions together, handled that very lid? It was the cover of the little box Barney was wont to use for holding his percussion caps, spare flies, hooks, and various other nick-nacks indispensable to sportsmen. And in the brief glance he took at it, when he had picked it up, there, sure enough, were the two big B's, initials of Barney's name he himself in a lazy fit had carved with his jack-knife the last time they were out together. Even in the face of this, to his mind, overwhelming evidence, he could not bring himself to believe in his faithful henchman's complicity in the dark transaction: least of all would he hint his suspicions to his father. And yet, in his nervous haste, he well-nigh let out the secret on the keeping of which his friend's life most probably depended, and in the clearing up of which his father's future safety was certainly involved. He was reaching forward to adjust the sling he had improvised for his father's disabled arm, when the hastily-concealed but damning proof dropped out of his breast on the sand. The Colonel quietly remarking—

“See, boy, you have dropped something,” called Calvert's attention to the circumstance, and it was with a white, scared face that he stooped and shoved it quickly into his pocket.

“Poor lad!” said his father, catching his look, “all this has unmanned you; and no wonder! But I hope you have not got hurt yourself, somehow?”

“No, father,” responded he; “but I think we'd better be getting out of this.” And at the word, the horses were put in motion, and after a tedious ride, especially to the wounded man, they arrived at the Hall.

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## THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

A DEATHLESS interest gathers round the world-renowned Catacombs of Rome, mainly because they contain the earliest unwritten records of the Christian faith. Not only do they hold the slumbering dust of some of the earliest followers of Christ, who trod the earth in the morning-dawn of the faith, but on their gloomy, subterranean walls, are found touching



memorials of the glorious hopes inspired in the bosoms of men who may have received that gospel which brings "immortality to light," direct from the lips of the fervid Paul or his immediate successors. The earliest symbols and utterances of the Christian faith, the first feeble efforts of Christian art, are found sculptured on the walls of the Roman Catacombs. If we want to know how these primitive Christians felt and thought, how they lived and died, we must turn to these gloomy, labyrinthine excavations.

Much that is of a purely fanciful character has been written regarding the purpose of the Catacombs, and the way in which they were constructed. Some writers have ascribed them to the Romans of pagan times, who are said to have quarried the stone of which their city was built, underneath the surface of the ground, leaving these immense subterranean cavities, which the early Christians used as their abodes in days of persecution, and where they had their churches and the receptacles of their dead. According to some, these excavations were commenced long before the first stone of the Eternal City was laid, by that remarkable race who had a stronghold on the Tiber, long anterior to the days of Romulus and Remus, and whose language, known only through inscriptions dug out of the earth, has puzzled the ablest scholars of modern days. These Pelasgi or Etruscans, who had undoubtedly reached a high stage in civilization ages before Rome was founded, are represented as the first excavators of the Catacombs, when in search of building materials. The works it is said went on, age after age, until the whole region around Rome, and even underneath the city, was honey-combed by these quarries. Then a touching picture is drawn of the proscribed Christians of the early ages living continuously in these gloomy abodes, in order to escape the violence of their pagan foes; enlarging them according to necessity, shaping some of the caverns into churches, and placing their dead in niches along the walls. If we are to take the highly colored accounts of some historians as our guides, we should believe that the history of early Christianity is one of a prolonged agony, of a ceaseless persecution, and that it dare not shew itself on the surface of the earth, but was literally, at first, an underground church. Mistaken devotion, or the indulgence of a poetic imagination, has given birth to these exaggerated statements, and swelled the martyrologies of the early church far beyond the

bounds of credence. Christianity, at the outset, did, no doubt, encounter bitter opposition, and, at intervals, furious persecutions broke out, and many nobly died for the cause of Christ; but that the Christians were, for two or three continuous centuries, obliged to shroud themselves in the gloom of the Catacombs, from the face of their enemies, and were a people constantly living under the earth, is mere religious romance. The number of martyrdoms too, has been enormously exaggerated, and legend piled upon legend till the truth had become almost indistinguishable amid a mass of pious frauds. Mosheim, and others since his day have done good service in clearing away the rubbish and in bringing the truth to light,—which, in its simplicity, is far more affecting than the fictions which over-laid it. Christianity encountered persecutions, but they were temporary, and with a few exceptions, local. After the great persecution under the brutal Nero, which, though severe, was brief, there were long periods of repose, when there were no persecutions, and Christians had no reason to hide themselves, and multiplied rapidly. In fact from Nerva to the middle of the reign of Marcus Aurelius, that is from A. D. 96 to 166, and onward to the great persecution under Decius, in 249, though exposed here and there to local persecution, at times, the Christians had a fair field, were unchecked by the hand of the persecutor, and increased amazingly in numbers. The time during which they had to take refuge in the Catacombs, in any considerable numbers, was really limited to ten years of the reign of Decius, and to two or three years of the reign of Diocletian. The Catacombs, therefore, cannot be regarded as proofs of the extent of the persecutions that raged against the early Christians, for only to a very limited extent, and occasionally, did they serve as their dwellings or places of refuge.

It is only recently, and after lengthened and careful research, that the true character of these wonderful labyrinths has been ascertained. One thing is now placed beyond all doubt,—that they were not the work of Pagans, but were almost entirely excavated by Christian hands, and for a purely Christian purpose. When as yet, in Rome, the name of Christ was but faintly whispered among a few lowly ones who met, at dead of night, or earliest dawn, in some poor upper room, to worship and break together the sacred bread, there grew up in the hearts of these simple believers, a profound impression of the sanctity of the dead, and a passionate



desire to preserve, in all its integrity, the body that had been the dwelling-place of the immortal inhabitant. For had not their faith taught them that the body, as well as the soul, had been redeemed by Christ, and would be finally raised from the dust; and that body and soul, which had been such intimate and loving companions here on earth, would yet together tread the golden streets of the new Jerusalem? Above all, did not the culminating event of Christ's resurrection proclaim the sacredness of the body which, when He trod the earth, He wore, and took with Him to the throne on high? Could they lightly regard that wondrous human form, in which their Lord had lived and suffered and risen from the grave? This it was which made respect for their dead an almost absorbing passion, among these primitive believers, and led them to regard their dust as dear and sacred, to be guarded with pious care. The heathen around them were accustomed to place their dead on the funeral pile, and reduce the remains to ashes, laying up the poor handful of dust in an urn. Among Christians, such treatment of the dead soon came to be regarded as revolting and impious.

Speedily, however, a difficulty presented itself. Where could these poor, despised followers of the Nazarene find a safe resting-place for the bodies of their loved ones, in which they might await the resurrection trump, without fear of violation and desecration by heathen hands? They were too poor to purchase the spacious burying-grounds required by their rapidly increasing numbers, especially around Rome, where land was so valuable; and within the walls of the city, interment was sternly prohibited by law. Moreover, their sad experience told them that, at any time, persecuting rulers or a fanatical population might invade and desecrate even the graves of their dead; and that as the living were not always safe on the face of the earth, so neither would the dead be under its immediate surface. But was it not possible to secure, far beneath that surface, where the tramp and din of the great city could not penetrate, and the profane hands of men would not be likely to discover them, quiet resting-places for their dead, where in peace they might await the blast of the archangel's trumpet?

Urged by such pious feelings, and pressed by such a necessity, the early Roman Christians began the famous Catacombs, the primary object being the interment of their dead in safe resting-

places. In the valley of the Tiber, in which the "seven-hilled" city lies, the nature of the deposits, beneath the surface, is peculiarly favorable for carrying on excavations. A large portion of the formations consists of volcanic materials, called by the Italians *tufa*. This may be cut with little more difficulty than is required to cut an old cheese, but it hardens when exposed to the action of the atmosphere. Though so easily worked, the *tufa* is solid enough to make walls for excavated passages of vast extent, and to form the roofs of arches of considerable span. The excavators found that they could safely cut galleries of any length through this soft substance, and even run three or four galleries, one below the other, down to the utmost depth to which the *tufa* extended. The same facility of cutting passages enabled them, in certain parts, to expand these into more spacious areas, where might be hewn out a lowly chapel, in which, safe from their heathen enemies, they could meet for worship when they could not safely do so above ground; and in times when the fires of persecution raged, find a place of refuge from cruel death. Thus gradually the work went on, age after age, generation after generation. The more Christianity grew the more widely the Catacombs expanded, more space being required for the increasing numbers of the dead.

During the first three or four centuries of the Christian era, so extended had these excavations become that they formed a vast subterranean city of sepulchral streets and chambers—a necropolis underground, stretching away miles and miles, on all sides of Rome, under the green fields and smiling gardens of the Campagna. The number of dead interred here exceeds all calculation, the population of this "city of the dead" far exceeding that of the living Rome overhead. A perfect network of galleries, in labyrinthine plan, with countless passages stretching right and left from them in all directions, makes a vast and intricate maze; and all this not on one level, but tier under tier to the extent at times of five distinct floors. And all these vast works were designed and executed from reverence and from love of the brethren, to preserve their sacred bodies, as far as might be, whole, undisturbed, inviolate, for the day of resurrection. The labour expended on this sepulchral city is indeed wonderful. We bow in reverence as we gaze upon the ruins of "hundred-gated" Thebes, or upon those stone mountains named Pyramids, or upon the remains of Baalbec,



alone in the heart of the desert: we are awe-struck before the ruins of the gigantic Colosseum. That the mind of man should have conceived, and the hand of man executed structures so vast, gives us a loftier idea of "the paragon of animals." We reckon them as titles to immortality for the kings and peoples who planned and made them. Our admiration is just and well-founded; but when we calmly consider that Oriental despots had, at their beck, as slaves, the millions over whom they ruled, and could command their services as builders, and their property as sources of supplies, we see there is nothing inconceivable in the erection of the Pyramids of Egypt, the hanging gardens of Babylon, or the palaces of Nineveh. But what shall we say of these vast Catacombs which, in extent and boldness of design throw the Colosseum and Pyramids into the shade, and surpass the wonders of the Mesopotamian cities? Our astonishment is increased when we reflect that this necropolis was the work of poor men—many of them Roman slaves—men destitute of talents, resources, learning. In this light, we must regard the Catacombs as far more wonderful monuments of the might of Christian faith than the gorgeous St. Peter's itself. Animated by this faith, these poor Christians boldly encountered Paganism, strong in its prescriptive privileges, hoary with age, sustained by an interested and powerful priesthood, and backed by the whole force of the Empire; and wielding no other weapons than those of truth and love, they hurled the altars and gods of heathenism to the dust. And while thus bearing on the cross to victory, they were at the same time constructing, in the bowels of the earth, a city more astonishing than the Rome of the Cæsars.

That this is no exaggerated estimate of the Catacombs, will be evident if we consider their vast extent. Many years ago a distinguished German traveller, who visited the Eternal City, and carefully studied these excavations, calculated that to visit every part of the single Catacomb of St. Sebastian—the largest of all—would be a walk of twenty miles; and that if the length of all the crypts, galleries, passages of communication and passages diving into the earth, in the Catacombs already explored, could be summed up and put together, there would be one hundred miles of this subterranean Rome. But since this calculation was made, many fresh Catacombs have been discovered, and there are many more still unexplored, or that have been walled up in consequence

of several persons having lost their way and perished in their gloomy recesses. Some estimate the whole number of Catacombs around Rome as high as fifty, and some of them extend three miles under ground, from the entrance to the termination. Several that were walled up during the middle ages have never been re-opened.

A visit to one of the Catacombs leaves an impression on the mind that can never be effaced. The entrances to nearly all the great Catacombs open upon one or other of the ancient high roads of Rome,—such as the *via Appia*, or *via Flaminia*. As the visitor enters these low, dark passages, and guided by the light of lanterns and torches, descends a flight of steps, he finds himself in a low, dark aisle, of unknown length, and shudders to see, on every side, yawning tombs, skeletons and skulls. The subterranean gloom is oppressive; and the sights that meet the eye in these death-realms, where for sixteen centuries the dead have been sleeping, each in his narrow cell, produce feelings such as no language can express. He thinks of the tears that were shed, of the prayers that were offered here so long ago, as relatives and friends carried these forms to their last resting places, uttered a last farewell, and took a last tearful glance as the slab was fixed which shut them in forever, in the rocky sepulchre. As the visitor advances he sees on both sides of the main aisle, narrower passages branching off and leading to other crypts from which other tortuous, winding galleries lead to aisles still more remote, the whole constituting a vast intricate maze, an immense wilderness of galleries, ambulacra and arched alcoves, all hewn out on one harmonious plan. Many of these side passages are wholly blocked up with rubbish, and others can only be got through by crawling on hands and knees. Without an experienced guide one would speedily lose his way, and wander hopelessly onward in the wondrous labyrinth. From one crypt the visitor passes to another, and thence to another and another according to the extent of the Catacomb. All this, however, is but what is to be found on one level only; and having examined the whole of the crypts on the first floor, the visitor is conducted by a staircase to a second floor beneath the first, where he finds precisely the same arrangement—niches along the walls, each being a tomb, and crypt after crypt connected by galleries and winding passages. His astonishment is increased when he finds beneath this lower deep a deeper still, a third and



even sometimes a fourth and fifth range of crypts, floor beneath floor, all arranged on the same plan, access to each being by winding steps or inclined planes. Down in the deepest of these cavities, with four tiers of crypts overhead, each having its dead arranged in ranks, from ten to fourteen deep, an awful silence reigns, deepening the "horror of great darkness." No sound from the upper world ever penetrates here; no stir of life is here, but only open or sealed up graves, mutilated epitaphs over skeleton forms, which clad in flesh, walked the streets of Rome when the Empire was in its prime,—scattered bones and skulls and other sad mementoes of man's mortality. The awe that creeps over the spirit amid such surroundings is overpowering.

The visitor to the Catacombs finds, in the uppermost galleries, at irregular intervals, that the central aisles have been enlarged both in height and width, so as to form chambers, the dimensions of which are inconsiderable, yet sufficient to contain a very small congregation of worshippers when closely packed. These chambers were the oratories or chapels and were dome-shaped overhead, the domes frequently ornamented with rude, primitive painting and sculpture—perhaps the earliest efforts of Christian art. Some served as baptistries, and in them may yet be seen the sacred font, still erect and undefaced, the cavity filled with water brought from a distance by pipes which were probably laid by the immediate successors of the apostles. The antiquarian can trace, in the forms and arrangements of these subterranean oratories, the model of the earliest churches of Rome which afterwards expanded into the grand cathedrals of Christendom. They consisted of two square or oblong chambers, one on one side and the other on the other side of the central aisle, and destined respectively for the accommodation of the male and female worshippers, who, in these days, were jealously kept distinct. They were lighted, sometimes by apertures in the roof, and sometimes by lamps hung on the walls around. These walls, like those of the passages and smaller chambers, were full of niches or recesses, in which the remains of their friends were sleeping, while the living were there praising the Lord for whom some of those friends had died as martyrs.

In a religious romance possessed of much interest, by the late Cardinal Wiseman, entitled *Fabiola: or, the Church in the Catacombs*, the following passage occurs: "a Catacomb may be divided into three parts—its passages or streets, its chambers or squares,

and its churches. The passages are long, narrow galleries, cut with tolerable regularity, so that the roof and floor are at right angles with the sides, often so narrow as scarcely to allow two persons to go abreast. They sometimes go quite straight to a great length; but they are crossed by others, so as to form a complete labyrinth or net-work of subterranean corridors. To be lost among them would easily be fatal.

“But these passages are not constructed, as the name would imply, merely to lead to something else. Their walls as well as the sides of the staircase are honey-combed with graves; that is, with rows of excavations, large and small, of sufficient length to admit a human body, from a child to a full-grown man, laid with its side to the gallery. Sometimes there are as many as fourteen, sometimes as few as three or four of these rows, one above the other.

“When the corpse, wrapped up in a fair linen cloth, with some embalming or preserving substance, was laid in its narrow cell, the front was hermetically closed, either by a marble slab, or more frequently by several broad tiles, put edgewise in a groove or mortice cut for them in the rock, and cemented all round. The inscription was cut upon the marble or scratched upon the wet mortar. Thousands of the former sort have been collected, and may be seen in museums and churches; many of the latter have been copied and published, but by far the greater number of tombs are anonymous and have no record upon them.”

