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THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND THE ACT OF 1844.

BY SIR FRANCIS HINCKS, C.B., K.C.M.G.

IT is now nearly 30 years since Parliament, on the recommendation of the late Sir Robert Peel, defined the principles on which a national currency could safely be established. The measure was an imperfect one, inasmuch as it permitted the continued issue of bank notes by English Private and Joint Stock Banks, and by Scotch and Irish Banks,* though under such restrictions as have prevented the redundant issues of former years.

The Scotch issues have been recently made the subject of discussion, owing to some important utterances of the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Lowe). A memorial was addressed to him by the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce, praying for the repeal of the Bank Act of 1845, which confers a monopoly in Scotland on certain Banks which were in existence at the period of its enactment. Mr. Lowe availed himself of the opportunity to declare his adherence to the principle of the Bank Act of 1844 in the following words: "It is generally recognized that the issue of bank

notes is the creation of money, and that the creation of money is the business of the State, not of any trading association; hence it follows that the issue of such notes by private banks is rather an anomaly which we may tolerate than a right which we ought to extend. A mixed currency, composed partly of the precious metals and partly of paper, cannot be in a sound condition unless it complies with the three following conditions: first, the "paper must be convertible into gold on demand; second, sufficient security must be held by the issuers to secure the payment of the notes; third, mixed currency must be at all times exactly of the same amount, and consequently of the same value, as a purely metallic currency would be." These remarks of Mr. Lowe have led to a discussion of the Scotch Bank Act, and it must be admitted that the London *Economist* is correct in its objection that the effect of that Act is "to take gold from the Bank of England, where it is wanted, and to send it to the Scotch banks, where it is not wanted." And again: "The compulsory reserve of the Scotch and Irish banks is,

*Separate Acts for Ireland and Scotland were passed in 1845.

nationally speaking, a reserve at an *unexposed* point. It places gold where no one can think of seeking or asking for it." Now there are two modes of meeting the well founded objections made by the "*Economist*" to the existing system. One may be dismissed, not so much on its merits as on its impracticability in the present state of public opinion in Scotland and Ireland. Mr. Lowe, when he declared that the Scotch and Irish issues were "an anomaly which we may tolerate," indicated pretty plainly that he was not prepared to take the bull by the horns and suppress bank issues in Scotland and Ireland, giving the banks enjoying the existing monopoly a reasonable compensation for their loss. The second remedy, and which would be found effective, would be to make Bank of England notes a legal tender in Scotland and Ireland, but to require the Bank of England not to establish Branches in those parts of the United Kingdom. The banks might be permitted to hold the amount issued in excess of their authorized circulation in gold or in Bank of England notes, and as those notes could only be obtained in exchange for gold, the practical effect would be that the gold now held by the Scotch and Irish banks, and which amounts to several millions, would be sent to where it is really wanted, that is, the Bank of England, and the gold reserve of that bank would be materially increased.

It is to be regretted that the opportunity was not taken, when the Act of 1844 was passed, to establish a Government Bank of Issue in name, as was done in reality. Had that change been made, the public would have understood more clearly than they ever appear to have done, that at three different periods, viz.—October, 1847, November, 1857, and May 1866, the principal English Bank of Discount and Deposit was unable to meet its liabilities, "and was only saved from stopping payment by the intervention of the Government."* That inter-

vention no doubt was justifiable under the circumstances, but it affords no proof whatever that the Act of 1844 was a failure. It never entered the imagination of Sir Robert Peel or of Lord Overstone that it would be possible to secure, by an Act of Parliament, the prudent management of a Bank of Discount and Deposit. Their intention was to secure the convertibility into gold of bank notes which had been made a legal tender by Act of Parliament. Now so far from having failed in their object, the gold in the Bank of Issue was, at each of the periods referred to, so ample that the Government was able to authorize it to make loans to the Bank of Discount and Deposit, which, under similar circumstances, it would probably have made, had it been nominally, as it was in reality, the issuer of the notes. On the American Continent the Government of the United States and the Government of Canada are issuers of notes which, like those of the Bank of England, are legal tenders. Owing to a very erroneous financial policy, the former are at present irredeemable, but they are nevertheless held by the national banks of the Union as their reserves. The Canadian Dominion notes are redeemable in gold, and are issued on much the same principle as those of the Bank of England. Now if any bank in the City of New York or in the City of Montreal were to find itself unable to meet the demands of its depositors or noteholders, and was compelled to apply for aid to the Government of the United States or the Government of the Canadian Dominion, its case would be precisely analogous to that of the Bank of England at the different periods to which reference has been made. The Act of 1844 has, on the whole, worked so admirably, that it is only after periods of monetary collapse or of unusual stringency, causing a high rate of interest, that efforts are made by its opponents to influence public opinion to demand its repeal. Notwithstanding the want of success which has

* "N's" Essay.

hitherto attended those efforts, a writer of high and acknowledged reputation, whose well known signature "N," should command both attention and respect, has given it as his opinion, in an essay offering "suggestions for amendments in the Act, rendered necessary by altered circumstances," that "the reunion of the functions of Banking and Issue, as they existed prior to the passing of the Act, is a change which will happen sooner or later." He adds "a new generation is growing up, to whom the currency controversies of thirty years ago are matters of history or tradition, who will beyond doubt be guided by results only."

It is for the supporters of the Act of 1844 to grapple with the arguments adduced to prove that "the results" of that Act have been injurious to the public. It may be admitted that the essay under consideration contains valuable suggestions for the management of the Discount and Deposit department of the Bank of England, but it fails to establish the necessity of entrusting to that department the duty of issuing the notes which constitute a large portion of the national currency. The term "national currency" is here used to designate that mixed currency of gold coin and Bank of England notes redeemable in gold, fluctuating in amount precisely as gold would do, and, like gold, a legal tender in England to any amount. Such a currency may properly be described as money. It measures the value not only of all commodities, but of the various forms of credit, such as ordinary bank notes, cheques, bills of exchange and promissory notes, some, or all of which are termed currency by scientific writers. It is not contemplated to discuss here the question so long controverted, whether bankers' notes payable on demand should be suppressed. That the credit system has great influence on prices cannot be denied, though it is contended by some eminent writers that the expansion of credit which precedes a collapse is the conse-

quence, not the cause, of over-speculation. Interference with credit in the form of bills of exchange, promissory notes and cheques, is neither possible nor advisable, and the particular form of credit which has been the subject of so much controversy is a very small part of the whole volume of currency in the United Kingdom. The London *Economist* cites the transactions of Lubbock's Bank, amounting to £19,000,000, and shews that £18,395,000 consisted of cheques and bills, £79,000 of country notes, and £526,000 of bank notes and gold; and likewise the payment of a million by the great firm of Morrison, Dillon & Co., of which £966,146 was in cheques and bills, £22,743 in bank notes, £9,627 in gold, and £1,484 in silver. It seems probable that the limitation of the circulation of ordinary bankers' notes, effected by the Acts of 1844 and 1845, has caused a considerable expansion of credit in the form of cheques, so that little public inconvenience has resulted from it, although the permission to certain banks to issue notes, while others are prohibited, is an anomaly which is rather to be deplored.

It may be feared that, notwithstanding the concurrence of opinion between the supporters of the Act of 1844 and those of its opponents, who, like "N," are in favour of securing the convertibility of bank notes into gold, there are wide differences between them as to the objects to be attained by the circulation of such notes. There can be no doubt that the principal objection to the extension of the Act of 1844 to Scotland and Ireland was founded on the inconvenience that the public would have sustained by the withdrawal of the accommodation which the local banks had been enabled by their circulation to afford to their borrowing customers. It is hardly probable that the author of the essay under consideration contemplates the extension of the Scotch and Irish system to England. He would still permit the Bank of England to furnish the national currency, provided the two

departments were reunited. The supporters of the Act of 1844 hold the opinion that a bank note currency is required for the convenience of the public, and that it may likewise be made profitable by economizing the use of gold. They maintain that the profit derived from it should accrue to the nation. This was practically accomplished by the Act of 1844. The Bank of England notes are secured by a Government loan and by gold, and are not employed in the ordinary business of banking as are the issues of other banks. If the Issue department had been transferred to the Royal Mint, the notes would have been secured in precisely the same way. It may fairly be contended that the nation gets the full benefit of the circulation indirectly, but even admitting the contrary, the Act was necessarily one of compromise. In considering the "results" of the Act of 1844, care should be taken not to make the Issue department responsible for any errors committed by the bank directors in their management of the Bank of Discount and Deposit. It is not alleged that the Issue department was ever in danger or difficulty, and it would be wholly impossible that it ever could be if the Government debt were represented by negotiable securities. Strong arguments might be adduced in support of the principle on which the bank issues were regulated by the Act of 1844, and which is thus defined in the essay: "That to prevent mischief it is necessary that the amount of paper money (bank notes) must at all times fluctuate in precisely the same way as a circulation purely metallic would fluctuate under the same circumstances." It may, however, be desirable, for the sake of the present argument, to admit that there is no absolute necessity that the amount of paper should fluctuate in precisely the same way that a circulation purely metallic would fluctuate; in point of fact, so long as the convertibility of the bank note is secured by law, the inevitable result of a foreign demand for

gold must be a reduction in the amount of notes in circulation. The term "circulation" is here applied to all notes which have been delivered from the Issue department. A considerable amount of this circulation is held by the Banking department, which, as is correctly stated in the essay under consideration, "has come to discharge a national function of the most important kind, namely, as custodians and maintainers of the national bullion reserve or fund, and out of this circumstance there is gradually arising a practical difficulty." It may be that the Bank of England has unwisely undertaken the discharge of a duty which in other countries is performed by the banking institutions generally. It is not necessary that the Bank of Deposit should be the custodian of the "national bullion reserve or fund;" indeed that department rarely holds any bullion, and there is no reason why "Bank A," instead of maintaining £200,000 at its credit in the Bank of England should not hold the same amount in its own vaults in gold or in Bank of England notes. It may be instructive to point out the working elsewhere of a system not materially different from that in operation in England. There is, as already stated, a note circulation in Canada issued by the Dominion Government, and secured by debentures of the Dominion, gold, and bank certificates of deposit. The amount held in debentures is fixed by law, on the same principle as that adopted in the Act of 1844, but the excess over that amount may be in gold or in bank certificates of deposit, provided 35 per cent. is held in gold. Canada is exposed, like other countries, "to a demand for bullion to meet an adverse foreign exchange," and it might be imagined, by those who are accustomed to the English system, that it would be found convenient that there should be a single custodian of all the banking reserves. Not only is this not the case, but the principal banks hold a large portion of their reserves in gold. All properly conducted

banks should hold, either in gold or in notes convertible into gold on demand, a sufficient reserve to meet the calls of depositors, and, where they are banks of Issue, to redeem their notes. The capital error in the English system is that the London banks and bill brokers hold the reserves of the country banks; that they probably treat these reserves as ordinary deposits, requiring only a proportionate reserve on their own part; and a great portion of that reserve, together with the reserves to meet their liabilities to their ordinary depositors, instead of being held for its legitimate object, is deposited in the Bank of England. It must be obvious, considering that the bankers' deposits in the Bank of England represent the reserves both of the London and the country banks, including a large portion of those of the Scotch and Irish banks of Issue and Deposit, that the bank should hold in gold or Bank of England notes very close on the full amount deposited by the London bankers. That it not only does not do this, but that it holds a very insufficient reserve, is proved by the fact that, in 1866, "the reserve of the Banking department in London "was little more than half a million, and unless the Act had been suspended it would have been compelled to stop payment, as cheques for several millions were drawn ready to be presented for payment."* This difficulty obviously arose from the insufficiency of the reserve held by the Banking department, but the system pursued is a most unsafe one. There are no doubt adequate reasons for the country banks keeping their reserves in London, but the very fact that they are obliged to do so renders it only the more necessary that the London banks should keep their reserves in their own possession. A strange proposition is made in the essay under consideration, viz.: that the Government should pay the bank 3 per cent. per annum interest on all reserves held beyond a prescribed amount. It may be

* "N's" Essay.

admitted that it is unreasonable that the Bank of England should hold the reserves of all the London banks gratuitously, and it is clear that it is unsafe for them to loan such reserves to the public, but the proper remedy would seem to be for the banks to pay the Bank of England a fair commission for its trouble in taking charge of their money. It would be a simple matter of business, and any bank objecting to the charge could keep its own money. Reference having been made to the Canadian banks, it may be worth observing that, according to a recent monthly statement of 22 banks in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, the aggregate liabilities payable on demand, deposits requiring notice not being taken into account, were in round figures \$60,000,000 or £12,000,000 sterling, of which \$25,000,000 or £5,000,000, consisted of notes in circulation, and \$32,500,000 or £6,500,000, of deposits payable on demand, while they held in gold and notes \$16,626,583, over £3,300,000 sterling, or more than 25 per cent. In addition to these cash reserves they held, in the hands of foreign agents, nearly ten millions of dollars, or £2,000,000 sterling, and as bank exchange can be speedily converted into gold, this branch of the bank assets may fairly be considered a cash reserve. In the national banks of the United States, reserves are held in legal tenders to an amount rather over than under 25 per cent. of the liabilities payable on demand, including the bank notes issued, which amounted in 1866 to about \$300,000,000 or £60,000,000 sterling.* These notes are not only redeemable in Government legal tender notes, but are further secured by deposits of United States securities to the extent of \$322,000,000. It is to be regretted that so little information can be obtained as to the liabilities of English bankers, with the

* Report of Comptroller of Currency for October, 1866. Late aggregate reports not within reach, but in January, 1873, the New York City banks had less circulation than in 1866.

exception of the bank issues. These are a very insignificant portion of the aggregate cash liabilities. In round figures the English, Scotch and Irish private and joint stock banks issue rather less than £,20,000,000, and the Bank of England about £37,000,000. It seems objectionable to deduct the notes held by the Banking department from the circulation. It is obviously impossible to ascertain the amount of notes really in *bona fide* circulation, but surely the bank notes held by the London and Westminster, and other joint stock and private banks as cash reserves, are no more in circulation than the notes held by the Banking department of the Bank of England. This is a very important consideration, because the great argument of the opponents of the Act of 1844 has been that the Issue department has held, at the periods of monetary collapse, a large amount of gold which should have been available for the Banking department when the note reserves of the latter had been exhausted. There is certainly no evidence that a very large amount of Bank of England notes was not held by the London joint stock and private banks at the very time of the suspension of the Act, and it may further be observed that, unless such notes were actually held, the reserves of those banks must have been very inadequate. The notes in circulation, including those held by the Banking department, may be estimated at about £55,000,000, and this portion of the liabilities is adequately secured by the reserves of bullion in the Bank of England, and in the Irish and Scotch banks. The deposits in the United Kingdom were estimated about seven years ago as being on an average £400,000,000,† and those in the City of London about £90,000,000. In 1855, six joint stock banks in London had in deposit £29,000,000, and the Scotch deposits were estimated at £40,000,000. In 1857,

† Bank of England, by author of *People's Blue Book*, 1866.

Mr. Gilbert gives London joint stock bank deposits at £43,100,000, and is not sure whether those in the private banks were more or less. In the last edition of McCulloch's *Commercial Dictionary* (1869) the deposits in Great Britain are estimated at £300,000,000, and those in Scotland alone at £50,000,000.‡ These amounts include deposits on call and those subject to notice, which is, ordinarily, ten days. If these figures are anything like correct at the present time, then the Bank of England deposits are about five per cent. of the aggregate deposits of the United Kingdom, and yet it is admitted by "N." that "in the event of a demand for bullion to meet an adverse foreign exchange, or an internal drain for harvest or other purposes, resort is always had to the Bank of England; and resort is had there because all the London bankers keep large accounts with the Bank of England, upon which they operate daily for the purposes of their business." This is clearly the weak point in the English banking system, and is in marked contrast to the banking system in America. If the aggregate deposits are anything approaching to those we have quoted, it must be obvious to every practical banker that the reserves are wholly inadequate, and that a demand for bullion consequent on an adverse state of the exchanges must produce the most disastrous consequences. It is necessary to remark here that the term "reserves" has a different signification in England from what it has in America. In the United States and in Canada the reserves of a bank are understood to be gold, or its equivalent, viz., legal tender notes. If extended beyond these actual cash reserves, to amounts in the hands of banks or agents out of the Dominion, that is in London or the United States, it has been already shewn that such reserves are at all times available at the

‡ This is no doubt Mr. McCulloch's own estimate in the earlier editions, and therefore too low for the present year.

shortest notice. Now what is the meaning of "reserves" in England? An eminent authority, Mr. Gilbart, discusses in his "Practical Treatise on Banking," the very subject under consideration. He says: "From the accounts published by some of the London joint stock banks, it would appear that the 'cash in hand' is equal to about one-eighth or one-tenth of their liability. Even this we conjecture is a higher proportion than that which is generally kept by London bankers, especially by those who settle their accounts with each other at the clearing house." Again: "The banks of Lancashire usually keep the whole of their reserves in *Bills of Exchange*. Their objection to Government securities is founded, first, upon the low rate of interest which they yield, and secondly, the possibility of loss from fluctuations in price." Mr. Gilbart gives, as his own opinion, that a London banker "never considers as a part of his *reserve* the bills he has discounted for his customers," but he adds, "the practice is now more general of lodging money at call with the large money dealers, and it is in this way that the London bankers make provision for any sudden demand." It is clear that the bankers of the United Kingdom do not hold, in bullion or Bank of England notes, reserves at all in proportion to what are held by the bankers in America. It may be admitted that they do not require to do so, because government securities and bills of exchange at short date are much more readily converted into cash in England than the commercial paper in which the American banks invest their funds. Judging, however, from experience, the banks in the United Kingdom ought to keep much larger cash reserves than they do at present. Assuming the correctness of "N's" statement, that in times of stringency the Bank of England has to meet the demands consequent on an adverse foreign exchange or an internal drain, the London bankers ought to keep in deposit in the Bank of England not less than

ten, and probably fifteen millions, more than they do, and this amount should be held by the bank chiefly in gold or bank notes, so as to be available when required. To form an idea of the state of things existing in England, it might be supposed that the bankers of Ontario and Quebec having their head offices at other places than Montreal, should keep accounts with Montreal banks, handing over to them their reserves, that the Montreal banks should keep their reserves in deposit with the Bank of Montreal, which bank would be expected to meet all the demands of the depositors and noteholders in the two Provinces. Such a system would be considered most unsound by every Canadian banker. In a recent work entitled "Papers on Banking and Finance, by a bank manager, (1871,) it is stated, "If we take the leading London banks we find in two cases capital and reserves between one-seventh and one-eighth of their liabilities, one with capital and reserves equal to one-ninth of its liabilities, and another with capital and reserves equal to one-eleventh of its liabilities." He adds, on Mr. Gilbart's authority, that the rule should be to have capital and reserves equal to one-third of the liabilities. It will seem extraordinary to a Canadian banker that capital and reserves should be treated together as an offset to liabilities payable on demand. The real cause of all the English panics has been the insufficiency of the reserves, and the reliance placed on a single bank to sustain the national credit. It is asserted by "N." in the essay under consideration, that "the Banking department—and therefore everything affecting the credit of cheques, if not of bank notes, has been constantly held in peril by the tardy or unwise action of the Bank Court," but, if this be true, what bearing, it may be asked, has such action on the Issue department, the functions of which have been "automatically confined to the exchange of gold for notes, and *vice versa*?" It is stated in the essay that Mr. Tooke

ventured to predict that, under the operation of the Act of 1844, "the Banking department might be compelled in self-defence to refuse all advances, and so create intense alarm and distress." The prediction, no doubt, has been realized, but the remedy which has been successfully applied, viz. : a permission to the Issue department to lend its aid to the Banking department, is one which is indefensible in principle. Before considering whether a remedy can be found for an admitted defect in the management of the Banking department, it may be desirable to dispose of the bank note question. Had the bank notes been issued directly by a government department it would hardly be contended that a Bank of Discount and Deposit would have a right to expect assistance from the Government. The Banking department of the Bank of England should be as well able to meet its liabilities as any joint stock or private bank. The fact that it has on several occasions required assistance only proves that the system is defective, but Sir Robert Peel never imagined that "there would be no occasion of extreme panic or inflation," nor can the "currency school" be held responsible for the management of the Bank of Discount and Deposit. Sir Robert Peel did undertake to secure the convertibility of the Bank of England notes, and to guard against undue expansion of the circulation. It is alleged in the essay that the Act of 1844 "protects the noteholder at the expense of the depositors, or, which is the same thing, sacrifices the cheque to the bank note." This is true, but the Act is founded on strict justice. The note is a legal tender everywhere but at the bank counter. The depositor has no claim whatever for protection any more than any other person who gives credit. No one need take cheques, and in point of fact great caution is habitually observed in taking them. The mode by which the fluctuation of bank notes is regulated has not really been productive of public inconveni-

ence or loss. If it be admitted, for argument's sake, that there have been times when the gold reserve was larger than necessary, it was precisely at such times that no inconvenience was felt by the public, because money was abundant and the rate of interest low. The inconvenience was felt precisely at the time when the gold reserve was not more than ought in prudence to have been kept to meet a possible demand for gold in exchange for notes. The author of the essay would, doubtless, have protected the depositor at the expense of the noteholders. If reference were made to the occurrences of 1797, it would probably be found that prior to the suspension of payment by the Bank of England, a large amount of deposits was withdrawn in gold, while the holders of bank notes had to bear the loss consequent on their depreciation. Although the opponents of the Bank Act of 1844 have not ceased to ridicule the principle of securing the fluctuation of the paper currency in the same way as if it were purely metallic, it is clear that the issuer of a convertible paper currency must expect to have to redeem a considerable portion of it whenever there is either an adverse foreign exchange or an internal drain. Such demands the Bank of Issue, under the Act of 1844, has always been able to meet; but under the operation of the erroneous system which has been already pointed out, the Banking department has been repeatedly in danger of suspension. How can it be expected that one institution can be prepared to meet the demands of depositors in all the country banks of England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, and also in all the joint stock and private banks in the City of London, amounting probably in the aggregate to some £400,000,000, exclusive of the large savings bank deposits, for which, in case of emergency, the Bank of England would have to provide? Before entering on the consideration of improvements in the management of the Banking department of the Bank of

England, it may be convenient to submit the Bank return, cited in the essay under consideration, and which is that of 23rd

June, 1869, at which time the Bank rate of interest was $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

£		£	
Notes issued... ..	33,412,150	Government debt	11,015,100
		Other securities.....	3,984,900
		Gold coin and bullion.....	18,412,150
	£33,412,150		£33,412,150

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Proprietors' capital.....	14,553,000	Government securities	14,239,874
Rest.....	3,147,807	Other securities.....	16,465,014
Public deposits, including Exchequer, Savings' Banks, Commissioners of National Debt, and Dividend ac- counts.....	7,498,189	Notes	10,731,710
Other deposits	16,972,956	Gold and silver coin.....	1,183,810
Seven day and other bills.....	448,456		
	£42,620,408		£42,620,408

THE OLD FORM.

The above accounts would, if made out in the old form as used before 1844, present the following result :—

<i>Liabilities.</i>		<i>Assets.</i>	
Circulation (including bank post bills)	23,128,896	Securities... ..	31,151,888
Public deposits	7,498,189	Coin and bullion	19,595,960
Private deposits.....	16,972,956		
	£47,600,041		£50,747,848

The balance of assets above liabilities being £3,147,807, as stated in the above account under the head "Rest." It seems desirable to adopt a form more in accordance with that generally adopted in Bank state-

ments on the Continent of North America, and which will present more clearly the actual position of the two Departments of the Bank of England :—

Proprietors' capital... ..	£14,553,000	Government debt.....	£11,015,100
Rest.....	3,147,807	Other securities.....	3,984,900
Notes payable on demand.....	22,680,440	Government securities.....	14,239,874
Seven day and other bills.....	448,456	Other securities.....	16,465,014
Public deposits	7,498,189	Gold in Issue Dept.....	18,412,150
Other deposits.....	16,972,956	Gold and Silver coin in Banking De- partment	1,183,810
	£65,300,848		£65,300,848

In considering these statements, it should be borne in mind that of the £18,412,150 held by the Issue department, £10,731,710 is really held on behalf of the Banking department, leaving £7,680,440 as the amount of gold held at a time of great ease in the money market against a circulation of £22,-

680,440. What reserve, it may be asked, would the opponents of the "currency school" deem adequate? Would they deem it prudent, at a time of comparative ease, to reduce the gold and increase the securities? Whatever their views may be, it is certain that no complaints are ever made, except at

the precise time when the gold has been reduced to an amount not more than adequate for the protection of the note-holders, but when the Bank of Discount and Deposit would like to borrow gold, to which it has no claim whatever, to meet its own liabilities. The item which specially deserves consideration is that designated "Other Deposits," and which amounted to £16,972,956. There is nothing to indicate how much of this consists of the deposits of London Bankers, and yet in the absence of information on this head it is quite impossible to form any correct idea of the sufficiency of the reserve. It has already been pointed out that these deposits are the aggregate reserves of all the country banks in the United Kingdom, and of those of all the London banks. In Gilbert's "Practical Treatise on Banking," he classifies the private deposits, at a time when they amounted to £8,644,000, as follows:—

	£
Railways	30,000
London Bankers.....	963,000
East India Company..	636,000
Bank of Ireland, Royal Bank of Scotland.....	175,000
Other deposits.....	5,631,000
Deposits at branches.....	1,209,000
	£8,644,000

At the present time the aggregate is more than double that amount, but there is nothing in the statement to indicate what proportion of the amount is held on account of the London bankers. This information would be very useful. The regular periodical publication by all banks of issue and deposit in Canada of the amount of their notes in circulation, of their deposits separated into those on call and on notice, of their reserves in gold and in legal tender Dominion notes, and in the hands of their foreign agents, and likewise of their paid-up capital, is found a most valuable check on the management of those Institutions. In England the public look only to the state of the Bank of England, and it is therefore the more important that the returns furnished by

that institution should give as full information as possible. It would be a vast improvement in the return if the amount of "Other Deposits" were divided into "private deposits" and "deposits of bankers and bill brokers." If the latter were inadequate, public opinion, through the press, would be brought to bear on the joint stock and private banks, so that adequate reserves would be maintained in London, which is the point where an unusual demand is certain to be made. It would be desirable likewise, though of comparatively less importance, that the public deposits should be divided into those held on account of the savings banks, and those at the credit of other government departments. The aggregate amount of the deposits and seven day notes is in round figures twenty-five millions, against which there is a reserve, of gold and silver coin and notes, of nearly twelve millions. This seems at first sight an adequate reserve, but it may be doubted whether under the present system it is safe for the Banking department to hold a smaller reserve than the full amount of the bankers' deposits *plus* a reasonable reserve against the public deposits, and that portion of the other deposits which does not consist of bankers' reserves. It is suggested by the author of the essay, that the Government should pay to the Bank of England its Book debt of £11,015,100, in order to enable the Bank to invest largely in foreign securities, which it is suggested would be available during periods of stringency for settling debts due to foreigners. The first objection to this proposal is that the sum in question can no longer be considered the capital of the Bank. Under an arrangement entered into between the Government and the Bank of England the particular amount of £11,015,100 was to be held against the bank note circulation. So long as that circulation exceeds the amount of the Government debt the Bank can have no claim whatever to payment. It has deliberately surrendered

its claim to obtain capital from its circulation, and it would be unadvisable to abandon the right of the public secured by the Act of 1844. But the suggestion made in the essay could be carried into effect without the least difficulty. The Banking department held, in June 1869, in Government securities, £14,239,874, and 6 or 8 millions might be sold and the proceeds invested at greater profit "in the purchase of the best kind of foreign bonds, with a view to using them in certain states of the exchanges." It may, however, be objected, secondly, to this proposition, that foreign securities would not be as readily converted into gold as those which have been hitherto held by the Bank. It must be borne in mind that when the exchanges are unfavourable, payment must be made to the foreigner in gold. The cost of movement is comparatively trifling, and it is simply a question whether in a case of emergency the Bank could obtain gold more advantageously by selling American securities in New York than by selling English securities in London. This is a matter for the consideration of the Directors, and it would be presumptuous to offer them advice. It is sufficient to point out that if it is desirable for the Bank to hold "the best kinds of foreign bonds," there is nothing to prevent them from transferring a portion of the Government securities held by the Banking department to foreign securities. The truth is, that at the very time when it would be convenient for the Bank to realise its Government securities, it is deterred from doing so owing to the fall in price consequent on the stringency of the market. There is a plan which would meet the difficulty and prevent the necessity of again violating the Act of 1844. There has been an absurd prejudice in England against the one pound note circulation. There can be no doubt that previous to 1825 the English country banks had issued small notes to an extent that rendered their suppression expedient, if not absolutely necessary. Had

the Issue department of the Bank of England been at that time established on its present footing, it is highly improbable that it would have been included in the Act suppressing the small notes; indeed there was an effort to make an exception in its favour, but public opinion was at the time against giving any peculiar privileges to the Bank of England beyond what it already possessed. The objection as to the danger of forgery is untenable. By strict attention to the engraving and the paper, the risk would be trifling. It is of course impossible to guard completely against fraud, but on the American continent the objection has never had any influence in preventing issues of much smaller notes than would be used in England. It is a matter of serious complaint that the gold coin is so much depreciated by attrition. One pound notes are circulated in Scotland and Ireland by local banks, and yet the Bank of England is not permitted to issue them. It is stated in the essay that "the gold coin in circulation in the United Kingdom "is probably more than one hundred and thirty millions sterling." If so it would be a very moderate estimate to calculate on a circulation of £1 notes to the extent of twenty-five millions. This would be an immense addition to the gold reserve of the Bank of Issue, and it would be quite legitimate to authorize that bank to exchange gold or notes for government securities when the bank rate of interest was not less than 8 per cent., paying the Government a rate of interest rather less than the bank rate. This would be a much more satisfactory arrangement than the periodical suspension of an Act of Parliament. The issue of one pound notes, though unobjectionable in principle, and the most economical mode of accomplishing the object in view, is not the only mode. If public opinion in England should be adverse to such an issue, another remedy not so economical may be found. At present the Issue department of the Bank of England holds gold for

all its notes in excess of fifteen millions. Let Parliament fix the amount to be issued on securities at ten instead of fifteen millions, thus adding five millions to the bullion reserve, and, in amending the Act of 1844, provide that whenever the bank rate of interest is 8 per cent, the Issue department may advance to the extent of five millions on government securities. If the Bank of Discount were entitled to this assistance it is hardly probable that there would be so much hoarding of money in times of stringency as there has been during the periods of collapse when it was found expedient to sanction a violation of the law. This arrangement would involve a charge on the nation of under £200,000 a year, a very inconsiderable amount in comparison with the importance of the object to be gained. The suggestion in "N's" essay of adopting rules for regulating the bank rate of interest is no doubt worthy of consideration, and would be quite in harmony with the proposition for affording relief to the Banking department in times of stringency. Its object is to regulate the minimum rate of discount at the bank by a fixed standard, instead of by the authority of the Directors of the Bank of England. It is suggested that when the bullion reserve should be 15 millions the rate should be 5 per cent, and that the rate should fall a half per cent. for every rise of one million in the total bullion, until it reached $3\frac{1}{2}$, below which it should not fall whatever elevation the bullion might attain. The practical

effect of this would be that the Bank of England would not compete with the bankers and bill brokers when the rate of interest was less than $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. On the other hand the rate should rise a half per cent. for every fall of half a million in the bullion below 15 millions until it fell to 13 millions, when the bank rate would be 7 per cent., but if the bullion continued to decrease there should be a rise of 1 per cent. for every half million below 13 millions. There seem to be two objections to the proposed rule, which no doubt is sound in principle. The first is that if there were a fixed rule for establishing the rate of interest, it would be in the power of "rings" of capitalists to combine to raise or depress the rate, and thus to regulate at their pleasure the markets for securities of all kinds, and for every description of merchandize. But secondly, if the foregoing objection could be removed, it seems clear that the standard should not be the bullion reserve in the Bank of Issue, but the cash reserve, whether in bullion or notes, in the Banking department. If the Directors of the Bank were to adopt as a rule for their own guidance the suggestion of "N.", it would probably work well in practice. Their reserve has as a rule been inadequate, considering that they have undertaken, to use the language of "N.", "to discharge a national function of the most important kind, namely, as custodians and maintainers of the national bullion reserve or fund."

MY SISTER'S SLEEP.

(From DANTE ROSSETTI'S *Poems*.)

SHE fell asleep on Christmas eve :
At length the long-ungranted shade
Of weary eyelids overweigh'd
The pain nought else might yet relieve.

