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GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'A Princess of Thule,' 'Daughter of Heth,' 'Three Feathers,' 'Strange Adventures of a Phaeton,' etc.

CHAPTER XII.

HAVEN AT LAST.

THE cut Balfour had received was merely a flesh-wound, and not at all serious; but of course when Lady Sylvia heard of the adventure in Westminster, she knew that he must have been nearly murdered, and she would go to him at once, and her heart smote her sorely that she should have been selfishly thinking of her own plans and wishes when this noble champion of the poor was adventuring his very life for the public good. She knew better than to believe the gibing account of the whole matter that Balfour sent her. He was always misrepresenting himself—playing the part of Mephistophles to his Faust—anxious to escape even from the loyal worship and admiration freely tendered him by one loving heart.

But when she insisted on at once going up to London, her father demurred. At that moment he had literally not a five-pound note he could lay his hands on; and

that private hotel in Arlington Street was an expensive place.

'Why not ask him to come down here for a few days?' Lord Willowby said. 'Wouldn't that be more sensible? Give him two or three days' rest and fresh air to recover him.'

'He wouldn't come away just now, papa,' said Lady Sylvia, seriously. 'He won't let any thing stand between him and his public duties.'

'His public duties!' her father said, impatiently. 'His public fiddle-sticks! What are his public duties?—to shoot out his tongue at the very people who sent him into Parliament?'

'He has no duties to *them*,' she said, warmly. 'They don't deserve to be represented at all. I hope at the next general election he will go to some other constituency. And if he does,' she added, with a flush coming to her cheeks, 'I know one who will canvass for him.'

'Go away, Sylvia,' said her father, with a smile, 'and write a line to the young man, and tell him to come down here. He will

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be glad enough. And what is this nonsense about a house in this neighborhood?—don't you want to see about that if you are going to get married in August? At the same time I think you are a couple of fools.'

'Why, papa?' she demanded, patiently.

'To throw away money like that! What more could you want than that house in Piccadilly? It could be made a charming little place. And this nonsense about a cottage down here—roses and lilies I suppose, and a cuckoo clock and a dairy; you have no right to ask any man to throw away his money like that.'

Lord Willowby showed an unusual interest in Mr. Balfour's affairs: perhaps it was merely because he knew how much better use he could have made of this money that the young people were going to squander.

'It is his own wish, papa.'

'Who put it into his head?'

'And if I did,' said Lady Sylvia, valiantly, 'don't you think there should be some retreat for a man harassed with the cares of public life? What rest could he get in Piccadilly? Surely it is no unusual thing for people to have a house in the country as well as one in town; and of course there is no part of the country I could like as much as this part. So you see you are quite wrong, papa; and I am quite right—as I always am.'

'Go away and write your letter,' said her father.

Lady Sylvia went to her room and sat down to her desk. But before she wrote to Balfour she had another letter to write, and she seemed to be sorely puzzled about it. She had never written to Mrs. Grace before; and she did not know exactly how to apologize for her presumption in addressing a stranger. Then she wished to send Mrs. Grace a present; and the only thing she could think of was lace—for lace was about the only worldly valuable which Lady Sylvia possessed. All this was of her own undertaking. Had she consulted her father, he would have said, 'Write as you would to a servant.' Had she consulted Balfour, he would have shouted with laughter at the notion of presenting that domineering landlady of the Westminster slums with a piece of real Valenciennes. But Lady Sylvia set to work on her own account; and at length composed the following message out of the ingenuous simplicity of her own small head:

'WILLOWBY HALL, Tuesday morning.

'MY DEAR MRS. GRACE,—I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in sending you these few lines, but I have just heard how nobly and bravely you rendered assistance, at great risk to yourself, to Mr. Balfour, who is a particular friend of my father's and mine, and I thought you would not be offended if I wrote to say how very heartily we thank you. And will you please accept from us the accompanying little parcel? it may remind you occasionally that though we have not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, we are none the less most deeply grateful to you.

'I am, my dear Mrs. Grace, yours very sincerely,
SYLVIA BLYTHE.'

Little did Balfour know of the packet which he forwarded to his valiant friend down in Westminster; but Happiness Alley speedily knew of it, and knows of it to this day. For at great times and seasons, when all the world has gone out to see the Queen drive to the opening of Parliament, or to look at the ruins of the last great fire, or to welcome the poor creatures set free by a jail delivery, and when Mrs. Grace and her friends have got back to the peace of their own homes, and when pipes have been lit and jugs of ale placed on the window-sill to cool, then with a great pride and vainglory a certain mahogany casket is produced. And if the uses of a fichu are only to be guessed at by Mrs. Grace and her friends, and if the precise value of Valenciennes is unknown to them, what matters? It is enough that all the world should know that this article of attire was presented to Mrs. Grace by an earl and an earl's daughter, in proof of which the casket contains—and this Mrs. Grace regards as the highest treasure of all—a letter written in the lady's own hand. She does not show the latter itself. She does not wish to have it fingered about and dirtied. But at these high times of festivity, when the lace is taken out with an awful and reverent care, the envelope of the letter may at least be exhibited; and that is stamped with an earl's coronet.

In due time Balfour went down to Willowby, and now at last it seemed as if all the troubles and sorrows of these young people were over. In the various glad preparations for the event to which they both looked forward, a generous unanimity of feeling prevailed. Each strove to outdo the other in conciliation. And Lady Sylvia's father smiled benignly on the pair, for he had just borrowed £300 from Balfour to meet some little pressing emergency.

It was a halcyon time indeed, for the year was at its fullest and sweetest, and the member for Ballinascreen was not hampered by the services he rendered to his constituents. One brilliant June day after another shone over the fair Surrey landscapes; beech, ash, and oak were at their greenest; the sunlight warmed up the colours of the pink chestnut and the rose-red hawthorn, and sweet winds played about the woods. They drove to picturesque spots in that line of hill that forms the backbone of Surrey; they made excursions to old-fashioned little hamlets on the Thames; together they rode over the wide commons, where the scent of the gorse was strong in the air. Balfour wondered no longer why Sylvia should love this peaceful and secluded life. Under the glamour of her presence idleness became delightful for the first time in the existence of this busy, eager, ambitious man. All his notions of method, of accuracy, of common-sense even, he surrendered to this strange fascination. To be unreasonable was a virtue in a woman, if it was Lady Sylvia who was unreasonable. He laughed with pleasure one evening when, in a strenuous argument, she stated that seven times seven were fifty-six. It would have been stupid in a servant to have spilled her tea, but it was pretty when Lady Sylvia's small wrist was the cause of that mishap. And when, with her serious, timid eyes grown full of feeling, she pleaded the cause of the poor sailor sent to sea in rotten ships, he felt himself ready then to go into the House and out-Plimsoll Plimsoll in his enthusiasm on behalf of so good a cause.

It was not altogether love in idleness. They had their occupations. First of all, she spent nearly a whole week in town choosing wall-colours, furniture, and pictures for that house in Piccadilly, though it was with a great shyness she went to the various places and expressed her opinion. During that week she saw a good deal more of London and of London life than commonly came within her experience. For one thing, she had the trembling delight of listening behind the grill, to Balfour making a short speech in the House. It was a terrible ordeal for her; her heart throbbed with anxiety, and she tore a pair of gloves into small pieces unknowingly. But as she drove home she convinced herself with a high exultation that there was no man in

the House looked so distinguished as that one, that the stamp of a great statesman was visible in the square forehead and in the firm mouth, and that if the House knew as much as she knew, it would be more anxious to listen for those words of wisdom which were to save the nation. Balfour's speech was merely a few remarks made in committee. They were not of great importance. But when, next morning, she eagerly looked in the newspapers, and found what he had said condensed into a sentence, she was in a wild rage, and declared to her father that public men were treated shamefully in this country.

That business of refurnishing the house in Piccadilly had been done perforce; it was with a far greater satisfaction that she set about decorating and preparing a spacious cottage, called The Lilacs, which was set in the midst of a pretty garden, some three miles from Willowby Park. Here, indeed, was pleasant work for her, and to her was intrusted the whole management of the thing, in Balfour's necessary absence in town. From day to day she rode over to see how the workmen were getting on. She sent up business-like reports to London. And at last she gently hinted that he might come down to see what had been done.

'Will you ride over or drive?' said Lord Willowby to his guest, after breakfast that morning.

'I am sure Mr. Balfour would rather walk, papa,' said Lady Sylvia, 'for I have discovered a whole series of short-cuts that I want to show him—across the fields. Unless it will tire you, papa?'

'It won't tire me at all,' said Lord Willowby, with great consideration, 'for I am not going. I have letters to write. But if you walk over, you must send Lock to the cottage with the horses, and ride back.'

Although they were profoundly disappointed that Lord Willowby could not accompany them, they set out on their walk with an assumed cheerfulness which seemed to conceal their inward grief. It was July now; but the morning was fresh and cool after the night's rain, and there was a pleasant southerly breeze blowing the fleecy clouds across the blue sky, so that there was an abundance of light, motion, and colour all around them. The elms were rustling and swaying in the park; the rooks

were cawing; in the distance they saw a cloud of yellow smoke arise from the road as the fresh breeze blew across.

She led him away by secret paths and wooded lanes, with here and there a stile to cross, and here and there a swinging gate to open. She was anxious he should know intimately all the surroundings of his future home, and she seemed to be familiar with the name of every farm-house, every turn-pike, every clump of trees, in the neighbourhood. She knew the various plants in the hedges, and he professed himself profoundly interested in learning their names. They crossed a bit of common now; he had never known before how beautiful the flowers of a common were—the pale lemon-colored hawk-weed, the purple thyme, the orange and crimson tipped bird's-foot trefoil. They passed through waving fields of rye; he had never noticed before the curious sheen of gray produced by the wind on those billows of green. They came in sight of long undulations of wheat; he vowed he had never seen in his life any thing so beautiful as the brilliant scarlet of the poppies where the corn was scant. The happiness in Lady Sylvia's face, when he expressed himself delighted with all these things, was something to see.

They came upon a gipsy encampment, apparently deserted by all but the women and children. One of the younger women immediately came out and began the usual patter. Would not the pretty lady have her fortune told? She had many happy days in store for her, but she had a little temper of her own, and so forth. Lady Sylvia stood irresolute, bashful, rather inclined to submit to the ordeal for the amusement of the thing, and looking doubtfully at her companion as to whether he would approve. As for Balfour, he did not pay the slightest heed to the poor woman's jargon. His eye had been wandering over the encampment, apparently examining every thing. And then he turned to the woman, and began to question her with a directness that startled her out of her trade manner altogether. She answered him simply and seriously, though it was not a very direful tale she had to tell. When Balfour had got all the information he wanted, he gave the woman half a sovereign, and passed on with his companion; and of course Lady Sylvia said to herself that it was the abrupt sincerity,

the force of character, in this man that compelled sincerity in others, and she was more than ever convinced that the like of him was not to be found in the world.

'Well, Sylvia,' said he, when they reached The Lilacs, and had passed through the fragrant garden, 'you have really made it a charming place. It is a place one might pass one's life away in—reading books, smoking, dreaming day-dreams.'

'I hope you will always find rest and quiet in it,' said she, in a low voice.

It was a long, irregular, two-storied cottage, with a veranda along the front; and it was pretty well smothered in white roses. There was not much of a lawn; for the ground facing the French windows had mostly been cut up into flower beds—beds of turquoise blue forget-me-nots, of white and speckled forget-me-nots that sweetened all the air around, of various-hued pansies, and of white and purple columbine. But the strong point of the cottage and the garden was its roses. There were roses every where—rose-bushes in the various plots, rose-trees covering the walls, roses in the tiny hall into which they passed when the old housekeeper made her appearance.

'I'll tell you who ought to live here, Sylvia,' said her companion. 'That German fellow you were telling us about who lives close by—Count von Rosen. I never saw such roses in my life.'

Little adornment indeed was needed to make this retreat a sufficiently charming one; but all the same, Lady Sylvia had spent a vast amount of care on it, and her companion was delighted with the skill and grace with which the bare materials of the furniture which he had only seen in the London shops had been arranged. As they walked through the quaint little rooms, they did not say much to each other: for doubtless their minds were sufficiently busy in drawing pictures of the happy life they hoped to spend there.

Of course all these nice things cost money. Balfour had been for some time drawing upon his partners in a fashion which rather astonished those gentlemen; for they had grown accustomed to calculate on the extreme economy of the young man. One morning the head clerk in the firm of Balfour, Skinner, Green, & Co., in opening the letters, came upon one from Mr. Hugh Balfour, in which that gentleman gave for-

mal notice that he would want a sum of £50,000 in cash on the first of August. When Mr. Skinner arrived, the head clerk put the letter before him. He did not turn pale, nor did he nervously break the paper-knife he held in his hand. He only said, 'Good Lord!' and then he added, 'I suppose he must have it.'

It was in the second week in August that Mr. Hugh Balfour, M.P. for Ballinascreen, was married to Lady Sylvia Blythe, only daughter of the Earl of Willowby, of Willowby Hall, Surrey; and immediately after the marriage the happy pair started off to spend their honeymoon in Germany.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIVE-ACE JACK.

WE will now let Mr. Balfour and his young and charming bride go off together on their wedding trip—a trip that ought to give them some slight chance of becoming acquainted with each other, though a certain profound philosopher, resident in Surrey, would say that the glamour of impossible ideals was still veiling their eyes—and we will turn, if you please, to a very different sort of traveller, who just about the same time was riding along a cattle-trail on the high-lying and golden-yellow plains of Colorado. This was Buckskin Charlie, so named from the suit of gray buckskin which he wore, and which was liberally adorned with loose fringes cut from the leather. Indeed, there was a generally decorative air about this herdsman and his accoutrements, which gave him a half Mexican look, though the bright sun-tanned complexion, the long light brown hair, and the clear blue eyes were not at all Mexican. There was a brass tip to the high pommel in front of him, round which a lasso was coiled. He wore huge wooden stirrups, which looked like sabots with the heels cut out. The rowels of his spurs were an inch and a half in diameter. And the wiry little pony he rode had both mane and tail long and flowing.

It is a pleasant enough morning for a ride, for on these high-lying plains the air is cool and exhilarating even in the glare of the sunshine. The prospect around him is

pleasant too, though Buckskin Charlie probably does not mind that much. He has long ago got accustomed to the immeasurable breadth of billowy prairie land, the low yellow-brown waves of which stretch away out into the west until they meet with the range of the Rocky Mountains—a wall of ethereal blue standing all along the western horizon, here and there showing a patch of shining white. And he is familiar enough, too, with the only living objects visible—a herd of antelope quietly grazing in the shadow of some distant and low-lying bluffs; an occasional chicken-hawk that lifts its heavy and bespeckled wings and makes away for the water in the nearest gully; and everywhere the friendly little prairie-dog, standing upon his hillock, like a miniature kangaroo, and coolly staring at him as he passes. Buckskin Charlie is not hungry, and the fore takes no interest in natural history.

It is a long ride across the plains from Eagle Creek Ranch to New Minneapolis, but this important place is reached at last. It is a pretty little hamlet of wooden cottages, with a brick school-house, and a small church of the like material. It has a few cotton-wood trees about. It is irrigated by a narrow canal which connects with a tributary of the South Platte.

Buckskin Charlie rides up to the chief shop of this hamlet and dismounts, leaving his pony in charge of a lad. The shop is a sort of general store, kept by one Ephraim J. Greek, who is also, as a small sign indicates, a notary public, conveyancer, and real estate agent. When Buckskin Charlie enters the store, Mr. Greek—a short, red-faced, red-haired person, who is generally addressed as Judge by his neighbours—is in the act of weighing out some sugar for a small girl who is at the counter.

'Hello, Charlie!' says the Judge, carelessly, as he continues weighing out the sugar. 'How's things at the ranch? And how is your health?'

'I want you to come right along,' says Charlie without further ceremony. 'The boss is just real bad.'

'You don't say!'

Charlie looks for a second or two at the Judge getting the brown paper bag, and then he says impatiently.

'He wants you to come right away, and he won't stand no foolin'—you bet.'

But the Judge is not to be hurried. He asks his small customer what else her mother wants, and then he turns leisurely to the sun-tanned messenger.

'Tain't the foist time, Charlie, the Colonel has been bad like that. Oh, I know. I knowed the Colonel before you ever set eyes on him—yes Sir, I knowed him in Denver, when he was on'y Five-Ace Jack. But now he's the boss, and no mistake. Reckon he is doin' the big Bonanza business, and none o' your pea-nut consarns—'

Here Buckskin Charlie broke in with a number of words which showed that he was intimately familiar with Scripture, and might have led one to suppose that he meant to annihilate the dilatory Judge, but which, as it turned out, were only intended to emphasize his statement that the Colonel had branded 1800 calves at the ranch last year, and had also got up 2000 head from Texas. By the time this piece of information had been delivered and received, the wants of the small girl in front of the counter had been satisfied; and then the Judge, having gone out and borrowed a neighbor's pony, set forth with his impatient companion for Eagle Creek Ranch.

On the way they had a good deal of familiar talk about the boss, or the Colonel, as he was indifferently called; and the Judge, now in a friendly mood, told Buckskin Charlie some things he did not know before about his master. Their conversation, however, was so saturated with Biblical lore that it may be advisable to give here a simpler and a plainer history of the owner of the Eagle Creek Ranch. To begin with, he was an Englishman. He was born in Cumberland, and as a young fellow achieved some little notoriety as a wrestler; in fact that was all the work his parents could get out of him. It was in vain that they paid successive sums to have him apprenticed to that business, or made a partner in this; Jack Sloane was simply a ne'er-do-well, blessed with a splendid physique, a high opinion of his own importance, and a distinguished facility in wheedling people into lending him money. Such was his position in England when the rush to California occurred. Here was Jack's opportunity. His mother wept bitter tears when she parted with him; but nobody else was affected to the same extent.

As a gold-digger Jack was a failure, but he soon managed to pick up an amazing knowledge of certain games of cards, inasmuch that his combined luck and skill got for him the complimentary title of Five-Ace Jack. Whether he made money or not at this profession does not appear, for at this point there is a gap in his history. When his relatives in England—among whom, I regret to say, was a young lady incidentally alluded to in the first chapter of this story—next heard of him he was in Texas, employed at a ranch there. No one ever knew what had made the social atmosphere of San Francisco rather too sultry for Five-Ace Jack.

Then the Pike's Peak craze occurred, in 1859, and once again Jack was induced to join the general rush. He arrived at Denver just as the bubble had burst. He found a huge multitude of people grown mad with disappointment, threatening to burn down the few wooden shanties and canvas tents that then constituted the town, and more especially to hang incontinently an esteemed friend of the present writer, who had just issued the first numbers of the *Rocky Mountain News*. Then the great crowd of bummers and loafers, not finding the soil teeming with nuggets, stampeded off like a herd of buffalo, leaving a few hardy and adventurous spirits to explore the neighboring cañons, and find out by hard work whether or not gold existed there in paying quantities. Jack Sloane remained behind also—in Denver. He started what was called a whiskey saloon in a tent, but what was really a convenient little gambling hell for those who had grown reckless. Times grew better. Rumors came down from the mountains that the gulch and placer mines which had been opened were giving a fair yield; here and there—as, for example, in the Clear Creek Cañon—a vein of rotten quartz had been struck containing free gold in surprising richness. Now was Jack's time. He opened a keno and faro bank in a wooden shanty, and he charged only ten per cent. on the keno winnings. He was an adept at euchre and poker, and was always willing to lend a hand, his chief peculiarity being that he invariably chose that side of the table which enabled him to face the door, so that he might not be taken unawares by an unfriendly shot. He drove a rousing trade. The miners came down from the

'Rockies' with their bags of gold-dust ready open to pay for a frolic, and Five-Ace Jack received a liberal percentage from the three-card-monte men who entertained these innocent folks. But for a sad accident Jack might have remained at Denver, and become an exemplary member of society. He might have married one of the young ladies of accommodating manners who had even then managed to wander out to that Western town. He and she might at the present moment have been regarded as one of the twelve 'Old Families' of Denver, who, beginning for the most part as he began, are now demonstrating their respectability by building churches like mad, and by giving balls which, in the favoured language of the place, are described as 'quite the toniest things going.' But fortune had a grudge against Jack.

There was an ill-favoured rascal called Bully Bill, who was coming in from the plains one day, when he found two Indians following him. To shoot first, and ask the Indians' intentions afterward, was the rule in these parts; and accordingly Bully Bill fired, bringing one Indian down, the other riding off as hard as he could go. The conqueror thought he would have the scalp of his enemy as a proof of his valour, but he was a bad hand at the business, and as he was slowly endeavouring to get at the trophy, he found that the other Indian had mustered up courage, and was coming back. There was no time to lose. He simply hewed the dead Indian's head off, jumped on his pony, and, after an exciting chase, reached the town in safety. Then he carried the head into Five-Ace Jack's saloon; and as there were a few of the boys there, ready for fun, they got up an auction for that ghastly prize. It was knocked down at no less a sum than two hundred dollars—a price which so fired the brain of Bully Bill that he went in wildly for playing cards. But Five-Ace Jack never played cards wildly, and he was of the party. He observed that not only did Bully Bill lose steadily, but also that his losses seemed to vex him much; and, in fact, just as the last of the two hundred dollars were disappearing, he was surprised and deeply pained to find that Bully Bill was trying to cheat. This touched Jack's conscience; and he remonstrated; whereupon there was a word or two, and then

Jack drew his shooter out and shot Bully Billy through the head. They respectfully placed the body on two chairs, and Jack called for some drinks.

This incident ought to have caused no great trouble; for at that time there was no Union Pacific Railroad Company—a troublesome body, which has ere now impeached judge, jury, and prisoner, all in a lump, for a conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice, when some notorious offender has got off scot-free. But Bully Bill had three brothers up in the mountains; and Jack was of opinion that, if he remained in Denver, his mind would be troubled with many cares. However, he had amassed a good deal of money in this gambling hell of his; and so he was able to persuade a few of his meaner dependents to strike their tents along with him, and go out into the wilderness. He wandered over the plains until he saw a good place for a ranch—not a stock-raising ranch, but a place to accommodate the droves of pilgrims who were then slowly and laboriously making their way to the West. He built his ranch about a hundred yards back from the waggon route, and calmly waited custom.

But even in these peaceful solitudes, if all stories be true—and we in England heard nothing of Jack Sloane for many years—he did not quite desist from his evil ways. Finding, first of all, that many of the waggon parties went by without calling in at his ranch, he and his men dug a large pit right across the route, so that the drivers had perforce to turn aside and come right up to his hostelry. Then he stationed a blacksmith a mile or two down the road, for the greater convenience of the travellers, who were always glad to have the feet of their mules and oxen examined. It was very singular, however, that between the blacksmith's shop and Jack's ranch, so many of the animals should go lame; but what did that matter, when Jack was willing to exchange a perfectly fresh team for the tired team, a little consideration of money being added? It is true the lame oxen became rapidly well so soon as they were left in Jack's possession; but was not that all the more lucky for the next comers who were sure to find something wrong with their teams between the blacksmith's shop and Eagle Creek Ranch?

Another peculiarity of this part of the

plains was that the neighborhood seemed to be infested with Indians, who, whether they were Utes or Arrapahoes, showed a surprising knowledge as to which waggon trains were supplied with the most valuable cattle, and never stampeded an indifferent lot. These attacks were made at night, and doubtless the poor travellers, stunned by the yells of the red men and the firing of guns and revolvers, were glad to escape with their lives. But on one occasion, it is rumored, an Indian would appear to have been hurt, for he was heard to exclaim, in a loud voice, '*Holy Jabers! me fut! me fut!*' Neither the Utes nor the Arrapahoes, it was remembered, pronounce the word 'foot' in that fashion, even when they happen to know English, and so it came about that always after that there were ugly rumors about Eagle Creek Ranch and the men who lived there. But not even the stoutest bull-whacker who ever crossed the plains would dare to say a word on this subject to Five-Ace Jack; he would have had a bullet through his head for his pains.

And now we take leave of 'Five-Ace Jack,' for in his subsequent history he appears as 'Colonel Sloane,' 'the Colonel,' or 'the boss.' As he grew more rich, he became more honest; as has happened in the case of many worthy people. His flocks and his herds increased. He closed the ranch as a place of entertainment—indeed, people were beginning now to talk of all sorts of other overland routes; but he made it the centre of a vast stock-rearing farm, which he superintended with great assiduity. He was an imperious master with his herders—the physical force that was always ready to give effect to his decisions was a weapon that stuck upright in the south-east corner of his trousers; but he was a just master, and paid his men punctually. Moreover, by-gones being by-gones, he had made an excursion or two up into 'the Rockies,' and had become possessed of one or two mines, which, though they were now only paying working expenses, promised well. Time flies fast in the West; people come and go rapidly. When Colonel Sloane stopped at the Grand Central of Denver, and drank petroleum-champagne at four dollars a bottle, at that pretentious, dirty, and disagreeable hostelry there was no one to recognize him as Five-

Ace Jack. He was cleanly shaved; his linen was as brilliant as Chinese skill and Colorado air could make it; he could have helped to build a church with any of them. But somehow he never cared to remain long within the precincts of Denver; he was either up at Idaho, looking after his mines, or out at the ranch, looking after his herdsmen.

It was toward this ranch that Buckskin Charlie and Judge Greek were now riding on this cool, clear, beautiful morning. All around them shone the golden-yellow prairie, an immeasurable sea of grass and flowers; above them shone the clear sky of Colorado; far away on their right the world was inclosed by the pale, transparent blue of the long wall of mountains. Eagle Creek Ranch was a lonely-looking place as they neared it. The central portion of the buildings spoke of the times when the Indians—the real Indians, not Five-Ace Jack and his merry men—were in the habit of scouring the plains; for it was a block-house built of heavy logs of pine. But from this initial point branched out all sorts of buildings and inclosures—sheds, pens, stables, and what not, some of them substantially erected, and others merely made of cotton-wood fence. Out there they speak disrespectfully of cotton-wood, because of its habit of twisting itself into extraordinary shapes. It is admitted, however, by the settlers that this very habit defeats the most perverse ingenuity on the part of a hog; for the hog, intent on breaking away, fancies he has got outside the fence, whereas, owing to the twisting of the wood, he is still inside of it.

The Colonel lay in his bed, thinking neither of his hogs, nor of his pens, nor yet of his vast herds of cattle roaming over the fenceless prairie land. The long, muscular, bony frame was writhing in pain; the black, dishevelled hair was wet with perspiration; the powerful hands clutched and wrung the coarse bedclothing. But the Colonel had all his wits about him; and when Mr. Greek, approaching him, began to offer some expressions of sympathy, he was bidden to mind his own business in language of quite irrelevant force. Buckskin Charlie was ordered to bring in his master's writing-desk, which was the only polished piece of furniture in the ranche. Then the Colonel, making a powerful effort

to control his writhings, proceeded to give his instructions.

He was not going to die yet, the Colonel said. He had had these fits before. It was only a tough antelope steak, followed by a hard ride and a consuming thirst too hastily quenched. But here he was, on his back; and as he had nothing else to do, he wanted the Judge to put down on paper his wishes and intentions with regard to his property. The Colonel admitted that he was a rich man. Himself could not tell what head of cattle he owned. He had two placer mines in the Clear Creek Cañon; and he had been offered twelve thousand dollars for the celebrated Belle of St. Joe, up near Georgetown. He had a house at Idaho Springs. He had a share in a bank at Denver. Now the Colonel, in short and sharp sentences, interrupted by a good deal of writhing and hard swearing, said he would not leave a brass farthing—a red cent was what he actually mentioned—to any of his relatives who had known him in England, for the reason that they knew too much about him, and would be only too glad that he was gone. But there was a young girl who was a niece of his. He doubted whether she had ever seen him; if she had, it must have been when she was a child. He had a photograph of her, however, taken two or three years before, and she was a good-looking lass. Well, he did not mind leaving his property to her, under one or two conditions. There he paused for a time.

Five-Ace Jack was a cunning person, and he had brooded over this matter during many a lonely ride over the plains. He did not want his money to go among those relatives of his, who doubtless—though they heard but little about him—regarded him as a common scoundrel. But if he could get this pretty niece of his to come out to the far West with her husband, might they not be induced to remain there, and hold and retain that property that had cost the owner so much trouble to pull together? If they disliked the roughness of the ranch, could any thing be more elegant than the white wooden villa at Idaho, with its veranda and green blinds? Then he considered that it was a long way for her to come. If she had children—and she might have, for it was two or three years since he heard she was married—the trouble and anxiety of bring-

ing them all the way from England would dispose her to take a gloomy view of the place. Surely it was not too hard a condition that, in consideration of their getting so large a property, this young belle and her husband should come out, free from incumbrances of all sorts, to live one year in Colorado, either at Idaho or at Eagle Creek Ranch, just as they chose?

Both the Colonel and the Judge were bachelors; and it did not occur to either of them, when that condition was put down on paper, that a young woman on this side of the water could be so foolish as to get up with flashing eyes and say—as actually happened in less than a year afterward—that not for all the cattle in Colorado, and not for all the gold in the Rocky Mountains, and not for twenty times all the diamonds that were ever gotten out of Golconda, would she leave her poor, dear, darling, defenceless children for a whole year. Just as little did they think, when this memorandum was finally handed over to the Judge to be drawn out in proper form, that any proceeding on the part of Five-Ace Jack, of Eagle Creek Ranch, could have the slightest possible influence on the fortunes of Lady Sylvia Balfour. Jack was a Colorado ranchman; Lady Sylvia was the daughter of an English earl.

CHAPTER XIV.

FIRST EXPERIENCES.

MARRIAGE is in legal phrase the 'highest consideration;' even the cold and unromantic eye of the law perceives that the fact of a woman giving herself up, body and soul, to a man, is more than equivalent for any sort of marriage settlement. But at no period of the world's history was it ever contemplated that a woman's immediate duty, on becoming a wife, was forthwith to efface her own individuality. Now this was what Lady Sylvia deliberately set about doing in the first flush of her wifely devotion. As she had married the very source and fountain-head of all earthly wisdom, what use was there in her retaining opinions of her own? Henceforth she was to have always at her side the lawgiver, the arbiter, the infallible authority; she would surrender to his keep-

ing all her beliefs, just as she implicitly surrendered her trunks. She never thought twice about her new dresses: what railway guard could withstand that terrible, commanding eye?

Now little has been said to the point in these pages about Balfour if it has not been shown that he was a man of violent prejudices. Perhaps he was not unlike other people in that respect, except in so far as he took little pains to conceal his opinions. But if there was any thing likely to cure him of prejudices, it was to see them mimicked in the faithful and loving mirror now always by his side; for how could he help laughing at the unintentional distortions? He had been a bitter opponent of the Second Empire while that bubble still glittered in the political atmosphere; but surely that was no reason why Lady Sylvia should positively refuse to remain in Paris?

'Gracious goodness!' said he, 'have you acquired a personal dislike for thirty millions of people? You may take my word for it, Sylvia, that as all you are likely to know about the French is by travelling among them, they are the nicest people in the world, so far as that goes. Look at the courtesy of the officials! look at the trouble a working-man or a peasant will take to put you in the right road! Believe me, you may go further and fare worse. Wait, for example, till you make your first plunge into Germany. Wait till you see the Germans on board a Rhine steamer—their manners to strangers, their habits of eating—'

'And then?' she said; 'am I to form my opinion of the Germans from that? Do foreigners form their opinion of England by looking at a steamer-load of people going to Margate?'

'Sylvia,' said he, 'I command you to love the French.'

'I won't,' she said.

But this defiant disobedience was only the curious result of a surrender of her own opinions. She was prepared to dislike thirty millions of human beings merely because he had expressed detestation of Louis Napoleon. And when he ended the argument with a laugh, the laugh was not altogether against her. From that moment he determined to seize every opportunity of pointing out to her the virtues of the French.

'Of course it was very delightful to him to

have for his companion one who came quite fresh to all those wonders of travel which lie close around our own door. One does not often meet nowadays with a young lady who has not seen, for example, the Rhine under moonlight. Lady Sylvia had never been out of England. It seemed to her that she had crossed interminable distances, and left her native country in a different planet altogether, when she reached Brussels, and she could not understand her husband when he said that in the Rue Montagne de la Cour he had always the impression that he had just stepped round the corner of Regent Street. And she tried to imagine what she would do in these remote places of the earth if she were all by herself—without this self-reliant guide and companion, who seemed to care no more for the awful and mysterious officials about railway stations and the entrances to palaces than he would for the humble and familiar English policemen. The great deeds of chivalry were poor in her eyes compared with the splendid battle waged by her husband against extortion; the field of Waterloo was nearly witnessing another fearful scene of bloodshed, all because of a couple of francs. Then the Rhine, on the still moonlight night, from the high balcony in Cologne, with the coloured lights of the steamers moving to and fro—surely it was he alone who was the creator of this wonderful scene. That he was the creator of some of her delight in it was probable enough.

