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QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

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PUBLISHED FOR THE COMMITTEE BY
THE NEWS PRINTING COMPANY
 KINGSTON, CANADA

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY,

PUBLISHED JULY, OCTOBER, JANUARY AND APRIL,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF ALUMNI AND FRIENDS OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, CANADA.

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QUEEN'S QUARTERLY.

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1895.

No. 4.

All articles intended for publication, books for review, exchanges—and all correspondence relating thereto—should be addressed to the editors, Box A, Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario.

DANTE AND MEDIEVAL THOUGHT.

V.—HELL, PURGATORY AND PARADISE.

ON first entering the eternal world Dante finds himself upon a Dark Plain, lying like a broad ring around the mouth of Hell. Here he sees an innumerable host of people—indeed, he “could not believe that death had undone so many”—who, stung by hornets and wasps, rush blindly and furiously after a flag which moves and whirls with lightning-like rapidity. These are the “worthless souls,” who are “hateful both to God and to his enemies, wretches who never were alive.” Among them he recognizes “him who from cowardice made the great refusal.”

It is worth while observing how Dante succeeds in suggesting that, even when there is a general resemblance in individuals of a given type, there yet are differences which constitute the specific character of each. Thus, in the present instance, among the indistinguishable crowd of spirits, who all agree in making “refusals,” his eye detects him who made the “great refusal.” Here, as he suggests, we see cowardice doing its perfect work. Most men are placed in circumstances which do not admit of anything heroic, but the spirit which animates them is in essence identical with that which is displayed by men who occupy a prominent place before the world. The general meaning of Dante in the picture he gives us of these cowardly souls cannot be doubtful. The source of all that is distinctive of man is strength of will, the resolution which issues in a fixed course of action. The man who has no will of his own, no general principle of

action, is a slave to chance and circumstance. He cannot be trusted in any enterprise, and when a crisis comes he hesitates, vacillates, and becomes the victim of the first man who has a will stronger than his own. Dante had a definite instance of this moral cowardice before his mind in him who "made the great refusal," generally admitted to be Celestine V, who was persuaded to abdicate the papal chair by his successor Boniface. The greatness of the "refusal" lay in the abandonment of what to Dante seemed one of the greatest opportunities the world had ever seen; for had Celestine proved equal to the occasion, the Church might have been peacefully restored to its primitive simplicity. As it was, the opportunity was lost, and who knows what evils and suffering the world must undergo before the wolf of covetousness is chased back to hell by some saviour of the empire! Dante, however, was thinking also of these whose opportunities are not so great as that of Celestine; for all men of resolution, however humble their sphere, can at least aid those who have power and inclination to promote the public good. His own experience, however, had led him to the conclusion that the majority of men are untrustworthy, just because they have no independence of character. It is not so much that they are positively bad, as that they have no will of their own. Dante, like Plato, has a certain admiration for the great sinners, who might have been heroic in goodness; but for the weak, vacillating creatures who have no character he has nothing but contempt; "let us not speak of them, but look and pass." We are reminded of Carlyle's "thirty millions, mostly fools," and of Browning's

"—the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost

Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin."

In a state of unconsciousness Dante is carried across the river Acheron, and the two pilgrims enter the first circle of Hell, which is peopled by unbaptized children and the noble Heathen. These are neither sad nor joyous, but experience a vague feeling of want and privation. It is only with the second circle that Hell properly begins. Dante emphasizes the distinction. "Now begin the sorrowful notes to assail my ears: now I am come where much lamentation strikes upon me. I came into a place mute of all light, which bellows like the sun in a tempest when contrary winds war with each other. The hellish storm, which

never rests, leads the spirits with its sweep: whirling and smiting it vexes them. When they arrive before the shattered rocks, then the shrieks, the moanings and the lamentations: then they blaspheme the divine power." This is the first of four circles in which the Incontinent are punished. It contains the carnal sinners who "subject reason to sensuous desire." Among the troop of spirits who are "blown with restless violence" through the dark air is Semiramis, "empress of many tongues," who "with the vice of luxury was so broken that she made lust and law alike in her decree." How different from this type of oriental sensuousness are Francesca and her lover, in whom passion assumes an ideal and romantic form! The special significance of Dante's treatment of this theme is the sympathy with which he depicts the nobler side of the relation, without allowing us to forget its contradiction of the eternal principle of goodness. In Provençal poetry and the Arthurian legends only the former aspect was presented. Dante was the first to combine the two. In this perfect episode the poet of the *Vita Nuova* and of the *Divine Comedy* meet. No ancient poet could have written the story of Francesca and Paolo, for the romantic side of love was the product of medieval chivalry and the Germanic reverence for women, influenced indirectly by the spirit of Christianity. On the other hand, while Dante condenses in this pathetic story whole libraries of romance, he informs it with the religious spirit which lifts it into the pure light of eternity. How simply and beautifully this is expressed in the words of Francesca:

Se fosse amico il Re dell' universo,
Noi pregheremmo lui per la tua pace.

(Were the King of the Universe our friend, we should pray to him for thy peace.)

The pathos of the situation is that the undying passion with which the lovers cling to each other is at once their consolation and their torment. The very self-effacement of passion shuts out repentance, and they cannot feel God to be their "friend." What can one say in the presence of such perfect work as this!

In the third circle Dante finds another class of the Incontinent, those who give way to intemperance. Blinded by the eternal hail, foul water and snow, they grovel on the ground, vainly turning one part of their naked body after another to shield them-

selves from the castigation of the elements. That is to say, the selfish gratification of the appetites brings its own punishment with it in the shape of bodily pain and disease. As usual Dante gives us a picture of intemperance in its most attractive form, though he does not allow us to forget that it more usually presents itself in hideous and repulsive shapes. Poor Ciaco, whom he had often met in society, was a good, cheery soul, who was wont to set the table in a roar by his buffooneries and witticisms. Nor is he wanting in good sense, where others are concerned, especially when their vices have no power over himself; he sees clearly that the pride, envy and avarice of its leaders are dragging his native city to destruction.

The avaricious and the prodigal are punished in the fourth circle. These are coupled together because both employ wealth, not for the general good, but for their own selfish gratification. The avaricious hold tight by their money, the prodigal squander it recklessly. To both wealth is a burden, because they can never have enough. Hence they are represented in the endless and aimless toil of rolling heavy weights backward and forward. Each reproaches the other, and each undoes the other's work. For both all the higher meaning of human life is gone; the reform of society, the progress of science and art, the spread of religion, are to them nothing. Selfish absorption in one narrow interest has killed their sympathy for higher things.

These three types of character are all marked by selfish absorption in a single passion, but they do not imply conscious antagonism to others. In the fifth circle, however, we meet with the wrathful, who feel and exhibit an unnatural repulsion to their fellow-men. Of these there are two classes: the rancorous, who, immersed in a foul bog strike and maim each other; and the sullen, who are sunk in the muddy water, and mutter curses here as they did "in the sweet air gladdened by the sun." For them Dante has no pity. When, in one of these wretches, foul almost beyond recognition, he recognizes Philip Argenti, he exclaims: "Accursed spirit, remain in weeping and sorrow;" and Virgil, clasping Dante in his arms, says: "Spirit of noble wrath, blessed be she that bore thee!" And when at his request the miserable wretch is soused in the foul broth and set upon by others, Dante in recalling his shriek of agony says; "Even now

I yield praise and thanks to God for it." Arrogant, ostentatious, inhuman, Philip Argenti is the incarnation of that malevolent disposition which is dead to all the kindly charities of life. His punishment is the recoil on himself of his own deeds. If Dante has no sentimental pity for this type of character, at least his indignation springs from tenderness for those who are its victims.

Between the sins so far considered and those next depicted, Dante takes particular pains to draw a marked distinction. He has now to enter the City of Dis, the special abode of Satan. As he waits for admittance the Furies call for Medusa to "turn him into enamel," and we are expressly invited to seek for the "doctrine which is hidden beneath the veil of the strange verses." The hidden doctrine seems to be, that the hearts of those who have deliberately said to themselves: 'Evil, be thou my good,' become as hard as enamel, and are therefore impenetrable to the claims of others.

The first class of sinners are the Heretics, who are imprisoned in red-hot tombs. The mode of punishment is of course suggested by the Church's punishment for heresy. To Dante's mind heresy involves the denial of human responsibility, and therefore it cuts at the root of all morality. From it springs a materialistic or Epicurean view of life. Farinata degli Uberti, Boccaccio tells us, "was of the opinion of Epicurus, that the soul dies with the body, and consequently maintained that human happiness consists in temporal pleasures." Frederick II., who is in the same tomb "with more than a thousand others," was an enemy of the Church, and, according to Villani, was "dissolute and voluptuous in many ways"; he was "addicted to all sensual delights and led an Epicurean life, taking no account of any other." Speculative disbelief, especially in the immortality of the soul, thus seems to Dante to destroy all the higher springs of action. Among other things it leads to faction, the arch-enemy of genuine patriotism. In his wonderful picture of Farinata, raising himself breast-high out of his fiery tomb, without betraying a trace of the suffering he was undergoing,—“as if,” says Dante, “he held Hell in scorn”—we have a sublime picture of factious pride. Not even thirty-six years of punishment could quell this proud spirit. The interruption of Cavalcanti, and his pathetic grief for his son, leaves the proud Ghibelline chief abso-

lutely unmoved. Yet Dante is too perfect an artist to make Farinata the mere impersonation of party-rancour. After the battle of Monteperto, "which died the Arbia red," he alone saved Florence from destruction. This, however, only seems to show how a man of noble instincts becomes the instrument of evil when he has chosen the path of theoretical and practical unbelief.

The seventh circle has three rounds. In the first are the violent against their neighbour. Tyrants like Ezzelino are immersed to the eye-brows in the river of blood; others, like Guy de Montfort, up to the throat, and still others with their head and breast above the horrid stream. In the second round are the self-murderers, changed into gnarled and twisted trees, and liable to be torn to pieces by hell-hounds. By these symbols Dante seeks to indicate the terrible self-torture which constitutes the mental state which leads to suicide. The blasphemers, i.e., those who deny divine providence, are punished in the third round. In the outermost verge of the seventh circle are the money-lenders and "speculators," whom Dante, in the usual medieval way, conceives as mere parasites who prey upon the wealth of the community without producing anything themselves. It was one of the principles of Canon Law that to receive interest was simply robbery, because the receiver gets more than he gave.*

The eight circle is devoted to the punishment of fraud in all its forms; here, in separate chasms or pits, are found seducers and panders, flatterers, Simonists, fortune-tellers, "boodlers," hypocrites, thieves, evil counsellors, schismatics and coiners. As we should expect Dante's indignation is especially strong against the Simonists. They have "made the house of God a den of thieves." Each is fixed in a narrow round hole, head downwards, as assassins were punished in those days, and the projecting soles of their feet are tormented with flames, which burn with an intensity proportioned to their guilt. At the very bottom of the chasm is Pope Nicholas the Third, who declares his own evil ways and that of his successors Boniface the Eighth and Clement the Fifth. Dante, who never loses an opportunity of enforcing his doctrine that the greedy ambition of the representatives of the Church is the source of all the evils of society, assails him with bitter irony: "Tell me how much gold our Lord required

*Bonar's Philosophy and Political Economy, p. 53.

of St. Peter, when he put the Keys into his hand? Verily, he demanded of him naught but 'Follow me.'. . . Therefore stay thou here, for thou art justly punished; and keep well the ill-got money, which against Charles made thee bold. And were it not that reverence for the great Keys thou heldest in the glad life yet hinders me, I should use still heavier words; for your avarice grieves the world, trampling on the good and raising up the wicked. . . . Ye have made a god of gold and silver; and wherein do ye differ from the idolater, save that he worships one, and ye a hundred?"

The "boodlers," who are appropriately sunk in a lake of pitch, he treats with contempt rather than indignation, and he even exhibits a sort of grim humour at the cleverness and trickery which is part of their character. As he looks from the top of the bridge which spans the eight chasm Dante sees the "evil counsellors," each "stolen" from view, wrapt in the flame of his own consciousness and tormented by its burning. Two of these flames enclose Ulysses and Diomed, who by the fraud of the wooden horse captured Troy and drove forth Æneas the founder of Rome. This explains why the "man of many wiles" is here punished. In the account given by Ulysses of his last expedition, Dante represents him as so overmastered by the desire to "gain experience of the world and of human vice and virtue," that neither filial, paternal nor conjugal love could restrain him from a new adventure. He resolved to sail to the west in search of new land. The little band who were still faithful to their leader were old and slow when they reached the pillars of Hercules, but by a judicious appeal to their love of virtue and knowledge, he persuaded them to set out in search of "the unpeopled world behind the Sun." After a long voyage the Mount of Purgatory appeared dimly in the distance; but soon their joy was turned to grief, for a tempest arose from the new land, and they were engulfed in the waters.

This narrative of Ulysses is interesting as showing the difference between the ancient, the medieval and the modern view of adventure. The Ulysses of Homer has none of that romantic spirit which Dante imputes to him. He displays heroism and endurance, but he has no love of adventure for its own sake. Dante's Ulysses is actuated by an irrepressible thirst for knowl-

edge, which overmasters even his reverence for the good; and for this impiety he and his companions are punished. The same theme is treated by Tennyson, who represents Ulysses as moved solely by a romantic love of adventure.

When he enters the last circle of all, in which he finds the traitors, frozen fast in the ice, Dante's moral indignation is so intense and concentrated that he seems to lose all human feeling. For now he sees before him the representatives of the lowest depth of moral depravity,—those who have deliberately betrayed their country or their kindred. Walking over the ice he accidentally strikes with his foot the head of Bocca degli Abbati, who for gold betrayed his country. Dante seizes him by the hair, and, when he hears him named by another of the traitors, says: "Now accursed traitor! I do not want thee to speak; for to thy shame I will bear true tidings of thee." The same stern implacability is exhibited in his treatment of one of the traitors to his kindred. As the wretched man weeps, the bitter tears freeze as they flow. "For pity break the ice upon my face, that I may weep a little while, before my fount of tears freeze up again!" What is Dante's answer?

Ed io non glieli apersi :

E cortesia fu lui esser villano.

(And I did *not* open them: and to be rude to him was courtesy.) To Dante's mind pity for traitors was impiety. "Who is more wicked than he who pities the condemned of God?" (Inf. 20. 28.)

Before we leave this awful realm, and "rebehold the stars," it may be well to add one or two general remarks. As we have already seen, the standard by which Dante estimates moral guilt is not personal but social. This fact indicates at once his strength and his weakness. On the one hand, it is bound up with his whole conception of human conduct as right or wrong according as it conforms to an objective or authoritative standard. The individual must implicitly accept the creed of the Church and obey the law of the State; and deviation from either brings with it its own punishment. This explains the unsympathetic way in which Dante deals with such characters as Celestine V., Farinata degli Uberti and Mahomet. The first provokes his utter contempt because he shrank from the duty to which he had been called;

the second is guilty of heresy and therefore of faction; the third is simply a "schismatic" or corruptor of the Christian faith. Now, in all this Dante is estimating the individual by a purely objective standard, without paying the least heed to the motives by which he is actuated. But such a method fails to do justice to the real complexity of the human soul, and to the progressive evolution of society. Because Celestine, a gentle pious monk, felt unequal to the task of guiding the Church in a dangerous crisis, Dante virtually says that he had no moral qualities whatever; forgetting that his shrinking from public office was a reflex of that "other-worldliness" which was Dante's own ideal of the saintly life. Similarly, no allowance is made for the noble qualities of Farinata, because he was guilty of heresy, and did not accept Dante's view of Church and State. And Mahomet, in defiance of historical fact, is treated simply as a "schismatic," a view that fails to take account of the necessary steps by which the human mind advances from lower to higher stages of truth, and of the purification of the national faith of which he was the instrument. The same defect is of course shown in Dante's conception of classical antiquity.

But, while we cannot accept Dante's purely external standard of judgment, we must not forget that his view points to a truth which Protestantism tends to overlook. The individual conscience can be set above objective institutions only when it contains in a higher form the principle which gives them meaning. There is no 'right divine' to judge wrong, any more than to govern wrong. The claim for freedom of conscience is really a claim in behalf of the higher rationality implied in it, and this claim must be able to justify itself by reason. Thus the duty of private judgment brings with it a deeper responsibility, and indeed this is its great practical value. So long as a man can fall back upon an authoritative guide, he cannot feel that it is his duty to determine his beliefs and conduct for himself; and it is for this reason that the great modern development in all departments of human activity has been the result of that liberation of the mind and conscience which it was the work of the Reformation and the Revival of Letters partially to accomplish. Dante himself, though in his explicit theory he appeals to an authoritative standard, yet practically re-interprets it for himself. The

Church to which he appeals was not the Church as it actually existed, but an ideal Church, which was none the less ideal because he conceived it to have been actual in the past. Thus he was really affirming that society must be reconstructed on a rational basis if the highest good of man is to be secured.

There is another point to which it may be worth while to refer. If the individual soul is neither absolutely bad nor absolutely good, the conception upon which the *Inferno* rests, and indeed the division of mankind into the three separate classes of the sinful, the repentant and the saintly, is radically false. No man is either a devil or a god. In our rough and ready judgments we characterize men by some predominant tendency, but the human soul is too complex to be thus "cut in two with an axe." Thus, while we accept with thankfulness Dante's masterly presentation of the fruit of certain evil tendencies, when these are allowed to operate unchecked, we must remember that in actual life they do not operate unchecked. It is an abstract view which identifies the whole character of a man with one aspect of it. Dante, indeed, partly saves himself from this defect by the concreteness which is inseparable from the poetic imagination, but it leaves its trace in the emphasis and vividness with which he portrays some prominent feature of his personages. We have learned to be more charitable in our judgments than he, just because we have become more conscious of the complexity and intricacy of human motives. We have also learned to be less dogmatic in our views of society from a clearer recognition of the complex forces ever at work in it, forces which we can never completely estimate or set forth in our political theories.