Not the least interesting feature of the Catacombs is the inscriptions on the graves of those Christians who lived in the dawn of the faith. These poor believers had but imperfect ideas of art; and on their oratories and tombs they confined themselves to the most simple, single figures—to some animal indicating the name of the dead; to a branch of palm denoting triumph in death or martyrdom; or to the rude image of a dove bearing an olive-branch. It was natural to men, circumstanced as were these Christians, to resort to symbols for the expression of ideas which none but they could appreciate. They would have regarded it as a desecration of the tombs of their kindred to decorate them with sculptured embodiments of heathen mythology. The warmth and fervour of the new hope which animated them expressed itself in language perfectly intelligible among believers in Christ; and regarding death, not as a passage to the dismal exile of the



heathen imagination, but to the home of all their hopes and aspirations, they wrote nothing on the tomb but the simple expression of their faith. One of the most common of all the emblems in the Catacombs was the simple figure of a fish, the Greek word for which was *ἰχθῦς*. Now this word consists of letters which form the initials of the Greek words signifying "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour." This token of their faith, while known to the early Christians, would be unintelligible to their enemies. This one word offered an abbreviation of the name and descriptive titles of their Lord and Saviour. The simplicity of the inscriptions is very touching and very instructive, showing us the meekness and resignation of men who regarded all things as ordered by God, and as working for good, and claimed nothing for themselves but the privilege of submission. The epitaphs on the tombs are terms of endearment or veneration; and if they mark the tomb of a martyr, there are no complaints of persecution, no expressions of hatred towards the murderers, and no tokens even of exultation. They "sleep in peace," "in the peace of Christ," "in the hope of a resurrection;" and thus their simple tale is told. It is also very instructive to find, on these early tombs, no figures agonizing on the cross, no pictures of the cross and passion, the agony and bloody sweat, the precious death and burial. Pictures of the crucifixion are never found in cemeteries which were decorated in the early Christian ages. These primitive Christians looked upon death as but a short and sure road to eternal bliss; and regarded themselves as only separated by a thin veil from the bright mansions of the saints. To them death had lost its horrors, so that they enlivened the tomb with bright and cheerful colors, wreathing it with foliage and flowers, and presenting death under the most agreeable emblems. On the graves of their dead are no images of mourning and distress, no sinister symbol, no expression of hatred or vengeance; on the contrary, all these objects breathe sentiments of composure, gentleness, and brotherly love. The very name of death is banished from that city of the dead. "In Christ;" "in peace;" "Valeria sleeps;" such are the ever-recurring expressions of a faith which had robbed death of its spoils and the grave of its gloom. There is nothing artistic in the designs of these simple, unlettered men, but there is something higher and better than mere art, in their rude efforts to convey to the stone or

roughly plastered wall, an expression of the love and hope with which their hearts were glowing. The poor, often ill-spelt inscriptions, scratched, at times, evidently with the point of a trowel, on the soft mortar, and the humble, half-formed figures, denoting the merest rudiments of art, all assume a tender, touching beauty, and swell into graceful proportions, when we discern the soul of christian love and faith beaming through them all. How touching to find the figures of Lazarus rising from the grave; of the Good Shepherd with the sheep on his shoulders; of the three martyrs untouched amid the flames, portrayed on these gloomy walls; telling us of the inner life of that suffering Church which, through long ages, was "persecuted, but not forsaken, cast down, but not destroyed;" and revealing to us the source of that wondrous strength in weakness, and victory in suffering which sustained these early believers.

Some of the inscriptions on the tombs of those who suffered for their faith in Christ are very touching. Here is one: "In Christ.—In the time of the Emperor Adrian, Marius, a young military officer who had lived long enough, when with blood he gave up his life for Christ. At length he rested in peace." Here is another: "Primatius, in peace, after many torments, a most valiant martyr. He lived about thirty-eight years. His wife raised this to her dearest husband, the well-deserving." "Clementia, tortured, sleeps, will rise." "Lucius sleeps and lives in the peace of Christ." One sleeper is commemorated as "a friend of all men, an enemy of none;" another is described as "meek and lowly;" others as "borne away by angels." The praise of the dead and the tenderness of the living, though briefly expressed, are not passed over in silence. The words "sweet friend," "dear and faithful companion," "candid soul," "tender sister," "faithful brother," "most faithful servant of God," "constant in love and truth," are terms frequently repeated in these early crypts. But there are no cries for vengeance for the wrongs they smarted under; no symbols of hateful passion; on the contrary, tokens of love and joy, and legends of reconciliation. The humble, pure, self-denying spirit, the heavenly temper indicated in these epitaphs of the primitive Christians, was not inspired by Roman mythology or Greek philosophy, but by the Heaven-born faith that was now at work, making all things new. A monogram of the Saviour, a lamb, a branch of palm, a simple cross, but no crucifix, these



recur again and again, and tell of the birth of that new faith whose essence was love. The primitive cross, as the symbol of Christianity, was rather a cheerful and consolatory than a depressing and melancholy sign—a pledge of the resurrection rather than a memorial of the passion. It was at a later date that a degenerate taste and coarser art represented the Saviour in agony on the cross—death pictured in all its woe and unrelieved by anything tender and beautiful.

It is curious to note, in the history of the Catacombs, the change which passed over these lowly receptacles of the dead, where the humble believers were laid. When Christianity became the dominant power in the Roman Empire, and the necessity of using the Catacombs either for refuge, worship or burial had ceased, they became sacred shrines, to which multitudes resorted on the anniversaries of the martyrs, whose bones they held, and where it was still good to meet for meditation and devotion. Then churches were built over the entrances; the oratories were enlarged and decorated: the tombs covered with inscriptions which the humble sleepers would never have thought of. Later still, it came to be regarded as an honour and privilege to be laid in a place consecrated by the ashes of so many martyrs and confessors, and the influence possessed by such a resting place was thought to extend beyond the grave. Hence, burial in the Catacombs was eagerly sought for, even by Popes and Emperors. Popes Leo I. and Gregory the Great, whose missionaries converted the Anglo-Saxons; Popes Gregory II. and III. and Leo IX. were all interred in the Catacombs. The Emperors Honorius, Valentinian and Otho II. sought and found here a place of repose. Saxon Kings of England obtained the same privilege. Conrad, a King of the Mercians, Cedwalla, a King of the Western Saxons, Ina, a King of the Anglo-Saxons, with Queen Eldiburga his wife, all laid their bones here. The Princess Mary, daughter of Stilicho, and wife of the Emperor Honorius; the unfortunate Charlotte, Queen of Cyprus; and the celebrated Countess Matilda, the friend of Hildebrand, the great benefactress of the church, slept "after life's fitful fever" in the recesses of the Catacombs. Devotion took a new form when, in the 16th century, these crypts were explored and thrown open. The mouldering bones were taken from their dark chambers and sent as invaluable presents to Emperors and Kings; the humble monuments and rude inscrip-

tions found a place among the richest treasurers of art, in museums; and the plain tablets were brought to the light and inserted in the walls of the Vatican, for the inspection of travellers from all lands. The church, that once hid itself in the bowels of the earth, is now the greatest power in the world, and claims the reverence of mankind.

Many cases are on record of persons incautiously entering the Catacombs without a guide, losing their way and perishing miserably in their dark recesses. A story is told in Rome, and is said to be well authenticated, of sixteen young collegians who, many years ago, determined to have a holiday excursion in the Catacombs. They entered without guides, confident of being able to find their way back. No alarm was felt regarding them for several hours, but at length friends became uneasy at their prolonged stay. Parties of men were despatched to search for them, but all efforts were fruitless. They were never heard of again.

The adventure of M. Roberts, a French artist, some time in the last century, forms a thrilling episode in the Abbé de Lille's poem, *L'Imagination*. The following prose version of the tale, which I have met with, will be read with interest. Thus the story runs: M. Roberts, a young artist, inspired by the enthusiasm of his profession and his age, undertook to explore the Catacombs from one of the entrances in the Campagna, with nothing but a torch and a thread for his guide. As he wandered on, through gallery and passage, pausing from time to time to decipher an inscription, or sketch a monument, he gradually became so absorbed in his study that the thread slipped from his hand, and he had already gone some distance before he perceived his loss. Immediately he turned back and tried to retrace his steps. But how should he distinguish, amidst the passages that opened on every side, the one which had brought him there? He had gone but a short way when his taper began to fade, and in a few minutes went out. He was standing amid the silent grave, and the last object that met his eye was an open grave, and in it an outstretched skeleton. All was darkness and silence. If he advanced, there were pits and openings in his path. And then what had he to gain by plunging deeper into the hopeless labyrinth? He shouted for aid, and his voice rang through the vaults with a mournful knell that chilled his soul. Should he lie down by these bones and die? Should he rush wildly forward and meet a quicker death? Oh! for a ray of the sunlight that was shining



so brightly only a few feet above his head! And now all his past life came back upon him, as they say it does with drowning men,—his evil deeds and mis-spent hours, fearfully magnified, knocked awfully at his soul, as he stood alone, where none but God could see him. The thought of dying so young, with such bright hopes and possibilities before him—of dying so ingloriously and by such a lingering death, was madness. His brain whirled; his breath came thick and painfully; his limbs trembled, and he sank hopeless upon the ground. But, as he sank, his hands touched something there unlike the cold earth. Can it be possible? He draws it tremblingly, eagerly, cautiously, towards him. It is his lost thread. Hope revives. He feels as if he might yet be saved. Slowly now and watchfully, step by step, clinging fast to the precious ball, feeling his way with hands and feet, he winds his course back towards the entrance. And when at length he reached the opening, O how kindly did the stars look upon him—for day was long past—and how sweet the air, laden with the scents and sounds of life!

It would appear, from the following inscriptions, that the clergy of those days did not practise celibacy: "The place of Basil, the presbyter, and his wife, Felicitas." "The once happy daughter of the presbyter, Gabinus." "The Bishop Leo survived his eightieth year. His wife Laurentia made him this tomb."

There is one exception to the mild and peaceful character of the inscriptions, which is, however, pardonable, when we find the design of it was to guard the sanctity of the grave. On not a few of the stones we find anathemas pronounced against any one who would dare to disturb the repose of the sleeper. Here is a specimen: "If any one shall violate this sepulchre, let him perish miserably and remain unburied; let him lie down and not rise again; let his portion be with Judas." It is well known that Shakespeare's tomb is guarded by an anathema similar in spirit:

"Good friend, for Jesu's sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here;—  
Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones."

These lines were not written by the great poet. They are a quatrain in stereotyped form, used frequently, long before and long after the days of Shakespeare. The desire to guard the sanctity of the grave, is a sentiment natural to man in all ages and in all countries.

## A TOUR THROUGH DANDERVILLE.

I mean to confine my remarks altogether to the people of Danderville. I do not wish any one, for one moment, to imagine that I tell anything I have seen or heard outside of that well-known town. I like to study people better than places, just because I think persons more important than things. People generally think so too. Why, you may go on praising or abusing the mountains, the forests, or the harbors of a locality, all your life, and they will never take any notice of you. But if you begin to flatter the people who live there they will applaud you as a genius; and if you tell the truth about them, or abuse them a little, they will hiss you off the stage, or pelt you with rotten eggs. Now the student of human nature has the advantage of the student of inanimate nature, in that he can so easily evoke the expressions of men's self-importance or their good taste. As to Danderville itself, we attribute all the natural advantages it enjoys to a kind and munificent Providence, and all the dirt and shabbiness that is in it, to selfish, mean man. But we promised not to go about the town smelling the gutters, but looking at the people. Now the inhabitants of Danderville are very respectable folks. They have built churches and go to them on Sundays. I will not say that contention and strife had anything to do with multiplying churches; nor shall I say that any of them go to church to keep up or make an appearance, to see the fashions, or do anything else, only worship God. I often noticed, however, how much the women had to say on Sunday about their neighbors' dresses and character, how much the men had to say about prices and politics, and how little any of them had to say about the sermon and the lessons from the Bible. They have several dram-shops which they patronize amazingly well. They say these places are schools of virtue and men go there to learn how to restrain themselves and be temperate in all things, but they seem to require a great many lessons. Some say they go there for medicine, but they seem to be very often sick, and take very frequent and heavy doses. Others go because they like it, and they generally get more than they can carry home. One thing is certain, drinking is quite fashionable in Danderville, and liquor



dealers are among its richest inhabitants. The children of the town go to school, the young men lounge round the street corners in the evenings, and the young ladies read novels and go to dancing parties. There are stores for business, and saloons for gambling, hotels for travellers, and stables for horses, just such as should be in every town. The principal trade of the place seems to be *attending to other people's business*, and that they seem to have carried to such perfection that they make every man's private affairs public property. The result is that no one's character is spared. Danderville thrives, and the inhabitants are as happy and agreeable as dogs and cats in watching each other in a butcher's shop.

Now, I may as well tell you, why I am so much interested in Danderville and its people. I was born and brought up there, and so were my fathers before me. I do not wish to hear any one say any harm about my native place, in case I should get my Danderville blood up. At the same time, I sometimes wish I had been born somewhere else. I revere to distraction the names of my forefathers. I can almost worship their graves, and no man shall, with impunity, breathe a word of reproach against them in my presence. But I cannot help confessing that I have often tried to calculate the possibilities of having different progenitors. With a different birthplace and a different parentage, there is no saying what I might have been. Why, I might have been a great writer, a great statesman, or a great traveller, and then I could have appeared before any audience, with *ecolat*, even if we had to part in mutual disgust. Had I only been born in Africa, I should have been black of course, and roamed through the bush with other niggers, but I would at least have had the chance of discovering and relieving Dr. Livingstone, ere Stanley got to him. Then I could have put the wreath of laurels on my ebony brow, and, supposing I had condescended to lecture on the subject, I would have put the money in my pocket. Or, suppose I had been born in Greenland, I might have had enough to do to keep myself from starving or freezing, by eating blubber, and hunting walruses. But there is a bare possibility that I might have found the remains of Franklin, and written a book about it; or, perhaps, I might have piloted the *Polaris*, on her voyage to the North Pole, to experiment on magnetism, or to the bottom of the sea, to study marine botany. Had I been born in Switzerland, I would, no doubt, have climbed the Alpine heights,

mid snow and ice, leaping chasms, escaping avalanches, and shouting *excelcissimus*, and writing accounts of hair-breadth escapes and daring adventures that would make people's flesh creep, and their blood curdle. There is no doubt, but in my person, a powerful sensational writer has been spoiled, for want of the proper training. As it is, however, I can be thankful for the horrid sights I never saw, the awful dangers I never faced, and the wonderful adventures I never experienced. The greatest climb I ever had was up a chimney, in which I was almost smothered, but not with snow. The narrowest escape I ever made, so far as I remember, was in having my cap shot from my head and torn to tatters by a charge of duck-shot intended for a partridge. But as these things did not happen in the Alps, but in or near Danderville, they are scarcely worth mentioning, let alone describing in detail. Had I only been born in London, I would likely have been a well-bred cockney, quite able to enlighten the public generally on the grandeur, and greatness, and wickedness of the heart of the British Empire.

Oh! if Scotland had been my native land, I think I would have been a hero. I would have studied her history, sung her songs, learned her traditions, got initiated into the mysteries of her theology, flourished the tartan, smelled the heather, and drunk whiskey; and if that would not be enough, I would have gone to other lands to sell tourists' guide books or photograph views of the scenery of my native land. I wonder what kind of a Chinese I would have made. It appears to me I never could have learned to eat rice with chop-sticks or wear a tail on the back of my head. But it is hard to tell what fashion might have made out of me. Surely it would have been a luxury, beyond the powers of expression, to have first seen the light in that vast "lone land" of the great North West. Then I might have traversed its forests, hunted on its prairies, sailed on its lakes, shot its rapids, gazed on its canons, or joined a railroad surveying party. I might not have been able to expatiate on its flora and fauna, or describe the grandeur of its scenery, or the fertility of its soil. I might not be able to locate its roads and canals, but I would at least have learned to drink rum, smoke tobacco, and yell with the genuine Indian war-whoop. And no doubt this accomplishment would have been highly entertaining to any intelligent audience in the wide world. But the fates are irrevocable. I was born in Danderville, and



true to the characteristics of my birth-place, I shall stand by Danderville against the world. My mother taught me to sing "Home, sweet home." I often sing it now, and sigh, and sigh, and sigh for the broad prairies, the snow-capped mountains and the verdant plains of other lands.

I might as well tell you why I did not become a great traveller. In the first place, I married young, and my family soon grew very large, and I never could get any one who would volunteer to do my work and provide for my wife and children, while I was gone to foreign parts. Though my wife could have provided for herself anywhere, still I did not think she would be able to scrape for the chickens; and whether or not, I could not leave my dear little chicks to hardship, let alone starvation. Not I,—the pets! Nor will I, if I should be obliged to go back and live in Danderville all my days, on pork and potatoes, with salt and buttermilk. A tourist's pleasure in sight-seeing can never equal an honest man's satisfaction in doing his duty.

In the second place, I never could get enough of spare cash to pay the expenses of a long journey. Nobody ever made me the present of a well-filled purse. No one seemed to want me as a travelling companion, who would make me a handsome weekly allowance, besides defraying all expenses. I could not make up my mind to borrow money which I never intended to pay back. I could not enter into a bogus speculation to cheat honest men out of their money. The principles of Danderville would not allow me to begin a first-class business on credit, and take my travelling expenses from the proceeds of the sales before paying my bills. I durst not set up a gambling saloon, for that would have disgraced my family; and I would not rob a bank, lest I might be sent to the penitentiary. So, because I could not get money to travel as an honest man, I would not, and I never shall, if I can help it, travel as a sneak or a rogue.

I have, however, often travelled in imagination where I could not go in person; and I sometimes fancy that in my imaginary journeys I have seen stranger sights than Alpine heights or desert plains. I have, for example, tried to turn myself into a mite and in that capacity explore the wonders of cheese-dom. Could we only behold the world as mites see it, we might tell strange tales. I have even soared with the eagle far above the clouds and thence surveyed the wide domains of eagle-dom in which nations were but little fields

and cities busy ant-hills. What a picture the eagle could draw of all human affairs! I have tried to travel with a fly on an exploring expedition over the ceiling, round the cornices and down the window panes of our dining room and even into the sugar-bowl and endeavour to realize its sweet experiences. What a description our world would be from a fly's stand point! Oh, that we could only interpret that buzz of his, and understand the thrilling sensations, the lofty ideas, the soul-stirring emotions that lie hidden beneath, or find expression in that inquisitive proboscis, or those whirring wings. But fly-dom is a region into which we human creatures cannot enter. Then I have thought of oyster-dom and thought of myself living in the world of that nutritious bivalve. Ah, if an oyster could only speak, what a sensational lecture it might make for the supper-table. It would really be enjoyable to hear what an oyster thinks of itself and its surroundings. I am sure I would like it far better than to hear what people think of oysters; but then I do not think that speaking oysters would be at all palatable to the inhabitants of Danderville. However, I feel that if by any means I could be transformed into a well travelled talking mite, a singing eagle, a writing fly, or a lecturing oyster, my popular reputation would be forever established. But then I am only a common-place, untravelled human being, whose field of observation has been limited to the people of one small town. I have looked at my fellow-townsmen through human eyes, and I describe them in poor human speech. I know that the people of Danderville will think I have a beam in my eye, and a frog in my throat. Well then I cannot help seeing double, and croaking a little; but I am sure that any misrepresentations I make are the slips of a slippery tongue, not the designs of a wicked heart.