Finally they settled down in the little village of Rolandseck; and now, in this quiet retreat, after the hurry and bustle of travelling was over and gone, they were thrown more directly on each other's society, and left to find out whether they could find in the companionship of each other a sufficient means of passing the time. That, indeed, is the peril of the honeymoon period, and it has been the origin of a fair amount of mischief. You take a busy man away from all his ordinary occupations, and you take a young girl away from all her domestic and other pursuits, while as yet neither knows very much about the other, and while they have no common objects of interest—no business affairs, nor house affairs, nor children to talk about—and you expect them to amuse each other day after day, and day after day. Conversation, in such circum-

stances, is apt to dwindle down into very small rills indeed, unless when it is feared that silence may be construed into regret, and then a forced effort is made to pump up the waters. Moreover, Rolandseck, though one of the most beautiful places in the world, is a place in which one finds it desperately hard to pass the time. There is the charming view, no doubt, and the Balfours had corner rooms, whence they could see, under the changing lights of morning, of mid-day, of sunset, and moonlight, the broad and rushing river, the picturesque island, the wooded and craggy heights, and the mystic range of the Drachenfels. But the days were still, sleepy, monotonous. Balfour, seated in the garden just over the river, would get the *Kölnische* or the *Allgemeine*, and glance at the brief telegram headed 'Grossbritannien,' which told all that was considered to be worth telling about his native country. Or, together, they would clamber up through the warm vineyards to the rocky heights by Roland's Tower, and there let the dreamy hours go by in watching the shadows cross the blue mountains, in following the small steamers and the greater rafts as they passed down the stream, in listening to the tinkling of the cattle bells in the valley below. How many times a day did Balfour cross over by the swinging ferry to the bathing-house on the other side, and there plunge into the clear, cold, rushing green waters? Somehow the days passed.

And, on the whole, they passed pleasantly. In England there was absolutely nothing going on that could claim any one's attention; the first absolute hush of the recess was unbroken even by those wandering voices that, later on, murmur of politics in unfrequented places. All the world had gone idling; if a certain young lady had wished to assume at once the rôle she had sketched out for herself—of becoming the solace and comfort of the tired legislator—there was no chance for her in England at least. Perhaps, on the whole, she was better occupied here in learning something about the nature of the man with whom she proposed to spend a lifetime. And here, too, in these quiet solitudes, Balfour occasionally abandoned his usual bantering manner, and gave her glimpses of a deep undercurrent of feeling, of the existence of which not even his most intimate friends

were aware. When they walked alone in the still evenings, with the cool wind stirring the avenues of walnut-trees, and the moonlight beginning to touch the mists lying about Nonnenworth and over the river, he talked to her as he never talked to any human being before. And curiously enough, when his love for this newly found companion sought some expression that would satisfy himself, he found it in snatches of old songs that his nurse, a Lowland Scotchwoman, had sung to him in his childhood. He had never read these lyrics. He knew nothing of their literary value. It was only as echoes that they came into his memory now; and yet they satisfied him in giving something of form to his own fancies. He did not repeat them to her; but as he walked with her, these old phrases and chance refrains seemed to suggest themselves quite naturally. Surely it was of her that this was written:

'Oh, saw ye my wee thing, and saw ye my ain
thing,
And saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloam-
ing,
Sought she the burnie where flowers the haw-
tree?
Her hair it is hnt white, her skin it is milk white,
Dark is the blue o' her saft-rollin' e'e,
Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?'

Or this, again:

'Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,
Tied up wi' siller thread,
And courtly sits she in the midst,
Men's langing eyes to feed;
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek
Wi' her milky, milky han';
And her cheeks seem touched wi' the finger o'
God,
My bonnie Lady Ann.'

He forgot that he was in the Rhine-land—the very cradle of lyrical romance. He did not associate this fair companion with any book whatever; the feelings that she stirred were deeper down than that, and they found expression in phrases that had years and years ago become a part of his nature. He forgot all about Uhland, Heine, and the rest of the sweet and pathetic singers who have thrown a glamour over the Rhine Valley; it was the songs of his boyhood that occurred to him.

'Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.'

The lines are simple enough. Perhaps they are even commonplace. But they sufficed.

It must be said, however, that Balfour was the reverse of an effusive person, and this young wife very speedily discovered that his bursts of tender confidences were likely to be few and far between. He was exceedingly chary of using endearing phrases, more especially if there was a third person present. Now she had been used to elaborate and studied expressions of affection. There was a good deal of histrionics about Lord Willowby. He got into violent rages with his servants about the merest trifles; but these rages were as pre-determined as those of the First Napoleon are said to have been: he found that it answered his purpose to have his temper feared. On the other hand, his affection for his daughter was expressed on all occasions with profuse phraseology—a phraesology that was a trifle mawkish and artificial when heard by others, but which was not so to the object of it. She had grown accustomed to it. To her it was but natural language. Doubtless she had been taught to believe that all affection expressed itself in that way.

Here, again, she tried to school herself. Convinced, by these rare moments of self-disclosure, that the love he bore her was the deepest and strongest feeling of his nature, she would be content to do without continual protestation of it. She would have no lip-service. Did not reticence in such matters arise from the feeling that there were emotions and relations too sacred to be continually flaunted before the public gaze? Was she to distrust the man who had married her, because he did not prate of his affection for her within the hearing of servants?

The reasoning was admirable; the sentiment that prompted it altogether praiseworthy. But before a young wife begins to efface her personality in this fashion, she ought to make sure that she has not much personality to speak of. Lady Sylva had a good deal. In those Surrey solitudes, thrown greatly in on herself for companionship, she had acquired a certain seriousness

of character. She had very definite conceptions of the various duties of life; she had decided opinions on many points; she had, like other folks, a firmly fixed prejudice or two. For her to imagine that she could wipe out her own individuality, as if it were a sum on a slate, and inscribe in its stead a whole series of new opinions, was mere folly. It was prompted by the most generous of motives, but it was folly none the less. Obviously, too, it was a necessary corollary of this effort at self-surrender, or rather self-effacement, that her husband should not be made aware of it; she would be to him, not what she was, but what she thought she ought to be.

Hypersubtleties of fancy and feeling? the result of delicate rearing, a sensitive temperament, and a youth spent much in solitary self-communion? Perhaps they were; but they were real for all that. They were not affectations, but facts—facts involving as important issues as the simpler feelings of less complex and cultivated natures. To her they were so real, so all-important, that the whole current of her life was certain to be guided by them.

During this pleasant season but one slight cloud crossed the shining heaven of their new life. They had received letters in the morning; in the evening, as they sat at dinner, Lady Sylvia suddenly said to her husband, with a sort of childish happiness in her face.

'Oh, Hugh, how delightful it must be to be a very rich person. I am eagerly looking forward to that first thousand pounds—it is a whole thousand pounds all at once, is it not? Then you must put it in a bank for me, and let me have a check-book?'

'I wonder what you will do with it,' said he. 'I never could understand what women did with their private money. I suppose they make a pretence of paying for their own dress; but as a matter of fact they have every thing given them—jewelry, flowers, bonnets, gloves—'

'I know,' said she, with a slight blush, 'what I should like to do with my money.'

'Well?' said he. Of course she had some romantic notion in her head. She would open a co-operative store for the benefit of the inhabitants of Happiness Alley, and make Mrs. Grace the superintendent. She would procure 'a day in the country' for all the children in the slums of

Seven Dials. She would start a fund for erecting a gold statue to Mr. Plimsoll.

'You know,' said she, with an embarrassed smile, 'that papa is very poor, and I think those business matters have been harassing him more than ever of late. I am sure, Hugh dear, you are quite right about women not needing money of their own—at least I know I have never felt the want of it much. And now don't you think it would please poor papa if I were to surprise him some morning with a check for a whole thousand pounds! I should feel myself a millionaire.'

He showed no surprise or vexation. He merely said, in a cool way,

'If it would please you, Sylvia, I see no objection.'

But immediately after dinner he went out, saying he meant to go for a walk to some village on the other side of the Rhine—too distant for her to go. He lit a cigar, and went down to the ferry. The good-natured ferryman, who knew Balfour well, said 'n Abend, Herr.' Why should this sulky-browed man mutter in reply, 'The swindling old heathen!' It was quite certain that Balfour could not have referred to the friendly ferryman.

He walked away along the dusty and silent road, in the gathering twilight, puffing his cigar fiercely.

'At it already,' he was saying to himself, bitterly. 'He could not let a week pass. And the child comes to me with her pretty ways, and says, "(Oh, won't you pity this poor old swindler?)" And of course I am an impressionable young man; and in the first flush of conjugal gratitude and enthusiasm I will do whatever she asks; and so the letter comes within the very first week! By the Lord, I will stop that kind of thing as soon as I get back to London!'

He returned to the hotel about ten o'clock. Lady Sylvia had gone to her room; he went there, and found her crying bitterly. And as she would not tell him why she was in such grief, how could he be expected to know? He thought he had acted very generously in at once acceding to her proposal; and there could not be the slightest doubt that the distance to that particular village was much too great for her to attempt.

CHAPTER XV.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

AT breakfast next morning, Lady Sylvia appeared as cheerful as possible. She was quite talkative, and was more charmed than ever with the beauties of the Rhine. No reference was made to that little incident of the previous evening.

She had been schooling herself as usual. Was it not natural for him to show some resentment at this foolish school-girl notion of presenting a £1000 bank-note to her father? Her husband could not be expected to share in her romantic notions. He was a man of the world. And had he not shewn his generosity and unflinching consideration in not only assenting to her proposal, but in going off to conceal his natural disapproval? Her woman's eyes had been too quick; that was all.

On the other hand, Balfour, delighted to find his young wife in such good spirits, could not think of reviving a matter which might lead to a quarrel. She might give her father the thousand pounds, and welcome. Only he, Balfour, would take very good care, as soon as he got back to England, that that was the last application of the kind.

Now, the truth was, there had been no such application. Lord Willowby had written to his daughter, and she had received the letter; but there was not in it a single word referring to money matters. A simple inquiry and a simple explanation would have prevented all this unpleasantness, which might leave traces behind it. Why had not these been forthcoming? Why, indeed! How many months before was it that Balfour was urging his sweetheart to fix an early day for their wedding, on the earnest plea that marriage was the only guarantee against misunderstandings? Only with marriage came perfect confidence. Marriage was to be the perpetual safeguard against the dangers of separation, the interference of friends, the mischief wrought by rumour. In short, marriage was to bring about the millennium. That is the belief that has got into the heads of a good many young people besides Mr. Hugh Balfour and Lady Sylvia Blythe.

But as they were now quite cheerful and pleased with each other, what more was

wanted? And it was a bright and beautiful day; and soon the steamer would be coming up the river to take them on to Coblenz, that they might go up the Moselle. As they stood on the small wooden pier, Lady Sylvia, looking abroad on the beautiful panorama of crag and island and river, said to her husband in a low voice,

'Shall we ever forget this place? And the still days we spent here?'

'I will give you this advice, Sylvia,' said he. 'If you want to remember Rolandseck, don't keep any photograph of it in England. That will only deaden and vulgarize the place; and you will gradually have the photograph dispossessing your memory picture. Look, now, and remember. Look at the color of the Rhine, and the shadows under the trees of the island there, and the sunshine on those blue mountains. Don't you think you will always be able to remember?'

She did not look at all. She suddenly turned away her head, for she did not wish him to see that her eyes had filled. It was not the last time she was to look at Rolandseck—or rather at the beautiful picture that memory painted of it—through a mist of tears.

'Hillo!' cried her husband, as they were stepping on board the *Kaiser Wilhelm*, 'I'm hanged if there isn't Billy Bolitho!'

'Who is he?' said she, timidly. Her first impulse was to shrink from meeting any stranger.

'Oh, the best fellow in the world,' said Balfour, who appeared to be greatly pleased. 'He is a Parliamentary agent. Now you will hear all that's been going on. Bolitho knows every body and every thing; and, besides, he is the best of fellows himself.'

Mr. Bolitho, with much discretion, did his utmost to avoid running against these two young people; but that was of no use. Balfour hunted him up, and brought him along to introduce him to Lady Sylvia. He was an elderly gentleman, with silvery white whiskers, a bland and benevolent face, and remarkably shrewd and humorous eyes. He was very respectful to Lady Sylvia. He remarked to her that he had the pleasure of knowing her father; but, as Balfour put in, it would have been hard to find any one whom Mr. Bolitho did not know.

And how strange it was, after these still

days in the solitude by the Rhine, to plunge back again into English politics! The times were quiet enough in England itself just at the moment; but great events had recently been happening, and these afforded plenty of matter for eager discussion and speculation. Lady Sylvia listened intently: was it not part of her education? She heard their guesses as to the political future. Would the Prime Minister be forced to dissolve before the spring? Or would he not wait to see the effect on the country of the reconstruction of the cabinet, and appear in February with a fascinating budget, which would charm all men's hearts, and pave the way for a triumphant majority at the general election? All this she could follow pretty well. She was puzzled when they spoke of the alleged necessity of the Prime Minister seeking re-election on assuming the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer; and she did not quite know what league it was that was likely to oppose—according to rumor—the re-election at Birmingham of a statesman who had just been taken into the cabinet. But all this about the chances of a dissolution she could understand pretty well; and was it not of sufficient interest to her, considering that her husband's seat in the House was in peril?

But when they got into the *personnel* of politics she was lost altogether. There were rumours of a still further reconstruction of the ministry; and the chances of appointments falling to such and such people brought out such a host of details about the position of various men whose names even were unknown to her that she got not a little bewildered. And surely this garrulous, bland old gentleman talked with a dreadful cynicism about public affairs, or rather about the men engaged in them. And was not his talk affecting her husband too? Was it true that these were the real objects which caused this man to pose as a philanthropist and the other to preside at religious meetings? She began to find less and less humour in these remarks of Mr. Bolitho. She would like to have carried her husband away from the sphere of his evil influence.

'I suppose now, Balfour,' said he, 'you have been taking a look round? You know, of course, that Ballinscroon will make short work of you?'

'Yes, I know that,' said the other.

'Well,' said Mr. Bolitho, 'they say that we sha'n't know what the government mean to do until Bright's speech in October. I have a suspicion that something besides that will happen in October. They may fancy a bold challenge would tell. Now, suppose there was a dissolution, where would you be?'

'Flying all over the country, I suppose—Evesham, Shoreham, Woodstock, Harwich, any where—seeing where I could get some rest for the sole of my foot.'

'If I were you,' said Mr. Bolitho, 'I would not trust to a postponement of the dissolution till the spring. I would take my measures now.'

'Very well, but where? Come, Bolitho, put me on to a good thing. I know you have always half a dozen boroughs in your pocket.'

'Well,' said Mr. Bolitho to Lady Sylvia, with a cheerful smile, 'your husband wishes to make me out a person of some importance, doesn't he? But it is really an odd coincidence that I should run across him to-day; for, as it happens, I am going on to Mainz to see Eugy Chorley, and that is a man of whom you might fairly say that he carries a borough in his pocket—Englebury.'

'That's old Harnden's place. What a shame it would be to try to oust the old fellow!' said Balfour.

'Oh, he is good for nothing,' said Mr. Bolitho, gayly. 'He ought to be in a Bath-chair, at Brighton. Besides, he is very unpopular; he has been spending no money lately. And I suppose you have got to oust somebody somewhere if you mean to sit in the House.'

'But what are his politics?' said Lady Sylvia to this political pagan.

'Oh, nothing in particular. Formerly, if there was a free fight going on any where, he was sure to be in it—though you never could tell on which side. Now he limits himself to an occasional growl.'

'And you would have my husband try to turn out this poor old gentleman?' said Lady Sylvia, with some indignation.

'Why not?' said Mr. Bolitho, with a charming smile. 'How many men has Harnden turned out in his time, I wonder? Now, Lady Sylvia, you could be of great use to your husband if you and he would only come straight on with me to Mainz.

Mr. Chorley and his wife are at the—Hotel. He is a solicitor at Englebury; he is the great man there, does all the parochial business, is a friend of the Duke's—in short, he can do what he likes at Englebury. Your husband would have to conciliate him, you know, by putting a little business in his way—buying a few farms or houses on speculation and selling them again. Or, stay, this is better. Eugy wants to sell a few acres of land he himself has. I believe he stole the piece from the side of an out-of-the-way common—first had a ditch cut for drainage, then put up a few posts, then a wire to keep children from tumbling in, then, a couple of years after, he boldly ran a fence round and cleared the place inside. I suppose no one dared to interfere with a man who had the private affairs of every one in the parish in his hands. Well, I think Mr. Chorley, when he sees all this fuss going on about inclosures, sometimes gets uneasy. Now your husband might buy this land of him.'

'For what purpose, pray?' demanded Lady Sylvia, with some dignity. 'Do I understand you that this land was stolen from the poor people of the village?'

'Yes,' said Mr. Bolitho, coolly. 'And your husband could give it back to them—make a public green of it, and put up a gymnasium. That would have to be done after the election, of course.'

'And how do you propose that I should aid my husband?' asked Lady Sylvia. Balfour, who was listening in silent amusement, could not understand why she grew more and more chill in her demeanor.

'Oh,' said Mr. Bolitho, with a shrewd smile, 'you will have to conciliate Mrs. Chorley, who is much the more terrible person of the two. I am afraid, Lady Sylvia, you don't know much about politics.'

'No,' said Lady Sylvia, coldly.

'Of course not—not to be expected. She won't be hard in her catechising. But there are one or two points she is rather fierce about. You will have to let the English Church go.'

'To let the English Church go?' said Lady Sylvia, doubtfully.

'I mean as a political institution.'

'But it is not a political institution,' said Lady Sylvia, firmly.

'I mean as a political question, then,'

said Mr. Bolitho, blandly. 'Pray don't imagine that I am in favor of disestablishment, Lady Sylvia. It is not my business to have any opinions. I dare not belong either to the Reform or to the Carlton. I was merely pointing out that if Mrs. Chorley speaks about disestablishment, it would not be worth your while to express any decided view, supposing you were not inclined to agree with her. That is all. You see, Mrs. Chorley is the daughter of the great Quakeress, Mrs. Drew—of course you have heard of her?'

'No, I have not,' said Lady Sylvia.

'Dear me! Before your time, I suppose. But she was a delightful old woman—the dearest little old lady! How well I remember her! She used to live in Bloomsbury Square, and she had supper parties every Tuesday and Friday evening; it is five-and-thirty years ago since I went to those parties. Mrs. Drew was a widow, you know, and she presided at the table; and when supper was over she used to get up and propose a series of toasts in the most delightful prim and precise manner. She was a great politician, you must understand. And many men used to come there of an evening who became very celebrated persons afterward. Dear me, it's a long time since then! But I shall never forget the little woman standing up with a glass of toast and water in her hand—she did not drink wine—and giving the health of some distinguished guest, or begging them to drink to the success of a bill before the House; and we always drank her health before we left, and she used to give us such a pretty little old-fashioned courtesy. Mrs. Chorley,' added Mr. Bolitho, with a grim smile, 'is not quite such another.'

'But do you mean,' said Lady Sylvia, with some precision, 'that because Mrs. Chorley is the daughter of a Quakeress, I am to pretend to wish for the destruction of the Church of England—my own Church?'

'My dear Lady Sylvia!' cried Mr. Bolitho, with a sort of paternal familiarity, 'you must not put it in that way.'

But here Balfour interposed; for he perceived that she was becoming a trifle warm, and a young husband is anxious that his wife should acquit herself well before his friends.

'Look here, Sylvia,' he said, good-humoredly, 'I suppose neither you nor I have

any very keen personal interest in that question. No doubt the Church of England will be disestablished in time, and before that time comes it will be well to prepare for the change, so that it may be effected with as little harm and as little harshness as possible. But the severance of the connection between Church and State has nothing to do with the destruction of the Church; it is a political question; and if Mrs. Chorley or any body else is so constituted as to take a frantic interest in such a thing, why should any other person goad her by contradiction? The opinions of Mrs. Chorley won't shift the axis of the earth.'

'You mistake me altogether, Hugh,' said Lady Sylvia. 'I have not the slightest intention of entering into any discussion on any topic whatsoever with Mrs. Chorley.'

Of course not. She already regarded Mrs. Chorley, and all her views and opinions, no matter what they were, with a sovereign contempt. For was it not this unholy alliance into which her husband seemed inclined to enter, that was the cause of his speaking in a slighting, indifferent manner about subjects which ought to have been of supreme importance to him? And the cheerful and friendly face of Mr. Bolitho pleased her no longer.

'Are we going on to Mainz, then?' she asked of her husband.

'I think we might as well,' said he. 'There can be no harm in seeing this potentate, at all events. And we can go up the Moselle another time.'

So he abandoned, at a moment's notice, that voyage up the beautiful river to which she had been looking forward for many a day, merely that he should go on to see whether he could bribe a solicitor into betraying a constituency. She knew that her noble husband could never have done this but under the malign influence of this godless old man, whose only notion of the British Constitution was that it offered him the means of earning a discreditable livelihood. And she, too, was to take her part in the conspiracy.

'You know, Lady Sylvia,' said Mr. Bolitho, with a pleasant smile, 'there is one thing will conciliate Mrs. Chorley more than your agreeing with her about politics; and that is the fact that you are your father's daughter.'

She did not quite understand at first. Then it dawned upon her that they hoped to bring Mrs. Chorley into a friendly mood by introducing that political termagant to the daughter of an earl. Lady Sylvia who had retired into her guide-book, and would listen no more to their jargon of politics, resolved that that introduction would be of such a nature as Mrs. Chorley had never experienced before in the whole course of her miserable, despicable, and ignominious life.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

IT was late when they arrived at Mainz, and there was some little delay about getting supper ready, because, a quarter of an hour after it was ordered, they heard the squealing of a young cock outside, that being the animal destined for their repast. Moreover, when the fowl appeared, he turned out to be a tough little beast, only half cooked; so they sent him away, and had something else. For convenience sake they supped in the great, gaunt, empty Speise-saal. It was about ten o'clock when they went up to the sitting-room on the first floor which they had ordered.

There was thus plenty of time for Lady Sylvia to have got over the first fierce feeling of wrath against Mr. and Mrs. Chorley, which had been begotten by the cynicism of Mr. Bolitho and the indifference of her husband. Surely those large and tender blue-gray eyes—which her husband now thought had more than ever of the beautiful liquid lustre that had charmed him in the days of her sweet maidenhood—were never meant as the haunt of an uncontrollable rage? And, indeed, when Mr. and Mrs. Chorley, who had been wandering about the town, on foot, were brought up to the apartment at that late hour of the night by Mr. Bolitho, and introduced to Mr. and Lady Sylvia Balfour, there was nothing hideous or repellent about the political Gorgon, nothing calculated to awaken dismay or disgust. On the contrary, Mrs. Chorley, who was a tall, motherly-looking woman, with a fresh-colored face, gray hair, thin and decided lips, and blue eyes that stared at one over her silver spectacles, was

more than friendly with the young girl. She was almost obsequious. She was sure Lady Sylvia must be so tired; would not Lady Sylvia have a cup of tea now? She would be so pleased if she could do anything for Lady Sylvia. Lady Sylvia sat proud and cold. She did not like to be fawned upon. She was listening, in indignant silence, for the first efforts of her husband and Mr. Bolitho to cajole this mercenary solicitor into betraying an English constituency.

One thing she might have been sure of—that her husband would not be guilty of any tricks of flattery or hypocrisy to gain his end. His faults lay all the other way—in a bluntness and directness that took too small account of the sensitiveness of other people. And on this evening he was in very good spirits, and at once attacked Mr. Eugenius Chorley with a sort of gay and friendly audacity. Now Mr. Chorley was a little, dapper, horsy-looking man, with shrewd, small eyes, a face wrinkled and red as a French rennet, accurately clipped whiskers, and a somewhat gorgeous neck-tie, with a horseshoe in emeralds in it. He was shrewd, quick, and clever; but he was also very respectable and formal, and he disliked and distrusted jokes. When Balfour gayly asked him what price Englebury put upon itself, he only stared.

'My friend Bolitho,' continued Balfour with a careless smile, 'tells me you've got some land there, Mr. Chorley, of no particular use to you. If I were to buy that, and turn it into a public garden, wouldn't the inhabitants of Englebury be vastly grateful to me?'

Here Mr. Bolitho struck in, very red in the face.

'Of course you understand, Chorley, that is mere nonsense; we were having a joke about it on the steamer. But really now, you know, we may have a general election in October; and Mr. Balfour is naturally anxious to fix on some borough where he may have a reasonable chance, as Ballinascroon is sure to bid him good-by; and I have heard rumors that old Harnden was likely to retire. You, as the most important man in the borough, would naturally have great influence in selecting a candidate.'

It was a broad hint—a much franker exposition of the situation than Mr. Bolitho at all liked; but then the reckless audacity of this young man had compromised him.

'I see,' said the small, pink-faced solicitor, with his hands clasping his knee; and then he added, gravely—indeed, solemnly—'You are doubtless aware, Mr. Balfour, that your expressed intention of giving the inhabitants a public garden would become a serious matter for you in the event of there being a petition?'

'Oh,' said Balfour with a laugh, 'I sha'n't express any intention. You would never think of repeating a private chat we had one evening by the Rhine. The people of Englebury would know nothing about it till long after the election; it would only be a reward for their virtuous conduct in returning so admirable a representative as myself.'

Mr. Chorley did not like this fashion of treating so serious a matter; in the conduct of the public affairs of Englebury he was accustomed to much recondite diplomacy, caucous meetings, private influence, and a befitting gravity.

'There is a number of our people,' said he, cautiously, 'dissatisfied with Mr. Arnden.'

'Parliament really wants some fresh blood in it,' urged Mr. Bolitho, who would have been glad to see a general election every three months; for his Parliamentary agency was not at all confined to looking after the passage of private bills.

'And his connection with Macleary has done him harm,' Mr. Chorley again admitted.

'Oh, that fellow!' cried Balfour. 'Well, I don't think a man is responsible for the sins of his brother-in-law; and old Harnden is an honest and straightforward old fellow. But Macleary! I know for a fact that he received £300 in hard cash for talking out a bill on a Wednesday near the end of this very session. Let him charge me with libel and I will prove it. Thank goodness, I am free in that respect. I am not hampered by having a blackguard for a brother-in-law—'

He stopped suddenly, and Lady Sylvia, looking up, was surprised by the expression of his face, in which a temporary embarrassment was blended with a certain angry frown. He hurried on to say something else; she sat and wondered. What could he mean by this allusion to a brother-in-law? He had no brother-in-law at all. She was recalled from these bewildered guesses by the assiduous attentions of Mrs. Chorley, who was telling Lady Sylvia about all the

beautiful places which she must visit, although Lady Sylvia treated these attentions with but scant courtesy, and seemed much more deeply interested in this electioneering plot.

For it was as a plot that she distinctly regarded this proposal; and she was certain that her husband would never have been drawn into it but for the evil influence of this worlding, this wily serpent, this jester. And what was this that they were saying now?—that Englebury had no politics at all; that it was all a matter of personal preference; that the Dissenters in that remote and rustic paradise had not even thought of raising the cry of disestablishment; and that Balfour, if he resolved to contest the seat, would have a fair chance of success. Balfour had grown a trifle more serious, and was making inquiries. It appeared that Mr. Chorley was not much moved by political questions; his wife was a Dissenter, but he was not. Very probably Mr. Harnden would resign. And the only probable rival whom Balfour would in that case encounter was a certain Reginald Key, who was a native of the place, and had once represented a neighboring borough.

'Confound that fellow!' said Mr. Bolitho; 'is he back in England again? It doesn't matter which party is in power, they can't get him killed. They've sent him, time after time, to places that invalid every Englishman in a couple of years; and the worse the place is the better he thrives—comes back smiling, and threatens to get into Parliament again if they don't give him a better appointment. What a nuisance he used to be in the House! But certainly the feeblest thing I ever knew done by a Liberal government was their sending him out to the Gold Coast—as if twenty Gold Coasts could kill that fellow! Don't you be afraid of him, Balfour. The government will get him out of the way somehow. If they can't kill him, they will at least pack him out of England. So you think, Chorley, that our friend here has a chance?'

Mr. Chorley looked at his wife: so far the oracle had not spoken. She instantly answered that mute appeal.

'I should say a very good chance,' she observed, with a friendly smile, 'a very excellent chance; and I am perhaps in a better position to sound the opinions of our people than my husband is, for, of course,

he has a great deal of business on his hands. No doubt it would be a great advantage if you had a house in the neighborhood. And I am sure Lady Sylvia would soon become very popular: if I may say so, I am sure she would become the popular candidate.'

Surely all things were going well. Had this important ally been secured and not a word said about disestablishment? It was Lady Sylvia who now spoke.

'I must beg you,' said the girl, speaking in clear tones, with her face perhaps a trifle more proud and pale than usual—'I must beg you to leave me out of your scheme. I must say it seems to me a singular one. You meet us, who are strangers to you, by accident in a foreign country; and without consulting the gentleman who is at present your member, and without consulting any of the persons in the town, and without asking a word about my husband's opinions or qualifications, you practically invite him to represent the constituency in Parliament. All that happens in an hour. Well, it is very kind of you, but it seems to me strange. Perhaps I ought not to ask why you should be so kind. There has been a talk about presenting a public green to the people; but I can not suppose you could be influenced by so paltry a bribe. In any case, will you be so good as to leave me, at least, out of the scheme?'

All this was said very quietly, and it was with a sweet courtesy that she rose and bowed to them, and left the room; but when she had gone, they looked as if a thunderbolt had fallen in the midst of them. Balfour broke the silence; he was as surprised as the others, but he was far more deeply vexed.

'That shows the folly,' said he, with an angry look on his face, 'of allowing women to mix themselves up in politics—I mean unmarried women—I mean young women of no experience, who take everything *au grand sérieux*. I am sure, Mrs. Chorley, you will allow me to apologize for my wife's conduct; she herself will be sorry enough when she has time to reflect.'

'Pray don't say another word, Mr. Balfour,' Mrs. Chorley replied; but all the bright friendliness had gone from her face, and she spoke coldly. 'I have no doubt Lady Sylvia is a little tired by travelling—and impatient; and, indeed, my husband

and myself ought not to have intruded ourselves upon her at so late an hour. I have no doubt it is eleven o'clock, Eugenius?'

Her husband rose, and they left together. Then Mr. Bolitho put his hands into his pocket, and stretched out his legs.

'The fat's in the fire,' said he.

For a second Balfour felt inclined to pick a fierce quarrel with this man. Was it not he who had led him into this predicament; and what did he care for all the constituencies and solicitors and agents that ever were seen as compared with this desperate business that had arisen between him and his young wife?

But he controlled himself. He would not even show that he was vexed.

'Women don't take a joke,' said he, lightly. 'Besides, she knows little about actual life. It is all theory with her; and she has high notions about what people should be and do. It was a mistake to let her know anything about election affairs.'

'I thought she was deeply interested,' said Mr. Bolitho. 'However, I hope no harm is done. You will see old Chorley to-morrow before they leave; he is a decent sort of fellow; he won't bear a grudge. And from what he says, it appears clear to me that Harnden does really mean to resign; and Chorley could pull you through if he likes—his wife being favorable, that is. Only, no more at present about the buying of that land of his. I am afraid he felt that.'

Bolitho then went, and Balfour was left alone. He began pacing up and down the room, biting the end of a cigar which he did not light. He could not understand the origin of this outburst. He had never suspected that placid, timid, sensitive girl of having such a temper. Where had she got the courage, too, that enabled her to speak with such clear decision? He began to wonder whether he had ever really discovered what the character of this girl was during those quiet rambles in the by-gone times.

He went into her room and found her seated in an easy-chair, reading by the light of a solitary candle. She put the book aside when he entered. He flattered himself that he could deal with this matter in a gentle and friendly fashion; he would not have a quarrel in their honeymoon.

'Sylvia,' said he, in a kindly way, 'I

think you have successfully put your foot in it this time.'

She did not answer.

'What made you insult those people so?'

'I hope I did not insult them,' she said.

'Well,' he said, with a laugh, 'it was getting close to it. I must say, you might have shown a little more consideration to friends of mine—'

'I did not regard them as friends of yours. I should be sorry to do that.'

'They were, at all events, human beings; they were not black beetles. And I think you might have considered my interest a little bit, and have remained silent, even if you had conjured up some imaginary cause of offence.'

'How could I remain silent?' she suddenly said, with vehemence. 'I was ashamed to see you in the society of such people; I was ashamed to see you listening to them; and I was determined that I, for one, would not be drawn into their unblushing conspiracy. Is it true, Hugh, that you mean to bribe that man? Does he really mean to accept that payment for betraying his trust?'

'My dear child,' said he, impatiently, 'you don't understand such things. The world is the world, and not the paradise of a school-girl's essay. I can assure you that if I were to buy that bit of land from Chorley—and so far it has only been spoken of as a joke—that would be a very innocent transaction as things go; and there could be no bribing of the constituency, for they would not know of the public green till afterward. Bribery? There was more bribery in giving Mrs. Chorley the honour of making your acquaintance—'

'I know that,' said the girl, with flushed cheeks. 'I gathered that from the remarks

of your friend, Mr. Bolitho. And I was resolved that I, at least, would keep out of any such scheme.'

'Your superior virtue,' said Balfour, in a matter-of-fact way, 'has asserted itself most unmistakably. I shall not be surprised to find that you have killed off the best chance I could have had of getting into the next Parliament.'

'I should be sorry to see you get into any Parliament by such means,' she said; for her whole soul was in revolt against this infamous proposal.

'Well, at all events,' said he, 'you must leave me to be the best judge of such matters, as far as my own conduct is concerned.'

'Oh, I will not interfere,' she said, with a business-like air, though her heart was throbbing cruelly. 'On the contrary. If you wish to get back soon, in order to look after this borough, I will go whenever you please. There will be plenty for me to do at the Lilacs while you are in London.'

'Do you mean,' said he, regarding her with astonishment, 'when we return to England, do you mean that you will go down to Surrey, and that I should remain in Piccadilly?'