As the *Inferno* gives us a picture of the spiritual condition of those whose will is evil, and who therefore fail to see that the unrest and disquiet they experience is the reflex of themselves; so the *Purgatorio* depicts the inner state of those who have been illuminated by the Christian consciousness of salvation as the reflex of a socialized will. To be in Purgatory is to condemn one's past self and begin the struggle towards the higher life. This idea is expressed symbolically by Dante, when he tells how Virgil begirt him with a "smooth reed." For "the reed lives where no other plant can live, because it yields to the castiga-

tion of the waves." Humility under chastisement is the sign of repentance. All the pilgrims who wait for deliverance on the purgatorial Mount recognize, with Casella, that "the will of God is just." Evil they attribute to themselves, and though the struggle against their evil habits may be long and hard, they must at last triumph, having now consciously in them the principle of goodness. The Purgatorio is thus the genuine picture of the spiritual life as it actually exists, for that life is a process and not a completed result, though no doubt the process is itself a prophecy of the result. Dante also recognizes that the longer repentance is delayed, the harder it is to enter upon the new life. Yet it may be lightened by the loving aid of those who have already begun it. Manfred, who died in contumacy of Holy Church, must linger without the purifying terraces thirty times as long as he had continued in his presumption, unless the period is shortened by kindly prayers. The Christian life is thus recognized to be essentially social; the burden of guilt may be lessened by the loving aid of others. The good of one helps to lift up all. Dante also recognizes that the struggle with the past evil self decreases in intensity with each step gained. "The Mount is such, that at the start the climbing is always difficult, but the higher one goes the easier it becomes. When it seems to thee as pleasant as sailing down stream in a ship, the end of thy journey will have been reached." Just as in the Inferno the principle of evil reveals its antagonism to humanity more and more explicitly as we descend from circle to circle, so in the Purgatorio the triumph of the principle of goodness is more and more clearly revealed as we ascend from terrace to terrace.

The escape from the dark and sorrowful region of Hell into "the second realm where the human spirit is purified" is beautifully expressed. "A sweet hue of oriental sapphire . . . brought delight to my eyes, so soon as I issued from the dead air, which had saddened both my eyes and heart." As the dawn disperses the shades of early morning, the two pilgrims see afar "it tremolar di marina (the trembling of the sea)." Over the waves comes swiftly a little boat, containing spirits who chant the psalm of deliverance from sin: "When Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a people of strange language." We may note that all through the Purgatorio Dante has in his

mind the rites and ceremonies of the Church—its praise, prayer, painting and sculpture, and the symbols of Christian initiation and fellowship—as modes in which the penitent aid and encourage one another in the upward path.

The first terrace, which is without Purgatory proper, is occupied by those who delayed repentance to the last moments. Among others Dante meets Sordello, the “proud Lombard soul,” who “uttered not a word, but eyed us like a couched lion.” But when he heard that Virgil was from his native city of Mantua, he sprang towards him with the exclamation: “I am Sordello of thy land.” Dante’s patriotism bursts out in his noble apostrophe to Italy: “This noble spirit was ready, only for the sweet sound of his country’s name, to greet his fellow-citizen joyfully; in thee, thy living men, whom one wall and one moat shuts in, gnaw one another. Search, miserable one, all along thy coasts, then look into thy heart and see if any part of thee has the joy of peace. Of what avail is it, that Justinian fitted on thy bridle, if the saddle is empty? Without that, the shame were less.” Dante returns to the same theme again when he enters the beautiful Vale of the Princes, calling upon secular potentates to recognize the divinely-appointed equality of the Empire with the Church. As the sun goes down one of the spirits devoutly leads the chant, *Te lucis ante*.

'Twas now the hour that brings to men at sea,
 Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,
 Fond thoughts and longing back with them to be;
 And thrills the pilgrim with a tender spell
 Of love, if haply, now upon his way,
 He faintly hear a chime from some far bell,
 That seems to mourn the dying of the day;
 When I forbore my listening faculty
 To mark one spirit uprisen amid the band
 Who joined both palms and lifted them on high
 (First having claimed attention with his hand)
 And toward the Orient bent so fixed an eye
 As 'twere he said, 'My God! on thee alone
 My longing rests.' Then from his lips there came
 'Te lucis ante,' so devout of tone,
 So sweet, my mind was ravished with the same;

The others next, full sweetly and devout,
Fixing their gaze on the supernal wheels,
Followed him chanting the whole Psalm throughout.

As once before Dante calls on us to pierce the "subtle veil" of his verse. He seems to mean that the repentant soul is at first liable to the recurrence of past temptation, but by humble prayer is enabled to resist it. Temptation is symbolized by the serpent which steals into the valley at night-fall. As it appears there is a flash of angel-wings, and the enemy has vanished.

The penitential stairs leading up to the gate of Purgatory are symbolic of confession, contrition and satisfaction. The individual sees himself as he really is, renounces his old self, and begins the new life. On the first terrace the soul is purified from pride. The spirits recognize that absolute self-assertion weighs down the soul with the weight of the whole world. Hence they are represented as bent like corbels to the earth. Their repentance and thankfulness are expressed in the *Te Deum laudamus*. The souls who have been guilty of envy occupy the next terrace. Their eyelids are sewed with an iron thread, to indicate the blinding effect of envy, but, as they enter the stairway to the next terrace, leaning lovingly on each other, they hear the beatitude: "Blessed are the merciful." On the third terrace are the wrathful, enveloped in a thick smoke, symbolic of their former state of mind. As they reach the stairway a voice proclaims: "Blessed are the peace-makers." In successive terraces the sins of Indifference, Avarice, Intemperance and Incontinence are expiated. At the top of the Mount is the Terrestrial Paradise, *i.e.*, the visible Church, as the embodiment of the ideal of humanity on earth. In an allegorical pageant of a very elaborate kind Dante gives us his philosophy of history, but it adds nothing to what he elsewhere says and is hardly worthy of analysis. History can only be expressed poetically in concrete pictures. All attempts to embody it in symbols like this of Dante, or of Goethe in the second part of Faust, result in obscurity and mystification, which can give comfort only to the ingenious commentator. To those who go to poetry for ideal pictures of life this frigid symbolism, as Matthew Arnold says of the verses of Wordsworth in which his inspiration fails, produce "an unutterable sense of lamentation, and mourning, and woe."

The termination of the process of purification is symbolized by the cleansing of *Lethe*, the river of forgetfulness. The struggle is over, and the soul enters with joy on the higher Christian life.

In the *Inferno* the soul is turned towards self; in the *Purgatorio* the soul is turned towards God, but the influence of the old life is still strong; in the *Paradiso* the soul is turned entirely towards God, and knows no other will but His.

In la sua volontade e nostra pace.

(In His will is our peace.) There are various degrees of saintliness, from the timid, shrinking service of a *Piccarda* to the consuming zeal of a *St. Francis*, but one spirit of self-forgetting love glows in every breast. The intellect is enlightened, the heart suffused with love, the whole being filled with joy :

Il ciel, ch' e pura luce ;

Luce intellectual piena d' amore ;

Amor de vero ben pien di letizia :

Letizia, che trascendi ogni dolore.

(Heaven, which is pure light ; Light intellectual full of love ; Love of true good full of joy ; Joy which transcends all sorrow.) All rejoice in the service of each :

Ecco chi cresera li nostri amori.

(See one who will increase our mutual love.)

The principle on which Dante arranges his types of Christian character is to begin with the less developed and gradually to ascend to what he regards as the most developed. Hence, just as the weak and irresolute occupy the vestibule of the *Inferno*; just as at the base of the *Purgatorial Mount* linger those who have repented only at the close of life ; so the first sphere of the *Moon* contains those pious but soft and gentle souls who have not energy enough to withstand the stronger will of others. The mild radiance of their character is represented by the faint dream-like faces which Dante at first takes for reflections. Their defect is want of independence of character ; and therefore, though their will is good, their service is inadequate. They are not of the metal of which martyrs are made.

Higher than these soft and yielding characters are those who throw themselves with energy into the cause of humanity, but not without a certain degree of personal ambition. Among them Dante finds the Emperor *Justinian*, who gives a condensed

history of the Roman Empire, showing that it was the divinely appointed means of securing justice among men. Dante, in fact, takes the spirits who appear in Mercury as the type of those who are distinguished by their love of Justice, but are not quite free from "the last infirmity of noble minds."

As the distinctive character of those who appear in the sphere of Mercury is love of Justice, so in Venus are found those who display the virtue of natural affection as illuminated by Christian principle. In them love is exhibited in its Christian form, as in Francesca and Paolo we have love degraded by an element of sensuous passion. But, because it is limited in its range, Dante regards this form of love as on a much lower level than such a love as that of St. Francis, which is widened to the universality of humanity. It includes the love of husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, and the love of friends.

In the next heaven appear those who are distinguished by a divine wisdom. These dazzling spirits blaze in the sphere of the Sun, the light of which is so intense that it "conquers all colour." Dante's catholic spirit is shown by the equal sympathy which he shows for St. Francis and St. Dominic. To indicate the absence of all jealousy between these great souls the praise of St. Francis is put into the mouth of St. Thomas, a Dominican, while St. Dominic is celebrated by the Franciscan St. Bonaventura. The lives of these two great leaders of men are told with Dante's usual terseness and completeness. Seraphic in his ardour, St. Francis in his early manhood renounced the pleasures of the world and vowed himself to Poverty, a Lady who had been unwooed from the time, more than eleven hundred years before, when she had been bereaved of her first spouse, Christ. The venerable Bernard, moved by his example, "unshod himself;" then Sylvester and Egidius followed the bridegroom, so lovely was the bride. Begirt with the cord of humility St. Francis and his followers went on their way, indifferent to the sneers of the world, and were recognized as preachers by Pope Innocent III. "When the poor humble folk had increased, following him whose wondrous life could only be duly chanted in the glory of heaven," the order of St. Francis was formally established by Honorius III. St. Francis joined the crusading army before Damietta, and in his zeal for martyrdom preached

Christ in the presence of the proud Sultan; but, finding the Saracens too unripe for conversion, he returned to his native land. Here, at Monte Averno, he received from heaven the "last seal" of the stigmata, and in dying commended his "dearest lady" to his followers. Alas! the disorder of the world is shown here too. "His flock have grown greedy for new food. . . . Some indeed hold fast to the shepherd, but so few they are that a little cloth serves for their cowls."

When St. Thomas has ceased speaking, St. Bonaventura relates the life of that "splendour of cherubic light," St. Dominic. "Meet it is that both should be named, for as they served in one warfare, so their glory should shine together." In Spain was born "the amorous fere of the Christian faith, the holy athlete, benign to his friends and stern to his foes." He was the husbandman of the church, appointed to cut off the decayed leaves from the vine. All his energies were devoted to the restoration of the pure faith as it fell from the lips of the Master. *He* did not beg from Boniface "the next vacancy," but only prayed for leave to fight against the corruption of that faith which his followers have perverted or obscured.

In the heaven of Mars, Dante sees a flaming cross, composed of myriads of rubies. These are the souls of those who were inspired by a sacred Courage,—the martyrs and confessors, the crusaders, champions and combatants for Christ. Among them is Cacciaguida, Dante's crusading ancestor, who paints the prosperity of early Florence, when it was as yet uncontaminated by avarice, pride and luxury, and prophecies the exile of his descendant. "Thou shalt leave all that is most dearly loved: this is the arrow which the bow of exile first discharges. Thou shalt experience how salt tastes the bread of another, and how bitter it is to go up and down another's stairs."

In the next heaven of Jupiter troops of spirits spell out by their mazy movements the words "Love Justice, ye who rule the earth," and settle into the form of an immense eagle, the symbol of the Holy Roman Empire, and of the brotherhood of man.

In the sphere of Saturn a golden ladder reaches up to Heaven, on which are flames ascending and descending. Here are the comtemplative souls, among them St. Peter Damian and St. Benedict, the former of whom inveighs against the luxury of

modern prelates, while the latter complains of the corruption of the monastic orders.

In the heaven of the Fixed Stars Dante beholds the Triumph of Christ, and in the ninth sphere of the Primum Mobile he is examined by St. Peter, St. James and St. John in the three theological virtues of Faith, Hope and Love. His noble indignation against the corruption of the Church breaks out even here. The face of St. Peter flames with the redness of sunset when he speaks of Boniface, who had got his place in the Holy See by a sort of simony.

“ He who usurps on earth below my place,
 My place, my place, the which is void and empty
 Before the presence of the Son of God,
 Hath made my holy sepulchre a sink
 Of blood and stench ; whence comes it that the rebel
 Who fell from hence is glad in hell and triumphs.

At last Dante enters Paradise itself. First he sees a river of light :

“ And I saw light in semblance of a river
 Tawny with splendours in the midst of shores
 Painted with blossoms of a wondrous spring.
 Forth from this stream there issued living sparks ;
 And on all sides they mingled with the flowers,
 Like rubies that smooth bands of gold environ.
 Then, as though drunken with the fragrances,
 They plunged again into the marvellous tide ;
 And as one sank another issued forth.”

Then the river changes into the form of the mystic Rose, expanding leaf over leaf towards God who is its sun. The rose-leaves are the orders of the blest.

“ Their faces had they all of living flame,
 Their wings of gold, and all the rest was white,
 That snow is none such purity could claim. (Par. 31, 3.)

Even here Dante has not forgotten his divine contempt for his native city : “ I who had passed from the human to the divine, from time to eternity, and *from Florence to a people just and sanc.*” Now Beatrice, the symbol of Theology, assumes her seat among the blest, and St. Bernard, the representative of mystic love, takes his hand and utters the beautiful prayer to the Virgin

Mother, already quoted. Then, for an instant, Dante has the beatific vision of the Holy Trinity :

“ And now my every task, my every will,
Like to a wheel moved all ways in like wise,
Obeyed the Love that moves the Sun and Stars.”

Thus ends the Vision of the great Poet of the Middle Ages. By the use simply of light, music and mysticism he communicates to us a miraculous elevation of feeling, making us feel the wonder and the glory of the Christian life of love and goodness.

When we come to reflect upon the content of the Paradise of Dante, what strikes us more even than the splendor of its imagery is its intensely human and practical character. It is the picture of an ideal Society, in which the various gifts of each are brought to the service of the whole. There is no jealousy, no taint of envy, but each rejoices in the noble service of his brothers and sisters. No doubt Dante's conception of Society is inadequate, when it is contrasted with the freer and more various activity of the modern world ; but contemplated in its spirit, it is singularly comprehensive and many-sided. The gentle ministration of woman ; the fire and energy of the soldier ; the self-sacrificing zeal of the social reformer ; the devotion of the lover of truth ; the heroism of the patriot ; the large sagacity of the statesman ; the comprehensive insight of the philosopher ; the swift intuitions of genius ;—all these are blended and harmonized in Dante's conception of life. Like all the best minds of our race, Dante is a thorough optimist, and not least so when he is most conscious of the evil of Society as it is. His moral indignation is rooted in love ; his contempt is large and divine. It is man's nature, as he tells us, to seek by an inherent impulse after God and goodness, and his search cannot ultimately be in vain. But to justify his optimism we must view the history of our race from a wider point of view than was possible for him. The highest life of woman we can no longer believe to consist in a demission of her sacred function as wife, mother, sister and companion of man. The weakness which Dante finds in the gentle saints of his lowest heaven is inseparable from the medieval conception of woman's station and duties ; nor can I believe that it is in the highest interests of society that women, who already exercise on the whole a beneficial influence on legislation, should be permanently excluded

from the rights and duties of citizenship. Dante's view of natural love as a preparation for the wider forms of sociality we can accept without reservation ; and if we interpret the devotion of a St. Francis, and the zeal for truth of a St. Dominic, as symbols of the disinterested enthusiasm of the reformer and truth-seeker, we can endorse the high place he gives to these benefactors of the race. But such a widening of the medieval ideal is absolutely necessary. The "brass-collar methods," of which Carlyle speaks, are as inapplicable to the mind of man as to his body, and their day is past. Science and philosophy demand absolute freedom, and without it they cannot do their perfect work. And lastly, the true modern mystics are the men of genius, whether in the sphere of reflection or of art, who provide a new organ for the human spirit, revealing possibilities in the life of humanity previously only vaguely felt. Such a mystic was Dante himself. In unveiling the whole soul of the Middle Ages he prepared the way for a new phase in the onward march of humanity. For us if not for himself he gives a true picture of the spirit of man in its greatness and its weakness ; and he must be incapable of catching the contagion of a great soul who comes away from him without an enlarged feeling of the dignity and the solemnity of human life. I cannot conclude my very inadequate study of this great singer better than in the words of one to whom I owe so much. "The *Divina Commedia*," says Professor Caird, "may be compared to the portal of a great cathedral, through which we emerge from the dim religious light of the Middle Ages into the open day of the modern world, but emerge with the imperishable memory of those harmonies of form and colour on which we have been gazing and with the organ notes that lifted our soul to heaven still sounding in our ears."*

*Edward Caird's *Essays in Literature and Philosophy*, Vol. I p. 53.

THE HISTORY OF CANADA

BY WILLIAM KINGSFORD, LL.D., F.R.S. CANADA.

VOL. VII (1779-1807.)

THE seventh volume of Dr. Kingsford's History of Canada has appeared, and will, no doubt, be readily picked up by the reading public. His several volumes have followed one another perhaps more rapidly than might have been expected, but Dr. Kingsford is evidently a very diligent, and withal a very accurate worker, and he has carefully consulted his authorities. Where he shows haste is in the absence of method, and of imagination—that imagination which pictures the political and social bearing of events, and gives them life and interest, and which is only the fruit of severe study of all the events, and of all their relations. Dr. Kingsford's work is a valuable history, such a history as is only now become possible from a study of the large collection of archives which Dr. Bremner has brought together from England, France, and Spain; and when in after years the history of Canada may be rewritten Dr. Kingsford's pages must be largely consulted. This volume covers the period from 1779 to 1807, the closing years of the War of Independence, with the Peace of Paris, which fixed the international boundaries between Canada and the United States. On the same day, September 3rd, 1783, were signed at Versailles the treaties with France and Spain, and the day previous the preliminary articles of peace between England and the States General of the United Provinces. In 1781 England saw the fall of the North ministry, to be followed by the second Rockingham ministry, the Shelburne ministry, the coalition ministry of North and Fox, and the ministry of Pitt. In 1789 the French Revolution broke out, and 1793 war between France and England was renewed. It will be difficult to find a period so replete with important events as the period covered by this volume, and with all Canada had a more or less close connection, and Dr. Kingsford is justified in saying that it

is quite impossible to separate the history of Canada not only from the history of the neighbouring republic, but from that of many of the complications in Europe.