Our mother, who had leaned all day
Over the bed from chime to chime,
Then raised herself for the first time,
And as she sat her down, did pray.

Her little work-table was spread
With work to finish. For the glare
Made by her candle, she had care
To work some distance from the bed.

Without, there was a cold moon up,
Of winter radiance sheer and thin ;
The hollow halo it was in
Was like an icy crystal cup.

Through the small room, with subtle sound
Of flame, by vents the fire'shine drove
And reddened. In its dim alcove,
The mirror shed a clearness round.

I had been sitting up some nights,
And my tired mind felt weak and blank ;
Like a sharp strengthening wine it drank
The stillness and the broken lights.

Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindling years
Heard in each hour, crept off ; and then
The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs.

Our mother rose from where she sat :
Her needles, as she laid them down,
Met lightly, and her silken gown
Settled : no other noise than that.

'Glory unto the Newly Born !'
So, as said angels, she did say ;
Because we were in Christmas day,
Though it would still be long till morn.

Just then in the room over us
There was a pushing back of chairs,
As some who had sat unawares
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

With anxious softly-stepping haste
Our mother went where Margaret lay,
Fearing the sounds o'erhead—should they
Have broken her long watched-for rest !

She stooped an instant, calm, and turned ;
But suddenly turned back again ;
And all her features seemed in pain
With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearned.

For my part, I but hid my face,
And held my breath, and spoke no word :
There was none spoken ; but I heard
The silence for a little space.

Our mother bowed herself and wept :
And both my arms fell, and I said,
'God knows I knew that she was dead.'
And there, all white, my sister slept.

Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn
A little after twelve o'clock
We said, ere the first quarter struck,
'Christ's blessing on the newly born !'

THE VENDETTA.

(From the French of HONORE DE BALZAC.)

TOWARDS the latter part of October in the year 1800, a stranger, accompanied by his wife and little daughter, arrived in Paris and stopped directly in front of the Tuileries. He remained there a long time, close to the ruins of a house which had been but recently pulled down, and on the site of which now stands the wing connecting the castle of Catherine de Medicis with the Louvre of the Valois. He stood there, almost motionless, with folded arms, and merely raised his bowed head occasionally to glance at the consular palace, or at his wife, who was seated near him on a stone, and who, though apparently entirely occupied with the little girl whose beautiful black hair she was caressing lovingly, noticed every look which her companion directed towards her. Another, and perhaps stronger feeling than love united these two beings, and animated their thoughts with one and the same anxiety. Misfortune is doubtless the most powerful of links!—The stranger had a broad, serious face, surrounded by a profusion of hair,—such a face as has been frequently depicted by the pencil of Caraches; his once jet black hair was now amply sprinkled with white, his proud and noble features were marred by a look of harshness, and, in spite of his apparent strength and upright carriage, he looked about sixty years of age. The style and colour of his tattered garments plainly shewed that he came from a foreign country. His wife's faded face bore the impress of former beauty, and, although on her features was stamped an expression of habitual sadness, she invariably forced a smile when her husband even casually glanced at her. The little girl remained standing, in spite of the traces of fatigue visible on

her sunburnt face. She had the graceful figure and black silken-fringed eyes of an Italian; her whole appearance formed a picture of girlish grace and true nobility. Many of the passers-by felt moved with compassion on beholding these people, who made no effort to disguise their grief and despair; but so soon as the stranger became aware that he was the object of some idler's attention he looked at him with so fierce an expression that the most dauntless loungeur would quicken his pace as if he had suddenly stepped on a snake. After remaining in a state of indecision for a long period, the tall stranger abruptly drew his hand across his forehead, as if to dissipate the thoughts that had furrowed it with wrinkles; he had evidently formed a desperate resolution. First casting a piercing look on his wife and daughter, he drew a dagger from under his vest, and handing it to his companion said, in Italian:—"I am going to see whether the Bonapartes remember us"—then walked with slow and measured steps towards the entrance of the palace. There he was stopped by a soldier of the consular guard, who, on perceiving the man's determination to pass, presented his bayonet. Just then the guard came to relieve the sentry, and the corporal respectfully directed the importunate stranger where to find the commander of the post.

"Let Bonaparte know that Bartholoméo di Piombo wishes to speak to him," said the stranger to the captain on duty.

It was in vain the officer assured Bartholoméo he could not see the First Consul without having previously requested an audience in writing; the stranger insisted upon his message being conveyed to Bona-

parte. The officer declined to infringe his orders, and formally refused to comply with the request of this singular solicitor. Bartholoméo knit his brows, cast a terrible look upon the commander, which seemed to render him responsible for all the calamities which his refusal might entail; then crossing his arms on his chest, he went and stood under the portico which connects the courtyard with the garden of the Tuileries.—Chance generally favours those who are truly anxious about anything. Just as Bartholoméo seated himself on one of the spur-posts which are near the entrance to the Tuileries, a carriage drew up, from which alighted Lucien Bonaparte, then Home Secretary.

“Ah Lucien! I am fortunate in meeting you!” exclaimed the stranger.

These words, spoken in the Corsican dialect, arrested Lucien as he was in the act of stepping under the portico; he looked at his fellow-countryman and instantly recognised him. After listening to the first few words which Bartholoméo whispered in his ear, he took the Corsican along with him. Murat, Lannes and Rapp were with the First Consul in his cabinet, and on seeing Lucien enter, followed by so very singular-looking a man as Piombo, they ceased their conversation. Lucien seized Napoleon by the hand and led him into the embrasure of the window, whence, after having exchanged a few words with his brother, the First Consul made a sign with his hand which Murat and Lannes obeyed by quitting the chamber: Rapp feigned not to have seen the sign, but Bonaparte made another imperative signal and the aide-de-camp sullenly left the room. Then Napoleon, hearing Rapp's steps in the adjoining drawing-room, went out hurriedly and saw him near the wall which separated the cabinet from the drawing-room.

“Don't you understand me,” said the Consul, “I wish to be alone with my countryman.”

“A Corsican!” replied the aide-de-camp, “I mistrust these people too much not to.”

The First Consul could not forbear smiling, as he gave his faithful officer a friendly dismissal from the room.

“Well, and what do you want here, my poor Bartholoméo?” said the First Consul to Piombo.

“Shelter, and your protection if you are a true Corsican” answered Bartholoméo gruffly.

“What misfortune caused you to leave your country, you the richest, the most—”

“I murdered all the Portas,” replied the Corsican in a deep, fierce tone.

The First Consul stepped back, looking greatly surprised.

“Are you going to betray me?” exclaimed Bartholoméo, casting a gloomy look on Bonaparte, “don't you know there are still four Piombos in Corsica?”

Lucien took his fellow-countryman by the arm and shook him.

“Do you come here to threaten the saviour of France!” he asked sharply.

Bonaparte made a sign to Lucien to be still, then he looked at Piombo and said: “Why did you murder the Portas?”

“We had renewed our friendship,” he replied, “the Brabanti had reconciled us. The day following that on which we had drunk the cup of peace I left them, business compelling me to go to Bastia; they remained at my house, and during my absence set fire to my vineyard at Longone and murdered my son Gregorio. My wife and daughter Ginevra escaped unhurt; they had attended the Holy Sacrifice in the morning, and the Blessed Virgin protected them. On my return my house had disappeared. I sought its traces with my feet in its ashes; suddenly I fell upon Gregorio's corpse, which I recognised by the light of the moon. “Oh!” said I to myself, “the Portas have done this, and at once proceeded to the *mâquis*: there I assembled a few men to whom I had once rendered some service—do you understand

me, Bonaparte? We marched together to the Portas vineyard, arriving about five o'clock in the morning. By seven o'clock the whole family were in the presence of their Maker. Giacomo maintains that Elisa Vanni saved one of the children, the little Luigi, but I myself had bound him to his bed ere setting the house on fire; however, I left the island with my wife and daughter without having been able to ascertain whether Luigi Porta had escaped."

Bonaparte curiously regarded Bartholoméo, but without betraying the least surprise.

"How many were there?" inquired Lucien

"Seven," replied Piombo. "They were your persecutors as well as mine formerly," he added. These words elicited no expression from either of the brothers. "Ah you are no longer Corsicans!" exclaimed Bartholoméo with a feeling akin to despair—"Adieu! In bygone times I protected you," he added, in a tone of reproach; "without my assistance your mother would never have reached Marseilles," said he, looking at Bonaparte, who remained thoughtful and moody, his elbow resting on the mantel-piece.

"Well, Piombo," said Napoleon, "I cannot conscientiously take you under my protection! I have become the head of a great nation; I command the republic and must enforce her laws."

"Ah!" said Bartholoméo.

"But I can close my eyes," said Bonaparte. The precedent of the *vendetta must* for a long time yet put a stop to the administration of the laws in Corsica," he added, as if communing with himself.

Bonaparte remained silent for a minute, and Lucien made a sign to Piombo not to interrupt him, for the Corsican was already shaking his head with an air of disapprobation.

"Remain here," said the Consul, addressing Bartholoméo, "we will be in ignorance of your movements, and I will cause your

property in Corsica to be purchased, so that you may at present have at least the means of subsistence. By-and-bye we will think of you; but no more *vendetta*! There is no *malquis* here, and if you play at daggers you must not hope for pardon; here the law protects every citizen, and people do not take the execution of justice into their own hands!"

"He has become the leader of a peculiar country," said Bartholoméo, grasping Lucien's hand and smiling. "But you acknowledge me in my hour of misfortune; I will henceforth be yours in life and death, and all the Piombos are at your disposal."

While uttering these words the Corsican cheered up and looked around with a satisfied air.

"You are not amiss here," said he smiling, as if he wished to take up his abode there, "and you are clothed in scarlet like a cardinal."

"It will depend only on yourself to succeed in having a palace in Paris," said Bonaparte, examining his countryman from head to foot; "I will often have to look around in search of a friend in whom I can place implicit confidence."

Piombo heaved a sigh of relief and joy, and stretching out his hand to Napoleon said, "There is a good deal of the Corsican in you."

Bonaparte smiled and gazed silently at this man, who seemed to bring a breath of fresh air from his native country, from that island where but lately he had been so miraculously saved from the hatred of the English party, and which he was destined never to see again. He made a sign to his brother, who left the room accompanied by Piombo. Lucien then inquired eagerly into the financial position of the former protector of their family, and Piombo led the Home Secretary to a window whence he pointed out his wife and little daughter Ginevra, seated on a pile of stones.

"We came on foot from Fontainebleau, and we have not a single obole," said he.

Lucien handed him his purse and desired him to call upon him the following day, that they might take into consideration the means of providing for his family. The value of all the property Piombo owned in Corsica would scarcely suffice for his maintenance in Paris.

Fifteen years elapsed from the time of the arrival of the Piombos in Paris before the occurrence of the following adventure, which would, however, be scarcely comprehensible without the recital of the preceding events.

Servin, one of our most distinguished artists, was the first to open a studio for young people who were anxious to get instruction in the art of painting. He was about forty years of age, of irreproachable morals, thoroughly devoted to his art, and had married the portionless daughter of a general. At first the mothers invariably accompanied their daughters to the studio, but when they had become thoroughly acquainted with the artist's principles, and appreciated the care with which he strove to deserve their confidence, they were fain to let their daughters go unattended. He would only admit as pupils the daughters of wealthy and estimable parents, so that no fault could be found with the management of his studio.

Imperceptibly his prudence, the skill with which he initiated his pupils into the secrets of his art, the conviction of mothers that their daughters would be in the company only of well educated girls, and the confidence which the artist inspired, gave him an excellent reputation in fashionable circles. If a young girl expressed a desire to learn painting or drawing, and her mother asked advice, the invariable answer was—"send her to Servin!" It was universally acknowledged that a young woman who had studied under Servin was capable of pronouncing judgment on the pictures in the Museum, of painting a portrait in superior style, and of copying any kind of picture whatever.

In spite of Servin being thus connected with the best society in Paris, he was inde-

pendent, patriotic, and retained in his conversation with every one the thoughtless, witty, and sometimes ironical tone which so often distinguishes artists. The artist's scrupulous precautions had been carried out in the disposition of the premises where his pupils studied; the entrance to the loft above his apartments was walled up, and, in order to reach that retreat, one had to ascend a staircase contrived in his private dwelling. The studio, which took up the greater part of the house, was so large that it excited the surprise of all who think that, after mounting about sixty feet from the ground-floor, they must find artists located under the very eaves. Innumerable caricatures traced on the dark-grey walls, some in colours, some in pencil, others again with the point of a knife, bore sufficient evidence that even the most polished girls are as full of mischief as young men. A little stove with its large pipes was the inevitable ornament of the studio. A shelf running along the walls supported the plaster models which were scattered about on it, and most of which were covered with dust: hanging on the wall above this shelf were to be seen at intervals the head of a Niobe in its attitude of woe, a smiling Venus, or a hand outstretched as if petitioning for alms. Paintings, drawings, frames without pictures and pictures without frames, lying around in artistic confusion, gave to the room that singular mixture of ornament and disarray, of poverty and wealth, care and carelessness peculiar to a studio.

At the period our story commences a bright July sun illuminated the room, and its rays penetrated even to its furthest recesses, tracing there transparent bands of gold in which minute particles of dust could be distinguished. About a dozen easels raised their pointed heads, looking like vessels in port: several young girls enlivened the scene by the variety of their physiognomies and positions, and the difference in their toilettes. The dark shadows cast by

the green serge curtains, which were hung with regard to the requirements of each easel, produced innumerable contrasts and pleasing effects of light and shade. This group was more beautiful than all the pictures in the studio. A fair-haired and simply attired young girl, seated apart from the others, worked courageously, as if she had a presentiment of future misfortune. No one looked at or spoke to her, but she was the most beautiful, the most modest, and purest of them all. Two principal groups, at a little distance from each other, showed that party spirit is not excluded even from the studio, where surely rank and fortune should be forgotten. Surrounded by their paint-boxes, toying with their brushes or preparing them for use, handling their dazzling pallets, painting, laughing, singing, giving way to their natural feelings, the girls plainly showed their various dispositions; here one, haughty and whimsical, with jet-black hair and beautiful white hands, darted the fire of her glances in every direction; here another, careless and lively, with smiling face, bright chestnut hair and delicate white hands, true type of a French maiden, buoyant, without reserve, and full of the present; yet another, thoughtful, melancholy, pale, with head drooping like a lily; her neighbour, on the contrary, tall and indolent, with large, liquid black eyes, speaking little, but thoughtful, and taking stealthy glances at the head of Antinous. In their midst, like the *jocoso* in a Spanish play, was a young girl full of fun and witticisms, who kept them constantly amused and in fits of laughter by her lively sallies. Her graceful and pleasing manners compelled all to acknowledge her beauty. She appeared to be the guiding spirit among the first group, composed of the daughters of bankers, lawyers and merchants. They were all wealthy, yet compelled to endure the disdain heaped upon them by the young ladies composing the aristocratic party. These were led by the daughter of an officer of the king's household, a vain and silly

little creature, proud of her father's holding office at court. She was eager to appear very clever, at once to understand the master's explanations, and to work as if by inspiration: she used an eye-glass, invariably came late, dressed in the height of fashion, and implored her companions to speak in a low tone of voice. Among this second group might be seen girls with beautiful figures and of distinguished appearance, but their expression was not by any means natural or ingenuous. If their positions were graceful and elegant there was a want of frankness in their faces, and it was too easily perceived that they belonged to a world in which character is formed at an early age by politeness and good breeding, a world in which the abuse of social enjoyments distracts the finer feelings and develops egotism. When the party was complete there were to be seen among the number of these young girls child-like heads, lovely and graceful maidens, on whose charming faces the parted lips disclosed teeth of pearly whiteness, and round whose mouths hovered smiles of enchanting sweetness.

It was about noon, but Servin had not yet made his appearance, as for some days past he had been busily working in a studio he had elsewhere, in order to complete a painting for the exhibition. Miss Amélie Thirion, the leader of the aristocratic party among this little assembly, spoke at great length to her neighbour; then followed a long silence in the patrician group. The astonished bank party was equally silent, endeavouring to fathom the meaning of the conference. The secret of the young ultras was revealed ere long. Amélie rose, took up an easel which was standing close to her, and replaced it at some distance from the aristocratic group, near to a rough partition separating the studio from a dark closet where were kept broken casts, pictures condemned by the master, and in winter the store of firewood. Amélie's action caused no little surprise, nevertheless she calmly

finished her undertaking by moving the paint-box, footstool, and even a picture of Prudhon, which the tardy pupil was copying, close to the easel. After this *coup d'état* the pupils to the right commenced to work vigorously and in silence, while those to the left conversed eagerly in low tones.

"What will Miss Piombo say," one young girl inquired of Matilda Roguin, the malicious oracle of the first group.

"She is not the girl to say much," replied the latter, "but fifty years hence she will remember the insult as if it had been offered the day before, and will avenge herself cruelly. She is a sort of person with whom I should not like to be at war."

"The illiberality with which these young ladies exclude her from their ranks is the more unfeeling," said another, "because the day before yesterday Miss Ginevra was very sad. It is said that her father has handed in his resignation, and this unkind conduct will add to her distress, while she on the contrary was very kind to these same young ladies during the Hundred Days. She never uttered a single word which could hurt their feelings, and always carefully avoided talking of politics; but our ultras seem rather to act from jealousy than party spirit."

"I have a great mind to fetch Miss Piombo's easel and set it before my own," said Matilda Roguin, rising, but after a moment's thought she sat down again. "With a person of Miss Ginevra's disposition one never knows how she might take our politeness—we had better await the issue."

"Eccola!" said the black-eyed young girl languidly. And truly the steps of some one mounting the stairs were heard. "Here she comes!" was repeated from mouth to mouth, after which a deep silence reigned in the studio.

In order to understand the importance of the ostracism exercised by Amélie Thirion, it must be remembered that this incident took place towards the end of July, 1815. The second return of the Bourbons destroy-

ed many friendships which had resisted the impulse of the first restoration. Now members of the same family were often divided in opinion, and thus were renewed those heart-rending scenes which invariably sully the history of all countries in the time of civil or religious war. Children, young girls and old men, all were infected with the monarchical fever to which the government was a prey. Discord crept under every roof, and defiance tainted every action and conversation with its sombre colours. Ginevra Piombo loved Napoleon with a feeling approaching idolatry. "Was he not her fellow-countryman and her father's benefactor. The Baron of Piombo was one of those who had most earnestly and efficaciously striven for Napoleon's return from the island of Elba, and now, incapable of abjuring his political faith, unwilling even to confess it, the old Baron remained in Paris surrounded by enemies. His daughter Ginevra might all the more easily be numbered among the suspected ones, as she made not the slightest effort to conceal the grief which she, as well as her parents, experienced at this second restoration. Probably her most bitter tears were those shed on hearing that Napoleon had been captured on board the Bellerophon, and that Labédoyère had been arrested.

The young girls who composed the group of nobility belonged to the highest royalist families in Paris. It would be difficult to give any idea of the terrors of this period, and of the horror and dismay caused by the Bonapartists. However trivial Amélie Thirion's action may appear now, it was in those days a very natural expression of hatred. Ginevra Piombo occupied a place of which they had wished to deprive her from the first day of her admission to the studio, and to banish her from a place which seemed to belong to her by right was not only doing her an injury but causing her pain and annoyance as well, for true artists have all a predilection for the particular place in which

they have been accustomed to work. But political animadversion was probably the least feeling which actuated this party in their conduct towards her. Ginevra Piombo, Servin's ablest pupil, was an object of intense jealousy, for the master professed as unbounded admiration for the talents as for the disposition and character of this his favourite pupil. The young girl had acquired a wondrous influence over her surroundings, had, indeed, cast a magic spell on this little world almost equal to that exercised by Bonaparte over his soldiers. The aristocracy of the studio had several days before conspired for the downfall of the little "queen," but nobody as yet having dared to withdraw from the Bonapartist, Miss Thirion had taken the decisive step in order to make her companions the accomplices of her hatred. Although Ginevra was sincerely loved by several of the royalists, they imagined, with the tact so peculiar to women, that they had best remain neutral in the quarrel, consequently Ginevra, on her arrival, was received in portentous silence. Of all the young girls who had as yet visited Servin's studio she was by far the most beautiful, and the most graceful; her face bore the impress of intelligence, and beamed with the animation peculiar to Corsicans. By a singular caprice of nature the charm of her face was somewhat marred by the expression of almost savage pride visible on her marble brow: this was the only apparent link between her and her native Corsica.

"You are very silent to-day, young ladies," she said, on finding herself in the midst of her companions. "Good morning, dear little Laure," she added in a caressing tone, approaching a young girl who was painting at a little distance from the rest, "this head is really beautifully done—the complexion is somewhat too rosy, but the whole is marvellously good." Laure raised her head and looked fondly at the speaker. The faces of both girls expressed deep affection; a faint smile hovered on the lips of the young Ita-

lian, who appeared preoccupied and thoughtful as she bent her steps towards her place: she looked carelessly at the drawings and paintings while bidding good day to each of the members of the first group, without noticing the curiosity her arrival occasioned. One might have imagined her a little queen in her court; she took no heed of the profound silence which reigned among the patricians, and passed in front of their camp without uttering a word. Her preoccupation was so great that she seated herself in front of her easel, opened her paint-box, took her brushes, looked at her picture and examined her pallet without seeming aware of what she was doing. The heads of the entire *bourgeois* group were turned in her direction, and if the young people of the Thirion party did not show their impatience as plainly their glances were nevertheless all directed towards Ginevra.

"She notices nothing," said Miss Roguin.

Just then Ginevra made an effort to arouse herself from the fit of abstraction in which she had been contemplating her picture, and turned her head towards the aristocratic group. With a glance she measured the distance between herself and them, but remained silent.

"She does not think that they meant to insult her," said Matilda, "she neither blushed nor turned pale; how vexed and mortified all the girls will be if she happens to prefer her new place to the old one. 'You are out of line, miss,' she then said aloud, addressing Ginevra.

The Italian feigned not to hear her, perhaps she did not hear, but presently she rose, walked slowly along the partition which divided the dark closet from the studio, and examined the window very carefully; then she mounted a chair and fastened the green serge curtain, which excluded the light, at a greater height. Standing on the chair her eye could reach a slight crack in the partition, the real object of her efforts, and the look she cast through it into the closet can only

be compared to that of a miser on discovering the treasures of Aladdin. After one hasty glance she alighted, returned to her place and rearranged her picture. Apparently, however, still dissatisfied with the light, she drew forward a table on which she placed a chair, then climbing nimbly on this scaffolding, she looked anew through the crevice, and although she merely cast one hurried look into the closet, what she beheld produced such an effect upon her that she started visibly.

"You will fall, Miss Ginevra," cried Laure.

Every head was instantly turned towards the imprudent girl, but the dread lest her companions should come to her assistance inspired her with renewed courage; she recovered her presence of mind and equilibrium, and turning towards Laure said, with suppressed emotion: "Well, after all, this is firmer and more secure than a throne!" She then hastily pulled down the curtain, replaced the table and chair at a great distance from the partition, returned to her easel, and made several attempts at sketching, as if still seeking a favourable light. Her painting did not occupy her mind, however; her sole aim and desire was to get close to the dark closet; at length her efforts were crowned with success, and when she found herself established as she desired, she began to prepare her pallet and colours in silence. In her new position she could hear more distinctly the faint sounds which the day before had excited her curiosity to so great an extent. She could now easily distinguish the regular breathing of the sleeping man of whom she had just caught a glimpse; her curiosity was satisfied beyond her expectations, but she found herself burdened with a great responsibility. Through the crevice she had caught sight of the imperial standard, and of an officer of the guard sleeping on a folding bed. She guessed the rest. Servin was concealing an outlaw, and she trembled lest one of her companions, coming to examine her picture, should hear the unfortunate man's

breathing, or a loud inspiration such as had startled her during the previous day's lesson. She determined, therefore, upon remaining where she was, near the door, trusting to her ingenuity to baffle any adverse chances of fate.

"It is better for me to be here," thought she, "to prevent any disagreeable accident that might occur to expose the unfortunate prisoner to the danger of discovery." This was the reason for Ginevra's appearing so indifferent about the displacing of her easel; she had ample food for cogitation, and did not care to investigate the cause that had led to her removal. There is nothing more mortifying to young girls, or, indeed, to any one, than to see a piece of malice or an insult miss its mark in consequence of the contempt evinced by the intended victim. Ginevra's conduct was enigmatical to her young companions; friends and enemies were equally astonished, for it was universally acknowledged among them that she possessed every good quality except that of forgiving and forgetting an injury, and although in her studio life she had but rarely had occasion to display this one defect in her character, the evidence she had given of her firmness and vindictive disposition had made an indelible impression on the minds of her companions. After innumerable conjectures, Miss Roguin came to the conclusion that the young Italian's silence proceeded from the most praiseworthy magnanimity, and consequently those on her side determined to humiliate the aristocracy. They had commenced the attack by launching a perfect volley of taunts and sarcasms at the party to the right, when Madame Servin's arrival put an end to the strife.

With the cunning which invariably accompanies malice Amélie had not failed to remark and analyse the wonderful preoccupation which prevented Ginevra from hearing the dispute conducted in such cuttingly polite terms, and she inwardly determined to discover the reason of her silence. The

beautiful Italian became the centre of all attention, and was watched equally by friend and foe. It is a difficult matter to hide the slightest emotion, the most trifling feeling, from fifteen idle and inquisitive girls, all eager to guess secrets, and who can find so many different interpretations for every gesture, glance or word, that they cannot fail eventually to discover the truth; consequently Ginevra di Piombo's secret ran a great risk of being discovered. Just now Madame Servin's presence produced an interlude in the drama going on in the hearts of these girls, whose thoughts and feelings were expressed in almost allegorical phrases, in gestures, malicious glances, or by a silence more eloquent than words. As soon as Madame Servin entered, her eyes turned to the door, close to which Ginevra was seated, and this look was not lost upon the inmates of the studio. Miss Thirion especially remembered it later, when it assisted her to solve the fear and mystery depicted in Madame Servin's countenance.

"Young ladies," said she, "I regret to inform you that Mr. Servin is unable to attend you to-day." Then she complimented each young girl on her work, and received in return those feminine endearments which are expressed as much by voice and look as by gesture. Presently she came up to Ginevra's side, impelled by an anxiety which she vainly endeavoured to conceal. The painter's wife and the young Italian greeted each other with a friendly nod; both remained silent, one painting the other watching her. All this time the officer's peaceful breathing was clearly heard, yet Madame Servin paid no attention to it, and Ginevra felt inclined to accuse her of wilful deafness. When the unknown turned in his bed the young Italian gazed intently at Madame Servin, who merely remarked without the slightest change in her manner: "Your copy and the original are equally beautiful, I should be very much puzzled to select between the two."

"Mr. Servin has not taken his wife into his confidence," thought Ginevra, who, after answering Madame Servin, began to hum a Corsican *canzonetta* in order to drown any noise the prisoner might happen to make. It was so very unusual to hear the studious Italian sing that all the young girls looked at her in amazement. Madame Servin soon took her departure, and the meeting closed without any further event. Ginevra permitted all her companions to depart, feigning to be still busily occupied with her painting, but she unwittingly betrayed her anxiety to be left alone, for as the pupils prepared to leave she cast upon them ill-disguised looks of impatience. Miss Thirion, within the last few hours become the cruel enemy of one who excelled her in every respect, divined by the instinct of hatred that this mock application of her rival was assumed to hide some mystery; she had several times been struck by the attentive air with which Ginevra seemed to listen for a sound inaudible to others, and in the last instance the look she detected in the black eyes of the Italian was to her a flash of light. She was the last to leave the studio, and then betook herself to Madame Servin's quarters, with whom she chatted a few moments; then, pretending to have forgotten something, she returned to the studio and there beheld Ginevra, mounted on a hastily constructed scaffolding, and so absorbed that she did not hear the light footsteps of her companion. 'Tis true, however, that Amélie, as Sir Walter Scott says, was walking as if on eggs; she managed to regain the door still unheard, and there she coughed gently. Ginevra started, turned round, and blushed painfully on perceiving her enemy; she hastily unfastened the serge curtain, in the vain hope of imposing on her, then alighting busied herself in arranging her paint-box. Soon she left the studio, but graven on her heart and memory was a face she would not soon forget—a head beautiful as that of Endymion,

the masterpiece of Girodet which she had copied a short time ago.

"Proscribe so young a man! Who can he be? for it is not *Maréchal Ney!*"

Such was the substance and burden of Ginevra's thoughts for two entire days. On the third day, in spite of her anxiety to arrive first at the studio, she found *Amélie Thirion* there before her. The two girls watched one another silently and stealthily. *Amélie* had seen the stranger's handsome head, but fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, his uniform and decorations had not been visible through the narrow aperture, and she was lost in a maze of conjectures. Suddenly *Servin* arrived, much earlier than was his custom.

"Miss Ginevra," said he, "why are you seated there? The light is bad; come closer to these young ladies, and pull down the curtain a little."

Then he seated himself beside *Laure*, whose work elicited his highest commendation.

"There now," he exclaimed, "this head is really uncommonly well done, you will prove a second Ginevra."

The master went from easel to easel, praising, blaming, flattering, sometimes teasing his pupils, and making his jests more dreaded than his rebukes.

The Italian had paid no heed to the professor's observations, and remained at her post, firmly determined not to abandon it. She took a sheet of paper and began to sketch the head of the poor recluse. A work conceived in the glow and ardour of passion always bears a peculiar stamp: this faculty of imparting a look of life and reality to any work constitutes genius, and passion often supplies the place of genius. In the present instance Ginevra, out of the penetrating emotion within her, painted with unusual talent and exquisite skill. The portrait produced on her paper caused a fluttering of her heart which she attributed to fear, but a physiologist would have recognised in it

the fire of divine inspiration. Ever and anon she darted a furtive glance at her companions in order to be able to conceal the sketch in case of any unexpected movement on their part. In spite of her exceeding watchfulness she failed to perceive her implacable enemy's eye-glass for a moment directed towards the mysterious drawing. When *Miss Thirion* recognised the face she raised her head abruptly, and Ginevra at once laid her sketch aside.

"Why do you remain there, contrary to my advice, Miss Ginevra?" gravely inquired the professor, approaching his pupil.

Ginevra, hastily turning her easel so that no one else could see the canvas, replied in a voice trembling with emotion: "Don't you agree with me in thinking this light more favourable. May I not remain here?"

Servin turned pale. Nothing escapes the keen eye of hate, and *Miss Thirion* became, so to speak, a sharer in the emotion agitating both teacher and pupil.

"You are right," said *Servin*, "but you will soon know more than I do myself," he added with a forced laugh. There was a minute's silence, while the professor examined the sketch more minutely. "This is a masterpiece, worthy of *Salvator Rosa!*" he exclaimed impetuously.

At this the pupils rose with one accord, and *Miss Thirion* rushed forward with the eagerness of a tiger bounding on his prey. Ginevra, however, managed to slip the portrait into her portfolio ere any of the pupils caught a glimpse of it. Her easel was soon surrounded, and *Servin* expatiated at great length and in a loud voice on the various beauties and excellencies of the copy his favourite pupil was engaged on. All were deceived by his stratagem except *Amélie*, who endeavoured to get behind the easel and open the portfolio into which she had seen Ginevra put the sketch; the latter however, divining her intention, quietly took possession of the case and placed it by her side.

"Come, young ladies, take your places," said Servin, "if you wish to attain Miss Ginevra's proficiency you must not chatter so much about balls and fashions, and trifle as you do."

When all had returned to their seats Servin sat down by Ginevra's side.

"Is it not better that this mystery should have been discovered by me rather than by any of the other girls," she inquired in a low tone of voice.

"Yes," replied the painter, "for you are a true patriot, but even were you not such, I should still have confided the secret to you."

Master and pupil understood each other perfectly, and the latter did not fear to ask: "Who is he?"

"The intimate friend of Labédoyère, who, after the unfortunate colonel himself, contributed most to the union of the Seventh with the Grenadiers on the island of Elba. He was a major in the Guards, and has returned from Waterloo."

"Why did you not burn his uniform and provide him with civilian's clothes?" inquired Ginevra.

"They will be here this evening."

"You should have closed the studio for a few days."

"He is going to leave."

"Does he wish to die?" exclaimed the young girl. "Oh, shelter him until this period of tumult and disturbance is over. Paris is at present the only place in which one can be concealed with safety. Is he a friend of yours?"