There was a voice crying in her heart, '*O my husband—my husband!*' but she would pay no heed to it. Her face had got pale again, and she spoke calmly.

'If that were convenient to you. I should not wish to be in the way if you were entertaining your friends—I mean the friends who might be of use to you at Englebury. I should be sorry to interfere in any way with your chances of getting the seat, if you consider it right and honourable that you should try.'

He paused for a moment, and then he said, sadly enough—'Very well.'

(To be Continued).

UNPROFITABLE.

'Why stand ye here all the day idle?'

A hopeless, heartless human life,
Nerved with no valour for the strife
Against the evil that is rife,

And wasting in soul-sloth its lease
Of precious years,—nor finding peace
In such half-death, but strange increase

Of discontent and vague unrest,
Of listlessness and lack of zest,—
The self-tormentings of a breast

That findeth not its task—can feel
No honest warmth, no tireless zeal
For change of others' woe to weal:

A life of aspirations furred,
Of Self in petty Self deep-curved
Amid the struggles of a world:

A narrow mind; a gleamless eye
That hath no glance on earth, on high,
Save for the pleasure passing by:

A godless soul cased in a creed
Of specious form and barren deed,
Transgressed for Lust, subserved for Greed,

Safe hid in which it findeth well
To cry that all who doubt, rebel;
To brand the Thinker, infidel:

A life like this, and thousands, aye!
And millions like it here to-day
Stand in the way! Stand in the way!

A. W. G.

THE AMERICAN AND BRITISH 'DOWN-EASTS.'

FOR fifty years and more the Lower British Provinces had been the most unknown and untravellered section of the continent to the great majority of the American people. Indeed, we had more to do, say, think, and hear in regard to Mexico than to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Those provinces had ever been left out in the cold on our maps, or attached to them as a kind of appendix, as if not to entirely ignore or overlook their geographical position and existence. The best-read and best-travelled Americans could tell but little of the location, form, size, and capacities of the country, or of the history and character of the people. The thousands who visit Europe have stopped for one hour at Halifax, and seen the worst or harbor side of that town, and perhaps have thought it pretty much the whole, or at least the best of Nova Scotia. Cod, mackerel, and herring fishers have cast their hooks into every square league of the provincial waters, but the lands they surround or bound had been left hidden in their native fogs or in the deeper mists of imagination. Up to within a year or two we had no points of connection or access for visiting the country. A vast distance of actual or imaginary wilderness intervened between our Down-East and the Down-East of these Lower British Provinces. All land-travel between them was barred except by rough staging over tedious forest roads. But a well-appointed railway has changed all this, and brought into our near neighborhood one of the most interesting countries in North America, which, doubtless, will hereafter become an attractive tourist and recreation section for thousands of American travellers. And not one of them could have availed himself of this new facility for visiting the country with more pleasure than myself. I had travelled much in the two Canadas, and visited nearly every considerable town and village in the upper Province, and had long wished to see what kind of countries Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were, and what kind of people resided in them.

When I set out on this journey about the middle of December I had heard that there was a railroad in operation between Bangor and St. John in New Brunswick, but was unacquainted with the means of travel in the interior of the provinces. However, I started in the belief that they would enable me to visit all the principal towns and points of interest. The whole journey was very enjoyable, and, in some respects, more instructive and interesting than if made in summer. I say more instructive to a mind open to the lessons of Nature. And next to the lessons of Holy Writ those which Nature teaches with her illustrations I have studied for years with attentive faculties. Perhaps no other living man has been so deeply affected by them as myself. Forty years ago a single half hour's study of physical geography changed the whole course of my life from that time to this. I there read a new gospel in the revelations of Nature, or rather the gospel of the New Testament written in duplicate in the language of the seasons, soils, climates, and productions of the earth. I have often said that the difference between the island of Great Britain and Labrador, made all the difference in my life and labors for thirty years; that had it not been for the difference in climate, soil, and production between these two sections, lying in the same latitude, under the same sun, and washed by the same sea, I should never have gone to Europe, or written or spoken a word on the brotherhood and interdependence of nations. It is for this reason that no one can be more interested in the varying productions of different countries, or study the political economy of Nature more attentively than myself. This study has brought me to the full conviction and faith of a mathematical fact, that Nature has so provided for a constant commerce not only between sea-divided nations, but between states or provinces of the same country, that there is no section of the earth two hundred miles square that can produce the same articles, in quality or quantity, as the next section of the same size adjoining it on either side.

The striking proofs and illustrations of

this industrial and commercial economy of Nature are to me a special source of instruction and enjoyment when travelling in any direction. And I do not recollect seeing this economy more beautifully illustrated than on my winter's journey through Maine, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. The first feature of it which I noticed with peculiar interest, was the industrial; or that arrangement which Nature provides for equalizing the conditions of sections of the same country, divided by wide spaces of distance, and varied by wide differences of production. These compensations afford a most instructive study. For instance, if she gives to one section a vast area of flat, level, soft, alluvial soil, as to one of our Western prairie States, she gives to it no mountain, nor forest, nor bright, healthy streams of water; and where she withholds these, she cuts off the supply of paying, continuous labor through the winter. The soft, rich soil of the prairie State is easily and quickly tilled; its harvests, reaped and threshed by machinery, are early sent to the market; then comes a long winter of discontent or compulsory idleness to hired laborers, and they flock to large cities like Chicago or San Francisco, where they spend all their earnings through the past short season, and become frequently a charge upon the charity or care of Young Men's Christian Associations. But in Maine and other New England States we see, or ought to recognize with gratitude, what Nature gives them in exchange for fertile, alluvial soil, and for all the advantages for which we are so apt to envy the West. She gives these States good, healthy work for every month in the year. Indeed, the busiest industries of the year in Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire are carried on in the winter. The observant traveller must enjoy a winter journey through these States with a peculiar relish of satisfaction. He will see their hill-sides, river-sides, and valleys studded with such farm houses as he will find nowhere else on this continent or on any other. He will see the white abodes of country life all radiant with the quiet competence within; looking as if their very cheeks were rounded out with the plenty that fills cellar, larder, and garret. He will see what will give him equal pleasure. He will see often great, white barns locked arm-in-arm with the house, sharing and reflecting its com-

fort. He will see cattle, sheep, poultry, and swine basking in well-littered and sunny yards, as if, in the language of the poet, 'their large and lustrous eyes thanked the Lord' for the kind thought of them which He had put into their master's heart. He will see how Nature remembered this barn-yard companionship of human life, and provided for it in her gifts to the country. Contrast the New England condition of these barn-yard companions with the condition of their kind in Illinois. Nature has given no timber to the prairie State for building barns to house its cattle. If we may say it with reverence, she gave those States their heart's desire and boast in rich soil, but sent leanness into their souls in regard to the dumb animals that serve and enrich them. The harvests which these animals plow for, sow, reap, thresh, and carry to market seldom buy a shelter for them against the cutting breath of a prairie winter. For myself, I can truly say, that I never travelled in any civilized country with such sympathy for farm animals and with such indignation at their cruel treatment, as in those fertile States of the West, that boast so much of what they call their natural advantages. To see, as every one may see if he has a heart to look at the spectacle, a herd of cattle standing unsheltered with the mercury at zero and with icicles six inches long hanging from their nose, is a sight that takes away the enjoyment of a winter's journey in that section of the country.

In Maine and New Brunswick especially one will get a new sense of the mission of snow on the earth. Poets have given us their view of it in the aspects that strike the fancy. The sleigh-bells of a hundred winters have set it to the music of social life. Its sanitary work has been dwelt upon in learned disquisitions. But here in these forest States its industrial value and power are brought to the front of all other considerations. Here, snow is the only possible roadway to the mountain, forest, and lowland wood. What would all the vast forests of timber be worth without snow? What would pine lumber cost us per thousand without it? Snow is the universal railway which Nature lays down every winter for these lumber States, from the foot of every tree in the still backwoods to every saw-mill, and every stream and wharf of the country. There it is not only road but it

is motive power. The snow of Maine and New Brunswick is equal to half a million of horse-power in the transportation of lumber. That is, it would require half a million more horses than now employed to get this timber from forests to the mills on bare ground, if this were possible. In travelling through these sections one cannot help being impressed with the industrial capacity and value of snow. While there, a warm rain had carried it away, and the very wheels of industry seemed to stop turning on their axles. The whole community longed, hoped, prayed, and looked for snow as earnestly as the people of other States wish and wait for rain in time of drouth.

There is one most valuable result of an international railway, or one running across the boundary between two different countries. The grim custom-house, which so divides nations, and so taxes them for being independent of each other, has to let down one or two of its top-bars to the iron horse. He cannot stop to parley with the official banditti of restriction, or with trunk and satchel-searchers, so they only make a pretence of examination, and pass one's baggage with only the ceremony of a chalk mark. The custom-house authorities on the line between us and the British Provinces are particularly gentle and polite in their small duties. And well may they let us pass into our neighbor's territory with the slightest inspection; for, with our high tariffs and shoddy money, they know that we cannot take with us anything that the provincials can afford to buy. So there is only one article that occasions them question or suspicion. This is *tobacco*—the sweetest morsel that the custom-officers of other countries search for in American trunks and carpet-bags, for no other article in the world will bear such a heavy tax.

For a hundred miles beyond the Maine boundary line, the country is nearly of the same character as that on this side, minus the thrifty towns and villages. For this whole space had remained a kind of thinly-settled wilderness until the opening of the railroad from Bangor to St. John. So we meet with no considerable village until we come to the great sea-port of New Brunswick. No city between New Orleans and Halifax presents such a striking and interesting view from the sea as this provincial town. The scenery at the entrance of the

harbor is almost equal to that of Quebec, taking away the great fortress. It is situated on the Bay of Fundy at the mouth of the St. John River. The hills on either side are nearly as bold and high as at Quebec. On these hills the town rises street by street, with its churches crowning the summit, and presenting an imposing appearance. Just across the narrow bay, which seemingly is not so wide as the Connecticut at Hartford, another city, like a Brooklyn to New York, called Portland, is arising on another hill of equal height. The St. John River here comes into the bay at right angles, spanned just above the junction by a noble suspension bridge, which adds an interesting feature to the general view which the eye grasps at once from the sea. Whatever advantage the Canadas may possess in other respects, these Lower Provinces surpass them in sea-ports open all the year round. The harbor of St. John can never freeze or close in winter. It has in itself an ice-breaker which all the frosts of the North Pole could not resist,—a tide that rises and falls more than twenty feet every day. Few sea-ports in the world are better adapted for shipping at all seasons of the year, and the tonnage owned and sailed by St. John undoubtedly equals that of New York. For many years past it has carried on a great trade in ships, by building and loading them with timber, then taking them to England and selling them with their loading at Liverpool. Its trade with the West Indies and South America is one of the richest sources of prosperity to the whole province. Those countries have to import all their lumber not only for houses but for their productions, which must all be sent away in casks or boxes. Millions of these are sent from Maine and New Brunswick in what are called shooks, or the sides, bottoms, ends, and covers of a box, or the staves and heads of a cask, in a compact shook, to be put together when landed. The number of these packages exported to Cuba alone, for sugar and molasses, is simply prodigious.

What the gold mines of California and Australia are to those countries, the pine forests of the British Provinces are to them, and more abundant far in enduring production and value. They are safer, steadier, and more fertile sources of prosperity. A single schooner could bring to New York all

the gold ever mined in California. Five thousand men could have gathered it all probably from the diggings. But the mining of lumber in the Canadas and New Brunswick has employed fifty thousand men in the forest diggings of the axe, and hundreds of the largest ships to convey their huge nuggets to the woodless countries of the world. The mills, ships, and men employed in this great, bulky business create a vast amount of collateral enterprize in the building up of towns, and in setting the wheels of other industries in motion. One or two facts will illustrate the extent of this trade. I overheard a man state in conversation that he could turn out 100,000 feet a week from his mills on the St. John. During last season, a firm in Montreal sent twenty million feet to the United States, and thirty million to Buenos Ayres.

The Lower Provinces, or New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland, not only possess all the open Atlantic Sea harbors of the new nation which is to extend from ocean to ocean across the continent, but they produce a vast amount of raw material for exportation. Nova Scotia and Cape Breton are full of the best bituminous coal in the world, and never, since my return from England, have I enjoyed such a luxury of comfort as while sitting by the bright, happy, healthy fires in their open grates. How much I coveted the luxury for New England, which ought to enjoy it in all her homes, and would enjoy it were it not locked out of her possession by the iron key of Pennsylvania, which prevents us from using any other coal but her brain blistering fuel. During the coal famine which the Pennsylvania corporations produced for their own benefit a year or two ago, the doors of the Nova Scotia ports were opened a little, and preparations were made for sending their coal into the States, but the old policy has been restored, and this excellent fuel is excluded from our own use, though it may be laid down at the provincial wharves for \$2.50 per ton.

In going by land from St. John to Halifax, I passed through the centre of Nova Scotia for the whole length of the peninsula, going around the head of the Bay of Fundy. The distance is over 200 miles, and the government railway passes through a very beautiful and productive country.

No western prairie can be more fertile than the section that borders on this remarkable bay, which narrows to a common river's width for many miles at its upper end. A vast section of this prairie land has to be dyked to keep out the high tide, and it is thus brought into a high state of cultivation, especially for the production of the finest quality of English grass. Thousands upon thousands of stacks of the best hay studded a great expanse of this rich and level country, and its conveyance home or to ports for exportation makes a great part of the winter work for farmers. This is the great dairy and stock-raising section, and cattle trains to St. John, Halifax, and other large towns, are frequent and heavily laden.

Although little wheat and Indian corn is raised in these lower Provinces, other crops, equally valuable, make agriculture as profitable as in milder climates. Oats and potatoes are here grown to their highest perfection, and in vast quantities for export as well as for home consumption. The demand for these productions increases with the growth of population, both in the States and in the Provinces, and this demand stimulates and extends agriculture and all the businesses and interests connected with it, building up market towns and raising the position of the farming community.

My journey being in the winter, when the country was covered with snow, of course I could only imagine how it would look in summer when covered with its luxurious vegetation. I was sorry not to be able to visit the section bordering on the eastern shore of the Bay of Fundy, especially that part which Longfellow has immortalized in his *Evangeline*. His description of Grand Pré, or the Great Prairie, must have been true to the life, and almost equally true in regard to many other parts lying on both sides of the bay.

Taking the farm lands, forests, mines, fisheries, and ship-yards into account, few States in our Union afford more continuous, steady, and paying employment than these Provinces. This unbroken continuity of industry is one of the best capacities of progress and prosperity that any country can possess. For hardly any condition can be more demoralizing in its tendency than that in which the labor or business of the year must be accomplished in six or nine months. The rivers of New Brunswick are

numerous, running through a picturesque and variegated country, full of every species of scenery that delights the eye. They not only serve as thoroughfares and thorough-carriers for the great lumber and timber traffic, but they offer the best fishing ground in America. They are richer in salmon than even the rivers of Scotland, and are attracting American tourists and sportsmen to their banks in greater numbers from year to year. It is doubtful if any river this side of the Rocky Mountains would afford more picturesque and enjoyable scenery than the St. John, whose head streams extend almost to the St. Lawrence.

I was surprised to find the railroad system so fully developed in the two Provinces. Indeed, the New Brunswickers claim that they will soon have more mileage of railway in operation per head of their population than the people of any State in America or in Europe. Two parallel lines are now in process of construction, both to be carried through to the St. Lawrence, and which will connect Quebec with St. John and Halifax, and render those towns the seaports of Lower Canada in winter. These railways are built, owned, and worked by the Dominion Government, and no one can travel on them without being impressed with many of the enjoyable advantages of the system. They are not worked to produce the dividends which railroad companies make the alpha and omega of their lines. There is no starveling or stingy economy in their arrangements in order to yield increased profits to shareholders. They are run for the public good and the public comfort. The stations are large, neat, and well kept. The cars are excellent, and the running is arranged on a fixed principle. The government owns most of the land through which these lines are constructed. They buy the rails at a lower rate than our corporations pay for them, because the iron key of Pennsylvania cannot lock their ports or exact the heavy tribute to that State which she imposes upon the whole American Union.

I was much interested in a scheme for promoting immigration adopted in New Brunswick. The government appreciates the condition of every family of European emigrants on landing. Therefore it not only gives them a certain amount of wild or uncultivated land as we do, but it clears

six acres for each settler, and builds him a log-house, and furnishes him with provisions, seeds, &c., as an outfit. The small tax or return it requires for this outlay, he is to work out on the public road next to his allotment. Thus, without a day's delay at the sea-port, he may go direct to the home prepared for him, and find it ready for his reception, and six acres of land ready for planting. This is a very generous and politic system, and must tend to bring into the Province a valuable population to increase its wealth of land and labor.

The present is a very interesting period in the political condition of all the Provinces and communities that are now assuming the coherence and consolidation of a national being. For a hundred years they have lived in a kind of small-minded and selfish isolation, jealous of their little local independence, preferring, like some of our little States after the Revolution, to be a small *I* rather than a large *WE*. But now they are entering upon a new condition, full of the stimulating ambition of a national life. The small personality is merging itself into a nationality that extends from ocean to ocean across the continent. Now Nova Scotia is learning to say *we* with Vancouver's Island on the Pacific; to meet in one national parliament at Ottawa a part of the young empire as far from it as Sweden itself. It is interesting to visit a people in this incipient state of national formation; to see how the first impulses of patriotism act upon their faith, hope, and ambition; to see how their minds expand to take in a new vista of political being, in which they shall be admitted into the sisterhood of independent nations, and to which no one of them all will give it a prouder and heartier welcome than that Mother Country which will number the new Dominion as the second nationality she has begotten.

The population of the Provinces is well calculated to develop its resources by an even and steady industry, and to form one of the best communities on this continent. It is composed of the best fundamental elements for the formation of such a community. In the first place, New Brunswick is the child of Massachusetts, and not her prodigal son or daughter. It was natural and inevitable that a great number of men of high social position, of education and in-

fluence, at the beginning of the American Revolution, should have recoiled at the act and intent of severing their connection with the Mother Country, endeared to them by a thousand years of glorious history. One may easily conceive how the thought of such a severance must have affected the minds of such men; and how difficult it must have been for them to repress the utterance of the painful sentiments which filled their souls. We know, by the experience of our loyal union men in the South during the civil war, what they must have felt and suffered. And we can easily imagine that their condition after the successful termination of the Revolution was pretty much what the condition of the loyalist in the South would have been if the war of secession had resulted in Southern independence. Whether they found this condition insupportable, or their attachment to the Mother Country to increase at the loss of her colonies, hundreds of them left some of the best homes in New England and emigrated to the almost unexplored wilderness of New Brunswick, living in log huts, and subjecting themselves to all the hardships and privations which the Pilgrim Fathers experienced at Plymouth Rock. St. John was their place of refuge and rendezvous. It was then only a kind of trading post for traffic with the Indians. Here the loyalists erected their little settlement of huts, and slowly, painfully, and hopefully made it a city of habitation, and moulded the whole Province of New Brunswick by the shaping influence of their character. They were some of the best educated men of Massachusetts, representing many of her oldest families, whose names are now familiar to Beacon street in Boston. One of these loyalists owned the grand old mansion which Gen. Washington made his headquarters at Cambridge, now the immortalized home of Longfellow. He left it, and all its comforts and luxuries, for a log cabin on the St. John, like many others of similar standing and sentiment. Indeed, there are but few of the old hereditary families of Boston that are not represented to-day in the first families of St. John and Halifax. Appreciating and even admiring the mistaken sentiment of these self-expatriated men, it was interesting to me to attend service in the first church they built in St. John, to worship with their sons, and join with them in the fellowship of a faith which unites all the English-speaking nations

of the earth beyond the severance of revolution, secession, or any of the political convulsions that affect the world.

I cannot well close these observations without noticing the commercial relations which Nature has provided between New England and these British Provinces. They virtually lie side by side, with a similar seaboard and a similar inland. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia virtually abut upon Maine. When one looks upon the surface of the two sections, they seem alike, covered with the same timber and growing the same crops. The trees, grain, grasses, and roots are the same. The soil of one produces nothing different from or better than the soil of the other. A superficial observer might say, here are two sections of country which Nature has made entirely independent of each other, because she has given to one just what she has given to the other, in variety, quality, and quantity. Thus she has made no provision for any trade between them. This would be the natural inference of a man who only looked at the surface of the two sections. But let him look again. Let him look into their *cellars*, and he will see a marvelous difference. He will see the elements of a vast commerce between the two sections. He will find in the cellar of the Provinces countless millions of tons of the best coal in the world, while he will not find a bushel in the cellar of New England; coal which would give to New England that great luxury which the people of Old England enjoy in the brightest, healthiest, happiest fires that ever cheered and blest the homes of any race or age. When New England opens the eyes of her thoughtful mind to see what Nature provided for her in the cellar of her nearest neighbour's country; what commercial ties she wove and twisted for them in the very heart-strings of the earth, she will open all her eastern doors to a trade which the iron key of the Keystone State has so long locked out of her reach and enjoyment.

These commercial relations prove anew the theory which has made such a deep impression on my life, that there is no section of the earth two hundred miles square that can live independent of the section of the same size adjoining it on the north, south, east, or west; a fact which constitutes the first syllable in the political economy of Nature.

ELIHU BURRITT.

THE POLITICAL DESTINY OF CANADA.*

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

IGNORANCE of the future can hardly be good for any man or nation ; nor can forecast of the future in the case of any man or nation well interfere with the business of the present, though the language of colonial politicians seems often to imply that it may. No Canadian farmer would take his hand from the plough, no Canadian artisan would desert the foundry or the loom, no Canadian politician would become less busy in his quest of votes, no industry of any kind would slacken, no source of wealth would cease to flow, if the rulers of Canada and the powers of Downing Street, by whom the rulers of Canada are supposed to be guided, instead of drifting on in darkness, knew for what port they were steering.

For those who are actually engaged in moulding the institutions of a young country not to have formed a conception of her destiny—not to have made up their minds whether she is to remain forever a dependency, to blend again in a vast confederation with the monarchy of the mother-country, or to be united to a neighbouring republic—would be to renounce statesmanship. The very expenditure into which Canada is led by her position as a dependency in military and political railways, in armaments and defences, and other things which assume the permanence of the present system, is enough to convict Canadian rulers of flagrant improvidence if the permanency of the present system is not distinctly established in their minds.

To tax forecast with revolutionary designs or tendencies is absurd. No one can be in a less revolutionary frame of mind than he who foresees a political event with-

out having the slightest interest in hastening its arrival. On the other hand, mere party politicians cannot afford to see beyond the hour. Under the system of party government, forecast and freedom of speech alike belong generally to those who are not engaged in public life.

The political destiny of Canada is here considered by itself, apart from that of any other portion of the motley and widely-scattered 'empire.' This surely is the rational course. Not to speak of India and the military dependencies, such as Malta and Gibraltar, which have absolutely nothing in common with the North American colonies (India not even the titular form of government, since its sovereign has been made an empress), who can believe that the future of Canada, of South Africa, of Australia, of the West Indies, and of Mauritius, will be the same? Who can believe that the mixed French and English population of Canada, the mixed Dutch and English population of the Cape, the negro population of Jamaica, the French and Indian population of Mauritius, the English and Chinese population of Australia, are going to run forever the same political course? Who can believe that the moulding influences will be the same in arctic continents or in tropical islands as in countries lying within the temperate zone? Among the colonies, those, perhaps, which most nearly resemble each other in political character and circumstances, are Canada and Australia; yet the elements of the population are very different—and still more different are the external relations of Australia, with no other power near her, from those of Canada, not only conterminous with the United States, but interlaced with them, so that at present the road of the Governor-General of Canada, when he visits his Pacific province, lies through the territory of the American Republic. Is it possible to suppose that the slender fila-

* [We publish this article because few Canadians have had an opportunity of perusing it, and to meet a widely expressed desire that it should be reprinted in Canada in a permanent form. After the comments upon it in our last number it is almost needless to say that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the writer's opinions.—EDITOR C. M.]

ment which connects each of these colonies with Downing Street is the thread of a common destiny?

In studying Canadian politics, and in attempting to cast the political horoscope of Canada, the first thing to be remembered, though official optimism is apt to overlook it, is that Canada was a colony not of England but of France, and that between the British of Ontario and the British of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are interposed, in solid and unyielding mass, above a million of unassimilated and politically antagonistic Frenchmen. French Canada is a relic of the historical past preserved by isolation, as Siberian mammoths are preserved in ice. It is a fragment of the France before the Revolution, less the monarchy and the aristocracy; for the feeble parody of French feudalism in America ended with the abolition of the seigniories, which may be regarded as the final renunciation of feudal ideas and institutions by society in the New World. The French-Canadians are an unprogressive, religious, submissive, courteous, and, though poor, not unhappy people. They would make excellent factory hands if Canada had a market for her manufactures; and, perhaps, it is as much due to the climate as to their lack of intelligent industry, that they have a very indifferent reputation as farmers. They are governed by the priest, with the occasional assistance of the notary; and the Roman Catholic Church may be said to be still established in the province, every Roman Catholic being bound to pay tithes and other ecclesiastical imposts, though the Protestant minority are exempt. The Church is immensely rich, and her wealth is always growing, so that the economical element which mingled with the religious causes of the Reformation may one day have its counterpart in Quebec. The French-Canadians, as we have said, retain their exclusive national character. So far from being absorbed by the British population, or Anglicized by contact with it, they have absorbed and Gallicized the fragments of British population which chance has thrown among them; and the children of Highland regiments disbanded in Quebec have become thorough Frenchmen, and prefixed Jean Baptiste to their Highland names. For his own Canada the Frenchman of Quebec has something of a patriotic

feeling; for France he has filial affection enough to make his heart beat violently for her during a Franco-German War; for England, it may safely be said, he has no feeling whatever. It is true that he fought against the American invaders in the Revolutionary War, and again in 1812; but then he was animated by his ancient hostility to the Puritans of New England, in the factories of whose descendants he now freely seeks employment. Whether he would enthusiastically take up arms for England against the Americans at present, the British War-Office, after the experience of the two Fenian raids can no doubt tell. With Upper Canada, the land of Scotch Presbyterians, Irish Orangemen, and ultra-British sentiment, French Canada, during the union of the two provinces, led an uneasy life; and she accepted confederation, on terms which leave her nationality untouched, rather as a severance of her special wedlock with her unloved consort than as a measure of North American union. The unabated antagonism between the two races and the two religions was plainly manifested on the occasion of the conflict between the French half-breeds and the British immigrants in Manitoba, which presented a faint parallel to the conflict between the advanced posts of slavery and antislavery in Kansas on the eve of the civil war; Quebec openly sympathizing with Riel and his fellow-insurgents, while Ontario was on fire to avenge the death of Scott. Sir George Cartier might call himself an Englishman speaking French; but his calling himself so did not make him so; much less did it extend the character from a political manager, treading the path of ambition with British colleagues, to the mass of his unsophisticated compatriots. The priests hitherto have put their interests into the hands of a political leader, such as Sir George himself, in the same way in which the Irish priests used to put their interests into the hands of O'Connell; and this leader has made the best terms he could for them and for himself at Ottawa. Nor has it been difficult to make good terms, since both the political parties bid emulously for the Catholic vote, and, by their interested subserviency to those who wield it, render it impossible for a Liberal Catholic party or a Liberal party of any kind, to make head against priestly influence in Quebec.

By preference the priests, as reactionists, have allied themselves with the Tory party in the British provinces, and Canada has long witnessed the singular spectacle, witnessed for the first time in England at the last general election, of Roman Catholics and Orangemen marching together to the poll. Fear of contact with an active-minded democracy, and of possible peril to their overweening wealth, has also led the priesthood to shrink from annexation, though they have not been able to prevent their people from going over the line for better wages, and bringing back with them a certain republican leaven of political and ecclesiastical unrest, which in the end may, perhaps, lead to the verification of Lord Elgin's remark, that it would be easier to make the French-Canadians Americans than to make them English. Hitherto, however, French Canada has retained, among other heirlooms of the *Ancien Régime*, the old Gallican Church, the Church of Louis XIV. and of Bossuet, national, quiet, unaggressive, capable of living always on sufficiently good terms with the state. But now the scene is changed. Even to French Canada, the most secluded nook of the Catholic world, Ultramontanism has penetrated, with the Jesuit in its van. There is a struggle for ascendancy between the Jesuits and the Gallicans, the citadel of the Gallicans being the Sulpician Seminary, vast and enormously wealthy, which rises over Montreal. The Jesuit has the forces of the hour on his side; he gains the day; the bishops fall under his influence, and take his part against the Sulpicians; the Guibord case marks, distinctly through farcicality, the triumph of his principles; and it is by no means certain that he, a cosmopolitan power playing a great game, will cling to Canadian isolation, and that he will not prefer a junction with his main army in the United States. Assuredly his choice will not be determined by loyalty to England. At all events, his aggressive policy has begun to raise questions calculated to excite the Protestants of the British provinces, which the politicians, with all their arts, will hardly be able to smother, and which will probably put an end to the long torpor of Quebec. The New Brunswick school case points to education as a subject which can scarcely fail soon to give birth to a cause of war.

Besides the French, there are in Canada, as we believe we have good authority for saying, about 400,000 Irish, whose political sentiments are generally identical with those of the Irish in the mother-country, as any reader of their favourite journals will perceive. Thus, without reckoning a considerable German settlement in Ontario, which, by its unimpaired nationality in the heart of the British population, attests the weakness of the assimilating forces in Canada compared with those in the United States, or the Americans, who, though not numerous, are influential in the commercial centres, we have at once to deduct 1,400,000 from a total population of less than 4,000,000 in order to reduce to reality the pictures of universal devotion to England and English interests which are presented by the speeches of official persons, or of persons professing to know Canada, but deriving their idea of her from the same source.

Confederation, so far, has done nothing to fuse the races, and very little even to unite the provinces. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, besides being cut off from Ontario by French Canada, have interests of their own, separate, and in some degree divergent, from those of Ontario, New Brunswick especially being drawn by her commercial interests toward New England. The representatives of each of the smaller provinces form a separate group at Ottawa, giving or withholding their support to a great extent from provincial considerations. Each of the two political parties has its base in Ontario, which is the field of the decisive battles; and they can hardly be said to extend to the maritime provinces, much less to Manitoba or to British Columbia. When the Ontarian parties are evenly balanced the smaller provinces turn the scale, and Ontarian leaders are always buying them with 'better terms,' that is, alterations of the pecuniary arrangements of confederation in their favor, and other inducements, at the sacrifice, of course, of the general interests of the confederation. From the composition of a cabinet to the composition of a rifle-team, sectionalism is the rule. Confederation has secured free-trade between the provinces; what other good it has done it would not be easy to say. Whether it has increased the military strength of Canada is a question for the answer to which we must appeal once more to the British War-Office. Canadians have

shown, on more than one memorable occasion, that in military spirit they are not wanting; but they cannot be goaded into wasting their hardly-earned money on preparations for a defence which would be hopeless against an invader who will never come. Politically, the proper province of a federal government is the management of external relations, while domestic legislation is the province of the several states. But a dependency has no external relations; Canada has not even, like South Africa, a native question, her Indians being perfectly harmless; and consequently the chief duty of a federal government in Canada is to keep itself in existence by the ordinary agencies of party, a duty which it discharges with a vengeance. English statesmen bent on extending to all the colonies what they assume to be the benefits of confederation, should study the Canadian specimen, if possible, on the spot. They will learn, first, that while a spontaneous confederation, such as groups of states have formed under the pressure of a common danger, develops mainly the principles of union, a confederation brought about by external influence is apt to develop the principles of antagonism in at least an equal degree; and, secondly, that parliamentary government in a dependency is, to a lamentable extent, government by faction and corruption, and that by superadding federal to provincial government the extent and virulence of those maladies are seriously increased. If an appeal is made to the success of confederation in Switzerland, the answer is that Switzerland is not a dependency but a nation.

It is of Canada alone that we here speak, and we speak only of her political destiny. The ties of blood, of language, of historical association, and of general sympathy, which bind the British portion of the Caradian people to England, are not dependent on the political connection, nor is it likely that they would be at all weakened by its severance. In the United States there are millions of Irish exiles, with the wrongs of Ireland in their hearts, and the whole nation retains the memories of the Revolutionary War, of the War of 1812, and of the conduct of the British aristocracy toward the United States during the rebellion of the South—conduct which it is difficult to forgive, and which it would be

folly to forget. Yet to those who have lived among the Americans it will not seem extravagant to say that the feelings of an Anglo-American toward his mother-country are really at least as warm as those of the natives of dependencies, and at least as likely to be manifested by practical assistance in the hour of need. A reference to the history of the opposition made to the War of 1812 will suffice at least to bring this opinion within the pale of credibility.

The great forces prevail. They prevail at last, however numerous and apparently strong the secondary forces opposed to them may be. They prevailed at last in the case of German unity and in the case of Italian independence. In each of those cases the secondary forces were so heavily massed against the event that men renowned for practical wisdom believed the event would never come. It came, irresistible and irrevocable, and we now see that Bismarck and Cavour were only the ministers of Fate.

Suspended of course, and long suspended, by the action of the secondary forces, the action of the great forces may be. It was so in both the instances just mentioned. A still more remarkable instance is the long postponement of the union of Scotland with England by the antipathies resulting from the abortive attempt of Edward I., and by a subsequent train of historical accidents, such as the absorption of the energies of England in Continental or civil wars. But the union came at last, and, having the great forces on its side, it came forever.