In November, 1765, before the War of Independence broke out, Congress appointed a committee of five members to treat with France and Spain, for the purpose of finding out what assistance might be expected from these governments in case the States should declare war against England. The early negotiations were so promising that Franklin and Arthur Lee were sent to Europe to conclude a treaty with those powers, receiving the promise of material aid. The object of France was to reacquire possession of Canada, and there can be no doubt that not only in the initiatory negotiations, but repeatedly at a later date the States government encouraged this hope, and its emissaries in Canada were diligent in presenting this object to the *habitants*, for the purpose of stirring up a rebellion against Britain; but at the very same time the States were resolved that the French should not succeed in this project. They felt, that if they should not themselves succeed in gaining Canada, it were better that it should remain in the hands of Britain than pass again to France. The double part which was being played by the States at this period can scarcely be excused by the peculiar position in which they were placed, or by the lower national morality which marked the close of the last century. Spain also had in view the securing, or even the extending, her possessions in America, and the wresting of Gibraltar from England, while the forces of this country were engaged in America. France especially threw herself with some vigour into the war; her fleets were everywhere on the Atlantic intercepting British commerce, or watching the American coasts, and landing troops where they would prove most advantageous. French troops led by such generals as de Lafayette, de Rochambeau, de Barras, and de St. Simon were present in almost every engagement of importance, fighting shoulder to shoulder with the soldiers of the States. Lafayette had 8000 French troops at Yorktown when Cornwallis capitulated, while an immense French fleet was blockading the town from the side of the Chesapeake.

After the campaign of 1775 and 1776 under Montgomery and Arnold there was no attempt to invade Canada, if we ex-

cept some slight movements at Lake Champlain, at Oswego, and Detroit. The English population was still very limited, and there were only 3353 British troops under Haldimand, scattered from Quebec west, at Three Rivers, Montreal, Carleton Island, Oswego, Niagara and Detroit; but any appeal which the States made to the English population had been treated with contempt, and any support of the movement in the States could only have been looked for from the French Canadians. These have always shown themselves to be an amiable, quiet, and contented people, yet liable to be moved from without. Their condition during the short period of English rule had passed through several changes. After the Peace of Paris they had been for a short time under military rule, this was succeeded by the introduction of English Representative Government, and the administration of English law. This, however, was so utterly unsuited to the condition in which Canada then was that it naturally caused dissatisfaction among the bulk of the population. By the Quebec Act of 1775 the British Government rescinded its previous Acts, restored the French law of civil procedure, with the legalization of the French language, while it gave full force to the rights of the Romish Church, but it maintained the English criminal law. The government of the country was placed in the hands of a Governor and Council, somewhat similar to what had existed under the French regime. This change with its concessions gave satisfaction to the French population, which was very much the larger portion, and we have no hesitation in saying that under the circumstances it was the wisest act the British Government could have done. Nevertheless a system of government so essentially different from the principles of the English constitution could scarcely be expected to *run* without some degree of friction. The English population, though very limited, thought that they were too little considered; they were Protestants, and viewed with dissatisfaction the establishment of Romanism; they were proud of their English language, of their English laws, of the English system of Representative Government, and they thought that England had yielded too much to the prejudice of a conquered people. The Congress of the States did not allow this condition of things to pass without seeking to make political capital out of it; it was voted that the act of the British Government

“was subversive of the rights of man, that she had instituted a veritable tyranny, civil and political, in Canada, in legalising a religion which had inundated England with blood, and spread hypocrisy, persecution, murder and revolt in all parts of the world.” But though the English population was dissatisfied it showed no sympathy with the revolt of the American colonies, while, on the other hand, the French Canadians evinced a loyalty equally firm. They resisted all the inducements offered at the time of the invasion under Montgomery. At a later period, however, some disaffection began to show itself, and Congress having failed with the English population, redoubled its efforts to secure the French. The defeat of Burgoyne at Saratoga had very much shaken the prestige of the English power, and the success of the French forces both by sea and land gave hope of the re-conquest of Canada. The little sympathy which the French Canadians had received from their English fellow-citizens had undoubtedly tended to alienate them from British rule. Haldimand, who had succeeded Sir Guy Carleton, had not Carleton’s personal attractions; he had been obliged to curb the freedom of a part of the French press, and even imprisoned the editor of a Journal bearing the title “Tant Pis—Tant Mieux;” his rule at Three Rivers, which was perhaps the centre of any disaffection, was regarded as harsh. When he became Governor Canada was in a very peculiar position; in 1798 the crops had been small all over the continent, and even in Europe, and the price of corn rose, and as the demand in the States was large there was a strong inducement to export from even the limited store in Canada, and Haldimand was obliged to prohibit the exportation of corn, and this was calculated the more to produce ill-will among the French Canadians, who were almost exclusively of the farmer class. This was the state of matters when Lafayette circulated his letter to the Indians, which was intended to re-awaken the old attachment to the French, and their opposition to the English, and at the same time d’Estaing issued his proclamation addressed purely to French feeling. It mysteriously appeared on the doors of parish churches, and found its way into almost every household. Haldimand wrote to Lord St. Germaine, “however sensible I am of the good conduct of the clergy in general during the invasion of the province in the year 1775, I am well aware that

since France was known to take part in the contest, and since the address of Count d'Estaing, and a letter of Monsieur de Lafayette to the Canadians and Indians have been circulated in the provinces, many of the priests have changed their opinions, and in case of another invasion would, I am afraid, adopt another system of conduct."

That some should, in the adverse condition of the province, have yielded to seductive appeals, and should have shown a spirit somewhat hostile to the British Government is not to be wondered at, but that this disaffection should have been so limited as it was is very remarkable, and shows the wisdom of the Quebec Act. That this loyalty was due in a large measure to the influence of the priesthood cannot be doubted, and we owe to the French people, and especially the French priesthood, a debt of gratitude which ought not to be forgotten. It is not difficult to see what would have been the result if with a small English population, and an army of 3000 men scattered from Quebec to Detroit, the French population had shown any general disposition to take up arms in aid of the States. The French naval force on the Atlantic coast was very large, and their land force could not have been less than 20,000 men, and the addresses of Lafayette and d'Estaing show us that they needed only the slightest encouragement to invade Canada. Haldimand's position was one of great difficulty: the country was threatened with an invasion, while her population was divided in sentiment, yet he was not allowed liberty of action, for the Home Government, with strangely short-sighted policy, was trying to rule from Downing street a colony 3000 miles off, with which intercourse was difficult, and with whose condition the Cabinet was entirely ignorant. Germaine was a weak member of a weak ministry, entirely truculent to the will of an arbitrary king, and his letters in reply to Haldimand's urgent requests for reinforcements were evidently written to be submitted to the king, who never could be brought to understand the state of affairs in America, and who never allowed himself to believe that the British troops could suffer reverses, even though they were a mere handful pitted against superior numbers, against brave, and enthusiastic, and even fanatical opponents.

In 1781 negotiations for peace had been entered on, but

neither England nor the States could come to any agreement, and only after the capitulation of Cornwallis was it evident that all parties had become tired of the war. England had suffered some severe defeats, and her fleets had been deplorably mismanaged. She had fighting also to do in the West Indies, on the Mediterranean, and in India. France and Spain too were quite exhausted; Spain had suffered a severe defeat before Gibraltar, and though France had been tolerably successful on the Atlantic, and in America, yet she had lost nearly all her eastern possessions. The treasury of either country was almost depleted, and it was difficult to levy new taxes from an impoverished people, while in France especially there was great distress, and already might have been heard the rumbling of that great convulsion, which only seven years after disturbed not only France but the whole of Europe. The States had put forth their utmost effort, and had it not been for the subsidies which they had received from France must have yielded long before. At the time of the negotiations in May 1781 Franklin had gone over to Paris to find out the wishes of the French Government. In a letter written in the autumn to David Hartley, a member of the British Parliament, Franklin expressed a strong desire that this "devilish war" might be brought to a close. Hartley carried the letter to Lord North, and negotiations were again opened. North, however, very shortly resigned, and the Rockingham ministry was formed, with Earl Shelburne as Secretary for the Colonies. Shelburne appointed a Mr. Richard Oswald, a personal friend, to represent England in the negotiations. He was a Scotch merchant in London, who had made a large fortune in the war, and had acquired much property in the States. He seems to have been a man of limited intelligence, and little force of character, and he became a mere tool in the hands of Franklin. Fox was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and insisted that the negotiations pertained to his department; and he sent over Thomas Grenville, son of Sir George Grenville, if not to replace Oswald at least to take part in the negotiations. To Grenville's surprise he found that Franklin had demanded the cession of Canada to the States, and that Oswald had apparently shown a disposition to yield. Grenville immediately informed Fox of the proposed arrangement, and Fox was exceedingly indignant; he communi-

cated his views to Rockingham, Richmond, and Lord John Cavendish, and they agreed that the negotiations should be carried on by Grenville. Rockingham however was dying, and the Cabinet was divided. On the first of July Rockingham died, and Shelburne was called to form a ministry. Fox retired, and the negotiations were given entirely into Oswald's hands. Adams was the representative of Congress to the United Provinces, and he was now directed to assist Franklin, while Jay crossed from America for the same purpose. About the same time Benjamin Vaughan, like Oswald a personal friend of Shelburne, and Strachey, under Secretary of the Treasury, were commissioned to assist Oswald.

None of the English representatives had been in Canada, and their information was derived simply from the imperfect maps of the day. At the opening of the negotiations Franklin informed Oswald that he could not agree to anything till he had received the consent of the allies of Congress, France and Spain, but notwithstanding this assertion, the American representatives carried on their negotiations with very little reference to these powers, for their interests were not by any means identical.

On the same day, September 3rd, 1783, treaties with all the three powers were signed, that with the United States at Paris, those with France and Spain at Versailles. The second article of the treaty with the States settled the boundaries between Canada and the States; the third refers to the fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland and the Gulf of St. Lawrence; the fifth promises the restoration of property previously confiscated by authority of Congress, and has special reference to the property of the Royalists; the sixth asserts that no further confiscation or prosecution shall be commenced against any person for the part he may have taken in the present war.

The fourth article of the treaty with France re-affirms the thirteenth article of the Treaty of Utrecht, so far as it regards the Island of Newfoundland, which by that treaty had been ceded to England; but France was to re-acquire possession of the Islands of St. Pierre and St. Miquelon.

By the fifth article France renounced the right, belonging to her by the same thirteenth article of the Treaty of Utrecht, of fishing on the east coast of Newfoundland, from Cape Bonavista

to Cape St. John, and received in lieu the right of fishing from Cape St. John passing north and then west to Cape Ray. The sixth article confirmed the right of fishing in the Gulf of St. Lawrence granted under the treaty of Paris of 1763. In reviewing these respective treaties we cannot but feel the "clumsy incompetency" of the British negotiators. Franklin knew perfectly what he was doing, and understood the line on which he had evidently determined. But by this line most important territory, with several forts raised and maintained at English expense, were ceded to the States without compensation; no less than twenty-four tribes of Indians, who had been thoroughly loyal to the British crown, were handed over without any stipulation to the government of the States, and the fur trade, which had been wholly in the hands of Canadian merchants, was at least divided with United States merchants. In the east Montreal and Quebec found themselves within a short distance of the frontier, while a portion of Nova Scotia was given over to the States, and instead of the old boundary of the Penobscot being retained it was henceforward to be the St. Croix, identified with the present Shoodic, and thus a very important piece of sea coast was lost to Canada. Lake Champlain was also ceded, and no action was taken in regard to Vermont. It may be true that Vermont had little or no claim on the consideration of England, still she had since 1776 declared her loyalty to George III. This state had been regarded as part of New Hampshire, and all lands west of the Connecticut had been known as the New Hampshire grants. New York, however, had claimed these lands, and the king and council had recognized this claim, and steps were taken by New York to dispossess the settlers on these so-called New Hampshire grants. This led to hostilities, and in 1771 Vermont declared her independence of both New York and New Hampshire, and in 1776 asked to be admitted as a fourteenth state into the Union. When this was refused she proffered her allegiance to the English king. On the 8th of August 1780 Germaine wrote to Haldimand "If Vermont people could be induced to put themselves under the king's protection it would be of essential service." In January 1782 he again wrote that no effort should be neglected, and no money spared to bring in Vermont, and added that he had reason to believe that if Ver-

mont could be brought in Albany would soon follow. Yet in the negotiations for the treaty nothing seems to have been done regarding Vermont, and she was excluded by the boundary line laid down. Up to the very time of her being admitted as a fourteenth state into the Union she was still seeking to connect herself with Canada, and the possession of Vermont would have given entire control of Lake Champlain, and the surrounding country; a country producing valuable timber, and from which in 1788 Vermont offered to supply timber for the Royal Navy; but a country too of varied surface, intersected with lakes, rivers, and defiles, and other natural obstacles, forming an admirable point d'arret to an invading army, and where Burgoyne found those difficulties which really led to his discomfiture.

By the fifth article of the treaty with the United States it was agreed that those who had remained loyal to Great Britain should receive back their confiscated estates, and have the right of recovering any debt incurred up to that period, and Britain intimated to the States Congress that she would not hand over the posts ceded by the treaty unless compensation was made to the Royalists. The States, however, were reduced to extremity for want of money; they had borrowed from France during the war eighteen millions of livres, and they were bound by a treaty with France to return this in twelve equal annual payments, with five per cent. interest. The Royalists, however, suffered so much persecution that they were obliged to abandon everything, and seek refuge in Canada. They numbered in all about twenty-five thousand, and of these five thousand sought a home in Nova Scotia. They had found the way beset by so many difficulties that when they reached their destination they were in a state of utter destitution. The larger number of the Royalists were settled along the shores of the St. Lawrence, in the Niagara district, on the Bay of Quinte and the Ottawa valley. Too much can scarcely be said of the fortitude and determination of these families, or of their strong attachment to the British crown, and as might have been expected they and their descendants have formed a valuable element of our population.

But perhaps the most assailable part of the treaties were the articles dealing with the fisheries. The rights of the French have

all along been acknowledged, though they have been time and again a source of annoyance, and it were well if some compensation should lead to the cession of these rights on the part of France. The United States, however, had no previous claim to the use of the fisheries, yet they were ceded the right to fish anywhere on the banks of Newfoundland, and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, as long as it was three miles from shore; but they were not permitted to dry and cure fish on the Island of Newfoundland, though they might do so in any of the unsettled bays, harbors, and creeks of Nova Scotia, the Magdalene Islands, and Labrador, but so soon as any of these were settled it would cease to be lawful, unless by agreement with the possessors of the land. This concession to the States was without any corresponding authorization for British subjects to fish on their coasts. The treaty with the States very plainly shows that Shelburne was so anxious for peace that he was ready to purchase it at any price, utterly regardless of the interests and the lawful rights of Canadians. In fact, so reckless was the conduct of the British government that France took umbrage at it, and any opposition to the treaty arose chiefly with the French. The French minister Vergennes had for some time felt that the States had been looking entirely to their own interests, and not to the interest of their allies. He contended that the country of the great lakes was incontestably either a dependency of Canada, or the property of the Indians, and that the United States had no title to it. In November 1782 he intimated to the ambassador at Madrid not to continue the war on account of the ambitious pretensions of the Americans, either with reference to the fisheries, or to the boundaries. France he maintained had all along an interest in the Newfoundland fishery, and the French agents strongly denied the right of the Americans to unrestricted participation in it. The fishery of the broad sea they said is by natural law open to all; coast fisheries, apart from express treaty provisions, belong exclusively to the sovereign of the coast, and the Americans in ceasing to be British subjects had lost all right to fish upon an English coast. Had the English government held firm on this point Congress was not in a position to insist on it; but there was no one in the Cabinet sufficiently well-informed or sufficiently anxious to trouble himself in the matter, and the cession of the

fisheries was granted—a matter of constant irritation between the two governments ever since.

The question of the Mississippi also excited opposition ; the United States felt that the great west was their field for expansion, but bounded by Canada on the north, by Florida on the south, and the Mississippi on the west, their opportunities were too restricted. France and Spain, however, insisted on the Mississippi being the western boundary, and the British government claimed the free navigation of that river. Before the terms of the treaties were resolved on the negotiators of the States became violently hostile to Vergennes. Franklin wrote, "Jay thinks the French minister one of the greatest enemies of our country, that he would have straitened our boundaries to prevent the growth of our people, contracted our fisheries to obstruct the increase of our seamen, and retained the Royalists among us to keep us divided ; that he privately opposes all our negotiations with foreign courts, and afforded us during the war the assistance we received only to keep it alive that we might be so much the more weakened by it." It is not difficult to see the spirit of which these words are the expression, but they are only the more remarkable considering how much France had done for the States during the war. As we have already remarked the interest of the two powers were essentially different, and when the war was near its close, and France began to realize the improbability of her gaining possession of Canada she became anxious to maintain a balance of power in the west between England and the States, and in a letter to the agent of France in the States Vergennes virtually states this.

In reviewing the concessions of the treaty with the United States Dr. Kingsford very well remarks : "No such treaty as I have recorded or the more deplorable Ashburton Treaty could again be forced upon us, for those days have passed away forever, when the outer provinces were overborne by the cast-iron unbending theories conceived in the official mind of the London Colonial Office. It is now a beneficent practice of Great Britain in any negotiation in which Canada or any outer province of the Empire is interested that the points in dispute be represented by some responsible minister of the province interested."