"No, his misfortune is his only claim to my protection. I will tell you how he happens to be here. My father-in-law, who had re-enlisted during the last campaign, came across the poor fellow and rescued him from the clutches of those who had arrested Labédoyère, whom this madman was striving to protect."

"Striving to protect Labédoyère! And you call him a madman?" exclaimed Ginevra.

"My father-in-law is too closely watched and suspected to be able to conceal any one at his house, so he brought this gentleman here. I hoped to hide him from all eyes by putting him in this corner, the only part of the house in which he can safely remain."

"Let me know if I can be of the slightest use to you; I know Marshal Felton well."

"We shall see," replied the painter.

The conversation had lasted so long that it attracted the attention of all the pupils. Servin left Ginevra and went to the young girls in turn, giving such long lessons that he was still engaged as the hour struck at which they were in the habit of leaving.

"You are forgetting your satchel, Miss Thirion," said the professor to the young girl who condescended to play the part of a spy to gratify her curiosity and hate.

Amelie returned for her satchel, expressing some surprise at her forgetfulness; but Servin's solicitude was to her additional proof of the existence of a mystery. She descended the staircase and slammed the door leading into Servin's dwelling, to convey the idea that she had left the house, but instead of doing so she quietly slipped upstairs again, and hid behind the studio door.

When the painter believed himself alone with Ginevra, he knocked in a peculiar manner at the door leading to the attic. The door was at once opened, and the Italian beheld a tall and handsome youth, whose imperial uniform caused her heart to throb with emotion; he wore his arm in a sling, and his pale and wan appearance betokened acute suffering. Amélie, who had heard the creaking of the door, although she could see nothing, feared to remain longer, and stealthily withdrew.

"Fear nothing," said the painter to his guest, "this young lady is the daughter of the Emperor's most faithful friend and ally, the Baron of Piombo."

A glance at Ginevra's pitying face was sufficient to satisfy the suffering man that he might rely on the assurance.

"You are wounded," said she.

"A mere trifle, and the wound is healing."

At the moment the shrill voices if the news vendors penetrated into the studio, proclaiming: "Sentence of death pronounced on" The group started, but the soldier was the first to distinguish a name which made him tremble.

"Labédoyère!" he exclaimed, falling to his knees. Cold drops of perspiration gathered on the young man's livid forehead; he clutched his hair despairingly, and leant his elbow on Ginevra's easel.

"After all," said he, rising abruptly, "we knew what we were about, we knew the fate that awaited us in case of defeat as well as in case of triumph. Labédoyère dies for the glorious cause, while I am hiding."

He strode hastily towards the door of the studio, but Ginevra, quicker still, darted forward and barred the way. "Can you by rash acts reinstate the Emperor? Do you think yourself capable of setting up again the giant who could not stand alone?"

"What is to become of me?" questioned the outlaw of these friends whom chance had sent him. "I have not a single relative in this wide world. Labédoyère was my only friend. I am utterly alone, and to-morrow I too may be condemned: death has become necessary to me, and when one is determined to die it matters little who strikes the blow."

His despairing paroxysm alarmed the artist as well as Ginevra, who seemed already deeply interested. She admired the handsome soldier and his melodious voice, whose charming tones were scarcely impaired by the accents of woe! She now poured balm into his wounds.

"Sir," said she, gently, "my father is rich, you cannot scruple to accept aid from him since all our property is the Emperor's gift. We owe everything to his munificence, let us show our gratitude by assisting one of his faithful soldiers. As to friends, you will be certain to find many." Then with head

erect, and her eyes shining with unusual lustre, she added "The man who will fall to-morrow, pierced by a dozen bullets, saves your life. Wait until this storm has blown over, and you can enter some foreign service, if you are not forgotten here. If by that time you are forgotten, you can enter the French army."

There is a certain tenderness and delicacy in the consolation offered by woman, and when words of peace and hope are supplemented by graceful gesture and heartfelt eloquence, it is a difficult matter for man to resist the charm. The sufferer inhaled love and hope with every breath he drew; a slight rosy shade tinged his pale cheeks, and his eyes lost somewhat of their melancholy expression as he replied: "You are an angel of goodness. But Labédoyère!"

The three friends gazed at each other in silence—they felt as friends of twenty years' standing instead of as many minutes.

"My friend," said Servin at last, "you can not save him?"

"I can at least avenge him."

Ginevra trembled. The compassion which all true women feel for genuine suffering had for the time stifled every other emotion, but this agonizing cry for revenge, this unexpected meeting with one of her beloved countrymen, one too so thoroughly devoted to Napoleon, proved too much for her susceptible nature. She gazed at the soldier with an indescribable feeling in her heart, and her interest became so intense that she dared not trust herself longer in his presence.

"Farewell until to-morrow," she said.

"To-morrow," he repeated sadly—"to-morrow Labédoyère—"

Ginevra turned and placed her fingers on her lips as if to say "Be prudent."

"*O Dio! che non vorrèi vivere dopo averla veduta*" (Oh my God! who would not wish to live after having seen her!) exclaimed the young man in impassioned tones.

The peculiar accent with which he pronounced these words startled Ginevra.

"You are a Corsican!" she exclaimed in an ecstasy of delight.

"I was born in Corsica," he replied, "but was taken to Genoa when still quite young."

The powerful attraction she had experienced on becoming aware of his devotion to Napoleon, his wound, his misfortune, even his danger, all were lost sight of, or rather blended in one novel and delightful feeling. He was a native of Corsica and spoke its dearly loved language. The young girl stood spell-bound; powerful excitement kept her silent and motionless for a time. The day was waning, the sun had almost set, and a soft twilight reigned in the studio; one last ray however still lingered, and cast its golden tints on the place where the soldier was seated, irradiating his pale and noble features. The superstitious young Italian looked upon this pleasing picture and accepted it as a good omen. The stranger appeared in her eyes as a celestial messenger, bringing to her the melodious accents of her native country and fond memories of her childhood. For a little while she remained plunged in reverie, then she started, the blood rushed to her face in a crimson glow, she gave him one gentle though hurried look, and left the studio—his image lingering in her heart.

Although there was to be no lesson the next day, Ginevra came to the studio, and the prisoner was able to spend the day with his countrywoman. Servin was busily engaged on a sketch he was anxious to finish, and acted as their mentor. The poor soldier related his various sufferings during the retreat from Moscow; at the age of nineteen he was the sole surviving officer of his regiment at the passage of the Beresina, and had lost in his comrades all his friends. He depicted in eloquent language the disastrous defeat at Waterloo, and his voice was music to Ginevra. Educated in the Corsican style, she was a perfect child of nature, she ignored falsehood and deceit, and was wholly devoid of coquetry and affectation. On this occasion

she sat long with her pallet in one hand, her brush, innocent of paint, in the other, gazing with wistful eyes at her countryman, and listening eagerly. At other times she would paint patiently and quietly without even raising her head, because *he* was watching her work. She now learned that his name was Luigi, and before leaving she arranged that, on the days when lessons were going on in the studio, should any important political event occur, she would acquaint him with the fact by singing certain Italian airs in a low tone.

The following day Miss Thirion told all the pupils in confidence that Ginevra di Piombo was in love with a young man who, during the hours devoted to lessons, took up his abode in the dark closet beside the studio.

"You, who take her part," she said to Miss Roguin, "ought to notice her well, and you will see how she spends her time."

Thus Ginevra was closely watched, her songs, her looks were analysed. When she thought herself totally unnoticed, there were probably a dozen pair of eyes attentively fixed on her. Thus watchful, they could not fail to interpret aright the various changes that passed over her countenance, and the attentive air with which she listened to sounds inaudible to others. At the end of a week the only one of the fifteen pupils who had resisted the desire to have a peep at Louis through the crevice in the partition, and who still defended the beautiful Corsican, was little Laure. Miss Roguin had endeavoured to persuade her to remain on the stairs, after the other pupils had departed, in order to assure herself of Ginevra's intimacy with the mysterious stranger, but she had indignantly refused to play the part of a spy. After a short time had elapsed, the daughter of the officer of the king's household considered it improper to come to the studio of a painter who held patriotic or Bonapartist opinions, which at the time we are speaking of were one and the same thing,

and left off coming. But if Amélie forgot Ginevra, the evil seed she had sown bore ample fruit. The various pupils acquainted their mothers with the strange adventure going on in the studio, and by degrees they all left off attending, until Ginevra and her little friend Laure were the only two left. The Italian scarcely noticed their abandonment, and did not even inquire the reason of their absence. As soon as she had discovered the means of carrying on a correspondence with her unfortunate compatriot, she lived in the studio as in a delightful retreat, alone in the midst of the world, thinking of him only, and of the dangers which threatened him. In spite of her admiration of noble characters who scorn to betray their political faith, she yet urged Louis to submit to the royal authority, so that he need not quit France. Louis, on his side, would not consent because he was anxious to remain in his hiding-place. Their friendship had made more rapid strides in one month than an ordinary friendship would have made in ten years of drawing-room intercourse.—They esteemed and appreciated each other; Ginevra was older than Louis, and felt pleasure in being wooed by one so tried by adverse fate, and who, besides the experience of a man, possessed all the charms of adolescence. And Louis experienced an indescribable delight in allowing himself to be protected by a young girl of twenty-five. Was it not a proof of love? The mixture of pride and gentleness, strength and weakness in Ginevra, were peculiarly attractive to Louis, who was completely fascinated by her charms. They loved each other so wholly and so truly that they required neither to confess nor to deny their love.

Once, towards evening, Ginevra heard the signal agreed upon. Louis was knocking gently on the wood-work with a pin, producing little more noise than a spider fastening its web. Her quick ear caught the sound. She glanced hastily round the studio, and, failing to see the little Laure,

opened the door: but Louis, perceiving Laure's presence, stepped quickly back. Ginevra was astonished, looked around again, and seeing Laure, advanced towards her saying: "You are working late, my dear, and yet this head appears to be finished; the only thing wanting is a reflex over this lock of hair."

"I wish you would be so kind as to finish this copy for me," said Laure, "I would then have something of yours to keep."

"Willingly," replied Ginevra, thinking she could thus easily dismiss her. "I thought," she said, while giving light touches with her brush, "that you lived a good distance from the studio."

"Oh, Ginevra, I am going to leave it forever!" said the young girl sadly.

"Are you going to leave Mr. Servin?" inquired the Italian, not by any means affected by the words as she would have been a month ago.

"Have you not noticed that for some time you and I are the only pupils?"

"'Tis true," replied Ginevra as if suddenly struck by the observation. "Are the young ladies ill; are they going to be married, or have their fathers all got appointments at Court?"

"They have all left Mr. Servin!"

"And wherefore?"

"On your account, Ginevra."

"On my account!" repeated the young Corsican, with threatening brow and flashing eyes.

"Oh, do not be vexed, dear Ginevra," said Laure sadly, "but my mother wishes me also to leave. Every one of the girls say that Mr. Servin allows a young man who is in love with you to remain secreted in the dark closet while we are at work; I did not believe their slanders, neither did I mention them at home. Last evening, however, Madame Roguin met my mother at a ball, and inquired if she still sent me here; on my mother answering in the affirmative, she repeated all their stories. Mamma was very

angry with me for not telling her, and said I had been wanting in the confidence which ought to exist between mother and daughter. Oh, my dear Ginevra! you whom I ever took as my model, you cannot imagine how much it grieves me to be no longer your companion."

"We will meet again, dear Laure. Young girls get married," said Ginevra.

"Yes, if they are rich," replied Laure.

"Will you not come and see me," said Ginevra.

"Ginevra," said Laure gently, "Madame Roguin and my mother are coming here to-morrow to reproach Mr. Servin on what has taken place. Let him at least be apprised of this."

A thunderbolt falling at her feet would have caused Ginevra less consternation than this announcement.

"What business is it of theirs?" she asked ingenuously.

"Every one says it is wrong, and mamma says it is immoral."

"And what do you think yourself, Laure."

The young girl gazed tearfully at Ginevra, put her arms around her neck and kissed her passionately. Just then Servin appeared. "Miss Ginevra," said he, enthusiastically, "I have completed my picture. But what is the matter with you two? It seems that all my pupils are taking holidays."

Laura dried her eyes, bowed to Servin and withdrew.

"The studio has been deserted for the last few days," said Ginevra, "and the girls do not intend returning."

"Bah!"

"Oh do not laugh I beg of you. I am the involuntary cause of your loss of reputation."

The artist smilingly interrupted her, saying, "My reputation! Why in a few days my picture will be exhibited."

"They do not question your talent but your morality," said the Italian. "The young ladies have said that Louis is shut up

here, and that you countenance——our love."

"There is some truth in that assertion," said the artist, "yet had the mothers of these same young ladies taken the trouble to call on me all would have been satisfactorily explained. But why should I trouble myself about such matters."

The artist snapped his fingers, and Louis, who had heard the greater part of the conversation, now came forward, saying: "I have ruined you."

The artist took Ginevra's hand, and placing it in that of Louis said, with touching frankness: "You two will get married and be happy, and there is nothing in this wide world which would repay me for ministering to such bliss as yours."

"I am rich," said Ginevra, "you must let me endeavour to repay you."

"Repay me!" exclaimed the artist. "Why, so soon as it becomes known that some foolish people calumniated me because I protected our friend, all the Liberals in Paris will send me their children. Then I will be in your debt."

Louis pressed his hand and said, in a voice trembling with emotion: "It is to you then that I will owe all my happiness."

"May you be happy my children, I unite you," said the artist with mock solemnity, placing his hands on the heads of the lovers.

This pleasantry put an end to their emotion—they looked up and laughed.

"Well now, my young friends," said Servin, "you think that all your troubles are over, but you are mistaken."

The lovers looked at him anxiously.

"Cheer up; after all I am probably the only sufferer by your tricks. Madame Servin is rather inclined to be prudish and sedate, and I hardly know how we shall manage.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," exclaimed Ginevra, "that Madame Roguin and Laure's mother intend coming here to-morrow to——."

"I understand," said the artist interrupting her.

"But you can justify yourself," said the young girl, with a proud movement. "M. Louis," she continued, turning towards him, "can no longer feel any antipathy to the royal government, and therefore I will tomorrow send a petition to one of the most influential gentlemen in the War Office, a man who can refuse nothing to the Baron di Piombo's daughter, and we will at once obtain a tacit pardon for the *commander* Louis, as they would scarcely acknowledge your title of colonel. Then." she added, looking at Servin, "you can confuse the mothers of my charitable companions by telling them the truth."

"You are an angel," exclaimed Servin.

While this scene was going on at the studio Ginevra's parents were becoming impatient at her long absence.

"It is six o'clock, and Ginevra has not yet returned," said Bartholoméo.

"She never yet stayed out so late," replied his wife.

The old folks looked anxiously at one another. Too much agitated to remain seated, Bartholoméo arose and walked up and down the room with firm and elastic step, despite his seventy-seven years. Thanks to his robust constitution, he appeared but little changed since his arrival in Paris; his carriage was still erect, and his thin iron-grey hair displayed his large and projecting forehead, giving one a high idea of his character and firmness. He had bought the former Hôtel de Portenduère with the moderate sum which Madame, the Emperor's mother, had given him for his Corsican property. As neither the baron nor his wife cared for pomp or display, even the furniture had remained unchanged, as it had been in the time of Louis XIV., but it was altogether in harmony with the stately Bartholoméo and his dignified partner. Under the Emperor and during the Hundred Days, while holding a very remunerative position, the old Corsi-

can had lived in great style and kept a large retinue of servants, rather by way of doing honour to his position, however, than from any desire to shine. His own tastes as well as those of his wife were so simple that their modest little income was amply sufficient for all their wants; in their estimation their daughter Ginevra was worth all the riches in the world. When, in May, 1814, the baron resigned his place, dismissed his servants and closed the door of his stables, Ginevra, whose tastes were simple as those of her parents, did not feel the least regret. Parents and daughter loved each other too tenderly and devotedly to care for aught besides. The old folks often spent whole and delightful evenings in listening to Ginevra playing and singing. There was an immense pleasure to them in her mere presence, in the sound of her voice. These three were thoroughly one; if any recollection of Napoleon's former benefits or present misfortunes saddened the old people they could give vent to their feelings without fear, for their daughter shared even their political passions. Ginevra was especially attached to her father, and his whole soul seemed centred in her. Some people assert that we attach ourselves to one another more by our faults than by our good qualities, and certainly Ginevra had inherited all her father's failings. She was self-willed, vindictive and passionate, as Bartholoméo had been in his youth, and the Corsican had delighted in developing these traits in her character until he was obliged to give way to her in every respect. During the last five years however, Ginevra, grown wiser than her father, avoided all disputes and quarrels with him, but she lived on a footing of perfect equality with her parents, and this is often productive of harm. She had been allowed to take up or drop any study she pleased, and she tried many subjects in turn, until painting became her ruling passion. Her mother was unfortunately not sufficiently accomplished to direct her studies and enlighten her mind, hence

all her faults arose from the fatal education the old Corsican had taken delight in giving her.

The baron walked up and down the room for a long time. At last, overpowered with

anxiety, he rang the bell and a servant appeared.

"Go and meet Miss Ginevra," said he.

(To be continued.)

WOUNDED.

From Frances Havergal's "MINISTRY OF SONG."

ONLY a look and a motion that nobody saw or heard,
 Past in a moment and over, with never the sound of a word ;
 Streams of converse around me smoothly and cheerily flow,
 But a terrible stab has been given, a silent and staggering blow.

Guesses the hand that gave it hardly a tittle of the smart,
 Nothing at all of the anguish that fiercely leapt up in my heart,
 Scorching and scathing its peace, while a tremulous nerve to the brain,
 Flashed up a telegram sudden, a message of quivering pain.

They must be merry without me, for how can I sing to-night ?
 They will only think I am tired, and thoughtfully shade the light ;
 Finger and voice would fail while the wound is open and sore ;
 Bleeding away the strength I had gathered for days before.

Only a look and a motion ! Yes, but we little know
 How from each dwarf-like "only" a giant of power may grow ;
 The thundering avalanche crushes, loosened by only a breath,
 And only a colourless drop may be laden with sudden death.

Only a word of command, but it loses or wins the field ;
 Only a stroke of the pen, but a heart is broken or healed ;
 Only a step may sever, pole-wide, future and past ;
 Only a touch may rivet links which for life shall last.

Only a look and a motion ! Why was the wound so deep ?
 Were it no echo of sorrow, hushed for awhile to sleep,
 Were it no shadow of fear, far o'er the future thrown,
 Slight were the suffering now, if it bore on the present alone.

Ah ! I would smile it away, but 'tis all too fresh and too keen ;
 Perhaps I may some day recall it as if it had never been ;
 Now I can only be still, and endure where I cannot cope,
 Praying for meekness and patience, praying for faith and hope.

Is it an answer already that words to my mind are brought,
 Floating like shining lilies on waters of gloomiest thought ?
 Simple and short is the sentence, but oh ! what it comprehends !
 " *Those with which I was wounded, in the house of My friends.*"

Floating still on my heart, while I listen again and again,
 Stilling the anxious throbbing, soothing the icy pain,
 Proving its sacred mission healing and balm to bring.
 " Coming ?" Yes, if you want me ! Yes, I am ready to sing.

MUSIC AND MORALS.

" **M**USIC and Morals " is the title of an extremely interesting work of the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A., published by Strahan & Co. in England, and by the Harpers, of New York. As its name indicates, it is an attempt to point out the bearing of music in character, as regards the composer, the performer, and the hearer. The author is a staunch advocate for the dignity of the art, and for its powerful influence for good or for evil. It is at the same time a prominent aim with him to assist in raising the popular taste to a higher level ; and in the prosecution of this design he is led to the exposure of many defects, both in musical performance and in musical appreciation. His work contains interesting biographies of composers, and accounts of the origin and history of the various musical instruments. An attempt to set forth some of his views will not be unacceptable to Canadian readers, to whom his critical remarks should be of interest in an especial degree, regard being had to the generally lamentable state in which the art finds itself among us.

Music is gradually but surely getting to be considered as the chief among the fine arts, though it can boast of a history extending back not much more than four hundred years, if we disregard, as we must, the rude attempts of antiquity, which can only be likened to the performances to be heard at the present time among savage nations. Notwithstanding the immense *prestige* which the arts of painting and statuary possess, owing to the hold they have acquired on man's admiration from a remote past, the names of Beethoven and Mendelssohn are taking their places even in advance of those of Phidias and Michael Angelo, their productions being far more suited to the popular taste, and proceeding from a type of genius in no respect inferior to that of the painter or sculptor. The powerful influence which music exerts on the emotions and feelings of men is unequalled by any belonging to the productions of colour and form ; and although, to appreciate the value of the former in any right measure, a considerable degree of education is generally necessary, yet it presents every variety of character, adapted to

every degree of taste and culture, from the feeble barrel-organ, with whistle, tambourine, and monkey obligato, to the splendid performances of a European orchestra. It is capable of expressing, and that unmistakably, all the varied emotions of which human nature is conscious. It can bring its notes into unison with the soft and melancholy feelings of love-sick susceptibility; it can infuse animation and courage into a body of soldiers; and it affords one of the most powerful modes of expressing the highest feelings of our nature, as is seen in the loftiest species of sacred music, the Oratorio. It is from this close connection between music and the emotional nature of man that we are led to consider the influence of the one upon the other, and first, in the case of the

EXECUTIVE MUSICIAN.

A great deal of misapprehension exists with regard to the influence of music on the moral character of its performers, arising both from an ignorance as to the actual facts of experience bearing upon this important question, and also from a failure to distinguish between what generally is, and what should be demanded by the popular taste from those who attempt to gratify it. And in the first place, it is not a fact that musicians, as a rule, are worse than the generality of mankind. The prevailing notion on this point may be accounted for by the peculiar position in which the subject of the inquiry stands in relation to the public, and also by the worst specimens of this class being often placed in the most conspicuous positions. No one cares, as a general rule, whether a musician is moral or immoral. Although every performer is well aware that a life of dissipation will unnerve him for his work, and render his downfall not very distant, still, so long as his seats come up to the requirements of his audience, nobody declines to go to hear him on account of any scandal which may attach to his name. His place can be easily enough supplied by

another, in the event of his rendering himself unfit for satisfactory performances, and the same persons who would not think of countenancing him in the role of a lecturer or teacher of any description, will unhesitatingly go to hear his music. But again, the executive musician is exposed to the observation of the public in a degree which is almost sure to render a comparison between his habits and those of other classes decidedly unfair. But a not less important consideration is the undue prominence usually given by the English public to the whole race of outcasts and strollers from foreign lands. Let a moderately ugly specimen of a Frenchman or German, acting and talking in a way unknown in England, wearing a profusion of long hair and a pair of startling kids, appear before an English audience, and he is at once pronounced a genius. The foreign prodigy, perhaps only just having finished his education, is really alarmed at the figure at which he is valued; but it is a matter of no very great difficulty to get accustomed to it, and he then begins to cut a figure in accordance with what he believes to be the demands of his admirers. Good, but native, performers are ridiculed by him; the most detestable affectation accompanies the loftiest efforts of which he is capable; and his exit from the circle of his admirers is often immediately preceded by some conduct towards his lady friends, which, though it may be an outward and visible sign of his genius, gives but too clear indication of his origin and training. Now, in addition to the deep injury and insult which this foolish patronage causes to the native musical profession of any country, it is also a very prominent reason of that false judgment which is passed on the moral standing of the whole class. If conscientious and skilful members of the class are brought forward as witnesses for the defence against the charge of general worthlessness, the absence of those glaring eccentricities in their case is taken as a sign of mediocrity, and they are even made to

serve as additional proof of the accusation. No one would wish to depreciate in the slightest degree any of those brilliant performers who favour England and America with their presence and with the highest style of rendering music ; but so long as this indiscriminate worship of French and German humbugs continues, the musical profession may hope in vain to be estimated truly, and must expect to have a shade cast on the entire class, on account of the freaks in which foreign genius disports itself.

But a second ground for the opinion that musicians are as a rule immoral, is the life which they are compelled to lead in order to satisfy the demands of folly and prejudice. The strain which is placed upon a leading solo during an opera season is greater than can be endured by nine out of ten specimens of frail humanity. The quantity of labour, in the principal performances and in the rehearsals, is beyond all reason, and to keep up to concert pitch, the wearied singer is obliged to have recourse to stimulants, and that continually. This cannot last long. The salary, accordingly, is extremely high while it lasts ; and instead of the life being, as it might be, one of steady but not exhausting occupation, it becomes a prolonged continuation of overstrained effort. The result is disastrous to the moral nature of the singer. And this evil is aggravated by the insane demand for high notes, which is the most disgraceful feature of the popular taste. Is an upper G any sweeter than one an octave lower, that a singer should be run after on the strength of her performing that feat of musical gymnastics? Many a fine voice is spoiled, and many a one overlooked, owing to this absurd and cruel perversity in the popular judgment of a singer. The most beautiful songs that are in existence are scarcely ever heard because the composer did not foresee the prevalence of this widespread lunacy, and did not, consequently, manufacture his songs with a view to giving scope to the soprano

for screeching her most horrible screech. Those few of the really good songs, which even this cry of *excelsior* has not caused to be murdered by meretricious flourishes, are laid on the shelf ; and composers and publishers, and admirers of rubbish, bribe the poor operatives to minister to their interest and their depraved taste.

Finally, the social position accorded to musicians is not such as to afford any strong inducement to maintain a name free from reproach. Nothing but prejudice can draw a distinction in this respect between the claims of a painter and a musician to a respectable station in life ; but prejudice does make a difference, and thus takes from those who need it fully as much as others, practically one of the most powerful incentives to leading a pure and elevated life. We rejoice to believe that there are numerous indications of a change for the better in this usage to which the members of the profession have been obliged to submit, and that soon our ideas on this subject will be as far in advance of those now prevailing as these are of the ideas of the time of Queen Anne. The following is from Swift's Diary, July 25th, 1711, concerning an accused person : "The Under-secretary was willing to save him ; but I told the secretary he could not pardon him without a favourable report from the judge ; besides, he was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue, and deserved hanging for something else ; and so he shall swing."

Let us notice briefly the moral effects of Music, as gathered from biography, on

THE MUSICAL COMPOSER.

In this connection we form a most favourable impression of the influence of his calling on the creator of music, as the following short summary will indicate, and as the more extensive notices of the lives of eminent composers will more fully prove.

Scarlatti, born in Sicily in 1649, was noted for his persevering industry, but gained the esteem and affections of the Neapolitans

chiefly by his gratuitous services as music-master in a large charity school called "Jesus Christ's Poor of Loretto." He died at the age of 76.

Marcello, born at Venice in 1686, composed as his principal works the "Psalmi" and "Laudi Spirituali," and on his monument at the Church of St. Joseph, at Brescia, is placed the inscription, "*Benedicto Marcello, patricii Veniti, piissimo philologo.*" He died at the age of 53.

Lalande, born in 1657, was greatly respected by the dissolute courtiers of Louis XIV. He was remarkable for his gentle and pious character, and died at the age of 76.

Gluck, born in 1714, though, in consequence of a shattered constitution from overwork, he became somewhat addicted to drinking in later years, was one who richly deserved the encomium bestowed upon him by our author :

"No one remembering what Paris was in the time of the Gluckists, and Piccinists, Marmontel, D'Alembert, and Marie Antoinette, can deny that Gluck, in his best days, gave a good example to the dissolute capital of moderation and self-respect."

Gluck died at the age of 73.

"Of dear old Sebastian Bach, born at Eisenach, 1685, let us merely say that he was a good husband, father, and friend; in the words of his friend Kitteli, 'he was an excellent man.'"

The character of Handel is so well known that it is scarcely necessary to do more than allude to it in this connection. He was a staunch Lutheran, and at the same time possessed of the widest Christian charity, so as to incur the charge of lukewarmness from his refusal to excommunicate Roman Catholics, Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics. He died at the age of 74.

Papa Haydn laboured under the infliction of a very uncongenial wife in his early days, but was always noted, even under such a weight of affliction, for his equable and religious disposition. His compositions

always bore the inscription "*In nomine Domini,*" and whenever he felt it difficult to compose, he was accustomed to have recourse to his rosary, and, as he declared, with the best results. He lived to the age of 77.

Cherubini was universally respected by his Parisian contemporaries for his industry and conscientiousness, and died at the age of 82.

"Spohr, born at Brunswick, 1784, and Meyerbeer, born at Berlin, 1794, were both distinguished for their abstemious and laborious lives. The name of neither is associated with excesses of any kind; both were personally respected and beloved by a large circle of friends." They died at the ages of 75 and 70 respectively.

The following extract from one of Mozart's letters to his father shows us plainly the character of this eminent composer :

"Previous to our marriage we had for some time past attended mass together, as well as confessed and taken the Holy Communion, and I found that I never prayed so fervently nor confessed so piously as by her side; and she felt the same. In short, we are made for each other, and God, who orders all things, will not forsake us."

"Beethoven, born at Bonn, 1770, was equally great in his intellect and his affections. How deep and tender was that noble heart those know who have read his letters to his abandoned nephew, whom he commits so earnestly to 'God's holy keeping.'" There is no stain upon his life. His integrity was spotless, his purity unblemished, his generosity boundless, his affections deep and lasting, his piety simple and sincere. "To-day happens to be Sunday," he writes to a friend in the most unaffected way, "so I will quote you something out of the Bible: 'See that ye love one another.'" Beethoven was not only severely moral and deeply religious, but he has this further claim to the admiration and respect of the musical world, that his ideal

of art was the highest, and that he was true to his ideal—"utterly and disinterestedly true to the end."

Mendelssohn was a man of the most exalted character, beloved by all who knew him, and far above doing anything mean or immoral to render his productions more suitable to an ignoble popular taste. Writing of *Robert le Diable*, he says:—"In this opera a young girl divests herself of her garments and sings a song to the effect that next day at this time she will be married. All this produces effect; but I have no music for such things; I consider it ignoble. So, if the present epoch exacts this style and considers it indispensable, then I will write oratorios."

The above statement of facts concerning the lives of eminent composers may challenge comparison with any that could be brought forward in behalf of the members of any other profession, and demonstrates the utter groundlessness of the aspersions often cast upon the art in regard to its effects upon the lives and characters of its followers.

Let us look, in the third place, at the moral effect which music exercises on the listener. This depends to a great extent upon the natural and acquired qualities of the listener, and also in an especial degree upon the character of the music. On some ears the most thrilling sounds fall with no perceptible effect, while in others the attention is concentrated and the feelings moved by music of only ordinary excellence. Of course, to the former the whole subject on which we are writing is a *terra incognita*, and the highest efforts of the art are as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. But the greater number of men are more or less sensitive to melody and harmony, and it is needless to say that in proportion to this sensitiveness so will be the effect of music on them.

We will consider, then, in the next place, the essential differences in the characters of

various schools of music, as on these depend in a very great measure the influences for good or evil exercised on the hearer. Under the summer skies of Italy, in the land of sunshine and repose, has arisen that soft and sentimental species of composition known as the Italian opera. It is the musical sentimental novel. At times, indeed, traits of noble feeling and strong emotion are visible through the prevailing mist of languid sentiment; but it is not these that give character to the works of the Italians, but unfortunately their absence. Whatever in general appears to be the expression of genuine affection or deep feeling has about it an air of artificiality and stage action which detracts from our admiration. But it must not be inferred that this school of music is without many redeeming qualities, or that its effect on the listener is not at times telling and elevating. The names of Bellini and Rossini, though not to be placed alongside those of Beethoven and Mozart, yet take rank next below them; and their productions show as clearly, though it be on a lower level, the working of a master's mind, as do the grandest masterpieces of the German school.

But, turning to the latter, let us hear our author give expression to his enthusiasm on the transcendent qualities of the classical school.