In the case before us, it appears that the great forces are those which make for the political separation of the New from the Old World. They are:

1. The distance, which may be shortened by steam and telegraph for the transmission of a despot's commands, but can hardly be much shortened for the purposes of representative government. Steam increases the transatlantic intercourse of the wealthier class, but not that of the people, who have neither money nor time for the passage. Everything is possible in the way of nautical invention; fuel may be still further economized, though its price is not likely to fall; but it is improbable that the cost of ship-building or the wages of seamen will be reduced; and the growth of manufactures

in the New World, which we may expect henceforth to be rapid, can hardly fail to diminish the intercourse dependent on transatlantic trade. A commonwealth spanning the Atlantic may be a grand conception, but political institutions must, after all, bear some relation to Nature and to practical convenience. Few have fought against geography and prevailed.

2. Divergence of interest, which seems in this case to be as wide as possible. What has Canada to do with the European and Oriental concerns of England, with her European and Oriental diplomacy, with her European and Oriental wars? Can it be conceived that Canadian traders would allow her commerce to be cut up by Russian cruisers, or that Canadian farmers would take arms and pay war-taxes in order to prevent Russia from obtaining a free passage through the Dardanelles? An English pamphlet called 'The Great Game' was reprinted the other day in Canada; but the chapter on India was omitted, as having no interest for Canadians. For English readers that chapter had probably more interest than all the other chapters put together. On the other hand, whenever a question about boundaries or mutual rights arises with the United States, the English people and the English Government betray, by the languor of their diplomacy and the ease with which they yield, their comparative indifference to the objects in which Canada is most concerned. A Canadian periodical some time ago had a remarkable paper* by a native writer, showing that the whole series of treaties made by Great Britain with the United States had been a continuous sacrifice of the claims of Canada. It was not assuredly, that Great Britain wanted either force or spirit to fight for her own rights and interests, but that she felt that Canadian rights and interests were not her own. Her rulers could not have induced her people to go to war for an object for which they cared so little, and had so little reason to care, as a frontier line in North America. Another illustration of the difference between the British and the Canadian point

of view was afforded by the recent dispute about the Extradition Treaty: England was disposed to be stiff and punctilious, having comparatively little to fear from the suspension of the treaty; while to Canada, bordering on the United States, the danger was great, and the renewal of the treaty was a vital necessity before which punctiliousness gave way. One object there is connected with the American Continent for which the British aristocracy, if we may judge by the temper it showed and the line it took toward the American Republic at the time of the rebellion, would be not unwilling to run the risk of war. But that object is one with regard to which the interests of British aristocracy and those of Canadian democracy not only are not identical, but point directly opposite ways. With regard to economical questions, the divergence is, if possible, still clearer than with regard to diplomatic questions. The economic interests of Canada must evidently be those of her own continent, and to that continent, by all the economic forces, she must be and visibly is drawn. Her currency, whatever may be the name and superscription on the coin, is American and it is the sure symbol of her real connection. In the British manufacturer the Canadian manufacturer sees a rival; and Canada at this moment is the scene of a protectionist movement led, curiously enough, by those 'Conservative' politicians who are loudest in their professions of loyalty to Great Britain.

3. More momentous than even the divergence of interest is the divergence of political character between the citizen of the Old and the citizen of the New World. We speak, of course, not of that French-Canadians, between whom and the people of Great Britain the absence of political affinity is obvious, but of the British communities in North America. The colonization of the New World, at least the English portion of it which was destined to give birth to the ruling and moulding power, was not merely a migration, but an exodus; it is not merely a local extension of humanity, but a development; it not only peopled another continent, but opened a new era. The curtain rose not for the old drama with fresh actors, but for a fresh drama on a fresh scene. A long farewell was said to feudalism when the New Eng-

* [The paper alluded to is one entitled 'How Treaty-making unmade Canada,' written by Col. Coffin, of Ottawa, and published in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for May, 1876, p. 349.—EDITOR C. M.]

land colony landed, with the rough draft of a written constitution, which embodied a social compact and founded government not on sacred tradition or divine right, but on reason and the public good. The more one sees of society in the New World, the more convinced one is that its structure essentially differs from that of society in the Old World, and that the feudal element has been eliminated completely and forever. English aristocracy, fancying itself, as all established systems fancy themselves, the normal and final state of humanity, may cling to the belief that the new development is a mere aberration, and that dire experience will in time bring it back to the ancient path. There are people, it seems, who persuade themselves that America is retrograding toward monarchy and church establishments. No one who knows the Americans can possibly share this dream. Monarchy has found its way to the New World only in the exceptional case of Brazil, to which the royal family of the mother-country itself migrated, and where after all the emperor is rather an hereditary president than a monarch of the European type. In Canada, government being parliamentary and 'constitutional,' monarchy is the delegation of a shadow; and any attempt to convert the shadow into a substance, by introducing a dynasty with a court and civil list, or by reinvesting the viceroy with personal power, would speedily reveal the real nature of the situation. Pitt proposed to extend to Canada what as a Tory minister he necessarily regarded as the blessings of aristocracy; but the plant refused to take root in the alien soil. No peerage ever saw the light in Canada; the baronetage saw the light and no more; of nobility there is nothing now but a knight-hood very small in number, and upon which the Pacific-Railway scandal has cast so deep a shadow that the home Government, though inclined that way, seems shy of venturing on more creations. Hereditary wealth and the custom of primogeniture, indispensable supports of an aristocracy, are totally wanting in a purely industrial country, where, let the law be what it might, natural justice has always protested against the feudal claims of the first-born. To establish in Canada the state Church, which is the grand buttress of aristocracy in England, has proved as hopeless as to establish aris-

tocracy itself. The Church lands have been secularized; the university, once confined to Anglicanism, has been thrown open; the Anglican Church has been reduced to the level of the other denominations, though its rulers still cling to the memories and to some relics of their privileged condition. As a religion, Anglicanism has little hold upon the mass of the people: it is recruited by emigration from England, and sustained to a certain extent by a social feeling in its favor among the wealthier class. More democratic churches far exceed it in popularity and propagandist force: Methodism especially, which, in contrast to Episcopacy, sedulously assigns an active part in church-work to every member, decidedly gains ground and bids fair to become the popular religion of Canada. Nor is the militarism of European aristocracies less alien to industrial Canada than their monarchism and their affinity for state churches. The Canadians, as we have already said, can fight well when real occasion calls; so can their kinsmen across the line; but among the Canadians, as among the people of the Northern States, it is impossible to awaken militarism—every sort of galvanic apparatus has been tried in vain. Distinctions of rank, again, are wanting; everything bespeaks a land dedicated to equality; and fustian, instead of bowing to broadcloth, is rather too apt, by a rude self-assertion, to revenge itself on broadcloth for enforced submissiveness in the old country. Where the relations of classes, the social forces, and the whole spirit of society, are different, the real principles and objects of Government will differ also, notwithstanding the formal identity of institutions. It proved impossible, as all careful observers had foreseen, to keep the same political roof over the heads of slavery and antislavery. To keep the same political roof over the heads of British aristocracy and Canadian democracy would be an undertaking only one degree less hopeless. A rupture would come, perhaps, on some question between the ambition of a money-spending nobility and the parsimony of a money-making people. Let aristocracy, hierarchy, and militarism, be content with the Old World; it was conquered by the feudal sword; the New World was conquered only by the axe and plough.

4. The force, sure in the end to be at-

tractive, not repulsive, of the great American community along the edge of which Canada lies, and to which the British portion of her population is drawn by identity of race, language, religion, and general institutions; the French portion by its connection with the Roman Catholic Church of the States; the whole by economic influences, against which artificial arrangements and sentiments contend in vain, and which are gathering strength and manifesting their ascendancy from hour to hour.

An enumeration of the forces which make in favour of the present connection will show their secondary and, for the most part, transient character. The chief of them appear to be these:

a. The reactionary tendencies of the priesthood which rules French Canada, and which fears that any change might disturb its solitary reign. Strong this force has hitherto been, but its strength depends on isolation, and isolation cannot be permanent. Even the 'palæocrystalline' ice which envelops French Canada will melt at last, and when it does French reaction will be at an end. We have already noted two agencies which are working toward this result—the leaven of American sentiment brought back by French-Canadians who have sojourned as artisans in the States, and the ecclesiastical aggressiveness of the Jesuits.

b. 'United Empire Loyalty,' which has its chief seat in Ontario. Every revolution has its reaction, and in the case of the American Revolution the reaction took the form of a migration of the royalists to Canada, where lands were assigned them, and where they became the political progenitors of the Canadian Tory party, while the 'Reformers' are the offspring of a subsequent immigration of Scotch Presbyterians, mingled with wanderers from the United States. The two immigrations were arrayed against each other in 1837, when, though the United Empire Loyalists were victorious in the field, the political victory ultimately rested with the Reformers. United Empire Loyalty is still strong in some districts, while in others the descendants of royalist exiles are found in the ranks of the opposite party. But the whole party is now in the position of the Jacobites after the extinction of the house of Stuart. England has formally recog-

nized the American Revolution, taken part in the celebration of its centenary, and through her ambassador saluted its flag. Anti-revolutionary sentiment ceases to have any meaning, and its death cannot be far off.

c. The influence of English immigrants, especially in the upper ranks of the professions, in the high places of commerce, and in the press. These men have retained a certain social ascendancy; they have valued themselves on their birth in the imperial country and the superior traditions which they supposed it to imply; they have personally cherished the political connection, and have inculcated fidelity to it with all their might. But their number is rapidly decreasing; as they die off natives take their places, and Canada will soon be in Canadian hands. Immigration generally is falling off; upper-class immigration is almost at an end, there being no longer a demand for anything but manual labour, and the influence of personal connection with England will cease to rule. The press is passing into the hands of natives, who are fast learning to hold their own against imported writing in literary skill, while they have an advantage in their knowledge of the country.

d. While the British troops remained in Canada, their officers formed a social aristocracy of the most powerful kind, and exercised a somewhat tyrannical influence over opinion. The traces of this influence still remain, but, with the exception of the reduced garrison of Halifax, the military occupation has ceased, and is not likely to be renewed.

e. The Anglican Church in Canada clings to its position as a branch of the great state Church of England, and, perhaps, a faint hope of reestablishment may linger in the breasts of the bishops, who still retain the title of 'lords.' We have already said that the roots of Anglicanism in Canada do not appear to be strong, and its chief source of re-enforcement will be cut off by the discontinuance of upper class emigration. It is rent in Canada, as in England, by the conflict between the Protestants and the Ritualists; and in Canada, there being no large endowments or legal system to clamp the hostile elements together, discord has already taken the form of disruption. As to the other churches, they have

a connection with England, but not with England more than with the United States. The connection of Canadian Methodism with the United States is very close.

f. Orangism is strong in British Canada, as indeed is every kind of association except the country. It retains its filial connection with its Irish parent, and is ultra-British on condition that Great Britain continues anti-papal: Old Irish quarrels are wonderfully tenacious of life, yet they must one day die, and Orangism must follow them to the grave.

g. The social influence of English aristocracy, and of the little court of Ottawa, over colonists of the wealthier class. With this (to dismiss at once a theme more congenial to the social humorist than to the political observer) we may couple the influence of those crumbs of titular honor which English aristocracy sometimes allows to fall from its table into colonial mouths. If such forces cannot be said to be transient, the tendencies of human nature being perpetual, they may at least be said to be secondary; they do not affect the masses, and they do not affect the strong.

h. Antipathy to the Americans, bred by the old wars, and nursed by British influences, military and aristocratic, not without the assistance of the Americans themselves, who, in the case of the Fenian raids, and in other cases, have vented on Canada their feelings against England. This antipathy, so far as it prevails, leads those who entertain it to cling to an anti-American connection. But generally speaking it is very hollow. It does not hinder young Canadians from going by hundreds to seek their fortunes in the United States. It does not hinder wealthy Americans who have settled in Canada from finding seats at once in the Canadian Parliament. It never, in fact, goes beyond talk. So far as it partakes of the nature of contempt, it can hardly fail to be modified by the changed attitude of the British aristocracy, who have learned to exhibit something more than courtesy towards the victorious republic; while the Americans, it may be reasonably presumed, now that the cause of irritation is removed, will not think it wise to make enemies of a people whose destinies are inextricably blended with their own.

i. The special attachment naturally felt by the politicians, as a body, to the system

with reference to which their parties have been formed, and with which the personal ambition of most of them is bound up. Perhaps, of all the forces which make for the present connection, this is the strongest; it has proved strong enough, when combined with the timidity and the want of independence which life-long slavery to a faction always breeds, to prevent any Canadian politician from playing a resolute part in such efforts as there have been to make Canada a nation. In some cases it is intensified by commercial connections with England, or by social aspirations, more or less definite, which have England for their goal. In this respect the interest of the politicians, as a class, is distinct from, and is liable to clash with, the real interests of the community at large. So, in the case of Scotland, it was the special interest of the politicians to resist the union, as, without special pressure and inducements, they would probably have persisted in doing. It was the interest of the people to accept the union, as the flood of prosperity which followed its acceptance clearly showed. In the case of Scotland, the interest of the people triumphed at last, and it will probably triumph at last in Canada.

Such, we say, are the chief forces that make for the existing connection; and we repeat that they appear to be secondary, and, for the most part, transient. United, all these strands may make a strong cable; but one by one they will give way, and the cable will cease to hold. This conviction is quite consistent with the admission that the connectionist sentiment is now dominant, especially in Ontario; that in Ontario it almost exclusively finds expression on the platform and in the press; and that the existence of any other opinions can only be inferred from reticence, or discovered by private intercourse. A visitor may thus be led to believe and to report that the attachment of the whole population to the present system is unalterable, and that the connection must endure for ever. Those who have opportunities of looking beneath the surface may, at the same time, have grounds for thinking that, on economical subjects at least, the people have already entered on a train of thought which will lead them to a different goal.

What has been the uniform course of events down to the present time? Where

are the American dependencies of Spain, Portugal, France, and Holland? Those on the continent, with unimportant exceptions, are gone, and those in the islands are going; for few suppose that Spain can keep Cuba very long. Of the English colonies on the continent, the mass and those that have been long founded, have become independent; and every one now sees what clear-sighted men saw at the time, that the separation was inevitable, and must soon have been brought about by natural forces, apart from the accidental quarrel. If Canada has been retained, it is by the reduction of imperial supremacy to a form. Self-government is independence; perfect self-government is perfect independence; and all the questions that arise between Ottawa and Downing Street, including the recent question about appeals, are successively settled in favour of self-government. Diplomatic union between two countries in different hemispheres, with totally different sets of external relations, common responsibility for each others quarrels, and liability to be involved in each other's wars—these incidents of dependence remain, and these alone. Is it probable that this last leaf can continue to flutter on the bough forever? Lord Derby some years ago said that everybody knew that Canada must soon be an independent nation. Now he thinks the tide of opinion has turned in of favor imperialism, and he turns with the tide. But what he takes for the turn of the tide may be merely the receding wave; and he forgets what the last wave swept away. It swept away the military occupation, with all its influences, political and social. Even since that time the commercial unity of the empire has been formally abandoned in the case of the Australian tariffs; and now the marriage-law of the colonies is clashing with that of the mother-country in the British House of Commons.

It is, perhaps, partly the recoil of feeling from a severance felt to be imminent, as well as the temporary influence of the Conservative reaction in England, that has led to the revival in certain quarters, with almost convulsive vehemence, of the plan of imperial confederation. Certainly, if such a plan is to be ever carried into effect, this is the propitious hour. The spirit of aggrandizement is in the ascendant, and the colonies are all on good terms with the

mother-country. Yet, of the statesmen who dally with the project and smile upon its advocates, not one ventures to take a practical step towards its fulfilment. On the contrary, they are accessory to fresh inroads upon imperial unity, both in the judicial and in the fiscal sphere. Colonial governors talk with impressive vagueness of some possible birth of the imperial future, as though the course of events, which has been hurrying the world through a series of rapid changes for the last century, would now stand still, and impracticable aspirations would become practicable by the mere operation of time; but no colonial governor or imperial statesman has ventured to tell us, even in the most general way, to what it is that he looks forward, how it is to be brought about, or even what dependencies the confederation is to include. It is therefore, needless to rehearse all the arguments against the feasibility of such a scheme. The difficulties which beset the union under the same parliamentary government of two countries in different parts of the world, with different foreign relations, and differing internally in political spirit, would, of course, be multiplied in the case of a union of twenty or thirty countries scattered over the whole globe, bound together by no real tie of common interest, and ignorant of each others concerns. The first meeting of such a conclave would, we may be sure, develop forces of disunion far stronger than the vague sentiment of union arising from a very partial community of descent, and a very imperfect community of language, which would be the sole ground of the federation. Even to frame the agreement as to the terms of union with the shifting parties and ephemeral cabinets of a score of colonies under constitutional government would be no easy task. The two Parliaments, the one National, the other Federal, which it is proposed to establish in order to keep the national affairs of England separate from those of the Imperial Federation, would be liable to be brought into fatal conflict, and thrown into utter confusion by the ascendancy of different parties, say a war party and a peace party, in the National and the Federal House. The veriest Chinese puzzle in politics would be a practicable constitution, if you could only get the real forces to conduct themselves according to

the programme. It was not in the programme of Canadian confederation that the provinces should form separate interests in the Federal Parliament, and force the party leaders to bid against each other for their support; though any one who had studied actual tendencies in connection with the system of party government might have pretty confidently predicted that such would be the result. That England would allow questions of foreign policy, of armaments, and of peace and war, to be settled for her by any councils but her own, it is surely most chimerical to suppose. A swarm of other difficulties would probably arise out of the perpetual vicissitudes of the party struggle in each colony, the consequent inability of the delegates to answer for the real action of their own governments, and the estrangement of the delegates themselves from colonial interests and connections by their necessary residence in England. An essential condition of federation appears to be tolerable equality among the members, or freedom from the ascendancy of any overweening power; but, for a century to come, at least, the power of England in the Federal council would be overweening; and, to obviate this difficulty, some advocates of the scheme actually propose to repeal the union of England with Scotland and Ireland, so that she may be reduced to a manageable element of a Pan-Britannic confederation. They have surely little right to call other people disunionists, if any opprobrious meaning attaches to that term.

Supposing such a confederation to be practicable, of what use, apart from the vague feeling of aggrandizement, would it be? Where would be the advantage of taking from each of these young communities its political centre (which must also be, to some extent, its social and intellectual centre), and of accumulating them in the already overgrown capital of England? Does experience tell us that unlimited extension of territory is favourable to intensity of political life, or to anything which is a real element of happiness or of greatness? Does it not tell us that the reverse is the fact, and that the interest of history centres not in megalosaurian empires, but in states the body of which has not been out of proportion to the brain? Surely it would be well to have some distinct idea of the object to be attained before commen-

cing this unparalleled struggle against geography and Nature. It can hardly be military strength. Military strength is not gained by dispersion of forces, by presenting vulnerable points in every quarter of the globe, or by embracing and undertaking to defend communities which, whatever may be their fighting qualities, in their policy are thoroughly unmilitary, and unmilitary will remain. Mr. Forster, in fact, gives us to understand that the Pan-Britannic Empire is to present a beneficent contrast to the military empires; that it is to be an empire of peace. But in that case it must, like other Quaker institutions, depend for its safety on the morality and forbearance of the holders of real and compact power, which is very far from being the dream of the advocates of 'a great game.'

In all these projects of Pan-Britannic empire there lurks the assumption of a boundless multiplication of the Anglo-Saxon race. What are the grounds for this assumption? Hitherto it has appeared that races, as they grow richer, more luxurious, more fearful of poverty, more amenable to the restraints of social pride, have become less prolific. There is reason to suppose that in the United States the Anglo-Saxon race is far less prolific than the Irish, who are even supplanting the Anglo-Saxons in some districts of England, as the home-rule compliances of candidates for northern boroughs show. But the Irish element is small compared with the vast reservoir of industrial population in China, which is now beginning to overflow, and seems as likely as the Anglo-Saxon race to inherit Australia, where it has already a strong foothold, as well as the coast of the Pacific.

Canada, however, with regard to the problem of imperial confederation stands by herself, presenting, from her connection with the United States, difficulties from which in the case of the Australian colonies the problem is free. Of this some of the advocates of the policy of aggrandizement show themselves aware by frankly proposing to let Canada go.

It is taken for granted that political dependence is the natural state of all colonies, and that there is something unfilial and revolutionary in proposing that a colony should become a nation. But what is a colony? We happen to have derived

the term from a very peculiar set of institutions, those Roman colonies which had no life of their own, but were merely the military and political outposts of the imperial republic. With the Roman colonies may be classed the Athenian *cleruchies* and, substituting the commercial for the political object, the factories of Carthage. But colonies, generally speaking, are migrations, and, as a rule, they have been independent from the beginning. Independent from the beginning, so far as we know, were the Phœnician colonies, Carthage herself among the number. Independent from the beginning were those Greek colonies in Italy which rapidly outran their mother-cities in the race of material greatness. Independent from the beginning were the Saxon and Scandinavian colonies, and all those settlements of the Northern tribes which founded England herself with the other nations of modern Europe. So far as we can see, the original independence in each case was an essential condition of vigor and success. No Roman colony, Athenian *cleruchy*, or Carthaginian factory, ever attained real greatness. New England, the germ and organizer of the American communities, was practically independent for a long time after her foundation, the attention of the English Government being engrossed by troubles at home; but she retained a slender thread of theoretic dependence by which she was afterwards drawn back into a noxious and disastrous subordination. That thread was the feudal tie of personal allegiance, a tie utterly irrational when carried beyond the feudal pale, and by the recent naturalization treaties now formally abolished; yet probably the main cause of the continued subjection of the transatlantic colonies, and of the calamities which flowed both to them and to the mother-country from that source.

It is natural that British statesmen should shrink from a formal act of separation, and that in their brief and precarious tenure of power they should be unwilling to take the burden and possible odium of such a measure upon themselves. But no one, we believe, ventures to say that the present system will be perpetual; certainly not the advocates of imperial confederation, who warn us that, unless England by a total change of system draws her colonies nearer to her, they will soon drift farther away.

Apart from lingering sentiment, it seems not easy to give reasons, so far as Canada is concerned, for struggling to prolong the present system. The motives for acquiring and holding dependencies in former days were substantial if they were not good. Spain drew tribute directly from her dependencies. England thought she drew it indirectly through her commercial system. It was also felt that the military resources of the colonies were at the command of the mother country. When the commercial system was relinquished, and when self-government transferred to the colonies the control of their own resources, the financial and military motives ceased to exist. But the conservative imagination supplied their place with the notion of political tutelage, feigning—though, as we have seen, against all the evidence of history—that the colony, during the early stages of its existence, needed the political guidance of the mother-country in order to fit it to become a nation. Such was the language of colonial statesmen generally till the present Conservative reaction again brought into fashion something like the old notion of aggrandizement, though for tribute and military contingents, the solid objects of the old policy, is now substituted 'prestige.' That the political connection between England and Canada is a source of military security to either, nobody, we apprehend, maintains. The only vulnerable point which England presents to the United States is the defenceless frontier of Canada; the only danger to which Canada is exposed is that of being involved in a quarrel between the aristocracy of England and the democracy of the United States. Defenceless, it is believed, the frontier of Upper Canada has been officially pronounced to be, and the chances of a desperate resistance to the invader in the French province can scarcely be rated very high. It is said that the British fleet would bombard New York. If Canada were in the hands of the enemy, the bombardment of New York would hardly alleviate her condition. But the bombardment of New York might not be an easy matter. The force of floating coast-defences seems now to be growing superior to that of ocean-going navies. Besides, America would choose the moment when England was at war with some other naval power. Soldiers and sailors,

and of the best quality, England might no doubt find in Canada; but she would have to pay for them more than she pays for soldiers and sailors recruited at home. Whether morality is embodied in Bismarck or not, modern policy is; and Bismarck seems not to covet distant dependencies; he prefers solid and concentrated power.

'Commerce follows the flag,' is a saying which it seems can still be repeated by a statesman; but, like the notion that dependencies are a source of military strength, it is a mere survival from a departed system. Commerce followed the flag when the flag was that of a power which enforced exclusive trading. But exclusive trading has given way, as an imperial principle, to free-trade, and the colonies, in the exercise of their fiscal power of self-government, have dissolved the commercial unity of the empire. They frame their independent tariffs, laying, in some cases, heavy duties on English goods. It will hardly be contended that, apart from commercial legislation, colonial purchasers inquire whether goods were produced under the British flag. 'The best customer,' says Sir George Lewis, 'which a nation can have, is a thriving and industrious community, whether it be dependent or independent. The trade between England and the United States is probably far more profitable to the other-country than it would have been if they had remained in a state of dependence upon her.' As to Canada, what she needs, and needs most urgently, is free access to the market of her own continent, from which, as a dependency of England, she is excluded by the customs-lines. With free access to the market of her own continent, she might become a great manufacturing country; but manufactures are now highly specialized, and to produce with advantage you must produce on a large scale. Nor is the evil confined to manufactures; the farm-products of Canada are depreciated by exclusion from their natural market, and the lumber-trade, which is her great industry, will be in serious jeopardy, since, by the fall of wages in the States, the production of lumber there has been rendered nearly as cheap as it is in Canada, while Canadian lumber is subject to a heavy duty. The projects for opening markets in Australia merely serve to show how severely Canada feels the want of a market close

at hand. Cut off any belt of territory commercially from the continent to which it belongs, industry will be stunted, the inflow of capital will be checked, and impoverishment will follow isolation. The Canadians will find this out in time, and the discovery will be the first step toward a change of system.

It is true that Canada has drawn a good deal of British capital into works little remunerative to the investors, though, perhaps, not more than the United States and other countries with which there was no political connection. But, if we consider credit as well as cash, the gain must be pronounced doubtful, and it is balanced by such a work as the Intercolonial Railway, into which Canada has been led by imperial influence, and which, after costing more than four million sterling, will, as some leading Canadian men of business think, hardly 'pay for the grease upon the wheels.' The Pacific Railway, and the indemnity which Canada is forced to pay to British Columbia for the non-performance of an impracticable treaty, are too likely, in the opinion of many, to furnish another illustration of the expensiveness of the imperial connection.

That emigration is favorably influenced by political dependency is another lingering belief which seems now to have no foundation in fact, though it had in the days when emigration was a government affair. The stream of emigration, in ordinary times, sets, as has often been proved, not toward Canada, but toward the United States; and of the emigrants who land in Canada a large proportion afterward pass the line, while there is a constant exodus of French-Canadians from their own poor and over-peopled country (overpeopled so long as it is merely agricultural) to the thriving industries and high wages of the States. Emigrants, whose object is to improve their material condition, are probably little influenced by political considerations; they go to the country which offers the best openings and the highest wages; but English peasants and artisans would be likely, if anything, to prefer the social elevation promised them in a land of equality to anything like a repetition of the social subjection in which they have lived at home, while by the Irishman escape from British rule is deemed escape from oppression.

Whether the tutelage of the mother-country has ever been useful to a colony, even in its infancy, except where there was actual need of military protection, is a question to which the language of the adherents of the colonial system themselves, when reviewing the history of colonial government, seems to suggest a negative reply. 'Hitherto,' says Mr. Roebuck, 'those of our possessions termed colonies have not been governed according to any settled rule or plan. Caprice and chance have decided generally everything connected with them; and if success has in any case attended the attempts of the English people to establish colonies, that success has been obtained in spite of the mischievous intermeddling of the English Government, not in consequence of its wise and provident assistance.' Such is the refrain of almost all the works on the colonies, whether they treat of the general administration or of some special question, such as that of the crownlands, which appears to have been solved by Downing Street in various ways, but always wrong. Not by government, but by fugitives from the tyranny of government, the great American colony was founded; unaided and unregulated it grew, and laid the deep foundations of society in the New World. With tutelage came blundering, jobbery, mischief of all kinds, and at last a violent rupture, which, injurious as it was to the mother-country, inflicted a still greater injury on the colony by launching it on the career of democracy with a violent revolutionary bias, whereas it needed a bias in favor of respect for authority. The presence of the British ambassador at the Centenary was not only the ratification of the revolt, but the condemnation of the colonial system. After the American Revolution, the next step of the British Government was to divert the stream of English emigration from America—where there was abundant room for it, and whither, the pioneer work having then been done, it would have been most profitably directed—to Australia, where the pioneer work had to be done over again, measures being at the same time taken to taint the new society with convict-blood. To what good this scattering of English emigration has led, beyond the poetic conception of a boundless empire, it would seem difficult to say; and Canada, before

she expresses conventional joy at the annexation of Feejee, should ask herself whether a new colony is anything more to her than a new competitor for the labour which is her prime need. In Canada herself, tutelage, while it was really exercised, led to every sort of evil. Government was jobbed by an oligarchy called the Family Compact, which Downing Street supported, not from bad motives, but from sheer ignorance of facts, till the misrule ended in the insurrection of 1837. Things have gone smoothly only since real tutelage has departed, and left nothing but an image of royalty which reigns with gracious speeches and hospitality, but does not govern. There has been no want of good intentions on the part of English statesmen; nor would it be reasonable to suppose that there has been any special want of wisdom; probably no other statesman would have done so well; but the task imposed on them was hopeless. One tree might as well be set to regulate the growth of another tree, as one nation to regulate the growth of another nation; and in this case the two trees are of different sorts and planted under different skies.

We can imagine the single mind of a despot moulding the political character of a colony, if not well, at least with adequate knowledge, with intelligence, and upon a definite plan. But England is not a single mind. England is the vast and motley mass of voters, including, since the Conservative Reform Bill, the most uneducated populace of the towns—people who, in politics, do not know their right hand from their left, who cannot tell the name of the leader of their own party, who vote for blue or yellow, and are led by senseless local cries, by bribery, or by beer. These are the political tutors of Canada, a country in which both wealth and education are more diffused than they are here. How much does the average Englishman, or even the educated Englishman, know about Canadian politics? As much as Canadians know about the politics of Tasmania or the Cape. In 'Phineas Finn,' the hero of the tale, being under-secretary for the colonies, goes on a message to Marylebone 'to find what the people there think about the Canadas.' His report is: 'Not one man in a thousand cares whether the Canadians prosper or fail to prosper. They care that Canada should not go to the States,

because, though they don't love the Canadians, they do hate the Americans. That's about the feeling in Marylebone, and it's astonishing how like the Maryleboners are to the rest of the world.' It will hardly be said that this is an unfair picture of a Londoner's normal frame of mind with regard to Canadian questions, or that Dorsetshire and Tipperary are better informed than London. When did a Canadian question influence an English election? How often is Canada mentioned in an election-address? Canadian journals are never tired of exposing what they deem the scandalous ignorance of the leading journals of England on Canadian subjects, but they fail to draw the obvious moral. If the *Times* blunders, are the leaders of English opinion generally, and their constituents, likely to be better instructed and to decide aright? Burke, writing of the American Revolution, said that he could trace all the mischief 'to the single source of not having had steadily before our eyes a general, comprehensive, and well-proportioned view of the whole of our dominions, and a just sense of their true bearings and relations.' To say nothing of the ordinary holders of political power, in how many English statesmen, occupied as English statesmen are with home questions and party struggles, would Burke have found this comprehensive view, or the knowledge necessary for the formation of it? The colonial secretary himself is as often as not a man personally unacquainted with the colonies, not called to his post by special aptitude, but placed in it by party convenience. He must often depend for his information on such colonists as may find special access to Downing Street, or on the reports of governors, who, being images of royalty, are apt, like royalty, to be screened from truth. A peer he may be, but his peerage will not make him a Providence. The annexation of Manitoba and British Columbia to Canada—with which the latter, at all events, has no geographical connection—is by some thought to have been a disastrous, by all allowed to have been a most critical, step: it was taken under the auspices of the late Lord Lytton, a brilliant and prolific novelist, brought into the Government to make set speeches.

If any one supposes that the retention in Canada of the form of monarchy excludes

or mitigates any of the political evils, or even the coarseness to which democracy is liable in its crude condition, a year's residence in the country, a month's perusal of the party newspapers, or an hour's conversation with any Canadian man of business who has watched politics without taking part in them, will probably settle his opinion on that subject. That monarchical forms are no safeguard against corruption is a fact of which, unhappily, the colony has of late years had decisive proof. If the inquirer wishes to enlarge the basis of his induction, let him go through a file of Australian journals: he will there find a picture of public life, public character, and senatorial manners, decidedly below the level of the better States of the Union. Canada has escaped the elective judicary, but so has Massachusetts; and both that and the removable civil service were the work not of real Republicans, but of the Democratic party—that is, of the slave-owning obligarchy of the South using as its instruments the Northern mob. Her exemption from the civil war and its fiscal consequences, Canada owes merely to her separation from the States; it would have been the same had she been an independent nation. Had the political connection with Great Britain never existed, and had the weight of Canada been early thrown into the scale of freedom, there might have been no civil war.

In the case of the Pacific Railway scandal, the Governor-General may be said to have formerly avowed himself a *fainéant*. He decided that he was absolutely bound to follow the advice of his ministers, even when those ministers lay under the heaviest charges of corruption, and even as to the mode in which the investigation into those charges should be conducted; and his conduct was approved by the home Government. He has, therefore, no authority, and of nothing, nothing comes.