The increase of population through the immigration of the

Royalists, and the disbanding of some of the regiments, brought about a change in the government, and in 1791 was passed the Quebec Government Act, which established Representative Government in Canada, gave power to the Habeas Corpus Act, and separated the old Province of Quebec into two, Eastern or Lower Canada, and Western or Upper Canada. Lord Dorchester in his communications with the Home Government expressed strong doubts whether the time had arrived for such a change; a division which separated the "ancient inhabitants" from the English before the ancient prejudices had had time to die out. In the change proposed there seems to have been a foreshadowing, whether in the mind of Dorchester or one of the English Cabinet, of a system somewhat similar to our present Dominion Government; Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were to be united with the Canadian provinces, and there was to be a Governor-General, with a Lieutenant-Governor for the different provinces. Sir Alured Clark was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Lower Canada, and Lieut.-Col. John Graves Simcoe Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. Simcoe was a man of much energy and independence, and was not satisfied with his position of subordinate to Lord Dorchester, with whom he could not always agree, and after a short term of office he resigned. He had the strange idea of choosing the site and founding towns in Upper Canada, without regard to the fact that towns can only develop according to the advantages of their position, and cannot be founded by law or caprice. After the resignation of Simcoe Mr. Peter Russell was administrator of the government till the arrival of Gen. Hunter as Lieut.-Governor of the province. Hunter died in 1805, when Mr. Alexander Grant held office till Sir France Gore relieved him in August 1806. Gen. Robert Prescott succeeded Lord Dorchester as Governor-General. Dorchester was distinguished by great ability and sterling integrity of character, he proved himself worthy of the confidence and sympathy of the Home Government, while he gained the affection of all classes in Canada, and it was no easy position which fell to Prescott as Lord Dorchester's successor. It was long before the essentially distinct elements of the Canadians could settle down to anything like amicable arrangements, and even yet there is some degree of friction. The systems, political, social and

religious, which are peculiar to each nationality, are very different, and it is only time and mutual concessions which can bring about a happy result ; but we are too anxious to hasten that time, forgetting that we ought not to try to force development, for wherever development has been forced it has rarely, if ever, been a healthy development, and more frequently has resulted in positive evil. Opposition and aggression from whatever side they may come have always called forth opposition and aggression in return, and have proportionately hindered the progress of society. We should not forget that all nationalities and religions in Canada are on an equal footing, and that the welfare of our Dominion depends on the harmony with which the machine moves. We must respect each other's language, laws, and religion ; each of these, in both instances, rests on a long historic past, and that we should each be proud of our respective language, of our legal and judicial system, and of our religious faith is not only natural but healthy and manly, and true nobility of character will best be evinced in showing all respect to what is dear to either of us.

The tone of Dr. Kingsford's history is temperate and liberal, and his judgment of character and events is to our mind very just. Dr. Kingsford will, however, have to condense his materials, and his style very much, in order to bring his history to a close in two more volumes.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICAN MEDICAL SCHOOLS.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED TO THE MEDICAL STUDENTS OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

Mr. Principal and Fellow-Students :

I HAVE addressed you as fellow-students, for I wish to impress upon you the fact that you must never cease to be students.

The medical man who does not study or read will soon find himself falling behind in the race. He will soon be only a mere drone in the hive of busy workers. Perhaps no other profession requires so much study and constant reading to keep up with the times. Like the "busy housewife" our work is never done. It is often 16 out of the 24 hours, for when not occupied with patients we must spend some of the time in reading.

With such a busy life I believe it is the duty of every physician occasionally to take a rest. It is better for himself and also for his patients. He should occasionally travel away from home so as to meet other medical men, and "see how they do it," while the Hospitals of the larger centres of civilization afford more material for experience and study. Such a visit will tend to broaden the mind, to give us better opinions of the work of others, and we return better for the rest, and invigorated both in body and mind, ready for hard work again, while our patients receive the benefit of our experience and renewed mental vigor and spirit.

It was with such an object in view that nine years ago I left home for a few weeks to visit the Hospitals of New York, and took a post-graduate course at one of the institutions established for that purpose. It would be difficult to express the delight it afforded me to become a real student again, to listen to those lectures and practical bedside instructions, or to watch the operations performed by the leaders of our profession in that great city. Besides the Polyclinic, I frequently visited Bellevue, St. Luke's, Mount Sinai, The Presbyterian, the Long Island College Hospital in Brooklyn and the Roosevelt Hospital. The latter is the first one in New York answering the full requirements for

isolated pavilion wards, and is most modern in its equipments. It is close to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and it is here they principally get their clinics. In connection with this Hospital the McLean operating theatre for gynecological work was built in 1890 and is a model of its kind. Lately the Syms operating theatre has been added at a cost of \$200,000, with an endowment of \$150,000 to keep it going. It is an elegant structure of brick with a glass dome roof, mosaic marble floor, and a wainscot of pure white marble reaching five feet from the floor. It has a seating capacity for 185, but as many as 330 could be taken into its amphitheatre.

There were two things that impressed me very forcibly at this visit: one was the marvellous results obtained by the antiseptic treatment of wounds, and the other was the presence and help of the trained nurse. To see joints opened, limbs saved, the cavities explored, and wounds heal uniformly without suppuration, was a revelation to me. I saw much of this depended on a clean and intelligent nurse, and that a model hospital needed both these elements for success. So, immediately on my return I introduced the antiseptic system into our Hospital and agitated the question of trained nurses. The sequel is known to most of you, and the public interest which has since been taken in our Hospital has resulted in the development of an institution of which we may be very proud. I believe there is no city in Canada of the size of Kingston which has as well equipped a Hospital, or one which is doing as good work.

I would like to tell you of my visit four years ago, for the second time, to the Hospitals of Europe, and what I saw in London, Edinburgh, Berlin, Hamburg, and that immense hospital in Vienna with its 3,000 beds, but my time is limited and I must pass over the delights of that visit and confine myself to the Hospitals of America.

Last year while visiting the Chicago exhibition I went to see the Hospitals of that great, western, windy city. The largest is the Cook County Hospital, which has upwards of 1,000 beds, is old and dirty, but has done a great amount of good work. Quite near this is the Presbyterian Hospital, a more modern structure and with whose work are associated such familiar names as Nicholas Senn, Fenger, Hamilton, Henrotten, &c. One after,

noon during two hours one of these surgeons showed us 16 patients, operating upon nearly half of them and exhibiting the rest as results of the previous clinic.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons is nearly opposite and I was shown through its well-stocked laboratories and elegant class rooms by one of the professors.

The "Mercy" and the "Michael Rees" Hospitals well repaid a visit, and one of the most pleasing institutions was the private Hospital of Dr. Streeter, which is elegance itself.

On my way home I visited Detroit, where I met Dr. McLean, one of our former professors here, and was introduced by him to some of the staff of the Harper Hospital and saw some of their work such as the injection of Iodoform into diseased joints and the treatment of irremovable malignant tumors by inoculation of erysipelas.

My next stop was Philadelphia. Here I called upon Dr. Joseph Price, who then had charge of the Preston Retreat as well as an elegant private Hospital of his own. From him I got many useful hints as to Hospital construction which have been embodied in our new Doran building and its management. I also visited the Presbyterian Hospital, a fine institution and one which is doing good work. The following day was spent in New York visiting the Polyclinic, Post-Graduate School, Bellevue and Roosevelt.

Last Spring I had another very interesting and instructive visit to Philadelphia. Dr. Price was again exceedingly kind and I had the opportunity of seeing him daily at his private Hospital during the whole week doing splendid work. I also witnessed Dr. Baldys' operations at the Gynecian Hospital. He is author of the American text-book of Gynecology, and an exceedingly clever operator. Here I met Dr. Ferguson, of Winnipeg, who had just been appointed Professor of Surgery at the Post-Graduate School of Chicago, and as we were both on the same mission it made it exceedingly pleasant and created a friendship which I hope will be lifelong. Together we visited the Pennsylvania Hospital where we met Dr. White, whose name was very familiar to me as the opponent of Lawson Tait in a controversy regarding the antiseptic method, and I had already conceived a very high regard for his professional ability. I thought his method of

clinical instruction especially good. Having called one of the Senior students down from his seat he questioned him before the class and assisted him through a most thorough and sifting examination of the patient. Here we also met Dr. Keen (author of the American text-book of Surgery) who was especially kind in showing us his clinical work. I was very much struck with the gentlemanly behaviour of the students. When Dr. Keen introduced us to the class of about 300 students they immediately rose to their feet and then quietly sat down. I was informed by one of the professors that matters of discipline are always settled by the students themselves, so that it is never even necessary to bring matters of this kind before the faculty.

The next week we spent at Baltimore visiting the Johns Hopkins Hospital. This institution was built by means of a large fortune left by Johns Hopkins, a retired merchant, who died in 1873. The building was begun in 1875 and completed in 1889. The construction, heating, ventilation and drainage are of the most modern and scientific kind. The physiological and pathological laboratories are most complete and the teaching is entirely practical. We were very kindly received by Dr. Osler, a distinguished Canadian who is physician-in-chief, and by him were introduced to the other members of the staff. This Hospital is a model, probably one of the finest in the world, is doing some of the best work by perfecting recent methods, and encouraging recent research. Its workers are all enthusiasts and most painstaking, while by means of the munificence of the founder it is being enabled to carry out a plan of advancement in medical and surgical training which is certain to have a beneficial effect on the profession at large and so upon the whole of humanity. Its medical school only began last session with 18 students, but its preliminary standard is a high one, for all must have either B.A. or B.Sc., and its training is purely practical and not didactic. Besides Dr. Osler, its other teachers have a wide reputation, Dr. Halstead (surgery), Dr. Howard Kelly (gynecology), and Dr. Welch (pathology). The week spent there was a delightful and profitable one, and will be a bright spot in my future reminiscences.

Last month while on my way home from St. John, N.B., where I attended the annual meeting of the Dominion Medical

Association, I stopped over for two days at Boston and visited the Massachusetts General Hospital, where I met some of the distinguished surgeons and saw a great deal of their work. The building is a very old one, its walls and pillars covered with ivy, and as I looked round the old operating theatre my mental vision went back to a scene which occurred here just 48 years ago. The scene was a memorable one. A recent inspection of a remarkable historical painting, yet unfinished in the studio of Mr. Robt. Hinckley, in Washington, brings the event to my mind. Looking at it, and recalling the words of an eye-witness, we may place ourselves back among that wondering group of physicians and spectators. Upon the table, about to be operated upon, lies the patient. Around him, in expectant attitudes, are grouped the surgeons. The Senior Warren stands with knife uplifted, ready to make the first incision, his left hand grasping a large vascular tumor upon the patient's neck. Stretching backward and upward, in the usual amphitheatre seats, is a sea of human faces, doubt and wonder depicted upon them, for word had gone forth broadcast that, on this day, a test would be made of an agency to annul pain. Inserted in the floor beneath the table are great hooks of iron, beneath which ropes are carried to bind down the struggling patient. Near by, too, stand brawny attendants, whose strong and trained arms are even more efficient than ropes. In the background one sees the great padded doors, closed so that no agonizing shriek shall penetrate to any other part of the building. In the centre of the group stands a slight, but graceful tall young figure, in his right hand holding the inhaler from which he had just administered the ether, his left fallen listlessly away to his side, for his work was done. He has just said, "Dr. Warren, your patient is ready." At this point we turn to the words of our eye-witness. Turning to those present Dr. Warren had said, "As Dr. Morton has not arrived, I presume he is otherwise engaged," plainly conveying the impression that Dr. Morton did not intend to come. A smile of derision swept across the faces of the audience. Once more disappointment, once more the impossible was to baffle human effort; it was only one more medical humbug. At this moment Dr. Morton entered. One apprehensive glance at his patient to see if he was a good subject for ether; one look at the audience

for a spark of sympathy, which he found not, and he was at work. Instructing his patient to breathe deep and long, and to have confidence in him, he skilfully piloted him into that profound state of ether narcotism we now know so well. It was then that he had said, "Dr. Warren, your patient is ready." The first incision is made, and there is no sign of suffering. A pin could have been heard to fall, so intense was the silence. Dr. Warren quietly completed the operation, and inserted the stitches. Still no sign of pain, the patient slumbered as peacefully as a child in happy dreams. Dr. Warren turned slowly from that recumbent figure. Looking up at those eager faces, he quietly said, "Gentlemen, *this* is no humbug."

We are lost in admiration at the simplicity of this great event. By reason of it the 16th of Oct., 1846, is forever made memorable as long as man shall suffer pain. Quietly the news spread over the civilized globe, and ether anæsthesia became the daily practice of all surgeons, and a recognized obstetrical procedure.

A little more than a year later, Nov., 1847, Dr. Jas. Y. Simpson, of Edinburgh, Scotland, found another agent which he could substitute for ether. It was chloroform. For this he was knighted and otherwise honored without stint. But as to Dr. Morton, the very greatness of his initial service to humanity overwhelmed him. The world had obtained release from surgical agony, and having possession of it, cared not what became of him. It let him die in poverty, after years of vain struggle. Does any physician to-day pause to ask himself what portion of the sum total of his reputation and success and income he derived from the courage of that first public demonstrator, who faced a world's doubts in the persons of that august assemblage in that old amphitheatre in Boston? We fear not many.

And now what lessons can we draw from this experience. I think as teachers we must throw more enthusiasm into our work. Let us bear in mind that the teaching of these young men is a sacred charge which we must try to conscientiously fulfil. We must try to teach rather than lecture; our work must be more practical, less didactic. Students are often treated like living photographs, we lecture at them and then we turn the examination-handle and they speak it back again. Anatomy must be taught, not by dry facts, but by dissections, frozen sections, and

in its relation to physiology and the comparative anatomy of the lower animals. The museum could be made a fertile source of education. Bacteriology must have a prominent place, for I believe in the near future every practitioner will have to know how to prepare artificial culture media, and be able to isolate the organisms of Diphtheria, Consumption and Cholera.

And lastly, gentlemen, fellow-students, let me remind you of the lessons you may gather from what I have said. Be industrious and seize every opportunity of increasing your store of knowledge. One of the peculiarities of human nature is to be dissatisfied. While our aspirations are often higher than our power to satisfy them, still a noble ambition is praiseworthy. I have no patience with the man who thinks he is perfect, that he knows it all. One is struck with this on visiting a great medical centre, how little he knows after all, and how much it is possible yet to learn in his profession. Set before yourselves some ideal, the higher the better, for the very attempt to reach it will make you nobler and greater. Seek to obtain the respect and confidence of your fellow-students and teachers, and all with whom you come in contact. No amount of skill or knowledge will compensate for the lack of gentlemanly manners. It would be hard to say which is the most tolerable—the man with mind and no manners, or the man with manners and no mind. I can serve no good purpose by enlarging upon the noble and exalted character of the profession you are just entering. Medicine is the noblest of professions, the meanest of trades.

Over the door of the Academy of Medicine in New York I observed this motto, "*Homines deos accedunt hominibus dando salutem*,"—"men most resemble the gods when they afford health to their fellowmen." Let each one of us therefore aim to add something to the sum total of medical knowledge while we strive to live lives of purity, of virtue, of honor, and honesty. Is it not grander to have lived a life void of offence towards all men, and to have discovered a remedy to allay pain or cure such pests as diphtheria or consumption or cholera, than to have conquered a nation, or ruled over a kingdom?

K. N. FENWICK.

RESEMBLANCES BETWEEN PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

THE wealth of life is almost incalculable. To say that there are over a million species of living animals and about 150,000 species of plants, half of the animals being insects, gives one no idea of their numbers, for a million is unthinkable. How then does the student of Zoology make the acquaintance of such a vast number of animals? He does not do it. It would take half a lifetime to learn their names, without learning anything of their various forms and physiology, not to speak of their every day lives, their embryology or their relationships. The task would be simply hopeless, and no biologist of the present day ever attempts it. What does he do then? Well, as a beginner he accepts the classification of animals current in recent years; he studies the anatomy and physiology of a few animals belonging to the great divisions, such as a cat or dog, a bird, a snake, a frog, a fish, a crayfish, an insect, a worm, an oyster, a starfish, a sponge, an infusor, a bacillus. The careful dissection of a few dozen animals gives him an excellent idea of the structure of the million, for nature, as Lamarck long ago observed, is adaptive rather than inventive; she is conservative rather than radical. She began with very simple beginnings, with organisms that you can call neither animals nor plants—forms much lower than “the heaps of raw bacteria” of which we hear so much now-a-days, and from these humble forms, she built up new and higher forms, little by little, differentiating the parts, and dividing the labors of the parts until all the higher animals and plants were slowly but surely evolved. For life is a unit, not a dual thing. It exhibits itself to us in two great forms, viz., animal and plant, but the two great forms are not essentially different. Everyone of course can distinguish a horse from an oak or a fish from a moss, but no one can point out the distinction between the lowest forms of plant life and the lowest forms of animal life. Plants and animals spring from a common stock. The two forms of life have been likened to a tree with two great branches and a common trunk. The one branch would represent animal life, the other branch

vegetable life. Or the two forms may be likened to our letter Y, one representing animal life, the other vegetable life, and both joined at the base. The higher forms of animal and plant life are far apart at the top; a child can see their differences; but go down among the lower creatures and the differences gradually disappear, their resemblances become clearer, and finally no line of demarcation whatever can be seen to separate the one from the other. These firstlings of life occupy a muddy pool from which flow away on all sides all the possibilities of higher life. The naturalist as well as the poet spoke when Goethe celebrated Nature's wealth, "In floods of life, in storm of activity, she moves and works above and beneath, working and weaving, an endless motion, birth and death, an infinite ocean, a changeful web, a glowing life; she plies at the roaring loom of time, and weaves a living garment for God."

Now in all this wealth of animal and plant life what is there that is common to both? In answer it may be said that there are three grand particulars in which they resemble each other: (1) in minute structure (2) in their movements and (3) in their origin.

First—*Minute Structure*. All animals and plants are made up of what we call *cells*, that is, of very minute portions of matter, placed side by side, and forming the bones, muscles, nerves and all the organs of the individual plant or animal. Each cell may roughly be said to consist of three parts; an outside wall, an inner fluid portion called protoplasm, and a denser central portion within the protoplasm called the nucleus. You may form a very good notion of a cell if you think of a hen's egg. The shell will represent what we call the cell wall, the white of the egg will represent the fluid protoplasm, and the yolk will represent the nucleus. Birds, frogs, fish, insects, snails, sponges, oaks, pines, grasses, mosses, moulds—all have been picked to pieces and proved to consist of cells. There are small cells and big cells, short ones and long ones, flat ones and thick ones, lean ones and fat ones. There are blood cells and muscle cells, nerve cells and bone cells, stomach cells, and liver cells, brain cells and skin cells, and hair cells and nail cells, and taste cells and sight cells, nose cells, ear cells—cells from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot—cells of every conceivable shape, size, and function.