My friend, Mr. Sharp, knows almost everybody in Danderville, which I do not. He is a first-rate judge of character, which I am not. He has access to every house in the town, which I have not; and he is a thoroughly honest and upright man. From him I have learned some of the most valuable lessons of my life. In September, 1869, he took me with him for a walk through the streets of our native town. We began our journey early in the morning, starting from the furthest outskirts of the town. The sun rose brightly, and the dew sparkled on the grass. The fields, enclosed for the most part by beautiful hedge-rows, looked fresh



and green, and the gardens round the houses exhaled the fragrance of roses and mignonette. It was just a morning to inspire one for walking leisurely, chatting cheerfully, and laughing heartily. We both felt that exuberant overflowing of spirits which makes serious work a kind of recreation, and silly nonsense unbearable. As we were walking on the raised-up path under the shadow of a hedge-row my friend began to moralize somewhat after the following fashion :

“It is wonderful how much self-made misery there is in our world. Men seem to take a delight in making their own wretchedness and then singing a continual dirge over their troubles. Now, this town is an exceedingly healthy place, but hundreds are ruining their constitutions by idleness and dissipation, and then blaming the climate for the disease. It is on the whole, a beautiful place, but there are some people continually looking into sewers and complaining that it is dirty. No doubt, there are a great many in Danderville, who are miserable and ugly, because they stint themselves of water and sunlight. It is a quiet place, if busy-bodies would only cease tattling, and tale-bearers give up kindling strife. It appears to me as if some people could not live without making a fire to scorch themselves and burn others. Men, to a large extent either make or borrow their trouble ; some folks are like vinegar casks, that sour the sweetest things of life which you put into them. I hope that above all things else, I will never become a walking vinegar factory, to sour all the sweets of life to myself as well as to other people. I have seen men spoil the most beautiful flowers in handling them, and so some men’s touch soils the purest things on earth and blights all moral beauty. We have heard of a man who rode in his sleigh over the bare ground in summer lest a snow storm should catch him unprepared ; he not only killed his horse but wasted his time by unnecessary precaution. In fact, I am almost out of patience with people who voluntarily go out into the night and complain of darkness—who voluntarily pull nettles and cry out that they are stung—who voluntarily drink gall and then make wry faces at its bitterness—who voluntarily run their head against the wall, and grumble because they are bruised. Such people always insist on looking at the wrong side of the picture and find fault because they can see nothing, except dirty wood and cobwebs ; they insist on taking the poker by the wrong end, and then get angry, because they are both dirtied and burned. On

the other hand, there are men who seem to be able to extract honey from everything; their soul seems to be a garden of happy thoughts and holy desires; they always seem to have the lamp of consolation and hope to light up the darkest night of trouble; they always look at the bright side of life, whether they can understand the picture or not. It is after all the sunshine in the soul that makes light on our pathway; it is the harmony in the heart that makes the real music of life. Now, here we are before a very beautiful residence; but you will see that Eden without does not make happiness within. The man who lives there makes himself and every one about him supremely miserable by giving way to a suspicious disposition."

We had stopped before a beautiful cottage embosomed in evergreens, and surrounded by a fine garden well laid out with walks, flower beds, and fruit trees; it seemed to be a delightful place. The garden, on the side next the highway, was enclosed by a high iron fence, surmounted on the top by long spear-like spikes which seemed ready to empale any one who would dare to climb over. My friend swung back a large iron gate which creaked heavily on its hinges as it opened. As we passed down the walk I surveyed the garden and saw several spring-guns set under apple-trees, and watch-dogs chained to the summer houses. The windows of the house were secured with iron gratings, after the fashion of country jails, but the bars were almost hidden by the foliage and blossoms of creeping roses that twined their tendrils around them. After knocking hard, and waiting for some time, we heard locks clicking, bars falling, and the door slowly opened, or rather partially opened. The man who appeared placed himself in the open space of the door-way, and scrutinized us very narrowly. My friend began the conversation by saying, "good morning" Mr. Suspectem, "I have come to see you about a robbery that was committed at Mr. Confidem's last night;" "come in then," said our pale-faced host, as he tremblingly threw back the door; continuing, as he followed us into his little parlor, "I thought that man would lose his property, He is so careless when rogues are so plenty—I take everybody for a rogue and always act on that belief." "Well" said my friend, "Mr. Confidem caught the thief in the very act of robbing one of his choice apple-trees!" "Ah," said Mr. Suspectem, pointing us to seats, "had he tried my apple-trees he would have been saluted by the contents of one of my spring-guns, or the worrying of one of



my watch-dogs; there is nothing like being prepared for the worst. Make everything secure against rogues; that is the principle upon which I act, Mr. Sharp. Were it not that I have taken every precaution with locks, bars, bolts, watch-dogs and spring-guns, I do believe I would have been robbed long ago. Oh, this is a terrible world—there is no trusting any one.” As he said this, he cast very suspicious glances towards me, and I felt the blood rushing to my face, and half wished that some part of the “terrible world” would just retaliate by committing a burglary on his premises. Whilst he was busily engaged giving Mr. Sharp directions for Mr. Confidem, in reference to fortifying his premises against rogues, I looked around me. The room had a mouldy, confined smell; it was dark and damp. The man, in his anxiety to make himself secure, had excluded the fresh air and sunlight. The man himself looked pale, haggard, and care-worn: his unhealthy appearance was no doubt, the result of the excessive watching against imaginary rogues. A great dog lay snarling at his feet and I could imagine that I saw the butt end of a pistol and the hilt of a dagger sticking out from beneath his coat. I felt very uncomfortable, and soon rose to depart. The dog growled, Mr. Suspectem kept his hand on the pistol, and we walked out before him like apprehended criminals ejected from his premises. We heard a muttered good morning, the door closed, the locks clicked, the bars rumbled, the gate swung to with a bang and a clatter, and we found ourselves in the fresh air and bright sunlight. We both drew a long breath of relief as we resumed our walk.

“That man,” said my friend, “is just about as miserable a man as there is in all Danderville. He trusts nobody, and scarcely anybody likes to trust him. Suspicion makes his life a continual terror, and offends those who would be his friends, by imputing to them wrong motives. All the time we were in the house, he imagined we were going to rob him, either by a personal assault, or by a concerted plot with accomplices outside. He makes his house a prison rather than a home for himself, and for my part I would rather be robbed every night than live as he does in continual terror and suspecting everybody. And the truth is I cannot help thinking that the man who is so terribly suspicious cannot be a bit too good himself. It is only a knave that will treat every man as a rogue. It is a far better way to think the best you can of everybody. Mr. Confidem has been robbed three

times, but he does not fret much about it. He lives very happily and takes a very hopeful view of his fellow-men. He often says that he does not believe there are more than ten real thieves in Danderville, and he would willingly give them half his property to reform them. He said to me, this very morning, when talking of the attempt to rob his orchard: Poor wretches! they are welcome to the apples, and I hope they will not try to rob any other body. Had it not been for my early training and the restraints of religion I might have been worse than any of them. That man has sunshine in his soul and in his house. The neighbors often enjoy the smile of his countenance and the comforts of his home. He gives no room for needlessly suspicious thoughts in his heart, and his words of cheer and hopefulness often fall on drooping spirits, like dew-drops on wilted flowers. They comfort and invigorate. Mr. Suspectem is miserable, Mr. Confidem is happy."

"But," said my friend, "here is another case for your study. She is quite a respectable inhabitant of Danderville." I looked and saw a woman bare-headed and bare-handed, bustling about among the shrubbery and plants of a somewhat weedy garden. Every now and again she pulled up a thistle and shook the earth from its roots on her feet. My friend leaned against the garden fence and said, "how do you do Mrs. Fretful; "ah! Mr. Sharp," was the reply, "not very well—not very well at all. The sun is very hot on one's head this morning; the garden here is so full of weeds; the thistles are getting into my hands, and the earth is getting into my shoes and galling my feet. The thorn-bush tore my clothes all to pieces last night, and I had washed them so clean, and expected them to be all dried and ironed to-day. My peas are mildewing, and the neighbors' children have been throwing stones into my orchard. Oh dear! I am nearly worried to death, I would like to leave the place, but I do not know where to go." "Well," put in my friend, "you seem to have a comfortable house."

"Oh yes" continued Mrs. Fretful, "but then I am very lonely staying there without any company; and I am getting old, I cannot do my work so well as I used to, the windows shake terribly on windy nights, living costs so much, and nobody thinks worth while to come and call on me, now a-days. I do not think anybody in Danderville, cares a fig for me; there is scarcely one of



them would go to my funeral. However, when I am dead I won't care, I shan't miss Danderville, if Danderville don't miss me. My neighbours are a proud, cold-rife, hard-hearted set; I believe the devil has a mortgage on the whole of Danderville."

Here Mr. Sharp stopped her by asking the following question: "What would you expect Mrs. Fretful, if you put sweet milk into a sour dish, or a vinegar cask?"

"Why" she replied tartly, "the milk would sour, to be sure. But why ask me such a question?"

"Well" he replied, "I was thinking that the milk and honey of life are often turned into vinegar, by being put into sour vessels. When the piano is out of tune, the best fingering in the world will produce only discords. I am afraid that your heart is a sour vessel, a broken or untuned piano. Hence there is no sweetness for you in the world, no music in life. Why, there is your neighbor, Mrs. Content, if she had one-tenth of the worldly comforts that you have, she would consider herself as rich as a queen."

"Mrs. Content," broke in Mrs. Fretful almost angrily, "is very well off. She has little care. Nobody annoys her, and the neighbors are all kind and attentive to her, but——"

Here Mr. Sharp stopped her and said: "now Mrs. Fretful just listen to me. You will never be happy in your present frame of mind. Mrs. Content works as hard as you do; her house is only a hut compared with your house; her food and clothes are often scanty enough, but she makes the best of everything and is always thankful for her mercies. A little carefulness on your part would remove nearly all the causes of your trouble. If you must go out in the sun, why not put on a hat to protect you from the heat? If you must pull thistles, why not put on gloves? If you would not shake the earth on your feet it would not get into your shoes and gall you. People who hang their clothes on a thorn-bush on a windy night, deserve to have them torn. If you would put stakes to your peas in time they would not get mildewed. If you would be sociable with your neighbors, they would be sociable with you. Nobody likes to shake hands with a thorn-bush, sit in a room full of smoke, or listen to the filing of a saw. Your continual fault-finding pierces your neighbors like thorns; your grumbling is a smoke in their eyes; your complaints are grating on their ears. If you would only remedy the things which you can help and gracefully submit to what you cannot help, you

would have little cause for fretting. If you would only receive the blessings of life with a grateful heart, you might be as happy as the day is long. But there is a mill grinding away in your house which is scarcely ever oiled, and will make meal that will mould and breed worms. The bucket with which you draw your water from the well, is as sour as a vinegar cask, and it turns nearly all your food and drink to acid. There is a cricket continually screeching at your fireside that frightens away all your neighbors. You can never be happy, Mrs. Fretful, until your disposition changes."

By the time Mr. Sharp had got this far in his speech, Mrs. Fretful was evidently boiling over with rage. She ran through the bushes tearing her dress as she went, rushed into the house and slammed the door behind her with a vehemence that made the house shake. What a significance! what an emphasis there is in slamming a door! People in Danderville often defy an enemy, or clinch an argument, by making a door bang. In fact, door slamming is a kind of emotional gunnery, practised on purely ethical principles, and taught in the schools of Danderville.

As we turned round the corner of the street we saw a small clean looking house, with the door standing open, as if to coax in the air and sunshine. We heard the whirr of a spinning wheel making an accompaniment to a cheerful song of praise. The words which fell from the singer's lips were these:

When all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love and praise:

The singer paused in her work as we entered, and saluted us kindly. "So you are still working away, are you Mrs. Content?" said Mr. Sharp. "O yes sir," she replied, "and right glad I am to have work, and health to do it. Exercise is far better than medicine for me, and these beautiful sunny mornings are as invigorating as a shower-bath. I just threw open the door to get the fresh air and catch the fragrance from Mrs. Fretful's flowers. I am very thankful that I live so near her garden, for I get the good of it all the same as if it were my own. The lines have indeed fallen to me in pleasant places. My heritage is not very large, but it is a goodly one."



"But," suggested I, "you have no doubt a good many hardships to endure. You are not without your trials in life."

"Well no," she said, "I have my share of what people call hard things. But they are useful in their place. I generally find trials to be blessings in disguise. A hard road that is clean is better to travel on than a soft one that is dirty. Of course if people want to sleep, the soft place is the best. But I feel I am a traveller in this life and not a sleeper. I rather like the dark nights sometimes, for making the lamps of promise shine all the more brightly. Chastisement, though painful to bear, is profitable to remember. It always lightens the blow of the rod to cower closely into the bosom of him who lays it on. I can sometimes count it all joy to go into the fire, for I know when God brings me out, whether it be in this world or the next, my bonds will be burned up."

"But," said I, "you are surely sometimes sad, there are surely times when the future seems dark to you, and you feel afraid to face it?"

"Well, yes," she replied, "I am a little sad betimes. When I get looking backward at my own shadow, instead of forward to my sun and shield, I do sometimes seem to fall half asleep, and a feeling of oppression and loneliness, like a slight nightmare will steal over me, until I am awakened to consciousness, and realize where I am going and who is with me. I think I can truly say I have no sadness for earthly joys departed. I have no regrets for worldly possessions gone. When God took them, he gave me something better in their stead. He dried up the fountains of worldly pleasures, to open the fountains of heavenly joys. The thought of being an heir of glory, sometimes almost transports me with delight. As to my being afraid, I will tell you a little story, I hope it will be blessed to you, as much as the incident was to myself.

When I was a young woman, my father took me with him to travel in South America. One time we had ascended far up one of the peaks of the Andes. We looked down towards the plain we had left behind, and saw it all shrouded in darkness. We saw the clouds, like great mountains of dirty snow, rolling about, changing their form, mingling together and boiling in wild confusion, as if they were the smoke hanging over a half suffocated conflagration, that only required vent to set the whole atmosphere in a blaze.

We heard the roar of the thunder and saw the flashes of lightening away far beneath us. The whole valley seemed turned into a great boiling cauldron through whose confused contents fiery serpents were squirming and darting hither and thither. We knew that a storm was raging on the plain. Its fury was descending on the devoted inhabitants of the valley. But above us was a serene sky and a bright sun. We were in a calm, unclouded region, far above the turmoil and darkness of the storm. My Father said to me: 'Now my child here is a lesson for you: If you live near enough to heaven you will be above the storms of life; and if at any time you are caught in a storm always remember, that beyond the darkest clouds there is a serene sky and a bright sun.' "Now sir, when I see a storm coming, and I sometimes do,—my health is not always as good as it is this morning; work is not always as plenty as it is just now; provision is sometimes scarce, and in winter neither clothing nor fuel are any too plentiful; though I must say, God has never allowed me to want any good thing;—still, when things look a little dark, and I feel that there is a storm brewing, I flee up the mountain of communion, and sometimes I can rise on the wings of faith and love, almost to the very gate of heaven. The mount of fellowship, if we rise high enough on it, is always spanned by the blue canopy of God's faithfulness, and bathed in the sunshine of His love. Not that I always rise high enough to get out of the mist, but I always manage to find a shelter till the storm passes by and the clouds disappear."

You seem to have met with some sad misfortunes in your time, said I? "Not misfortunes," she said, "but kind chastisements which I needed. My Father's will be done. He is kind to me beyond my deserts. If the journey be somewhat rough, the rest will be all the sweeter when I get home."

I saw she was unwilling to enter into her past history, so we withdrew. I knew my friend, Mr. Sharp, would tell me all that it was necessary for me to know about Mrs. Content. We were scarcely at the door, when we heard her singing:

From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

As we walked along my friend remarked, "that woman was reared in affluence in one of the Southern States of the Union. She mar-



ried a wealthy and pious man. Her husband and four sons fell in the war. She and an only daughter were left penniless and almost friendless. She came to this town to try to earn a livelihood by sewing or teaching. A year ago she buried that only daughter. So far as I know, she has neither kith nor kin in the world, and probably she has not a shilling in her purse, or more than a day's provisions in the house. Mrs. Fretful has money in the bank, and more property than she will ever use; but in comparing the two, I cannot help thinking that Mrs. Content is the happiest woman. Truly, "godliness with contentment is great gain." What further happened in our tour through Danderville, I hope to relate to the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY on a future occasion.

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## THE GLOAMIN' HOUR.

BY AGNES WOODS MITCHELL.

SOME sage philosophers hae thoct,  
 That man's immortal part  
 May, sometimes, leave its clay-built house  
 To wander wi' the heart.  
 The truth o' this I canna say,  
 But, if it hae the power,  
 To cut sic cantrips through the air,  
 It's in the gloamin' hour.

Wha has'na when the angels shake  
 The dew-drap frae their wings,  
 Felt something in his bosom wake,  
 That by its witchery brings  
 Auld scenes afore his very een,  
 Sae vivid and sae bright,  
 That a' the present is forgot,  
 In that enchanted light.

And, when the soughin' breezes waft  
 The breath o' favorite flowers,  
 And fan the cheek wi' feeling flushed,  
 And stir the spirit's powers;

Oh! has na thochts o' by-gane days,  
 Sae rushed upo' the heart,  
 That if the frien' beside us spak,  
 The word has made us start.