"We cannot deny to Italy the gift of sweet and enchanting melody. Rossini has also shown himself a master of the very limited effects of harmony which it suited his purpose to cultivate. Then, why is not Rossini as good as Beethoven? Absurd as the question sounds to a musician, it is not an unreasonable one when coming from the general public, and the only answer we can find is this: Not to mention the enormous resources in the cultivation of harmony which the Italian, from want of inclination or ability, neglect, the German music is higher than the Italian, because it is a truer expression and a more disciplined

expression of the emotions. To follow a movement of Beethoven is, in the first place, a bracing exercise of the intellect. The emotions evoked, while assuming a double degree of importance by association with the analytic faculty, do not become enervated, because in the masterful grasp of the great composer we are conducted through a cycle of naturally progressive feeling which always ends by leaving the mind renovated, balanced, and ennobled by the exercise. In Beethoven all is under control, nothing morbid which is not almost instantly corrected; nothing luxurious which is not finally raised into the clear atmosphere of wholesome and brisk activity, or some corrective mood of peaceful self-mastery, or even playfulness. And the emotions thus aroused are not the vamped-up feelings of a jaded appetite, or the false, inconsequent spasms of the sentimentalist. They are such as we have experienced in high moods or passionately sad ones, or in the night, in summer time, or by the sea; at all events, they are unfolded before us, not with the want of perspective or violent frenzy of a bad dream, but with true gradations in natural succession, and tempered with all the middle tints that go to make up the truth of life. Hence the different nature of the emotional exercises gone through in listening to typical German and typical Italian music. The Italian makes us sentimentalize, the German makes us feel. The sentiment of the one gives the emotional conception of artificial suffering or joy, the natural feeling of the other gives us the emotional conception which belongs to real suffering or joy. The one is stagey—smells of the oil and the rouge-pot, the other is real, earnest, natural, and reproduces with irresistible force the deepest emotional experiences of our lives. It is not good to be constantly dissolved in a state of love-melancholy, full of the langour of passion without its real spirit; but it is at this that Italian music aims. Again, the

violent crises of emotion should come in their right places—like spots of primary colour with spaces of grey between them. There are no middle tints in Italian music; listeners are subjected to shock after shock of emotion—half a dozen smashing surprises, and twenty or thirty spasms and languors in each scene, until at last we become like children who thrust their hands again and again into water charged with electricity, just on purpose to feel the thrill and relapse. But that is not healthy emotion; it does not recreate the feelings; it kindles artificial feelings and makes reality tasteless.

“Now, whenever feeling is not disciplined, it becomes weak, diseased, and unnatural. It is because German music takes emotion fairly in hand, disciplines it, expresses its depressions in order to remove them, renders with terrible accuracy even its insanity and incoherency in order to give relief through such expression, and restores calm, flinches not from the tender and the passionate, stoops to pity, and becomes a very angel in sorrow; it is because German music has probed the humanities and sounded the depths of our nature—taught us how to bring the emotional region not only into the highest activity, but also under the highest control—that we place German music in the first rank, and allow no names to stand before Gluck, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Schumann.

From the above we can easily see the importance of a high character to music as regards the effect which it is to produce on all classes of hearers. Some may be without the pale of its influence altogether; many more affected by it only to a limited extent, and others again may enter fully into the spirit and ideas of the composer, and be able, in the main, to translate the symbolical language of his art. But to whatever extent he is appreciated, it is of the greatest moment that this excitement, even passion at

times, which is aroused, should be natural and healthy, not sickly and enervating. To achieve this result the rational and emotional natures must be appealed to, and the entire action should possess that orderly and well regulated movement, analogous to those orderly and well regulated movements of the feelings, which we in our best moods experience. But it is too plain to the most ordinary observer, that in this subject, as in literature, the sensational is, with the majority, the favourite, and the heavy and improving is passed by without regret. Nay, it is even questionable whether the same, or a somewhat similar effect, be not produced on the uneducated by the sensational music as is produced on the cultivated hearer by the robust German. The power to appreciate is after all the main point in calculating the effect of a composition on a listener; and it must not be overlooked that, in the case of some, milk is a very nourishing article of diet where stronger food would be wholly ineffective. But this is said only with reference to those who are in a great measure destitute of the faculty of musical appreciation; and from an educational standpoint it is of the greatest importance that a high musical standard should be maintained, both for those as yet not fully able to comprehend it, and for those who have reached in this department the period of manhood. It is obvious that to maintain this high standard in the popular favour, a style and degree of general musical education is rendered necessary, far different from anything that has been yet accomplished. If, then, it is of great importance, as regards the moral character of a people, that their musical taste should be elevated, their education in this particular should be attended to with the most scrupulous care. The untrained are deaf to the appeals of classical music, or even regard it with aversion; and an immense change will have taken place in the civilised countries of Europe and America with respect to popular education, when the

hopes of our author are realised in any great measure. In the meantime the initiated few must be content to see productions of a low order carrying in their favour the popular vote; and the classical master must, like some of the masters in other departments, bequeath his works to posterity.

WOMEN AND MUSIC.

“The emotional force in women is usually stronger, and always more delicate, than in men. Their constitutions are like those fine violins which vibrate to the lightest touch. Women are the great listeners, not only to eloquence, but also to music. The wind has swept many an Æolian lyre, but never such a sensitive harp as a woman’s soul. In listening to music, her face is often lighted up with tenderness, with mirth, or with the simple expansiveness of intense pleasure. Her attitude changes unconsciously with the truest, because the most natural, dramatic feeling. At times she is shaken and melts into tears, as the flowers stand and shake when the wind blows upon them and the drops of rain fall off. The woman’s temperament is naturally artistic, not in a creative, but in a receptive sense. A woman seldom writes good music, never great music; and strange to say, many of the best singers have been incapable of giving even a good musical reading to the songs in which they have been most famous. It was rumoured that Madame Crispien had to be taught all her songs, and became great by her wonderful power of appropriating suggestions of pathos and expression which she was incapable of originating herself. Madame Malibran had a great dash of original genius, and seldom sung a song twice in the same way. Most women reflect with astonishing ease, and it has often been remarked that they have more perception than thought, more passion than judgment, more generosity, than justice, and more religious sentiment than moral taste.

“Many a woman, though capable of so

much, is frequently called upon in the best years of her life to do but little, but at all times society imposes upon her a strict reticence as to her real feelings. What is she to do with the weary hours, with the days full of the intolerable sunshine, and the nights full of the pitiless stars? Her village duties or town visits are done. Perchance neither have any attractions for her. She has read till her head aches; but all her reading leads to nothing. She has worked till her fingers ache; but what is the work good for when it is done? To set women to do the things which some people suppose are the only things fit for them to do, is often like setting the steam-hammer to knock pins into a board. The skilful and ingenious operation leaves them dissatisfied or listless, or makes them, by a kind of reaction, frivolous, wicked, and exaggerated caricatures of what God intended them to be. Some outlet is wanted. Control is good, but at a certain point control becomes something very much like paralysis. The steam-hammer, as it contemplates the everlasting pin's head, cannot help feeling that if some day, when the steam was on, it might give one good smashing blow, it would feel all the better for it. So women—and how many thousands are there in our placid modern drawing-rooms!—who feel like this! Music comes with a power of relief and a gentle grace of ministration little short of supernatural.

“That girl who sings to herself her favourite songs of Schubert, Mendelssohn, or Schumann, sings more than a song; it is her own plaint of suffering floating away on the wings of melody. That poor lonely little sorrower, hardly more than a child, who sits dreaming at her piano, while her fingers, caressing the deliciously cool ivory keys, glide through a weird *nocturno* of Chopin, is playing no mere study or set piece. Ah! what heavy burden seems lifted up and borne away in the dusk? Her eyes are half closed—her heart is far away; she dreams a dream as the long, yellow light fades in the

west, and the wet vine-leaves tremble outside to the nestling birds; the angel of music has come down; she has poured into his ear the tale which she will confide to no one else, and the “restless, unsatisfied longing” has passed; for one sweet moment the cup of life seems full—she raises it to her trembling lips. What if it is only a dream—a dream of comfort sent by music? Who will say she is not the better for it? She has been taken away from the commonplaceness and dullness of life—from the old books in the study, and the familiar faces in the school-room, and the people in the streets; she has been alone with herself, but not fretting or brooding—alone with herself and the minstrel spirit. Blessed recreation, that brings back freshness to the tired life and buoyancy to the heavy heart! Happy rain of tears and stormy wind of sighs sweeping the sky clear, and showing once more the deep blue heaven of the soul beyond! Let no one say that the moral effects of music are small or insignificant. That domestic and long suffering instrument, the cottage piano, has probably done more to sweeten existence, and bring peace and happiness to families in general, and to young women in particular, than all the homilies on the domestic virtues ever yet penned.”

POPULAR MUSIC.

The foregoing is a graphic description of the effect of music on perhaps a somewhat ideal specimen of womankind; but in part it touches on that important fact, the beneficial influence of even very poor music on the ordinary run of humanity. However we may deplore the great lack of taste displayed in an admiration of the current popular airs, it is impossible to deny that, so far as it goes, the advantages accruing to the vulgar hearer are of the same kind as those acquired by the musical *virtuoso* in listening to the highest works of the art. The “Mocking Bird” and “Champagne Charley” make as earnest and emphatic appeal to the

susceptibilities of their ordinary hearers as the Sonatas of Beethoven do to those of a select and cultivated audience; and however much lower we may regard the aim and result of these "clap-trap" productions of inferior minds, it must be admitted that the sphere in which they produce real enjoyment is vastly more extensive than that of the classic muse. Let us listen,—at times perhaps not without impatience, at times perhaps not without genuine pleasure—to the customary music of the cottage piano. No misty, intellectual German presides over this scene. The girl whom we must consider may have never been to a first-class concert in her life, may have had to pick up an acquaintance with the ancient and well hammered keys in the bits of time which she could snatch from her household duties, and when she was not engaged in attempting to hush that sensational, but eminently natural music, emitted by infant lungs. Does she want a "Sonata," a "Song without Words," to calm that sorely vexed spirit and fit her for the performance of those filial and sisterly offices continually pressing on her? Or see a happy family congregated in the evening, of all ages and dispositions, and what a blessing is the sound of those familiar notes which reach down and hold under their sway even the crawling baby! We may live next door, in a house not detached; we may be blessed with ears polite, and with a nature painfully sensitive to any violation of the highest rules of art; but let us weigh for a moment the claims of an honoured few against the immense and continually increasing enjoyments of millions, and it will then appear to any one not entirely æsthetic and selfish that the works of "clap-trap" musicians are not deserving of utter scorn. Nay, they are public blessings in a pre-eminent degree. A fine design of Mendelssohn may prove the occasion for a well regulated and intellectual play of the emotions on the part of a select assembly of choice spirits, to whom it is a luxury, but in no

manner a pressing need. But what shall we say of those mediocre pieces with which every plebeian piano is belaboured, and with which every barrel-organ is resonant? In our present limited and imperfect state, it is these which touch the great heart of humanity, soothing the sorrowing, calming the excited, and bringing joy and gladness to untold numbers. Let us hear our author discourse in his eloquent style on 'that great feature in the popular music of the day,—

THE BARREL-ORGAN.

"Indeed, that man" (the organ-grinder) plays all the favourite tunes. It is true he is not English, but he represents the popular tastes in music. Does he play national melodies? Not many—chiefly the melodies of other countries, or what will pass for them with the million; but he does *grind* certain English ballads too, clap-trap sort of jingles—not especially national, or especially anything; he cannot be said to play them; no fancy, no originality or taste is displayed, except by the monkey who sits on his shoulder; the performance from first to last is a *grind*. In the streets of other countries you seldom meet with foreign musicians—at least not in France, Germany, and Italy; but who will deny that the staple of street music in England is organ-grinding? And the grinder is a foreigner, who only grinds a few English tunes under protest. In fact 'He's a Pal o' mine' and 'Jolly Dogs' are used as gold leaf to gild pills like 'Casta Diva' and the 'Carnival de Venise.'

"Every man has probably had moments in his life when he has not been sane upon the question of barrel-organs. He has perhaps been placed in difficult circumstances. Let us say he occupies a corner house. On one side at the bottom of the street, commences the "Chickaleary Bloke;" on the other side, at the bottom of another street, is faintly heard "Polly Perkins;" both are working steadily up to a point—that point is his corner house—let us say your own

corner house. You are in your study writing poetry ; nearer and nearer draw the minstrels, regardless of each other, and probably out of each other's hearing, but both heard by you in your favourite position. As they near the point the discord becomes wild and terrible ; you rush into the back study, but the *tom-tom* man is in the yard ; you rush out of the front door to look for a policeman—there is none ; you use any Italian words you can recollect, at the same time pointing to your head ; you explain that your father lies dangerously ill up-stairs, and that several ladies are dying in the neighbourhood ; you implore the Italian to move on, and the scene ends in No. 1 slowly grinding down the street which No. 2 came up, and No. 2 grinding up the street which No 1 has just come down. At such moments we are apt to speak recklessly on the great subject of barrel-organs, and we sometimes—idle employment!—write letters to the newspapers, which are pardonably one-sided. The fact is, the organ question, like all other great questions, has two sides to it, although we seldom hear but one.

“ Let not those who write abusive letters to the newspapers, and bring in bills to abolish street music, think they will be able to loosen the firm hold which the barrel-organist has upon the British public. Your cook is his friend, your housemaid is his admirer ; the policeman and the baker's young man look on him in the light of a formidable rival.

“ But for once let us speak a good word for him. We know all that can be said against him, let us now plead his cause a little. His sphere is large ; he conquers more worlds than one ; his popularity is not only wide, but varied : he enters many clean and capacious squares, and little chubby faces, well born and rosy, look out from high-railed nursery windows, and as they look out he looks up, and baby is danced at the bars and stops crying directly, and Tommy forgets his quarrel with Johnny,

and runs to the window too ; and tears are wiped, and harmony is restored in many and many a nursery, and nurse herself finds the penny and smiles, and “ organ-man ” pockets the penny and smiles, and plays five more tunes in for the money, and lifts his hat and waves “ ta-ta ! ” in Italian, and walks off to “ fresh fields and pastures new ”—and isn't it worth the penny.

“ And where does he wander too now—that happy, easy-tempered son of the south? Ah ! he has no proud looks ; and, though he has just played to members of the aristocracy, he is willing to turn as merrily for the lowest of the people.

“ I meet him in the dingy alleys of the great city—I meet him in the regions of garbage and filth, where the atmosphere inhaled seems to be an impartial mixture of smoke and decomposition, and where the diet of the people seems to consist of fried herrings and potato-parings ; there is our organ-man—and there at least we may bless him—grinding away to the miserable, sunken, and degraded denizens of Pigmire Lane or Fish Alley. Let him stay always there—let him grind ever thus. I confess it does my heart good to see those slatternly women come to their doors, and stand and listen, and the heavy, frowning, coal-besmeared men lean out of the windows with their pipes, and, forgetting hunger and grinding poverty, hushing also the loud oath and blasphemy for a little season, smile with the pleasure of the sweet sounds. Through that little black window with the cracked panes you can see the lame shoe-maker look up for a moment, and as he resumes the long-drawn-out stitches with both hands, it is with countenance relaxed, and almost pleasurable energy. The pale-faced tailor looks out from the top storey (yes ; like a beam of sunshine the music has struck through him ;) he forgets the rent, and the work, and the wages, and the wretchedness of life. It is the end of the day ; it is lawful to rest for a moment and listen, and they do listen—the

men and women clustering in groups on their door-steps, and leaning from the windows above, and the children—oh! the children! I look down the alley, and suddenly it is flooded with the light of the low sun; it smites the murky atmosphere into purple shades, and broad, warm, yellow light upon the pathway, and glitters like gold-leaf upon the window-panes; and the children—the children are dancing all down the alley, dancing in long vistas far down into the sunny mist, two and two, three and three, but all dancing, and dancing in time; and their faces—many poor pale faces, and some rosy ones too—their faces are so happy, and the whole alley is hushed, save only for the music and the dancing of the children.

“I bless that organ-man—a very Orpheus in hell! I bless his music. I stand in that foul street where the blessed sun shines, and where the music is playing; I give the man a penny to prolong the happiness of those poor people, of those hungry, pale, and ragged children, and, as I retire, I am saluted as a public benefactor; and was ever pleasure bought so cheap and so pure?”

We regret that our space will not allow us to more than allude to our author's description of other forms of popular music, some of which he holds up to well merited ridicule, while with others he expresses a greater degree of sympathy. Amateur performances come in for a large share of criticism; and the absurd combinations and execrable execution of many a *club*, give ample scope for his caustic, though partially sympathetic vein of humour. Especially does he dwell upon the parlour performances of the string quartette, giving an extremely amusing account of what is often experienced at such gatherings. The Negro melodists obtain a share of his attention, and are dealt with more gently than many who aim higher. “Those who play the piano” are represented as altogether too many, and a severe judgment is passed on the prevalent idea of the necessity of every girl belonging to this

class. “The Brass without the Band” and “the Band without the Brass” are the relics of those more ambitious species of street musicians who have made themselves into an itinerant orchestra; and a touching, though humorous description is given of those out-of-door vocalists, whose position, as regards both talent and success, is below even the humble organ-grinder. These are the principal forms of popular music to be met with in England and in English speaking countries, and they indicate in a most emphatic manner the low level of the national taste, and the weak hold which elevated music has on the people at large. It is a theme which, in an especial manner, is of interest to ourselves, where many so-called professional performances agree remarkably with those which our author calls amateur. We will close this attempted exposition of some of the thoughts contained in “Music and Morals” with a slight survey of

MUSIC IN CANADA.

With respect to the most common and most easily executed of all instrumental music, that of the Piano, we can speak favourably. There are a large number of very good performers throughout Canada, but especially in the larger cities, and it is believed that in this matter we can challenge comparison with any country of equal size. Notwithstanding the depressing influence which dance music exercises on the standard of the music of this instrument, it is by no means rare to hear compositions of the highest order correctly and tastefully rendered in our drawing-rooms, and there are many more than would at first view appear, who are able and willing to play classical music, but who are deterred by a fear that it will fall flat on their hearers. In spite of the horrible din of the quadrille, and the airy and unsubstantial waltz music, the Canadian piano is often touched by the truly excellent performer, and is almost the only instrument in the country of which this can be said.

All praise is due to the careful instructors and pupils who have retained and cultivated this almost single feature creditable to our national music, and we are glad to believe that this branch of the art is in no degree being neglected, but gives every sign of healthy development for the future.

With regard to those musicians who hold their heads above the pianist from the pleasing fancy that they have to do with instruments which "everybody can't learn," we regret to be compelled to say that, with a few honourable exceptions, they are startling confirmations, each in his own sphere, of the truth of the boasted distinction. Many who would emulate the finest intonations of the human voice with the melodious bow or the soul-stirring cornet, had better be content to "strum the wires" of the "simplest of all instruments," or to play the part of a "musical joker" in rendering with fidelity one-octave comic songs. It is a pity that some maxim, analogous to that respecting the adaptability of sharp cutting instruments to the solacing of childhood's leisure hours, has not been authoritatively propounded and extensively circulated with reference to musical execution. The mind of the philosopher cannot fail to be drawn to this theme from an absence of sharp-cutting instruments, nor, we may add, from want of grievous accidents occurring in their careless use. Man is ambitious; man is distinguished often by noble aspirations after the attainment of lofty ends; but there is a limit beyond which ambition becomes a vice, and the loftiest aspirations, when planted in a being of restricted capacity, often indicate their existence in modes the reverse of pleasing. Young man, bold and energetic, try the piano. If you have entered on a life struggle with a nobler and more difficult instrument; if during the course of several years you are conscious of the alienation of many friends—the most cheerful of the number recognise only a gradual improvement in your symptoms; however humiliating

the course of conduct we recommend, adopt it:—try the piano. With a limited capital, and close application to business, we can assure you of the attainment of a respectable result within a period which may allow of your friends and yourself enjoying your performances before your death. We would remind you of the wise precept, if the right hand offend, cut it off and cast it from thee. If only one of that numerous company, who have seriously mistaken their vocation, should be deterred by this advice from a course of conduct attended with continual short-comings, and sure to end most disastrously, we shall feel that this article has not been written in vain.

On well known principles of acoustic effect, it might naturally be presumed that in combinations of musical instruments the harshness and inaccuracies of each would be greatly concealed, and the aggregate result, as exemplified in the playing of a band, would be much in advance of what any one member might accomplish. This is to a considerable extent the case, and the performance of an ordinary Canadian band, though not calculated to draw an audience, is not of itself sufficient to drive them away. But the attentive listener is constantly pained by being compelled to ascribe to its members the motto, "United we stand, divided we fall," which, however suitable it may be to the condition and prospects of confederations of neighbouring states, is a thought to which attention should not be too forcibly drawn by orchestral music. We may add, that practically, considering the band-playing usually heard, divided they do fall. The Canadian band appears to a casual observer on civic and national holidays, to run counter to a well established metaphysical axiom, that a thing cannot be in two or more places at the same time. The result of the violation of this axiom is in this case similar to those usually attending attempts to break any other of the natural or moral laws, and although after hearing the whole concern

combined, we may infer that they will be at no loss for leaders, we are apt to be surprised that there is material sufficient for the rank and file of three bands. We beg to tender a well meant caution to the chiefs of these bands (considered in their entirety), and that is, not to employ time, requisite for training their men, in the composition of original music. We may add in conclusion, that though in economic affairs "Mony a pickle mak's a mickle," it is extremely doubtful whether the rule holds in the present case, and it seems almost hopeless to attempt anything of a moderately high order until the individual performers acquire some decided proficiency on their respective instruments.

With respect to singing as existing in our midst, matters point to its almost entire extinction in a short time, unless some emphatic effort is made to counteract this manifest destiny. It is getting to be looked upon as not quite the thing for a young lady to respond willingly and creditably to a request

for a song: and we are convinced that this excessive modesty is not altogether unreasonable, considering the extent to which the cultivation of the voice is generally carried. It is a matter for sincere regret that this neglect of such a common, and such an easily improved talent, should be so widespread, so that it is very difficult to arrange for quite an ordinary concert without having recourse to voices whose every note and attempted flourish betokens a lamentable want of care and cultivation. Singing is far more easily learned by the majority of musically disposed persons than any other mode of rendering music, and it seems almost inexplicable that it should here occupy a subordinate place with referencé to the piano. If one-third the time devoted to "practising" were bestowed on the training of the voice, our popular music would soon receive an accession most agreeable in itself, and most beneficial also in its influence on other branches of the art.

HORACE ODES. LIB. I., ODE XXXVIII.

"Persicos Odi."

I LIKE not, boy, this Persian state !
 Your linden-woven wreaths offend me !
 Autumn's rare rose, that lingers late,
 Care not to send me.

For me the simple myrtle twine,
 It misbecomes nor you nor me, boy,
 As 'neath the shade of leafy vine,
 You serve : I quaff, boy.

THE TRADE OF CANADA DURING 1871-2. :

BY JAMES YOUNG, M.P.

THE Returns of the Trade of the Dominion, for the year ending the 30th of June last, contain much that is important and interesting. A statement of the imports and exports of the various Provinces, which has been kindly furnished us in advance, clearly attests that the period has been marked by great commercial activity and expansion.

The total transactions of the twelve months, including both imports and exports, reached the large amount of \$190,344,558. This sum largely exceeds any previous returns, and does not embrace nearly four millions of dollars' worth of goods imported and in the Customs warehouses, but not then entered into consumption.

The trade of 1870-1 was of the value of \$161,121,000, so there has been an increase during 1871-2 of no less than \$29,223,558. This expansion is all the more striking from the fact that the two preceding years were of a similar character. During 1869-70, our trade increased \$20,510,878, and in the following year \$16,310,007. Adding these figures to the results of 1871-2, as stated above, it will be seen that the commerce of Canada has augmented \$66,044,443 in the short space of five years.

Some features of our trade, to which we shall presently allude, may invite comment, and possibly deserve stricture. But the simple statement of the foregoing facts affords pleasing evidence of the Dominion's growing strength and importance.

Dividing the total volume of trade into imports and exports, we find that the former amounted to \$107,704,895, and the latter to \$82,639,663. Taking these in their order, we append a statement of the value of

all the goods which entered into consumption throughout the Dominion during the year, with the duties collected thereon :

	Imports.	Duties.
Dutiable goods	\$65,758,478	\$12,626,979
Free do.	34,405,428
Coin and Bullion	2,753,749
	<u>\$104,917,655.</u>	<u>\$12,626,979</u>
British Columbia	1,767,068	342,400
Manitoba	1,020,172	46,839
Total	<u>\$107,704,895</u>	<u>\$13,016,218</u>

Our purchases of foreign goods, it will be observed by these figures, have been unusually large during the past year. They tower above the value of our importations during 1870-1 to the extent of \$20,757,413 ! This is an expansion of nearly 25 per cent, and if an exceptional circumstance, might have possessed little significance ; but for several years past our imports have mounted up higher and higher, and fears have been expressed in well-informed circles that more or less over-trading has been and still continues to be indulged in, both by importers and retailers. The rapid manner in which this branch of our trade has augmented will be seen by the following statement of our imports during each year since Confederation took place :

1867-8	\$71,985,306
1868-9	67,402,170
1869-70	74,814,339
1870-71	86,947,482
1871-72	107,704,895
	<u>\$408,854,192</u>

Canada is evidently a good customer of the British, United States, and other foreign markets, for since the union in 1867, we

have purchased goods to the value of four hundred and eight millions of dollars. That our annual importations should have advanced from \$74,000,000 (in round numbers) to the large sum of \$107,000,000 in the space of two years, is a significant fact, and one worthy of serious consideration, on account of the effect which such heavy importations must exercise upon the general business of the country.

Not a few thoughtful men are of opinion that of late we have been importing overmuch, that our merchants have purchased goods in excess of the real wants of the country, and that if a more prudent policy is not adopted, there must ultimately ensue a period of commercial disaster.

That some importers may have been reckless, and that the great business activity of the past few years will be succeeded by more or less reaction, during which some failures may occur, is in every way probable. Such has been the experience of all countries under similar circumstances. But large as our importations have been, there is reason to believe the Dominion can absorb them all without serious difficulty. The present is a period of unusual development. The country is being opened up in all directions by new railway lines. The immense expenditure upon these profitable enterprises has given an unusual stimulus to all branches of business throughout the Dominion. The impulse has been felt alike by our farming, lumbering, manufacturing and mining interests, and these circumstances furnish the causes, and, we incline to think, the justification, of the largely increased importation of foreign goods upon which we are commenting.

It is not always summer, however, and the present large expenditure upon railways will sooner or later come to an end. This will, in all probability, produce more or less commercial depression. The experience of the past warns us to prepare for this emergency, and all classes of the community—

especially our importing houses—should give heed to its lessons. Assuredly there is a limit to the purchasing power of the country, and if our importations are recklessly increased beyond that point, which there is in some quarters a strong tendency to do, the first bad harvest may precipitate a commercial crisis which will sweep away much of the solid earnings of recent years.

The extent of the imports of the various Provinces during 1871-2, taken separately, with the amount of duty paid by each, was as follows:

Name.	Imports.	Duty.
Ontario	\$36,876,354	\$3,849,419
Quebec.....	47,737,035	6,169,487
Nova Scotia	11,158,141	1,336,951
New Brunswick.....	9,146,125	1,271,221
British Columbia	1,767,068	342,400
Manitoba	1,020,172	46,839
Total.....	\$107,704,895	\$13,016,314*

The foremost rank is taken, according to the above statement, by the Province of Quebec. This is, however, more apparent than real. From its larger population, and greater wealth and production, Ontario necessarily consumes the largest share of our annual importations. But a very large percentage of the foreign goods consumed in the west is purchased in the City of Montreal, and consequently goes to swell the returns of the sister Province.

The new Provinces of British Columbia and Manitoba make their appearance for the first time with full returns. The result is creditable to them, when their limited population is considered, but we are warranted in expecting, from the extent and variety of their resources, that their annual trade will rapidly augment.

Turning to the exports of the Dominion, it is gratifying to know there has been a very considerable increase during the year. Our exports in 1870-1 were of the value of

* There is a slight difference between this amount and the previous statement of duties collected; but the variance is unimportant.

\$74,173,613; last year they ran up to \$82,639,663, being an advance of \$8,466,050. The following are the returns for each of the Provinces, in reading which it should be borne in mind, that the productions of Ontario find their market to a large extent in Montreal, and consequently are not entered in our trade returns until they reach that port :

Ontario.....	\$25,560,410
Quebec.....	41,823,470
Nova Scotia.....	7,538,401
New Brunswick	5,719,734
British Columbia	1,912,107
Manitoba.....	85,541
Total.....	\$82,639,663

This is the highest point our exports ever reached, and it may be interesting to some to learn, that the portion of them which was the actual produce of Canada, amounted to \$62,944,027. The portion not of our own production, was of the value of \$12,798,182, and the balance is made up of coin and bullion and estimated short returns.

The details not having yet been published, we are not in a position to say in which classes of our exports the expansion has taken place. But the fact that they have augmented in value to the extent of eight millions and a half of dollars in twelve months, proves that the sources of our production are in a healthy condition.

When we contrast the imports and exports of the year, however, our task is not so pleasing. During the twelve months the former exceeded the latter by no less than \$25,065,232 ! Nor is this excess of imports exceptional. In 1869-70 the difference was trifling, but in all the other years since Confederation, our importations have greatly exceeded our exports :

In 1867-8 there was an excess of	\$14,417,418
In 1868-9	6,927,389
In 1869-70	1,240,849
In 1870-1	12,773,864
In 1871-2	25,065,232

Total.....\$60,424,752

We do not consider the "balance of trade" so material to national prosperity as some do. But it must be admitted that sixty millions is a large balance to accrue against a country like Canada in five years, and it cannot be unimportant that every penny of it either has been, or will have to be, paid, in gold or its equivalent.

The great demand for Sterling Exchange to meet obligations maturing in Great Britain and abroad, is one of the principal causes of the monetary stringency which has for some months existed. Other causes have no doubt also been at work, but the unusual excess of imports over exports for several successive years, is, directly or remotely, the prime source of difficulty. There is every reason to believe the financial pressure which obtains will be only temporary. It already shows signs of relaxing. But it has been severely felt in many quarters, and it requires no great foresight to foresee that, if the causes of irritation go on increasing, the time is not far distant when we shall have a money famine more aggravated than anything we have yet experienced.

Whilst some features of our trade for 1871-2 invite sharp criticism, the returns are, as a whole, highly creditable to Canada, and testify that we are making as great, if not greater progress, than at any former period in our history. The year under review has been one of increased activity in almost every department of Canadian trade, and although some clouds have appeared on the horizon, there can be no doubt that the country generally has added materially to its wealth and prosperity.

The annual trade of the Dominion may hereafter be set down at two hundred millions of dollars. That is something, let me say in conclusion, to which four millions of people may justly point with some degree of pride and satisfaction.

SAINT VALENTINE.

BY R. E. L.

Last relic of the ancient creed
 Which peopled many a storied shrine,
 By love preserved for lover's need
 Lend me thine aid, St. Valentine.

Since April decked her greenwood bower,
 The bridal chamber of the dove,
 Through summer glow and autumn shower
 I've loved but never told my love.

I've loved a girl from whose soft eyes
 Beams all that fills the name of wife
 With sweetness, in whose smile there lies
 The pledge of all that doubles life.

I've lingered trembling at her side,
 Until methought upon her cheek
 There came a conscious hue ; I've sighed
 And gazed and sighed but feared to speak.

For still a voice of warning cries
 Dare not, rash boy, to break the spell ;
 Lest from the gate of Paradise,
 Half opened, thou may'st fall to hell.

But now unto thy favoured scroll,
 Where true love's emblems meekly twine,
 I trust the secret of my soul
 On this thy day, St. Valentine.

O, will she guess from whom it came?
 O, will she put it lightly by,
 And jest about an idle flame,
 Or hide it from her father's eye.

And bear it swiftly to that room,
 Beneath whose window yester-night
 I waited in the rain and gloom
 To watch her shadow cross the light.

And read it o'er and o'er with soul
 Parted between her fear and bliss,
 Till victor Love usurps the whole,
 And the cold paper feels her kiss?

At night when at the ball we meet
 What shall I read in Laura's eye?
 The love that calls me to her feet?
 The scorn that bids my passion die?

Last night I met her at the ball,
 We whispered in that kind alcove ;
 St. Valentine's true liegemen all,
 Rejoice, for I have won my love !

And thou, whatever fanes decay,
 Blest lovers still shall deck thy shrine,
 And duly keep thy holy day,
 Saint of my heart, St. Valentine.

CURRENT EVENTS.

BEFORE we proceed to the usual subjects of our editorial, we have a word to say upon a matter on which we had occasion slightly to touch before; we mean the impersonality of journalism. Not in our own interest only, but in that of Canadian journalism in general, we must protest against attempts to deprive the publishers of this journal of the literary assistance necessary for their enterprise by denouncing personally writers supposed to be employed in the preparation of the editorials. It has been remarked by good judges, and we believe with perfect truth, that in the respect paid to the privilege of editorial impersonality in England, and the habitual disregard of it in the United States, is to be found a principal cause of the different character of journalism and the different position of the journalist in the two countries. If used for malicious or corrupt purposes, the privilege is justly forfeited: but otherwise we deprecate its violation either from the vulgar love of personalities, or under the impulse of that tyrannical petulance which cannot endure an honest difference of opinion, but upon the slightest contradiction breaks through all rules of justice and courtesy to get at the object of its spleen. There are men of mature years and experience who have not yet learnt the first lesson which a boy learns at an English public school—who cannot allow you to disagree with them about the theory of government or the spots on the sun without falling on you as though you had cheated them at cards. The practice is unchivalrous as well as injurious to journalism, because the writer assailed cannot defend himself without a breach of the confidential relations which every manager of a journal must form with his staff, and the maintenance of which is indispensable to the profession. We repeat that we speak in the general

interest of journalism: we might hardly care to refer to the matter if it concerned ourselves alone.