Now, what is the difference between one of the lower animals, say, a sponge, and one of the higher animals, say, a horse? The answer is quite simple, when you have once grasped the idea of a *cell*. The horse has a great many more cells in his body than the sponge has, and the cells are of a different kind. They are complex in one and simple in the other. Exactly the same thing is true of a simple plant like the *yeast* and a higher plant, say a maple. The yeast plant consists of a single cell, the maple of millions. Simpler animals than sponges consist, like the yeast plant, of a single cell. These single-celled animals perform all the functions that the higher animals perform. Though they have no limbs yet they move, though they have no mouth or stomach, they can eat and digest food; though they have no heart, or lungs, they can breathe and circulate the fluids of the body. In short, all the higher animal functions are performed by these one-celled animals. A one-celled animal is like a hermit, living alone and being hunter, farmer, cook, tailor, shoemaker, blacksmith, carpenter—doing everything for himself. A many-celled animal is like a community of civilized people. Now, one of the characteristics of society is that there are classes of men, who do special kinds of work and do it for the whole community, farmers, merchants, physicians, politicians, lawyers and such like. In animals made up of many cells, all the cells do *not* do exactly the same kind of work, as is the case with one-celled animals. On the contrary there are cells set apart for giving hardness and solidity to the body; such cells are called bone cells. Then there are cells set apart for binding the bones together—connective tissue cells; cells to produce motion of the parts and of the whole body—muscle cells; cells concerned in carrying nutritive matter to every part of the body and waste matter away—blood cells; cells for carrying impressions and messages from part to part—nerve cells; cells for secreting saliva; gastric juice, bile; cells for protection; cells for hearing, for tasting, for smelling, for feeling. Every animal and plant is a city of cells. In Berlin I am told that some streets are inhabited entirely by bakers, some by tailors, some by bootmakers, and some by watchmakers. In other words, the division of labor has thrown the followers of the same occupation into the same streets. Now, in any one of the higher animals we find an analogous condition

of affairs. All the cells concerned in seeing are located in one part of the body—the eye; all concerned in smelling are placed in the nose; all concerned in tasting are located in the mouth, and so on. Similar cells grouped together in this way in different parts of the body and designed to do some special work constitute organs. Nor is this differentiation of cells confined to the higher animals. The same thing exactly occurs in all the higher plants. There is this same division of labor. There are aggregations of cells to fix the plant in the ground and absorb nourishment—root cells; other companies of cells to form the flower and produce seed; others to form the leaves and aid in respiration and evaporation; others to promote the circulation of the sap; and others again to give firmness and solidity to the whole organism.

The protoplasm is the essential part of a cell. It is the moving, sensitive, growing, irritable, living part of a cell. When it dies the cell is dead. The greater the quantity of healthy protoplasm in a man the greater his energy, vitality; but a weakling is only half alive on account of the lack of this “physical basis of life.” All the activities of life are carried on in the cells; excretion, secretion, reproduction, sensation, thought, emotion, feeling—all are associated with the latent activities of protoplasm.

Life in motion is seen best in the cell. Its protoplasm is in ceaseless motion. Night and day during the life of the cell it travels on in endless circles within the cell wall. Through the tiny openings which generally connect cell with cell it streams, outward and inwards. It is as restless as the ocean, as sensitive as a nerve, as living as the soul.

The manufacture of this protoplasm is a profound secret. Man with his scalpels, and needles, and microtomes, and stains, and microscopes can gain no admission to the factories in which it is made. He can sit and watch its ceaseless whirl as it circles round the cell, but he cannot fathom the mysteries of its work. The moment he lays his rough hands upon the cell, the machinery stops. He knows what raw materials enter the factory, and he sees some of the products; but he knows no more. He sees that carbon-dioxide, water, and the earthy and gaseous matters dissolved in water, are the crude materials out of which plant protoplasm is manufactured, and he knows that every acre of forest increases by hundreds of tons in weight every year, but he

is baffled in every attempt to discover how the protoplasm does this wonderful work. The manufacture of patent medicines, or Mr. Campbell White's chemicals, or De Krupp's big guns, are open secrets compared with the manufacture of protoplasm.

But not merely are we ignorant of how protoplasm grows, we are ignorant also of how it secretes or makes many other substances found in the cells of plants. Take for example starch. If you examine the leaf of the potato, you find small starch granules stored up in the cell, during the day. At night these granules are changed to a soluble sugar, and conveyed away to some other part of the plant. How all this is done we know not. Nor do we know how hundreds of oils and jellies and gums and acids and odors are made in these living factories.

We meet analogous mysteries in animal forms. Take a morsel of food into the mouth, and instantly the fact is telegraphed to a nerve centre in the hind brain. Out from that centre go other messages to the salivary glands to manufacture saliva. The artery to that gland expands; more blood goes pouring through it; the protoplasm responds to the stimulus and each cell sends out its quota of saliva to aid in the process of digestion. "Thirty-three chews to the bite," says Gladstone, "if you wish to have good digestion." But 1,000 chews to a bite would be of no avail, as dyspeptics well know, unless the protoplasm of those cells manufactured the saliva. How do they do it? How do the gastric cells of the stomach manufacture their juices? The nerve cells act, muscle cells do their part, the gland cells theirs, and so on. How do they do it? How? And the only answer we get is an echo.

You can now easily understand what is meant when we say that an animal or a plant "grows." It means simply that the cells composing the organism increase in number. The smaller and younger the plant or animal, the fewer cells it has in its body; and the larger an animal or plant, then the more numerous the cells are; just as a hut contains a few hundred stones in its walls, and a mansion many thousands. The simile may be carried further, for just as the stones or bricks of a house are held together by mortar or cement, so the cells of an organism are fastened together by what is called intercellular or cement substance, secreted by the cell itself.

The manner in which cells increase in number is interesting. The process is exactly the same in an animal as in a plant. I have watched it for hours in the eggs of the sea-urchin, and I could see no difference between cell division in it, and in, say, an onion. Each cell slowly constricts in the middle; the nucleus divides into two; its halves travel to each end of the dividing cell; the constriction deepens, and in about 10 or 15 minutes each cell has become two. These two absorb nourishment, increase in size, divide again and give rise to four cells. These four produce 8, 16, 32, 64, and so on.

Why a cell should divide into two after attaining a certain size, one can easily understand, at any rate, in the case of one-celled animals. For, the bulk of a cell when first formed bears, of course, a fixed proportion to its surface. Now, it is by its surface that a cell absorbs nourishment and excretes waste matters, and as a cell goes on increasing in size, its bulk or volume increases more rapidly than its surface—as the cube to the square. For example, if at first the bulk be to the surface as 1 : 1, then if the cell double its dimensions the bulk will become to the surface as 2 : 1—and consequently the absorbing and excreting surface becomes totally insufficient for the growing wants of the enlarging cell. It must do this or something equivalent if it would continue to live. As soon, however, as division takes place, the absorbing and excreting surface again becomes sufficient for the wants of the two new cells, and life goes on.

Movement. The second great resemblance between an animal and a plant is that both are characterized by movement. Of course, if you ask even a fairly-well educated person to mention one of marks which distinguish an animal from a plant, the chances are almost ten to one that he will say: "Animals move and plants do not." Now, strange as it may seem to the unobservant, it is nevertheless true that some plants move about all their lives, and all move to some extent. Their movements are more limited than those of the higher animals; they live more sluggish lives, the majority cannot move from place to place, but then there are thousands of animals also which cannot move from place to place. Sponges, corals, sea-squirts, and barnacles are rooted for the whole or part of their lives to piles, rocks and reefs,

as firmly as oaks to the hillside. They never change their place. The seeds of the higher plants are often carried great distances, and the young tree may grow miles away from the parent stem, but in the case of corals and such like animals, cradle and grave are side by side. They are born, mature, live and die in the same spot. Consequently, we cannot say that movement from place to place is an exclusive mark of animal life. Still less can we say that movement of parts or organs of animals is a distinctive characteristic. For in almost every plant there is some movement of its parts. Trees are great laggards in the race of life. Their movements are leisurely. In plants life is not so intense as in animals. There is no hurry. If "time were made for slaves," only, there are no slaves among the race. Life is at fever heat among birds and insects, but sluggards abound among cold-blooded crocodiles and lizards. Still, the most sluggish of animals are much more active than plants. Life is asleep in the one; it wakes and works in the other. The one hoards its life products like a miser; the other seizes these savings and scatters them with a spendthrift hand. Five hundred or a thousand years is not a great age for a tree, but a Burns or a Keats live out their little span in as many months. "They toil not, neither do they spin," these plants—their movements are in leisurely circles, twining round tiny strings, climbing slowly up a mansion or a cathedral. Their flowers worship the sun-god, opening and closing like the *morning glories* with the growing and waning light of day. Their leaves rise and sink; those of the sensitive plant droop at the slightest touch. Those of some of the insectivorous plants pierce their victims with spines and imprison them in a living grave. The stamens of many flowers discharge pollen grains upon the insects which jostle them in search of honey. *Volvox*, a microscopic plant, rolls through the water with as stately a movement as a sea-monster, and diatoms march across the fields of view like a company of soldiers. The tip of the root of a seedling grows spirally downwards, thus gently moving and pressing the ground to one side, and making a path for itself into the depths of the earth. The buds and blossoms of all the higher plants grow upwards, tracing circles and eclipses as they rise and expand. Circumnutation—that is the technical word for it,—seems to be a general law of vegetable life. If any of you doubt

the statement, you have only to repeat some of Hooker's or Darwin's experiments. Attach a long but very light needle to the leaves, buds or flowers of any of our common plants, and watch the tracings they will make upon blackened glass or paper, and you will soon convince yourselves that movements among plants though not so extensive nor varied as among animals are just as wonderful and quite as difficult to explain. No one, for example, can explain why the hop and the honeysuckle rotate from right to left, while the bean and the morning glory twine round their supports in the opposite direction. The cause of the rotation resides in the plant cells. There is no mechanism of muscles and nerves, of joint and sinew as in animals, but after all, the cause of the movements in both cases is in the cell or is due to some change in the cells. Every muscle fibre is a modified cell, and when a muscle contracts and produces motion of the parts, the muscle cells are the ones which produce the motion. And in a similar manner, the cause of the movements of plants, whether of root, stem, leaf or flower, resides in the cells. When I have said this, however, the riddle is by no means read. The mystery of life in motion is as great as ever.

Their Origin. The third great resemblance between animals and plants is that both originate in the same way. Every plant from a diatom to a maple, and every animal from an amoeba to a man, begins life as a single cell. None of the one-celled plants or animals ever get beyond the one-celled stage—one celled they begin life and one-celled they end it. But the higher plants and animals—the multicellular ones as they are called, go on from the one-celled condition to two cells, then four cells, and finally to thousands and millions. You can easily verify this for yourselves. Go to any frog pond in the spring of the year, and watch the frogs' eyes developing. The egg is at first a single cell, then it becomes two-celled, then four, 16, 32, 64, 128, and so on until the original one cell has divided internally into a mass of minute cells. This is the first step in the life history of any of the higher animals, and let me say in parenthesis that the lower plants and animals never get beyond this stage. The second step is the invagination of this mass of cells, that is, it becomes pushed in from one end, just as you might push in the end of the finger of an empty glove. This second stage may be called the *worm-like*

stage in the life history of a higher animal. The third stage is the one in which the form of the animal is dimly outlined—head, body, and spinal cord and vertebrae. But, at this stage, a very extraordinary sight is seen. Instead of the outlines of a diminutive frog, one sees distinctly the outlines of one of the lower fishes—with gills, gill-arches, tail, and tail-fin. In short the young frog is first a worm-like animal, then a fish-like one, and only after some months does it grow fore and hind limbs, lose its gills and tail and become a respectable-looking frog.

If you study the development of the chick you will meet with a similar series of changes gradually following one another. Let us go over the steps, but before doing this, remember that the egg contains not merely the large germ cell, but also a supply of yolk food for the growing organism. Now, leaving out of consideration this food supply, the germ cell of the egg divides internally and forms a discoidal mass of minute cells. Then a worm-like stage occurs; then a fish-like stage; an amphibian stage, a reptile stage and lastly a bird stage. Not however a bird stage such as we know the chick to be, but a grouse-like form, then that of a gaudy Indian bird, and finally the chick form—and all so gradually, that you cannot tell where one ends and the other begins, and irresistibly reminding you of a series of dissolving views.

Now, this hurried general statement of the stages in the development of the frog and the chick, prepares the way for the statement of what is known as the Law of Recapitulation, which means that a developing bird or mammal in its growth, from the egg to the adult form, repeats in a general way the development of the race. I mean that all the higher animals go over again in their development the history of the development of their ancestry. The individual history is a recapitulation of the racial history; and just as a frog or a chick begins life as an egg and goes successively through a morula stage, a worm-like stage, a fish-like stage, an amphibian stage, a reptile stage, and so on; so it is believed by biologists that these are the stages through which all animals must have passed in becoming what they are to-day. The evolution of the race is summarized in the evolution of the individual.

The higher plants, too, in their imperfect way, repeat in their growth from the germ cell to the adult form, the history of the

forms which preceded them. The repetition, of course, is slight, because plants have little to repeat; but in a general way the law holds good in plant embryology as well as in animal embryology. To begin with, there is the germ cell. That divides and re-divides until the original cell or ovule is one mass of minute cells. The lower plants go no further than this. At this point the mother cell breaks and lets out the mass of cells, each one of which goes off and may produce a new plant. But in the higher plants this mass of cells divides into two parts, each half gradually forming the two embryonic leaves and in some cases the beginning of a stem. Here again, therefore, the individual history is a recapitulation of the racial history.

Not merely do all animals and plants start from a cell, but the higher ones in both kingdoms resemble each other in laying up a supply of nourishment for the young organism. The seed of a bean for example is nothing more than a tiny plant folded up in the smallest possible dimensions and surrounded with a supply of food. When such a seed is planted it does *not* die, as some people suppose. It absorbs moisture from the soil, the embryo leaves expand, the tiny stem grows spirally upwards, and the baby root spirally downwards. The life of a seed is just a continuation of life handed down from the earliest times from plant to plant. There has been perfect physical continuity. There is no death of the seed; if it died, there would be no plant. The seed, then, is just a tiny portion of the parent stem, folded up in a very small space, and provided with a supply of food until it is able to make its own way in the world. The eggs of birds, amphibians and reptiles illustrate the same general law of life.

A. P. KNIGHT.

DIARY OF AN OFFICER IN THE WAR OF 1812-14.

I HAD the honor of reading the following paper before the Kingston Historical Society, at its February meeting. It consists of the diary of a Captain in the "Voltigeurs Canadiens," while on detachment duty at Kingston during the summer of 1813. This article is therefore a translation from the original in French, to which I have added a few notes. It contains so much of interest to the historian, the antiquarian, and even entertaining matter for the general reader, as told in the original text, that I have taken pains to depart from it as little as possible. I beg the reader to overlook Gallicisms, even if of frequent occurrence.

This diary has been attributed to Captain Jacques Viger, who subsequently rose to great distinction in civil life, and in 1833 became first Mayor of Montreal. I believe that portions of it appeared anonymously in a small periodical, printed in Montreal, about 1824. Viger's name, however, does not appear in the list of officers of the Voltigeurs for 1814. Had he resigned after the campaign of 1813? He had been most actively employed during that year's operations, having been present at the attack on Sackett's Harbour, the siege and capture of Oswego, the battles of Chrystler's Farm and Chateauguay, the engagements at the Four Corners and Lacolle, etc. The Voltigeurs Regiment was raised in Quebec in May, 1812, specially for the war. It was commanded by Colonel de Salaberry, the hero of Chateauguay. It was nearly exclusively composed of French-Canadians. It greatly distinguished itself in the field, but was disbanded in 1815.

DIARY—TRAVEL TO UPPER CANADA IN 1813.

April 1st.—On the first of the month I left St. Philippe, after having dined with my friend Sanguinet at La Tortue, and slept that night at Chateauguay, in a tavern kept by a doctor.

On the 2nd we left Chateauguay and dined at Isle Pernot, near the church. The village stands on an elevation, overlooking the lands of Chateauguay, the Lake of Two Mountains, and

further to the west the picturesque Coteau des Cédres, clad with ever-green trees. At the foot of these hills are to be seen the canal cut through the rock to facilitate the passage of the Cascades rapids. This canal crosses a point at the foot of the Cedres rapids; it is built with great care; its margins are lined with stone masonry; it is spanned by a handsome bridge well arched. This bridge was formerly the "Porte des Recollets, or Recollet Gate," one of the city gates of Montreal.* In it I recognized an old friend, and at first experienced joy, which was soon followed by an opposite emotion; it had, alas, lost the once familiar stains of time. Oh! this bridge, handsome and solid though it be, had lost for me the attraction of former days. Then it was tottering, it is true, and was threatening to crush the passer-by, but it was a ruin and worthy of my love and veneration.

Cornwall or New Johnstown.—On the fourth we reach Cornwall, as weary and fatigued with the journey as we possibly could be.

Cornwall is the first Upper Canadian town met with on the journey up to Kingston. It is well situated in a commodious cove, the outlet of a creek. The streets are wide and straight. It has a church, a court house, a jail and neat houses, all built of wood. The Government has a barracks here and also maintains a small garrison. The building formerly known as "The Cornwall College" is now closed; there is a school where children are taught to read and write. The ground owned by this town is quite extensive, but so far it consists mostly of building lots, surrounded by fences, three-fourths of which are vacant. Commerce flourished here before the declaration of war; its college had a fair reputation. These advantages and its pretty site would have made it a town of some importance. A piece of paper—a mere document—with a few musket balls, have changed all this. The Temple of the Muses is deserted; the merchant's yard measure is laid aside for the *gille* or the musket.

Cornwall—otherwise New Johnstown—is the Capital of the District; in its rear extends the County of Stormont. The

* I have been unable to ascertain if this venerable city gate of Montreal is still extant, nor if the canal referred to still exists. It had originally been made at the time of the War of Independence, and enlarged and rebuilt in 1799, 1801, 1802, by Captains Bruyeres and Landmann, of the Royal Engineers. It was probably at this period that the Recollet gate was re-erected as a bridge.

French-Canadian Voyageurs know it still by the name of *Pointe Maligne*.* It is eighty miles distant from Montreal.

On the 5th we journeyed but two leagues, and encamped at *Mille Roches*, the weather having become very bad.