But maist o' a', when far frae hame,  
 Life's wanderer has strayed;  
 When he has shared the stranger's cog,  
 Aneath new star-licht prayed,  
 Will come the pensive *gloamin' hour*,  
 And wi' resistless sway,  
 Bear him, to where the sun first rose  
 Upon his childhood's day.

And he will see the auld farm-house  
 Upon the green hill tap;  
 The tall dark plantin on each side,  
 The weel ken't barn-yard slap.  
 The barn itsel' o' gude whin stane,  
 The stacks in stately raws,  
 The bearded aits, the new ploughed land,  
 Maist black wi' hungry craws;

The sheltered garden, wi' its blooms  
 Sae exquisitely sweet;  
 The arbor whar' the rowans hung,  
 Aboon the mossy seat;  
 The gravel walks, on ilka side,  
 Wi' box and sea-pinks lined;  
 The woodbine, and the daisied sod,  
 Come a' before his mind.

Syne he will see the auld muir park,  
 Where Druids used to bow,  
 And weave the sacred misletoe  
 In garlands for their brow.  
 The "hermit-bird"—the blate cuckoo,  
 Now haunts the elfin dell,  
 And mourns among the gnarlèd oaks  
 That lonely he maun dwell.



And there the bright-eyed grouse he sees  
Amang the heather-buds,  
While through the bonny yellow broom  
The frightened leveret whuds.  
And he can fancy that he hears  
The speckled mavis sing ;  
Can catch the startled paitricks' whirr,  
As frae the grass they spring.

Can hear the lowing o' the kye,  
As slowly they return  
Frae the green meadow, whar they fed  
Beside the wimplin burn.  
Can hear the milk-maids' cheerful lilt,  
As to the byre they gang ;  
Thinkin' o' them, wha frae the plough  
Will trudge in by ere lang.

'T is thus the sair be-glamoured mind  
Resigns itsel' a prey,  
Wi' a' its sturdy common sense,  
To saft illusion's sway.  
And aye the *gloamin' hour* will bring  
Hame visions o'er and o'er,  
Which to the musing wanderer are  
As welcome as before.

In sweet imagined bliss he breathes  
The caller morning air,  
That o'er his heath-clad mountains comes  
Enriched wi' fragrance rare ;  
And glorious sun-sets fling their gold  
O'er hill, and dale, and stream,  
Till every tarn, and blackened crag,  
Looks joyous in the beam.

He glours upon the red hairst moon,  
Just glintin' o'er the braise,  
As braid and bright as Bruce's shield,  
In Scotia's gowden day.

Syne early life, and youthfu' sports  
 Are present to his view,  
 Wi' a' their daffin, and their din,  
 As though he saw them noo—

Blithe Halloween, the harvest kirn,  
 The sliding doon the braes,  
 The herrying o' the piets' nests,  
 On welcome Saturdays,  
 The sea-side wander 'mang the rocks  
 Whar' foamin' surges roar,  
 The plunge aneath the sparklin' wave,  
 That sweeps along the shore,

The mad-cap deed, o' pushing aff  
 The coggle frae the land,  
 And takin' to the open sea,  
 In spite o' stern command,  
 And a' to reach some cloudy isle  
 In bruilzie wi' the tide,  
 Whar' cannie feet are seldom seen,  
 And gulls their nestlings hide.

Then deeper, dearer shades will rise;  
 Perhaps a mother's smile,  
 Angelic in its beauteous ray,  
 And powerfu' to beguile  
 The heart o' a' its loneliness,  
 Its dool, and wastin' care,  
 The frosts the warld has o'er it brought,  
 The eild—the cauld despair.

And then, a faither's warm embrace  
 Will gar the senses dree,  
 And seal the pale and quivering lip  
 In silent ecstasy.  
 The licht lies on his noble brow,  
 His e'e is turned to heaven,  
 And wi' *nae outward sign or word*,  
 The heart-felt blessing's given.



Alas!—that faither may be laid,  
    Beneath the kirkyard stane!  
That mither wi' her loving heart,  
    May too be dead and gane!  
The happy bairns that round them clung  
    Like lampits to the scaur,  
May a' frae love's strongholds be wrenched,  
    And scattered wide and far!

And lips that aften—afteen met,  
    When sweet "gude nichts" were said,  
May never breathe their love again  
    Beside a mother's bed!  
Nor yet on ony spot on earth,  
    However lone and drear;—  
O, life! but ye are dreigh and sad,  
    My soul what want ye here?

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PHILIP BLAIR;

OR,

School Days in the Dominion.

BY E. LAWSON FENERTY, ESQ., HALIFAX, N. S.

CHAPTER I.

**A** DASH, a rush, a rattle of feet, and doors burst open with boyish vigor. "I say mother, I ain't going to school to day," shouted a fair-haired youngster of fourteen years, as he rushed breathlessly into the room where his mother and sister sat sewing, one bright morning in June, in his heedless course overturning chairs and stools, and extracting a terrific squall from the old house cat, which, contrary to all precedent, was stretched out with her tail at full length on the carpet.

"O dear! what a tiresome boy, I do believe you have broken the cat's leg;" said his mother, as pussly mewed piteously.

"It is not her leg, but I guess her tail will need reorganizing after that squeeze," he replied with a provoking grin, after eyeing the cat a moment. "But, I say I'm not going, hey?" the assertion, this time, by the tones, took the form of an inquiry. "Hallo!"

he broke in again, and before his mother had time to reply, as a dog whined outside the door, "there is Rags; I lost him down town. Let him in will you, Lottie?"

But his sister very properly (as he was nearest the door) did not move.

"All right! I don't care, he'll scratch a hole through that door in less than five minutes, see if he don't; and then I wonder who'll have to pay for it; you had better tell her to open the door, mother. There he comes now," as a scratch and whine seemed to verify his words; "he will do it in five minutes, easy," he added, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, and watching the door contentedly; "I'm willing."

But just then it was opened from the outside, and Rags in high glee at having discovered his master bounded in. The dog was a beautiful, glossy, large black-and-tan, very intelligent, or as Phil expressed it, "knows every thing;" he was petted by all the household, and as a consequence, was almost unbearably saucy."

"Poor old pussy," said Phil mischievously. Rags looked jealously at the cat, and gave vent to a growl of displeasure.

"Now Phil do let the cat alone," remonstrated his sister; "you know that he will hurt her."

"Who's a touching her?—poor old pussy," he persisted, looking significantly at the dog, who was watching his eyes intently.

"It is just too bad;" exclaimed his sister indignantly, as Rags made a rush at the object of Phil's malicious endearments.

The next instant, dog, cat, mats, stools, and a variety of other articles, were mixed in indescribable confusion; the melee varied by sundry squalls and howls, as the tide of battle favored one or other of the combatants.

"I declare I will have that dog killed;" exclaimed Lottie, vehemently, as soon as peace was restored by puss retreating under the sofa.

"You'd better not," replied Phil, shaking his head slowly; "come here sir, what do you mean?" he added to the dog, who stood looking from one to the other, doubtfully. Phil spoke severely, but the twinkling eyes belied the voice, and the dog rightly interpreting the look of approval, wagged his tail in a satisfied sort of a way, secure in having the moral support of his scapegrace master.

"There, that will do for the present," said his mother, "be off



and get yourself ready for school, and never let me see you set the dog and cat fighting again."

"I didn't set 'em fighting, I only wanted to pet the cat."

"Don't equivocate," replied his mother, "but do as I bid you."

"Oh, but can't I stay home to-day?" he pleaded, in answer to this order.

"Is there anything of special interest, that you should be from your studies to-day? you seem to have taken a dislike to school lately."

"Yes," added his sister, "and I heard one of the boys say that he played truant,—mooched."

"You just mind your own business, Lot, you're always talking about something you have no business to, and if you don't take care"—here Phil frowned, and gave an ominous shake of the head that spoke volumes.

"I say Lottie," he continued, changing his tone, "just tell us who it was said I mooched, that is a good girl; was he bigger than me?"

But a shake of the head, answered his plea.

"Ah do."

"No I won't, you will only get fighting, and you are always at it."

"Was it Hen Bent? I ain't going to fight, and you have no business to say so, but if he goes splitting on me, I'll punch his head, see if I don't," he blurted out, forgetting in his anger his pacific assertion, not an instant before; "and I have got something else to say," he continued, looking severely at his sister, "if you don't hold your tongue, you'll be sorry."

"Hush Philip, you must not quarrel with your sister."

"I don't care! she is always at me about something, but mayn't I go with the volunteers? they are going across the river for target practice, and there is two or three of them told me to come along. Cloudy and some more of the boys got leave to go, and it's such a bully day." Here Phil stopped breathless, anxiously awaiting the result of his arguments.

"No, I am afraid not," replied his mother after a moment's pause, "you have been away from your lessons quite too much, and even if there was no other reason, I would hardly allow a boy like you to accompany a lot of men; better get yourself ready for school at once, for you have very little time."

"I don't care! I am going with the volunteers, and I won't go to

school, so there." With this resolution, so valorously expressed, master Phil bolted through the door.

"Philip! Philip!" called his mother, but Phil was out of hearing before she had ceased speaking.

"I am sure I do not know what to do with that boy," said Mrs. Blair despondently; "he is getting quite beyond my control."

"Uncle Horace will make him mind."

But the good lady only shook her head.

The above scene took place in one of the pleasantest towns in the Dominion, a busy stirring place of about 8000 inhabitants. It was one of those charming spots where the town and country are so beautifully and rarely blended. One beheld on entering a long, straight thoroughfare bordered with handsome shops, glittering with plate glass, in emulation of their more pretentious city cousins; wide, clean sidewalks, with trees swaying overhead; stretching away on either side, avenues of what appeared to be trees only, until they were explored, when the comfortable homes of the moderately rich were discovered nestling among the shrubbery; or the stately residences of the wealthy, surrounded by handsome gardens, and embowered in glorious old forest monarchs, that had been left standing by some one who had an eye for the beautiful.

Down in the lower part of the town near the river, towards the tall chimneys of the factories, and around the shops clustered the dwellings of the poorer classes, some clean and tidy, some dirty and squalid,—“poverty point,” the boys called it; among the alleys the children played, bareheaded, their elf locks bleached by the sun and wind, barefooted, hands and feet browned and dirty.

Trending away to the east and west, the hills rose from the river in graceful undulations, their bases studded with trim farm houses, surrounded by orchards and fields, the bright green of the fruit trees and grass showing in strong contrast against the sombre foliage of the tall firs, and spruce that grew further up on the highlands, and often in the lovely summer days, when strolling beyond the limits of the town, could be heard the faint sough of the wind as it swept among the branches of the distant forest, mingled with the lowing of cattle, or the bleating of a solitary sheep that had strayed from the herd, and then a golden haze overspreading the whole, mellowed the glare of the sun into softness: the whole scene filling one with that delicious sense of indolence which is born of nature alone.



In one of the pleasantest houses in this pleasant town of Croasdale, Philip Blair, our hero, had lived from his birth with his mother, Alice, widow of the late Dr. Blair, of Harborough, England. The Doctor had departed this life about two years previous to the opening of our story, aged forty years, leaving his widow, a pale, thoughtful woman, not distinguished for firmness, and very pleasant; Philip, the eldest, a square, sturdy youngster, with curly hair, a bright face and blue eyes that always seemed twinkling with mischief; Lottie, a lively, intelligent girl, and last, the pet, little Reggy, fair like his brother, but quiet and curious, always prying into something, and startling people with odd questions that would have suited heads ten years his senior.

The house they lived in, very pleasant and comfortable, set down in the midst of a beautiful garden, with the trees bowing themselves over it with every passing breeze, belonged to the widow, together with a rather scanty income, derived from some property belonging to the Doctor's estate in one of the cities.

Shortly after the Doctor's death, his mother, a stately dame, white-haired and spectacled, who had been previously residing with her daughter, the wife of a country lawyer, came to live with Mrs. Blair, and thus joining their incomes, had made quite a respectable revenue for the wants of the family. The old lady had a mania for putting things to rights, or, in other words, having every chair with its back squarely against the wall, the centre-table in reality as well as name in the middle of the room, the largest book exactly in the centre of the table, with the smaller arranged in regular order like planets about the sun. Another proclivity manifested itself equally strong: she was doing her best to spoil Philip, who, to tell the truth, was not averse to this, however much the order might be distasteful to him, but she never could be brought to believe that Phil was any the worse for escaping well-merited thrashings, or, in fact, that he deserved them; on his part, he was well aware of his grandmother's weakness, and took care to avail himself of it at every opportunity. As for the furniture, it might stay in its place when Phil was out, but when he came in it generally got mixed, and consequently, the old lady was in a chronic state of fuss a large proportion of the time.

As Phil opened the garden gate, after explaining his intentions

with reference to the volunteers and school, he was saluted with a "good morning; where are you off to in such a hurry? School?"

Looking up, he discovered his uncle Horace standing before him with an amused expression on his face, as if he half suspected the true state of the case, knowing Phil's failing; "where are your books?"

The boy, in reply to this question, looked up with stubbornness written on every line of his face.

"I ain't going to school,—going somewhere else to-day."

"Did you get permission? Ah, I thought as much," as the boy's eyes dropped before the steady gaze of the man.

Mr. Morel took him by the arm and quietly led him into the house. "Alice," he explained, as he stepped into the room with his charge, "it seems to me I have caught a runaway." "No such thing," interposed grandmother, who made her appearance; "the boy only wanted a holiday." Phil looked up thankfully, with an inward conviction that, as Paddy would say, there was going to be a diversion. Mr. Morel shrugged his shoulders, and made a grimace at the interruption.

"Where was he?" inquired Mrs. Blair.

"By the gate, going like a madman. I doubted the wisdom of getting in his way for fear of a collision."

"Not a runaway, though," replied Mrs. Blair quietly, but evidently annoyed at the old lady's lack of wisdom; "now Philip," she continued a little sternly, "go up stairs at once and get yourself ready for school."

"I ain't going," he growled, sullenly kicking the floor with one foot; "I guess I can have a holiday sometimes as well as the other fellows."

"You have too many, that is the real trouble;" said his uncle, "now sir, be off and mind your mother."

"You haven't any right to boss me," replied the boy defiantly, but started off, having a wholesome fear of his uncle's arm before his eyes.

"I wish you would go up to the school with him, Horace," said Mrs. Blair, after Philip left the room.

"If you think it necessary."

"Well, you know he is so stubborn, and has that notion about the volunteers in his head. I really believe he would go anywhere to be with them; why, he wanted me to let him join as a bugler—



the idea—it would ruin the boy; that and his grandmother,” added Mrs. Morel in an undertone; “it’s a toss up which would be the worst. But will you go?”

“Certainly; I will have him in school to-day, you can depend on that.”

“You had better go right to the door then, for he has quite set his heart on a holiday to-day.”

“O, you can rest easy on that score,” replied her brother confidently, “he won’t outwit me.”

The public school that Phil attended was a large three story structure, the lower flat used as shops, the second and third as school rooms. Above these, again, was a large attic or lumber room for storing old desks, &c. The doors of this room and the school rooms were precisely alike in every particular.

“Where are my books?” called Phil, as he came thumping down stairs three at a time; “I left them in my room; somebody has taken them I s’pose; just the way, a fellow never can find anything he wants; you might help us look for ’em, Lot, instead of sitting there doing nothing.”

“I am sewing,” she replied curtly.

“You sew!” he replied scornfully, “as if you could do anything worth while; come and help me, and then you will be making yourself useful.”

“Here are your books,” said his mother, “just where you left them, under the hall table.”

“Did I? I forgot, but it’s all right now, thank you.” Taking the books he bade them good morning, and started off with a willingness that was suspicious to say the least.

Mrs. Blair looked warningly at her brother; observing the look, he nodded in reply.

“Wait a moment Phil, and I will go along with you.” But Phil was unaccountably deaf. Catching up his hat, Mr. Morel hastily left the room, overtaking his nephew at the gate.

“You can come with me.”

“Or you with me,” replied Phil, grinning, “as far as Bent’s corner, there is where you turn down, isn’t it?”

“Sometimes.”

Phil travelled along beside his uncle, chatting pleasantly, but with his mind quite made up not to attend school that day: he did feel a little uneasy, however, as when they came to where his

uncle should have left him, he kept on, evidently intending to go to the door with him: there was no help for it though, so he cudgelled his brain to devise some means to get rid of his tormentor; a bright thought entered his mind—the lumber room.

“Which is the room you belong to?” asked Mr. Morel, as they came to the main entrance of the school-house.

“Away up, the top one of all; coming in?”

“No! I will just go up stairs and see you in.”

“Walk easy then,” replied Phil, solemnly, leading the way on tip-toes, and hardly able to contain himself, as he thought of his trick; “Old Barton gets awful cross, if we make a noise going up stairs, when we are late,—says it disturbs the school, and he’ll blame me if he hears any row now.”

Away they went, stepping cautiously past both school-rooms; at the foot of the next flight of stairs, Mr. Morel stopped. Phil went in, and noiselessly opening the lumber-room door just wide enough to admit himself, he turned, bade his uncle good morning, spoke to an imaginary master inside, then went in and closed the door without waiting for an answer.

The instant the door was shut, Phil clapped his ear to the key-hole, and breathlessly listened until he heard the retreating footsteps faintly echoing down the stairs; when, chuckling gleefully at the success of his plan, he went to a window that overlooked the street, and cautiously watched until his uncle was out of sight, then hiding his books among some of the old desks, he opened the door and glided down stairs with his heart in his mouth, fearing that he would be discovered; however, he reached the entrance in safety, and with a bound, and a strong inclination to hurrah, only prudence forbade it, he got outside and scurried off, wisely intending to put as much space between himself and the school as would insure his safety from interference by the authorities, his mind evidently filled with the idea, that distance lent enchantment to the view, in this particular instance at least.