Most readers of the *Fortnightly* are probably prepared to regard with tolerance the proposition that figments and hypocrisies do no more good in politics than they do in general life. In Canadian politics they do much evil by blinding public men and the people generally to the real requirements of the situation. The hereditary principle was dead at its root; its work was done, and its age had passed away in the more advanced portion of humanity when

the communities of the New World were founded. It lingers on, as things do linger on, in its native soil; but it can furnish no sound basis for government in the soil of reason and equality. The only conceivable basis for government in the New World is the national will; and the political problem of the New World is how to build a strong, stable, enlightened, and impartial government on that foundation. That it is a very difficult problem, daily experience in Canada, as well as in the neighboring republic, shows, and to be successfully resolved it must be seen in its true bearings, which the ostensible retention of the hereditary principle as the security for good and stable government obscures. Canada, though adorned with the paraphernalia of eight constitutional monarchies (one central and seven provincial), is a democracy of the most pronounced kind; the Governor-General was not wrong in saying that she is more democratic than the United States, where the President is an elective king, and where the Senate, which though elective is conservative, possesses great power, whereas the nominated Senate of Canada is a cypher. Demagogism and the other pests of democratic institutions are not to be conjured away by forms and phrases; they can be repressed and prevented from ruining the state only by developing remedial forces of a really effective kind, and by adjusting the actual machinery of the constitution so as to meet the dangers which experience may reveal. The treason-law of the Plantagenets with which, as well as with the Lord Chamberlain's code of precedence, Canada is endowed, is not of much use to her while she is left without any legal means of repressing her real cancer, political corruption. Loyalty to the *fainéant* deputy of a distant crown may be in a certain sense real; it may be felt by those who profess it; but it probably does not often prompt to a good political action, and it certainly never restrains from a bad one. Among Canadians, as among American politicians, the most 'truly loyal' are often the most unscrupulous and corrupt. They are often, through the whole course of their public lives, disloyal to everything that represents public honor and the public good. A provincial court adds flunkeyism to demagogism without making the demagogue less profligate, less dangerous, or less vile. It

does not even make him less coarse. No refining influence can really be exercised by a few dinners and receptions even over the small circle which attends them; while the social expenditure and display which are imposed on the Governor-General as the condition of his popularity in the colony, and of the maintenance of his reputation at home, are anything but a wholesome example for colonial society, which on the contrary needs an example of hospitality and social enjoyment cultivated in an easy and inexpensive way.

At present the bane of Canada is party government without any question on which parties can be rationally or morally based. The last question of sufficient importance to form a rational and moral basis for a party was that of Clergy Reserves and the Church Establishment, since the settlement of which there has been absolutely no dividing line between the parties or assignable ground for their existence, and they have become mere factions, striving to engross the prizes of office by the means which faction everywhere employs. The consequences are the increasing ascendancy of the worst men, and the political demoralization of a community, which, if a fair chance were given it, would furnish as sound a basis for good government as any community in the world. Of course England cannot be charged with introducing the party system into Canada; but she does fling over it the glamour of British association, and beguile a country really abandoned to all the instability and all the degrading influences of government by faction with the ostensible stability and dignity of the hereditary crown. Indeed, the provision in the draught of confederation that both the parties should be considered in the first nomination of senators is, perhaps, the only authoritative recognition which the party system has ever received. In common with the other colonies, Canada is deemed happy in being endowed with a counterpart of the British Constitution. The British Constitution, putting aside the legal forms and phrases, is government by party; and whatever government by party may be in England, where there are some party questions left, in Canada it is a most noxious absurdity, and is ruining the political character of the people.

When Canadian Nationalists say that

patriotism is a good thing, they are told to keep their wisdom for their copy-books; and the rebuke would be just if those who administer it would recognize the equally obvious truth that there can be no patriotism without nationality. In a dependency there is no love of the country; no pride in the country; if an appeal is made to the name of the country, no heart responds as the heart of an Englishman responds when an appeal is made to the name of England. In a dependency every bond is stronger than that of country, every interest prevails over that of the country. The province, the sect, Orangism, Fenianism, Freemasonry, Odd-Fellowship, are more to the ordinary Canadian than Canada. So it must be while the only antidote to sectionalism in a population with strongly marked differences of race and creed is the sentiment of allegiance to a distant throne. The young Canadian leaving his native country to seek his fortune in the States feels no greater wretch than a young Englishman would feel in leaving his county to seek his fortune in London. Want of nationality is attended, too, with a certain want of self-respect, not only political but social, as writers on colonial society and character have observed. Wealthy men in a dependency are inclined to look to the imperial country as their social centre and the goal of their social ambition, if not as their ultimate abode, and not only their patriotic munificence but their political and social services are withdrawn from the country of their birth.

Mr. Trollope finds himself compelled to confess that in passing from the United States into Canada you pass 'from a richer country into one that is poorer, from a greater country into one that is less.' You pass from a country embracing in itself the resources of a continent, into one which is a narrow section of that continent cut off commercially from the rest; you pass from a country which is a nation into a country which is not a nation.

On the other hand, there were reasons which, not only to patriotic Canadians, but to patriotic Americans, if they took a comprehensive view of the interests of their country, seemed strong for wishing that Canada should remain politically separate from the United States. Democracy is a great experiment, which might be more safely

carried on by two nations than by one. By emulation, mutual warning and correction, mutual supplementation of defects, they might have helped each other in the race and steadied each other's steps; a balance of opinion might have been established on the continent, though a balance of power cannot; and the wave of dominant sentiment which spreads over that vast democracy like the tide running in over a flat, might have been usefully restricted in its sweep by the dividing line. Nor was there any insurmountable obstacle in the way. Canada is wanting in unity of race; but not more so than Switzerland, whose three races have been thoroughly welded together by the force of nationality. She is wanting in compactness of territory, but not more so, perhaps, than some other nations—Prussia, for instance—have been. In this latter respect however, the situation has been seriously altered by the annexation of Manitoba and British Columbia, which in their present raw condition have no influence beyond that of distant possessions, but which, when peopled and awakened to commercial life, will be almost irresistibly attracted by the economical forces to the States which adjoin them on the south, and will thus endanger the cohesion of the whole confederacy. The very form of the Dominion indeed, drawn out and attenuated as it is by these unnatural additions, apart from the attractive influence of Minnesota and California, would seriously imperil its political unity, as will be seen, if, instead of taking Canada as it is presented by the political map, the boundary-line is drawn between the habitable portion and that which belongs only to arctic frosts. In the debate on confederation it was urged by the advocates of the measure that seven sticks, though separately weak, when bound together in a fagot would be strong. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'but not so seven fishing-rods tied together by the ends.'

As to the expense of a national government, it would probably not be greater than that of the governor-generalship and the seven lieutenant-governorships as at present. Diplomacy in these days of rapid communication may be cheaply done, and Canada would not need much of it: she has no Eastern question.

The question of military security has reference solely to the danger to be appre-

hended on the side of the United States; and danger on the side of the United States, supposing Canada disentangled from English quarrels, we believe that there is none. The Americans, as has been repeatedly observed, have since the fall of slavery given every proof of an unambitious disposition. They disbanded their vast armaments immediately on the close of the civil war, without waiting even for the Alabama question to be settled; they have refused to annex St. Domingo; they have observed a policy of strict non-intervention in the case of Cuba, which they might have made their own with the greatest ease; they have declined to take advantage of the pretexts furnished them in abundance, by border outrages, of conquering Mexico; it is very doubtful whether they would even have purchased Alaska, if Mr. Seward had not drawn them by secret negotiations into a position from which they could not well retreat. Slavery wanted conquest for the creation of new slave States, but with slavery the spirit of aggression appears to have died. Welcome Canada into the Union, if she came of her own accord, the Americans no doubt would. They would be strangely wanting in wisdom if they did not; for she would bring them as her dower not only complete immunity from attack and great economical advantages, but a political accession of the most valuable kind in the shape of a population, not like that of St. Domingo, Cuba, or Mexico, but trained to self-government, and capable of lending fresh strength and vitality to republican institutions. It is true that, slavery having been abolished, the urgent need of adding to the number of the free States in order to counterbalance the extension of slavery in the councils of the Union no longer exists; but there are still in the population of the United States large elements essentially non-republican—the Irish, the emigrants from Southern Germany, the negroes—to which, perhaps, may be added a considerable portion of Southern society itself, which can hardly fail to retain something of its old character while it continues to be composed of a superior and inferior race. Against these non-republican elements, the really republican element still needs to be fortified by all the reinforcements which it can obtain. Welcome Canada, therefore, into the Union the Americans no doubt would. But that they have

the slightest inclination to lay violent hands upon her, that such a thought ever enters their minds, no one who has lived among them, and heard the daily utterances of a by no means reticent people, can believe. Apart from moral principle, they know that, though a despotic government may simply annex, a republic must incorporate, and that to incorporate four millions of unwilling citizens would be to introduce into the republic a most dangerous mass of disaffection and disunion. That the Americans have been litigious in their dealings with Canada is true; but litigiousness is not piracy; and, as we have already said, the real object of their irritation has not been Canada, but England. The Monroe doctrine was held by Canning as well as by Monroe; and, irrespectively of any desire of aggrandizement, the intrusion of an American power here would probably give as much umbrage to England as the intrusion of the English power in their own continent gives to the people of the United States. That the Americans would feel pride in behaving generously toward a weaker state, will appear credible only to those who have seen enough of them to know that, though supposed to care for nothing but the dollar, they have in reality a good deal of pride.

As an independent nation, Canada would, of course, be at liberty to negotiate freely for the removal of the customs-line between herself and the United States, and for her admission to all the commercial advantages of her own continent. At present not only is she trammelled by imperial considerations, but it can hardly be expected that the American Government will place itself on a lower international level than that of England by treating with a dependency as a nation, especially as there are constant intimations that the dependency is retained and is being nursed up with the view of making it a rival power to the United States, and thus introducing into the continent the germs of future jealousy, and possibly of war.

That Canada can ever be made a rival power to the United States—that, if she is only kept long enough in a state of dependence, there will be an indefinite increase of her population and her strength—seems to be little better than a rhetorical fancy. The barrier of slavery being removed, the set of

population is likely to be, not towards the frozen north, where the winter, besides suspending labor and business, eats up the produce of the summer in the cost of fuel, but towards those countries in which warmth is provided by the sun, and work may be carried on during the whole year. The notion that the north is the natural seat of empire seems to have no more solid foundation. It is apparently a loose generalization from the success of the northern tribes which conquered the Roman Empire. It is forgotten that those northern warriors had not only been hardened by exposure to the full severity of the northern climate, but picked by the most rigorous process of natural selection. Stove-heat is not less enervating than the heat of the sun. But a nation Canada, so far as we can see, might have been, had the attempt been vigorously made at the propitious moment, when, owing to the effects of the civil war in the United States, the balance of prosperity was decidedly in her favor, when her financial condition appeared immensely superior to that of her neighbor, and when the spirit of her people had been stirred by confederation. The opportunity was allowed to pass, and, in all probability, it will never return.

A movement in favor of nationality there was—one which had a twofold claim to sympathy, because it was also a movement against faction and corruption, and which, though it has failed, has left honorable traces on public life. But it was not strong enough to make head against the influences which have their centre in the little court of Ottawa, and the attacks of the lower class of politicians, who assailed it with the utmost ferocity, seeing clearly that the success of the higher impulse would not suit their game. Moreover, the French province interposed between the British provinces of the east and west, is a complete non-conductor, and prevents any pulsation from running through the whole body. It must further be owned that, in industrial communities, the economical motives are stronger than the political, and that the movement in favor of Canadian nationality had only political motives on its side. Perhaps the appearance of a great man might after all have turned the scale; but dependencies seldom produce great men.

Had the movement in favor of nation-

ality succeeded, the first step would have been a legislative union, which would in time have quelled sectionalism, and made up for the deficiency of material size and force by moral solidity and unity of spirit. Canada, as was said before, is hardly a proper subject for federal government, which requires a more numerous group of states and greater equality between them. Confederation as it exists, we repeat, has done little more than develop the bad side of democratic government. A project is now on foot for a legislative union between Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island; but this will only make matters worse by reducing the number of important states to three (Manitoba and British Columbia being in the merest infancy), two of which will be always combining against the third. That there would have been opposition to a legislative union of the whole of Canada on the part of Quebec is more than probable; but Quebec, if she had been handled with determination, would most likely have given way.

Canadian nationality being a lost cause, the ultimate union of Canada with the United States appears now to be morally certain; so that nothing is left for Canadian patriotism but to provide that it shall be a union indeed, and not an annexation; an equal and honorable alliance like that of Scotland and England, not a submission of the weaker to the stronger; and at the same time that the political change shall involve no change of any other kind in the relations of Canada with the mother-country. The filaments of union are spreading daily, though they may be more visible to the eye of one who sees Canada at intervals than to that of a constant resident. Intercourse is being increased by the extension of railways; the ownership and management of the railways themselves are forming an American interest in Canada; New York is becoming the pleasure, and, to some extent, even the business, capital of Canadians; American watering-places are becoming their summer resort; the periodical literature of the States, which is conducted with extraordinary spirit and ability, is extending its circulation on the northern side of the line; and the Canadians who settle in the States are multiplying the links of family connection between the two countries. To specify

the time at which a political event will take place is hardly ever possible, however assured the event itself may be; and in the present instance the occurrence depends not only on the circumstances of Canada, where, as we have seen, there is a great complication of secondary forces, but on the circumstances of the United States. If the commercial depression which at present prevails in Canada continues or recurs; if Canadian manufactures are seen to be dying under the pressure of the customs-line; if, owing to the depression or to over-costly undertakings, such as the Pacific Railway, financial difficulties arise; if, meantime, the balance of prosperity, which is now turning, shall have turned decisively in favor of the United States, and the reduction of their debt shall have continued at the present rate—the critical moment may arrive, and the politicians, recognizing the voice of Destiny, may pass in a body to the side of continental union. It will be fortunate if a misunderstanding between the Canadian Government and Downing Street, about some question such as that respecting the pecuniary claims of British Columbia, which is now assuming such exaggerated proportions, does not supervene to make the final dissolution of the political tie a quarrel instead of an amicable separation.

To Canada the economical advantages of continental union will be immense; to the United States its general advantages will be not less so. To England it will be no menace, but the reverse: it will be the introduction into the councils of the United

States, on all questions, commercial as well as diplomatic, of an element friendly to England, the influence of which will be worth far more to her than the faint and invidious chance of building up Canada as a rival to the United States. In case of war, her greatest danger will be removed. She will lose neither wealth nor strength; probably she will gain a good deal of both. As to glory, we cannot do better than quote in conclusion the words of Palmerston's favorite colleague, and the man to whom he, as was generally supposed, wished to bequeath his power:

'There are supposed advantages flowing from the possession of dependencies, which are expressed in terms so general and vague that they cannot be referred to any determinate head. Such, for example, is the glory which a country is supposed to derive from an extensive colonial empire. We will merely remark, upon this imagined advantage, that a nation derives no true glory from any possession which produces no assignable advantage to itself or to other communities. If a country possess a dependency from which it derives no public revenue, no military or naval strength, and no commercial advantages or facilities for emigration, which it would not equally enjoy though the dependency were independent, and if, moreover, the dependency suffers the evils which (as we shall show hereafter) are the almost inevitable consequences of its political condition, such a possession cannot justly be called glorious.'

—*The Fortnightly Review.*

FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER.

I.

HIS REMINISCENCE.

Methinks I see it once again,
That sunset of the past,
The flood of slanting golden rays
Athwart the pine-trees cast.

I see the shady, sheltered nook,
Where you awhile would stay,
The lichened granite crag that rose
Above the quiet bay.

Before me rise the mossy rocks
With crests of plummy fern,

The very fragrance of the pines
Seems almost to return!

I hear the murmur of the wave
Upon the pebbly shore,
Soft plashing on the light canoe
And round the idle oar;

I hear the catbird's plaintive cry,
The cawing of the rook,—
The while you sat and sketched in haste,
With grave, abstracted look;

Until I spoke, at length, resolved,
At least my fate to try,
And hushed the beating of my heart
To catch your low reply.

That low reply changed life for me
From hope to long regret,
Swiftly, as fled the evening glow
When that bright sun had set.

All silently, across the lake,
Our bark retraced its way,
While the rich hues of wave and sky
Were fading into grey.

I rowed, you steered,—no spoken word
The woodland echoes woke,
Your white hand, dipping from the stern,
The quivering wavelets broke.

* * * *

I did not blame you ; well I know
Love may not be compelled ;
I would not take a heart that must
In golden links be held !

Nor do I murmur at the fate
That crushed my brightest dream ;
One day, perchance, our hearts shall know
Things are not what they seem !

Since then, my feet have wandered far
And wide, by land and sea,
And love ! I trust that life has brought
More joy to you than me !

For nothing, now the pain is o'er,
Can sweeter memories wake
Than this dry fern-leaf from the shore
Of that Canadian lake !

II.

HER REMINISCENCE.

'Tis just such a sweet June evening
As I remember well ;
But, in those old days, the sunset rays
With softer radiance fell,
And the balmy breath of the dusky pines
Breathed forth a faery spell.

They would not come without me here,
They wanted me, they said,
Nor could I tell them why so much
This sweet, lone spot I dread,
Because it seems to me to wear
The light of summers fled !

A time so bright and happy,
That now, indeed, it seems
A fair illusion, fancy-built,
Seen only in my dreams ;
A time when one watched here with me
The sunset's slanting beams.

Not many words, that evening,
Were spoken by us twain,
But sadly now their tones return,
Awaking sleeping pain ;
Oh sweetest hour in all my life,
That ne'er may come again !

He asked if I could love him
Enough his wife to be,
To leave all here I held so dear,
And cross the great wide sea ;
But strangely calm and strangely cold,
His accents seemed to me.

I could not feel he loved me,
For little then I knew,
How often may a surface calm
Hide love both deep and true,
As runs a current deep and strong
'Neath yonder waters blue.

They had called the English stranger
A prize for his lands and gold,
And I had said that love of mine
Should not be bought or sold ;
And my very heart seemed numb just then,
And my answer was brief and cold.

I know not what was spoken,
But he bowed a grave assent,
And backward, o'er the purpling lake,
Silent and sad we went ;
Ah ! how that breeze revives it all,
That waft of woodland scent !

The lake lay calmly sleeping
Just as it lies to-night,
And mirrored back the quiet woods,
Soft in the evening light,
But my head was turned away, to hide
The tears that dimmed my sight.

Oh, had he only spoken
Once, as we crossed the bay,
How gladly had I then recalled
That rash and fatal 'nay' !
But *he* spoke not—*my* lips were sealed—
We parted—and for aye.

For, while a wild repentance
Was struggling in my heart,
He bade us all a calm good-bye ;
I silent, stood apart ;
But he looked away as he pressed my hand,
Nor saw the quick tears start.

No doubt *he* has forgotten
That sunset by the lake,
Lost in a new and happier love
That present joy can make ;
But still I think what life had been
But for that day's mistake !

But here comes little Alice,
And some one by her side
Whose words, I know, have waked the blush
She vainly tries to hide ;
May that sweet cup from her sweet lips
Be never turned aside !

Ah well, 'tis doubtless better,
Although the dream *was* dear ;
We know who orders every lot,
And *He* may make it clear,
How, yet, a higher life may bind
The links thus broken here !

THE BUGIS PRINCESS.

CHAPTER I.

THE Bugis are a handsome race. They are of better stature than any other of the inhabitants of the great Malay Archipelago. Their complexions are fairer and clearer, their limbs and bodies more symmetrical, and their features more intelligent by far. Mentally, they are equally superior. They are apt, clever, and docile, and at the same time, brave and faithful. Their women are often very beautiful, and affectionate to a fault.

The most charming woman I ever knew was Mrs. Fred. Harrington. She was a Bugis Princess. Her father was lord of the Dammas group, situated in the Arafura Sea. He was a wise and amiable native gentleman, as I, who knew him in his time of sovereignty, and again when evil days had fallen upon him, can bear witness.

In 1860, I was wrecked on the Dammas in a *biche-le-mer* trader, belonging to Melbourne. We struck at night, amid a driving rain and dense mist, on a reef twenty miles long, that connects the eastern Dammas with Nila, which latter considerable island is claimed by the Malay potentate of Baba. It was not blowing very heavily—it never does in that region; but the reef is sharp and rugged coral, and the never ceasing swell relentlessly ground the poor little *Lisboa* at a rate that we soon perceived would leave nothing of her but splinters by daybreak. The crew began to show symptoms of falling back upon that absurd principle of 'every man for himself, and the devil for all,' on which they are so prone to place their dependence in seasons of extraordinary peril.

'Steady men, steady noo,' said old Joyce, our Scotch commander. 'Ye hear-me! The first mon that breaks off on his own hook, I'll shoot him on the instant—mind that noo! Go orderly and quiet; and obey me and yere officers at a word. Mr. Norcross' (that's me), 'get out the boat, sir.'

We had four good boats—one a metallic life-boat. *Biche-le-mer* traders sail strong handed, and in ten minutes every one was

afloat, equipped, and ranged under the weather side; for the swell that was cutting us so fast to pieces was rolling up against the wind. The brig was slowly falling over, deck to the swell; and we knew that as soon as she had gone far enough for it to burst over the rail, it would smash in the hatches and fill her. Hatches are not usually made strong enough; but the lazy vagabonds who have driven real sailors from our decks nowadays dislike handling heavy ones; and so, for the sake of accommodating their indolence, ships universally sail without any protection worth the name for these oft exposed and vital points. For look you, friend legislator, with your little pet scheme for the 'further protection of our gallant and oppressed seamen,' it isn't merely the risk of a ship grounded on a reef, it is also the great and almost inevitable source of destruction to every vessel capsized by a back squall, or hove down by a sudden shift, in anything of a heavy seaway, and without which, the peril, though menacing, would be neither imminent nor unavoidable. You wonder at the many ships on Lloyd's dark list, opposite the names of which is written the melancholy note: 'Sailed—and never heard from.' Well, here's the key to the mystery of half of them, at least. However, this is a digression; for further ventilation of the subject, see Piddington's 'Sailor's Horn-book.'

So, with this danger threatening us, we worked nimbly. Half the crew were told off into the boats, as they were got out, to keep them clear of the side; then we proceeded to pass in the small arms and ammunition, the chronometers, compasses, and such like portable valuables; a selection from the trading-stock, which is money in those regions, and therefore the means of support; and two days grub and water. Then all hands got in—we pushed off, heading round under the stern, against the swell—and pulled away, keeping along the line of breakers for a guide, for, although the rain had ceased, the night was thick, and also keeping well together, the captain's boat leading. In about half an hour, we

made land, and lights, right ahead. We closed in cautiously, keeping an eye out for a safe landing place, not always so easily found on these islands; and we were strangers. All of a sudden, a canoe appeared on our starboard hand. There were four black figures in her, and in the stern a white one.

'By Jove,' said I to the carpenter who was in my boat, 'that at least looks like a European's dress.'

Before he could answer, I heard the leading boat hailed, in good English.

'Hillo-oh,' answered the old man, promptly enough.

'Are you seeking a landing?' asked the new-comer.

'We are indeed, sir,' said Captain Joyce. 'Then be good enough to follow me,' said the stranger, pulling ahead, and about two points to the eastward of the course we had been steering. In ten minutes we passed through a narrow opening, having scarce width enough for the oars, into a small, still basin, and grounded on a smooth, shelving beach of white sand; the canoe of course coming on as well. Numerous lights, irregularly scattered up and down the heights which rose steeply from the beach, showed that we were near a pretty densely populated, though irregularly built town or village. And—oh, so well I remember it—the delicious perfume that loaded the night air! Involuntarily I murmured a line from the 'Lotos-eaters':—

'Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust is blown.'

'*Apropos*, by Jove,' said the voice that had hailed us from the canoe. I turned, and beheld by the dim light a rather tall man, clad in the usual white linen of the European in the East, but of a cut and style belonging to some five years back, or more.

'We have had enough of action, and of motion we, Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free,'

continued he, proffering his hand; and then apostrophizing me from Scott,

'Thy name and purpose, Saxon—'

for Saxon, at least, he must be who quotes Tennyson so readily.'

'Right you are, countryman,' said I,

'I'm a Saxon of American birth—a New Englishman—so please you—'

'None but a Yankee could have thought of that,' interjected he, with a pleasant laugh. "'New Englishman," is good.'

'My name,' I continued, 'is Norcross—'

'Of Northumbrian extraction, for a "pony,"' remarked he, giving my hand, which he still retained, another shake. 'Compatriot, I was born within two miles of that storied old north cross whence you derive your name.'

'Right again,' said I, returning his shake, 'though my grandfather's grandfather was the last of my branch of the family who saw it. And, to continue, my "purpose" is—to know your name.'

'Harrington,—"Fred," they used to call me, in Singapore. An *Old* Englishman, I, and very much at your service. Where is your ship?'

'Pretty much scattered over the waters of the Arafura by this time I fear. We struck on that reef to the southward, here.'

'Ah! I feared as much. Were you the captain?'

'Only second in command. Here he comes now. Captain Joyce—Mr. Harrington.'

'Eh, bless my saul!' exclaimed the old man. 'Ye're no wee Fred, wha used to sail wi' my auld freen' Jock De Bathe?'

'The same, sir. Ah, yes, Captain Joyce; I remember you well, sir.'

'Deed ye may—deed ye may, sin' ye sailed wi' Jock. An' what are ye deein' here, Freddie lad?'

'I'm a resident, here, sir; and very glad of it now, since it enables me to offer you hospitality. Where are the rest of your staff, sir?'

'Here they are, lad; here they are.' And the second and third were duly presented. 'Now gentlemen,' said Fred, 'you must need food and rest. Please follow me—I'll see that your men are quartered too—this way—so you needn't take any trouble about them.'

We climbed the steep height a short distance by a zig-zag path, and were ushered immediately into a neat and spacious bungalow, built after the general plan in the far East; though, of course, of ruder construction in matters of detail. A lady came forward to meet us. Such a lovely little creature—she was hardly five feet—with

large, soft eyes, olive complexion, the tiniest hands and feet, and hair that swept the floor. She was costumed like the mestizas of Manila. Placing her arm timidly within Fred's, she stood regarding us with artless, undisguised curiosity.

'These are countrymen of mine, my love. What do you think of them?'

'Zey is prettee mens,' was the childlike reply.

Never, since I was born, have I seen such a smoothing of shirt fronts and setting of neck ties, as seized upon our forlorn company, instanter! Even the gray, gruff old captain unconsciously 'put his best foot forward,' while I dolefully thought upon sundry white vests and glossy coats left in my berth aboard the *Lisboa*, to the 'wild rage of the swelling sea,' as I contemplated my unpoetical grey flannel shirt and tarnished ducks of *very* boom-tacklish cut.

'My wife, gentlemen,' said Fred, proceeding to present us each in due form. 'Now you see the reason why I have become a denizen of this island kingdom,' he laughingly added. 'To-morrow I will introduce you to my royal father-in-law.'

'Eh, ye seem to hae made yersel' comfortable, ay, even luxurious, in it,' said Captain Joyce. 'Hoo lang hae ye resided here, Freddie lad?'

'Six years, sir,' answered our host.

'Is he ze ship king?' inquired the Princess, pointing at the captain.

There was a stroke of unconscious irony in this artless translation of terms, that made us of the staff exchange some amused glances. Old Joyce had a pretty royal will of his own, as all who sailed with him were apt to discover.

'My wife has never seen any Europeans before, except myself,' observed Fred, apologetically, 'and she is naturally curious about you.'

'You surprise me,' I said honestly. 'I had really concluded Mrs. Harrington to be a Spanish lady.'

Fred cast me a grateful glance at 'Mrs. Harrington,' and replied with some emphasis,

'She *does* look Spanish, I think. But the dress misleads you. She is Bugis—pure. I am teaching her English, and to read, write, and sing. Dressing she taught herself, and made her own selection out of

a wardrobe I procured from Manila and Singapore. She has wonderful musical talent,' continued he, looking proudly upon the beautiful creature. 'It is my chiefest ambition, now, to obtain a piano for her.'

'Oh what a pity,' burst in young Dunraven, our third officer. 'I've such a nice little cabinet organ aboard the brig! and books, and music, and everything! I'm sure I should be so pleased to present them all to Mrs. Harrington if only they could have been saved. I'd go after 'em this minute, if there was any hope,' he added, looking appealingly to the captain.

'Tut! ye young goose,' said the old Scotchman; 'what could ye do out there in the night and surf? Bide till daylight, laddie; she's strong, an' I'll no say but her upper-works may haul thegither for a wee. I'm gaun to see what can be done in the way o' salvage, as soon as day breaks. An' that minds me I maun hae some sleep—I was up a' last night. If ye'll show me a place for a snooze, Freddie lad, I'll be obliged to ye. And gentlemen, ye'd better be sleepin' too—there's work yet ahead for the morning, ye'll find.'

Acting on this significant hint we retired, but not before the Princess had presented us to her babies, a boy of four and a girl of two, whereat old Joyce came out strong in a hitherto unsuspected phase of character.

'Eh, the bonnie weans!' ejaculated he, catching the boy out of his bark hammock, tossing him lustily in the air, and catching him 'on the fall,' with the deft precision and gentleness of an adept. 'Eh, the bonnie wee mon! eh, the waly braw laddie,' shouted the old man, while the boy crowed out and kicked lustily, as he was tossed and hugged by turns—withal, or I mistake, something sparkled on the weather-beaten cheek as it turned to and from the light, but perhaps it was only a crystal of salt, left from the drying spray of the breakers, 'scaped erewhile on the treacherous reef.

The young mother looked on in ecstasy, clapping her hands and dancing with equal glee. Suddenly she caught up the girl, and placed her in my arms. Miserable me! It was just what I had been longing for; and now—well the man who won the elephant in the raffle was a fool to me. Had it been a fizzing bomb-shell she had

thrown upon my palpitating bosom, I could have made shift to do something with it; but a real live baby! I felt the cold sweat start out along my weakening spine, but durstn't move or breathe, lest I might hurt it, yet conscious that I must make some demonstration, for the 'maternal eye severe' was expectantly fixed upon me. So I attempted a whistle, which stark inanity Miss didn't condescend to take the slightest notice of, but lay there, letting her great black eyes wander over my face without the slightest appearance of interest in me or aught of my belongings. Still desperately conscious of the mother, I essayed some approaches to a kiss. Miss, evidently thoroughly aware, even at this early age, that admiration is her sex's privilege, regarded my vacillating head with unruffled placidity; but at last encouraged me by removing her finger from her mouth, and assuming a somewhat expectant expression. Then I raised her determinedly and succeeded in hitting her plump on the left dimple. I was rewarded by feeling both her chubby fists instantaneously lock themselves into my hair, a manœuvre which left me completely *hors de combat*, with no resource but to throw up the sponge incontinently. Fred seeing me entirely at the mercy of my antagonist, good-naturedly came to the rescue. At the same moment the Princess laid her little hand on my arm.

'You tink my babees pret-tee?' said she.

I endeavoured to make her understand that, in my view, 'prettee' was no word for it. She returned to the charge.

'You tink ze babees any bettare, suppose he have Ing-lis wife?'

I assured her it was a self-evident matter that the 'babees' in that case couldn't have been, by any possibility, half so good.

'You luf ba-bees?'

I made haste to assure her royal highness that 'ba-bees' had ever been with me an object of profound admiration.

'Zen you marry my sees-tare,' was the conclusive reply. 'I got pret-tee sees-tare. Oh yes—stop; morning I bring she—you see!'

Fred laughed outright. 'You will excuse my "gentle savage,"' he began—but the little lady's ear was quick for the simpler words of our tongue.

'Gentle safage,' she repeated. 'Zat iss

me—Oreesa. Fred, you call me names, I will box you-ar ears!'

'If you can climb up to 'em,' began he, laughing.

'I can do zat,' said she, roguishly, reaching her little hands up to his shoulder; whereat he, in evident trepidation lest she should carry out her threat, placed his hands upon hers, saying hastily,

'No, no, my love, that would not be pretty.'

'Not pret-tee! Why I do zat efray day; you not before say "not pret-tee!" I climb cocoa-tree, oh yes—all same one monkee, ha, ha, yes—all so quick! I trow him down cocoa-nut; he not efer say "not pret-tee,"' she added by way of appeal to me. 'Fred lazee,' she continued. 'You lazee? ha, yes? Zen I tink all Ing-lis-mans lazee. You get Bugis wife; she climb; gif you plentee nuts. Good-night, lazee mans.'

CHAPTER II.

MORNING saw us at work. The swell had subsided almost wholly. The entire bottom was gone out of the unfortunate *Lisboa*, and her hatches were burst in, so that but a small part of her cargo could be saved undamaged. Nearly everything in the cabin, however, remained as we had left it, for she had not gone completely on her beam-ends. The guns also were accessible; the sails, cables, and so on; and we had the advantage of an immense reinforcement of men and canoes, sent to our aid by the king, who had visited us at day-break. By nightfall we had stripped the wreck completely, and we had even succeeded in fishing up, by the help of the expert Bugis divers, a large portion of the submerged trading stock, much of which was of a nature not to suffer injury from salt-water, at all events in the eyes of the natives. The cabin furniture and all our personal effects, for the most part, were also landed unhurt, together with that cabinet organ, over which Dunraven rejoiced exceedingly.

The same evening he was duly installed as music teacher to the Princess, Fred's 'hand being out,' as he called it, from long disuse. 'Ze pret-tee sees-tare' was present this evening, and it was universally con-

ceded among us, that Mrs. Harrington had not overrated her charms. The young lady, however, was more conservative in matters of costume than her married sister, and appeared before us in the orthodox garb of the Bugis, which, I may remark, does not materially differ from that of mother Eve. Our hostess was a little scandalized, seeming to regard it as 'not pret-tee;' but honesty compels me to confess that I couldn't agree with her. The king also visited us, devoting himself assiduously to the captain, whom he appeared to consider his equal in rank, as well as years. In the course of the evening we discussed with Fred various plans for getting away, and, finding that abundant material was at hand, determined on building a small schooner of some fifty feet keel. There were several trading prohus of near that size, belonging to the island. Fred himself was the owner of three; but all were absent on a trading voyage to Dobbo, and could not be available for several months.