On the 6th we made an early start, passed the *Long Sault*, the "*Rapide Plat*," and put up that evening at a Dutchman's named *Chrystler*; he is a recruiting captain and landed proprietor, also owner of a very handsome establishment in the Township of *Williamsburg*.† All the officers put up at his house, and he placed moreover, at their disposal a large apartment for the use of the men. His wife equalled him in hospitality and civilities. She supplied them abundantly with fresh milk, vegetables, etc.,—in a word, they treated us to all sorts of attentions. Captain *Chrystler* is a well-to-do farmer, who lives as a gentleman. His lumber enterprises are enriching him rapidly. We were supplied here with most comfortable beds, and we left this hospitable home with regret, after partaking of an excellent "*déjeuner a la fauchette*." *Chrystler*, moreover, prevailed on me to leave my carriage with him and to accept the use of his own—a better one—and of his "*confidential servant*," who drove me as far as *Cananocoui*, and proved of the greatest assistance to me.

On the morning of the 7th we started from *Williamsburg*, and encamped that evening at two leagues from the next village (*Johnstown*) in a miserable cabin, where Indians had preceded us. We were famished, but found there no provisions whatever. Our hostess was one of those unfortunate creatures afflicted, I think, with innumerable imaginary ills. What a bore! If we asked for food she replied with full descriptions of her sufferings; if for a bed, then her tale of woe was rehearsed; in despair we spoke French to her; she nearly fainted with fright; we thought best to retire for fear of a more deplorable contingency.

The 8th we reached *Johnstown*, formerly *Oswegatchie*, in time for breakfast. *Johnstown*, Capital of the District of the same name, is situated in the Township of *Edwardsburg* in the County of *Grenville*. It fronts on the *St. Lawrence*, and is 120

*Because here began the difficult ascent of the *Long Sault*.

†The battle of *Chrystler's farm* was fought here on the 18th, Oct., 1813, when 1,100 British troops and Canadian militia, under Colonels *Morrison* and *Harvey*, defeated 2,000 American troops, chiefly regulars, under General *Wilkinson*, with a loss of 236 wounded and 102 killed. The British loss was 1 officer and 21 men killed, and 10 officers and 137 men wounded. *Croil*, in his history of *Dundas County*, says that Captains *Nairn* and *Clause*, of the 49th, and *Ensign De Lounier*, of the *Voltiguers*, were killed during the action. He says the British force numbered only 850 all told.

miles west of Montreal, It consists of a court house, a jail, a good lodging-house, a few private houses built along the public highway, also of a King's store-house or magazine.

The sites of both (*Johnstown and Cornwall*) were well chosen. The first is situated at the foot of the rapids and enjoys the expanse and fair waters of Lake St. Francis, while from the second at the head of the rapids vessels can sail to Queenstown on the Niagara River, and to all the other harbours and ports on Lake Ontario.

The women, children and heavy impedimenta were left here to permit us to travel more rapidly. We now soon covered the three miles to Prescott or New Oswegatchie, also facing the river, in the Township of Augusta. This village is well built on a rocky prominence. It is also known by its ancient name of La Galette.* The buildings are not remarkable in appearance; it is true it is, however, the strongest military post we have yet come to. On the left of the village is an "embarras" or *cheveau de frise*, made with interlaced branches, to render its approach from that side more difficult. At a short distance from and behind the town earth-works are being thrown up with fascined embrasures, where heavy artillery will soon be mounted. These works are quadrangular in shape, surrounded by a moat. They will contain a redoubt, store-houses and casemated quarters for a goodly garrison. (It has since been named Fort Wellington.) To the west of the village there are also some batteries. The garrison at present consists of regulars and militia.

†On the south side of the river immediately opposite, on the banks of the Oswegatchie, are the ruins of an ancient fort, known to the English as Oswegatchie and to the French as Fort La-Présentation; contiguous to it is the handsome and prosperous town of Ogdensburgh. The Americans have batteries there.

Early on the morning of the ninth we reached Brockville (formerly Elizabethtown), 142 miles from Montreal. This village is undoubtedly the best built and prettiest yet seen on the way up. Its buildings are handsome, even elegant. It fronts Eliza-

*Point a la Galette is very often mentioned in the old French diaries from the time of La Salle; at one time a small fort or entrenchment existed there.

†Lt. Colonel George MacDonell (Red George) commanded here. On the 22nd February preceding he had crossed over to Ogdensburgh at the head of his regiment of fencibles; he had put the garrison to flight, destroyed their barracks, armed vessels, and returned with 4 brass cannon and 700 stand of arms.

bethtown Township in the County of Leeds. The King's highway is the only street, it is true, but it is wide, long and straight. Several large houses built of brick and wood, some of them roofed with "Arga masse" (*sic*) line both sides of the road. On the most elevated part of the village, facing a public square, is a large edifice of brick, recently built; it is the court house. For the present it is used for the triple purpose of church, jail and guard-house. This village recently took the name of Brockville when General Brock was promoted to the Presidency of Upper Canada.

There are several sawmills in Upper Canada operating several saws, but Mr. Jones' mill at Brockville is known far and wide as the "14 sawmill," and among the batteauxmen and voyageurs to go to the "14 Sawmill," means to go to Brockville and nowhere else.

April 11th.—Cananocoui is a small military station, thirty-four miles from Brockville; it is also situated in the County of Leeds on the St. Lawrence. It is named from a river which takes its source in a chain of lakes in the interior. I noticed here a redoubt, manned by a few militiamen, three or four houses, a large bridge, a fine waterfall, and again a "14 saw mill"—that's all. From Brockville upwards the road is hewn through a continuous forest of very lofty trees. We here see the St. Lawrence for a while but soon penetrate the forest, from which we emerge again only at Kingston, the ancient Cataracoui, 35 miles distant.*

"*The Land Journey from Montreal to Kingston, formerly Cataracoui.*"—When you travel from Montreal to Kingston you keep the St. Lawrence in sight until you have reached six miles beyond Brockville. The roads are good enough, particularly so from Cornwall westward. Six miles above Brockville the woods commence; the roads here are unpleasant, long stretches of corduroy bridge the swamps and low grounds, bridges remarkably solid, some long and lofty, span creeks and fairly-wide rivers. With the exception of at Cananocoui, for a short distance, the River St. Lawrence is lost to view. The soil is mostly rocky, yet well wooded.

The first part of the journey is made most pleasant by the view of the great river. Although in parts it is not wider than

*An error; it is only 18 miles.

the length of a musket shot, yet in others it widens and offers a most majestic spectacle. Here it flows through banks covered with verdure, there it runs swiftly, in others it rushes with fury, cresting its waves with foam—a most impressive sight. The banks, verdure-clad, bend towards its raging waters, while numerous rivulets and rivers pour their floods within its capacious flanks. Elsewhere majestic forest trees cast their deep shades upon its waters, crown its course with their lofty heads—an immortal crown indeed. Such is the St. Lawrence; but that is not all. Imagine a long street, lined on both sides with houses built of wood or stone, painted in gay colours, islands of all shapes and sizes mirrored in its azure waters; picture to yourself all these objects repeated over and over again for the delectation of the admirers of nature; such is the St. Lawrence. But leave these pleasant scenes to penetrate the dark forests, the rocky breaks, the swamps, which are to be found, for instance, between Brockville and Kingston, what a contrast! Trees of great height cast their deep and sombre shadows and close on all sides the view; dark and mournful looking rocks throw a gloom on everything, not excepting the soul of the traveller. A cleft in the rocks gives passage to a torrent, spanned by a bridge fixed to both its perpendicular sides. These sombre scenes are not, however, without their grandeur and poetry; they suggest thoughts which are as a gleam of sunshine to the weary wayfarer. These rapid tumultuous streams foster, however, prospering industries, which have arisen on their banks, in the shape of grist, saw and fulling mills.

Kingston or Cataracoui.—The town of Kingston at the n. e. extremity of Lake Ontario in the County of Frontenac, lies under $44^{\circ} 8' \text{ n. lat. and } 71^{\circ} 41' \text{ w. long.}$ from Greenwich. It is the Capital of the Midland District. It is built on very rocky ground; whenever the foundations of a house are to be made they are dug out of solid rock. "This stone," says Liancourt, "has the remarkable qualities of being easy to cut and of hardening afterwards when exposed to the air; it is not split by the action of frost."* Notwithstanding this, the houses—which are considerable in number—are mostly built of wood.

*The writer was certainly misinformed; no one can claim these qualities for the Kingston limestone.

This town stands on the site of old Fort Frontenac; a few of its remains are still to be seen. The Indians gave this place the name of Cataracoui, which means "Clay Soil." The town is on a point of land; it is built with good taste; the streets lie mostly at right angles, they are straight and wide. On its eastern limits are the barracks and the King's store-houses. The barracks, built partly of stone and partly of wood, are two stories high; they face a large square. A tower* now used as a powder magazine, and a triangular structure near the artillery barracks are the last vestiges of the French constructions. The remains of an earth-work, built by Bradstreet, who captured the fort from the French in 1758, are still to be seen. Two large wooden buildings towards the centre of the town are used as a military hospital.

Kingston is divided in two portions by a central square, which is used as a parade ground by the troops; there is also a market building, and opposite it is the Anglican Church; both are of wood. To the right of the square are the court house and the *café*† (hotel); both are of stone and two stories high. The latter is an excellent house in every respect, but the former is built in bad taste. On its ground floor are the kitchen and jail, the upper flat is divided into two apartments—the largest is used by the Courts of Justice, the Sessions sit in October and April annually; one of the apartments is used as a library, consisting of 400 or 500 volumes,‡ the annual subscription to which is 20 shillings.

A §teacher of considerable reputation keeps a school, which is very well patronized. With aid from the seminaries and inhabitants of Lower Canada a Roman Catholic Church of stone was erected; the interior is unfinished. It is used at present as a public hospital. An old wooden house, which was brought up a few years ago from one of the neighbouring islands, is now "the Commandant's" house; it is by no means handsome, but is prettily situated.||

*The foundations of this tower are very distinctly visible to this day (1894) in the Barrack square, Tete du Pont Barracks, near the ball alley. According to Sheriff Ferguson, the original structure was not demolished until the thirties. A singular triangular foundation can be traced on this square. Its object cannot be easily determined, but may have been similar to the one referred to in the diary.

†At present the British American hotel; the older portion of the hotel, corner of Clarence and King, was built about 1808.

‡A goodly number of these volumes are to be found in the Library of the present Mechanics' Institute.

§The Rev. John Strachan, afterwards Archdeacon and first Bishop of Toronto.

||The building referred to was the old Macaulay residence, which was floated on a raft from Carleton Island to Kingston about 1803. It is now Gowdy's butcher shop, corner of Ontario and Princess Streets.

The remains of a moat or ditch, also of a glacis, constructed by the French, can still be seen on the public square. To the west is Point Mississaga, and still further west is Point Murney. These two important Points are fortified; batteries have been erected there. The interior of the first is faced with heavy square timber. In the rear of the town and on the right flank have been erected, recently, several redoubts, part of stone and part of wood; they defend the approaches from the north. Other defensive approaches have also been made.

The land behind Kingston slopes up gently. To the front is a bay, running 5 miles to the north. The Government has there magnificent mills.* This bay forms a fine harbor, where vessels can be secured most comfortably for wintering. The opposite shore, to the east, is cut into three points—the two furthest are quite high, but the middle one is of all others the loftiest spot in the neighbourhood. The furthest of these is known as Point Hamilton†; it is thickly wooded. Off its shore is Cedar Island, which is rocky, and quite recently laid bare of all its trees. On this island is a telegraph or signalling station, in view of Snake Island far out in the lake, and of other similar stations towards Cananocoui. The middle point is known as Point Henry; it has also been cleared of wood, with the object of planting there a camp of observation. It is proposed to erect here extensive fortifications. The nearest Point was formerly named Point Haldimand; this has been changed to Frederick or Navy Point. It is a very level piece of ground and low lying; it is well fortified. Between these two points is Navy Bay, occupied by the naval building yard and admiralty buildings. Troops are always quartered here in separate and very comfortable quarters. A hulk is moored in the bay between the two Points; it is used for hospital purposes. The security of Kingston on the water side depends on the co-operation of the batteries of Points Frederick and Mississaga, and the cross fire from these two points if well directed should make the entrance of the harbor an impossibility.

All the supplies for the Upper Countries pass through Kingston; it is also the principal depot of military stores, provisions,

*The Kingston Mills, five miles from the town.
†Now Cartwright's Point.

etc. All these stores are usually brought here from Montreal in batteaus; large lake vessels in consequence seldom go further down the river, although the largest of them could easily reach Prescott, but the channel is narrow and the return could only be accomplished with the aid of a favorable wind. The first French vessels which navigated Lake Ontario were constructed at Cataracoui by M. de la Salle.*

Before 1784 this town was merely a military post where the King's stores and the trading houses of a few private individuals had been erected. It is from these comparatively recent beginnings that its present proportions have been reached; its commerce is prosperous.

The lands in the immediate neighbourhood are of indifferent quality; they are, however, of far better quality two or three miles away; they are being rapidly settled. The climate is good. "Larochefoucauld Liancourt says that its calcareous stone beds are of the clayey type—fine grained and dark grey in colour. "The boulders, like elsewhere on the shores of Lake Ontario, are of various sorts—schists and quartz; there are also layers of granite. Large boulders, dark in color, resembling bazalt and sandstones containing fossil remains, are frequently met with." Three miles back of the town flows a creek which has retained the name of Cataracoui. It is fairly wide, sluggish, very muddy, and its margins are fringed with bushes. It is crossed by the York Road. At the head of the bridge a small entrenchment with embrasures for cannon has been erected.

The Abbe Gaulin.†—Several families from Lower Canada are domiciled here, but they can claim neither rank nor fortune; two or three at the utmost live in comfort. The only French-Canadian one can associate with, with pleasure and profit, is the Missionary Gaulin, a truly learned, clever and witty man. He is a native of Quebec; he speaks English with perfect ease. No one excels him in public esteem, and no one so well deserves it. His virtues, his learning, manners, patriotism—all in this worthy

*During the last years of Fort Frontenac under the French, they maintained on Lake Ontario, a flotilla of from ten to twelve vessels; some 3 masted of about 200 tons burthen, carrying 20 guns, 4, 6 and 12 pounders.

†Reul Gaulin, born at Quebec, June 30, 1787, ordained Priest in 1811, was therefore quite a young man when he first came to Kingston as missionary. From 1815 to 1822 he served in a similar capacity in Nova Scotia; he then spent ten years in the diocese of Montreal as parish Priest. In 1833 he was consecrated coadjutor Bishop to Monsignor Alexander Macdonnell, first Bishop of Kingston. He succeeded him in the See in 1841; retired through ill-health in 1844; and died on the 8th of May, 1857. He was highly esteemed and beloved by all.

priest and loyal compatriot—combine to secure him favourable reception wherever he presents himself, and causes him to be desired whenever absent. For our militiamen to know him was to love him, and to us, in this plight, the Abbe Gaulin has been a most precious friend.

Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond.*—The light company of the 104th Regiment was encamped at Point Henry when we took up our quarters there. Major Drummond, a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Provincial Militia, was Commandant.† I cannot help making a special mention of this brave and excellent officer. In April last he came up to Kingston with me, together with two companies of his regiment. We both put up at the same lodgings in Cornwall, and I had the honour of dining with him. During these few moments I formed the very highest opinion of him. He is one of those men who inspire affection at sight, and who win your respect and confidence even before becoming intimate. I had proof that my high estimate of his character was perfectly justified. My further relations with him fully convinced me that I had nowise over-estimated his worth. The Colonel is above the medium in height, has a dignified appearance, regular and clear-cut features and a charming expression. Some might think that he seems satisfied with his own personal appearance. I for one would feel disposed to forgive him this weakness, if it exists, for it would not be without considerable show of reason. He speaks French most correctly, with no foreign accent whatever; he expresses himself gracefully and with kindness. He is easy of access and not at all repellent in manner as is so often the case with officers of his rank and even junior rank. Whoever you may be you are received with kindness, listened to with attention; his politeness and manners are never wanting. To his many accomplishments Col. Drummond adds that of a knowledge of medicine. I have often seen him dress the wounds and administer medicine to his own men and to our Voltigeurs when the doctor was not at hand, and these services were all the more appreciated on account of his great suavity of manner. So many estimable qualities, together with his reputation for

*Killed at the assault on Fort Erie, on the 15th of August, 1813.
 †In the Army List for 1812, William Drummond appears as Senior-Major of the 104th Regiment, at the time stationed in New Brunswick. The Regiment was ordered to Upper Canada during the winter of 1813. It marched all the distance from Fredericton to Quebec on showshoes.

courage, so well sustained at the late attack on Sackett's Harbour, caused him to be idolized by the officers, his own men and the Voltigeurs.

On the 29th of April I was officer on duty, and that night, about midnight, the *alarm* was sounded. I was then asleep in the guard house. The news of the fall of York* had just been received, and it was believed that Brother Jonathan was marching down towards Kingston.

This news of the first success of the Americans during this war caused a deep impression on all, and many were the rumours which flew round. York in itself was not of supreme moment, but with it were lost an armed vessel and another about to be launched, together with considerable supplies of all sorts for the troops further to the front and in the west.

A sudden call to arms is liable to cause a certain amount of excitement and confusion, which led on this occasion to the death of one of our Voltigeurs, the first which had occurred since we have come here. At the first call the men seized their muskets; one of them, by mistake, picked up one which was not his own; it happened to be loaded with ball. He was tightening on the flint when it suddenly went off. The charge lodged itself in the back of a young man named Laframboise, who died a few hours after. A similar accident nearly happened to a soldier of the 104th Regiment in the adjoining barrack room, only in this case the ball buried itself in a chunk of pork which one of his comrades held in his hand.

(To be Continued.)

*The Capital of Upper Canada had capitulated to the Americans on the 27th of this month. The enemy had 10 vessels of war, under Commodore Chauncey, and 2,500 men, under General Dearborn, to effect a landing and attack, while General Sheaffe, who commanded this unfortified place, could oppose but 600 men—half of whom were militiamen. Notwithstanding this inferiority in numbers, Sheaffe did not hesitate to offer battle. The landing of the Americans was effected under General Pike, who perished at the moment of victory by the explosion of a powder magazine, where our troops had retired, but on being forced to evacuate it, blew it up. (Foot note appended by the writer of the diary.)