Mr. Morel, under the impression that he had seen Phil safely into the school, proceeded contentedly on his way to business, strongly of the opinion that all the boy wanted was a firm hand and strong will to make him go steadily, and that he was not half as bad as represented.

Phil came in at the usual hour for his dinner, and went away again, as his mother supposed, to school, she not having the faintest



suspicion that he could possibly avoid it, as his uncle had taken care of that.

Three o'clock, or thereabouts, that afternoon, Mr. Morel came in, as was his wont when business was not pressing, to spend an hour in the pleasant sitting room of Moss Cottage, chatting with his sister. In her present position she was always glad to see him, for with her straitened means and unruly son, his support and counsel were very pleasant, and often of great assistance.

"Well, Alice!" he exclaimed, cheerily, as he came into the room, "I got along famously with master Philip this morning; he was inclined to be sulky when he found that I was going all the way with him, but evidently thought better of it when he saw I was quite determined. I kept him in sight until he entered the school room. The fact is, that women don't know how to manage boys! that is where the chief trouble lies. Now I could get along with Phil capitally. This morning he soon discovered that I really meant business, and so gave up the contest. Indeed I have no doubt but that he would have gone straight enough, if I had left him at the corner, for I gave him to understand what he might expect if he disobeyed, but as I promised you, of course, I went up."

"I do not know, I am sure, whether it is my fault or not, but he is very hard to manage, and sometimes I almost feel inclined to give up trying and send him away to school, but then he is too young, and I should miss him so much," replied Mrs. Blair, a little sadly. "I think I heard the door bell, go and see Lottie," she added, turning to her daughter.

"I hardly know how to advise you, about sending him away, replied her brother, but as far as age is concerned, he is quite old enough. You will see plenty of shavers of ten, or thereabouts, in any of the boarding schools. I can't say that I approve, but," he continued thinking, and justly, that her boy's absence would make it lonesome for his sister, "for the present, we must try and manage him at home; you can count on my assistance, of course, if you will not consider it interfering."

"What nonsense, Horace; interfering indeed, after I hardly know what I should have done but for your so-called interference."

"Here is a note from Dr. Barton," said Lottie, coming in at that moment and handing it to her mother, smiling as she did so, for she had a faint suspicion of what it meant.

The Doctor, as they called him, in Croasdale, was the principal of the Gwinton grammar school, a fine, genial old gentleman, a thorough scholar, grave, yet kindly, firm in the discharge of his duty, he was well fitted to fulfil the duties of his important position, that of directing, and to a certain extent, controlling the education of over four hundred children.

Now a note from the principal of the school usually meant that Phil was giving trouble, generally non-attendance. Mrs. Blair therefore took it, wondering what could be the difficulty; opening it she read aloud:

MRS. BLAIR,

*Dear Madam—*

Would you be kind enough to send me a note explaining your son Philip's non-attendance at school to-day. I make this request because I have reason to believe, from what I have heard, that he has remained away without permission. Trusting I am not asking too much,

I remain, yours respectfully,

J. HOLWARTH BARTON.

Mrs. Blair looked up from reading the note with a significant smile on her face, the ludicrous position in which it placed her brother was too strong for the vexation the information it contained occasioned.

He sat with a comical expression, a mixture of mortification and merriment, each struggling for the mastery on his face, but finally the fun of the thing, assisted by the contagious influence of his sister's smiles proved too much for his wounded dignity, and he broke into a long, hearty laugh.

"Well, Horace, what do you think about getting along so nicely with Philip? you could manage him easily, eh?" and Mrs. Blair laughed in spite of her trouble.

"I am sure I can't understand it," rejoined Mr. Morel, in a tone that was just a little tinged with vexation. "I watched him go into the school-room and heard him speak, as he did so, to the master, I supposed. The simplest way to find out the truth is to see the Doctor at once, but there must be a mistake somewhere, I am so confident; perhaps that is yesterday's note?" but no, there was the date, June 14th, plain as possible.

Mr. Morel at once left to ascertain, if possible, the real facts, and bring Master Philip to book, the knowledge that he had been so easily outwitted, adding not a little to his energy in the matter.



"Come back and let me know the result of your inquiries," said his sister, as he was going out; this he promised.

"How do you do, Mr. Morel," said the principal to that gentleman soon after, as he was ushered into the school-room by one of the pupils.

"How do you do, Doctor," replied Mr. Morel, at once plunging into the object of his visit. "I have called at the request of my sister, Mrs. Blair; she received a note from you saying that her son has not been at school to-day, and I presume from the tenor of it that you heard something to lead you to suppose he had not permission?"

"Perfectly right; perfectly right, sir," replied the doctor; "I did; correct too, was I not?" elevating his eye-brows and smiling.

"Decidedly, but I can't understand it."

"Can't understand it? simple enough; sent to school proper time, soon as he is out of sight, leaves his books somewhere, that is all you know until I send to inquire."

"I know that well enough," replied Mr. Morel, still looking puzzled: "from experience, possibly," suggested the doctor with a smile, attempting a joke.

"I don't deny that; I believe I was a boy once, but that is not what is bothering me; you see I came up with him this morning and saw him enter the school-room itself."

It was the master's turn to look puzzled: "enter the school-room, are you quite sure?"

"Positive, stood at the foot of the stairs until he went in, by the way, he belongs in the room above this, I believe?"

"There is none above this, what led you to suppose that?"

A light began to dawn on Mr. Morel. He looked at the master doubtfully, not at all disposed to inform him how he had been tricked, but from the suppressed chuckle, and twinkle in his eyes, he saw that the latter fully comprehended the situation.

"Step this way, I think we can solve the mystery," and leading, the master went up stairs and opened the lumber-room door, disclosing to view the old desks piled up in hopeless confusion. "I think that is your hopeful nephew's school-room, not a promising one for the cause of education," he continued with a broad smile; but noticing the other's look of vexation he closed the door and came down stairs, remarking as he did so, that "in dealing with boys one must expect such things."

But this view of the case did not seem to strike Mr. Morel as correct, for he growled in his deepest bass, in reply, that he would break him of such nonsense. "I should suppose that you would have rather a serious time with so many, if he is a fair sample," he continued.

"Your nephew is perhaps the most, or rather among the most mischievous boys I have, but not bad at heart, only a little wild; wild and clever, keep him out of vicious company, and he will come out all right."

"I hope so, I am sure, Doctor; I hope so, but he has some infer—, I beg pardon, very bad habits—one in particular, his notions of truth are rather hazy, in fact, decidedly so, and is causing his mother no small anxiety."

The Doctor nodded his head, as if he understood that fact from experience.

Mr. Morel went on: "it's such a low, vulgar habit."

"The world is low and vulgar," interposed the master sententiously.

"In a boy, I mean," continued Mr. Morel, smiling.

"Or a man, or woman, or any one."

"I will agree to that, too, but I have promised to look after the youngster."

"Not a pleasant task for one in your position."

"I know it, may we count on your co-operation?"

"As long as the boy is under my charge, I will endeavor to discharge my duty faithfully, as I trust I always have done," answered the Doctor stiffly.

This was his weak point; he could not bear any imputation on his teaching abilities.

"You quite misunderstand me," rejoined Mr. Morel hastily; "there are none who are at all acquainted with you could suppose the contrary for an instant; I merely want to ask you to give him a little particular attention; of course, if I am asking too much, why"—

"O certainly! certainly! I think I can promise you that much," said the master, quite mollified. "I shall do my best, if only for his father's sake."

After thanking the master, Mr. Morel returned to his sister's, and rather reluctantly related the facts of Phil's escapade.



He came in as they were talking, and throwing down his books, sat down with the air of one overburdened with lessons.

"I do believe old Barton,"—"Mr. Barton you mean," said his mother quietly.

"All right, Mr. Barton, then," said the hopeful, "has got it in for me, I have the hardest lessons of any in the department."

"We can do without the story," said his mother, "and as for your lessons, they have not troubled you to-day; there, that will do," as Phil opened his mouth to speak; "it is not necessary to say anything more; your uncle has seen Mr. Barton this afternoon, and we know all about it."

"Well, he had no business to watch me this way," replied Phil, trying to look injured, and watching his uncle from the corner of his eye, "as if you can't trust a fellow to go to school by himself; the boys will think I am a baby next."

Master Philip was in danger. Mr. Morel started more than once to take hold of him, but a look from his sister restrained him.

Mrs. Blair told Philip he might go, first warning him that she would hand him over to his uncle to be dealt with, if anything occurred again.

"Why did you stop me?" broke in Mr. Morel impatiently, after the boy had left; "he deserves a good trouncing; you will regret this."

But Mrs. Blair only shook her head; she wished to defer the evil day as long as possible.

(To be continued.)

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## STATISTICS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

**D**R. DRYASDUST loves figures, adores them, asserts that they alone can solve all riddles, up or down from the origin of evil to the building of the Canada Pacific Railway. Though I abhor figures, and never found out the origin of evil, I profess myself a disciple of Dr. Dryasdust for a full half hour in order to introduce to the reader some statistics of Nova Scotia. The census of 1871 has not yet been published, but there is enough known through that census, and from other sources, to furnish us

with a few pages of dry reading. Mr. Costley, of the Registration Office, has compiled a Blue Book filled with facts very conveniently arranged and perfectly intelligible, and Mr. Costley shall be our faithful guide.

Statistics are dry? No, never! Look here. The very first fact stated is, "Marriages in 1871, 3,074." Think of that—think of the nods, and winks, and wreathed smiles—the jealousies and joys of six thousand love-lorn maidens and moon-struck swains. Every one of those three thousand weddings was an event of the profoundest interest to circles more or less extensive. What delicious gossip, what genial criticism, what gushing good wishes must have preceded, accompanied, or followed the happy event! What heavings of the great passion that has been supreme in human life from the day that Lamech sung his song to Adah and Zillah, or Penelope stood true to her wandering Ulysses!

In natural and proper sequence the three thousand and odd marriages are followed by a record of the year's births. The figure here is encouragingly large, although Mr. Costley assures us that the whole are not included. Perhaps six or seven hundred have escaped the public ken. We have on record for 1871, 10,452 births. Count, if you can, the trembling hopes, the fears, the joys, the sorrows represented by these figures. God bless the wee bairns—the whole ten thousand of them. What fair women and brave men of the future were dandled on knees or rocked in cradles among those ten thousand, who can tell? There is a sturdy and ferocious captain of militia cutting his first tooth; yonder a fiery politician uttering his first emphatic appeal to human ears—selfish from the first, eh! There, again, is the future belle of the parish trying the power of infantile smiles and tears,

"Bright as his manly sire the son shall be,  
In form and soul, but ah, more blest than he,  
The fame, the worth, the genial love at last,  
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past."

And—and—a great deal more of poetry about babies which those who have none of the ten thousand cannot appreciate, and which those who are blest with one or more do not require.

After the Marriages and Births comes—everybody knows what, I almost wish I didn't know—didn't need to know. We



cannot help it, nor can Mr. Costley, who compiled the statistics. Everybody, including belles and politicians, must contribute sometime or other to the column of deaths. Among the Bluenoses, the contribution was made as light as possible, amounting only to 12 in the 1,000. The number actually registered, amounted to 4,518; but allowance must be made for omissions. Poor little babies under three months old, contributed 447 to this total: 18 out of every 100 born, died before reaching the end of the first year. This seems appalling. There is no such mortality among the young of other animals. Dr. Wiseman assures me that much of the "slaughter of the innocents" is owing to what is called "bottle-feeding." The little one is deprived of his natural food, and then he has no choice but to droop and die, or to struggle up to a weak and diseased manhood. Like a shrewd little soul as he is, he prefers to give up the struggle in babyhood, and so he drops out of the race of life. Herod was never half as murderous and cruel as Mrs. Winslow, and the bottle-makers. It seems that in England, matters are worse than with us. We lose 18 babies out of every 100: the English lose 25 out of the 100. In England, 41 in each 100 deaths are of children under 5 years of age; in Nova Scotia, the proportion is only 28 in each 100.

The age at which death strike least frequently is from five to fifteen. This period of ten years gives only 7 per cent. of our aggregate mortality. Only 3 in each 1,000 of our population complete their century. In 1871, no fewer than 14 persons died in Nova Scotia, aged 100 years or upwards. Of these, 9 were women and 5 men. One of the men was a bachelor: and one of the women was a spinster. All the rest had been married, some of them three times. I need not suggest the elements of poetry, of comedy or tragedy that lie hidden under the last few figures. "The days of the years of our pilgrimage are few and evil," even when they reach 100. That poor old bachelor, and that dear old spinster were no doubt intended for each other's comfort and consolation. But the whole range of the Cobequid Mountains towered up between them, and there were no railways in the "days that they went gypsying, a long time ago." Think of the aching void in the heart of John Ross while he waited for the coming of Dorcas Hall. (I should have put it the other way; but no matter: it is all one now.) Nevermore need such life-long separations occur among us; for Leander may go to his Hero——John to Dorcas by rail.

The fact that we yield up only 12 in each 1000 to the old Archer is not the only proof that ours is an exceptionally healthy country. A greater number in proportion to population reach old age, than in any other country of which the death registration is given. In Great Britain, 15 in each 100, get beyond their 70th, and 6 in each 100 beyond their 80th year. In Massachusetts the proportion is nearly the same. In Nova Scotia, 19 in each 100 get over 70, and 8 in each 100 over 80 years of age. One in each 28,000 of Nova Scotians reach 100 years while in England only one in each 276,000 reach the same period, and in New England one in each 97,000.

Nova Scotia mothers have a strong partiality for boys. It is quite remarkable that while in England, there are born 104 boys to 100 girls, and in Scotland and Massachusetts about 107 boys to 100 girls, in Nova Scotia the proportion should be  $114\frac{1}{2}$  boys to 100 girls, the proportion does not continue. The mortality among male infants is fully one-fifth greater than among female infants. Death among us is partial to the male sex. In 1871 we lost 111 males to every 100 females, and this, although females considerably exceed males in the aggregate population. Up to 5 years of age, 114 boys die for every 100 girls, from 5 to 10 the mortality is nearly equal, from 10 to 40 the deaths of females is in excess; but after 40 the men drop off, in much larger numbers than the women. From 40 to 50, 119 males die for every 100 females; and from 50 to 60 the proportion is still larger in favor of women, 136 men dying for every 100 women. The women reaching 100 years of age are nearly twice as numerous as the men. The period of greatest deaths (beyond the infantile stage,) is, in Nova Scotia, from 60 to 70. In most other countries it comes ten years earlier. We raise over 100 pairs of twins every year; and we occasionally boast of trios and quartettes.

If one seeks the pathetic, the tragic, and the mournful in figures, just let him look at 126 drownings, 7 suicides, 55 deaths in child birth, 60 deaths of cancer, 97 of dropsy, 91 of whooping cough, or the 840 deaths from consumption. How many homes were darkened with the shadow of death? How many hearts broken by separation for which there is no remedy on earth? It is the old story, but it never ceases to interest the human heart while clouds and thick darkness hang over our destiny.

We are a sea-going people; we love the barren and billowy



main. I recall "barren," as totally and utterly inapplicable to our teeming waters, whence comes a very large proportion of our wealth. Over 20,000 of us find employment in fishing, and two years ago the waters yielded to us over five millions of dollars worth of fish. 3,885 barrels of Salmon; 100,991 Salmon in cans; 408,998 lbs. of fresh Salmon; 228,152 barrels of Mackerel; 201,600 barrels of Herring; 10,200 boxes smoked Herring; 10,055 barrels Alewives; 447,166 cwts. of Codfish; 119,539 Scalegfish; 6177 barrels of Shad; 950,000 cans of Lobsters. Five-eighths of the produce of the fisheries in the Confederate Provinces came from Nova Scotia. Dry facts, hard figures, dreary details, "infinitely forgetable," as Carlyle would say. Stop a moment. Did ever you see a salmon tugging for life in a river at one end of a rod, and a skilful angler, managing as best he can, at the other end? There is romance, there is comedy enough about salmon fishing, though, of course, only a small proportion of the aggregate catch is due to the skill of the amateur. For others there is toil enough, and anxiety, and "hopes and fears that kindle hope" in the work. As for other classes of fishermen, their lives are full of peril, of adventure, of hardship. Every man of them can tell you of magnificent mornings and evenings off Mabou, or Cape North, or Indian Tickle, or the Magdalen Islands, or Gaspe. They can tell of handsome fortunes piled up in a few weeks, of swift and prosperous voyages, and bright and prosperous years. Ah! but there is another side to the story. Scarce a family in Lunenburg, Queens, Shelburne and other shore counties but have been clothed in mourning through disasters on the hungry ocean. You hear of mighty and sudden storms, of desperate struggles for long dark days and awful nights, against the wrathful winds and the tremendous waves. Many hasten to some favoring haven; many ride out the tempest; but some, always some, perish, and tidings of woe come to some expectant families, and grief overspreads whole villages. How often have I heard incidents like the following:—John Smith, of Smith's Bay, has a snug farm sloping down to the water's edge. By hard work, he and his six boys and five girls make ends meet. Mrs. Smith dreads the sea, for her father and three brothers were drowned in the big gale which wrecked the *Reindeer* on Gull Rock. But as Mr. Smith's boys reach early manhood they witness the successful enterprize of their neighbors. They cannot resist the general

contagion. John and George go to sea, to the fisheries, in Uncle Ben's vessel. They succeed beyond expectation. In two years they are able to secure a vessel for themselves. With their two younger brothers and two or three other hands they go off to Labrador. Before leaving home they are both engaged to be married in the autumn to two of Mr. Brown's daughters. Followed by the earnest hopes and prayers of mothers and brothers, sisters and sweethearts, off they go with favoring winds but aching hearts. In two months they secure a splendid catch, and with richly laden vessel they turn for home. The storm bursts upon them in more than usual fury, and they are never heard of more. It is an oft-told tale, with many variations. This being so, we should have more sea-songs among us, as well as figures about us. You know Kingsley's "Three Fishers." It is a successful attempt to evoke the sad music that underlies and overlies the fisherman's life :

"Three fishers went sailing out into the west,  
 Out into the west, when the sun went down ;  
 Each thought of the woman that loved him the best,  
 And the children stood watching them out from the town :  
 For men must work and women must weep,  
 Though storm be sudden and waters deep  
 And the harbor-bar be moaning.