Next day we had an opportunity of examining Fred's 'improvements.' First among these, was the cultivation of sea-island cotton. He had succeeded, after many efforts, in procuring a small quantity of the true seed, and now had some four acres planted, to obtain a full supply, in a most promising condition; while his preparations for an extensive plantation in the next season were already well advanced, and concerning which, he had, with the aid of his wife, infused the liveliest interest in both ruler and people. He was also attempting the production of nutmegs and cloves, with cuttings obtained from Singapore, his own nursery already comprising upwards of three hundred thrifty young plants.

Old Captain Joyce was delighted.

'Why, Freddie mon,' said he (he dropped the patronizing 'Freddie lad,' from that time forward), 'ye're in a fair way to become a great planter: I ne'er saw sic cotton for length and fineness of fibre; ye'll be sure o' makin' Dammas cotton stand A 1 in the market wi yere vera first export. Why ye'll ship a hundred bales next year, mon; an' I'll call and tak it forward for ye. An' your cloves and nutmegs, why, gin ye escape the blight that's ruined the Singapore plantations, ye'll brak doon the Dutch monopoly ere twenty years! Stick

to it, mon, an' God prosper ye; ye're doin the hail warld a bonnie stroke o' service, forbye the elevatin' influence ye exert upon the puir folk about ye. Ye'll find it's a civilized community ye'll be amang, when the next generation grows up; tak the word of an auld observer o' men and things for that.'

'Indeed, sir,' answered Fred, thoughtfully, 'I trust I am, with the help of my wife, doing some good to the poor Bugis. I even think that I can already perceive signs of a lifting among the whole community. While I have resolutely abstained from attacking their faith, I can see that their fetichism is dying. My wife is already a better Christian than I am—and the king is no longer an idolater. That is much, but the mental improvement of the whole people, though individually small, constitutes something greater; and the silent influence of example has done it all. The Bugis are ready observers. They see my prohus make successful cruises, although no shark's-head idol is carried on board, a custom which my crews, to a man, have come to look upon with disdain; and although I never purchase a fair wind from the rain-makers, or employ any of their mummeries to insure the good-will of the gods, that their voyages are as rapid and as prosperous as those of the most devout. They see that my own fishing skill earns a surer reward than their witch-lines and their propitiatory sacrifices to the demons inhabiting the caves of the sea, and that good-fortune attends my planting, although I place no first-fruits in the temples, to be eaten by the priests on the sly. *Apropos* of that, I must tell you a "good thing" my wife related the other day. A young fellow who has worked in my garden of Chinese vegetables—my "kitchen-garden," as I call it—long enough to understand my methods pretty well, took a wife last spring, and started for himself with a patch of ground adjoining his father's paddy-fields. I gave him seeds of the yen, cucumber, ly-chee, squash, dragon's-eye, with sweet potatoes, yams, and so on, enough to plant his acres; and as he is a very industrious and careful fellow, his crops are coming on famously. There had been quite an unusual drought—which has ended, by the way, with the fog and rain which brought you upon the reef—and about a week since

his father paid him a visit, accompanied by the rain-maker of the district. "Now," said the latter, "your fields begin to look yellow"—a most manifest lie, but its audacity didn't affect my protégé in the slightest, since he had carefully watered his beds and rows every evening—"and you must have rain." "My father's fields look yellow," said Nattahsah—and truly enough, the old fellow's meagre rice looked pretty thirsty—"let him have rain." "He shall have rain," responded the priest; "he has just bought rain, and in a few days I shall bring him plenty." "Well," said my free-thinker, "when it falls upon my father's fields, it can't be possible but that some of it will come upon mine—and my crops require less than his—so his rain will do for both." "But you are not such a mean-spirited fellow as to take that benefit without paying for it, are you," said the cloud-compeller, quickly. "Has my father paid you," queried Nattahsah. "He has," replied the priest, "like the honest, pious man he is." "Well, then," returned the heterodox, resuming his hoe, "if the rain comes, for whatever few drops I may catch, I will settle honestly—with my father."

'Upon my word,' said I, 'for cuteness your Nattahsah would match Salem Scudder.'

'Aye, or even Ritchie Moniplies,' added Captain Joyce.

'Well, I don't think it would discredit either of them,' assented Fred, laughing. 'I could multiply such instances,' he added, 'and of late their increase is marked. The conclusion they unmistakably point to, is, that the people's heads have grown above the underlying fog of superstition that clings like a morning mist in the pleasant valleys of these fair islands.'

'Is not that a figure ye've caught frae the Bugis, Freddie mon?' said Joyce, critically.

'Ah! really, I don't know, indeed,' answered Fred, in some surprise, at himself, perhaps. 'There does seem something native about it, now that I consider it; but it fell from me quite unconsciously.'

'Het's a sign of the reaction of the savage mind upon yere ain,' observed the old Scotchman, philosophically. 'An' its no that bad, no that bad, look ye. Ye say weel—"a mornin' mist." Ye came here, Freddie mon, i' the darkness; but the

light, the blessed light, is breaking around ye, noo; and it'll no be lang, Freddie,' he continued, lowering his voice reverentially, while he looked above the eastern tree-tops, 'it'll no be lang ere the sun comes, an' then a' the mist 'll gang awa' forever.'

'In good time spoken,' said Dunraven to me, aside, giving the figure a different turn, 'for here comes the sun now.'

As he spoke, the Princess bounded among us, followed a moment after by her father and his favorite counsellor.

'Baba king send message to ze ship-king,' announced the little lady, getting her husband by the lappels, and tugging him down, in spite of his coyness and blushes, for a kiss.

'Aweel, my dear,' said the 'ship-king,' 'an' what diz he want wi' me?'

'Zey not tell me,' answered the Princess, standing on her husband's feet to make herself tall. 'Fred! I not stop grow yet,' shouted the colossus, making a sudden discovery, 'I be get mo ar nigh you ar mouf efry day.'

"Ula, ila, ola, ee; Ros' eskleep in Ten-ah-see-ee, Ula, ila, ola, ee; 'neaz ze wile pan-nah-na tree."

I sing zat good, Fred?'

'Yes, pet. When did you learn it?'

'Las' night. He' (pointing to Dunraven) 'sing it, play it wiz ze aw-gon. I learn. Zat good?'

'Yes, you clever little girl.' And Fred gave her a little surreptitious hug.

'Zat not prettee,' said she, revengefully; and springing away, landed opposite me. 'Well,' she said, 'you tink my prettee sees-tare not prettee?'

'Oh no, indeed, ma'am. I think her very pretty.'

'Well, by-by you marry she?'

'Oh—oh—I—I don't think she will like me. Would'nt look at me last night.'

'Why you tink zat? Oh you don't know Bugis girls. Zey don't look at mens when mens look at zem. Oh zat nossing! I first see Fred, I want marry he right away, soon. My mozzare say, "Oressa, tink that pretty man?" I say, "no my mozzare, I tink white mans oglee—oh so oglee, I 'fraid." What I say zat for? Nobody know! Oh plenty time Bugis girl say "no," Bugis girl mean "yes." Wait! I spik my sees-tare, she tink you pretty man. What she mean I tell you true.'

'Eh, the unconscious traitress,' said Captain Joyce, laughing till the tears ran. 'She exposes a' the secrets o' the sex as if they were naething at a'. Wadna' she mak' wark amang the fine dames at hame! Puir innocent, it's weel she's no there. She'd be murderit by them ere a sax month passed. Noo tell me, lassie,' said he taking her by both hands, 'ye wad like this lad to marry with your sister, wad ye?'

'Ye-es. You make him?'

'I canna say that, my dear. But tell me why do you want him to?'

The little creature cast such a wistful look at her husband.

'Fred lonesome,' she said. Then, with an imploring glance at me, 'If he marry my sees-tare, he stay; zen Fred have compa-nee. Oh I know. Sometimes he sick for Ing-lis man compa-nee. Zat make me cry—my pret-tee Fred.'

'I kened it fine,' said the Captain, looking round upon us. 'Eh, the sweet selfishness o' the little angel—her ain sel' lost in the man she lo'es. Ye may weel say, Freddie mon, that yere wife is a better Christian than yer'sel. Weel gentlemen, for a' that I can say, ye'll gang hame, and marry amang oor artificial dames that'll love yere vera pockets till distraction sae lang's they can pay the milliner bills, an' be civil til yersels sae lang's ye discreetly gie them room for flingin' and flirtation. But an ye'll tak' the friendly advice o' an auld farrant dog that kens baith sides o' the ward far better than he likes them, ye'll look about ye noo, and see if mair o' the likes o' this winsome lassie are not to be found amang this simple folk here. Were ye my boys, by my soul, I'd gar ye do it! But wha's yon, comin' hither?'

'Wha's yon' proved to be the embassy from the monarch of Baba. Their errand was nothing less than a claim for one half the goods rescued from the *Lisboa*, on the plea that the vessel was wrecked on Babanese territory. The one grain of truth in this modest demand was, that we grounded about a mile and a half nearer to Nila than the Dammas!

We looked for a whirlwind from the 'old man,' when this was delivered, *ore rotundo*, in sonorous Malay. But he was calm as the 'whirlwind's heart of peace.'

'Is that all?' he sarcastically replied, in he same language—of which he was per-

fect master. Turning to Fred, he observed: 'There's a missioner o' a different stamp frae yoursel' amang thae thieves, Freddie mon. Wha the deil has pit rights o' waif, jetsam and flotsam, and a' oor infernal code o' legalized piracy intil the heids o' thae black ravagers?' Then to the envoys: 'And what if I refuse?'

'Our master will come and take all,' was the cool reply.

'It is well. Your master needs a lesson. Let him come.'

CHAPTER III.

I NEVER passed a more enjoyable time in my life, than the three weeks that followed. Our new craft, the *Little Lisboa*, went forward swimmingly, while we gained much leisure by leaving the details of her construction to the carpenter and the skilful native prohu-builders. The king monopolized the captain; Fred chose me for the companion of his saunterings forth, and together we explored the whole group thoroughly, sometimes accompanied by the pretty child-woman who 'owned him,' as Dunraven phrased it. This every-day contact with the people gave me the gauge of her true position and influence, and taught me to respect her as a woman performing an important life-work, under a dominant sense of duty, and possessing a positive genius for her unique position, while amused with her child-like simplicity and innocence of our conventionalities. She thoroughly understood her subjects and her husband. She was an interpreter in the most elevated sense, communicating to her own barbarous people the higher ideas of civilization of which Fred was the representative, as lofty in their eyes as Moses was to the Hebrew slaves in Egypt, and but for his wife a thousand times more inaccessible and isolated. What his Hebrew blood, language, and, in a word, *oneness* with the people he was commissioned to elevate, did for the great lawgiver, that Oreesa was doing for the young pioneer of progress. And yet doing it unconsciously. Unconsciousness is the soul of charm. That beautiful, that grand unconsciousness—well, this is why I said at the outset of my story that Mrs. Fred Harrington was the

most charming woman I ever knew. She fulfilled this high function as simply as she tended her babies.

It was through these rambles, and the close communing with my friend which they led to, that my mind was made up to become a sharer in his work; and I determined, after one more indispensable visit to Singapore, to return and join him. Ah, 'man proposes and God disposes.' But I must not anticipate. 'It was not that 'ze pret-tee sees-tare' at all influenced me. Yet she, too, was pretty, artless, and amiable. But she lacked the indefinable charm of the lovely Princess. Ah, I may tell you the truth now—though I knew it not myself until many years had rolled away. Slowly, slowly, I made the discovery, unsuspected at the time, that it was my friend's wife whose influence had decided me.

Was it well ruled otherwise? Might treachery and shame have come of it? I cannot think so. Though I recognized in Fred an Arthur, though I could have been a second to him, like Lancelot, Oreesa was no Guinevere.

Was it love? No. It was something that neutralized love. I have never married, neither has my comrade Dunraven. Amidst his thoughts, as in mine, she wrought a new ideal. A rare one it must be, too; for we have never found its embodiment. We meet occasionally—we have each long sailed his own separate command—and compare notes, as bachelors hard aboard of forty only may do. Let our conversation at our last meeting give a key—if it can.

'Married yet, Tom,' said I, after the usual greetings—the jokes about increasing rotundity, denundations of the cranium, and so on.

'Divil a marry'—Dunraven is an Irishman, which makes the fact all the more remarkable. 'And you?'

'Single whip, still, my boy. I haven't found her yet.'

'Nor I. The divil's in the luck, for I've looked with all my soul these fifteen long years, and not a sign of anything near her greets my eyes.'

'Tom?'

'Dick?'

'I'm about giving over the chase. Time's near up with us.'

'I'm thinking you're right for once.'

'Tom Dunraven, you fell in love with Fred Harrington's Bugis Princess! You know you did.'

'Dick Norcross, fifteen years ago I'd have knocked you down for hinting the like. I could'n't do a thing so disloyal to poor Fred.'

'Well, I know the truth of that myself. But what ails you then?'

'Faith, the same thing that ails you. We fell in love—the both of us—not with her, *but with what she was like.*'

'You've hit the right expression old boy! But, Tom—sometimes—sometimes that's a distinction without a difference.'

'Never! old shipmate, with gentlemen! With a true, loyal friend there is ever a difference—a safe difference, mind you. And it's a great difference, because it's *enough.* You have a fine ship here—my very ideal—and I'm just now unattached. What of that? I don't go about to get her away from you—no; but I'll hold off till I can get one like her; failing that, and since we are compelled to have *some* ship, then one as near like her as may be. But we are *not* compelled to have a wife, thank God! Fill up—pass me the sherry. Here—here's to the Nameless Woman, whom, I fear me, we are destined never to see this side of the final sunset, old core of the main-stay.'

I need hardly say, after this relation, that Dunraven also intended to return with me. Our honest, open admiration of his wife, Fred readily saw, and appreciated correctly. I think it pleased him. It always flatters a man to endorse his taste and judgment. The little unwitting polyandrist herself dropped her match-making notion concerning 'ze pret-tee sees-tare,' after our intention was communicated to her. It was neither for her own, nor her sister's, nor anybody in the world but Fred's sake, that she wanted us; and, assured of our return, she was satisfied; indeed, seemed all the more pleased that it was without any other inducement than what we found in him that our course was decided upon. 'Oh, you luf Fred plentee,' she said when, together, we acquainted her of it, 'and I luf you, I want kees you;' and immediately suited the action to the word. She gave such tokens to us impartially, and not unfrequently—but it was only from Fred that she *took* them; she never *sought* a kiss but

of him. Is this a 'safe difference' always? A bachelor's dictum ought to carry weight on such a point, and I aver that the 'safety' rests mainly with the woman.

A little speck of war rose on our horizon about a week before we were ready to leave. The Babanese viceroy of Nila, having evidently consumed the intervening time in preparation, made an armed demonstration toward carrying out his threat. He came with ten prohus of from thirty to fifty men each. The nature of their employment kept our crew always near the shore, and the surprise, if such was intended, was foiled by Captain Joyce before our ally could collect his forces to meet the invader. Our muster was thirty muskets and twenty Sharp's rifles. As the foremost prohu entered the narrow passage, the fire of the latter opened upon her. In five minutes, without men to man her oars, without a single head other than dead ones showing above her gunwale, she went drifting back, disabled. Such range, rapidity, and precision was so appalling to the Malays that not one of the others attempted to enter; but, taking the derelict in tow, they steered back, plying sail and paddle lustily, for their own shores. Before the Bugis prohus could be collected and manned, they had got so much start as to render pursuit inexpedient.

The *Little Lisboa* being at last completed, we put on board the guns and stores saved from the wreck, leaving on shore, however, the greater proportion of the rescued trading stock, for want of space, and, gaily bidding our new friends adieu, set sail at noon with a favorable breeze and smooth sea, bearing a host of commissions from Fred and the Princess, to be executed at Singapore. It had been arranged with Captain Joyce that the new schooner was to be turned over to me, after arrival, with which Dunraven and I were to return. Captain Joyce had also decided on retiring from service and returning home, after reaching Singapore and recovering the insurance on the *Lisboa*. Our new schooner proved a good sailer, slipping along over a tranquil sea, notwithstanding her deep lading, at a very satisfactory rate, and all went well until midnight. But then the wind changed, drew ahead, and before daybreak it had increased to a stiff gale, with a sea that, although it had been of small account to her namesake, proved threatening to the

little craft in her overburdened condition. Noon came, and found us still struggling to the westward, when suddenly it was discovered that the severe laboring had caused her to spring a leak. There was no resource but to bear up and run back, both to lessen the leakage and to regain the Dammas for repairs.

Twelve hours brought them in sight again, but now the group lay well to the southward, and the height of the pursuing sea rendered scudding still imperative. Knowing that the slight gales of this region soon 'blow themselves out,' the captain determined to run before it until it was broken. This took place on the next day, and then our observations showed us ninety-six miles east and thirteen north of the northernmost of the group. We hauled up on the starboard tack, and summoned our patience to the trial of beating back over the lost ground. Delayed by the baffling airs and calms that followed the storm, nearly a week had passed ere we sighted them again. By noon we had neared the narrow passage leading into the little cove. Heading for this, the first thing that struck our eyes was the conspicuous absence of Fred's bungalow. Surprised and concerned, our glasses were in immediate requisition; and then we discovered that the building was reduced to ashes, the fire still smouldering in the ruins.

'Eh, gentlemen, here's a bad job,' said old Joyce. 'They've let the bungalow catch fire. I warned Fred mair than ance that his servants were too careless at cooking time.'

Brandon, our second, had the quickest eye in the ship. Quietly, according to his taciturn wont, he had been examining in detail the whole slope.

'Captain Joyce,' he now said, 'there is scarcely a house or hut standing. Some are torn down, some are burnt, and the remainder seem more or less injured. Are the gales here ever severe enough to do such damage?'

'Weel, I hae kenned a hut or twa to be biawn doun on the Arroos, but never sic mischief as this. Get out your sweeps there, lads! what the deil ails the boatie, she moves like a snail. Ay, that maun be it—they have had the gale stiffer than we had, belike, and some o' the shelties hae blawn into their ain fires. Call away

the dingee wallahs, Mr. Dunraven, I'll pit ashore quicker so. Mr. Norcross, ye'll bring the schooner up to the auld anchorage and come-to* as soon as may be.'

Stepping over the low gunwale, he was gone. Within three-quarters of an hour I had come-to, according to orders, with the brig's kedge, which formed the working anchor or our liliputian cruiser. The sails were no sooner down than Captain Joyce appeared on the beach, accompanied by a native, who proved to be Nattahsah, and hailed in a voice like thunder.

'Mr. Norcross, two boats an' the twenty rifles, quick! Give Mr. Dunraven charge of one boat an' ten o' the people. Mr. Brandon, get the schooner ready for action.'

In five minutes we were beached beside him. 'Let the oarsmen remain in the boats. Tumble ashore, riflemen. Now, Nattahsah, lead the way!'

'For God sake, sir,' said I, coming beside him, scarce able to control my agitation, 'what is wrong?'

'Soul o' my body, Norcross, lad, ye may weel ask.' The old man's 'gude braid Scot's' always came at its 'braidest' when he was under excitement. 'Ilka thing is wrang! It's that infernal, murdering, ravingin' vairmin, thae reptiles o' the treacherous heart an' poisoned creese frae Nila, hae been here sin' we ben gane. Here last nicht they were—a nicht surprise ye'll see. God d—forgie me I mean—I'm nigh brak'ing oot again—an' they hae murderit an' laid waste amaist the haill kintra! I ran up to where was the bungalow, and what d'ye ye think, lad, was the first sicht to greet me? What but the pretty sister, wi' her bonnie neck slashed across, an' the innocent heart howkit out of her sweet bosom wi' ane o' thae jagget Malay creeses! Heech, it made me cry, mon, tough auld dog as I am, and swear too, God forgie me, me that—eh, mon, hauld up! what's wrang wi' ye—why lad, I didna' think ye cared for the puir lassie.'

'The Princess,' I said, 'and Fred?'

'Ou, safe by last accounts—we're gaur to seek them. While stannin' there, cursin' mair than prayin' I fear, wha comes rinnin' ower the ruined cotton plantation but Nattahsah, here. His ain wife is murderit too,

puir lad, and his fields laid waste; an' frae him I got the haill story. Eh, waefu' waefu'! There's but a hanfu' o' the puir Bugis left. The Princess an' Fred an' the king, wi' twa or three followers, got away northerly, an' Nattahsah thinks they hae gotten across by the ledge till the north-easternmost island—it dries at half-tide, he says—still he disna' ken but thae cursed Malays hae ganç there too. Ye mindet to bring plenty o' ammunition, did ye, Mr. Norcross; I'm fain to gie them a dispensation frae the rifle's muzzle, gin we come athart ony o' them, that 'll leave them ferrem believers in the efficacy o' the gospel accordin' to St. Shairp.'

Nattahsah led the way around the shore, avoiding the table of the isle, after crossing the promontory that formed the eastern side of the harbor. The beautiful shell-strewn beach, here open to the sea, I knew so well—it had been a favorite walk of ours. It runs in one unbroken, perfect curve, for about four miles, when the ledge that connects with the north-easternmost member of the group interrupts its uniformity. This ledge is five miles long, and as Nattahsah said, dries at half-tide.

Arrived in sight of the north-eastern isle, we discovered the masts of a number of prohus lying around at nearly high-water mark. But we discovered also, what indeed we might have thought of had we been capable of calmer consideration, that the tide was flowing, so that it would be impossible to reach the other island before the ledge would be covered. The error was easy to retrieve, however—we were yet scarcely a mile from the cove—a man was sent back to order the boats around, and we pushed rapidly on over the smooth, firm beach, reaching the head of the ledge in half-an-hour. Here we halted perforce, until the arrival of the boats, exercising what patience we could, and endeavoring to discern, with unaided eyes—for our glasses had been left aboard—any traces of our friends. It was vain, of course; at such distances we could perceive nothing smaller than trees or rocks, and no sign of any living creature rewarded our anxious scrutiny.

But suddenly one of the men, who had clambered up to a place of out-look on the steep bank, called out:

'Captain, I believe there's something

*A nautical contraction for 'come-to-anchor.'

moving on the ledge; coming this way, too, sir!

In a twinkling, Joyce, Dunraven, and myself were beside him. The long, brown causeway stretched away in a smooth, straight line before us, sharply defined by the green sea on either side, and the fringing foam at the edges; but at first we could perceive nothing.

'Thereaway, sir,' said the man; 'there where the high part swells up in the middle of the reef—there are two—I see them plainly now, sir.'

'Mon, but ye hae an eye like a Red Indian or a Bedouin Arab,' said Captain Joyce. 'Eh, sirs—no—but I do; deed there is—he's richt. Noo gentlemen, who can they be? I'd gie a picul o' tortoise-shell noo, just for a minute's loan o' my ain glasses.'

'Whoever they are,' said I, 'they'll have a scramble to fetch before the tide overflows the low-lying part of the ledge, here near the shore.'

'They can't be Malays,' said Dunraven. 'If they had any occasion to cross by the ledge, there'd be more of them than that. They must be Bugis.'

I remembered the powerful field-glasses Fred used to carry on our rambles, and cried out,

'They must be messengers from Fred. He has seen us coming up the beach, with with his Simpson, and perhaps divined our having been forced back in the heavy weather—at all events, our compact march and the gleam of our arms would tell him that we are Europeans, at least. They must have started three-quarters of an hour ago at least.'

'Ye're right, Mr. Norcross; ye're surely right,' said the old man. 'Deed ane o' them may be Fred himsel'. Eh, waesucks, for my glasses.'

They were rapidly drawing nearer. They had crossed the swell and were beginning the descent of the hither slope; we were just congratulating ourselves that they were safe to escape the tide, when we observed them to stop, apparently busied with something at their feet. This renewed our conjecturing, and presently our trepidation; but at last one got up, and started forward with increased speed, leaving the other, sitting down, seemingly to wait.

'This pits us a' asteer again,' said Joyce.

'Why ony man, in the face o' that on-coming tide suld coolly sit doon in that manner, passes me.'

'Sprained an ankle, sir, perhaps,' said I.

'Why even then he could still hobble,' was the reply. 'Na, na, it canna' be that, it canna' be any weakness, or sudden exhaustion frae wounds or the like, for then he'd *lie* doon, not sit. But the ither comes on fast enough for twa. He's a laddie, methinks, frae his size—ay, and he's runnin' tap speed, only 'ark ye hoo his legs twinkle!' Let's go doon, let's go doon an' meet the boy—eh, its his father, yon, perchance; aiblins gane daft frae the trouble, puir fellow, an' refuses to gang farther.'

The tide was flowing between us by this time, a shallow but wide and rapidly broadening stream. The fugitive reached it before we did, dashed in, gained the midst of the waters where mid-leg deep, before we recognized, in the supposed boy, the beautiful Oreesa. Accustomed to see her only in the long, flowing 'saya' of the Spanish half-breeds, her skirts, 'kilted' for speed, had deceived us to the last moment, both as to sex and identity. She crossed the flow just as we reached it, and flung herself into the captain's arms, panting, in the last degree of exhaustion.

'My pret-tee Fred,' she gasped, pressing her hand to her side, while the fearful, dangerous rate at which her heart was throbbing, was painfully perceptible through her bodice.

'Yes dearie,' said he, soothingly, 'our pret-tee Fred, sweeting; an' what though? Tak' breath noo, ye puir fluttered birdie—where is he then?'

'Oh quick—ze sea come—zat Fred—he got—he foot not move—ze great cockle—got foot—' she gasped spasmodically.

'Ah, merciful God!' groaned the old man, in a voice thrilling with horror; 'not that, oh, not that! Gentlemen, fly, fly doon the beach, and look if e'er a boat is nearing ava.'

Flinging down our weapons, we rushed off, burst around the curve, and beheld the boats a league or so below. We tore down the beach like madmen, shouting, and waving them to pull in; nor did we stop until we met them as their bows grated on the sand.

'Go and take up the captain, Mr. Dun-

raven,' said I; 'I will push on at once for the reef! Give way men! Mr. Harrington is caught on the reef, and surrounded by the tide.'

The crew looked at me one pulse-beat, with eyes dilating with horror. Their necks, arms, and backs reached aft in one simultaneous swing, the broad blades took deep hold of the water, and the boat fairly lifted to the mighty impulse that followed. Away we spun, Dunraven not an inch behind, and we felt our hearts lighten with every stroke. In fifteen minutes we were abreast of the captain's position, and saw with renewed alarm that the reef was already covered. Dunraven steered in to take him off; I held on the tremendous pace we had started with, but in a moment we shot into the strength of the tide, which set dead against us. Still my men did not flag, although the tropic heat was telling fearfully. I rose in the stern-sheets; Fred was standing now—knee deep—a speck in the foaming waters. I looked at the rushing tide, and groaned to see how our speed was lessened.

'Don't fear, sir,' said the stroke oarsman, 'we'd drive her up a mill-race for his sake—but if you'd wet us down, sir.'

The hint was enough. I seized the baling-dish and drenched my brave panting fellows with shower after shower of cooling brine. We tugged through the race at last—it was only in the channel near the island that it ran with such velocity, over the central portion of the reef it set with much lessened speed; yet I could perceive that it was already becoming difficult for Fred to maintain his feet, and the water had reached above his hips. I thought of the sharks, of the monstrous constricting conger, of the gigantic sepia, with which the reefs of the Malay Archipelago abound, and looked around for weapons. Nothing more effective than the boat-hook and the small, thin-bladed sheath-knives of the oarsmen were in the cutter. But in another moment we had reached him. We shot to windward, dropped the anchor, and slacked down to him, stern on, by the cable. At our approach a swarm of small gar-fish, borers, eels, and water-snakes shot off and left him, but many remained, seemingly entangled in his clothing. He held up his hands an instant—both were bleeding from their at-

tacks—and then renewed the struggle, tearing them from his side. •

'Oh, Norcross, rid me of these vermin!' he cried, in a tone that pierced my soul.

In an instant every hand was stretched to pluck them away. I drew out from beneath his ribs, a borer buried beyond the neck in his flesh—it curled back towards my hand—but I smashed its hideous square head to a mummy with a whirl against the gunwale.

'The boat-hook, the oars, men,' I shouted, 'pry his foot clear, quick, before anything worse comes!'

'You cannot do that,' moaned the sufferer, 'oh, you do not seem to know it is a great cockle—I trod upon it incautiously, and it has closed its huge valves upon my ankle—see!'

The water was as clear as crystal. His foot was completely hidden in the clinch of an enormous shell-fish, resembling an oyster. So nearly were the fluted edges closed that I could not get an oar-blade between them.

'Unless you have a cutlass in the boat you cannot free me. Did not Oreesa reach you long ago?'

The implied reproach cut my very heart.

'She did,' I said, 'but the boats were far below; we had to go back for them.'

'*She* is coming?'

'Oh yes; the other boat is almost here.'

'Thank God! Dear friend, I am past help—I am cut to pieces below the waist—but I want to die in her arms. Oh Dick, Dick, the horrible lonesome struggle with those torturing myriads! Can't you list the gunwale a little lower—let me rest my poor arms about you till she comes. Hold me closer, old fellow, I grow fainter—oh Dick, dear Dick, how cruelly I suffer! Will she be much longer?'

I could not see for tears—I could not answer for sobs. But then came the sound of the oars. His quickened ear caught it too, and a smile broke over his poor pain-wrung features, as he raised his head from my breast, and strove to turn in its direction.

Then I got voice enough to shout, 'a cutlass, here, quick!'

The next moment the two boats rasped together, he was transferred from my arms to Oreesa's—the poor child crying, 'Safe, safe,' and showering her kisses upon the

pa's face, while I seized one of the dozen cutlasses, leapt under the water with open eyes, thrust the long blade into the narrow slit, found and divided the huge cartilage, the enormous valves fell helplessly back, and he was free. Even beneath the sea, I heard the cheer that followed.

Instantly Captain Joyce headed for the shore. I was delayed a little in recovering my anchor, but soon followed. Fifteen minutes were sufficient to reach it, pulling with the tide. I saw them land, lift Fred and the Princess out, and carry them up the beach to the soft, white, sun-heated sand, above tidal range. Scarce had they deposited their burdens, than I also reached the shore, leaped out, and hurried after.

'Fred,' I exclaimed, as I burst into the group, 'Fred _____'

'Ye maun ca' loud indeed to mak' him hear ye noo,' said Joyce, pressing his hands to his forehead. 'It's a' over, laddie—a' over.'

But the Princess looked up quickly at the sound of my voice, and a piteous smile of attempted self-deception crossed her lips.

'Ah, ye-es,' she lisped, in her childlike broken English, 'it iss you. He esleep—he so much tired—but I 'fraid to have he esleep now. You come here wiz me—call much loud—he luf you—you call, he spik; oh yes, you see—my pret-tee Fred!'

She was sitting on the sand, his shoulders lay across her lap, but her arms were around his neck, and his head was held against her bosom. Sharing for the moment in her feeling, I knelt beside him, shook him by the shoulder, and repeated my call. How wistfully she eyed me—what a look of tenderness she bent upon the silent face! Where I knelt I could hear her heart's terrible throbbing as distinctly as if my ear had been at her chest—the 'muffled march to the grave' was being fearfully quickened. Suddenly she bent and kissed him often, murmuring tenderly between. Then she looked up again quickly into my face.

'You call—he no spik'—she pressed a hand to her side, and spoke more slowly than her wont—'I kees him—he not kees me too! You tink he—oh no, he much, much tired. He no esleep las' night—he cry all day for ze ba-bees. You know ze Malayu kill my pre-tee ba-bees? Zey was pret-tee ba-bees; you say ze ba-bees more better

zan one Ing-lis wife have. Ye-es, he all day walk, walk, walk; no eat, no esleep—now so plenty tired. Fred, Fred, my pret-tee Fred! you wake up once—spik once—Oreesa so much 'fraid—zen go esleep plenty long. Oreesa go esleep too, zen. Oh I tired too. You spik him once more—spik all same he long way off.'

I could not refuse. I did as she desired. She watched the face intently. Then she tried her kisses again, poor thing, with treacherous hope fast slipping from beneath her feet, uttering her fondling, half inarticulate sweet sounds the while; then suffered the head to decline into her lap, and raised her eyes to ours, looking imploringly, pleadingly, deprecatingly from face to face, while the corners of the beautiful mouth curved downward like a hurt child's, and the lips trembled, trembled,—poor, brave, overburdened, little heart!—parted, and the soft voice wailed forth in a tone of piercing appeal that bowed the strong men around her in an agony of pity.

'You do not tink him dead—you do not tink him de-ad? Oh my ba-bees dead—zat enough—oh he not dead, no, no, no, no, no.'

And again she bowed her lips to his in another futile kiss.

'My pret-tee Fred'—her voice seemed stifled now—'you too esleepy—too tired for spik. Open you-ar eyes, Fred, leetle; Oreesa plenty much frighten now'—she removed her hands and clasped them tightly upon her leaping heart—'Oreesa sick, here! You not soon wake one leetle bit, Oreesa die; you bad Fred, frighten her so much.'