That this Magazine has abandoned the national character assumed in its original programme, and become the mere organ of personal sentiments or designs, will not be easily believed by any one who has noticed the variety of opinions expressed in it, the different parties from which its contributors have been drawn, and the comments made on its articles by the press on both sides. It is the organ of nothing but perfect freedom of speech, and it will do its best to guard against any attempt to muzzle discussion or set up among us a narrow tyranny of opinion. Genuine Liberalism consists in thinking independently yourself and encouraging independent thought in others, not in disguising the arbitrary temper of ultra-Toryism under conventional rags of Liberal sentiment. The subjects chosen for our article on Current Events are simply those which happen to be prominent at the time. At the great Grit banquet and in the presence of the chief of the party, who occupied the chair, Mr. Blake, adverting to the Treaty of Washington and the discussions to which it was giving rise in the mother country, declared that Canada would no longer allow her interests to be disposed of as they are under the present system of diplomatic tutelage, and proclaimed "the reorganization of the Empire on another basis"—in other words Imperial Confederation. Additional significance was given to his words by the fact that he had recently returned from intercourse with public men in England, and that a strong manifesto from the Confederation party had just appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*. We accordingly made some remarks on the subject of Imperial Confederation, which the organ of the Grit party re-published and made the

subject of an attack, suppressing the paragraph which showed that the question had been raised by Mr. Blake and substituting a caption of its own, "Canadian Independence," for "Imperial Confederation," which was given in our advertisement.

Mr. Blake had good reason for raising the question. If the agitation which was carried on for several months with the utmost violence against the Treaty of Washington had been successful, a serious crisis in our relations with the mother country would certainly have ensued. The soft language held now is entirely at variance with that held a year ago, and the pretence that the agitation was directed merely against Mr. Gladstone is, to say the least, transparently weak. It will be in the memory of our readers that indignation was directed against the general policy of the Home Government with regard to diplomatic questions in which Canada was concerned. And who is Mr. Gladstone? Is he not the constitutional representative of the British nation, with a majority of a hundred in the House of Commons?

Not only such a question as that of the Washington Treaty, but any one of a hundred other possible events might bring upon the existing system such a strain as only perfect soundness could bear. Europe is full of great armaments, of revolutionary forces re-awakening to activity, of vast and unquiet ambitions. England may any day be forced into a war with a power able to cope with her at sea, and to appear in force in Canadian waters. In the first Russian war the Russian navy was shut up in port by the combined fleets. In the second Russian war it may get out; and it appears certain that had England interposed on behalf of France, as by a curious coincidence both the ultra-Conservative and the ultra-Radical party wished her to do, there would have been a second Russian war. On the other hand had the French Emperor's plot for the annexation of Belgium ripened, the Empire might have been involved in a war with France,

and this with more than a million of Frenchmen in the midst of the Canadian Confederation. The enforcement of the Geneva rules again may, as Lord Salisbury says, lead to awkward questions between the Home Government and the Colonies. It is wrong gratuitously to disturb organic questions, but it is also wrong to hoodwink a nation. Some time before the Franco-German war, General Trochu published a work pointing out the defects of the French military system and its liability to break down if pitted against such a system as the German. He was denounced as unpatriotic, silenced, removed from high command; and France marched with undisturbed self-complacency to Gravelotte and Sedan.

Mr. Gathorne Hardy, the accurate man, the man of facts *par excellence* of the English Conservative party is, it seems, in a state of ignorance about Canada so culpable as to call for the most unmeasured vituperation. Mr. Hughes, an enthusiastic Colonialist, who visited Canada the other day, as was currently believed with the intention of placing his own son here, drew down upon himself, by the same defect, language which might not have been inappropriate if he had stolen a sheep. We can hardly flatter ourselves that Colonial politicians and journalists are better informed about the general concerns of the Empire than Imperial ministers and statesmen. In the midst of this dense night of mutual ignorance, with storms muttering in the distance, is it a crime on the part of Mr. Blake or any one else to ask whether the anchorage is safe? But we pass to the events of the day.

By the granting of the Pacific Railway Charter the country is fairly committed to an enterprise which, if it succeeds and fulfils the expectations of its advocates, will not only connect together the scattered and disjointed territories belonging to the British Crown, but open a new highway to the commerce of the world; which, if it fails, or en-

counters unexpected difficulties, will lead to a calamitous misdirection of our limited resources, and place in jeopardy our commercial, perhaps even our political, independence. It is in any case a leap in the dark, since the data, in the shape of surveys and estimates, without which no commercial undertaking is ordinarily commenced, are not in existence; and the slightest attention to the debates which took place at Ottawa was sufficient to satisfy any one that the Government shared the general ignorance. The treaty with British Columbia, we know, binds us to commence the road without delay, and at both ends, notwithstanding the difficulty of collecting labourers and the means for their subsistence at the western terminus. But the day may come when the country in bitterness of spirit will ask again the question why such a treaty was made?

There appears to be nothing in the Charter at variance with the Act, or in itself open to serious exception. But on these occasions it is not in the expressions of parties, or even, as a general rule, in their intentions, that the peril lies. The peril lies in the circumstances under which they are placed, and in the relations into which they are brought. That the Government is brought into dangerous relations with this monster company it seems impossible to deny, especially after recent disclosures in the United States. We say it in no party sense, for we believe that whichever party was in power, the danger would be the same. It is true that, by the Charter, no alteration can be made in the terms of agreement without the consent of Parliament; but the consent of Parliament practically means the consent of the party in power, which may have become too completely identified in interest with the company to be a proper guardian of the interest of the nation. It must be remembered that, compared with the United States, we are on a small scale, and that this corporation with its colossal fund,

its multitude of appointments, and a land grant equal to no mean kingdom, will bear a proportion to the power of the government and to that of the nation generally, unparalleled, so far as we know, in any country. A Minister may be personally incorrupt; he may have resisted great pecuniary temptations and even sacrificed his private fortune to the public service; and yet, if ambition is strong in him, and if he is compelled to choose between concession to the company and the loss of power, a haze may spread itself before his eyes and prevent him from seeing the path of duty.

We can understand the argument that something may legitimately be risked, and even constitutional principles to a certain extent relaxed, for the sake of a great material advantage. But then, the advantage ought to be as far as possible ascertained, and the risk ought to be as much as possible reduced. It is doubtful whether either of these things has been done in the present case.

The attempt to preserve the national character of the enterprise by apportioning the stock among the provinces must, as we have said before, practically come to nothing: the stock once issued is in the market of the world. Everything seems to indicate that the Pacific Railway will fall mainly into American hands, so that whatever influence the company may have over our Government will, in fact, be exercised by a foreign power not friendly to the national independence. Names which have a sinister significance in American finance are already mentioned in connection with the affair; though, in the absence of any sort of proof, we should deem it criminal to listen to the party insinuation that the Government of the Dominion has received a bribe from American speculators in the shape of a sum to be spent in the elections. After all, the Government of the Dominion represents a majority of our people, and we are all alike concerned in its honour.

The correspondent of the *Globe* writes from Ottawa :

"The dullest political student could not fail in his intercourse with the legion of contractors who have been here off and on during the last two months, and who are still well represented day after day in the smoking-room and lobbies of the Russell House, to estimate the power of extensive public works as an agency of political corruption. He would not hear an independent political opinion expressed. Afraid lest the Goths of to-day may give place to the Vandals of tomorrow, mum's the word. They would be happy with either were t'other dear charmer away. Like the proverbial ass between two bundles of hay, with opposite reasons equally strong, they would starve for political fodder but for the one great prevailing agency, the power of public corruption. By that they are bound slaves to the powers that be ; and no one knows it better than the artful vendor of corrupting influences at the head of the Government. And the obligations are reciprocal. One is the necessary and fit complement of the other, so that there remains no longer the pretension to be a Government of the people but of a combination of railway and canal contractors. More of this state of affairs will appear between this and the end of the session, unless, indeed, ever public corruption should fail to carry the dead weight of a condemned Administration—and then, what a scampering of rats from the sinking ship !

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"The Pacific Railway men are here in full force, and those who are in the confidence jointly and severally of the Government and its *fidus achates* or *alter ego*, the Pacific ring, say that all things are now ready, that this time Sir Hugh will not go empty away."

Putting out of sight the personal and party allusion, we have here a picture, the general fidelity of which we can no more doubt than we can its ominous significance. Its counterpart may be seen any day in the lobby of Washington or Albany.

The lobby is not the only quarter from which danger at present threatens the integrity and stability of our institutions. A "better terms" agitation is being got up in

New Brunswick and Manitoba, which are incited no doubt by the precedent of Nova Scotia ; and the government journals seem inclined, in the case of New Brunswick at least, to support the movement, which, of course, will involve a re-opening of the compact of Confederation. The authors of Confederation thought to get rid of the difficulty into which faction had brought the country, by extending the operation of that principle over a larger area ; to adopt the course of extinguishing it would, on their part, have been something like suicide. But the result has been what sagacity, aided by a little knowledge of the general results of political experience, might have foreseen. The struggle between the two parties having for their strongholds Ontario and Quebec respectively continues as before, and the small provinces, finding that they hold the balance, and considering their very smallness a justification for looking mainly to their own interests, in effect sell themselves to the best bidder for the privilege of levying tribute on the Confederation. That is the plain, though unpleasant fact. We have no doubt that if Prince Edward Island enters the Confederation, it will be under some bargain very onerous to Canada ; but of which a principal, though tacit condition, will be that the votes of Prince Edward Island shall be given to the Government. And to these exactions there is under our present system no apparent limit but the endurance of Ontario, which may some day be exceeded with a result dangerous to the unity of our Confederation.

Of course, no hint of any danger of this kind is to be looked for in the "great speeches" made at "magnificent banquets" during the process of Confederation. In these speeches it is assumed that sectional interests will at once die, and that the country on the extent and resources of which the orators expatiate will thenceforth be the country of a united nation. Some of the speakers, however, had hardly reached their

homes before they found the difference between rhetoric and the solid facts on which alone great institutions can be securely built. The British of the maritime provinces are separated from the British Canada by a French nation, and their commercial interests had drawn them in a different direction. Probably the best course would have been to allow them in the first instance to complete their own projected Confederation, and then to invite them into a federal union with British and French Canada under a Council with purely federal powers. Afterwards, if a tendency to a closer connection manifested itself, it might have been possible to proceed to a legislative union. The boldest policy would have been to enact a legislative union at once ; but the difficulties in the way of such a measure were no doubt insuperable. This strange cross between a federal and a legislative union, with provincial legislatures under a national government, was pregnant at the outset with the evils which have now manifested themselves. Like other defective arrangements, it may be made to work by political tact and forbearance ; but a knowledge of its defects is essential to their palliation.

There is no use and as little justice in railing at a particular Minister, especially one who was placed in power by a coalition of both parties, and left to hold it alone on grounds which no doubt seemed adequate to those who acted on them, but which did not seem adequate to the nation. As we said, if any other party government were placed in the same relation to the Pacific Railway Company, the danger would be the same ; and we have no doubt that the final adherence of New Brunswick to the Government is the result of a competition which has been going on ever since the general election, and in which the Government has only been more successful than the Opposition. The Opposition had no scruple in capping the Nova Scotian grant. Its demeanour with regard to the New Brunswick School Act,

and questions affecting the Roman Catholics generally, shows that it feels itself compelled to manœuvre like the Government for sectional support, though, as it naturally persuades itself, with more patriotic ends in view. The worst acts done by the Government are distinctly traceable, not to anything bad in the men who have won, and it is reasonable to suppose have in some way deserved, the good opinion of a large portion of the community ; and who if they died, would probably be covered with fulsome eulogies by the very writers who now abuse them ; but to their situation as members of a party government struggling to maintain itself against the attacks of its rivals. It is ludicrous to see public writers fiercely denouncing the effect in one column while they vehemently uphold the cause in the next. The only hope of escaping from the evils which beset or threaten us is the substitution of a national for a party government ; of a government assured of its position by the law for one which has to subsist from day to day by the purchase of corrupt or sectional support. We know perfectly well that we might as reasonably hope to pull up a pine stump with our hands as to get rid by argument of a system deeply rooted in habit and still more deeply rooted in the interests and passions of the most powerful men in the country. But discussion may in time train the public to interpret rightly the political phenomena which pass before its eyes ; and a seed of thought may fall on the minds of men who, when the factions have brought matters to the crisis to which they are visibly tending, may have the power and the will to step forward and save the country.

In the meantime the chances of the approaching conflict continue to be in favour of the Government. In awarding the Pacific Railway Charter it has, no doubt, disappointed one set of applicants ; but it has settled the question and escaped a damaging failure. Its hold on the votes of the Lower

Provinces is apparently unshaken, though it may have a price to pay. But if Mr. Blake persists in his renunciation the Opposition, even if it gains a victory, will have some difficulty in producing a strong Administration. A party formed around a journal has the advantage of compactness, unanimity, and singular harmony of utterance; but one formed under a leader is more favourable to ability. The journal naturally, in choosing the objects of its patronage, looks to complete conformity of sentiment; the leader must have ability, and for the sake of it will tolerate some idiosyncracies and some freedom of opinion. Besides, Mr. Blake, though he may renounce office, cannot renounce his Parliamentary position; and the Grit Government, with one mentor over its head and another mentor on its flank, would not present a very august aspect to the nation.

The new Prime Minister of Ontario opened the session with an orthodox profession of adherence to the principle of party. He even expressed a wish that there could be a stronger Opposition, which means, if he believes himself to be in the right, that he wishes more people were in the wrong. His programme, however, consisted of a series of measures of practical improvement, for which a worshipper of Charles I. might have voted with an adherent of Karl Marx; and he probably does not think that the public service has greatly suffered because these measures were not more fiercely opposed on the second reading, or more mutilated by party amendments in committee.

If he complains of the lack of opposition, he has, at all events, no reason to complain of the lack of personalities. The amount of public time wasted and the breaches of good manners committed in mud-throwing, have, we must say, been utterly disgraceful. No Yankee State Legislature could have shown itself more devoid of self-respect. Members are seen with scrap-books containing stores of projectiles to be flung at the characters of

their opponents. The next thing will be a basket of rotten eggs or a hamper of dead cats. The Speaker might interpose much more frequently than he does. Where is the use of scrupulously preserving all the forms and paraphernalia of the British House of Commons—the bowing to the Speaker, the Court dress of the Serjeant-at-Arms, and the manual exercise with the mace—if the common rules of Parliamentary decorum, and even of social decency are totally disregarded.

Two or three, however, of the scandals which constantly gave rise to these affrays seem, after a tortuous and tedious course, to have at last reached the place of their historic repose. The "Proton outrage," though it has been allowed greatly to obstruct public business and has been made the subject of a solemn inquiry, is not deserving of serious notice. If the law, technical as it is, will not concern itself with trifles, much less will the broad morality which ought to regulate our judgments on the character of public men. By the discussion of such trumpery the public mind is merely diverted from the points which really call for its vigilant attention. Among the leaders of the Ontario Legislature there is, perhaps, rather too great a preponderance of the legal element; and this shows itself in a habit of tenaciously maintaining weak cases and labouring to squeeze grave inferences out of circumstances which are ambiguous or insignificant, when good sense and the rules of society prescribe that the matter should be dropped.

The "Speak Now" case was of rather more importance. Had the note, the finding of which raised this tempest, contained apparent proof of a conspiracy between the leader of the Opposition and a member of the Government against the colleagues of the latter, it might, perhaps, have been disentitled to the benefit of the rule which protects private communications. At all events, the finder would have been warranted in warning the other members of the Government, or if

he was a member of the Government himself, in confronting the writer with the evidence of his treachery. The rules of honour are not intended to shelter anything contrary to honour. The fact, however, proved to be that the date of the note was subsequent to the break up of the Government, after which any one of its late members was at liberty to hold communication with any member of the House that he thought proper. Right feeling will, no doubt, place restraints on hostile acts against recent friends and associates; but this is not a matter of which society can take formal cognizance. There was nothing in this case to suspend the operation of the rule which requires the finder of a private note to restore it to the owner—a rule the observance of which, as well as of that which protects private conversation, is of especial importance in a political assembly, where confidential communications must be constantly passing under the eyes or within earshot of opponents. It does not follow that the finders of the note were guilty of anything worse than a mistake. We are often strongly tempted to break through general rules for the purpose of redressing what appears to us intolerable wrong. But nothing will really be lost by resisting the temptation. A great English statesman, now dead, was once systematically attacked in Parliament by an enemy who impeached not only his political integrity but his personal honour. He had in his possession, and privately showed to a friend, letters which, if produced in the House, would have utterly confounded his assailant. But the letters having been originally of a private character he rightly abstained from making a public use of them, and preferred to defend his honour as best he could in other ways. No doubt he knew that his character would not suffer in the end.

We presume that we have also heard the last of the Scott and Riel case as a Parliamentary question, though nothing can efface the stain from the annals of the nation. The

murder was one of singular atrocity, both in its circumstances and in its motives; in its circumstances, because it was most deliberate and most cold-blooded; in its motives, not only because the object of the perpetrators was treason, but because the victim being helpless in the hands of his captors, his execution was unexcused even by the evil exigencies of rebellion, and was simply an act of dastardly barbarity. For the same reasons the national honour emphatically required that the murderer should be brought to justice. Nor could there be any doubt as to his amenability to the law notwithstanding the change of local authority. The prerogative of justice resides entirely and continuously in the Queen, all other authorities being merely her ministers, who may be changed to any extent without affecting her royal right and duty to punish any crime committed within her dominions. It would be as absurd to say that murder might be committed with impunity in Manitoba because the local jurisdiction was changing hands as it would be to say that murder might be committed with impunity in the streets of London because the courts of law were undergoing reorganization. And of course if the Canadian Government had applied to the Crown for power, it would, in accordance with the principles of the constitution, have been placed in their hands. Nor does it seem that there was any real objection on the score of policy so far as Manitoba was concerned. The French half-breeds are not the sort of people to be estranged by being handled with determination; they are more likely to be rendered permanently intractable by the spectacle of a traitor and a murderer stalking in triumph over the grave of his victim, forcing himself into the presence of a representative of the Crown and presenting himself as a candidate for Parliament. But the Government could not afford to risk the loss of the French Catholic vote: that is the simple fact, and it may be stated without casting much personal discredit on the Ministers.

Governments must subsist; self-preservation is their duty; if, by the recognized system, they are founded not on national but on sectional support, to sectional support they must look, and their responsibilities must be measured by their power. The French Catholic party was strong enough to put a veto on the arraignment of Riel, that is the upshot of the transaction. The consequence has been a scene of weakness, prevarication, and national humiliation on which we willingly let the curtain fall, though we cannot prevent it from taking its place in history.

The Government and Parliament of Ontario deserve the gratitude of all, and especially that of married women, for an attempt to deal with the growing evil of drunkenness. In England this question is becoming one almost of national life or death. There, the propagation of the plague is not left to natural contagion. The powerful firms to which the pot-houses generally belong push their deadly ramifications into every corner of every parish, and employ every device and allurements to overcome the morality of the people. But even on this side of the water the question is serious enough and the phrase often uttered among us in jest is really a bitter truth. Increased wealth has placed greater means of sensual enjoyment within the reach of all classes; the motives which have hitherto contended with sensuality are, owing to the disturbance of religious and moral belief, in some degree in abeyance; and what is the love of luxury and sensational amusements in the richer class, takes in the labouring class the coarser form of a love of drink.

Prohibitive legislation in the United States, though not entirely abortive, must on the whole be pronounced a failure, whether we take as the test the statistics of consumption or the amount of nervous alarm upon the subject which displays itself, sometimes in rather perverse and irritating forms, among the people. The fact is that there is only

one way of preventing liquor from being sold, and that is, by preventing it from being made. So long as it is made, it will find its way, above ground or underground, to the lips of the consumer. It is useless and unfair merely to harass and degrade the retail trade, which, while it is allowed to exist and is recognized by law, is entitled to the same protection as any other calling. Proper police regulations for the conduct and the hours of houses of entertainment must of course be made; but these ought in justice to be limited to their avowed object. The only effect of the feeble policy of persecuting the retailer, while the wholesale producer remains untouched, will be to drive the retail trade into bad hands. It is very doubtful however whether a more drastic policy would ever find sufficient moral support among the community. The total abstinence movement will never be spoken of without respect by any right minded man. It is one of that series of moral crusades which gloriously attest the strength of the moral principle in man and the beneficent force of his sympathy for his fellows. But its ostensible aim is probably impracticable, and is tacitly felt to be so, perhaps even by some of its own champions. The result of the medical controversy seems to be that stimulating liquors, if not positively wholesome, are, when taken in moderation, as multitudes take them, no more unwholesome than other common articles of diet which in their turn have been proscribed by certain sects of dietetic reformers. A taste which is universal and confirmed is hardly distinguishable from a necessity; and we can scarcely expect that mankind will either reduce themselves to a diet of Graham bread or totally abjure the juice of the grape. Moreover there is a danger lest in closing one hole we should leave, and perhaps enlarge others. In England, in the manufacturing districts especially, the consumption of opium is formidably large, and we have been informed on medical authority that the case is the same in the United States. A radical change

of national character is the only security for a real and lasting moral reform. To change the acts of men their motives must be changed.

The measure brought in by the Government of Ontario appears to be free from the objections attaching to prohibitive legislation, and in itself altogether good and wise. It would be a spurious philanthropy to pretend that vice is merely disease; but drunkenness or, as science calls it, dipsomania, is in some cases congenital, and in all cases, when it has reached a certain point, it overpowers the will. Constraint, therefore, is the only remedy, and experience in the United States has shown that constraint, judiciously applied, is effectual, though not in the majority of cases, yet in so large a number as entirely to justify the institution of an Inebriate Asylum. The power given to magistrates of committing drunkards to the Asylum is also perfectly unobjectionable. Society has a right to interfere with private habits when they are found to be the cause of crime. Unfortunately, the treatment of drunkenness in asylums is, in the States at least, an expensive process.

We are less sanguine as to the operation of any measure like that of Mr. Bethune, who proposes to interdict drunkards from the management of their property. It is not easy to say that a drunkard, even a confirmed drunkard, is a lunatic, and incapable of managing his own affairs. Many drunkards have not only managed their own affairs, but in their sober moments played a conspicuous part on a larger scene. Sheridan, Carteret, Peter the Great, were drunkards. Baner, one of the most famous of the lieutenants of Gustavus Adolphus, is said to have been for three days together too drunk to receive an ambassador. The statement of Pitt's eulogistic biographer, Lord Stanhope, that Pitt was only once seen drunk, is very much at variance with the belief of Pitt's contemporaries. Alexander the Great gave fatal proof of his addiction to wine.

Gambling is far more certainly ruinous to a man's affairs than drunkenness, but we cannot in the present state of social opinion shut up gamblers in asylums. Many a labouring man miserably given to drink is still maintaining himself and his family by his earnings, and it would be impossible to allow him to go on labouring and yet to take his wages out of his hands. The only weak point in the Government measure is that a man may sometimes be removed from his family when he is really able to maintain them, and when they have no other means of subsistence. Drunkenness may produce lunacy, but in this case the ordinary law of lunacy would suffice.

The government of the University of Toronto has been placed on an enlarged basis by vesting in the graduates the election of a portion of the senate; a measure which we have no doubt is wise as well as popular. In the case of the English Universities, the participation of non-residents in the government has been a nuisance; but for this there have been special causes. In the first place, the non-residents have not only had a voice in the elections, but a vote in the legislative convocation, the consequence of which has been the intrusion into the academical legislature of a non-academical element, consisting practically of the non-residents who chanced to live nearest to the University town. In the second place, of the non-resident members of convocation, in the case of the English Universities, the immense majority have been clergymen, who always voted upon professional rather than academical grounds, and made the Convocation House the scene of the religious battles incident to an age of theological strife. There is no reason to fear that the graduates of the University of Toronto will generally vote on other than academical grounds.

We are glad also, that the Government seems inclined to a policy which will tend to connect the teaching of practical science with

the University, rather than to consign it to an entirely separate institution. In a country like ours, a university separated from practical science would be cut off from the greatest source of popularity and life. It may be that the ideal university is the German or English, exclusively devoted to literary culture and the more abstract study of science, though even the German and English universities are beginning to extend themselves in a practical direction, and Oxford has accepted a portion of the technological benefaction of Mr. Whitworth. But in a new country we must mix trades. In the Cornell University, which is the last result of American experience, practical science is combined with the general subjects of university education, and the result is satisfactory, though the government of Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, in founding our Technological Institute, seems to have been advised that it was not. So far from practical science being depressed by the combination, the practical departments are the most flourishing. But the students in these departments are enabled to combine with their special studies a certain amount of general information and culture, and what is perhaps almost an equally great advantage, to open their minds by mixing socially with other classes of students. This is of the highest importance in communities where success in practical science is the sure road to wealth, and wealth is the sure road to social and political influence, so that in educating the students of technological institutes, we are really educating a large portion of the future leaders and rulers of the nation. The exclusive technologists would give us a race of uneducated chiefs of industry. On the other hand, the exclusive sticklers for general culture as the only proper work of a university must remember that the number of minds really susceptible of high culture is comparatively small, and that the number of those who are both susceptible of it and can afford to spend time

and money on it, is smaller still, while the faculties are strengthened and sharpened as much by engineering or any other practical study, carried on thoroughly and systematically, as by the study of classics or mathematics. We hope to see the University provided, in course of time, with good practical departments of art and design, agriculture and veterinary surgery, as well as of mechanics, mining and engineering.

But the measure of University reform most obviously needed, in this country as well as in the United States, is the union of universities, at least for the purpose of holding examinations and conferring degrees. Nothing can be more destructive of a high standard of scientific or literary acquirement, more illusory, not to say fraudulent, as regards the guarantees ostensibly afforded to the public, or more irrational in every way, than the American system of "one horse universities," with a staff of teachers not large or highly trained enough for even a secondary place of education, affecting to give the highest instruction and grant academical degrees in all the subjects of human knowledge, and a few more. It is difficult to imagine how respectable and educated men can be found to carry on such impostures as some of these places are. The "one horse" universities are utterly wasting the time of their students, for they are incapable of teaching anything thoroughly, and the student who is not taught thoroughly is not taught at all; he will never be able to make use of his knowledge except for the purposes of a superficial display, the evil effects of which upon national character are a constant theme of lamentation among men of sense in the United States. We in the New World want a somewhat different article in the shape of a university from that which is wanted by the people of old countries, with a large class of men of wealth and leisure. But we, as well as they, want our article genuine; and the university education given in "one horse" institutions is just

upon a level with shoddy cloth and wooden nutmegs. The universities of the old country, fortunately for her, have been inherited from an age in which, there being few books, and the oral teaching of the professor being the main source of instruction, the founders of colleges were compelled to place them in the city where the professors were to be found. Thus have grown up universities which are confederations of colleges, each administering its own discipline, and carrying on the ordinary instruction within its own walls and through its own officers, but uniting for the purposes of common legislation, superior teaching, impartial examination, and the maintenance of great libraries, museums, and other equipments of a great place of learning and science. But in the new world, the Teutonic propensity to disunion has broken loose; and in the United States the country has been covered with petty foundations frittering away forces and resources more than sufficient in the aggregate to produce a first rate university; while legislatures blindly democratic have squandered the fund of authority committed to their hands, and given up the prerogative of conferring literary and scientific honours to every one who had a mind to play with it in the gutter. In the United States, however, an effort is now being made to return to a better system; the friends of high education are concentrating their efforts on Harvard and Yale, especially on the former; and the princely benefaction of Mr. Cornell was given to the State of New York on the condition that a large educational fund then in the hands of the State should not be rendered worthless by scattering it over a dozen different localities, but kept together in one great institution.

The causes by which the one-horse system has been produced and is maintained in the United States, as we take it, are these—the ambition of individual founders, who wish to have separate monuments of their munificence; denominational separatism;

and local interest. As to the first, founders can hardly desire to make their names more illustrious than those of Wykeham and Wolsey, who added colleges to the University of Oxford. As to the second, we hold with Rowland Hill, that the Devil ought not to have all the best tunes, and that if the education given in a great University is better than that given in a one-horse college in itself, it is better for a church and for religion. The system of a neutral university with denominational colleges answers all the reasonable requirements of religion at the same time that it secures the best education; while denominational universities are frequently avoided even by those who from conscientious motives have taken part in founding them, not only because the education is inferior, but because it is secretly felt that a young man's prospects are injured by cutting him off from his contemporaries and impressing on him an ultra-sectarian stamp. Local interest is inflexible and insuperable where it is concerned; and it would no doubt put a veto, if it could, on the removal of the colleges to a common centre; but it might be reconciled to their conversion into schools, while provision might be made for the advanced students at the seat of the national universities. At all events, nothing stands in the way of the institution of a common board of impartial examiners, competent to confer genuine degrees; and we trust that the Government will soon see its way to some movement in this direction.

The reference in the Queen's Speech to the Treaty of Washington was calm; and it would be captious to quarrel with the reference to the special value of friendship with the United States. But, as we have said before, British Diplomacy will never be on a sound, safe and dignified footing till the idea of a special connection is finally abandoned, and the American Republic is treated like any other foreign nation—with the same respect, the same courtesy, the same

justice, and on the same business footing as the rest. Beyond the mere identity of language, which is quite as great a source of mutual irritation as of agreement, there is nothing on which a special amity can be founded. Of the wide divergence of character which difference of circumstances and the infusion of an overwhelming proportion of Irish, German and other non-British elements has produced, there can be no stronger proof than the "American Case." If there is one article of faith rooted in the heart of every British boy, it is that when an apology has been accepted and hands have been shaken there is an end of the quarrel, whatever matters of business may still remain to be settled. But the Americans accepted an apology, shook hands, toasted eternal concord, and then, besides springing their monstrous claim for Indirect Damages, published an attack on the honour of the British nation and its Government, which continental critics, unfriendly to England, characterized as "unparalleled in its coarseness and malignity." That this attack was composed by a subordinate without the knowledge and sanction of General Grant and his Ministers is totally incredible. Nor was there the slightest expression of feeling on the part of the people against the outrage, though when they saw the effect which it had produced in Europe their vanity began to be a little alarmed. Had such a document issued under similar circumstances from the British Foreign Office there would have been a burst of disgust from one end of the country to the other. If beneath all the outward manifestations of feeling, and the invariable conduct of the Americans towards England, there does really lurk any sentiment of historic affection, this sentiment will some day find its way to the top in the natural course of things. The attempt to hasten the process by unreciprocated endearments and unappreciated concessions has always failed, and always will fail, to produce anything but fresh outbursts of malignity.

The British Ambassador at Washington should always, if possible, be a strong, shrewd, and reserved man, well acquainted with the character with which he has to deal.

The opening of the Parliamentary campaign in England confirms the belief that Irish University education will be the fighting question of the session. The danger of the Government arises from the strong Anti-Catholic attitude of a section of its own supporters. It is pretty evident that the Conservatives are preparing for a serious movement, and if they can obtain sufficient Radical support to defeat the Government and then dissolve Parliament, judging by the indications of the Liverpool and Wigton elections, they may fairly hope for a majority. They would make nearly a clean sweep of the counties, the farmers being all irritated against the Radicals by the movement among the labourers. It is not likely, however, that even such irreconcilables and impracticables as Professor Fawcett will venture on a step which would be the ruin of the party. Mr. Jacob Bright, who, in the absence of any man of first-rate, or even second-rate ability, acts at present as the Radical leader, will be controlled by his big brother, who is now again well enough to take part in politics. Nor is it difficult to present the Government case conclusively to any Radical who has the slightest respect for stone walls and does not suppose himself to be operating in a political vacuum. No Minister in Mr. Gladstone's position can possibly set at defiance the Irish Catholic vote. If the Catholics demand denominational education they must have. The utmost that the Government can do is to exclude from University offices the anti-national Jesuits and monks. It is not likely that the result would be so bad as the Anti-Catholic Radicals imagine. A good many of the educated Roman Catholics in Ireland are more or less Liberal, and though they feel bound to support their clergy in the de-

mand for sectarian legislation, would practically incline in favour of freedom. But at all events, if the Catholics are determined the Ministry have no choice.