"Three women stood up in the lighthouse tower,  
 And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,  
 And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,  
 As the storm-wreck came rolling up rugged and brown :  
 For men must work and women must weep,  
 Though storms be sudden and waters deep  
 And the harbor-bar be moaning.

"Three corpses lay stretched on the shining sands  
 In the morning sun, as the tide went down,  
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands  
 For the men that can never come back to the town :  
 For men must work and women must weep  
 And the sooner 'tis over the sooner to sleep :  
 Then farewell to the bar and its moanings."

The sea exacts costly tribute from us for the wealth we gather from its depths. It takes the flower of our youth, multiplies our widows and orphans, and sends mourning, lamentation and woe into many a once happy home.



We are a reading and writing generation in Nova Scotia. Our mail-carriers travel in the aggregate as much as if they had gone round the globe once a week throughout the whole year. They carry about two and a half million letters. In 1871 we digged out of our rocks no less than \$355,699 of gold, and added this much wealth to the world's store. In ten years we raised \$3,640,356. The coal we raised in one year, 1871, was worth at least two million dollars. Last year's yield would be about three millions. For (between ourselves) you may always allow for, say, twenty per cent. more coal being raised than you see stated in Blue Books. Reason why: coal pays so much of a tax per ton towards the Provincial Revenue. The number of our—. But stop there. I hear the impatient reader cry "mercy on us; enough figures for once. We are not ostriches of the desert, or born statisticians. In mercy stop." Well, be it so. But as ghosts are in the habit of saying to the fortunate folk whom they encounter, "We meet again."

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## THE ENGLISH IN IRELAND.

WHY the English went to Ireland to take upon themselves its government, how they comported themselves in that self-assumed office, and with what success, are themes fully and eloquently unfolded by the historian Froude, from the time of Strongbow's landing in that country down to the middle of the eighteenth century, in a volume of over 600 pages. In a succeeding volume we shall have, in due time, the remainder of the story. No doubt the main part of the book furnished the material of the lectures with which Mr. Froude lately favoured the American people. The daring attempt to justify the ways of England towards Ireland was by no means likely to pass unnoticed by the Catholic party, who chose their most eloquent man to break a lance with the representative of England. Father Burke was, probably, as well qualified to enter the list as any one in America. In a neat volume entitled "Ireland's Case Stated," the Rev. Father, in five lectures, attacks and belabours the historian. We intend to examine the main positions of the historian and his critic.

As a general rule, there is but little satisfaction to be derived from controversial history. The dust and smoke of the battle prevent us from ascertaining who are the real victors. We are too ready to be carried away by eloquent statement, when we should alone be moved by certain fact. When religion has entered into the matter of the discussion, men's passions have become so heated that they can see nothing as it is. Evidence is twisted, and oftentimes destroyed; so that it may not be permitted to damage the character of a party. Exploded tales are again brought forward as though they were veritable truths. It is but rarely that we find a man who, laying aside passion and prejudice, sets himself honestly to the task of finding out the truth which is unpalatable to one party, while it is eagerly sought after by another. We fear that, though we must give the historian credit for good intentions, we cannot admit that he has altogether succeeded in the presentation of the Anglo-Irish question in the clear light of truth, and as little do we think has his critic arisen to that plain of vision where the lights of history are undimmed and undistorted. The historian, as an Englishman, tries to make the case of his country appear as fair as possible; the priest being the advocate of a cause tries not only to defend his client but to damage as much as possible the position of his antagonist. Yet from their opposing statements we can, at least in some important particulars, eliminate the truth.

We are not satisfied with the historian's reasons for the interference of the English in Irish affairs. If he had been able to shew, that when Henry first took Ireland under his protection, it was likely to become a formidable enemy, or that it was about to be seized upon by Spain, or some other power, to the detriment of England, we could have admitted the force of the reason. The fortunes of war may be the justification of the victors treatment, and policy may require a nation to anticipate an enemy in seizing the territory of a free but weak people. Self preservation is a law which justifies much, that without such plea is highly condemnable. It is not pretended that there was anything of this kind, which might be pleaded in justification of the English in their going to Ireland at first. There was no great enemy of England about to make a descent upon the shores of Ireland. The Danes had been defeated and driven off. Religion had not as yet become a bone of national contention. Henry went to Ireland to settle a quarrel between its rulers. It was as the



friend of Dermot McMurrrough, whom the other chiefs had indignantly expelled from their midst, because of his odious crime that Henry invaded Ireland. The historian lays himself open to the monk, when he assigns as a reason for English interference, the cause of virtue or morality. But Froude makes the English justification to lie in the false morality that "might makes right." The boldness with which he lays down the propositions embodied in that principle, is the only thing in them which we admire. One who has always considered that weakness had other rights than those of mere submission will hardly believe that our representative Englishman should be so bold. Here however is what he says:

"When two countries, or sections of countries, stand geographically so related to one another that their union under a common government will conduce to the advantage of one of them, such countries will continue separate as long only as there is equality of force between them, or as long as the country which desires to preserve its independence possesses a power of resistance so vigorous that the effort to overcome it is too exhausting to be permanently maintained.

"A natural right to liberty, irrespective of the ability to defend it, exists in nations as much as and no more than it exists in individuals. Had nature meant us to live uncontrolled by any will but our own, we should have been so constructed that the pleasures of one would not interfere with the pleasures of another, or that each of us would discharge by instinct those duties which the welfare of the community requires from all. In a world in which we are made to depend so largely for our well-being on the conduct of our neighbors, and yet are created infinitely unequal in ability and worthiness of character, the superior part has a natural right to govern; the inferior part has a natural right to be governed; and a rude but adequate test of superiority and inferiority is provided in the relative strength of the different orders of human beings.

"Among wild beasts and savages, might constitutes right. Among reasonable beings, right is forever tending to create might. Inferiority of numbers is compensated by superior cohesiveness, intelligence, and daring. The better sort of men submit willingly to be governed by those who are nobler and wiser than themselves, organization creates superiority of force; and the ignorant and the selfish may be and are justly compelled for their own advantage to obey a rule which rescues them from their natural weakness. There neither is nor can be an inherent privilege in any person or set of persons to live unworthily at their own wills, when they can be led or driven into more honorable courses; and the rights of

man—if such rights there be—are not to liberty, but to wise direction and control.”

And then he shews that neither boundaries, nor race, nor language can be any reason for combination into nationalities. There is no reason for nationality but power to maintain its independence. “The *right* to resist depends on the *power* of resistance.” Scotland had a right to separate existence because she was able to fight England. If Ireland had fought better, England would have had no right to subjugate her. But, inasmuch as she was weaker than England, England had a right to govern her. Such is the principle of force to which Mr. Froude gives the freest play. England had a right to seize upon and govern Ireland because she could do it. Upon the same principle we can justify the bully, and the slaveholder, and the successful bandit, and every scoundrel who is able to take and hold one weaker than himself in bondage of any kind.

But Mr. Froude tells us of the terrible social condition of the people of Ireland when Henry took charge of it. The piety, he says, for which it had been famed, had degenerated into superstition, and no longer served as a check upon the most ferocious passions. Giraldus Cambrensis, who was sent by Henry the Second to report on Ireland, says, their chief characteristics were “treachery, thirst for blood, unbridled licentiousness, and inveterate detestation of order and rule.” It may be shrewdly suspected that Giraldus colored the report to please his master. But having received such an account of them it was evident they needed “bit and bridle.” Liberty to them was only mischievous, and the Normans came to take direction of them. If, indeed, the Irish were so much more savage than the other European nations, it would have been a mercy for Henry to take charge of them if he had made them more orderly, but, as the Monk has replied, there was war and disorder everywhere at that period—when the Roman Empire was broken up, and when the Normans and Danes and other freebooters were ravaging the fairest countries; and then, too, the disorder did not cease upon the assumption of the English authority, but continued for many centuries, and is not altogether abated till this day. There were, no doubt, some ostensible reasons why the Pope should be solicited to make over Ireland to the care of England. Probably he thought, with Mr. Froude, that the Irish Celts needed a ruler, and the Norman was a “born



ruler" of mankind. All we have now to regret is that the Norman should, with such assumptions and opportunities, have proved himself such a sorry and incompetent ruler as Ireland's whole history since then appears to prove. Had Ireland been allowed to work out her own problem, her case could not have been worse—it might have been a vast deal better.

Mr. Froude assumes that the grant by Pope Adrian of Ireland to Henry "was but the seal of approbation by the spiritual ruler of Christendom." That is to say, the whole world was of opinion that Ireland needed a foreign ruler, and the Pope's bull appointing Henry was just the *imprimatur* of that opinion. The Pope's action has not always been in accord with public sentiment. But passing over that circumstance, we note that Father Burke totally and absolutely denies that ever such a bull was issued,—that the alleged bull was a forgery. The reasoning of the eloquent Monk to establish this position is strong, but is inadmissible in the face of still stronger evidence that the bull was a genuine instrument. He says that the letter which Henry produced was dated 1155, but was not brought to light by him till 1175—twenty years after; that it was introduced into a work called "Metalogicus," published after its author was dead; that it was dated from Rome, whereas Adrian was not at Rome during all that time, and that John of Salisbury, who is said to have procured the letter, affirms that he found the Pope at Benevento where he stayed with him for three months; and further, that the same John of Salisbury never mentions the celebrated brief in his work, entitled "Polycraticus," in which he professedly deals with his visit to Adrian. When Mr. Froude states that Pope Alexander III. acknowledges and confirms Adrian's grant Mr. Burke replies that this letter is another forgery, that three genuine letters of Alexander, of the same year, were dated from Tusculum, and that this fourth letter was dated *from Rome*. The inference is, that it cannot be genuine. But we reply to all this reasoning, the bull or letter of Adrian has been recognized again and again by the Popes themselves. Pope John XXII. in 1319, sent a copy of it to the King of England to remind him of the terms on which he held Ireland, and the bull is published by Baronius, from a copy in the Vatican library. Catholic writers of eminence and authority, now admit its authenticity,\* and therefore all the reasoning founded on supposed

\* See note in Edinburgh Review for January, 1873, p. 68.

discrepancies of the place from which it was dated, must go for nothing. The fact is only of importance because it has been denied, and because Roman Catholics are unwilling to admit that the beginning of English usurpation was sanctioned and approved by the head of their Church. In our view, the Papal approbation does not much mend the English case. It gives some colour to the affirmation that Ireland was in a very disorganized condition, but we know that other views and motives might operate in the procurement of the bull. The evidence laid before the Pope of Ireland's disorganized state was one-sided, and got up by Henry's minions to support the foregone conclusion that Ireland should be handed over to England to be dealt with as its King might see fit.

But, apart from the right of the English to govern, how did they administer the power which they assumed? There are several periods of that authority. 1st. The pre-reformation period, when the governors and governed were of one religion. 2nd. The period of religious rancour. 3rd. The period of emancipation. We make this division for the purpose of viewing the subject in different lights. With the last we shall not now deal, as the history is not before us yet.

The difficulties and mismanagement of English government in Ireland, commenced immediately. The Celtic chiefs were driven to the mountains; and the Fitzgeralds, Lacies, DeBurghs, DeCourciés, Blakes, Butlers, Fitzurses, took the place of McCarthies, O'Neills, O'Briens, O'Sullivan's, and O'Connors. Father Burke says the Irish welcomed the new comers as friends, and gave them part of their lands. No doubt, some of the Irish did but it was because they helped them to conquer another and stronger part of the natives. The Norman, having become "rooted in the soil," graciously condescended to let the Irish live, neither exterminating them wholly, as the Red races in America, nor partially, as were the Gauls by Cæsar, nor holding them continuously down by the sword, as the north of Italy by Austria. "The Normans," says Froude, "were not properly colonists; they were a military aristocracy, whose peculiar mission was to govern men; and, by making alliances with the natives, they seem to have succeeded to a considerable extent, in accomplishing the objects for which they came to Ireland. But it would appear that in the course of two or three generations, the Norman had become a Celt; and the Butlers and Burkes and Blakes were hardly distin-



guishable from the O'Briens, O'Neills and O'Connors, whom they had displaced. So, after a little, notwithstanding the "incessant fighting, and arduous police work, which knew neither end nor respite," by which the Normans tried to hammer the Celts into consistency and order, the result was, that in the century succeeding the advent of the English, many of the Normans had become Celts, in manners and ways; many more had, while still holding their lands, become absentees from their estates; disorder had become general, and society had fallen into a condition at least as bad, save in the four counties constituting the Pale, as before the Norman had constituted himself policeman to the Celt. Then came the wars of "the Roses," during which Ireland was left to itself, when, as might have been expected, her own power of self-government having been taken away for a century, it would have been wonderful if anything better than rapine and revenge and misery had been experienced. The case of Ireland was just that helpless condition in which the whole Roman world was left at the breaking up of the empire. Of course, after a long period, she might have conquered order, and returned to a civilized condition. But before there was time for the experiment, and indeed the English power had never altogether been withdrawn, the old master came back. Bosworth field having been fought, and the Red and White Roses united, the English Sovereign once more turned his governmental attention to his Irish people. The Irish problem had to be faced. Having claimed supremacy over the Island, the English sovereigns "were responsible to God and man, for the administration of some kind of justice there." "Once more there was to be an attempt," says Froude, "to govern, but how it was to be done" remained as obscure as ever. The country was in a frightful condition. "Barbarism had come back as if it were the fatal destiny of the country." There was the pale in which some sort of order still reigned. Then outside that limit, the Geraldines in Leinster and Munster, the O'Briens in Clare, the Butlers in Kilkenny, the O'Neills and O'Donnells in the north, exercised a rude supremacy. Under their titular leadership, the country was shared out between sixty Irish chiefs of the old blood, and "thirty great captains of the English noble folk," each of whom "lived only by the sword and obeyed no temporal power but only himself that was strong." "These ninety leaders, on an average, commanded seven or eight hundred swords apiece, but their retainers, when their

services were not required by their chief, were generally fighting among themselves. Every lad of spirit who could gather a score or two of followers, set up for himself, seized or built some island or forest stronghold, where he lived by his right arm on the plunder of his neighbours, and fought his way to the first place under his lord." Various proposals were made to remedy this state of affairs. The government was, however, handed over to the Earl of Kildare. The Kildares deriving their strength from their popularity, governed by humouring what were called "Irish ideas," among which were "the free right of every man to make war on his neighbour at pleasure," and the appeal to the ordeal of battle in any disputed case. After a quarter of a century of Geraldine rule, the system of repression was adopted. Henry the Eighth, while disavowing all intention of depriving the chiefs of their lands, required them to make a formal surrender, to be restored to them with English titles and to come under the legitimate jurisdiction of the King, though with certain liberty of use of the Brehon laws. That the Irish could not see the justice and beauty of this arrangement, seems a subject of wonder to the historian. Probably it would have been better if they had been able to conform to authority and law, as administered by Henry. But they thought differently, and wanted to be governed by their own ideas. Had they been left to themselves they would gradually, like other nations, have become emancipated from them. It was the fact that a foreign power was taking away what they held most dear that prevented them from seeing the benefits of the scheme proposed. But a new difficulty was about to arise which rendered the task of governing Ireland impossible to England. The religions of the governors and governed were to be henceforth different. To the antipathy of race was to be added the antipathy of creed. England was about to become Protestant. Of course, considering the relations of the two countries, other things being equal, Ireland would instinctively hold by the old faith which gave her a chance of throwing off the yoke of England. So when Kildare declared for the Pope he was thrown into the tower where he died; his son, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, was compelled to surrender and was hanged at Tyburn. The Kildare Geraldines were attainted; the estates of English absentees were confiscated, the Abbey lands of Ireland were given over to dangerous chiefs, who accepted them gratefully, surrendered their own lands to receive them back subject to English condi-



tions and English rule and inheritance, accepting English earldoms for Irish chieftancies, and consenting to the title which Henry took to himself, of King of Ireland. Matters looked bright and English rule might have at last succeeded had Henry lived longer, and had not his quarrel with the Pope given rise to complicated differences of doctrine which laid the foundation of future conspiracies, insurrections and revenges.