Then she slowly turned her face to me—the unearthly sadness of those terribly dilated pupils was that of Azraël's—holding forth her clasped hands in appeal.

'You—do—not—say—he—dead?'

I shrank before a question, to answer which was to kill. But I flung my hands towards the pitiless heaven, and cried in a voice that rang along the shore:

'Fred! can you not hear her? O Father which art in heaven, let him speak but once!'

She caught the holy name.

'Our Fa-thah which art in heaf-en—hal-low-ed be zy name. Zy king-dom come—zy will—be—done —.'

My head was bowed upon my breast—listening for the weakening, tender accents

that never came again, when a cry from Dunraven aroused me.

'Lift her, lift her—she is dying! Oh God! is this Thy mercy—this Thy loving kindness?'

'Hush laddie,' said Joyce, 'what ither wayd ye ca' it?'

He raised her while he spoke. The beautiful eyes were set—the madly bounding heart was still.

N. W. BECKWITH.

MINERVA MOONSHINE ON THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

THERE! I've written it. 'Minerva Moonshine on the Higher Education of Women.' It sounds well. I hesitated some time before I decided what to call my—oh dear! what shall I say next? Is this a letter, or an essay, or an effusion? How stupid I am! It can't be a letter, for, of course, if it were I should have begun, 'To the Editor of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY,—SIR,—'

I suppose it may be termed an essay; and, as I have already stated, I could not decide at once what I should call it. Perhaps, 'Minerva Moonshine on Science and Philosophy,' would have been better, as I am really writing my experience in studying those subjects. I am going to put down my ideas as they come. I think being too particular and systematic destroys originality, and I have always been considered—perhaps I should not say it myself—'charmingly natural and original.' Reginald always says that my style is digressive, and that my remarks are not, at all times, relevant to the subject; but I find it very monotonous to be obliged to stick to the point, and and I am sure a great many people who make speeches, and *even* clergymen—I hope it is not irreverent of me to say so—evidently agree with me.

I became aware of the deficiencies in my own education some months ago. Reginald was reading aloud that very amusing book, 'Angelina Gushington,' and he came to the place where Angelina asks her father if he has 'gout in the abstract,' and he says, 'No, in the great toe.' Of course, I naturally asked what part of the foot the abstract was, but instead of answering my question, Reginald—very rudely, I still think—went

into fits of laughter. I know now that it is not a bone or a muscle, but I did not get any information from him which made it clear to me; for when I told him that, instead of laughing at me, he had better explain what the word meant, he could only say, 'The abstract—why—the abstract is—well, my dear Minerva, in short—it is—in a few words—the—the abstract is opposed to the concrete.' I was not much wiser after his explanation, and I told him that his knowledge of the English language required improving as well as his manners. Of course, I only said it in my own playful way, but he knew that I was vexed, and said he was very sorry, and called me a 'dear little goose'—oh! I did not mean to write that, but I must leave it now, for I could not write all this page over again. After all, it does not matter much, because, though we are not engaged *exactly*, we—perhaps I had better not say any more.

That afternoon I read an article in a magazine, 'On the Higher Education of Women.' I always used to skip such things—I still think them a *little* dry—but I had made up my mind to begin a course of hard study, for I don't like to be laughed at. There was a quotation, in the essay, from Prof. Huxley. 'Let us have "sweet girl graduates" by all means. They will be none the less sweet for a little wisdom; and the "golden hair" will not curl less gracefully outside the head by reason of there being brains within.' Is not that touchingly expressed? I made up my mind to acquire 'a little wisdom' at once; though my hair is not golden and does not curl except a little on my forehead when I do it with a hot slate pencil, or sometimes a

pipe stem. Reginald calls it—I mean my hair—auburn, but Annie Fraser insists that it is red. Spiteful thing! However, I don't mind such little remarks now. Since I have begun to study philosophy, I have learned to bear them with equanimity. I was reading the other day, in a book called 'Sartor Resartus,' that—but I will first go to the library and get the book, because papa is always saying that women are never accurate, but if I copy it no one can say that it is an incorrect quotation. Here it is, in the middle of the 169th page. 'In vain thou deniest it,' says the Professor; 'thou art my brother. Thy very Hatred, thy very Envy, those foolish Lies thou tellest of me in thy splentic humour: what is all this but an inverted Sympathy? Were I a Steam-engine, would'st thou take the trouble to tell lies of me? Not thou! I should grind all unheeded, whether badly or well.'

There's the advantage of being philosophical! Now the next time I hear of Arabella Brown saying that I run after Reginald, how soothing it will be to feel that her remarks are caused by 'inverted sympathy'! I must confess that I found 'Sartor Resartus' a little—just a little—dry. 'The World in Clothes' and 'The World out of Clothes' were not nearly such interesting articles as I expected to find them; and 'Natural Supernaturalism' produced in me a state of mind which I can only describe as chaotic. The Professor discourses upon Time and Space in such a bewildering manner, that when I closed the book I was very doubtful as to Where I was or When I was. When he talks about clapping on a 'Time-annihilating hat,' and says that by simply wishing you were 'Anywhen,' straightway you might be 'Then,' or announces that 'Yesterday and To-morrow both *are*,' one really hardly knows whether one is living in the past, present, or future. Perhaps I should not say so, but I always tell the truth, and I *do* think that Mr. Carlyle is a little—no, *not a little* mystifying. I admire him vastly though. In his portrait on the first page he is leaning his head on his hand in *such* a touching attitude, and his eyes have such a beautifully philosophical, far-away-looking expression, as if he were really 'prophetic' present in the Thirty-first century.'

What troubles me most is that every

philosopher seems to have a theory of his own, which causes me to feel a great deal of that 'mental mystification' of which Angelina Gushington speaks. A short time ago, after I had studied the Unconditioned, the Infinite, the theory of Perception, etc., I quite agreed with her when she says, 'I now know that mind is different from matter—that mind is everything and matter nothing. That everybody thinks, but that nobody thinks about anything (like the jolly and philosophical young waterman who rowed along thinking of nothing at all) That the mind is always conscious, but is never conscious of anything. That all our conventional notions concerning seeing, hearing, and touching, etc., may be placed with fallacies long since exploded, since mental modifications account for all the phenomena of the so-called senses; that men and women ought properly to call themselves Egos, and the rest of the world non-Egos; that nobody is everybody, and everything is nothing.'

I think I have omitted a part of the quotation, something about idiots. Miss Simpkins borrowed the book the other day (I suppose she'll never bring it back!) but what I *have* quoted is quite correct I imagine.

Unfortunately, just as I had begun to get things comfortably—no, not *exactly comfortably*—settled in my mind, and had prepared myself to believe that 'everything is nothing' (I once heard of a man who believed that, but he afterwards said 'it was in his youth before he had the rheumatism'), and that 'the Universe is a mere flow of ideas and impressions without any subject to be impressed,' somebody advised me to read Prof. Tyndall's works. Then I learned that everything is matter, and mind is nothing, at least nothing but matter. Perhaps I did not understand what he meant, but if some learned men do not, what can be expected of poor little I? Oh! I should have said me! I must remember my grammar. I found the 'Atomic theory' rather interesting, because I could amuse myself by wondering which of my friends were composed of hooked and which of smooth atoms. There's something practical in that! I know *some people* who must be aggregations of very hooked atoms indeed. No one need think me spiteful; I have not mentioned names.

You see I am of a practical turn of mind, and know how to apply my knowledge. I used to prove everything by experiment, that is, when I was only beginning to study. I ran a pin into Reginald's finger one day, because I had been learning that one of the properties of matter is impenetrability, and I wanted to see whether it *really* entered his finger, or only displaced the particles. He says he's sure it entered. I know he made a hideous face and upset all my beads over the floor, he jumped so. He objects to being made a subject for experiments; but, of course, he has no enthusiasm. He does not like my 'cramming,' as he calls it; he says he has known men at college who crammed till their native wits got into such a tight place that they could never bring out an original idea, and that it was a warning to him. I must say he took it very kindly. I have taken his advice, though, about giving up philosophy, as I began to get, as he would say, 'awfully mixed.'

Chemistry was another study which made me feel very uncomfortable. It is very unpleasant to think of oneself as composed of salts, and gases, and things; one never knows when one may be dissolved or even exploded. Besides, it takes the romance out of life. I am glad Reginald is not a chemically disposed person; I should not like him to think of me as composed of so many parts of chloride of sodium, or phosphate of lime. I know there are a great many other dreadful things in us, but I can't remember them all. I had to give up Chemistry; it destroyed my night's rest. Instead of dreaming of people and things as I used, I began to have sheets of paper dancing before me all night covered with $3 (K_2O, C_2O_3) + Fe_2O_3, 3 C_2O_3 + 6 H_2O$, and $C_{42}H_{23}N_2O_4$; or I would dream that I was talking to Reginald, and instead of words, $M + O C_{34}H_{19}NO_6, 3 Pb O$ A would curl from his lips. I feared that my health would become affected. My complexion was actually getting quite 'muddy,' and I began to be afraid that I might lose that *delicately transparent* pink and white skin which has been—shall I say it?—so much admired.

On the whole, I cannot say that I have derived much benefit from my 'higher education.' I got on just as well in society, rather better in fact, before I became phil-

osophical. I think it is quite true that men rather avoid girls who are considered a little 'blue.' I know young Simpkins never came near me at the Smith's party, and I believe it was because I asked him once whether he had read 'The Elements of Molecular Mechanics.' I never saw a young man look more dumfounded. I can't say that I had read the book myself, but it sounded well, and I thought it would be a good opening for conversation. I had read so much about the frivolous conversation of girls who have not received a 'higher education,' that I made up my mind to discourage 'small talk.' One cannot help feeling astonished at the blindness of many men on this subject. When so much has been written about woman being educated so as to become *really* a helpmeet for man, one wonders that every young man does not see the advisability of selecting, as his companion for life a girl who could intelligently discuss with him all those intricate problems which agitate his mind. How interesting and how helpful it would be for a doctor, for instance, on his return home after a hard day's work, to find his wife both willing and anxious to discuss with him the subject of the foreign substance which entered Mr. Smith's internal auditory meatus, the inflammation of the outer bag of Mrs. Robinson's pericardium, or the condition of Miss Tomkins's ciliary processes. (I don't know what any of these things mean; I never could study physiology, it affects my nervous system). Men of other professions would, of course, derive equal benefit, but it is a lamentable fact that the majority of them do not seem to see it, and are therefore compelled to listen to such soul harrowing subjects as Mr. A's attention to Miss B, the bad taste of Mrs. C, or the latest scandal about Mr. D.

I have been told that many men discourage learning in women because of an erroneous idea that it will tend to lessen that admiration which every woman of well disciplined mind ought to feel for the intellect of the superior sex. (That's a good sentence!) There could not be a greater mistake. When I was a *giddy* young thing, though I had a decided preference for the society of the 'lords of creation,' I occasionally met one whom I (uncharitably, no doubt) called a 'muff.' Now, I regard

the most ordinary young man of 'culture' with reverence!

Of the learned women I have known, one wears spectacles, and nearly all display some idiosyncrasy of manner or costume. One of my friends recently became so absorbed in the study of 'philosophical anatomy,' that she repeatedly forgot to order dinner, thereby causing considerable irritation in that special anatomical structure which she is pledged to 'love, honour, and obey.'

Do not suppose that I wish to say anything to the disparagement of higher education for women; that would be absurd, as I aspire to reach the highest summit of learning myself. I merely wish to demonstrate the superiority of the masculine intellect. For even an average young man, with his head full—of course every educated young man *has* his head full of—'lines and triangles, and all sorts of mathematical angles,' spherical segments, hyperboloids, destructive hypothetical syllogisms, complex constructive dilemmas, carboniferous systems, pleistocene deposits, centres of percussion, and dialectics of conscience, to say nothing of Latin, Greek, and all the ancients (dreadfully confusing things; I copied them all out of Tom's books; he only goes to the 'high school,' so what must 'a finished' young man's head contain!) can at times deposit them all in the substratum of his mind, and thus enable himself to bestow an intelligent attention on the parting of his hair, the cut of his collars, the choice of cigars, and such trivialities; thus exhibiting a range quite beyond that of the feminine intellect.

The mental agility also which he displays in descending from the heights of Peloponessus (perhaps that is not the right word, but I know it began with 'P' and ended with 'sus') to place himself on a level with—no, not really on a level with, but on a height not so far *above*—the feminine intellect, when he is making himself agreeable to the fair sex, the interest and adaptability which he evinces in engaging in conversation which he must consider frivolous, and the good-nature with which he hides his feelings, all exalt even a youth whom I should have considered commonplace and uninteresting in former days, to a position in my estimation which he never could have occupied before I appreciated the difficulty

of engaging in the ordinary occupations and amusements of life, without permitting the mind to be too much distracted by those weighty questions with which the heads of all young men (of course I mean the young men one meets in society) are filled.

I hope no one will imagine for a moment that my severest studies have ever caused any eccentricity in *my* manner, or have ever prevented *me* from displaying that taste in my costume for which I have always been distinguished. Upon one occasion only has there been any confusion in my mind on *that* subject. I intended having my dress (it was a sweetly pretty thing in two shades of brown) made with a basque with inserted back gores, an adjustable Pompadour collar, *tablier* over-skirt with lengthwise puffs at the back, and under-skirt with three rows of knife plaiting and two of shirring. I can scarcely believe it possible now, but when I went to the dressmaker I told her to make a long, plain polonaise, which is very unbecoming to my style, and to trim the skirt with bias bands. As I said before, it only happened once. I was studying astronomy at the time, and my mind was entangled between the centripetal and the centrifugal forces. Besides, when one soars amid millions and millions of miles and countless myriads of stars, it makes one feel so awfully small (I don't like feeling small, but I think astronomy would be a very beneficent study for *some* people) that the affairs (including dresses) of this mundane sphere seem of very little consequence. I have serious thoughts of giving up science as well as philosophy, for a time at least. I have just finished reading an article on 'The Astronomy of the Future,' in which it is stated that nearly all of the theories which I have been learning will in days to come 'be received with a smile of incredulity,' so I think I would rather wait till things get a little more settled. One certainly ought always to follow the fashion in science as well as in dress, and ask for 'the very latest thing out.'

Though I have found philosophy very sustaining under some circumstances, and have felt great interest in some of my scientific investigations, yet to a person of my vivid imagination and delicately refined sensibilities they are often a source of

great uneasiness. Indeed, the revelations of the microscope (ugh! I shudder even now when I think of the *horrid things*) quite took away my appetite. Every one, however, has not such a sensitive temperament, and I hope that no girl will be discouraged by my remarks (for am I not advocating the 'higher education of women?') from entering the paths of knowledge, and thus rescuing herself from that vacuity of mind so prejudicial to herself and her country.

Papa says that I should have been 'more thoroughly grounded' before I attempted such abstruse studies, and that then I should not have experienced such confusion of mind. He is quite mistaken; even philosophers are not free from it; indeed I look upon the mystification which sometimes possesses my brain as an evidence of my appreciation of and sympathy with them. Papa has certainly some very unreasonable and old-fashioned prejudices. Of course I was 'grounded,' as he calls it, at school, where I learned history, and geography, and all such things.

Perhaps I should say for the benefit of

any girl who may be afraid of losing her taste in dress from over-study, that there is nothing in the most intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of the ancients, or with any other subject, which need prevent her adopting the manners and costumes of the nineteenth century. It only requires a mind (like mine) of sufficient compass to contain both. I was reading the other day in a novel, 'St. Elmo,' of a girl 'over whose head scarcely eighteen years had hung their dripping, drab, wintry skies and pearly summer clouds. She spent her days in pilgrimages to mouldering shrines (in books, of course), and midnight often found her groping in the classic dust of extinct systems' (very bad for her complexion). *She* was always well-dressed and beautiful. But how I do run on. I have read that 'most of the failures in life arise from an ignorance of how and when to leave off,' so as I do not want to be a failure, I will 'leave off.' Of course, I shall resume my writing. I have in my mind another article, which I shall call, 'Minerva Moonshine's Meditations on Man.'

SCHOOLS OF ITALIAN ART.

II. THE ROMAN SCHOOL.

"I am now clearly of opinion, that a relish for the higher excellencies of the art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possessed without long cultivation and great labour and attention."—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

THIS school, established in the 16th century, has for its characteristic, beauty of expression, added to that attention which it gave to form in common with the Tuscan school. It began and flourished under Raffaello, and most of the masters of this style were either his pupils or his imitators. Besides the 'Prince of Painters,' few were of much note, the best known being Romano, Barocci, Giovanni da Udine, Penni, Garafolo, Caravaggio, Il Sassoferrato, and Carlo Maratti.

RAFFAELI LO SANZIO was born in the little town of Urbino in the Papal States, in

1483. He came of an ancient and moderately wealthy family. At an early age he showed indications of genius, and his father, so far from seeking to check them, and being himself a painter, was anxious to place the boy under the most celebrated master of the day,—Pietro Perugino. Perugino consented to receive him into the number of his pupils, and soon became astonished at the lad's precocity of talent, while Raffaello, as if he had no heaven-born gift of original thought, blindly followed the style of his master; so closely in fact did he imitate him, that, when they worked on the same

canvas, none could detect which was each individual's work. It is true, however, that unconsciously the master learnt from the pupil, and the pictures of Perugino dating from this period are remarkable for their increased refinement and expression. Raffaello remained with Perugino several years, but during that time he visited various places. In 1504 he first went to Florence, and in 1506 to Bologna, where he met Francia and confided to his care his picture of St. Cecilia, asking him to repair it when necessary and even to correct it. It is said that Francia died from grief at seeing himself so far surpassed in this painting. He had for some time desired to see some work of Raffaello's, and it is no wonder that he who had so long been sought after and admired, should be seized with pangs of jealousy at seeing himself thus excelled, and yet, how unlike Cimabue! It is difficult to conceive now-a-days, when the principles of art are so well known, that any one could actually pine away from lack of such knowledge, but we cannot help pitying him, and recurring to Lowell's lines.

'Thoughts that great hearts once broke for, we
Breathe cheaply in the common air;
The dust we trample heedless
Throbbed once in saints and heroes rare,
Who perished, opening for their race
New pathways to the commonplace.'

Florence seems to have been peculiarly fascinating to Raffaello; it was here he emancipated himself from the trammels of Perugino's style, owing to his introduction to the then newly thrown open Gardens of Lorenzo the Magnificent. It is impossible to estimate the education these wonderful gardens were to the students of art in those times, unless we bear in mind that up to that date models of antiquity were only to be found in the institutions of Greece, and painters had no opportunity of studying the nude human form. It was in Florence also that Raffaello became acquainted with Masaccio, Fra Bartolomeo, and Da Vinci, all of whom had their influence upon him. With regard to the last, Q. de Quincy says, 'It is impossible but that the bee of Urbino, in the elaboration of its industry, should, unconsciously if you will, have taken somewhat from the flowers of Da Vinci.'

In 1508 Raffaello was invited by Pope Julius II. to Rome, by whose order he com-

menced the frescoes of the Vatican, and by whom he was employed till the Pope's death. Leo X. also patronized him, but he progressed but slowly with his frescoes on account of the numerous other works he was engaged in at the same time, among which may be mentioned most of his Holy Families and Madonnas, his celebrated Cartoons, now at the South Kensington Museum, London, and the 'Transfiguration,' the last picture he ever painted. All these works, together with the frescoes in the Vatican, are done in Raffaello's third and best style, and are examples of the Roman school when it reached the summit of its development. The cartoons, originally ten in number, but now diminished to seven through three being lost, were designed for Pope Leo X. for the purpose of being worked in tapestry. They are drawn with chalk upon strong paper and coloured in distemper. For a long time they were left in a state of neglect in the warehouse of the Arras manufacturer, but were bought by Charles I. by the advice of Reubens, and after his death were purchased by Cromwell for £300. They were kept in a lumber-room at Whitehall Palace till Sir Christopher Wren built a room for their reception at Hampton Court by command of William III, where they remained till the Queen allowed them to be placed in their present position. The tapestries themselves are now in the Vatican and are worked in wool, silk, and gold.

Raffaello died at the early age of 37, from a fever. He was always extremely delicate and seemed to be all spirit. He was physically so weak that it is only to be wondered at that he lived so long and achieved so much. He was incessantly at work. One day, when he was employed in the Farnesina Palace he received a message from the Pope desiring him to come to the Vatican. So anxious was he to obey at once that he ran all the way without stopping. He was much heated when he arrived and from standing a long time in one of the halls talking to his holiness, he felt a chill all over him, and on returning home he was struck down with a fever. He died on Good Friday, April 7th, 1520. On his death-bed he ordered his last picture, the 'Transfiguration,' to be placed where he could see it, and it was also carried in procession on the day of his funeral. This

painting was not quite finished, as it required a few more touches to complete it. Our Lord is represented suspended in the air, between Moses and Elias, above the mount where His three disciples are lying. Below the mountain a totally different scene is being enacted, so that two distinct events are shown on the same canvas, which has given rise to some very contradictory art criticisms. Here is the demoniac boy, his father, the crowd, and the waiting disciples, neither seeing nor hearing aught of the glorious vision above. The chief light in the picture comes from the transfigured person of the Saviour.

Raffaello's death was universally felt, for above and beyond his genius, his kindness of heart and charm of manner endeared him to all.

It is impossible to comprehend what Raffaello achieved for art till we remember the state in which he found it. When we call to mind the meagre forms and thin colouring, the lifeless figures and want of expression, in the earlier painters, and then picture to ourselves one of his divine Madonnas, so deep and brilliant in colouring, so true and lifelike yet so spiritual, we see in some measure what he attained to. To his intense love for the Virgin we owe the great number of his Holy Families and Madonnas, which from numerous engravings and photographs are more widely known than his other and larger works. The following are the most famous of Raffaello's Madonnas. The 'Madonna della Seggiola,' in which the Virgin is seated with the Holy Child in her arms and St. John standing by. It has also been called the 'Madonna of the cask,' from having been first drawn with chalk on the top of a cask. This picture is now in Florence. 'La belle Jardinière,' in the Louvre, and the Sistine Madonna at Dresden, where the Virgin is in the clouds with the infant Christ, St. Sixtus on one side and St. Barba on the other surrounded by cherubs. The face of the last named Virgin is considered to be the most perfect woman's face ever painted.

Of the Holy Families, the 'Pearl' must especially be mentioned, the colouring and harmony being extremely fine. It was bought by Philip IV. of Spain for a large sum. When the king first saw this glorious picture, he exclaimed, 'This is my pearl!' and it has gone by that name ever since.

In all these pictures, the infant Christ is always most childlike and real, and yet we never miss a touch of divinity about him. There is a charm and an attraction about Raffaello's Madonnas that speak at once to all, but it is not so with his larger works, his frescoes, for example at the Vatican. Few can understand and appreciate them, and almost all, even artists, come away disappointed from their first view. Sir Joshua Reynolds himself owned to this feeling, and says in his Roman note book, on looking at these paintings, 'it was necessary, as it is expressed on a very solemn occasion, that I should become as as a *little child*.' Their very perfection and harmony hinder them from being striking to the unaccustomed eye, and yet so beautiful are they that it has been said of these and of others of his works, that as no poet ever put a thought into verse that cannot be found in Shakspeare's works, so no artistic thought was ever embodied upon canvas that had not already been foreshadowed by Raffaello.

Besides his attainments as a painter, Raffaello was an architect (being employed on St. Peter's), some say a sculptor, and also a poet. What John Stuart Mill remarks of all artists of this period was certainly most true in Raffaello's case, that 'In the 14th and 15th centuries the Italian painters were the most accomplished men of their age. The greatest of them were men of encyclopædical acquirements and powers, like the great men of Greece. But in their times fine art was to man's feelings and conceptions among the grandest things in which a human being could excel, and by it men were made, what only political or military distinction now makes them, the companions of sovereigns, and the equals of the highest nobility.'

The English possess several pictures of this great master, besides his cartoons. Many of them are in private galleries, notably that of the Earl of Ellesmere. The two finest in the National Gallery are the St. Catherine, and the Madonna called the 'Garvagh Raffaello' from having been formerly in the possession of Lord Garvagh. It represents the Virgin, the Holy Child, and the infant St. John. The St. Catherine is strikingly beautiful. She is standing by her wheel looking upward with a seraphic and rapt expression on her lovely face.

There is also a three-quarter-length portrait of Julius II., but it is only a replica, the original being in the Pitti Palace. The Louvre contains some fine examples of the master, also the gallery at Dresden.

No one laboured more indefatigably or left more monuments of glory behind him than did Raffaello. In his works we find combined invention, composition, expression, and grace. In all these he has never been excelled, and it may truly be said with regard to him,

'The living do not rule this world; ah, no!
It is the dead, the dead.'

Among Raffaello's immediate pupils GIULIO ROMANO ranks first. During his master's lifetime he assisted him in some works of importance in the Vatican, and after his death he was elected, together with Gian Francisco Penni, to finish some frescoes left uncompleted by Raffaello. Romano was born at Rome in 1492, and was a man of genius and invention. He became when quite young a pupil of Raffaello, and in 1523 he showed his love and admiration for him, by introducing his style into Mantua, where he established a large school. It was during his residence at Mantua that Clement VII. sent the celebrated portrait of Leo X. by Raffaello to the Duke of Mantua. Romano, who had worked with Raffaello on the picture, saw it and pronounced it genuine, nor was he undeceived till Vasari took it out of the frame, and convinced him it was a copy by Andrea del Sarto, whose name was on the canvas. The original had been kept by Ottavio de' Medici under some pretext or other, while he had the copy made and sent to the Duke. The frescoes of Romano are very much admired, though the designs only were by his own hands, as he employed his numerous pupils to work from his cartoons. He also executed some paintings in oil, his best known being the 'Martyrdom of St. Stephen,' at Genoa, and a Holy Family, now called 'La Sainte Famille au Basin,' being a representation of domestic life. This picture is at Dresden. Romano died of fever at Mantua in 1546.

FEDERIGO BAROCCI was born at Urbino, in 1528. He took his first lessons in design from his father, who was a sculptor. He is, strictly speaking, considered an imitator of Raffaello, but he had the advan-

tage of studying besides the styles of Michel Angelo and Correggio. From Correggio he learnt much that was new to the Roman school. He caught from him that delicacy of light and shade peculiar to the Parmese School. The colouring of Barocci was also novel. Some say he was too chary of the use of yellow, others, that he was too free with vermilion and ultramarine. Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks 'that his figures looked as if they had been fed on roses,' yet his colouring was rich, and his style had many imitators. He always sketched from nature, and made his models dress in the requisite costume for him. His *modus operandi* was as follows: he first made a small design in chiaroscuro, from that he sketched a cartoon, the size of the picture he was about to paint, from which he did the outline upon his canvas, and finally painted from a coloured sketch. Barocci was employed in 1560 by Pius IV. in the Vatican. He was progressing steadily with his work there when his career was nearly brought to an untimely end by poison, administered by a jealous rival. Though it failed in taking his life yet it utterly undermined his constitution, and for four years he could do absolutely nothing, after which time he was able to work for two hours a day. He lived to be an old man and died of apoplexy in 1612. He was buried in the church of San Francisco, in Urbino, in which town he had resided all the later years of his life. All his paintings are from religious subjects; and his two best pieces are the 'Annunciation' and the 'Pardon of San Francisco d'Assisi,' both of which he etched himself. There is one painting of his in the National Gallery, England, of a Holy Family. It is treated in a light and domestic manner, and has been called a *scherzo* (a playful piece). It is known as 'La Madonna del Gatto,' from the fact of a cat being introduced. There are several copies of it, and it has been engraved.

MICHELANGELO DA CARAVAGGIO, born in 1565, at Caravaggio, began life as a mason's labourer, and rose to be one of the most famous painters of his time. He first studied at Mantua, then at Venice, and lastly at Rome. When he arrived at the last named city he was so poor that he was unable to buy the requisite materials for painting, and was forced to enter the service of the Cavaliere Cesare d' Arpino, who em-

ployed him in painting the accessories of his own pictures. At last he produced a picture called the 'Card Players,' which brought him under the notice of some influential persons who were able to assist him, and he was engaged to paint several pictures in oil for the Contarelli chapel. His colouring was remarkable, and he was said never to have emerged from his cellar, an allusion to his small high lights, which led him to strong contrasts of light and shade. He never idealized his subjects, and instead of generalizing used to imitate his model servilely. At this time the idealists were merely slaves to certain laws, and never went to Nature at all. On this account Caravaggio's followers were called naturalists. Naturalists, however, in the true sense of the word they were not, for they copied Nature merely as they saw her with the bodily eye. High art requires also a mental vision, not a slavish copy of any individual thing, but the gathering together the chief points of the species. If exact copying of Nature were true art, then, as has been said, the painters of the Dutch School would rank as the first artists in the world. Caravaggio did much to destroy the art, from his vulgarity of taste and his ill-executed designs. Unfortunately he exerted a great influence on contemporary painters, even Guido and Domenichino not being free from it. His temper was so violent that he was always embroiling himself, and just when he was at the zenith of his fame, in one of his outbursts of rage, when playing at tennis, he killed a companion. Of course he had to escape from Rome. He went first to Naples and then to Malta, where he met with great favour from the Grand-master, whose portrait Caravaggio twice painted. But here again his unfortunate temper was his enemy, for he killed one of the knights of the Cross of Malta, and again managed to make good his escape. He wandered about from place to place, and at last his friends obtained the pardon of the Pope for him, and he prepared to return to Rome. But just as he was about to start he was arrested in mistake for some one else, and when he was again set free he found all his personal belongings had in the meantime been stolen. He strolled along the shore in a desponding manner till he reached Porto Ercole, where, from chagrin and the ex-

treme heat of the weather, he was taken ill with fever and died, aged forty.

Caravaggio's finest picture is the 'Deposition of Christ,' now in the Vatican. He painted two altar-pieces for the Contarelli Chapel, the subject being, 'St. Matthew writing the Gospel,' the first of the two displeasing the priests by its vulgarity. Only one of his pictures is in the National Gallery. It represents Christ and the two disciples at Emmaus, a subject he often painted. The figures are only half-length; Christ is seated between his disciples, an Italian meal is set before them, and the cook or host is in the background. He was not by any means an industrious man. When at Rome, in the very height of his reputation, he never painted more than a few hours in the morning, devoting the rest of the day to his own amusements.

CARLO MARATTI was born at Camurano, between Loreto and Ancona, in 1625. He was the pupil of Andrea Sacchi, and, after the death of his master, became the leading painter in Rome. Six successive Popes patronized him, and he was appointed to restore some of Raffaello's frescoes which were beginning to decay.

Though we owe him much for preserving these frescoes to us, yet to him also we owe the present want of harmony in the series, and the too deep and raw blue in the ground. These paintings of Raffaello were sadly neglected, and lost their first beauty by being exposed to the air in the vestibule where they were. It was owing to this neglect, more than to any other cause, that it became necessary for Maratti to repair them. He also retouched the figures of the twelve apostles in one of the halls of the Vatican. Maratti did much to stop the decline of painting in the 17th century. He opposed the school of eclecticism in painting, founded by Carracci, and who in their endeavors to take the best from every master and school—form from Michel Angelo, composition and expression from Raffaello, colouring from Titian, and grace from Correggio—degenerated into mere mechanists, and though excelling in execution were utterly wanting in character. From his numerous paintings of the Virgin, Maratti has often been called Carlo delle Madonne.

His pictures are almost all executed in oil, his best known being a 'Baptism of

Christ.' His works are not so remarkable for their innate excellence as for their freedom from defects. He died at Rome, 1713, in the 89th year of his age. The death of Carlo Maratti was also that of the Roman School. As a school it strikingly

differed from those of Tuscany and Venice, for instead of gradually increasing in strength and power, it was greatest at the time of Raffaello, its founder and representative.

AMY RYE.

THE ETHICAL ASPECT OF DARWINISM :

A REJOINER.

THE reply of Mr. J. A. Allen to a short paper of mine which appeared in the October number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, displays such an evident eagerness to be at once generous and just, and is pervaded by such intense moral earnestness; that I may well rejoice at the good fortune that has given me an antagonist so courteous and so sympathetic. I confess, however, that, were it mine to make the choice, I should gladly barter the all too flattering terms in which my work is characterised, for a predominance of unimpassioned criticism over fervid rhetoric. Still, no man has a right to dictate to another the form into which his thoughts shall be shaped, and I only feel justified in referring to the matter at all, because the manner in which my very friendly critic has expressed himself is sure to lead to some confusion in regard to the real point at issue. I hope therefore it will not be set down to any want of courtesy on my part, or to any liking for polemical tactics, that I pass over all that seems to me irrelevant in Mr. Allen's reply, and limit myself strictly to an examination of really pertinent objections.

1. Let me begin by reminding the reader that I neither affirmed nor denied the truth of the doctrine of evolution in its purely physical aspect; but, assuming its validity hypothetically, I went on to ask whether it gives any assistance in the solution of ethical problems. This question I answered in the negative. I pointed out, in the first place, that even if we grant what cannot be granted, viz. that the theory accounts

for the way in which certain ideas called moral have grown up in time, we are not thereby brought one step nearer to the settlement of the relative or absolute value of those ideas. And, secondly, I contended that, in its application to biological phenomena, the theory has to explain the changes by which all living beings have come to be what they are, no matter whether they have been developed from some lower or from some higher form; and hence that it cannot possibly prove a gradual elevation in moral ideas, even supposing it to have forced its way into the realm of ethical speculation.