If the Gladstone Ministry falls its fall will probably be the end of the Whig party. All the great proprietors, even those whose ancestors "bled with Hampden on the field and with Sydney on the scaffold," will avow themselves Conservatives, and a strong reactionary Government will hold power until, perhaps, the party, the elements of which are at present fermenting in mechanics' strikes and agricultural labourers' movements, forms a political front and offers more serious and decisive battle.

The ecclesiastical movement, however, can hardly fail in any case to go on. Scepticism has now become the tone even of the journals which are the favourite organs of the most conservative class.

The alarm of Russian aggression on India is somewhat abating, though the world is not easily reassured by any disclaimers coming from the dark conclave of St. Petersburg. We, on this side of the water, are unhappily dependent for our news on the telegrams of the Associated Press, whose correspondents have a standing order to send whatever will make a sensation and whatever is unfavourable to England.

In the early days of British enterprise in the East it was the aim of the most sagacious public servants of England to limit our acquisitions, first to the fortified factories necessary for the protection of our trade, and afterwards to a definite line of conquest. But the boundary was always receding, as one barbarous power after another came into collision with British arms, and England acquired a vast empire, by what may not unfairly be described as a series of defensive wars. The safety of that empire has now, however, become, in its vital importance to her, second only to her own. She draws from it no tribute, no military power

available for any purposes but those of its own defence. But it furnishes a sphere of lucrative and brilliant employment for a multitude of aspiring Englishmen, and, what is of still more consequence, a field for British trade which no protective tariff can close. The amount of English capital also invested in India, especially in railroads, is large enough to be an object of the highest national solicitude. It is no wonder, then, that the approach of any danger to the Indian empire should raise a panic in England. The Crimean war was entered upon mainly to show that the British were not a nation of shopkeepers; but so far as it had a practical object, its object was the preservation of India.

The present Czar is not like his father, a Magog in modern uniform, but a modern and civilized being with philanthropic tendencies, though in the emancipation of the serfs he gained an object of Imperial policy as well as of philanthropy, and laid low the power of the nobility with the same blow which struck off the fetters of the slave. His temper does not appear to be aggressive. But a Czar is a Czar, and Alexander has been hitherto too much occupied with internal innovations and with mending the system which was so terribly shattered by the Crimean war that he has hardly had an opportunity of displaying his tendencies with regard to foreign affairs. That he should take advantage of the embroilment among the Western Powers to get rid of the humiliating restrictions placed upon him in the Black Sea was but natural, and in itself indicates no further design of aggression, though no doubt it will be followed by the reconstruction of armaments threatening to Constantinople. In Central Asia there is a continual advance of the Russian power independently of any system of conquest planned at St. Petersburg, the cause of which, as of our own advance in India, and of that of the Romans to a great extent in the ancient world, is inevitable collision

with barbarous tribes. If Russian conquest has really recruited its strength and begun to move again, the immediate aim probably is Persia, from which the Russians may hope to operate westward on the Ottoman Empire without having to ask Austria for the key. But the ultimate mark is Constantinople, the standing aim of the Russian bureaucrat, the constant vision of the Russian fanatic. Any demonstration against British India is probably intended, for the present at least, only to cover the more serious operation.

The danger to British India from Russian aggression is, in all probability, more remote than the danger from the circumstances of the Empire itself—the incurable estrangement and want of sympathy between the ruling and the subject race—the dark fanaticisms which are always working in the mysterious depths of Indian sentiment, and which may one day be impersonated in a great religious leader, the usual organ of Oriental revolution—the unification, by our railroads and other unifying measures, in themselves beneficial, of the populations whose divided state has hitherto been one of our chief talismans of command.

Whether Russia will fulfil the will of Peter the Great depends partly on her military strength, partly on her political and social tendencies. Her military strength has been immensely increased by railroads, the want of which was the great source of her weakness and of her frightful losses in the Crimean war. Her political and social tendencies are one of the difficult problems of European politics. We see a dark mass of ignorant fanaticism and servile Imperialism headed by an ambitious and unscrupulous bureaucracy. But from the mass occasionally flame forth jets of wild materialism and communism which seem to indicate that some volcanic forces are at work below. A revolution in Russia would liberate civilization from a great danger.

The question whether England should alone, or with only the help of the half-

foundering Austrian empire, attempt to bar the path of Russia to Constantinople, would be one of the most tremendous ever submitted to the judgment of English statesmen. We must not blind ourselves to the fact that the power of England, though positively it has not declined but increased, has relatively declined, especially in comparison with the power of those great inland giants, whose once unwieldy limbs have of late been knit together by railroads. Her children must not feel themselves dishonoured because one little island can no longer give the law in all parts of the world. Her standing army and her navy are her sole effective force. Brave and hardy populations, whether of landsmen or sailors, untrained, unarmed, unenlisted would no more avail to guard her against a mortal blow in case of sudden hostilities with a great power than the unworked coal in the mine would heat the furnaces of her men of war.

The force of political sympathy among all the nations of Europe is now sufficiently great for the revolution in Spain, if it ends in the permanent establishment of a Republic, to lend some strength to the Liberal party in England.

King Amadeus was too young for statecraft, but he seems to have shown sense and courage as well as a steady regard for constitutional principles, and therefore it may be presumed that the attempt in which he has failed was hopeless. Of dynasties it may be said with more truth than of constitutions, that they are not made, but grow. In proportion to the religious attachment felt by the Spanish people to their ancient line is the difficulty of planting any new Royal Family in their affections. Probably the strongest basis now left for conservative institutions is the old provincial feeling, the strength of which points in the direction of a Federative Republic. A Federative Republic in Spain would no doubt for some time to come be far from an edifying spectacle to the political

world ; but it might keep its legs, which, to all appearances, nothing else could. What calls itself Carlism is to a great extent mere brigandage, a pest which may be said to have prevailed in certain districts of Europe, and to have broken out whenever political disorder gave it an opportunity, almost since the time of the great robber armies of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The parentage of the Prince of Asturias is doubtful, and the Duke of Montpensier never had the slightest hold on the affections of the people. There is talk, apparently, of reviving the Hohenzollern candidature, but the Hohenzollerns are foreigners, and the Spaniards are, above all things, national. From the effete and decrepit aristocracy there is nothing to be hoped or feared. The peasantry are physically a very fine race, and their vigour seems to some extent to keep at bay the influence of their ignorant and fanatical priesthood, to which, however, they are a good deal subject. They are totally careless about politics, and indifferent as to the form of Government which may be set up at Madrid. In this sense they are reactionary, and the hope which the conservative party in England and elsewhere reposes on them at this crisis is well founded. But it does not follow that they may not be trained as well as the Swiss peasantry to self-government by good local institutions, at once the schools and the anchors of liberty. In the cities, especially in Madrid, Barcelona, and Cordova, there is a large Liberal party, though one, probably, with less stamina than enthusiasm, rather visionary, and full of faction, which, whatever some of our contemporaries may think, is not invariably the parent of patriotism and concord. The great danger is the rise of some military adventurer ; for the army, unless it has recently undergone some great change, is totally unprincipled and ready to support any pretender or usurper who will pay the Prætorians well. Probably the alleged difference of political opinion between the cavalry and

the infantry is little more than a question of blackmail.

Senor Castelar, the Republican leader of the Cortes, who is carried to the top by this turn of the wheel, is somewhat rhetorical, and somewhat enthusiastic, but his course has been pure and dignified, and he has shown himself not incapable of self-control. It is more than doubtful, however, whether his hand is strong enough to curb the steed.

We must not allow the disorders incident to the break-up of the old political system of Spain to mislead us as to her real strength and her probable future. Disorders at least as great attended the break-up of the feudal system in England, which was followed by a splendid rejuvenescence of the nation. Spain has thrown off her great incubus, the theocratic monarchy, with its political fetichism, its persecuting laws, its inquisition, its index expurgatorius, its swarms of mendicant monks, and its industry-crushing load of ecclesiastical wealth. In spite of financial difficulty and national bankruptcy, commerce has increased. Other signs of national energy have re-appeared. Spanish literature has emerged from the tomb of Cervantes and de Vega, and the voice of free thought, which had been silent since the last victim perished in the fires of the Inquisition, rings again through the speeches of Castelar. We look with hope as well as sympathy to the future of the Spanish people, and not without hope to the future of their colonies in the new world, to the political disturbances in which the same remarks are in some measure applicable, and which we believe now to have passed through the worst crisis of their history.

It is reported that the revolution in Spain was partly brought about by the influence of France. For France we should read, the extreme Left. But it is probable enough that the direction taken by French ambition for the present will be that of Republican propagandism, and that France will endeavor

our to unite what are styled the Latin nations by bonds of political sympathy under her own leadership. Even with the army the glories of the empire have faded, and those of the first republic have recovered their brightness. At all events, the revolution in Spain cannot fail to strengthen the hands of republicanism in France. The two together will act on Italy, where the vices of the Court are unhappily little less flagrant than those which hurled Isabella from the Spanish throne. It is also far from improbable that the Liberal party in Belgium, now almost suffocated by the lasso of the Clericals, may stretch their hands to their French sympathizers for aid, and that the French Republicans may grasp the opportunity of at once extending their principles and indemnifying France territorially for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. In every period of transition there will be oscillations and relapses; but if we look at the space which has been traversed by political and social progress since the time of the Holy Alliance, we can hardly doubt that a new era is opening in Europe. The intellectual revolution, which is at the bottom of all, advances with rapid and unceasing tide.

Massachusetts hails the accession of Spain to the sisterhood of Republics, and at the same time expresses, of course in terms of the highest morality, a hope that the new sister

will not object to being despoiled of Cuba. The virtue of New England is unquestionable, but it sometimes clothes itself in arms which lend a certain amiability to vice. As we have said before, the policy, or rather the inclination, of General Grant, is aggrandizement, and since he has suppressed the rebellion against his despotism and that of his clique, which took the name of Liberal Republicanism, he is more likely to indulge his bent. He is quietly increasing his navy; and the despatch of Mr. Fish to the American Ambassador at Madrid, of which it is impossible to doubt the authenticity, though a quibble may be raised as to its formal character, is evidently the summons of a wolf to a lamb marked for the devouring maw. The Washington boa-constrictor has at all events not learnt the art of lubricating his prey. Cuba has been little better than a running sore to Spain, and its purchase might possibly have been effected had the American Government spared the honour of the Spanish people. But the mingled insolence and hypocrisy of Mr. Fish's despatch are enough to make every drop of blood boil in Castilian veins. If Spain proposes to the American Government to submit the difference to arbitration, it will be seen whether the Congress of Geneva has opened a new era of international morality for mankind.

SELECTIONS.

MEN OF LETTERS AND UNLETTERED WIVES.

(From "ASPECTS OF AUTHORSHIP," by Francis Jacox.)

THE wives of poets, according to Hazlitt, are, for the most part, mere pieces of furniture in the room. "If you speak to them of their husbands' talents or reputation in the world, it is as if you made mention of some office that they held." In another of his books he refers to a certain poet's wife, on canvas, as handsomer than falls to the lot of most poets, who are generally, he says, more intent upon the idea in their own minds than on the image before them, and are glad to take up with Dulcineas of their own creating. We men are so exacting, Parson Dale tells Riccabocca; we expect to find ideal nymphs and goddesses when we condescend to marry a mortal; and if we did, our chickens would be boiled to rags, and our mutton come up as cold as a stone. It is quite another sort of Country Parson who muses on the extent to which men of an imaginative turn have to "come down" when they get married: not that he supposes anything about the clever man's wife but what is very good; but surely she is not always the sympathetic, admiring companion of his early visions! For instance, we are put in mind of the poet who, walking in the summer fields, said to his wife, as together they gazed on the frisking lambs, that he wondered not at the lamb being taken, in all ages, as the emblem of happiness and innocence; and of the revulsion in his mind produced by the thoughtful lady's answer, after a little reflection, "Yes, lamb is very nice,—at any rate with mint sauce." Some poets, or poetasters, however, have urgent need of such wives, and are a sore trial to their patience after all. The Harold Skimpole type is, in Yankee style, a caution. There is a story of one of the tribe whose wife had laid by fourpence (their whole remaining stock) to pay for the baking of a shoulder of mutton and potatoes, which they had in the house, and on her return home from some

errand she found he had expended it in purchasing a new string for a guitar. The purchase suggested the Miltonian aspiration, "And ever against *eating* cares, Wrap me in soft Lydian airs." The exasperated Mammoth, in one of Jerrold's forgotten comedies, declares that the wives of geniuses live only in the kitchen of imagination.

Jean Paul Richter has typified in Lenette the unappreciative wife of an exacting, or at least expectant, man of genius; and blessed is he that expecteth nothing, in such cases, for only he shall not be disappointed. Lenette is the wife of Siebenkas, Advocate of the Poor, in that story among the *Blumen-Frucht-und-Dornenstucke* collection which is recognized as not only one of the most remarkable, but most personal of all Jean Paul's writings. Lenette, an alleged portrait of his mother, in her salient characteristics, is representative of a nature essentially of sterling worth and even nobility, but hampered by the limitations of her state of life; cabined, cribbed, confined by circumstances; uncultivated, and correspondingly unsympathetic. Nothing, it has been said, can be more true and of more universal application than Richter's view in *Siebenkas* of the unhappiness of an ill-assorted union, when there is neither vice nor crime, only an unequal standard of mind and a deficiency of culture in one of the pair. Lenette is "incapable of understanding her gifted husband," who, full of tenderness and fine qualities, has married her for her innocence and simplicity, but is at length worn out by her narrowness, obtuseness, and want of sympathy.

To have a common past is well said to be the first secret of happy association; a past common in ideas, sentiments, and growth, if not common in external incidents. One reason why a cultivated man is wretched with a vapid woman is that she "has not travelled over a

yard of that ground of knowledge and feeling which has in truth made his nature what it is." Untended nature, as in the case of an unlettered wife, is notoriously more likely to produce weeds than choice fruits; and the chances in such cases are declared to be beyond calculation in favour of the lettered husband having got a weed—in other words, having wedded himself to a life of wrangling, gloom, and swift deterioration of character. Dr. Jonson would expatiate on the importance to a man of sense and education of meeting a suitable companion in a wife. It is a miserable thing, he said, when the conversation can only be such as, whether the mutton shall be roasted or boiled, and probably a dispute about that. Bitterly Mr. Shandy curses his luck, for being master of one of the finest chains of reasoning in nature, and having a wife, at the same time, with such a headpiece that he cannot hang up a single inference within-side of it, though 'twere to save his life. Writing long since in behalf of what he called the Enfranchisement of Women, Mr. Stuart Mill was free and fain to own that, not indeed from anything in the feminine faculties themselves, but from the petty subjects and interests on which alone they are, or then were, exercised, the companionship of women often results in a "dissolvent influence on high faculties and aspirations in men." If one of the two, he observed, has no knowledge and no care about the great ideas and purposes which dignify life, or about any of its practical concerns save personal interests and personal vanities, her conscious, and still more her unconscious, influence will, except in rare cases, reduce to a secondary place in his mind, if not entirely extinguish, those interests which she cannot or does not share. "As to mental progress, except those vulgar attainments by which vanity or ambition are [?] is] promoted, there is generally an end to it in a man who marries a woman mentally his inferior; unless, indeed, he is unhappy in marriage or become indifferent." A total want of ideas in a companion, or of the power to receive them, is indeed, says Leigh Hunt, to be avoided by men who require intellectual excitement; but he deems it a great mistake to suppose that the most discerning men demand intellect above everything else in their most habitual associates. "A un homme d'esprit il ne faut

qu'une femme de sens : c'est trop de deux esprits dans une maison," says M. de Bonald. Among the *Sit mihi* aspirations of Martial, is this expressive one,

"— sit non doctissima conjux."

If one's intimate in love or friendship cannot or does not share all one's intellectual tastes or pursuits, that, rules the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, is a small matter: intellectual companions can be found easily in men and books.

A sagacious reviewer of one of Mrs. Ellis's *Chapters on Wives*, which represents the frivolity of a young lady married to a scientific doctor, and invites us to observe how much better it would have been had she qualified herself to talk with her husband by having made herself a proficient in botany, chemistry, and geology,—professes to hardly know what to say to this. He submits that men who are engaged in some study or occupation or business do not want to be talking of nothing else in their leisure moments: they want recreation, rest, and change: it would be a most dreary thing if men always talked shop to their wives. Besides, allowing for a few rare exceptions, the wife would after all be incapable, in such a case, of really discussing the subjects in which her husband is interested. "Supposing she does her best to get up a little geology before she is married, how can she be scientifically the equal of a man who has given eight hours a day for a dozen years to this branch of science?" The reviewer says it would be as wise to encourage a girl to suppose that, if she did but learn the Eton Latin Grammar, she would share with her husband the delight of reading Virgil and Lucretius. He allows the value of education in a wife—and even of a slightly scientific education—to be very great; not, however, because she will be able to talk science with her husband, but because of her general intelligence being raised. "Men like so far to share their labours with their daily companions that they are pleased when these companions can understand great general results stated in simple language. This is what a wife can oblige her husband by understanding and taking an interest in." And our critic regards it as exceedingly desirable that these results should be communicated, for the wife's sake as well as the husband's. Although he

takes it to be foolish and pedantic to attempt to raise the tone of conjugal conversation above the domestic level, yet as the occasional introduction of larger and more serious subjects increases self-respect and ennobles life, he allows it to be true, in a sense, that learning chemistry and geology will make a wife more acceptable to a scientific husband, though not true in the sense intended by Mrs. Ellis.

A man who has taken up a great subject, remarks an Essayist on Social Subjects, is apt to be so engrossed by it that he does not much trouble himself about his neighbours and their opinions of him. "He is aware, perhaps, that the excellent grocer of the place, who officiates as churchwarden, thinks him odd and dangerous." But the Essayist is satisfied that a man who spends ten hours a day in thinking whether knowing and being are the same, whether there is or is not a science of history, or whether it was colder sixty millions of years before or sixty millions of years after the primary glacial epoch, gets to be hardened as to the opinions of churchwardens in particular, as well as of neighbours in general. "He is more likely to suffer through his wife than directly in person; for she has to bear the odium of his dangerousness, without the absorption of mind which makes him impervious to the criticism of the vicinity. There is no doubt that this may be a trial to her, and that he may be very sorry to see her so tried." It may be, too, that the wife is incapable of tasting high pleasures of any kind, but is always whining and boring him about the social disadvantages he causes her; or she may be an obstinate person, with scruples and opinions and conscientious objections. In which case "the philosopher has married the wrong sort of woman; but when the deed is done, he has no other resource than to work himself up to such an intense pitch of absorption in knowing and being, and the science of history, and the glacial epoch, that the words of his wife are to him as the words of the churchwarden."

There is an ordinance of nature, says Mr. Walter Bagehot, at which men of genius are perpetually fretting, but which to his thinking does more good than many laws of the universe which they praise: it is, that ordinary women ordinarily prefer ordinary men. "Genius," as Hazlitt would have said, "puts

them out;" the common female mind prefers usual tastes, settled manners, customary conversation, defined and practical pursuits. And it is maintained to be a great good that it should be so. "Nature has no wiser instinct. The average woman suits the average man; good health, easy cheerfulness, common charms suffice." Of Shelley's first wife it is reasonably submitted that she was capable of making many people happy, though not of making Shelley happy. "Suppose your favourite Clive is an eagle, Arthur," says Mrs. Pendennis, "don't you think he had better have an eagle for a mate? If he were to marry little Rosey, I dare say he would be very good to her; but I think neither he nor she would be very happy. My dear, she does not care for his pursuits; she does not understand him when he talks." Galileo's wife, in M. Ponsard's play, cannot understand why he cannot enjoy his meals and leave the planets to themselves.

Rousseau, in his *Confessions*, has passed a very contemptuous judgment on Diderot's Annette, to whom he vastly prefers his own illiterate and unpolished Thérèse. Without deciding on the comparative merits or demerits of the two, M. Sainte-Beuve allows that, *bonne femme au fond*, Madame Diderot was commonplace in mind, vulgar in education, and incapable of comprehending her husband. Buffon was happier in a wife who anxiously watched all his steps on the road to fame, and rejoiced with him at the honours showered upon him by crowned heads and learned societies. Daudin the ornithologist, again, was happy in a wife who actively assisted in the composition and prepared the illustrations of his works. Such a wife, too, had William Blake. It is amusing to read of Jasmin, the popular poet of Gascony, that his wife in particular, as well as his kinsfolk in general, discouraged him when he began to write; but afterwards, when the sale of his poems had afforded him the means of buying the house in which he still followed his trade of barber and hairdresser, she would pick out for him the best pen and the smoothest paper (*not* curl-paper), and say, "Every verse you write, Jacques, puts a new tile on the roof."

Lady, then Mrs. Walter Scott, being spoken of disparagingly at a dinner party in 1812, at which Wordsworth, and Sir Humphry Davy, and H. Crabb Robinson "assisted," Joanna

Baillie gave her this good word, that there was a great deal to like in her, that she seemed to admire and look up to her husband, and that the children were well-bred, and the house in excellent order. "And she had some smart roses in her cap, and I did not like her the less for that."

George Dyer, perhaps better known as the friend of Charles Lamb than as the biographer of Robert Robinson of Cambridge—albeit that biography was declared by Wordsworth to be one of the best in the language—married his laundress, described as a very worthy woman by one of his acquaintances, to whom he once said, "Mrs. Dyer is a woman of excellent natural sense, but she is not literate." That is, the narrator explains, she could neither read nor write.

The wife of Heinrich Heine was a Frenchwoman, very fond of her husband, but utterly incapable of understanding him. This Siebenkas would say, laughing, of his Lenette, that she had never read a line of his poems.

De Quincey describes Mrs. Coleridge as wanting all cordial admiration, or indeed comprehension, of her husband's intellectual powers, and wanting also the original basis for affectionate patience and candour; for, hearing from everybody that Coleridge was a man of most extraordinary endowments, and attaching little weight, perhaps, to the distinction between popular talents and such as by their very nature are doomed to a slower progress in the public esteem, she naturally looked to see, at least, an ordinary measure of worldly consequence attend upon the exercise of them. And thus was laid a sure ground of "discontent and fretfulness in any woman's mind, not unusually indulgent or unusually magnanimous." Another critic, who speaks of two things only as wanting to S. T. C.,—a will, and a wife,—a will of his own, and a wife of his own,—or say even one thing only wanting, a wife who could have become a will to him, and who could have led him to labour, regularity, and virtuous living,—pronounces his "pensive Sara" to have failed, without any positive fault on her side, but from "mere non-adaptation," in managing her gifted lord. If Miss Westbrook had, as one of Shelley's critics suggests, married an everyday person—"a gentleman, suppose, in the tallowline"—she would have been

happy, and have made him happy; her mind could have understood his life, and her society would have been a gentle relief from "unodorous pursuits," (though the epithet seems scarcely applicable to the heavy-laden atmosphere of candle-making)—but with Shelley she had nothing in common, whose mind was full of eager thoughts, wild dreams, and singular aspirations. If some eccentric men of genius have, indeed, felt, in the habitual tact and "serene nothingness" of ordinary women, a kind of trust and calm,—admiring an instinct of the world which themselves possessed not, a repose of mind they could not share,—this, Mr. Bagehot contends, is commonly in later years—the years that bring the philosophic mind.

Explain it how you may, your very clever man, on the showing of the Caxtonian philosopher, never seems to care so much as your less gifted mortals for cleverness in his helpmate; your scholars, and poets, and ministers of state are more often than not found assorted with exceedingly humdrum, good sort of women, and apparently liking them all the better for their deficiencies. We are asked to note how happily the author of *Athalie* lived with his wife, and what an angel he thought her, though she had never read his plays. "Certainly Goethe never troubled the lady who called him 'Mr. Privy-Councillor' with whims about 'monads,' and speculations on colour, or those stiff metaphysical problems on which one breaks one's shins in the Second Part of the Faust." The probable explanation ironically suggested is, that such great geniuses—knowing that, as compared with themselves, there is little difference between your clever woman and your humdrum woman—merge at once all minor distinctions, relinquish all attempts at sympathy in hard intellectual pursuits, and are quite satisfied to establish that tie which, after all, best resists wear and tear,—the tough household bond between one human heart and another.

It is out of their own imagination of what is excellent, and their power to adorn what they love, that men of genius, according to the *Seer* essayist, will be enamoured, in their youth, of women neither intelligent nor amiable nor handsome. "They make them all three with their fancy, and are sometimes too apt, in

after-life, to resent what is nobody's fault but their own." The wise espouse the foolish, says the consul in Landor's *Siege of Ancona*, and the fool bears off from the top branch the guerdon of the wise : those who are clear-sighted in all other things

" Cast down their eyes, and follow their own will,
Taking the hand of idiots. They well know
They shall repent, but find the road so pleasant
That leads into repentance."

Love is made of contraries, quoth a sententious satirist ; who cites the fair woman preferring the dark man, the tall man the little woman, and the wisest of mankind seeking in the weakest of womankind a pleasing relaxation from the austerer occupations of their life. An anonymous essayist calls it rather hard lines that so many celebrated men have dowdy wives ; artists, poets, self-made men of all kinds often failing in this special article ; so that while they themselves have caught the tone of the circle to which they have risen, and " pay their shot " by manner as well as by repute, their wives lag behind among the ashes of the past, like Cinderella before the advent of the fairy godmother. It is, however, Mr. Disraeli's dictum that few great men have flourished who, were they candid, would not acknowledge the vast advantages they have experienced in the earlier years of their career from the spirit and sympathy of woman. A female friend, amiable, clever, and devoted, he declares to be a possession beyond price, and without which, as few men can succeed in life, so are none content. Hannah More's Miss Sparkes characteristically observes, that the meanest understanding and most vulgar education are competent to form such a wife as the generality of men prefer ; and that a man of talents, dreading a rival, always takes care to secure himself by marrying a fool. " Clever men," observes the Lady Selina of a later novelist, " do, as a general rule, choose the oddest wives. The cleverer a man is, the more easily, I do believe, a woman can take him in." A well-known apothegm of this author is, that poets need repose when they love—a condition seemingly incompatible with any equality of intellectual intercourse? And although his fictions abound with " clever women to flirt with," and to lead the hero through the

necessary vicissitudes of feeling, to rack his sensibilities and teach him experience, he never, it has been broadly asserted, lets any one he cares for marry a woman of superior intellect : he would not do him such an ill turn. He settles him down, says a critic, after the turmoil of passion, with some gentle creature who does not, it is true, understand one word in ten that he utters, but who looks up to him all the more with docile, undoubting worship. Even this limited intelligence, it is averred, he derives second-hand through the affections, and he does not shrink from the comparison with the inferior animals ; for twice he likens a favourite heroine to a dog.

No one, as we are reminded in the Caxton Essays, is all poet, author, artist ; every demigod of genius has also his side as man ; and as man, though not as poet, author, artist, he may reasonably yearn for sympathy. Such a sympathy, so restricted, will probably, the essayist surmises, not be denied to him. " It has been said that the wife of Racine had so little participation in the artistic life of her spouse that she had never even read his plays. But as Racine was tenderly attached to her, and of a nature too sensitive not to have needed some sort of sympathy in those to whom he attached himself, and as, by all accounts, his marriage was a very happy one, so it is fair to presume that the sympathy withheld from his artistic life was maintained in the familiar domestic everyday relationship of his positive existence, and that he did not ask the heart of Madame Racine to beat in unison with his own over the growing beauties of those children whom she was not needed to bring into the world." Why, it is added, ask her to shed a mother's tears over the fate of *Britannicus*, or recoil with a mother's horror from the guilt of *Phedre*?—they were no offspring of hers. Molière's Martine is pert and pertinent, piqued and piquante, on the main topic :

" L'esprit n'est point du tout ce qu'il faut en menage ;
Les livres cadrent mal avec le mariage ;"

but then, to be sure, it is of the husband's scholarship, not the wife's, she is thinking ; and her avowed design, if ever she marry at all, is, to take *un mari qui n'ait point d'autre livre que moi*. We have all seen such cases, to cite

the Professor at the Breakfast-table, as that of a brilliant woman marrying a plain, manly fellow, with a simple intellectual mechanism ; at which the world often stares a good deal and wonders ; for might she not have taken that other, with a far more complex mental machinery? Might she not have had a watch with the philosophical compensation-balance, with the metaphysical index which can split a second into tenths, with the musical chime which can turn every quarter of an hour into a melody? How came she to choose a plain one, that keeps good time, and that is all? "Let her alone. She knows what she is about. Genius has an infinitely deeper reverence for character than character can have for genius." "You talk of the fire of genius," he goes on to say. "Many a blessed woman who dies unsung and unremembered has given out more of the real vital heat that keeps life in human souls, without a spark flitting through her humble chimney to tell the world about it, than would set a dozen theories smoking, or a hundred odes simmering, in the brain of so many men of genius." Such latent caloric as warms the wistful wife in stanzas many a heart has warmed to, husband's as well as wife's,—

"Her life is lone, she sits apart,
 He loves her yet, she will not weep,
 Though rapt in matters dark and deep
 He seems to slight her simple heart.
 He thrills the labyrinth of the mind,
 He reads the secret of the star,
 He seems so near and yet so far,
 He looks so cold : she thinks him kind.
 For him she plays, to him she sings
 Of earthly faith and plighted vows ;
 She knows but matters of the house,
 And he, he knows a thousand things."

M. de Tocqueville says in one of his letters, descriptive of harassed nerves amid the pains and perplexities of authorship : "I could not go on with my task if it were not for the refreshing calm of Marie's companionship. It would be impossible to find a disposition forming a happier contrast to my own. In my perpetual variability of body and mind, she is a providential resource." In another letter he affirms that, however frivolous they may be, women soon discover the remarkable qualities of their husbands, and are generally willing to recognize a superiority in which they may almost be

said to have a personal interest. Bernard Barton, in the course of a letter the key-note of which, struck at starting, and vibrating throughout, is, that it is impossible for a man to write long together with any interest, if no one is interested in his compositions,—confides to his correspondent the fact that no one, not even his wife, in and around the home circle, seems to comprehend his literary aspirations ; not even his wife, "for to say the truth of her, she has not that average leaven of vanity which, without authorizing you to call a character vain, makes her sympathize with the cravings after sympathy in others."

The Countess Brownlow describes the wife of Talleyrand as very handsome, but also very silly, so silly that Napoleon asked the Prince how he could marry her ; to which he replied, "Ma foi, sire, je n'ai pu trouver une plus bête." With her his mind was in complete repose. The apparent aim of George I., in his liaisons, to shun with the greatest care the overpowering dissertations of a learned lady, reminds Earl Stanhope of the sort of feeling well expressed in the pretended memoirs of Madame de Barry : "J'aimais à les voir," she says of two block-heads ; "leur entretien me reposait l'imagination." Never, in the course of one of Barry Cornwall's dramatic fragments,

"Never, boy, wed a wit. Man does not marry
 To poise his reason 'gainst a quarrelling tongue ;
 But for sweet idleness."

When Harley l'Estrange says of the brilliant Violante that if she is not to be some prince's bride, she should be some young poet's, Leonard Fairfield interposes a prompt negative : poets need repose where *they* love, he asserts. Harley is struck by the answer, and muses over it in silence. He all at once perceives that what is needed by the man whose whole life is one strain after glory—whose soul sinks, in fatigue, to the companionship of earth—is not the love of a nature like his own. It is repose. Just as, to apply a figure of Dr. Oliver Holmes's, the eye seeks to refresh itself by resting on neutral tints after looking at brilliant colours, the mind turns from the glare of intellectual brilliancy to the solace of gentle dulness ; the tranquillizing green of the sweet human qualities which do not make us shade our eyes like the spangles of conversational gymnastics and

figurantes. *Mais une femme habile est un mauvais présage*, quoth Molière's Arnulphe ;

"Et je sais ce qu'il coule à de certains gens
Pour avoir pris les leurs avec trop de talents."

Not he the man to accept the hand any more than the argument of the Lady in *Hudibras* :

"Quoth she, 'What does a match imply,
But likeness and equality ?
I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yoke-fellow of your wit ;
Nor take one of so mean deserts
To be the partner of your parts."