Passing over the disturbed reigns of Edward Sixth and Mary, we find things in no very orderly condition on the accession of Elizabeth. The element of creed now comes fully into play in the government of Ireland. The Church and Abbey lands with their revenues, which Elizabeth farmed out, that she might lighten the expenses of her government, were sources of dissatisfaction. The priests set themselves in opposition to the government which had despoiled their property. The authority of the Pope was used to neutralize the authority of Elizabeth. She was head of the English church, while he was king of the kings and queens of the earth. Society was thus again disorganized. Banditti roamed everywhere, and Elizabeth's soldiers sent to suppress them were almost banditti themselves. Shan O'Neill put himself at the head of the movement against Elizabeth who assisted the enemies of the O'Neills, and Shan was murdered. In the South she pitted Ormond and Desmond against each other. In the war which followed between England and the Geraldines, the country was wasted. So utterly desolated was Munster that the lowing of a cow, the sound of a ploughboy's whistle was not to be heard from Valentia to the Rock of Cashel. Hugh O'Neill, bred in the English Court and sent over to Ireland with the highest hope that he would bring everything over to English ideas, adopted all the Irish ideas. "Train a wolf's cub as a dog and he will be a wolf still," was the remark on his conduct. There was a war then of six years. To urge on the resistance of the Irish, a Nuncio from Rome proclaimed that no Catholic could, without sin, submit to a heretic Sovereign; far less take part against the faithful who were in arms for the holy church. This doctrine made toleration impossible, and compelled the maintenance of laws which, in time, provoked insurrection and all its fatal consequences. Had that doctrine been renounced it might have been possible to re-establish the Roman Catholic church; but how was it possible for a Sovereign to establish a church which not only held the

doctrine as an opinion, but put it in practice whenever opportunity afforded. So the strife went forward. But it was evident that unless Protestants were introduced into Ireland it could not be governed as a Protestant country, so, from time to time, as one portion of the country after another was desolated, or forfeited to the crown, it was planted with Protestants. Especially in Ulster had this planting gone forward. There Scotch colonists had, from time to time, settled not as governors or military leaders, but as farmers, weavers, merchants, mechanics, and labourers. "They went there to earn a living by labour on a land that up till that time produced only banditti. They built towns and villages; they established trades and manufactures; they enclosed fields; raised farm-houses and homesteads, where till then had been but robbers' castles, wattled huts, mud cabins, or holes in the earth like rabbit burrows." Then the natural wealth of Ireland began to reveal itself. Commerce sprung up. The wheel and the loom made music in every house. The fields waved with the yellow corn. Trade sprung up with England and France. The exquisite Irish wool was sought in the south of Europe. The only thing which gave a sombre hue to this bright picture was that these prosperous people were foreigners. The owners of the country were poor and improvident still. The natives, where they were mingled with the foreigners, caught the infection of industry, but where the Celts were without admixture and example, "Irish ideas" continued to prevail. If at an earlier period, before rancour and hatred of race and religion were produced, these industrious people had settled in Ireland, instead of the Norman Lord—"born ruler of men," who went to fight and domineer—what a different fate had been that of unfortunate Ireland. But then the land had to be taken from the natives that there might be room for these industrious people. Possibly. Yet we cannot help speculating on what would have been the happy condition of Ireland, had Scotland had the management of affairs instead of England. Nor can we refrain from thinking that a much happier history had been of that unfortunate island if Henry had just allowed the Irish to settle their own quarrels as the English had done during the Heptarchy, when probably there was just about as much disorder and rapine as was in Ireland when Strongbow landed on its shores.

But we must hurry on to the consideration of the rebellion of



1641. Whether there was a massacre at all on that memorable year, or whether it was of any amount to talk of, has been a subject of controversy. The reason why it has been debated at all is because it is held to form a reason and excuse for the penal era which followed. Froude, taking as his guide the thirty-two volumes of sworn evidence of eye witnesses whose testimony is altogether concurrent, affirms, as well he may, that a terrible spoliation and massacre were made of the Protestants by the Catholics in that year. Derry, Carrickfergus, Newry and Dublin, and other strong places were to be surprised on the 23rd October. The Irish people were to dispose of the English settlers and their families. The order was to drive them from their houses, strip them, man, woman and child—of their property, of their clothes on their backs, to take such chances for life as the elements would allow in the late autumn, to human existence, turned adrift amidst sleet and rain, without food or covering. The Scots were to be left unmolested, an order observed at first but afterward unheeded. So on that fatal Saturday, before the houses of the settlers, gangs of armed Irish appeared, demanding instant possession, driving out the families and stripping most of them to the skin. Those who resisted were killed: some saved their lives by flight. The doors of neighbours were opened in seeming hospitality, but within were those who had been taught that it was a mortal sin to give relief or protection to the English. Those who sought refuge were betrayed to the ruffians out of doors, or were murdered by their hosts. There were indeed exceptions, where parties were protected. Nor, at first, was massacre apparently designed. The ill-success of the scheme for the seizure of Dublin, Enniskillen, Derry, Coleraine, and Carrickfergus, exasperated the conspirators; and it is affirmed that the massacre was not begun till the Protestants set the example. Catholic writers say that the first blood was shed at Island Magee, when 3000 Irish Catholics were slain by the garrison of Carrickfergus. This was utterly untrue. The date of the event referred to was not November but January, long after the massacre had commenced. The facts, every item of which can be made good, are: Alaster McDonnell, had destroyed some English families at Kilrea; seventy or eighty old men, women and children, had been killed on the road by the same party between Ballintory and Oldstown. On the Sunday following, January 9th, a party of the expelled farmers, maddened

by their losses, accompanied by a few soldiers from Carrickfergus, slew in revenge thirty Catholics on Island Magee. These thirty were shortly converted into three thousand, and the event translated from the 9th January 1642, back to 25th November 1641, that a defensive operation might become the excuse for crimes committed months previously. The bloody work went forward. The contemplated spoliation merged into murder, which soon became a passion, and not only might the Protestants be seen naked and defenceless dragging themselves in hunger and cold to some place of safety, but savages of both sexes brandishing skenes; even boys practising their young hands in stabbing and torturing English children. Terrible were the scenes enacted, from which the eye turns away in horror. The massacre of the Indian rebellion was nothing to it. It was at first indeed greatly exaggerated. It was said that 200,000 perished in the first six months. At the trial of Lord Maguire the figures sworn to were 152,000. Others reduced the numbers slain to 40,000, or 37,000. Even these figures Mr. Froude thinks exaggerated. But Father Burke will have it that the whole story is a fiction. First he quotes Phelim O'Neill's proclamation on the day of the rising:

“These are to intimate and make known unto all persons whatsoever, in and through the whole country, that the true intent and meaning of us whose names are hereunto subscribed, that the first assembling of us is nowise intended against our Sovereign Lord the King, nor hurt of any of his subjects, either English or Scotch, but only for the defense and liberty of ourselves and the Irish natives of this kingdom. And we further declare, that whatsoever hurt hitherto hath been done to any person shall be speedily repaired; and we will that every person forthwith, after proclamation hereof, make their speedy repair unto their own houses under pain of death, that no further hurt be done unto any one under the like pain, and that this be proclaimed in all places. *At Dungannon, 23 October, 1641.*—PHELM O'NEILL.”

Upon this proclamation the Rev. Father proceeds to enquire:

“Did they keep this declaration of theirs? Most inviolably. I assert, in the name of history, that they did not massacre the Protestants, and I will prove it from Protestant authority. We find despatches from the Irish Government to the government in England, of the 27th of that same month, in which they gave them the account of the rising of the Irish people; there they complained, telling how the Irish stripped their Protestant fellow-



citizens, took their cattle, took their houses, and took their property—but not one single word of complaint about one drop of bloodshed. And if they took their cattle and houses and property, you must remember that they only took back what was their own. A very short time afterwards the massacre began; and who began it? The Protestant Ulster settlers fled from the Irish; they brought their lives with them, at least, and they entered the town of Carrickfergus, where they found a garrison of Scotch Puritans. Now, in the confusion that arose, the poor country-people, frightened, all fled into an obscure part of the country, near Carrickfergus, to a peninsula called Island Magee. They were there collected for the purposes of safety to the number of more than three thousand. The very first thing these English Puritans and a Scotch garrison did, when they came together, was to steal out of Carrickfergus in the night-time, go into the midst of that innocent and unarmed people, and they slaughtered man, woman and child, until they left three thousand dead behind them. And we have the authority of Leland, an English Protestant historian, who expressly says, "This was the first massacre committed in Ireland on either side."

It is true that on the 27th Oct., four days after the insurrection, little or no blood had been shed, and the complaint is, that the Irish stripped their Protestant fellow-subjects, took their cattle, took their houses and property; but not a single word of complaint about one drop of bloodshed. Now, it is very disingenuous in the Rev. Father to conceal the fact that Mr. Froude and all the historians expressly state that there was no massacre *for some time after* the rising. The Father says "the Protestants began it," and tells the story of the massacre on Island Magee. But the sworn testimony is, that the killing of the thirty men on Island Magee was in January, 1642,—rather too late for a justification of what took place in November and December, 1641. But what can be put in opposition to the thirty-two volumes of sworn evidence taken shortly after? Why, this, says Father Burke—that a great portion of these depositions were not *sworn at all*; but Dr. Warner tells us that having heard it stated that the words "being duly sworn" were crossed out, he made a full examination and found no instance in which the words were crossed. We may safely allow the matter to stand as these depositions attest.

But then followed a ten years terrible war, and the Cromwellian pacification by cruel slaughters, the restoration, and the advent of William and the penal era. Upon these matters we have not time

at present to dwell. The laws were most repressive. No arms were to be used by the Irish; no Catholic child was to be sent to a Catholic teacher, nor was it to be sent to receive a Catholic education elsewhere; all Popish Archbishops, Bishops, Vicars General, Jesuits, Monks, Friars, or other regular Popish Clergy or Papists exercising any jurisdiction were ordered to depart out of the kingdom before the 1st May, 1698. Then by the 1st Act of Parliament under Queen Anne, if the son of a Papist became a Protestant his father might not sell, mortgage, or dispose of any part of his property by sale, the Protestant son became master of the father's estate, and finally a law was passed by which no Catholic should own a horse of more value than five pounds. If he did his neighbour might take him on paying down the small price. Well, what is the justification for all this? The historian points to 1641 and to the spirit and teaching of the religion which caused the massacre. And he says truly that Catholic writers express neither regret nor astonishment at severities such as the penal laws in Catholic countries, but reserve their outcries for occasions when they are themselves the victims of their own principles. We suppose it will not be denied that one principle of the Romish religion was at the bottom of all the rebellions in Ireland from the time of the Reformation. In the eyes of the Catholic church the power to dispose of Ireland was in the Pope,—a dogma which those who inherited the lordship of Ireland from the bull of Adrian, can hardly find legitimate fault with. It was a very inconvenient doctrine for the English after their quarrel with the Pope, however admirable it seemed to Henry when he got the rescript from Rome to go and take Ireland. Indeed, it is a puzzle and a difficulty still, what to do with those who hold by the old doctrine, for one does not know what in some conjuncture of favourable circumstances might be made of it. It was not, to say the least of it, wonderful, however much of a mistake, to find the English endeavouring to uproot a principle which was continually giving so much trouble and leading to rebellions and conspiracies and massacres. It was this principle which led to hatred of the doctrine of the mass which was confounded with it, and if the Catholics want that or any other doctrine of their church to be respected by Protestants, they would do well entirely to reject and renounce the dogma of the right of the Pope to manage the temporal affairs of the nations. This they are not likely to do, for the



same council which affirmed the infallibility of the Pope, decided also on that article of the Syllabus which affirms that it is a wicked error to admit Protestants to equal political rights with Catholics or to allow Protestant immigrants the free use of worship; on the contrary, to coerce and suppress them is a sacred duty when it has become possible, as the Jesuit fathers and their adherents teach. Till then of course, the greatest prudence is to be exercised with regard to the use of their physical power. Still, notwithstanding that this, whatever be the private opinion of Roman Catholics, is the doctrine of the church, England has gone on removing the penal laws till now there is not a shred of them remaining. England is right in this. We must never permit the intolerance of another to make us intolerant. Where England was wrong, was in ever passing the penal laws. It is easy, however, in looking back in the past to tell where our fathers erred, to show how the battle was lost and how it might have been gained. Let us hope that no circumstance in future will ever blind the eyes of the kings and rulers of nations to forget the rights of men in revenge of conspiracies against their authority.

Mr. Froude thinks that there are radical defects in the Irish character which constitute the great difficulties in the way of government, order and prosperity. Winning and seductive, capable of assimilating those with whom they associate to themselves, "they want that manliness which will give strength and solidity to the sentimental part of their dispositions." "This incompleteness of character," he says, "is seen in all they have done; in their history, in their arts, and in their literature. Their lyrical melodies are exquisite, their epic poetry is ridiculous bombast, . . . they have no secular history, for as a nation they have done nothing which posterity will not be anxious to forget." Their characters have "no dramatic outline," "their architecture is poor," their houses "from cabin to castle, hideous." Taste, truthfulness, cleanliness, are all absent. "The Irish is the spendthrift sister of the Arian race." He gives them credit for an attraction which none can withstand. Brave to rashness, yet infirm of purpose; unless led by others their bravery is useless to them; "patriots, yet with a history which they must trick with falsehood to render it tolerable, even to themselves; imaginative and political, yet unable to boast of one national work of art; attached ardently to their country, yet so cultivating it that they are a by-word to Europe. They

appeal to sympathy in their very weakness, and they possess qualities, the moral worth of which it is impossible to over-estimate, and which are rare in the choicest races of mankind.

There is a nice balance in these phrases of the historian which is not the mere trick of rhetoric. The contrasts are too true and real. But it may be enquired how far are these defects to be traced to the presence and rule of the English in Ireland. Battle-fields are not the places to cultivate the arts: people held in slavery may be pardoned if wanting in taste or sentiment. Men robbed of their lands and turned out of their houses burrowed where they could till they might get back their homes, so that poor lodging became to them a thing of wont and use. Why decorate the temporary mud cabin when its tenant was waiting for the house out of which he had been harried? Then how should they have a "secular history" any more than any other enslaved people? The accusation of want of courage at home is unfounded. Their want was of unanimity and of leaders. If they had changed commanders at the Boyne, the history of Ireland would have been changed, and that of England too. It is impossible to charge Ireland with a defect which may not be owing to the presence and management of "the English in Ireland."

Father Burke does not err much when he says: "The history of the English connexion with Ireland, is a history of blundering and want of tact, and not knowing what to do with the people—never understanding them nor knowing anything about their genius, about their prejudices, or about the shape and form of their national character," and that "if Mr. Froude has proved anything, it is that among all the gifts, one gift God never gave the English, viz:—How to govern people."

The religious and land questions are still the great subjects of contention in Ireland. One would think that both of these had been pretty well disposed of. But the Irish church wants back what she was despoiled of. The English establishment having been swept away, there is cherished the hope that the church of Ireland may be established. Then though tenant-right has been granted, and though improvements are to be paid for, there still lingers a hope to the heirs of the dispossessed, of recovering the lands of their fathers. "Ireland for the Irish" is still the watchword. In 1848, poor Celts talked very freely of the houses occupied by rich Saxons, which they intended to have. Hatred is still



intense against England. The conclusion of Father Burke's last lecture, where he quotes with great gusto Macaulay's New Zealander; the battle of Dorking; the Alabama settlement; the probability of Ireland yet becoming a state of the American Union, etc. is proof of this. The difficulty of the English in Ireland is a snake scotched not killed.

There are many topics descanted upon in Froude's work which we have not room to notice. It is an admirable contribution to the understanding of the Irish question, if it does not solve the problem. Those who want to know the history of the English in Ireland should possess themselves of this book, and they would do well also to get Father Burke's rejoinder. The Monk sometimes makes good points; but we are bound to say that he serves up much exploded statement as history which, though it might do very well before an admiring audience, will not serve his cause in the long run. His chief force is in reply to the sentiment and morality of the historian's positions, whose historical facts are incontrovertible. The ventilation which the subject has received will do good. The opinion expressed in many quarters that Father Burke had the best of the argument will be entertained chiefly by those who, ignorant of the facts, have read only the Monk's lectures, but have not perused Mr. Froude's book.

## AN EDITOR'S TRIALS.

I HAD a call from the Editor this New Year's Eve. I can see him now, as he stood with his left elbow resting on the mantelpiece and his head leaning upon his hand. He had an uneasy, hunted, grieved look that I had never seen—at least in such intensity—upon his countenance before.

I saw at once that the poor fellow was in a state of mind. By subtlety I led him on to the free unburdening of his soul,—the first, best medicine to the wounded spirit.

Standing there—at his feet the inseparable red satchel, bursting with MSS.; his coat out-swelling in great lumps and humps, from that overcrowding of the pockets called literary; and with eyes set in fixed, unmeaning stare at the crumbling ashes on the hearth,

my friend did deliver himself with an eloquent *abandon*, his possession of which I had never till that moment dreamed. I cannot follow his words; I can only give some faint idea of the general color and tenor of his passionate complaint.

An editor, he said, is the only human sufferer for whom there is no pity among his fellow-mortals. His is a lonely sorrow—there is nothing in the experience of those who are near to him that can help them either to mourn with him in his misery, or, what is sometimes needed more, to be glad with him in his joy.

Can you imagine the effect upon the human brain of the unintermitted wash over it of a steady, unending stream of MSS., year in and year out? Can you imagine the intellectual distraction, disintegration, demoralization, that comes of entertaining an inconstant succession of plots, facts, fancies, freaks, rhymes, reasons, and theories—most of them of no force or value whatever? Do you wonder that an editor, after a good part of a lifetime spent in such abortive labours, should contemplate a lapse into a condition of downright idiocy?

He paused a moment in his speech. His left hand still clasped his forehead, but his right waved in mid-air, as if in time to the ceaseless pulsing of those waters of which he had spoken, and over which his eyes seemed even now vaguely to wander, like those of the "Ancient Mariner" over that wide and dreadful sea.