SOCIAL EVOLUTION, ACCORDING TO MR. KIDD.

THE most complex and tangled skein of relations which the mind of man finds itself tempted to unravel, is presented by man himself in his social relations.

To many of those whose chief field of study has been some branch of the exact sciences, there seems to be legitimate ground for reproaching the students of society for the very slow progress which they make in developing a body of clear-cut and universal principles which will afford an accurate and adequate explanation of society. Such principles of social life and progress as have been most definitely expressed still lack firmness of body and sharpness of outline, while the great mass of minor principles are so fluid in their nature, so variously outlined and defined, and so uncertain in their range that they appear hardly deserving to be called scientific.

The explanation is, simply, that in society we find a realm where nature reaches her fullest and richest spiritual expression, an expression which even in its stablest forms is the joint product of a multitude of plastic, subtle and evanescent influences. Here is the meeting and mingling place of the concrete and the ideal, the actual and the possible, not to mention all the abortive attempts at the impossible both concrete and ideal.

Obviously here is a field which requires a very different treatment from that which succeeds in the mathematical, physical or biological sciences. True, the basis of society is a number of animal organisms, and the basis of wealth is a number of physical objects. But the animal organisms are the instruments of spiritual social purposes, and the physical objects as wealth are the means to social ends.

Nevertheless there is a type of mind which firmly believes that society may be explained by one or two rigid and universal principles, that all its disorders may be traced to one or two universal causes, and may be cured by one or two universal remedies. Every now and again some one proclaims the discovery of a simple, clear-cut, infallible solution of all historical and social problems.

The last, and in some respects the most interesting, is the scheme of Mr. Benjamin Kidd, as presented in his work on *Social Evolution*. Mr. Kidd tackles the problem with the implements of biology. Biology, it is said, deals with organic life and has successfully formulated the laws of its development. But society is also an organism, therefore biology is perfectly competent to deal with it without changing its instruments. Social evolution is a form of organic evolution; this is Mr. Kidd's great discovery, and he marvels much that no one had recognized and followed it out before. All the reputed authorities in history, political science, theology and philosophy have hitherto been groping about in Egyptian darkness, making foolish, random guesses as to what human life meant. Judging from the criticisms they have made on his book, Mr. Kidd concludes, in the February number of *The Nineteenth Century*, that they intend to remain in their dark and unscientific condition. He finds that only those who have not made a special study of these branches of knowledge, have recognized the truth of his discovery. Somewhat pathetically he concludes that he must wait for the next generation to fully appreciate his labours. It is a trifle embarrassing to attempt the critical estimation of a book when the author warns one, to begin with, that if the criticism is adverse it shows a mind darkened by preconceptions, and if the criticism is favourable it indicates no previous training in the subjects, and therefore no adequate grasp of the truth. Mr. Kidd naively insinuates that his book is likely to occupy in time the same position with reference to social science that the *Origin of Species* does with reference to biological science. The parallel sets off badly, however, for the *Origin of Species* passed through the experts to the populace, while *Social Evolution*, like *Progress and Poverty* which it greatly resembles in method and purpose, has begun with the populace and can only hope for the experts in the next generation. Meantime the book is being read by thousands, and some critical estimate is looked for; so, forgetting for a time that it transcends our critical capacity, let us treat it as an ordinary human production.

Divesting the argument of its inflated and somewhat hysterical padding, and reducing the numerous superlatives to a comparative standing at most, we may state the case baldly and

briefly, as follows. Biologically man is an animal. But biological science shows that the tendency to retrogression is so strong in the animal world that more than one-half of the race must be sacrificed in order that the race, as a race, may progress. This immense sacrifice is secured by the well-known process of natural selection, through the impulse of blind instinct. Under these conditions the race which was afterwards to become human made its progress. But when these animal progenitors of man began to develop reason and to employ it as an instrument superior to instinct for self-preservation and satisfaction, it inevitably led to a recognition of the distinction between the interests of the individual and of the race. Now reason, it is assumed, knows no other interest than that of the individual, and this is the condition of the individual's efficiency. Reason is but a function of the individual organism. Having no interest in the race it will never induce the individual to sacrifice his ease or well-being for the good of the race,—quite the reverse. But, man being subject to retrogression, without self-sacrifice there is no racial progress possible. Hence, under the guidance of reason alone, the human race would be arrested in its development on the very threshold of its career.

Obviously this arrestment did not take place; so there must have been some influence more powerful than reason which enforced sacrifice. What has it been? It cannot, of course, be in any sense rational, neither can it be simply non-rational or indifferent to reason, it must be actively irrational or opposed to reason as regards the whole range of self-sacrifice in the interest of the race at least. It must also be ultra- or super-rational as capable of subduing reason in its natural opposition to social well-being. If, then, reason is the instrument of individualism, this opposing power will be the instrument of altruism. Reason is the chief function and guide of the individual organism. Its opponent is the chief function and guide of the social organism. By what name do we know this mysterious power as it has worked in the world? Obviously, says Mr. Kidd, it is religion.

Now observe some of the consequences of this important discovery. Just as reason in general is the common name given to the rational element as exhibited in concrete organic individuals, each one with an individuality, character and life-object of his

own; so religion in general is the common name given to the religious element as exhibited in concrete organic societies, each one with an individuality, character and life-object of its own. In Mr. Kidd's condensation in the *Nineteenth Century* for February, this central feature of the new discovery is thus expressed: "The social system, founded on a form of religious belief, forms an organic growth, which is the seat of a series of historical phenomena unfolding themselves in obedience to laws that may be enunciated." These laws, of course, are biological. Thus we are told that the social sphere of Christianity forms one organism, to be treated as a single organic unit; Mahometanism is the soul or spirit of another organism, and so on. Again, observe the relation of these organisms—the rational and the religious—to one another. Just as in the rational, human organism the organs gather strength and vitality to themselves, according to laws which have nothing to do with reason, but which reason may overcome and contradict for a time by drawing on the strength and vitality of an organ for rational objects, which are not the objects of this or that organ but of the whole organism; so in the irrational, religious or social organism the rational individual gathers together, under the influence of reason, everything which will tend to his individual welfare regardless of other individuals, until the religious, altruistic spirit, overcoming his will and contradicting his reason for a time, draws on his accumulated power or wealth for rational objects, which are not the objects of this or that individual but of the whole social organism. To state this in Mr. Kidd's own language: "The process at work in human society is always developing two inherently antagonistic but complementary tendencies; namely, (1) the tendency requiring the increasing subordination of the individual to society, and (2) the rationalistic tendency leading the individual at the same time to question, with increasing insistence, the authority of the claims requiring him to submit to a process of social order in which he has absolutely no interest, and which is operating largely in the interests of unborn generations. In a healthy and progressive society, the fundamental principle of its existence is, that the second tendency must be continually subordinated to the first. But the intellect has no power to effect this subordination."

This, then, as Mr. Kidd himself insists, is the centre of his system, and amid all the criticisms of his book which he has seen not one of them has ventured to attack this citadel. The critics have spent their ammunition on the outworks, most of which might be sacrificed, he thinks, without affecting the central stronghold. This might well be, for the greater part of the book is a mere tangle of outworks having little or no connection with the central principle, but simply tending to obscure it. Most people have been so diverted and entertained in the contemplation of these outworks that they have not discovered that there was any central structure in the midst of them, hence Mr. Kidd's pathetic acknowledgement that the admirers of the book are not aware of its real meaning.

When once we have grasped the central biological principles of the book, we see that the revolution which awaits the next generation in the teaching of history, political science, religion, philosophy, art and literature will be overwhelmingly humiliating for the present authorities in these lines. Mr. Kidd, indeed, shows remarkable tenderness for the feelings of these unfortunates in his very mild indication that as regards a comprehensive and adequate view of their subjects they are still in the mists of the dark ages. But the conqueror can afford to be gracious to his helpless and disarmed opponents.

Just imagine, however, how extremely Egyptian is the darkness in which those grope who believe and teach that religion is based on ideas; that Christianity, for instance, was propagated by precept and example, appealing to the rational and personal needs of men through the intellectual media of language and ideas. How blinking and sheepish they would appear if brought into the noonday glare of the truth that Christianity is simply the biological principle in a certain social organism composed of western civilization, and that as regards the individual it is something "in which he has absolutely no interest," and which he can neither help nor hinder by intellectual methods.

Of course the coming generation will build no churches and support no clergymen or other ecclesiastical machinery operating by intellectual methods, for it is as impossible to persuade people to become Christians as it is to persuade them to circulate their blood. Nevertheless many clergymen, strolling about

among the ingenious and fantastic outworks of *Social Evolution*, embodying as they do all sorts of inconsistent and opposite principles of architecture, have observed what they took to be very beautiful and impregnable ecclesiastical structures. Straightway they broke into panegyrics on the entire system, believing that at last an architect had arisen who, upon the deepest and surest foundations, had reared a fortress of faith that would withstand all the assaults of the enemy, being armed with the enemy's own weapons. These are part of that large "outside world" which has received the book with favour. They feel instinctively, as Mr. Kidd gratefully acknowledges, that he is right, but, as he cannot hide from himself, they don't know that their own conception of the book is wrong.

It is not worth while to point out what obscure graves await the recognized leaders of modern thought in other branches of human science under the new dispensation. That new dispensation will never arrive, being based on absurd contradictions of experience. If the author had only followed out his own principle consistently he would have exposed his own errors. As it is, he writes of Christianity, the Reformation and modern social purposes and problems in a manner which indicates that they are rational, interesting to the individual and wrought out by intellectual methods. Further, there is not the slightest evidence for saying that the rational interests of man do not extend beyond the individual, or that reason is merely a self-preservative instrument of the individual organism. The simplest enumeration of intellectual interests exposes that elementary mistake. Again, so far as religious teaching emphasizes the altruistic interests of man it does so through intellectual media. But so far from religion preserving the physical vitality and progressiveness of the race and continuing among men the work of natural selection among animals, it has just the opposite tendency. It tends to preserve the poorer, weaker and least progressive specimens, and hampers the more vigorous elements of the race with the support of the unfortunate, not to mention the physical deterioration in many sections of the race which results from the social check on natural selection. Finally Mr. Kidd has been carried away by a mere metaphor. He treats the so-called social organism as though it were a real organism embodying

biological principles, when it is simply a metaphoric expression, referring to no special social institution, having no definite limits, nor any definable structure. Probably no one before Mr. Kidd ever dreamed of applying it to the vague field of Christian influence. Individual rational beings in their various social relations with each other are the beginning and end of all human organization, and the organic metaphor is merely convenient in describing these relations in general.

But the whole structure of the theory rests on this mistake and falls with it, leaving only some of the inconsistencies and side issues in the book of any permanent interest or value.

A. SHORTT.

SAYINGS FROM SCHILLER.

—

This is the true mystery, which lies open to the eyes of all, and surrounds them for ever, and yet is perceived by none.

—

If thou canst not please all with thy work and thy art, seek to find favour with the few. The praise of the many is fatal.

—

Does thy deed fall short of perfection, still it is thine to hold with resolute will to thy purpose; and thus as a spirit shalt thou do what is denied to thee as a mortal.

—

Why can the living spirit not reveal itself to spirit? When the soul *speaks*, alas, it is no longer the *soul* that speaks.

L. S.

CRITICAL NOTES.

THE CHIEF DOCTRINE OF ÆSCHYLUS.

ÆSCHYLUS' view of human life is extremely simple on the whole, though a closer examination, which space at present forbids, would reveal some elements of complexity. By far the most prominent characteristic of his plays is the Hebraic intensity with which he grasps, or rather is grasped by the majesty of the moral order of the universe. The constant burden of his song is just what he calls the old, old story—sin and sorrow. Here he finds the key to the destiny of men, and families and nations. The doom of Troy is a punishment for violated hospitality. Agamemnon perishes because his hands are stained with his own child's blood, the champions against Thebes suffer for their impious boastings, the Titan Prometheus for his rebellious self-will. Zeus himself is subject to Moral Law. The helmsmen of destiny are the Triple Fates and the mindful Erinyes—that is, the retributive powers which jealously guard the sanctity of the primal ties. Even Almighty Power has its limit—it must fall if it stumble on the altar of Justice. That to Æschylus is the rock foundation of all things—deeper fixed, one might say, than the thrones of the Gods themselves; or rather the Gods are Gods to him only in so far as they are the representatives and executants of this everlasting order. Rebellion against this august law—this harmony of Zeus as he once calls it—is to him, as to all pious spirits, the most astounding thing in the world. Among all the monsters and marvels with which earth and sky are teeming, most marvellous and monstrous, wilder than tempests, more baleful than meteors, more foul than obscene birds or crawling things—is the rebellious spirit of man. For a time, indeed, prosperity may seem to attend on crime and men bow down to wealth as a God, yea more than a God. But Justice despises the wealth which is stamped with the false die of counterfeit honour. She loves to dwell with the honest heart, flies with averted eyes from the gold-bedizened palaces of the ungodly, and shines in the smoky cabins of the righteous poor. The doom

of the wicked is not far distant. He sails with favouring gales to strike on the sunken reef. The good man may be perplexed by the apparent security of the insolent and impious, but let him take courage. Soon with stern joy shall he see a spectacle which makes him own the sway of righteous laws, and brings back the light of day to him—the darked-veiled daughter of Zeus Justice unsheath her biting steel and strike homeright through the lungs. Fools find sin sweet at the first, but the end of these things is death. Paris lightly chasing pleasure, like a giddy boy who pursues a bright-winged bird, shames the friendly board and lures away the wife of his host from her dainty-curtained bower. He heeds not the desolation of the house which he has darkened with disgrace and sorrow—the mute anguish of the dishonoured husband yearning for her that is over the sea, and beholding only in the elusive joy of dreams that vanished loveliness, the lack of whose fair eyes makes all other fair things hateful to the man. The ravisher bears away his stolen treasure gaily to his father's halls, and the sons of Priam boldly chant his unhallowed nuptial song. Fools! She seemed to them a spirit of windless calm, the fair ornament of palaces, a soul-piercing flower of love. Little did they think that that fair face would prove to them a fell Fury, a Priestess of Ruin who should launch against their town a thousand ships and fire the hapless towers of Ilium. Verily the gods are not blind to evil deeds. A reprobate and of kin to evil men is he who avers that they take no heed when mortals defile and trample under foot the grace of sacred things.

Here then we have the dominant note of Æschylus—sin and sorrow. He explicitly rejects the old doctrine of the Envy of the Gods. There is an old saw, he says, that a man's prosperity when once full grown, dies not childless, but breeds for his race a woe incurable. This view he emphatically denies and sets over against it his own. Apart he holds his solitary creed that it is sin which brings forth after his own kind, evil seed from an evil stock.

As little does he make man the helpless sport of destiny. Doubtless the family-curse plays a great and terrible part in his dramas. He has profoundly grasped the undeniable truth that the iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. But never in Æschylus does the curse fall on any whose own hands are pure. The house of

Atreus is the great example. It seems the prey of a malign inevitable fate. Each successive generation brings forth anew, some monstrous birth of lust and murder. But there is no external compulsion; it is ever the perverse will that is active, the frenzy of wickedness, and infatuate hardening of the heart. Agamemnon for instance falls under the curse. He is murdered by his own wife and her paramour. But his death is the righteous and natural requital for his own deeds, for he has slain the daughter of his murderess, his own child Iphigenia. The fleet could not sail for Troy till the anger of Artemis had been appeased by the sacrifice of some one of his race. Agamemnon had to choose between frustrated ambition, and the most unnatural blood-guiltiness. He took his part at last and steeled his mind to become the slayer of his daughter. Rather than give up his cherished dreams of conquest he brings himself to look upon that white flower of innocence laid by rude hands on the unhallowed altar; he quenches with the gag's dumb violence the clear virginal voice which often had rung through his halls to grace her loved father's third libation for good fortune. The piercing appeal of the sad eyes that gaze upon him as from some helpless pictured form of sorrow have no power to melt his iron heart. Therefore since from ambition he has done this thing, it is just the consummation of that ambition which brings his doom. For returning home victorious over Troy and welcomed with the honours due to a God, he is snared in his bath by his own wife and Ægisthus and cut down like an ox. They too fall under the curse and receive the just reward of their treacherous wickedness. But when a pure scion of this accursed stock appears, the pupil and protégé of Apollo the pure God of light, the curse has no permanent power over him. He suffers pain indeed, but his end is peace. He returns in honour at last and reigns in the house which he has cleansed.

So simple in the main is Æschylus' criticism of life. With a deep-toned earnestness and splendid affluence of imagery, equalled only by the Hebrew prophets, and a plastic power in which he greatly excels them, he grasps the central facts of the moral world. As Carlyle said of him, it is like hearing the rocks speak to us. And though from the nature of his work, which is Tragedy, the side of the great laws exhibited by him is chiefly

punitive, he does not fail to show us clearly that in them we find not only our limits but our life. The grim Erinyes are above all the representatives of retribution; yet, even they have another aspect; they are also the Eumenides, the Benignant ones. They are the sharp spikes of Eternal Ordinance, terrible, hideous, a consuming fire. But on the other side their face is gracious, and not wrathful. To those who fear and honor them they send up light from their dark abodes beneath the earth, soft airs to blow with sunshine over the land, buds unscathed by mildew, abundant flocks, happy homes. It is precisely the thought of Wordsworth—sweetness resting on the knees of inviolable law. Stern Lawgiver, yet Thou dost wear The Godhead's most benignant grace, Nor know we anything more fair Than is the smile upon Thy face. Flowers blow before Thee on their beds And fragrance in Thy footing treads; Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong, And the most ancient heavens thro' Thee are fresh and strong.*

J. MACNAUGHTON.

*Compare the saying of Heraclitus that if the sun were to leave his course the Erinyes would force him back to it.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Religions of the World. By G. M. Grant, D.D., Principal Queen's University, Canada. Toronto: Methodist Book and Publishing House. London: Adam and Charles Black. 1894.