She would be too clever by half for him, who confessedly "aimerait mieux une laide bien sottte, qu'une femme fort belle avec beaucoup d'esprit." *Clever Men's Wives* is the subject of an essay by one of our best essayists, who agrees that when a refined and sentimental friend, full of generous schemes and airy aspirations, marries a woman who proves "a good wife to him,"—in other words, who looks carefully after his children and his shirt-buttons,—it is reasonable to sigh over his unworthy fate ; as also over that of the man who, taking an eager interest and an active part in public affairs, has a wife like the "cold, silly female fool" mentioned by De Tocqueville, who ran out of the room whenever Bonaparte came in, "because he was always talking his tiresome politics." Yet it is submitted that our pity for these and the like seemingly ill-mated couples may, after all, be wholly unnecessary. If history tells us of illustrious men who found bliss in wives of their own mental stature, does it not also of as many others who "got on admirably well with fools?" Of the four varieties of wives

some one out of which a clever man, like anybody else, may choose for himself,—a clever woman, a sensible woman, a fool and an echo,—the last is unquestionably, on the essayist's contention, the least to be coveted—for the man who marries her awakes to find himself married to his shadow, a mere echo of himself, who from being a stimulant has degenerated into a sheer absorbent ; so that he has only doubled himself. If once she might have been to him, in Mr. Tennyson's words, "as water is to wine," the result of the combination bears a natural resemblance to their "detestable compound"—as the essayist accounts it—negus. The fact is, he argues, that "a clever man, more than all others, requires a slightly acidulous element in his companion"—all clever men being more or less infected with vanity ; which vanity may be blatant and offensive, or excessive indeed, yet not unamusing, or again showing itself just as a bare flavour, but is never entirely absent, and needs to be counteracted by something more potent than a hot and sugary intellectual negus. "A clever husband, like the good despot, will be all the better for a little constitutional opposition." For although it is conceded that the height of domestic felicity would not probably be attained by a man whose wife could set him right in a Greek quotation, or oppose his views about Hebrew points, or thwart him in his theory of the origin of evil ; still less is it to be looked for where he is never treated to an occasional dose of wholesome and vigorous dissent, and is allowed to make assertions and advance opinions without fear of criticism or chance of opposition.

SAILING ON THE NILE.*

DREAMING AMONG THE PALMS.

THE wind contrary. Making the most of our misfortunes I go on shore, and stroll along with my gun on my shoulder, deeply inhaling the pleasant morning breeze. A large wood of palms stretches along the bank of the river. There is no end, indeed, to these eternal

palm-trees ; but you never grow tired of them. There is such variety in their grouping, their size, their attitudes, such a charm in their beauty and grace, that their sameness never palls upon you. Everywhere they spread their open parasols, inviting you to come and rest under their green, refreshing shade. These are perhaps the largest and most beautiful trees

* From "SAILING ON THE NILE," by Laurent Laporte. Boston : Roberts Brothers.

that I have ever seen. The stalk shoots up slender and vigorous, and flings boldly forth between the blue sky and the earth its green vault, light and trembling with soft undulations.

What a pleasant morning! Every thing is so fresh and calm and verdant. Solemn in his majestic simplicity, the sun is rising: his brightening rays quiver through the waving foliage, and scatter rosy arabesques over the gnarled trunks of the forest. The air is full of a shrill warbling, and, as myriads of birds, green, blue, and red, sport and flutter under the graceful pointed arches of the intertwisted palms, scintillates with gleaming hues. Mounting guard upon the sandy shore of the river, the siksaks, with their violet cloaks, repeat their sharp, monotonous cry. Soft, tender, rose-hued turtle doves, cooing, calling, seeking each other, flutter amorously to and fro; while rustling their tails, perking up their heads, flaunting about in every sort of way, coquettish young pewits hop familiarly under my very feet. All absorbed with their toilets, they quite forget that they may be in danger.

Wandering among these natural colonnades, I comprehend the fascination of solitude. I am penetrated, subdued, by her seductive charm. Often, when gazing upon extensive views,—the bewildering vastness of the desert, the immensity of the cloudless sky or shoreless ocean,—I have felt my breast dilate, my soul has expanded as if to fill all space.

But in these delicious green sanctuaries, under these shady vaults, shut in from the outer world, even from the sky itself, where all is harmony, silence, mystery; the air heavy with a divine blending of the twittering of birds, hovering odours, sweet, penetrating exhalations—the soul withdraws into her own kingdom and abandons herself completely to the dominion of the imagination. But not the imagination of the intellect alone, fantastic, capricious, but to that born of feeling, capricious too it may be, but kind and irresistible; a powerful fairy, who knows neither time nor space nor obstacles, who lives upon memory, regret, hope.

Oh, who has not felt the charm of this good genius? Who can resist her power, her attractions, when she sheds a light all around us, or transports us into new worlds, purer, more beautiful and brilliant than ours? when she lifts slightly the veil of misery in which we en-

shrouded in this valley of tears, and shows us, in a brief gleam, some little corner of the ideal? Who can describe the sublime visions, the ravishing delights, the effulgence of those blessed hours? And is it not she who ennobles our dearest affection, our tenderest recollections? who speaks to the soul in a mysterious language other than of words and phrases?

Who has not taken delight in following this vagrant, capricious guide? Vague, subtle, fanciful, uncertain, are the thoughts with which she fills the soul; born without a cause, and succeeding each other without sequence. Little by little, we allow ourselves to be swept away by the pleasant, irresistible current. Then she takes possession of our bark, and amuses herself by leading us astray from reverie to reverie, from illusion to illusion; she whispers in our ears names that make us tremble, that thrill and agitate us; we reveal to her our dearest secrets, and with Love himself she enters into a plot to blind our reason. Then the traitress leads us into a forest full of seductive dreams, of unimagined blisses; she shows us the future blooming with flowers, exhaling emanations that intoxicate us with a strange, voluptuous ecstasy.

But ere long the fickle one soars back into the past: deeply moved, she carries us back to the old days fragrant with the blossoms of childhood. She recalls pleasant home scenes, she brings before us the beings whom we cherished the most in that happy time, those for whom we have felt the deepest love, the most bitter regrets that our life has known. We hear their voices, we listen to their counsel, we feel what their wish would be, we yield to their influence; and in this silent converse, this mysterious communion of souls, we seem to become better, we feel an inexpressible joy that has power to stanch our tears. Then it is that we regret, that we hope, that we dream, that we love; then it is that we live with those who are ever in our thoughts, though their names do not pass our lips.

The vision vanishes; but the emotions, the dreams, the fleeting throng of idle delusions in which we have indulged, leave lingering behind them a feeling of content, of well-being, which we are able to recall, and can still enjoy many years later. The places, too, where we are surprised by such reveries, make a singularly vivid

impression upon the mind. I can still see the trees that cast their shadows over me on that day, the birds that fluttered skimming through the air. Here was a green herb, here a bed of sand, and yonder a bush from which some little copper-coloured beetles were crawling. I can still see two little girls who were filling a basket at the foot of a palm-tree. As I approached, they fled terrified, upsetting their booty in their haste, and abandoning it.

Seating myself upon a fallen palm-tree prone by the water's edge, I awaited the craft which the sailors, oppressed by the burning sun, were dragging along with much difficulty. In front of me a green island gleamed in the encircling arms of the Nile, blue as sapphire. I saw three fellahs crossing one arm of the river to go to the island. They had fastened their shirts over their heads, and were swimming astride a bundle of sugar-cane stalks. The Arabian mountains, with their silvery summits and sandy base, stood out from against the sky.

At night-fall we entered a narrow defile, which pilots and captains regard with just apprehension. Before reaching Mantfalout, the river, confined between a precipitous bank and the encroaching spurs of the Arabian mountains, is full of eddies, and dashes along with fearful speed. Drowsy and indolent as a pacha in his harem seems the Nile when outstretched voluptuously in his winding course, but he is capable of these sudden and terrible outbreaks of fury. Exasperated by obstacles, he roars with rage, his waves rise in insurrection: dashing threats and insults in all directions, the foam leaps forth. White squadrons of billows, driven back and forth, surging furiously over the rocks and sinking back into the hollow channel, pursuing and crowding each other down, meet and clash with the shock and uproar of contending armies. Thus for ever they storm the impregnable fortresses, shutting them in on both sides.

The wind, engulfed in the narrow valley, takes part in the mighty struggle; beating against the rocks, it increases with its clamorous cries the universal uproar. Now hiding her face and now revealing it, the moon seems to run rapidly athwart the clouds that overshadow the sky. You can see the storm-birds whirling about in her rays, which, when they touch the water, glitter like fiery serpents. The rocky banks, full of black caverns,

assume the strangest, the most fantastic aspects. Colossal figures of Typhon you seem to see, threatening you with hideous grimaces; or giants crouching down upon the shore: the motion of the boat and fitful gleaming of the moonlight make them look actually alive and moving.

Careening over, our dahabieh has a hard battle to fight with the impetuous torrent. Scarcely can she force her way through the resisting waves; on her sides they rear themselves up threateningly, and at her stern reunite with a shudder. She is followed by a long wake of foam.

The mast is bent by the energy of the wind. Standing in the forward part of the boat, the captain thrusts every instant a long pike into the water, and shouts in a hoarse voice to the pilot, who answers him in a similar tone. Two sailors hold the sheet, ready to let it go in case a too violent gust should render it necessary.

Some two hours later the Arabian chain was fading away in the distance. The Nile, freed from obstructions, had grown broad and smooth, and the wind was wafting us swiftly towards Asyoot.

PHILÆ.

LONG before dawn we bestrode our little donkeys and galloped off towards the island of Philæ, which is above the cataract. The region about Assouan is very desolate, and bears traces of waste and devastation, that tell the story of the vicissitudes to which, like all frontier towns, it was exposed at an early period of its history. We passed the ruins of Roman Syene, and visited the crumbling fragments of the old town, of which nothing is left but a portion of the surrounding wall. What a singular sport of fate! The city has fallen, the bulwark remains standing. Although the country is hilly and broken, you can follow with your eye for a long distance this massive granite wall, high and thick, and flanked with broad and deep ditches: so strongly constructed, indeed, that it has survived for ages the city which it was built to defend.

From Syene you can see both the Mussulman cemetery, which contains several dilapidated mosques towering up among its tombs, and the ancient necropolis, thickly strewn with

stately monuments of granite, and black, shining basalt. One would suppose that armies of giants had fought upon this plain, and left it covered with their prodigious bones.

Your attention is attracted by two small Mahometan tombs, standing on the brow of a hill, on your right hand, and built of some very white stone. The precipitous cliffs are covered with immense hieroglyphics.

We turned to the left for the purpose of visiting the ancient quarries of red granite, known as Syenite granite. It was from these quarries that the Egyptians obtained the stone for all their monuments: the columns, statues, sphinxes, sarcophagi, with which all Egypt is adorned. Here stands an unfinished obelisk, with three of its sides cut and polished, while the fourth is still attached to the rock: there is a horizontal groove in the rock, and a row of holes regularly pierced. This is very interesting; for it shows us how the old Egyptians proceeded to rend off these immense blocks, many of them forty yards in length. In all probability, the holes were stopped with thoroughly seasoned wood, and the groove filled with water: the expansion of the wood, on absorbing the water, would be sufficient to separate the monolith.

We passed through several Berber villages, and found the inhabitants quite a different race from the fellahs. They are far more intelligent and energetic: their faces are expressive, and they move with a quickness and decision which is quite unknown to the broken-spirited fellahs. Shut off from the rest of the world, dwelling among rocks, and on the verge of a dangerous tempest-tost torrent, it seems as if they had imbibed from the savage rudeness of nature a certain force and energy.

Thin and wiry, they are mere bundles of muscles and nerves; their complexion is of a tawny yellow, and glitters in the sun like old marble; their hair and beard are thin and grow in tufts, and their ears are wide and very pointed, which gives them an absurd resemblance to satyrs. The Berbers are in great request in Cairo, where great numbers of them are employed as servants, donkey-drivers, and porters, and in other subordinate positions. Active, industrious, and remarkable for their fidelity, they are the Savoyards and Auvergnats of Egypt.

I noticed some of the women in a grove of sycamore trees, some lying down and others sitting cross-legged, weaving baskets of palm leaves. Most of them were decked out gayly with glass necklaces, ivory bracelets, and other savage ornaments; and they wore also—a fashion that I had not seen before—a ring in the right nostril matched by an ear-ring in the left ear, the latter so large and heavy that its weight had perceptibly increased the length of the ear.

Some naked children who were playing in the sand had caught a little bird, and were amusing themselves by tormenting it: it is the same thing everywhere—children are always cruel. Then came some young Nubian damsels, dressed in the rather light costume of the tribe—a little belt of leather thongs—and with scarabee, rings, &c., for sale. They offered them to us with a smile that was really quite agreeable for Nubians, and which made a great display of their white teeth.

We rode on over the rocks and sand. Nothing can exceed the barren and mournful desolation of this whole region: it is a desert of stone and sand commingled. We were about an hour passing through a rocky defile lined with a thick bed of dust, which did not look as if it had ever been trodden except by wandering jackals. Pile upon pile of huge, formless cliffs, hang threatening around, completely intercepting the view. Even our alert little donkeys found it a hard matter to get along in this dry, movable dust: they struggled to keep their footing, and were advancing but slowly, when a sudden turn brought us out of the defile, and as if by enchantment we saw before us, almost at our very feet, the Nile and the island of Philæ.

Nothing can be more ravishingly beautiful than this island. A lovely vision, it rises suddenly before you, brilliant and airily fantastic as a dream. It is a strange and wonderful mirage—the strangest of these deserts—that of a city of the Pharaohs, that seems just to have emerged from the sleep of centuries, or from the waves of the Nile; a city of temples, palaces, sculptured pylones, as perfect and complete as if they had been built yesterday. It is an island clothed with a gorgeous robe of tropical vegetation, adorned with massive and magnificent monuments. The shadows of the

polychrome columns and red obelisks mingle with the shadows of the date-palms, the dom-palms, and the huge sycamores: the stone capitals are wreathed and intertwined with the green capitals of the trees. The island of Philæ is a fairy land of palaces and verdure.

Through the very heart of Egypt, from the Mediterranean coast to Nubia, the Nile has wasted us. I have climbed the pyramids of Gizeh, have caught a glimpse of the wonderful monuments of Thebes, but never have I seen any thing that impressed me so deeply as this enchanting vision—this oasis of the past, rescued from the wreck of ages, gracious and smiling under its green roof of waving palms. Hitherto, Egypt has always seemed to me powerful, colossal, formidable, but dead, petrified. In Philæ antiquity still lives; the past is young, and seems to smile; Pharaoh reigns, and Isis is enthroned on high. The old worship of Osiris, with its basalt gods and porphyry goddesses, with its sacred scarabee and immutable sphinxes, with all its attendant rites and mysteries, has withdrawn to this island, and here still survives. It seems as if time had not taken a single step for thousands of years: his cruel scythe, which spares neither persons nor monuments, has respected this beautiful sanctuary of the past.

How easy to imagine, in wandering through these splendid colonnades, that the statues of the old kings with which they are adorned are about to wake from their stony sleep and live; that extinct generations, rising from their silent tombs, are about to stand before you.

We came over to the island in a light skiff, rowed skilfully by some young Nubian lads, who landed us at the quay. On arriving, we went first of all to a granite rock on the extreme southern point of the island; it commands a fine view of all the monuments, and climbing it we drank in the impressive scene.

Afterwards, I visited the temples and examined all their beauties in detail; the coloured columns, the capitals of lotus-flowers or palm-leaves meeting in the stem-like base and opening at the summit, the cornices painted with tender greens or intense blues, the bas-reliefs and sculptures so exquisitely wrought.

Then, with a very learned book in my hand, I went through the pylones and porticos, trying to discover the hieroglyphics, ciphers, and in-

scriptions which my author translated. I did not have to learn from him that the great temple of Isis had been built in the reign of Ptoleus Philadelphus, and completed by Ptoleus Evergetes; or many other curious facts, interesting and possibly true, but unfortunately which I no longer remember. The charm of this book was that it promised to reveal to me the secret lore of hieroglyphics and ciphers, in which there is always a fascination.

In my enthusiasm I even attacked the famous inscription of Rosetta, of which there is a copy at Philæ. But this did not last long: I came to the conclusion that I had better leave science to the *savants*, and depositing my book by the side of the famous inscription, I went back to the granite rock.

Forgetting all about hieroglyphics and ciphers, I seated myself in silence upon this giant cliff overlooking the fairy island, and sank into a reverie: musingly I thought of this wonderful southern land, with its transcendent beauty of nature, its wonderful history, with its sun as glorious to-day as in the earliest antiquity. Gazing far away as the eye could reach, far into the dreamy distance, I contemplated the wonderful landscape.

Darkly outlined against the southern horizon arose the Nubian mountains. The Nile was blue as turquoise, and calm as a sleeping lake: never had I seen it more tranquil and serene. The hills between which it glided, with a scarcely perceptible motion, were shaped like huge pyramids, and furrowed as they were with brown streaks, looked as if they had donned striped Arab cloaks.

The eastern shore of the winding river is broadly belted for a long distance with a magnificent palm-wood. Then comes a barren plain, with no green thing growing upon it except a few groves of sycamores, under which stand some rude villages with ranges of shadows near by. As I was gazing in that direction, a herd of buffaloes rushed over the plain and plunged into the river; while high in the blue air, like a black cloud, a flock of birds, sweeping from the south, hung for a second motionlessly poised between two mountain peaks.

The island of Beggeh, one of the group to which Philæ belongs, and to the west of it, is nothing but a rocky pile. Huge granite

boulders, blackened by the sun, rounded and polished by the winds beating against them, so corroded by time and weather that they look like great pieces of rusty old armour, are heaped up together to enormous heights, or lie scattered along the shore like fallen avalanches. A few palm trees grow among the rocks by the columns of the ruined temple.

Buried in the depths of this silent, lonely retreat, this sacred adytum of nature, calm in the midst of the stern-browed, serried cliffs by which she is so stormily besieged, the island of Philæ seems forgotten and abandoned by the whole world; and is so except by the sun and the Nile. The Nile laves his favourite with soft caresses, and murmurs tenderly as he lingers by her shores. The sun casts down such a blaze of glory upon her palaces and temples that they glitter again: the old gray granite is transfigured and seems a dazzling white.

Absorbed in a solemn, religious reverie, like some faithful widow living in her memories of the past, here for ever she abides, cherishing the worship of former ages. With nothing save the respect that is felt for her sanctity, the awe she inspires, to protect from the profaning grasp of rude hands, from the invasion of conquerors, she is safe in her quiet seclusion; and in this calmness, this silence enlivened only by the timid warblings of birds, finds all her happiness.

She is for ever dreaming of the days of her glory; she remembers how the Romans came to Philæ, and planted their victorious eagle upon her shores; she remembers the French, also, of the year VII., those second Romans, who paused in their desperate pursuit of the Mamelukes to inscribe upon one of her porticos a record of the glorious expedition.

Thus, while gazing upon this enchanting scene, my thoughts wandered. From my granite rock I could see the colonnade and pylons which lead to the great temple, and could even distinguish the colossal figure of a king painted upon its outer wall. A swarm of Lilliputian enemies were at his feet: he held them by the hair of the head, while lifting threateningly his massive club.

Nor were these the only monuments that I beheld. Triumphal arches, temple courts, columns, obelisks, lay at my feet; and sphinxes half buried in the ruins of a mud village.

Best of all, arose before me in full view the exquisite little temple of Nectanebus, that gem of art, that master-piece of grace and elegance. Long, long did I gaze upon it. In this lovely monument, the massive, ponderous grandeur which always distinguishes Egyptian architecture is combined with the most ethereal lightness, the most airy delicacy. Fretted with open work, it seems to swim and quiver in the golden flood of sunshine with which it is inundated. How gay and brilliant it looks, outlined so clearly, so purely, upon the pure Libyan sky!

Then, while still drinking in the beauty of the landscape, beholding, enjoying everything, I thought of the great names which this river, descending from regions so remote, is for ever murmuring; I thought of the barbarous land through which it passes before reaching the island of Philæ—the countries which we should have to travel even now ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred days to reach. Far, far away in the ever-receding south, I said to myself, on distant shores which these same waters have reflected, these countries lie—some of the nearest of them we are familiar with, of others we can only form vague surmises; and then comes a great world of which almost absolutely nothing is known. Nubia, Aboo-Simbel, with its grand colossi, Wadee-Helfeh, the cataracts, are familiar ground. Then come Dongolah and Khar-tout, the great marts supplying the world with ostrich feathers, ivory, gum-arabic, and incense. Still further to the south lie Sennaar, Kardofan, Darfour, Abyssinia, countries peopled by savage tribes, through whose forests rove panthers, giraffes, ostriches—countries of which little has been known hitherto, but into which the avarice and cruelty of civilized man have forced a way. It is in this region that the traders in human flesh capture the cargoes of slaves—melancholy spectacle—which we so often meet upon the Nile. Advancing still further south, what do we find? The Nile, reflecting as ever the sky above it, valleys, cities, lakes, mountains, deserts—who knows what?—tropical forests, savage races, troops of elephants, the hippopotamus, the two-horned rhinoceros, the rank vegetation, the fierce and dangerous animals, the monsters of the equator. And still beyond—penetrating still deeper into the heart of the south—what? The sources of the Nile, the ever-living, inexhaustible fountain whence

flows the life-giving river ; those mighty lakes, no less a mystery, no less an enigma in their solemn beauty, since human eyes have beheld them, than while their very existence was an unsolved problem. The life of this mystery, the clue to this enigma, is flowing before me : it gleams under my eyes ; it washes these shores, these monuments, written over with hieroglyphics, ponderous volumes of a secret lore ; it reflects these granite gods with their stony eyes, immovable, and no less mysterious than is the river. This is indeed the country of the Sphinx.

The heat was becoming unendurable ; the sun rode directly over our heads ; the shadows seemed to shrink away from his burning gaze. Only a hint of shade, a slender blueish line remained visible at the foot of the temple of Isis. The sky was vividly, intensely blue—blue as the enamelled statuettes of Osiris ; and there was something appalling in its immovable serenity. Yes, an eternal sameness, even of beauty, would be terrible.

The sun was a sun of fire, his heat as of molten lead ; all nature seemed to suffer and faint beneath the fierceness of his rays. The birds flew for refuge into the deserted temples ; the date-palms drooped their proud heads, their languishing fronds depending as mournfully as the branches of a weeping willow. At this hour the beauty of Philæ is more than solemn, more than austere : it assumes a strangely sad, an indescribably mournful, desolate aspect. Over everything is cast a feverish, unnatural glow, a tawny-yellow tint ; there are no shadows, there is no blending of hues ; the villages seem uninhabited ; and, far away in the distance, the mountains, glorious as

flaming messengers of Horus at sunrise, take on at noon a dead, lifeless, indescribable hue, like the dull, yellowish gleam of an expiring conflagration.

One last long look at Philæ, and I turned regretfully away. This was as far south as we were going ; the limit of our voyage was reached. We were about five hundred miles from Cairo, and almost under the tropics : for two months almost every day had been increasing the distance between us and France. I felt as sad in leaving Philæ as in parting from a friend. But, at least, a picture of the scene, so tender and graceful in many of its aspects, and so grand and terrible in others, with its sublime monuments and luxuriant verdure set in the very heart of the arid desert—a violent contrast seen everywhere in Egypt (the one unalterable feature of its scenery), and yet which always causes a new surprise—will never fade from my memory.

Certain places, like certain people, have the power of winning us at the very first glance. Issuing from the desert, and arriving suddenly at this secluded little corner of the earth, this oasis of nature, this island of the past, the traveller feels a strange sense of repose, a deep inward satisfaction. Something within him seems to say, It is well with you here : stop, and make the most of your happiness. This intangible, dreamy, promised, prophetic bliss fades from you as you depart ; it becomes one of the lost possibilities. You sigh, as when thinking of a dead friendship. And then you know there is always something bitter in eternal separations.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

TWO new inventions are recorded for unveiling the secrets of the deep sea. One of these is a product of German ingenuity, and consists of an apparatus by which specimens of water can be obtained from any desired depth of the ocean. A strong, heavy vessel, entirely

closed and empty, has a valve through which water may be admitted, but which is only put in motion by means of powerful electro-magnets connected with it. These magnets are also connected with a wire accompanying the rope by means of which the apparatus is lowered

from the ship. When the empty vessel, which is in reality a plummet, has reached the required depth, an electric current is sent from the battery on ship-board to the coils below; the magnetism thus generated opens the valves, and the vessel is then filled with water and can be drawn up. The second invention is American, and was adopted in Prof. Agassiz' recent scientific expedition. Its object is to determine how far the abysses of the ocean are permeable by the rays of the sun. A plate prepared for photographic purposes is inclosed in a case so contrived as to be covered by a revolving lid in the space of forty minutes. The apparatus is sunk to the required depth, and at the expiration of the period stated is drawn up and developed in the ordinary way. It is said that evidence has been obtained by means of this instrument of the operation of the chemical rays of the sun at much greater depths than had hitherto been supposed possible.

According to the *School Board Chronicle*, "some curious statistics have been published, establishing a suggestive comparison between the expenses of education and police supervision in the cities of St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Vienna. With regard to education, the expenses of the Russian capital are estimated at one per cent., of the total budget; Vienna stands as high as nine per cent.; and Berlin reaches thirty-one. Costs of philanthropic institutions are expressed by the proportions of: Berlin, twenty-two; Vienna, fifteen; and St. Petersburg, nine per cent. Of course, the ratio becomes inverted when we turn to the police force. Here we find Prussia down for seventeen, Austria for twenty-one, and Russia for fifty-one (figures of comparison.) Berlin employs one policeman for every four hundred and ninety-five of its population, Vienna one for every four hundred and ten, and St. Petersburg one for every two hundred and ten. The practical teaching of these statistics is that while Berlin pays twice as much for schools as for prisons and police, Vienna pays two and one-third times less, and St. Petersburg fifty times less." The moral is too obvious to need pointing out.

In spite of the wonderfully rapid growth and development of the railway system of North

America, we have the best of evidence that the system is not yet equal to the wants of so vast a country, in the fact that the farmers in the Western States have taken to using corn as the cheapest fuel they can get. Not only is corn now regularly used in place of wood or coal, but supplies of it are laid up to be employed as fuel during the winter. It is said to make quite as good a fuel as wood, whilst it is much cheaper; and three tons of it are alleged to give the same amount of heat as one ton of coal. Such a state of things is the product of two causes. One of these is that the rate of freight by rail is so heavy that it is better for a farmer to burn his corn than to send it to the eastern markets, in spite of the high prices which food-stuffs fetch in the Eastern States of the Union. The second of these causes is the gradual diminution of timber, owing, in the main, to its reckless destruction, and to the fact that hardly any provision is made to secure a future supply. The burning of grain implies that the forests of the corn-producing districts of the West have been more or less exhausted. It is high time that measures were adopted to secure that the coming generation shall not be compelled to import all their wood from some distant region; for though corn may burn very well, it is hardly the material out of which houses or fences can be constructed.

Some curious considerations have been brought forward by Sir Walter Elliot with regard to the "throw-stick" employed as a weapon of chase by the rude races inhabiting the mountain and forest tracts of Central and Western India. The "throw-stick" is a curved and flattened piece of wood, about two feet long and from three to six inches broad, and it is thrown with the concave side foremost. It forms a very efficient and accurate weapon, and animals as large as deer can be killed with it. The iron weapons subsequently used by these same races seem to have been deduced from this primitive weapon, which they in many cases closely resemble. The most curious point, however, about the Indian "throw-stick" is its close similarity to the Australian "boomerang," which it resembles in all essential points except that it does not return to the hand when thrown. Prof. Huxley, in classifying the varieties of the human race exclusively by

their physical characters, founded a great division—the “Australoids”—for the reception of the aborigines of New South Wales, the primitive races of Central India, and the ancient Egyptians. It is a curious confirmation of this classification to find that amongst these three far distant peoples the “throw-stick” is the weapon of chase, whilst it does not occur in intermediate countries. We have seen that this is the case with the existing Australians and some of the Indian tribes, and we know that it was also the case with the old Egyptians, for the pictures in the tombs of the kings at Thebes represent hunting-scenes in which the curved sticks, found at this day in India, are largely represented.

At the meeting of the National Academy of Science held at Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 22, Prof. Agassiz gave a very interesting account of his researches in the “Hassler Expedition,” with more especial reference to his discovery that South America, equally with the Northern continent, has enjoyed a prolonged “glacial period.” More interesting, however, to the general public were the remarks made by this eminent naturalist and energetic “anti-evolutionist” upon the Darwinian theory of the origin of species. He defended his rejection of this theory upon the ground that the Darwinians “are presenting views on scientific principles which are not even based on real observation; that they have not shown evolution, or the power of evolution, in the present day, and hence are not entitled to assume it in the past.” He further characterized the theory as “a mire of mere assertion.” Similar views have also been expressed by Principal Dawson, of Montreal, who has recently avowed his belief that Darwinism is “the prostitution of science to the service of a shallow philosophy.”

English science has just sustained a loss by the death of Mr. John Keast Lord, the superintendent of the great aquarium of Brighton, and a charming writer on various branches of Natural History. He was originally a Captain in the Royal Artillery, and in this capacity served in the Crimean war, and took part in the battle of Balaclava. At the close of the Russian campaign, he quitted the army for the more congenial field of science. His best

known work is “The Naturalist in British Columbia,” in which an excellent account is given of the zoology of Vancouver Island and British Columbia; but he also contributed many short papers to various popular scientific periodicals.

According to “Nature,” a most remarkable discovery has just been made in the Arctic regions. Some months ago a small expedition set out from San Francisco to proceed by way of Wrangell Land to the eastern part of Siberia, and thence to penetrate northwards towards the Pole. The expedition was under the command of a rich and adventurous young Frenchman, M. Pavy, and was entirely of an unofficial and private character. The *Courier des Etats Unis* now publishes an account of discoveries alleged to have been made by M. Pavy; and if this account can be relied upon, these discoveries are most important, involving nothing less than the finding of an Arctic Continent. The account professes to be a summary of dispatches, dated Wrangell Land, lat. 74.38, W. long. 176.18, Aug. 23rd, 1872, committed to the care of the captain of a whaler for the French Geographical Society, which, it is said, will publish the scientific results after having examined them. The following are the chief points of this remarkable and somewhat incredible story:—On July 17th, Pavy and his party reached the mouth of the river Petrolitz. From this point they met with immense fields of ice moving towards the north-east. The observations indicated a deviation of eighteen miles, caused by the movements of the ice, a fact tending to confirm the theory of M. Pavy respecting the concentration and the augmentation in rapidity of the branch of the great Japanese current which passes through Behring’s Straits, and flows towards the east away from the coast of Siberia. The exploring party reached the mouth of Wrangell Land, at the mouth of a great river coming from the north-west, which is not laid down in any map. This discovery confirms M. Pavy’s theory that there exists a vast polar continent which stretches far to the north, the temperature of which is warm enough to melt snow in summer. The current of this unnamed river turns to the east, and follows the coast with a velocity of six knots an hour.

M. Pavy and his companions followed the current of the river towards the north, a distance of two hundred and thirty miles. Its bed is uniformly horizontal, and it is bordered by mountains of great height, with several perpendicular peaks. At eighty miles from the mouth of the river the explorers found on the plain some vestiges of mastodons, and on clearing away the snow from a spot whence emerged the tusks of one of that extinct race, they brought to light its enormous body, in a perfect state of preservation. The skin was covered with black stiff hair, very long and thick upon the back. The tusks measured nearly twelve feet in length, and were bent back about the level of the eyes. From its stomach were taken pieces of bark and grasses, the nature of which could not be analysed on the spot. Over an area of many miles the plain was covered with the remains of mastodons; and the whole region abounded in polar bears, which lived upon the bodies of these extinct animals. At one hundred and twenty miles from the coast, and half a league from the river, rises a vast block of ice, one thousand feet in height, the base of which is surrounded by gravel, and polished rounded stones deeply sunk in the soil. At the date of his despatches, M. Pavy was preparing to winter in the 75th degree of latitude, in the valley of the great river of the supposed polar continent. He considered himself certain to arrive in the beginning of next season at a polar sea of moderate temperature at the northern extremity of the continent. The explorers calculate on afterwards reaching the Atlantic through Melville's Straits.