An awful thought entered my mind—is it really so? I asked myself; have his troubles actually touched that sensitive brain of his—are his own worst anticipations about to be realized? Suppose, I thought with a shudder, suppose he should be taken violently, and, as often happens in such cases, should turn upon his best friend—in a word, suppose he should demolish both me and the Old Cabinet before I had time to call for assistance. I glanced nervously at the brass-knobbed tongs, which happened to be on the side of the hearth near which he stood. But I did not betray my suspicions, and as he went on he gradually became calmer, and more and more like himself, falling at last into the stately phrase for which he is so justly celebrated.

. . . . If the evil were worked only during the reading—he continued—it would not be so disastrous. But the horrible things haunt him. Wherever he goes he is followed by a phantom company, that brings him no companionship, help or solace of any kind—nothing but dissipation and annoyance. A face flickers before him—some dimly outlined personality—taking part in a half-remembered scene. He pauses to recall where he has met such a one—where and when such a thing happened. Then flash across his vision the yellow pages of a MS.—a week ago sent on its homeward journey.

To spend one's days and nights in the company of disagreeable people, to whom the story-writers introduce him, without his consent or desire—to listen to their knock-kneed philosophies, their



cant, their mouthing insipidities—this is the fate of an editor! And if, in order to prevent the ghostly crew from dogging his very step, and making even his dreams hideous, he adopts the expedient of giving a mere mechanical attention to the words of the MS., this style of reading interferes with his mastery of the things he needs to read with the spirit and with the understanding also.

Who ever thinks of sitting down and writing a letter of condolence to an editor upon the rejection of a MS.? Who is there to remind him that these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, etc., etc.! Here is he made by Providence the inflictor of a thousand hurts, and with no one to drop a sympathetic tear! Heavy-hearted, he frames gentle excuses and deprecatory declinations, knowing well that there is no art of putting things that can prevent a pang. The blow may be received with a sneer and a hit back; or with a real or feigned heartiness; or with hopeless resignation. The first experience, he supposed, is next in comfort to a letter of condolence; the second will do very well unless the author has taken too much encouragement, and is dooming himself to new and grave disappointments; but your resigned cases—there is the confounded part of it! It was never any portion of his literary ambition to perform the part of an executioner; he is too sensible of his own shortcomings to want to sit in judgment upon other people's work,—and yet he is made to figure, in the eyes of a host of good and gentle souls, either as a person of no heart or of no brains,—he is only too grateful when it is merely the lack of brains of which he is accused.

Of course—said my unhappy friend—there are certain MSS. that can be returned with few compunctions. If an editor could add to his printed and written “forms,” one addressed to “idiots,” another to “ignorant braggarts,” another to “insolent grinders,” another to “impertinent old ladies in pantaloons,” his correspondence would be simplified, and his conscience saved. But what becomes of a man's moral nature after he has invented some nine hundred white lies in a twelve-month!

Again he paused. The same look that had frightened me before, once more crept across his face. His eyes, as then, seemed to go out over an awful sea, and his hand moved from side to side with the old pathetic gesture.

“Nice work this for New Year's,” he burst forth at last—giving the little red bag a half-contemptuous push with the toe of his boot. The touch was an *open sesame*,—off flew the catch, and out sprang a dozen MSS., tumbling in confusion upon the carpet. He kneeled to gather the waifs, and as he was leisurely replacing them one by one in the bag, suddenly—as on a black night a porch is lit up when the hall door is flung wide open, or as the aurora makes luminous the darkness of the northern sky—his face was radiant with delight! He hadn't noticed the directions before, he said, but if there wasn't another poem from L. B.; and, he

declared! something more from F—— H——; and a new story from S—— and wouldn't I like to see the handwriting of this last! and didn't I wish I could read it in MS. three whole months before the rest of the world.—so good-night to me!—and he had fled into the darkness like a lively, demented old miser.—SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

### CURRENT EVENTS.

THE meeting of a new Parliament for the first time is always an interesting event. There are so many developments of character and of intrigue to be watched, so many positions to be defined, so many maiden speeches to be made, and so much marshalling of forces to be done, that the bystander can easily find food for amusement, and probably for not a little cynical reflection. The excitement deepens as the opposing parties become more evenly matched, and few can resist the tendency to cast their sympathies on either one side or the other during the struggle. The variety of issues presented to the people at the last general election for the Dominion was so great, and the want of consolidation on both sides so marked, that it was a matter of great difficulty to determine the actual result of the contest. The number of so-called independent members elect was disproportionately large; and, according as these would range themselves on one side or the other, the ministry or their opponents would have a majority in the House. As is usual in such cases, the first divisions clearly proved that the predictions of the newspaper organs on both sides were erroneous. The fact that the government has been sustained for the present, falsifies the vaticinations of the opposition, while the ministers themselves will scarcely feel disposed to consider their majority a safe one. It remains to be seen whether, in a House of two hundred members, a not very reliable majority of less than twenty will suffice to enable the government to weather the session in the face of an opposition powerful in numbers, consolidation, and talent. Many grave questions are coming up for discussion, including, more especially, the Pacific Railway, and, if we may rely upon the implied promise given recently in public by Mr. Blake, the Washington Treaty; the Premier will require all the ability, tact, energy and astuteness which he and his colleagues possess in order to ward off attacks, sure to be as determined as they are well arranged.

The reconstruction of a cabinet is not always or necessarily a sign of weakness; yet, the impression seems to prevail, that nothing but the most urgent necessity could have driven the



Premier to make the change he has made in the *personnel* of his administration. To use the homely, but expressive aphorism which was so great a favorite with President Lincoln: "it is a bad time to swap horses when crossing a stream." There can be at least no doubt respecting the difficulty of supplying the place of the veteran financier Sir Francis Hincks, who is already out of the cabinet, and will probably soon be compelled to leave the House.

The opposition have had the good sense to allow the address in reply to the speech from the throne to be carried without a division. This practice has long been prevalent in the British House of Commons, and on account of the intentional vagueness of the wording, no one is considered as committing himself to any sentiment in it, by allowing it to pass without recording his vote against it, or even offering any hostile criticism. The very opening of the session was characterised by a series of fierce struggles on questions of privilege, and, judging from the results of the different votes, and the tone of the speeches, the country may congratulate itself that such unseemly exhibitions will be prevented in future by handing over the trial of controverted election cases to the judges of the Superior Courts. In the West Peterboro and Muskoka cases there were no questions of fact involved, the returns showing on their face that through grave irregularities somewhere, the verdict of the people at the polls had been set aside. In each case the opposition candidate had a majority of votes, the validity of which might be disputed, it is true, before an election committee, but about which no question had been raised. The returning officer in each case had chosen to exercise judicial functions, returning in one the minority candidate as the member elect, declaring in the other that neither was elected. In both cases, the House was asked by resolution, to amend the return, so as to bring it into harmony with the figures contained in the poll-books, in other words to declare the majority candidates elected, reserving, at the same time, the right to petition against their election, and contest their seats; and it was asked to do this on the ground that the functions of a returning officer were ministerial and not judicial. Setting aside for a moment, all consideration of the merits of either case *per se*, it seems strange that the House should have refused to amend the return in what was surely the more flagrant breach of privilege of the two, and should consent almost immediately afterwards to make the necessary *amende* in that which was less so. If a returning officer exceeds his power at all in failing to return the majority candidate, common sense would seem to indicate that he goes further astray in returning the wrong man than in refusing to return any. Not so thought the House of Commons, however; and, as this was a case of privilege, its will in the matter is law. That there is danger in the precedent established by the West Peterboro case, some of those who are responsible for its creation may live to find out, even

though the remedy provided by a change of tribunal may be more speedy than it is now. The House solemnly declared by a majority of sixteen, that the returning officer has the right to decide on the qualification of the candidates before him; what is there, then, to hinder the minority man being always returned? True, he could soon be unseated; but, meanwhile, the man who is really the choice of the people is mulcted in costs in order to obtain the seat to which no one denies his *prima facie* right. Probably the far-reaching consequences of their vote on the question did not trouble much a goodly number of the *moutons* who are sure to find their way into every deliberative assembly.

The session which has had such a stormy beginning, promises to have an equally stormy middle and end. Since the signing of the Pacific Railway charter, the correspondence between the rival companies chartered by the last parliament has been made public. Very little new light has been shed by this incident on the facts of the case, though charges of a grave nature abound. These may be reduced to two—that there is an intention on the part of the government and the chief spirits of the new company to hand the road over to American capitalists, and that the ministry have received their *quid pro quo* in the shape of a large sum of money to help to carry the late elections. It seems to have been acknowledged on all hands, at one time, that the road could not be built without the aid of American capital; and the charge made by the one company against the other of being willing to place the line under the control of an alien proprietary, seems, so far as the public can yet judge, to be fairly met by the *tu quoque* retort. An attempt is at present being made to secure sufficient English capital to carry on the enterprise. Should that attempt be unsuccessful, perhaps, indeed, whether or no, it will be impossible to prevent the stock from passing into the hands of foreigners, and with the stock must pass also the control of the road. The political power exercised by the company will enable it to make and mar cabinets at its pleasure; and with the Americanizing of the company and its directorate is inseparably connected the loss of the autonomy of the Dominion. The other charge, that of accepting a bribe, is as yet unsubstantiated in every particular, depending for currency on mere assertion. The public will be loth to believe that any body of men could be found in this country, who would be willing to transfer to the hands of aliens the control of a national work of such gigantic magnitude. They will find it still harder to believe that they would venture to negotiate with those who are interested in a rival road, and must be considered the enemies of the Canadian scheme. But if it should ever transpire that ministers have been found venal enough to sell their country's dearest interests for foreign gold, with which to debauch constituencies during a general election,



the most condign punishment cannot fail to be meted out to them by their incensed fellow-citizens.

After all, it has yet to be shewn, it seems, whether the Pacific Railway scheme is feasible at all. According to one member from Manitoba, the obstacles in the way of carrying out the scheme, as defined by the Act and the Charter, are virtually insuperable, while the grant of fifty millions of acres of land will cover all the habitable districts in the North West territories. If so, it may well be asked, and asked seriously and persistently, is the union with British Columbia worth it all? What will the country have in return for the thirty million bonus for the payment of which its credit is pledged, if it requires every rood of arable land in its unappropriated territories to make up the subsidy?

A danger, no less imminent than that involved in the Pacific Railway scheme, threatens the Intercolonial bond. It is not now making itself felt for the first time, though it is beginning to assume a more serious form than ever before. Different members of the confederation are manifesting grave signs of dissatisfaction with the financial basis of the union, and demanding better terms. It must be patent to all that whenever any one Province succeeds in drawing into its coffers a larger share of the general revenue than it gets at present, it must do so at the expense of the other sections of the Dominion, and it is altogether improbable that those other sections are going to submit to such a process without the necessity for disturbing the basis of union being established beyond the possibility of its being gainsayed. As if to burlesque the demand of New Brunswick for "better terms" the same cry now comes from Manitoba, a Province which obtained terms so extremely favourable when it was admitted, that a similar occurrence is not likely to take place again. Quebec is brought as closely to the verge of direct taxation as New Brunswick, and it is from her that the principal opposition to the demand of the latter will come, unless her members agree to make common cause with our own, in which case we may expect to find members of every shade of politics in Ontario uniting to resist the demands of both. It is easy to raise the cry of sectionalism, and such a cry would soon become a powerful disintegrator of the union. There can be no doubt that confederation has imposed increased burdens on the smaller provinces, which were too much governed before the union, and are absurdly so now. The duties of local Legislatures are principally of a municipal kind, and will gradually become more and more so. Common sense would seem to dictate the propriety of abolishing all the useless paraphernalia of a second chamber, excessive subdivision of executive offices, and all the other expensive and unnecessary parts of the governmental machinery, now that the great general interests of every part of the Dominion are managed by a central Parliament. Ontario is the only Province

of the Dominion shewing a surplus; had that fund not been in existence a good deal of the color for the present agitation would never have existed. On her behalf it is argued that her surplus is due to the ample provision made for local public works by local direct taxation, and to her self-denying economy in divesting herself of governmental appendages which are better adapted for ornament than use. The plea is urged that if other Provinces follow her example they will have a surplus too, and whether this plea is well founded or not, it will require no small amount of argument to induce her members of Parliament to abandon the position. If the financial pressure felt just now in Manitoba and New Brunswick would only lead to the extension of the boundaries of the former province, as it seems likely to do, and to a legislative union of all the maritime provinces, which does not seem to be at all close at hand, much benefit would result from it. In any case to ask for "better terms" under the threat, explicit or implied, of withdrawing political support from the ministry of the day, would be as suicidal as it is unfair. The demand is either an equitable one or it is not. If it is, let it be considered on its merits and not be mixed up with the chicaneries of politics. If it is not, and if the boon can only be secured at the expense of the just rights of other Provinces, it must be abandoned. New Brunswick members may hold the balance of power between contending parties now; the day will come when they will not, and their success in disturbing the financial basis of the union now would only pave the way for a reconstruction of it on less advantageous terms at some future time. These remarks have no reference whatever to the merits of the claim, which has certainly an appearance of plausibility, if not an aspect of truth; they are intended as a *caveat* against a mode of presenting it which appears to be looked on with favour in some quarters, and which all honourable men must sincerely deprecate.

The publication of the terms offered to Prince Edward Island by the Dominion Government has been the signal for a not unexpected explosion. As usual, the alleged inconsistency of the men in power in advocating what they once reprehended, is made the excuse for equal, if not greater inconsistency in their opponents. Those who always opposed confederation are naturally, if not justifiably exasperated at what they deem the trick played on them by their quondam leaders, though it is not necessarily any more a trick or a shuffle than the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Act by the Duke of Wellington, or the repeal of the Corn Laws by Sir Robert Peel. The whole history of constitutional government is full of seeming tergiversations, which may, with perfect honesty, be regarded by the perpetrators as specimens of the highest kind of statemanship. The Journals of the Island, always bad enough in temper and low enough in tone, are of



course making the most grotesque exhibitions of themselves, in their efforts to stir up a storm in a tea-pot. The smaller the pit the fiercer the rats fight. It will be better for Prince Edward Island when her sons, with soaring ambition and pugnacious disposition, can find a wider field at Ottawa, in which to measure themselves with foemen worthy of their steel. If, however, through the influence of political hate, or Jesuitical machinations, or any other cause, the present terms of Union should be rejected, it may be long before others equally favourable are placed at the disposal of the Islanders.

England has had her political crisis also, though it has been tided over for the present, and with an astonishing amount of dignity too. Whatever other charge may be brought against Mr. Gladstone, he certainly has, on more than one occasion, shewn an almost over-scrupulous desire to interpret the verdict of public opinion as being hostile to himself. His readiness to resign whenever an adverse vote takes place is often attributed to the testiness of his character, a charge which may have some foundation. At all events, whatever may have been the motives which actuated him in the late crisis, nothing could be better fitted to restore him to his former position in the public mind than his quiet resignation, his cheerful abandonment of all intrigue and negotiation, his dignified reserve while his opponents were taking counsel, and his absolute refusal to resume the reins of power until they had decided to unconditionally abandon their intention of trying to organize a cabinet. There has been, it seems, no change in the *personnel* of the administration, a result none the less to be regretted because it was to be expected. The prime minister's sense of dignity and his chivalry would not admit of his making a scape-goat of even Mr. Ayrton at such a time, though if the rejuvenated cabinet is to survive, it cannot long avoid the ordeal of reconstruction. Once a Tory of the Tories, Mr. Gladstone has verged so constantly and rapidly towards the other pole that he is now far more in sympathy with the Radical element among his bifurcated following than with the Whigs who accompanied him of yore under the lead of Lord Palmerston. The result of the inevitable progress of public opinion has left Earl Russell long ago on the conservative side of the political dividing line; the rearrangement of political landmarks, after the present ones have been effaced by the next political tidal wave, will doubtless throw another batch of conservative Whigs across the fence to swell the thinning ranks of Toryism. When the time comes for Mr. Gladstone to elect which branch of his following he will adhere to, there can be no doubt what his choice will be. It is to be hoped that, whatever may be the fate of his Irish University Bill, his foreign and colonial policy will be more consonant to the national mind, and more in keeping with his otherwise dignified demeanor

as the prime minister of a great nation and one of the best and wisest reformers of his day.

The only other foreign event of the month, which appears worthy of special mention, is the inauguration of General Grant a second time as President of the United States. The occupation of the Presidential chair by a man of his stamp, while such men as Sumner, Greeley and Seward sought in vain for an opportunity of filling it, is a species of satire on the democratic sneers so generally indulged in against a hereditary monarchy. It is quite true that a monarchy furnishes no guarantee against a fool becoming heir to the throne; but Responsible Government can at least tie his hands so as to prevent him from doing serious mischief. If a Charles I. or a James II., or even an Elizabeth found it impossible to assert their individual views too strongly, it is not likely that the better understood and more scientific maxims of constitutional government, as practised now, will ever tolerate interference with popular rights hereafter. So much can hardly be said of a system which elects a Chief Magistrate by dint of conventions and wire-pulling, and then places in his hands a kind of semi-despotic political power during his incumbency. President Grant's *penchant* for annexing territory crops out even in his inaugural address. He admits the right of the people to judge of the expediency of annexing new dominions to those already acquired; but, even with this reservation, it may well be questioned whether any real statesman would, at the present juncture, think or speak of annexing more territory at all. It is a soldier's talk, and the talk of a not very intelligent soldier at that. Surely it is time that this insatiable craving after territory should give place to the appreciation of a higher and nobler destiny among our neighbors. It is true that sensible men repudiate the manifest destiny dream, and the absurd Monroe doctrine; but if they want foreigners to believe in their sincerity and live on amicable terms with them, they ought to instruct their Chief Magistrate to eliminate all such visionary nonsense out of his state papers, whatever his private views may be.