Comte, Mill and Spencer: An Outline of Philosophy. By John Watson, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Queen's College, Kingston, Canada. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

Very appreciative notices of these two works appear in *The Week* for March 15th. The Principal's work is reviewed by the Rev. Herbert Symonds, while Prof. Clarke Murray of McGill University gives an estimate of "Dr. Watson's New Book." We are content to quote the testimony of such competent and authoritative critics as to the merits of these works. Mr. Symonds writes that for the purposes of the general reader "we know of no work which can compare with Principal Grant's 'Religions of the World'. . . . His attitude towards great historic faiths is the truly Christian attitude of sympathy and charity. . . . His love of the truth is so sincere, and his conviction as to the real superiority of Christianity and its essential difference from all other religions is so firm, that he is no more afraid of acknowledging the good in them than a sun-worshipper might be of admitting that the moon gives some light The method adopted is not only extremely interesting but valuable to the divinity student, and to the general reader who has not the leisure to devote much time to this study. . . . The author adopts the Bishop of Ripon's permanent elements of a perfect religion, viz: Dependence, Fellowship and Progress, corresponding to the revelation of God: the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. His application of the test supplied by this analysis to Confucianism is one of the most instructive passages in his instructive book." Mr. Symonds concludes his notice with quotations from some of "the illuminating passages" in the book.

Of Dr. Watson's book Prof. Clarke Murray says, "it must be welcome to all who take an interest in the higher thought of the world. It must be specially welcome to Canadians as exhibiting the kind of philosophical teaching which is within the reach of university students in the Dominion. Dr. Watson is one of these effective writers who keep us from forgetting that there is

a sphere of human knowledge which claims the old name of philosophy Primarily the book is designed to furnish an outline of philosophy, and, as the preface explains, the criticism of the three authors named in the title is subservient to this primary object I certainly do not know any work in English which can be compared with it for the purpose it is intended to serve Prof. Watson modestly describes himself as adopting the philosophical creed which has been represented in recent English literature most prominently by Professor Green and the Master of Balliol. But neither of these writers, with all their eminent services to philosophical literature has shown such a complete mastery of idealism in all its bearings as this outline of Professor Watson's; and to me the book, small though it may be, seems a substantial addition to the higher thought of the world.

Composition from Models. By W. J. Alexander, Ph.D., Professor of English in University College, Toronto, and M. F. Libby, B.A., English Master in the Parkdale Collegiate Institute, Toronto. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., 1894.

This is a practical manual of composition in which the selections, consisting of extracts from standard authors, are judiciously classified and arranged as Historical Narratives, Letters, Description, Character Sketches, Interpretation, &c., and intended to serve as models for the student. At the end of each extract a list of themes is suggested for practice, and an analytic examination both of the style and the matter is given. As a book of extracts it is one of the best we have seen, interesting, comprehensive and based on a high standard of taste. We are sure it will be of great service to the teacher as saving him the time and trouble of selection. The analysis or examination of models at the end of each extract will also be helpful, though perhaps it might deal more with the fundamental or architectonic principles of composition. We can heartily recommend the work.

History, Prophecy and the Monuments By J. F. McCurdy, Ph. D., LL.D. Publishers: Macmillan & Co., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York. Vol. I, price, \$3.00 net.

WE have here the first volume, to be followed speedily by the second and concluding volume, of an important work by the accomplished Professor of Oriental Languages in University College, Toronto. Dr. McCurdy is a member of that

small but brilliant group of scholars who in different countries have devoted themselves to the decipherment of the Cuneiform Inscriptions of Babylonia and Assyria, with the happy result of enlarging our knowledge of early civilization by long periods of time, of reflecting much light on the references of Greek writers, wherever they deal with Asiatic history, but specially of illustrating, confirming or clearing up the statements of Biblical writers.

The history of the decipherment of the Cuneiform Inscriptions from the first happy guess of Grotefend in 1802 down to the present date reads almost like a chapter of romance. The pages of this history are studded with the names of such widely-known scholars as Rask, Burnouf, Lassen, Westergaard, Hincks, Rawlinson and Oppert, whose intellectual energy was supplied with the material for study by the explorations of Botta, Layard, George Smith and Hormuzd Rassam.

So numerous are the discoveries made in this department of investigation, that accounts given a few years ago are now antiquated, and it becomes necessary, therefore, from time to time to "take stock" of the situation, and to give a fresh summary of the results of exploration.

Dr. McCurdy's work is of the nature of a restatement of the discoveries up to date, with special reference to their bearing on the Old Testament records, not in the form of a commentary as done by Schrader or on detached questions, but on a consistent plan and covering the whole field in an orderly method.

Though intended as a popular treatment of the subject, hardly a page can be read which does not bear witness, from the citations made, to immense reading and wide-ranging inquiry. The easy reading of this book has entailed hard study and writing on the part of the author, and its statements may be relied on as based on first-hand knowledge of the original authorities themselves.

The value of the present work to the Biblical student is many sided. It has been the express aim of the author to set forth the history of the Hebrew nation in its true perspective, and to give to it its proper historical setting as related to and influenced in its course by other and more powerful nations of the same stock, which preceded or were contemporaneous with Israel.

It lay outside the plan of the author to deal at any length with Semitic religion and mythology. The interest is mainly in the

historical field and not in the critical. There is only passing reference to the Babylonian Creation-story, or the deluge-legend, or to the vexed question of the different Codes of the Hexateuch, although these too are discussed but not for critical purposes.

The origin of the Mesopotamian Kingdoms of Babylon and Assyria, is shown to be in harmony with the Biblical statement that out of Babylon "went forth Asshur," Assyria being later in origin and having most influence on the fortunes of Israel. In fact, throughout the existence of Israel, it was the masterful and cruel Assyrian power that dominated the eastern world, the career of universal conquest which the Assyrian monarchs adopted, bringing them first in contact with the Hebrews.

Of the Hyksos and their affinities, the rise of the Hittites and their racial character, the kings of Sippar and their date 4000 B.C., the priest-rulers of Lagash, and the many interesting identifications between Scripture and the monuments, together with the harmonies and discrepancies between the Biblical chronology and the Eponym-lists of Governors and the Assyrian Canons of Rulers, we have no space to speak.

To only one point will we make reference. In denying a Turanian race as the basis on which the Semitic kingdoms of Sumir-Accad were founded, as the race that originated a civilization and literature which were prior to the immigration of the Semites and borrowed by the Semites, Dr. McCurdy stands so far as we know alone, and is in conflict with the general views of Assyrian scholars.

In conclusion we must characterize this book as of the very highest merit, written in the most lucid style, and an admirable statement of the present state of our knowledge, doing with like industry and scholarship for the general reader what Schrader, Hommel, Winckler and others have done for the specialist in Biblical study.

The book is a credit to Canadian scholarship, and is destined to take its place as the fullest and clearest exposition of the subject, until it too in due time is superseded through the accumulation of new and larger knowledge in this ever-widening field of research.

A. B. N.

CURRENT EVENTS.

WHEN France is quiet, the prospect for peace in Europe is good ; and several things have happened in the last three months to sober France. A new Czar is autocrat of all the Russias, and he has given no direct sign of that sentimental attitude in her favour, with which his father was credited, for somewhat scant reasons. Then, the resignation of the President, Casimir Perier, was a severe blow to national pride. It was gallantly borne, indeed, and M. Faure was installed in the high place with almost the same calmness and speed with which the son of a hereditary monarch succeeds to the throne. But the hisses, yells of rage and execrations directed against the ex-President showed that the blow had struck home. What greater insult could be offered to France than an act which proclaimed that the highest office in her gift was not worth holding ? It lowered the Republic in the eyes of friends and of possible enemies. It lessened the hope of securing a Russian or any other alliance. As long as the Presidency was sacrosanct, there was one man to represent the unity of France and the continuity of her life and policy ; a man whom the Czar's representatives could talk to to-day with an assurance that he would be found filling the same post to-morrow. Now, there is no such security. The men who worried one President into resigning feel that they can worry another. Their shouts, when M. Faure was elected, that " he would last three months," announced that. They will do their best to execute their threats, when it suits their role ; and though the new President appears to be of a different fibre from his predecessor, no one can be sure. The office has been smirched. Besides, the Chamber has had to listen to some unpalatable truths concerning the relative inferiority of the army to that of Germany, in numbers, equipment and readiness for mobilization, notwithstanding the prodigious sacrifices which have been made. Finally, it is seen that England is determined to be mistress of the sea, no matter what it costs. The Liberal Ministry has heartily accepted the policy of the Conservatives and Unionists in this regard. Consequently, France, which at bottom has an enormous reserve of common sense, has settled down to a peace policy. So much the worse, of course, for poor Madagascar, and so much the better for the Industrial Exhibition which Paris is to hold in the year 1900 !

Casimir Perier has retired into private life, not exactly after the manner of Cincinnatus or Diocletian. He has no intention, however, of remaining a full private, and may yet be heard again in the Cham-

ber. If he gets there, it will not be pleasant for some of those who attacked him when he could not strike back. As he is a strong man, though stronger to act and to dare than to suffer silently, and as the French people do not cherish resentments and have not a great store of available public men, the odds are in favour of him again becoming Premier as well as Deputy. If so, he may revise the Constitution. He knows by bitter experience the helplessness of the Presidency and the necessity of making it a reality. The President reigns but does not govern. That system works well enough in England, where "the Divinity that doth hedge a King" is still felt, and where the greatest Minister would not dare to insult or even to regard too lightly the wishes of the Crown. But such a sentiment requires centuries for its growth, and a Republic should either give to its head genuine power, as in the United States, or dispense with a head altogether, as some of the French Radicals logically propose. Canadians would never give to any man the powers which the President of the States has. They prefer the large freedom which they have under the British Constitution, and as long as they are of that mind, they must have for Governor-General a direct representative of the Crown, or become a kingdom—as Sir John A. Macdonald wished—and have one of the Queen's sons for King. To make one of our politicians Governor-General would be to invite fiascoes more humiliating than that which Casimir Perier has inflicted on France. Neither the Queen nor the Governor-General is a mere figure-head. But, M. Faure is that and cannot be anything more.

THE old proverb that "threatened men live long" seems to apply to Lord Rosebery's Government as well as to Established Churches. It is doing good work, too, at home and abroad. Mr. Gladstone has been, from the first, behind it, in pressing for a full investigation into the Armenian horrors, and his influence on public opinion, when a moral question is concerned, is irresistible. Old alliances, political considerations, the balance of power, all alike go down before his wrath. "Every nation has authority in behalf of humanity and justice," he cries, and all Evangelical and Non-Conformist consciences say Amen.

The adoption of the principle of eight hours as a working day in all establishments where Government work is done will give a valuable impetus to the movement to make it as universal in the United Kingdom as it has been for years in Australia. Its success there, in getting improved work done and in raising the tone of the workmen, without increasing the cost of the product, is generally admitted. Australian Trades-Unions have made some bad mistakes, but this is not one of them. Experiments along the same line by leading firms in England have also been successful, and there can be little doubt that the Government's action will be vindicated by the results. As Macaulay declared, in contending for the Ten Hours Bill, when England yields her industrial sceptre it shall not be to a rival whose sons have been

dwarfed by working sixteen hours a day. It is now conceded, too, that high wages are economical.

The Government has dispensed its patronage on the whole wisely; its Church patronage, in England, well; in Scotland, ill. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Morley, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Bryce, Lord Spencer and Lord Ripon, have added to their reputations. Lord Rosebery alone cannot be called a success, though at present little is said concerning him, partly because of sympathy with him in his illness, and partly because he is a favourite both with the Queen and Mr. Gladstone. When he resigns the Premiership, he will never take it up again. When the inevitable Dissolution of Parliament comes, all the signs point to a Liberal rout. The Welsh Disestablishment Bill has roused the Church. Irish Church Disestablishment, Burials Bills, Admission of Jews to Parliament, and numerous other measures as well as decisions of the courts angered only sections of the clergy and individuals among the laity. But Welsh Disestablishment is a different matter. It is an attempt to lop off a limb from a living body, and it implies that Wales is a separate kingdom from England. Ecclesiastical and political forces of great weight are therefore arrayed against it, and these are likely to tell, in Wales itself as well as in England, at the next election. Irish Home Rule is dead for the present, and its dead weight handicaps the Liberals. The tide, too, seems to be running against them.

Almost every one rubbed his eyes when he read in the newspapers that the Leader of the House of Commons had allowed something like a bimetallist resolution to be carried without a division, and had intimated that he would consent to the holding of another Monetary Conference. After all allowances are made for the circumstances in which it was passed, and chiefly for the fact that patient, cool-headed, much-enduring Mr. Bull is willing to hear everything than can be urged on any and every side of a question, even on perpetual motion, spirit-rapping or the squaring of a circle, it is undeniable that an enormous number of people, in Europe as well as in America, have got it into their heads that the present trade depression is due to gold monometallism and the appreciation of gold. There will be two sides on this, as long as there are two standards in the world, some countries using silver and others using gold. That will be a long time yet. The question is a very complex one, and it is a great deal better that experts from different countries should meet together and thresh it out, if that be possible, or at any rate make some definite proposals, than that it should be relegated to owners of silver mines who control Senators or to demagogues who simply shout for "the dollar of our fathers" with the sole object of controlling votes. Sir William Vernon Harcourt therefore did well in not opposing the resolution, though few thinking men expect more from a second Conference than they got from the first. England has the greatest interest at stake, of any country in the world, on both sides of the question. On the one side, she is the great creditor nation of the world. On the other side, she owns India, and does an immense trade with China and Japan.

THE politicians of the United States, in and out of Congress, are very angry with Canada. The head and front of our offending is that we desire to live our own life, and that in order to be able to do so with security, we intend to preserve our organic connection with the Mother Country. In the *Forum* for OUR SOUTHERN NEIGHBOURS. March, there are two articles as significant as the two Acts by which the late Congress specially showed its spirit. Senator Lodge, a shining light on the Republican side, says in the first article,—“The Government of Canada is hostile to us. They lose no opportunity of injuring us. They keep open the question of the fisheries both in the Atlantic and Pacific, and complicate constantly our relations with Great Britain.” Never was such a cry of distress heard, since the memorable plea of the wolf against the aggressive lamb. There is no specification of any act of hostility on our part, or of any injury inflicted by us. Fancy Canada “injuring” the great Republic! But, we have contended that the waters on our Atlantic coasts are our own, for the distance prescribed by the law of nations, and we had the audacity to argue before a great International Court that a section of the Pacific ocean was not “a closed sea,” and we were wicked enough to gain our case. What is to be done unto us for these injuries inflicted on our neighbours? “Why,” continues the Senator, “If Canada desires the advantages of our great markets, let her unite with us, either entirely or as to tariffs.” Was there ever such a volte-face? We are to be shut out of the U. S. markets, not because we are “hostile” or have inflicted “injury” on the unoffending wolf, but simply because we desire to do a mutually advantageous trade with neighbours. That desire is to be used as a lever to disrupt the British Empire, or at any rate to force us into union with the commercial combines which protection has fostered, in order that the combines may surround the whole Continent with the highest tariff wall which Congress can construct! In the next article, that all-wise modern Midas, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, also an influential member of the Republican party, because of his contributions to its campaign fund, thus discourses: “Although I am opposed to taxing the food and the necessaries of the people, I should make an exception in regard to Canada, and this without regard to the doctrines of either free trade or protection, but as a matter of high (*sic!*) politics. . . . Therefore, I should tax highly all her products entering the United States; and this I should do, not in dislike for Canada, but for love of her, in the hope that it would cause her to realize that the nations upon this Continent are expected to be American nations, and I trust finally one nation so far as the English-speaking portion is concerned. I should use the rod not in anger but in love; but I should use it.” Was ever the vulgar insolence of wealth more displayed? I. . . I. . . I. . . I. . . I. . . I. . . I. . . I, &c., &c. So the whole article reads. Mr. Carnegie was, I believe, born in Scotland, but he is as ignorant of the history of Scotland as he is of the history of Canada. For how many centuries did England try his style of “loving” Scotland? Was it the rod which united the two nations? It may be said that a man who talks so blatantly about

the people he "loves" is not worth answering. True. But straws show how the current runs, and the Republicans have captured Congress. Not that the last Congress can be mentioned with honour. Its treatment of the Neckar Island question and the Behring Sea claims was on a par with its wanton waste of over sixteen millions of dollars on a small loan, so far as extravagance goes, while violation of international comity and courtesy is joined to the extravagance in the former cases. Mr. Cleveland showed that the bond syndicate thought it worth sixteen millions to have the word "gold" rather than "coin" in their bond; but the men who take good care to insert "gold" in their own mortgages refused to make the change, when the money of the people was to be saved or lost. It does not rain dollars even in the States; and every million wasted means more general privation and longer depression. Again, that there is to be a cable between Australia and Canada is settled. Very naturally Hawaii wished to tap it, and the parties interested in the cable offered to oblige them, in exchange for a subsidy and a lease of an uninhabited and uninhabitable bit of rock as a landing place. The rock could not be fortified. It has not even the ghost of a harbour. Yet, in spite of the President's recommendation, the Senate took advantage of a clause in an old Treaty with Hawaii to forbid the lease. Still worse is the case of the poor fellows whose ships were seized in Behring Sea. Their property was destroyed and they were thrown into prison. The Court of Arbitration having decided against the States, and the damages having been assessed at three quarters of a million, Mr. Secretary Gresham on behalf of the Government offered something over \$400,000 as a settlement. To save expenses and delay, the offer was accepted. Congress rejected the settlement and made no other provision in the case! The President is a gentleman and of course apologised to Britain, but while that makes the matter all right between the two Governments, what of the wronged sealers in the meantime!

Why do I speak of these things? Mr. Carnegie would say, "because I love the States." So be it; but the real reason is that "forewarned is forearmed." It is not wise for us to be under illusions with regard to the prevailing sentiments of the men who represent a powerful neighbour. Canada must make up its mind that it is not going to realize its freedom without cost. It must decide to be really one with Britain, politically and commercially, or to throw in its lot with the States, or to assert a puny independence. We will do neither the one thing nor the other, and I do not wonder that the nation to the South of us is irritated at our attitude. Halting between two or three opinions is not the way to gain the respect of any one, or to preserve our own self-respect. If we will only be consistent, no harm is likely to befall us; but if we attempt to ride two or three horses at the same time, we are pretty sure to find ourselves in a sorry plight before long.

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