Prof. Asa Gray, in delivering his valedictory address as retiring president of the American Association of Science, made some interesting remarks about the "big trees" or sequoias of California. That their age must be counted by hundreds of years we cannot doubt; but we also cannot doubt that they did not antedate the glaciers, whose icy expanses have left their indubitable evidences everywhere around. "Have they played," he asks, "in former times and on a larger stage, a more imposing part, of which the present is but the epilogue? We cannot gaze high up the huge and venerable trunks, which one crosses the continent to behold, without wishing that these patriarchs of the grove were able, like the long-lived antediluvians of Scripture, to hand down to us, through a few generations, the traditions of centuries, and so tell us somewhat of the history of their race. Fifteen hundred layers have been counted, or satisfactorily made out, upon one or two fallen trunks. It is probable that close to the heart of some of the living trees may be found the circle that records the year of our Saviour's nativity. A few generations of such trees might carry the history a long way back. But the ground they stand upon, and the marks of very recent geological change and vicissitude in the region around, testify that not very many such generations can have flourished just there, at least in an unbroken series." Upon the whole, Prof. Gray concludes that the "big trees" of California are the last survivors of a once powerful and widely spread race; and that a little further drying up of the climate, which is now in progress, will precipitate their doom.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The death of Lord Lytton removes from the roll of "Men of the Time" the name of one of the most distinguished writers who has graced, by the versatility of his genius and the industry of his pen, the literature of the present century. Born before the novelists who were contemporary with him—Dickens, Thackeray, Lever, Ainsworth, and G. P.

R. James,—he has outlived them. Yet, enjoying a longer lease of life than they, he has given, in the multifarious occupations of his pen, the amplest evidence of his extraordinary industry and intellectual activity. From "Pelham," published in 1828, to the work "Kenelm Chillingly," he had just finished for the press, Lord Lytton has striven as no author

ever strove, to achieve high distinction in almost every path of literature. And no writer, attempting so much, can be said to have succeeded as he has done, or to have better merited the honour of a "general proficiency" from contemporary critics or from posterity. Novelist and romancist, poet and dramatist, essayist and translator—in all proficient. Never, perhaps, rising to the heights of genius, yet always manifesting talent, research, and culture. A man of the world, polished and versatile; imitative rather than creative; clever rather than profound. An author, in short, typical of the educated English nobility, with cultivated literary tastes, a talent for story telling, proud of his family honours, and covetous of literary fame. His name will be a foremost one among the "men of letters" of his time; and he has well won the honour of the tomb which is now the resting place of his remains.

Since Lord Lytton's death, if current rumour in literary circles be true, we have an illustration at once of the writer's marvellously varied talents, as well of his eccentricity in the matter of authorship. It is stated that his lordship is the author of "The Coming Race," a work of considerable ingenuity on an ideal people supposed to inhabit some neighbouring sphere, and who are represented as being endowed with powers far transcendent to man; and also the author of a story now appearing anonymously in *Blackwood's* magazine—"The Parisians." That these works, one of which at least, is in so extraordinary a field of study, should have to be credited to Lord Lytton, only shows how diversified and many phased was the mind that produced them, and the many other subjects that engaged his pen. Moreover, when it is considered that while these anonymous works were in course of appearance, a new and acknowledged story, "Kenelm Chillingly, his Adventures and Opinions," was about to be issued by the author, we are as much impressed with the industry as with the versatility of the writer whose death is so universally deplored.

It will, we dare say, interest our readers to learn that the book which Lord Lytton had just completed before his death, "Kenelm Chillingly,"—a work, we believe, of the type of the "Caxtons" and "My Novel"—had been arranged by the author to be republished in Canada by Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., of Toronto, and it will now be posthumously published by that house. We understand that his lordship was very proud of being approached by a Canadian house with the design of introducing his works to the readers of the Dominion, and we are told that he expressed great gratification at the reprint which had been made in Canada of his long poem of "King Arthur." Though of unequal merit, yet this work had, manifestly, been a

long and interesting labour to him; and looking upon its production as a *chef d'œuvre* of his pen, his lordship naturally felt a pleasure at its production in Canada, and in the estimation of the author this circumstance no doubt atoned in some degree for the cold reception the work met with from English critics and readers.

But we pass from the gossip of these items in *Current Literature* to glance at the department we specially design to bring succinctly before our readers—the serial literature of the day, and we find

Fraser's Magazine contains a paper by Mr. Cyril Graham on the "Dominion of Canada," tracing the progress and vicissitudes of the country under British rule. From the conquest to confederation the fortunes of the colony are followed with considerable minuteness; and the article, on the whole, may be said to convey to English readers a tolerably accurate idea of the successive events in our political and industrial life. Here and there the paper betrays its having been written abroad, for we find the writer making the mistake of saying in reference to Ontario's single chamber, in contrast to the Two Houses of the other Provinces, that "this anomaly seems to be distasteful, and it is to be desired that it may soon cease." Some allusion is made at the close of the paper to the future, politically, of the Dominion, and the scheme of Imperial Confederation is referred to; but the article throughout is historical and not speculative.

Macmillan this month has no very noticeable paper. The story, "A Slip in the Fens," is continued. Mr. D. A. Spalding's article on "Instinct" will repay perusal, as the writer narrates the result of some original experiments with young animals in the domain of instinct. The phenomena of instinct, it is remarkable, seems still to baffle all attempt at a rational theory on the subject.

Blackwood has a most lugubrious paper entitled "Our State and Prospects", in which it comments severely upon the malady of the nation as the result of the retention in power of the present liberal government. The machinery of government and the whole constitution of society is dolefully said to be debilitated, out of joint, and unable to bear the least strain. Strikes, mutinies and outrages in the industrial, and general demoralization, contempt of authority, and universal disrespect in the social world, are advanced as the out-growth of the incapacity of the administration. The foreign policy, indifference to Russian encroachment, and a long catalogue of grievances are brought forward to condemn the ministry, and a host of subjects to be dealt with in the parliament now opened, are hurled at the Government to perplex, and if possible engulf it in disaster and overthrow.

The Contemporary opens with a continuation of Mr. Herbert Spencer's papers on "The Study of Sociology", No. 8—the Educational Bias. Following this come the papers of Mr. Whitehead on "Mendicity from a Clerical Point of View"; "Creeds in Church and State," by Mr. G. Vance Smith; and an essay on "Oliver Cromwell," by Mr. Peter Bayne. Dr. John Young, in a paper on "Froude and Calvin", expresses surprise at the startling and incongruous conjunction of these names in the theological sphere, and demurs to the recent glorification of Calvin by Mr. Froude, while that writer emasculates from the doctrine of the great reformer all that is peculiar to the Calvinistic system, and which stands at the opposite pole of thought from Mr. Froude. The number closes with a review by the Duke of Argyll of Mr. Knight's paper on "The Function of Prayer", published in the preceding number. His Grace takes exception to the propositions advanced by that writer, and declares his philosophy to be unsound on the subject.

The Fortnightly has an able paper by M. Emile Laveleye on "The Causes of War in the existing European Situation." The turbulent and revolutionary disposition of France is first named as a cause which menaces the peace of Europe. Prussia, though it is admitted that she has much to restrain her from ever going to war, yet having grown by the sword, and proud of her historical traditions of war and glory, there are, hence, many incentives to pursue the course of conquest and subjugation which has of late so gratified her ambitious ruler. Russia, then, is pointed at as the State which will longest remain a danger to European peace, and the despotic system under which she lives, while handing the decision of war over to the will of a single man, is provocative at any moment of arbi-

trary encroachment and autocratic disregard of treaties. The perilous character of affairs in Asia, and the undecided attitude of England in regard to the aggression of Russian power in the East, is an additional and grave cause of disturbance.

The fears inspired by the clerical league in Italy and the violence done to Denmark by Germany in 1864, are alluded to as possible reasons, in the event of any general commotion among the more important powers, for anticipating an outbreak in these countries; and the paper closes with the discussion of matters concerning England and America. The seriousness of the national character and the profound action of a genuine christianity, added to the influence repressive of war which characterizes the English people, render the British nation, in the estimation of the writer, the most pacific of powers. But, according to M. Laveleye, the cause which most threatens the continuation of pacific intercourse of England with other peoples is the bond subsisting between England and Canada, and which is looked upon with no favour by the United States.

In fact, so far from guaranteeing the independence and safety of Canada, it is urged, that the relation only compromises it; and by provoking danger, does nothing towards conjuring it away. "Besides says M. Laveleye, "should the Dominion become independent, the chances of conflict between England and America would be much lessened. America will be better disposed to respect her sister republic, than the dependency of a monarchy against which she has cherished a long rancour that is barely appeased." The situation, so full of dangers and contradictions in the case of Canada, it is added, is equally so in the event of a purely European quarrel, in the case of Australia.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A MANUAL OF PALEONTOLOGY FOR THE USE OF STUDENTS; with a general introduction on the Principles of Palaeontology. By Henry Alleyne Nicholson, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.E., &c., Professor of Natural History and Botany in University College, Toronto. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. Edinburgh and London, 1872.

As a department of Modern Science, Palaeontology occupies an eminently important place. It is closely connected, on the one hand, with zoology and botany, as sciences treating on existing animal

and vegetable life; and it is no less intimately related to Geology, as that branch of science which deals with the earth's accumulated strata, and all their included records of ancient life. Amid the the novel and far-reaching questions of the origin of life, the genesis of species, the descent and antiquity of man, it grows even more important; and it requires a rare combination of natural gifts and acquired knowledge to furnish such a manual of Palaeontology as shall actually supply what is implied in the title. It is with no little satisfaction that we

now find ourselves, called upon as reviewers, to estimate the merits of such a manual from the pen of one of the professors in our own Provincial University.

Professor Nicholson is already well known to the scientific schools on both continents as the author of the best Manual of Zoology, which supplied a want that had long been felt, and which was at once adopted in the Universities of Oxford and Edinburgh as well as in most of the scientific schools of Great Britain. Others of his text-books have been no less thoroughly appreciated; while his recently published Monograph of the British Graptolites has added largely to his reputation as an original observer. The new Manual will be no less heartily welcomed alike by teachers and students. Geology without Palæontology is a mere *caput mortuum*. It is by their fossil contents that the age of the strata must be determined. In many cases also we are enabled to deduce trustworthy conclusions as to the climate and other conditions of remote geological periods by an examination of the embedded fossils. For example, it has been shown that in the Eocene times, or at the commencement of the Tertiary period, the climate of what is now Western Europe was of a tropical or sub-tropical character. The strata are found to contain shells such as now pertain to the life of tropical seas; and also the fruits of palms, and the remains of other tropical plants. Again, about the middle of the Tertiary period, Central Europe possessed a luxuriant flora resembling that of the warmer parts of our own North American continent. At the same geological period, Greenland, which now lies entombed in its icy shroud, was warm enough to support numerous trees, shrubs and plants similar to those which now inhabit the temperate regions of the globe. But, also, by means of the like kind of evidence we are no less certainly assured of the fact that the greater part of the North Temperate Zone was, at a comparatively recent geological period, under the influence of a climate analogous to that of Greenland at the present time.

There is something singularly fascinating in the disclosures of Palæontology, once the student has mastered this difficult and comprehensive science. This earth with all its underlying strata, becomes to him like an ancient and grandly illuminated missal, of which he has learned the secret of its strange characters. He turns over leaf after leaf of the ancient record, and reads there, in this testimony of the rocks, one of the most marvellous records, graven there by the finger of God, countless ages before man came into being. It is the story of ancient life: a chronicle of ages of our world's history, reaching backward immeasurably into the abyss of time; and telling us how, in the beginning, God

created the earth; and through what endless changes of form and conditions of life He has continued to manifest creative power.

In the first part of his new Manual, Professor Nicholson discusses various highly interesting general questions, such as the contemporaneity of strata, the causes leading to, or accounting for, the imperfection of the palæontological record; and the legitimate conclusions to be arrived at by the proper use of fossils in evidence. Fossils not only guide us as to the age of the deposits in which they occur, but also enable us to arrive at important conclusions as to the mode in which the fossiliferous beds were deposited: and so to determine more or less minutely the condition of the region occupied by the fossiliferous bed at the time when the ancient life which it reveals to us had existence, and it was in process of deposition.

But we can only draw the attention of our readers to this excellent manual. It is an indispensable addition to the library of every student of Geology or of Natural History. It will, moreover, be an additional incentive to its study among Canadian palæontologists that the author has fully availed himself of the valuable results of the geological survey of Canada; and acknowledges liberal services rendered to him, in the department of illustrations, by Mr. Selwyn, the able director of the Survey; and by Dr. Dawson, of McGill College, Montreal. The illustrations are numerous: amounting in all to upwards of four hundred beautifully executed woodcuts. An ample glossary supplies to the student the derivations and meanings of about seven hundred technical and scientific terms, the clear understanding of which is indispensable even to a rudimentary study of the subject. Lastly, let us add that the book is supplied with a copious index. It is one of the evils resulting from American reprints that the pirate who can appropriate all else in his buccaneering fashion, finds the index unavailable for his surreptitious reprint, and so sends the book forth unindexed. When international law is properly administered, any publisher issuing a book without an index will unquestionably be himself placed in the *index expurgatorius*, and disqualified for ever after from any higher work than sweeping out the printer's office.

The comprehensive character of Dr. Nicholson's manual will be seen from its four divisions. Part I. entitled the "General Introduction," extends over six highly interesting chapters, in which the author gives a general account of the principles of the science, and introduces some novel and original views in reference to the supposed contemporaneous formation of groups of beds in the widely separate areas, containing many identical fossil forms. Part II

deals with "Palæozoology," beginning with the protozoa and proceeding through thirty-six chapters, down to the Bimana, including palæolithic man. Part III., "Palæobotany, treats, as its name implies, of ancient vegetable life, including the extensive and beautiful floras of the carboniferous period; and the Cycads, Ferns and Conifers of the Triassic and Jurassic periods. This is followed by the exceedingly attractive Fourth Part, entitled "Historical Palæontology," embracing in the concluding ten chapters a review of the forms of life which characterize each of the great Geological periods; and a consideration of the principles on which the science is applied to the elucidation of the succession of the stratified deposits of the earth's crust. A synopsis of the deposits of each successive era is followed by a general account of the life which characterized the period when those deposits were in process of formation. The rocks which now lie in solid strata beneath our feet, or are built up into loftiest mountain ranges, were then in a state of solution in long extinct seas; and those oceans of a world "before the flood," were themselves animated with that ancient life which was then being imbedded as the fossiliferous record in the deposits of their ocean beds. Had we but knowledge enough to read those wondrous records, written in legible characters for all who care to understand them, what romance of fiction could compare with the revelations they disclose? Here, at least, truth is stranger than fiction.

It is pleasant to read at the close of the preface of this admirably executed work the familiar words, "University College, Toronto, Oct. 16th, 1872," and to know that in the ancient seats of learning of Oxford and Cambridge, Edinburgh and Dublin; as well as in University and King's Colleges, London; in Owen's College, Manchester; at Glasgow, Aberdeen, Cork and Belfast the students of this comprehensive science will owe, and willingly acknowledge a debt of gratitude to the laborious and cultivated master of his theme, for work carried on for their behoof in the well appointed Canadian University of the Province of Ontario.

THE VEGETABLE WORLD, BEING A HISTORY OF PLANTS WITH THEIR STRUCTURE AND PECULIAR PROPERTIES. Adapted from the French of Louis Figuier. New and Revised Edition, with 473 Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1872.

M. Figuier is probably the most prolific of living or extinct popular writers on scientific subjects, and no man probably has ever produced works on such abstruse subjects which have had such a large circulation. As a matter which "goes without saying,"

M. Figuier is not an authority on any subject of science whatever, and consequently his works are always disfigured to a greater or lesser extent by errors and misstatements. His style also, in the original, is florid and theatrical to the last degree, and is, therefore, by no means in accordance with the English views as to the method in which scientific matters should be treated. This defect, however, has been largely corrected in the English translations of M. Figuier's works. Lastly, M. Figuier has an extraordinary liking for wild and sensational theoretical views, even when these are not supported by the most fragmentary basis of fact. Nevertheless, in spite of these most serious defects, M. Figuier's works have to some extent really deserved the wide acceptance which they have received. In the first place, they are profusely and admirably illustrated, the engravings not only being better executed, but being in every way more artistic in their conception, than those of ordinary English scientific works. Secondly, the style of M. Figuier's works is generally characterised by the clearness which distinguishes the writings of most Frenchmen upon scientific subjects; and the interest of the general reader is not destroyed by any undue use of technical language.

The "Vegetable World," is certainly the most satisfactory of all M. Figuier's publications, exhibiting more of his virtues and fewer of his vices than anything which he has yet produced. The illustrations are simply beyond praise, and are in themselves worth the price of the book. Not only are they wonderfully good in execution, but they have the inestimable advantage of being for the most part drawn from nature; so that we are not confronted on every page with some drawing familiar to us in half a dozen older text-books. The style is clear, popular, and entertaining, and many interesting points are touched upon which ordinary hand-books on the subject pass over in silence. The English editor has wisely excised the redundant and high-flown phrases with which M. Figuier delights to adorn his pages; so much so, at any rate, that they do not form an offensive feature. The plan of the work is too comprehensive and ambitious, and by no possibility could a single small volume treat adequately of each and all of the departments of Botany which M. Figuier compresses, or tries to compress, into his book. Nevertheless, the facts for which room is found, are for the most part accurately stated, and they are presented to the student in a fresh and attractive form.

The first part of the work treats of the organography and physiology of plants, giving a systematic, though necessarily brief, account of the nutritive and reproductive organs of vegetables and of the pro-

cesses of respiration, circulation, growth, fertilization and germination. The chapter devoted to fertilization and germination is particularly good, and is remarkably well illustrated.

The second part of the work is a short account of the "Classification of Plants," giving some description of the various systems upon which different authorities have at different times arranged the vegetable kingdom. Each botanical system is accompanied with a portrait of its founder; an addition which may be well enough, in the sense that it is perfectly harmless, but which could probably have been advantageously dispensed with.

The third part of the work is occupied with the "Systematic Arrangement of Plants," commencing with the humbler flowerless forms and terminating with the higher flowering plants. The portion devoted to the flowerless or cryptogamic plants is really excellent, both as regards the text and the illustrations. Indeed, we may say that this is the first popular treatise in which the study of the cryptogams is so placed before the ordinary student as to be anything but a burden too grievous to be borne. We cannot, however, say so much for the portion

devoted to the phonogamic or flowering plants. The limits of the work do not afford sufficient space for the satisfactory treatment of the numerous natural orders of flowering plants; and M. Figuiet has gone out of his way to adopt the system of classification proposed by Lindley in his "Vegetable Kingdom,"—a system which has the gravest defects, and which has been almost universally rejected by modern botanists.

The concluding portion of the work is concerned with the "Geographical Distribution" of plants, and is very fairly done, though necessarily short. The arrangement of this section is also not thoroughly scientific, and we find no allusion to the many interesting facts which are now known as to the connection between the existing floras and those of the tertiary and post-tertiary period of geology.

Upon the whole, M. Figuiet's work may fairly be recommended to students as a good book to read, especially if not read alone. It has many defects, but it contains many facts which are not to be found in ordinary botanical text-books, and its beautiful illustrations give it a really permanent value.

ART IN CANADA.

THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

WE have at last, like other nations, a centre round which whatever bears the name or semblance to fine art can rally, and do its part towards creating a school of design which may at some future time take rank with those of older lands. Last summer a few persons who have devoted themselves to the pursuits of art, met together and laid the foundation of the above named society. Since then, the list of active members has risen to over thirty, including painters, architects, draughtsmen and designers; and having, at the same time, organized an Art Union, they purpose holding their first Exhibition in March, when a distribution of prizes to successful competitors will take place. Everything bids fair, we understand, to make the effort a success, financially. We only hope that while this is the case its more important aim will not be lost sight of, viz. : to create and diffuse a love of art and an appreciation of its value as a means of culture and refinement amongst us. We have not, of course, the means of knowing exactly what will be comprised in the forthcoming Exhibition, but we can give our readers a

slight outline of what may be looked for from the artists resident in Toronto.

Mr. R. Baigent has quite a collection of bits of still life, both in oil and watercolour, and some landscapes in oil, the former of which, particularly, are good. Mr. J. W. Bridgman is busy with numerous commissions for life-size portraits. This artist seldom fails in obtaining an excellent likeness, combined with good taste in posing the figure.

Mr. John A. Fraser (Vice-President), amidst the many calls upon his time, still snatches a quiet hour now and again to portray the beauties of out-door nature. It is likely he will send about six pictures in oil and watercolour. One, a dry bed of a mountain torrent is nearly completed, and is in our opinion, a bit of masterly handling of oil colour in the representation of changeable weather, the cloud shadows falling beautifully across the rugged bed of the stream and contributing to the effect of distance. His other pictures are somewhat unfinished as yet, but an artist of Mr. Fraser's versatile powers and ready knowledge, will be certain to shew us good work in all of them.

Mr. J. C. Forbes's *chef-d'œuvre* will, undoubtedly, be "Beware,"—a clever study from the life; the subject being a half-length portrait of a beautiful girl, whose expressive smile is very *telling*. We advise any of our susceptible young friends to read the title with care and attention. This work, like all those of Mr. Forbes, shows great care and an intense appreciation of character, combined with great delicacy in form and colour. We observe other portraits in this artist's studio; also two or three ambitious and well-conceived marine subjects.

Mr. D. Fowler (of Amherst Island) has not yet advised the committee of what he will submit, but as he has promised his brother artists to do his best, we need have no fear of the result. We will most likely find him represented by some of the most effective water colours of the collection, which is likely to be strong in this branch of art.

Mr. R. F. Gagen is a young artist, of whose works we have hitherto seen little. He, however, like the others, seems to have been impelled by the stimulus afforded by the organization of the society, and will show us some very pleasing landscapes, the most important of which is the Falls on Genesee River, Rochester, New York. "The Bush scene," "On the Susquehanna," and a pretty bit near Castle Frank, on the banks of the Don, may also be expected from this artist.

Mr. J. Halford, a student of the works of the old masters, will exhibit a striking picture of "British Captives," represented as clinging to each other in the streets of Rome, where they have evidently been brought to grace the triumph of some Roman Emperor. We cannot praise Mr. Halford too highly for his steady determination in painting from life, instead of adopting, as so many do now, the use of the photograph.

Rev. Mr. Grant has been haunting the glens and creeks of St. James' Cemetery, and other localities near Toronto, to some purpose, and will well be represented.

Mr. H. Hancock will contribute some very careful landscapes of Lower Canadian Scenery. The subjects are well chosen, and the colour generally agreeable, with faithful renderings of the lovely and varying effects to be seen on wood-crowned mountain sides.

Mr. J. Hoch enjoyed the privilege of sketching some charming bits in the neighbourhood of Dundas

last summer, and for such as admire exquisite tree painting there will be a rich treat. Mr. Hoch reminds us of that prince of tree painters, Harding.

Mr. Henry Martin, having spent the summer in Europe, has enriched his portfolio with some rather dashing studies of old architectural subjects, a line in which he stands at present unrivalled among Canadian artists.

Mr. T. M. Martin is perhaps the most thoroughly Canadian in his choice of subjects of all our artists. His work this year, both in water-colour and oil, is all out-door study, which, as usual with this earnest lover of nature, will be found of a high character.

Mr. Matthews is likely to contribute a number of water-colour drawings comprising fruit and figure subjects, and landscape from nature, chiefly in the neighbourhood of Toronto; also some ideal landscape compositions in oil.

Mr. C. S. Millard, a name known to South Kensington as an example to pupils there of excellent sketching power. Mr. M. has this year visited the North-West, and his pictures show a striving for true and quiet colour, while they have all the confident and skilful handling that won for him his fame in England. He is a devoted admirer of David Cox, and some of his Welsh sketches certainly bring that now famous artist to mind.

Mr. F. Bell Smith, of Hamilton, may be looked to for something clever in figure subjects in water colours.

Mr. L. R. O'Brien will send some very pleasing water colours, principally figure subjects.

Mr. F. A. Verner will be represented in his accustomed manner by Indian hunting scenes and marine views, both in oil and water-colour. This artist is perhaps the best known to the public of all whom we have named.

The "Hanging Committee" for this year will be Messrs. Hoch, Millard and O'Brien, and the Exhibition will take place in the new Art Gallery now being built for Messrs. Notman & Fraser, Toronto.

We have no doubt that, so far as the efforts of the members of the society are concerned, the Exhibition will be a successful and interesting one. It is an experiment, evidencing the growing art taste and culture of the country, and we may claim for it the hearty sympathy and interest of all lovers of art.

LITERARY NOTES.

It must be gratifying to our native authors and publishers to find that their conjunct literary and publishing efforts in Canada are enlisting attention in England and the neighbouring States, and the signs of literary activity amongst us are hailed with considerable heartiness and satisfaction. The commendations passed by English critics on our own venture, *The Canadian Monthly*, have been very numerous and gratifying. In reference to it the *English Publishers' Circular*, in a recent issue, says, "Canada is the most vigorous of our colonies, and we are inclined to think that this is by far the most vigorous of colonial literary productions, and quite able to stand side by side with our home produce. All Englishmen should be proud of such a shoot."

Encouraging comments have also been made in various literary circles, on the indications of an important native literature springing up in the country, as well as in regard to the intelligent industry displayed by Canadian houses in the reprint ventures in which they have been for the past year engaged.

With an increasing appreciation of enterprise by our own people, we have no doubt that Canadian publishing will rapidly extend, and that each year will see the satisfactory growth of the fabric of national literature so much desired by every lover of his country. Our advertising pages this month give the announcement of one of our native houses who have been active, in an unusual degree, in furthering this desired object. A glance at the list of forthcoming works announced will show that there is a deep mine which may be successfully worked in native publishing; and the list we refer to may be taken as but a promise of what may be realized in succeeding years.

A new native work is shortly to appear with the title of "Ocean to Ocean", being a narrative of an expedition to the Pacific undertaken by Mr. Sandford Fleming, C. E., in connection with the survey ordered by the Canadian Parliament for the Canada Pacific Railway. The work has been prepared with the assistance of the Rev. G. M. Grant, of Halifax, who accompanied Mr. Fleming in the capacity of secretary. It will comprise some 400 pages, and be illustrated by about 40 plates from photographs and sketches taken on the route.

The special edition for the Canadian market, prepared by Messrs. Macmillan, of London, for Adam, Stevenson & Co., of the interesting contribution to the Darwinian discussion by Prof. Daniel Wilson, of University College, is now ready. The work entitled "Caliban: the Missing Link," it will be re-

membered, was reviewed from advance sheets in our issue for December.

The title of Miss Braddon's new novel is "Milly Darrell."

Mr. Matthew Arnold whose work on "St. Paul and Protestantism," has attracted so much notice, has issued a new work, entitled "Literature and Dogma; an essay towards a better apprehension of the Bible."

A reprint, revised with additions, of the sketches of public men of the day from the *Daily News* is to be shortly issued. Its title will be "Political Portraits: Characters of some of our Public Men" A volume also from the same source will appear in "Men of the Third Republic."

A second series of Mr. E. A. Freeman's "Historical Essays" has just been published.

A translation of M. Jules Favre's work on "The Government of National Defence" is preparing.

A volume entitled "Personal Recollections from Early Life to Old Age," by Mrs. Somerville, the well known writer in Physical Science, is to appear shortly.

A collection of Prof. Tyndall's "American Lectures" is being prepared. A new volume of "Criticisms and Addresses," by Professor Huxley, is in press.

A volume entitled "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity"—the *shilboleth* of the Commune, is announced from the pen of Mr. Fitz-james Stephen, Q.C.

Owen Meredith is preparing a work bearing the title of "Fables for the Nineteenth Century."

Lord Ormethwaite is writing the "Lessons of the French Revolution from 1789 to 1873."

A work intended as a text-book on sanitary science is announced under the title of "A Manual of Public Medicine in its Legal, Medical and Chemical Relations."

The English Hans Christian Andersen—Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P., and Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, delights the juvenile community with two further story-books, entitled "Tales at Tea-Time," and the "History of Prince Perypets." His former Fairy-story books, "Crackers for Christmas," and "Puss-Cat Mew Tales," have scarcely ever been excelled, and the "trailing vines" of the household will have ample material for a further revelry in the new books just issued. Flesh and blood, after all, seem to inhabit Government departmental offices.

Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon announces a new work from his pen, viz., "A History of two Queens"—

these are, "Ann Boleyn and Catherine of Aragon." New editions, revised and mainly re-written, of this author's former works—"The Switzers," and "History of Wm. Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania," are also announced.

Messrs. Strahan & Co.'s new bulletin of books is important. They embrace a volume of "Selections from the Writings of the Rev. Canon Kingsley;" "Some Talk about Animals and their Masters," by Sir Arthur Helps, author of "Friends in Council;" a posthumous work of the late Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D., on "The Temptation of Our Lord;" and a volume of "Contemporary Essays," by the Rev. John Hunt, author of "The History of Religious Thought in England."

The new volume of the Christian Evidence Society Lectures is now ready. The subject, akin to that of the first series, is, "Faith and Free Thought." Among the contributors are Sir Bartle Frere, Dean of Ely, Canon Mozley, Canon Birks, Dr. Angus, and others.

The new issue, for 1873, of "Whitaker's Almanac," has come to hand, and more prodigal does it seem of information of every kind than ever. The compiler, the editor of the chief organ of the English publishing trade—the "Bookseller," appears to us to rise to the highest conception of what a reference book of this kind should be, in an age such as the present, when he sat him down to the task he has here so successfully accomplished.

The fashion of the day seems to run upon portraiture. In a number of leading English newspapers we have recently had a series of sketches of prominent statesmen and well-known writers. We suppose the curiosity which seeks this gossip about the personality of the men of the day is legitimate and rational. How far it is agreeable to the subjects of these biographies we shall not pretend, however, to say. We enumerate four of these volumes recently issued:—"Cartoon Portraits and Biographical Sketches of Men of the Day," (*Tinsley*); "Cabinet Portrait Sketches of Statesmen," by Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, (*King & Co.*); "Modern Leaders," by Mr. Justin McCarthy, (*Sheldon & Co.*); and the 4th series of the "Vanity Fair Album," (*Vanity Fair Office*). All of the works have merit, and are exceedingly readable; the last named volume is a collection of clever caricatures of public men in England.

The department of travel has had the following additions to it during the month, viz., a work on the Greek nation, by the Hon. C. K. Tuckerman, late Minister Resident of the United States at Athens, entitled, "The Greeks of To-day;" an entertaining account of a visit to Algeria in 1871, by Lady Herbert, entitled, "A Search after Sunshine;" "A

Scamper to Sebastopol and Jerusalem," by Mr. James Creagh; and a new volume, "Bokhara; its History and Conquest," by Prof. Arminius Vambéry, author of "Travels in Central Asia."

Mr. Ruskin's new volume of Oxford Lectures on Art is just ready. The subject is the relation of natural science to art, and its title, according to the author's wont, is a fanciful one, viz., "The Eagle's Nest."

The Life and Correspondence of Field-Marshal, the late Sir John Burgoyne, Bt., comprising extracts from his Journals during the Peninsular and Crimean War, is now ready. Many letters of interest on the political and military situation during the Russian campaign will be found in the work, from such men as Lord Raglan, Omar Pasha, Lord Palmerston and others, while the historic characters of an earlier era figure largely among the private and official correspondence of the subject of the memoir.

The announcement is made of the result of the recent tour of Mr. Anthony Trollope, the novelist, in the shape of two volumes, in the conventional English Library style, entitled, "Australia and New Zealand." In the same form, and from the same publishers, we have a new work by Mrs. Elliott, author of "The Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy," on the "Old Court Life of France."

A new volume of "Sermons, preached for the most part in Ireland," was just been issued, by the Archbishop of Dublin (Trench). The Archbishop of Canterbury has published his recent charge on "The Present Position of the Church of England."

Mr. John Timbs seems to be following closely in the wake of Mr. Jeffreson, whose "Book about Doctors" is well-known to the profession. Mr. Timbs' new volumes are upon "Doctors and their Patients; or Anecdotes of the Medical World and Curiosities of Medicine." In a more general field we find also from Mr. Timbs, a volume entitled, "A Century of Anecdote;" a fourth instalment of "Things not Generally Known, on Notable Things in our own Time and Things to be remembered in Daily Life;" and a collection of gossip on "Clubs and Club Life in London," with anecdotes of its famous Coffee-Houses, Hostleries, &c., &c.

A new volume of Sermons, preached before the University of Cambridge, by the Master of the Temple, the Rev. Vicar C. J. Vaughan, is in press. The subject of the new work is "The Young Life equipping itself for God's Service."

Of the recent issues of Cassell & Co., may be noted—the second and concluding volume of the "Illustrated History of the War between France and Germany"—an admirable pictorial treasury of the wars and the fourth volume of "Little Folks," an illustrated magazine for the young.