Mr. Allen has not directly dealt with either of these arguments, but he incidentally makes two remarks, which he seems to regard as fatal to the conclusiveness of the second of them. After describing the manner in which he conceives the ethical conceptions of modern times to have been evolved, he adds: 'If this grand upward movement be, not an accidental, but a compelled result . . . I think we may acquit Mr. Pollock [to whom I had referred] of any grave error when he affirms that there is some scientific presumption in favor of existing morality.' I submit that this is no answer to my difficulty. My critic changes my conditional statement, that the Darwinian theory gives no 'presumption' in favour of existing moral ideas, inasmuch as it has to beg their truth from the popular conscience, into a categorical denial of their comparative excellence. Need I say that I never for one moment

dreamt of denying the superiority of modern, as compared with ancient or medieval morality, but only of denying that the doctrine of evolution could prove that superiority! What is Mr. Allen's reply? He tells me that if 'a grand upward movement' of morality is a *necessity* (a 'compelled result'), there is, at least, 'some presumption' in favour of existing morality. Surely any one may see that this is merely the identical proposition, that if there has been moral progress, then moral progress there has been. How it could be supposed that I meant to dispute an identical proposition, I am at a loss to understand. My objection was, and is, that the theory of evolution does not imply progress even within the sphere of biological phenomena, and hence that, explaining no progress whatever, it cannot explain *moral* progress.

In support of my view, that Darwinism does not establish progress of any kind, I quoted from Mr. Herbert Spencer, a pronounced evolutionist, to the effect that what the doctrine of evolution proves is, not that the 'better' survives, but that those beings survive 'which are constitutionally fittest to thrive, under the conditions in which they are placed.' Mr. Allen replies that Mr. Spencer is here 'speaking of the lowest creatures . . . whereas the question in debate is in reference to the higher animals, and to man.' Now it is quite true that the question is mainly in regard to man, but how that breaks or weakens the force of my objection, I am unable to see. A theory must be taken as a whole, and if it fails to explain any class of facts that lies within its range, it must be discarded as worthless. If then it is said that the hypothesis of evolution explains only progress, the retort comes up quite spontaneously, that, in that case, it does not account for admitted instances of retrogression, and so far is radically weak. If, on the other hand, it explains degradation and elevation alike, it cannot be brought forward to explain elevation alone. That is to say, the doctrine of evolution must be of such a nature as to account for the physical changes of all living beings, some of which have advanced, and others of which have gone behind, and it can only do so because it is established quite independently of either progress or retrogression. In like manner, if it explains all

moral ideas indifferently, whether in the sequence of time the higher came first or last, it does so because it accounts for *change alone*, and not for a change upward or a change downward. Since, therefore, the theory tells us, at the best, nothing more than that certain ideas come later than others, but not that they are for that reason higher, it cannot give the faintest presumption in favor of existing moral ideas, nor can it even prove that they are moral at all. The later ideas can only be shown to be also the higher, by an analysis being made of the ideas themselves, and the product of such analysis, while it may be obtained by a Darwinian, is not to be credited to his Darwinism, but to his independent activity as a moralist.

2. Having shown, as I believed, that the Darwinian theory of evolution never so much as comes into contact with ethical questions, I went on to enquire, in the second division of my essay, whether, assuming the results of that theory as a basis for inference, it can be shown that a new notion of moral progress has to be substituted for the notion developed independently by thinkers who owed nothing to it; and as the readiest method of settling the question, I subjected to critical analysis the ethical view advanced in the 'Descent of Man.' That view, as I understood and still understand it, is, that morality is an extension and intensification of the natural instincts inherited by primitive man from some lower form of being. My objection in effect was, that this theory abolishes the distinction between the moral and the natural—between what *is* and what *ought* to be—and so does not explain morality, but explains it away. Or, as I also stated the difficulty, the very notion of morality implies a fundamental distinction between mere Instinct and Reason, whereas the view of Mr. Darwin abolishes the absoluteness of the distinction and therefore fails at the most vital point. The question, as I was careful to point out, is not *where* we are to draw the line of division between Instinct and Reason—whether we are to 'fix the initial stage of moral development' lower than man or at man—but whether there *is* any line of division at all.

I have had some difficulty in getting a clear view of Mr. Allen's exact objection to this part of my article, but, as well as I can make out, two arguments are directed

against me that are not only different but mutually destructive. My critic, when he is directly attacking me, maintains that there is *no* line of demarcation between Instinct and Reason, and, on the other hand, when he is defending Mr. Darwin against my objection that in that case morality cannot be explained, he turns round and informs me that there certainly *is* a line of demarcation between them. If this charge can be made good, the very simple expedient it is becoming in me to adopt is, to step aside, and let Mr. Allen, the critic, abolish Mr. Allen, the apologist.

In Nature, I am first told, nothing is clearly marked off from anything else; 'each change is so slight as to refuse to be formulated;' and therefore there is between Instinct and Reason a gradation so gentle and insensible that 'we cannot draw a line and say of it, on this side Instinct absolutely ends, and on its opposite side Thought begins.' I understand this to mean not only that 'we cannot draw the line,' but that there is *no line to be drawn*—i.e. that, as a matter of fact, Instinct and Reason differ in *degree* but not in *kind*. Now my objection to Mr. Darwin's ethical theory was based exactly upon this supposition. I argued that Instinct, as an immediate feeling that is blindly directed to an object not consciously set up before the actor as an end, and as involving no opposition of what *does* take place to what *ought* to take place, cannot account for the categorical 'ought' which all morality implies. My argument further implied that as Reason, according to Mr. Darwin, is the same in nature with Instinct, it introduces no new element, and therefore does not, any more than Instinct, give the imperative of duty. Thus far Mr. Allen denies, and I affirm, the generic difference of Instinct and Reason. This denial being made the ground of an objection to my account of the nature of morality, what is my surprise to find my critic turn round and accuse me of misunderstanding and misrepresenting Mr. Darwin's ethical theory because I proceed upon the supposition that it allows of no real difference between Instinct and Reason! Mr. Darwin, I am informed, speaks of man 'as governed by something more than Instinct.' No doubt; but if Reason is simply a more intense Instinct, it cannot bring in any new factor, and therefore cannot account for morality,

unless morality has already been explained by Instinct alone. It is nothing to the point that a *verbal* distinction is drawn between Instinct and Reason, so long as it is held that *in reality* they are essentially identical. I therefore present Mr. Allen with the following dilemma; if there is no line of demarcation between Instinct and Reason, I was right in saying that according to Mr. Darwin's ethical theory morality is simply an extension of Instinct; if, on the other hand, Reason is a new factor, something added to Instinct, then there is a line of demarcation between them. Mr. Allen may take his choice of these alternatives, but I do not see how he can in consistency hold both. If he selects the former, he has to explain the 'ought' of duty by means of immediate feeling; if he chooses the latter, he deserts to my side of the question.

3. The last point I raised was as to the ultimate end and standard of morality, which is defined by Mr. Darwin to be 'the means by which the greatest possible number of individuals can be reared in full vigour and health, with all their faculties perfect, under the conditions to which they are exposed.' To this I objected that, applying to all animals indiscriminately, it allows of no distinction between the natural and the moral, and therefore affords no moral end. Mr. Allen's reply is, that 'it is not the preservation of the species merely that is contemplated, but their advancement likewise in all that is intellectually and morally higher and noble.'

This interpretation brings up some very grave difficulties. In the first place, as regards the latter part of the revised definition, what propriety is there in defining the end of morality as at once 'the preservation of the species, and 'their advancement in all that is morally higher and noble?' Is that not equivalent to saying: the end of morality is 'the preservation of the species,' and also the advancement of morality. Does not Mr. Allen here come perilously near to tautology? Grant, g that the end of morality is the advancement of morality, we have still to ask, but what *is* the end of morality? Is it the 'preservation of the species'? or is it not? And hence, secondly, I cannot think that Mr. Allen has carefully asked himself what is meant by an *ultimate* end of morality. Suppose we say that the ultimate end of morality is the de-

velopment of the whole rational nature, then, unless it can be shown that that end may be accomplished by aiming exclusively at the rearing of 'the greatest possible number of individuals in full vigour and health,' the only ultimate end is the development of the rational nature, even if that can only be secured at the cost of the rapid diminution and final extinction of the species. On the other hand, if the advancement of the rational nature is to give way before increase in the number of healthy individuals, then the latter object is alone the ultimate end. I am not aware, nor do I see how it could be proved, that the development of the reason and the rearing of 'the greatest possible number of healthy individuals' are synonymous ends, and hence we must give up either the one or the other. But, thirdly, we must, on Darwin's theory, retain the 'preservation of the species' as the ultimate end, to which all other ends must be subordinated, because, as he expressly tells us, his definition is meant to apply to *all* animals, the lowest as well as the highest, and it can only do so by excluding what is peculiar to any one of them. Now I do not think that even Mr. Allen would speak of the 'advancement of all that is intellectually and morally higher and noble' in regard to, say, the jelly-fish. The mere hint of intellectual and moral nobility in such a connection is a ludicrous anti-climax. The Darwinian end of morality, then, excluding self-consciousness as peculiar to man, or to man and the higher animals, leaves us with nothing, as the ultimate end of morality, but the production of the greatest possible number of a given species; and hence I still think I was justified in charging it with tacitly maintaining that 'an action done from a perception of its adequacy to the nature of the being performing it (as in the case of a man) is no more rational than an action which is done under the guidance of a blind instinct (as in the case of the jelly-fish).'

4. I have replied, either in express terms or by implication, to the main objections that have been taken to any part of my article, and I think I might now safely leave the whole question to the decision of those interested in the matter. But as a man of Mr. Allen's reading and acumen has not succeeded in bringing the view I advanced

into proper focus, it seems advisable that I should attempt to put it into as clear a shape as possible. I find this all the more necessary that all through Mr. Allen's paper I meet with a use of terms so lax and wavering as inevitably to suggest that he has never carefully examined the fundamental conceptions he manipulates with such wonderful readiness.

The first thing upon which clearness of thought is absolutely indispensable is as to the primary condition of morality. It has already appeared that there is an inseparable connection, and at the same time opposition, of those acts we call moral and those we term natural. Right and wrong, virtue and vice, are correlatives that, as implying each other, cannot be thought of apart. When, to take an instance, I say to myself: 'It is wrong for me to steal,' I distinguish two distinct courses of action, either of which may be followed, but only one of which it is right to follow. It is inconceivable that any one should affirm to himself: 'This course is right,' without thereby differentiating at the same time this affirmation from its opposite: 'That course is wrong.' Now the classing of stealing as wrong implies as its presupposition the institution of property, i. e., the distinction of what is *mine* from what is *his*; and hence in the denial of my right to steal there is involved a relation of myself to another self. These two selves are plainly correlative to each other: *my* self is unthinkable except in relation to some *other* self. But although distinguished there is yet an essential identity of nature between me and the other, and this identification is implied in the notion of property. We never think of supposing that there is any limit to the appropriation of a natural object except the limit involved in the right of another to it. Thus it is apparent that theft, as wrong, implies its opposite, respect for another's property, as right; and therefore that property involves the distinction and yet identification of different beings each of which is and has a self. But to have a self is to be self-conscious—to 'dwell in union and division'—to identify and yet distinguish oneself from other self-conscious beings. Morality, therefore, we may now conclude, is only possible to a being that is self-conscious, and this, in my use of terms, is the same as saying, to a being that is rational or has reason. In

spite therefore of Mr. Allen's emphatic declaration that it is not possible to define Reason (nor, I suppose, anything else) I venture, although with some diffidence, to say that Reason is Self-consciousness in all its manifestations, and that in the sphere of action it always implies the discrimination and yet identification of different selves or persons.

Reason being a synonyme for Self-consciousness, what, on the other hand, is Instinct? The term 'Instinct' is employed in at least two different senses; first, as meaning the feeling or emotion of a conscious being that is not obtained by direct reflection at the time; and, secondly, as implying a feeling or impulse (never an emotion) that may be experienced by a being that is not self-conscious. Now it is Instinct in the second sense alone that is opposed to Reason, and the opposition is absolute. Instinct in the first use of the term is not properly speaking Instinct at all, inasmuch as no feeling experienced by a self-conscious being is really immediate, but always implies distinction or mediation. I do not therefore see any ground for being awed into submissive silence by Mr. Allen's warning that no definition of morality can be given that will be 'inclusive and exclusive and yet conclusive.' If indeed it were necessary to settle the *vexata questio* with reference to which the remark is more especially made—viz., the possession of a 'moral sense' by the dog and the cat and the various animals that at least simulate remorse and other moral phenomena—then, I admit, I should have a task of some difficulty before me. But fortunately it is not necessary to disturb Mr. Allen's appreciation of our four-footed friends; for my purpose it is sufficient if it be admitted that the moral sense began at some point higher than the lowest kind of living being. And this my critic expressly admits. 'If we accept the theory of evolution,' he says, 'we go back to a creature that had *no* moral sense, and further still, to a creature so wholly animal as to be simply selfish.' Morality, then, began either with primitive man, or with some being lower than man, and with it, as we have seen, Self-consciousness or Reason as its condition also began. If then we speak of Instinct in connection with morality, it must be of Instinct, not as the physical affection of a being destitute of a self, but

as one mode in which Reason manifests itself.

Now Mr. Darwin and his disciples claim to explain morality by the natural laws of inheritance, variability, and external circumstances; in other words, by the extension and strengthening of certain instincts inherited by man from some lower form of being. The point is then, whether by the term Instinct, as here employed, we are to understand a feeling that is beyond the realm of self-consciousness, or a feeling that only exists to a self-conscious being. If the former, then morality cannot be accounted for, because, apart from self-consciousness, as has been shown, morality is a pure fiction. If the latter, we are completely beyond mere Instinct as the feeling that stimulates the animal functions of creatures wholly destitute of self-consciousness, and have entered the realm of self-conscious intelligence, where no blind feeling can exist. Thus, if we take the one sense of Instinct, we are shut out in the darkness of unconsciousness and non-morality; and, if we take the other, we are in a realm in which all purely animal feeling is extinguished in the divine light of a rational morality. Mr. Darwin, in his ethical theory, neither adopts the one alternative nor the other, but weakly enters upon the easier path of compromise. Claiming that 'the moral sense is fundamentally identical with the social instincts,' his passage from Instinct as an animal affection to Instinct as one of the simpler forms of Reason is concealed by the fog of popular and ambiguous language. Thus his physical theory seems closely to enfold morality, while, in reality, it is a phantom that lies within its embrace; and thus, too, a man like Mr. Darwin, of high endeavour and achievement, set in motion by moral force of no common intensity, unwittingly removes the only support that keeps the edifice of morality from sinking into ruins.

No long search needs to be made for proof of this grave charge. The evidence has been partly led already. It is to be found in the assimilation of Reason and Instinct, and in the setting up of a standard of action that brings to naught the claimed superiority of the moral over the natural. It is also manifest in the diremption of man's nature into two faculties that are conceived as of coordinate authority—purely

formal Intellect on the one hand, and inherited Instinct on the other. In my former article I asked: 'Why should an instinct which does not extend beyond one's tribe be regarded as lower from a moral point of view, than when it is extended so as to embrace a larger number of persons?' To which Mr. Allen's answer is: 'The extension is not to a *larger* number of persons, but to *all* persons, to the men of all nations and races! . . . The instinct, the sympathy, is right so far as it goes. Its defect is that it is incomplete.' But this reply adroitly misses the point of my criticism. Suppose the instinct extended to 'all mankind' (although I confess I do not see how an instinct, that only is as it is felt, can be extended to persons who do not as yet exist), and the difficulty still remains, that it is set in opposition to the Reason, and so does not by its extension become moral. Mr. Darwin would say that the motive to extend the instinct is not given by Reason but by intensified Instinct, and hence he cannot talk of Reason as exercising legislative sway, or as being anything but the 'slave of the passions.' Reason may reveal the objects toward which the instinct goes out, but it no more originates the end of action than light creates the object on which it falls. The formal intellect may contemplate the sufferings of millions of human beings, but, according to Darwinian ethics, it must be the instinct of sympathy that impels the philanthropist to go to their rescue. All this, I am aware, is quite in the line of the popular way of thinking on ethical questions, according to which man's self-conscious nature is divided up into compartments and labelled 'Instinct,' 'Reason,' 'Will,' 'Conscience,' &c.; but it is not for that reason any the less false and logically disastrous. For if our actions are governed by Instinct, and not by an end consciously set up by the practical Reason, a man must act exactly as the strength of his Instinct prompts him, and hence, not only is it necessary for him to act exactly as he does act, but I cannot understand how he should ever even come to suppose that he might possibly act otherwise. But if, in contrast to this view, we conceive the so-called Instinct as simply Self-consciousness in action—not something given to man, but something he gives himself—then I can see that

he need not be drifted hither and thither by the swaying current of impulse, but may move with freedom in one direction or another according as he obeys or disobeys his Reason, the 'immortal part' which *is* himself.

I shall be told perhaps, that whatever application my remarks may have to the morality of the civilised European or American, they are very much exaggerated as a description of the moral state of the barbarous Fuegian or the impulsive Jamaica negro. Now, of course, in characterizing morality it is natural to look towards its ideal rather than at its ill-defined starting point; but I do not think I have said anything that is not true of even the lowest type of man. Morality implies the opposition in consciousness of what is right and what is wrong, and the practical identification of oneself with the right; apart from these elements there is no morality. If the Fuegian is not self-conscious he is not moral, and, on the other hand, if he is self-conscious morality is necessarily his. I grant to Mr. Allen that the distance between him and the civilised Indo-European is immense, but at the same time the difference is not infinite, like that between self-conscious and instinctive action, but distinctly measurable. It is not so very difficult to trace the essential elements of morality in the lower races as Mr. Allen seems to suppose. The savage at least sacrifices his natural love of sloth so far as to make an effort to maintain those dependent upon him as well as himself, and to that extent he prefers the higher to the lower. He even exhibits self-sacrifice in quite a striking way when he undergoes the hardest toil and suffering for his tribe, or meets death with impassive calmness. It is, in fact, impossible to reflect calmly upon such traits as these without seeing that he does select an end, set before himself by his rational or self-conscious nature, and perceived to be higher than is the immediate gratification of his selfish impulses.

The savage is self-conscious, and in virtue of that divine prerogative he differs *toto cælo*, as I still maintain, from those creatures that are not self-conscious. A being like man, in so far as he is moral, does not act from Instinct but from an end he supposes to be 'most congruous with his rational nature,' and he is infinitely more than a merely natural being just because he

has the capacity of preferring the higher to the lower, or the lower to the higher, such a capacity being only possible to a being that is a self and has a self. Thus Reason is not, as Mr. Darwin and his followers are bound to say, an unconcerned spectator that stands aloof and calmly awaits the issue of conflicting impulses, but an eager participant in the hard struggle towards a higher life. Reason at once leans forward to the moral ideal, and proclaims at each half-failure, half-success, that it counts not itself to have as yet attained to it, nor to be already perfect. Conscience, for which Mr. Allen can find no more appropriate name than 'Instinct,' is simply the product of the past efforts of Reason, deposited in the Reason of the individual man, and so an embodiment of Reason. It is as little

an 'Instinct' as the flush of virtuous indignation at the witness of a foul wrong, or the swift rush of a mother to defend her child from harm. Self-consciousness has incorporated Instinct into itself, and, evolving itself slowly but surely by long, hard struggles with itself, has, as the result of its agonizing, come to display a swiftness and a suddenness which counterfeits but is not Instinct. And hence I would fain hope that the reader, if not before, then now, will endorse the conclusion I have reached by no over-hasty leap, that no theory, Darwinian or other, which seeks to strip Reason of all that makes it rational, with a naïve unconsciousness of what it is really attempting, is worthy to go behind the veil which secludes the holy place of Morality from the outer court of Nature.

JOHN WATSON.

JULIET.*

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A DIAMOND LOCKET AND A ROSEBUD.

GRETCHEN RUDENBACH sat in her pretty little drawing-room in Victoria Villas, with both elbows leaning on the table, her chin in her hands, and her eyes fixed on something in front of her. The something is a diamond-studded locket in a blue velvet case.

Don't be alarmed, gentle, virtuous-souled reader—there is no disgraceful episode, no shameful meaning, attached to this sparkling jewelled ornament. It is simply and solely a wedding present.

When Gretchen Rudenbach had written to Cis Travers and asked him to come and see her, and so prevented his accompanying his wife to her dinner at Hurlingham, it was that she really wished for his counsel and advice upon a very important subject.

The fact was, that she had lately fallen in again with her old admirer, David Anderson—no longer the shambling, awkward, wild, red-bearded David of the old singing-class days in Blandford Street, but a sleek, well-mannered, well-to-do-looking David, inclined to be portly, and wearing irreproachable clothes—who bore upon his outer man the impress of the success of his life, and who had the grave and serious aspect of a moneyed Scotch merchant.

Mr. David Anderson stood now in his dead father's shoes, and was head partner of the hide and tallow business in Glasgow; and the younger Anderson, from his early experience and training in a good London house of business, had made a much more profitable thing out of hide and tallow than ever his somewhat humdrum and old fashioned father had done. Mr. David Anderson had his town house in Glasgow and his country house near Dunoon, on

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the banks of the Clyde, where his widowed mother kept house for him, and where he soon began to desire to instal a wife.

Then he bethought himself of his first love, the blue-eyed maiden with the German name, who had so snubbed and despised him in his old days.

It was not likely, thought our friend, with the serene self-satisfaction of a self-made wealthy man, and with, it must be owned, some knowledge of the weaknesses of the fair sex—it was not likely that she would scorn and despise him now—now that he had so important a name in the hide and tallow business, and could offer her a rich and comfortable home, with any number of servants at her command, and handsome carriages to drive about in. A plain and ungainly wooer presents a very different appearance to the female mind when he is backed up by such arguments as these.

So David Anderson came up to London and hunted up his old love with some little difficulty and a praiseworthy perseverance, and made her, without more ado, a plain statement of his means and an offer of his hand and fortune.

And then it was that Gretchen sent off for Cis Travers to ask his advice.

She could no more have helped turning to him in any crisis of her life than she could help, in spite of her judgment and reason, considering him the best and dearest of men.

There was about this little woman a humility of gratitude, a dog-like fidelity which nothing could ever alter or change in her. She considered that she owed every success of her life to his boyish kindness to her, and she could never forget it.

So she sent for him, to advise her whether she should marry David, or whether she should reject him. And Cis Travers gave her pretty nearly the same advice that he had given her five years ago, when he used to walk with her to her music lessons in Bloomsbury Square. He told her that David was not half good enough for her, that he was rough and ungainly, that she would be throwing herself away upon him, and that she must not think of it.

Selfishly, as in the old days, though he could not marry her himself, he did not want any one else to have her.

Gretchen, resenting inwardly every word that he said, promised, nevertheless, to think

it over a day and a night before she decided. And when the day and the night were over, she wrote to him and told him that, in spite of his advice, she had determined that she would marry David, that he had much improved in every way, and she felt sure that he would make her happy, and that she did not think it would be right to refuse so very good an offer. And by the same post she wrote to David, and in a few simple, grateful words accepted him for her lover.

Cis Travers thereupon went out and bought her the diamond locket, and sent it to her with a letter so full of tragical reproaches and despairing reproofs to her for her cruelty to him, and broken-hearted prayers for her happiness, that even Gretchen could not help laughing at it as the most absurd and extravagant letter from a married man to a woman who was nothing but his friend and his confidante, that could possibly have been penned.

And the locket gave her no pleasure. It was too handsome a gift under the circumstances, and Gretchen felt sure that her future husband would not approve of it.

She was still sitting puzzling over it when David Anderson came in.

'Look here,' she said to him; 'Mr. Travers has just sent me this locket. I wish he had not—it is too handsome for me.'

'I don't know about being too handsome, my dear,' answered her lover, looking at her proudly. 'I could, and mean to, give you plenty of diamonds far handsomer than that, and I am sure they will be none too good for you; but that is too handsome a present for Mr. Travers to give you—you are right there.'

Gretchen had instinctively crushed up the offensively exaggerated letter in her hand and slipped it into her pocket as Mr. Anderson entered. No occasion to make him jealous on the second day of her engagement to him!

'Well,' she said, standing up and shutting the case; 'I don't like taking it, for I feel sure his wife would not like his giving it to me;' and she blushed a little as she spoke.

'Very likely not, my dear. What do you mean to do about it?'

'Why, David, that is just what I was going to ask you—what would you advise me to do?' she asked, with a sweet deferential glance up at him.

'Send it back to him, my dear,' answered honest David.

That is just what I think I ought to do,' she answered; 'but how shall I do it? for he has been a very kind friend to me all my life, and I should be very sorry to offend him or hurt his feelings.'

'Well, Gretchen, I should advise you to take it back yourself and give it to his wife; such a present should not go to any but a man's own wife—let her have it and do what she likes with it.'

'You are quite right, David, and I will follow your advice,' cried Gretchen with alacrity. And she folded the case back in its papers, locked it up in her desk, and determined to carry it back to Grosvenor Street herself on the morrow.

It was Sunday afternoon, and Juliet was sitting alone; Mrs. Dalmaine had been lunching with her, but had left. Flora had gone home two days ago, and Cis had gone out by himself. All at once the door opened, and Miss Rudenbach was announced.

With everything within her kindling into an angry indignation at the name, Juliet rose from her chair to receive her visitor with well-bred surprise at the visit in her face.

Gretchen came forward, blushing and trembling, holding a white parcel in her hand.

'You will wonder at my calling on you, Mrs. Travers,' she said nervously; 'but I wanted to give you this—this parcel—it is a present which your husband—'

'Excuse me, Mademoiselle Rudenbach,' interrupted Juliet, with haughty sternness; 'if your business is with my husband, he is not at home; and surely whatever you may have to say to him cannot be fittingly said to his wife.'

'But no—' answered Gretchen, looking up at her with a calm surprise in her blue eyes; 'I do not want him; it is to you I wanted to speak. He is very kind—he has given me a present which is far too handsome, and which I cannot take—I do not want to offend him, so I have brought it back to you. See here for yourself how handsome it is—you will understand that I could not accept such a present.'

She opened the case in her hand, and held out the flashing diamonds towards her.

Mrs. Travers pushed it away from her without a glance; for had she not seen that locket before!

'Presents from my husband to you,' she said with an indignant flush, 'are not things which you should dare to name to me. Keep your diamonds, Mademoiselle Rudenbach—I do not grudge them to you—but spare me at least the insult of your presence in my house.'

And then all at once it flashed upon Gretchen what she meant, and what Cis Travers's wife took her for. With a cry of dismay she sprang towards her.

'Mrs. Travers! what can you mean? What is it possible that you can have thought of me? Your husband has been the kindest of my friends for years—this locket is his wedding present to me—I am going to be married to Mr. Anderson.'

'Going to be married!' repeated Juliet, in astonishment.

'Yes. You have taken me for a dreadfully wicked woman. Is it possible that he has never told you of all his kindness to me, when, without his help, I should have starved?'

Juliet shook her head, feeling more and more bewildered. And then Gretchen sat down near her and told her the whole story of her life, and how Cis had helped her and been kind to her when she was alone and ill and penniless; and how he had been her friend ever since.

She confessed to his wife with timid blushes how at one time she had perhaps thought a little too much about Cis for her own happiness, and how she had gone down to Sotherne to see him married, and had prayed fervent prayers for the happiness of both husband and wife from her hidden corner in the little country church.

But long ago, she said—even on that very day—had such foolish thoughts been banished from her heart, and Cis had been only to her the dearest and truest friend that any lonely woman could wish for.

'I wish I had known all this long ago!' said Juliet, with a sigh. And then, with one of those generous impulses which were natural to her honest character, she went up close to the little pianiste, and took hold of her hands and kissed her. 'Will you forgive me,' she said, 'for having done you a grievous wrong in my heart? Yes, it is quite true that I had thought badly of you;'

but I can never do so again. If Cis had told me about you long ago, I should have been glad and proud to have been your friend; is it too late for me to become so now?"

'Dear Mrs. Travers!' murmured Gretchen, overcome by the sudden kindness of her words.

'Look here,' continued Juliet, taking up the velvet case from where she had dropped it a few minutes ago scornfully on the table; 'you will no longer refuse to accept this locket, will you, if I ask you to take it as a joint gift from myself as well as from Cecil, with all my most sincere good wishes for the happiness of your married life.'

And so Cecil Travers opened the door and found the two women sitting hand in hand together on the sofa, with the glittering diamond locket between them. No wonder that he stood still and stared at so unexpected a sight.

'I am congratulating Mademoiselle Rudenbach on her engagement,' said Juliet, looking at her husband not without a spice of malicious delight at his evident confusion. 'She has been showing me the locket you have given her. I have asked her to let me share in the gift as well as in the good wishes.'

And Cis could find no words wherein to answer her; he could only shake hands with Gretchen in silence, and look unutterably foolish and awkward.

After a few commonplace remarks relative to the weather, Gretchen wisely took her leave, and left the husband and wife together.

'Cis,' said Juliet, standing up close to her husband when they were alone,—'Cis, what a pity it is that you did not tell me what a great friend you were of Miss Rudenbach's long ago!'

'Why should I have told you?' he answered, looking both sheepish and surly, and turning half away from her.

'Because you might have known me well enough to have been sure that, had you only dealt openly with me, I should not have been jealous, or have made myself disagreeable to you about her. I should have been very glad to have known her better, for I think she is a charming young woman. But, as it is, you have not dealt fairly by her, for your silence has made me do her and you a grievous injustice. Cis, I

have suspected you wrongly, and I beg your pardon.'

'I am glad you are sorry for it,' he answered surlily. Cis had no perception of the generous candour which had prompted her to the avowal of her mistake; he had no responding generosity to meet her halfway in her effort to make things straighter and better between them; he could only revile her with a sort of conceited assumption of superiority which she could not but resent.

'If I was suspicious, it was your own doing,' she answered, with some show of temper. 'Why did you never speak the truth to me? There was no harm in it. Why did you make a mystery of it, and tell me lies about it? Why, Cis,' she added passionately, 'even if you had loved her, and had told me the truth, I could have forgiven you better!'

And then the small heart that there was in the man came up all on a sudden to the surface.

'If I loved her!' he said, with a sort of groan; and sank down into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

With a great pitying sympathy welling up in her own sinful, sorrowing heart, Juliet laid her hand upon her husband's bent head, and kissed his fair ruffled locks very tenderly.

'My poor Cis!' she said, with great gentleness, 'we have made a dreadful mistake of our lives, haven't we? But somehow or other we have got to bear the consequences of our errors together; let us not make it harder to live out our lives together—for we have both of us much to bear with and to forgive in each other.'

So they kissed one another in silence, and Cis, feeling a little humbled and subdued, went away and left her.

For the first time in his life, some dim perception of the superiority of his wife's character to his own came vaguely over him.

He saw that there had been no feminine spitefulness, no littleness of soul, in her tender, tolerant words to him—she had not been shocked or disgusted by his half-admission of his affection for Gretchen; no torrent of angry reproaches had poured from her lips. On the contrary, she had seemed at once to understand and to sympathise with him, and to pity his trouble

as one who had no thought for herself, but only of him.

For the first time it struck him that possibly she too had suffered, and that her life, as she had said, had been a mistake as well as his own.

He remembered, like the voice out of another life, how, long ago, she had told him that she had no heart to give to him, and he wondered a little where and how that heart about which he had troubled himself so little had gone. He was, however, too selfish and indolent to disturb himself long about anything that did not concern his own personal comfort, and soon dismissed the subjects from his thoughts.

But Juliet was the happier and the better for that little insight into her husband's heart, and for the forbearance and tenderness which it had called out in herself towards him. And so, although Hugh Fleming had already put the waters of the English Channel between himself and her, and she was to see him no more, a little of the blackness and darkness of the heavy clouds that encompassed her had even now cleared away out of her daily life.

Meanwhile, on that same summer Sunday afternoon, another and very different scene was being acted out under the walnut-tree on the lawn at the Broadley House.

An idyl ever graceful and ever new—'the old, old story' that never loses its charm nor sweetness, however many times in this world's history it is repeated—was being told over again under the fluttering branches of the tree which Flora had once in idle fancy likened to a cathedral aisle, and which became in very truth a shrine to her on this day.

The sunshine glinted down through the aromatic-scented walnut leaves upon her drooping yellow head and sweet downcast face, and fluttered about the white draperies of her simple dress, as Wattie Ellison told her, in strong, manly words, the story of his deep love.

Divested of her fashionable London garments, of her crowd of admirers, of all the coquetry and unreality of her first season's experiences, Flora Travers seemed to have been transformed once again into the simple country maiden whom he had always known and loved; nor had her six weeks of town life been altogether an un-

mixed evil to her, in that they had taught her to understand her own heart, and to value the sterling affection of the man who, not being blind to her faults, loved her in spite of them, more than all the flattery and adulation that had lately turned her head, but had not been able to spoil her heart.

And presently Wattie took the hand which she had promised him upon his arm, and under the shady lime-tree avenue and out through the yellow cornfields, where the harvest was already beginning, they strolled slowly down to the churchyard in the valley, where scarlet geraniums, and mignonette, and great clusters of white clove carnations had turned poor Georgie's grave into a very wilderness of loveliness; and there, standing up together hand in hand by the white cross round which a crimson rose had been twined by loving hands, Wattie Ellison told over again to her sister the short, sad story of his first love.

'I am sure that she sees us this day, Flora, and that her blessing is upon us both,' said Wattie, with his simple, childlike faith; and then he stooped down, and Flora's first present from her future husband was a rosebud off her sister's grave.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE END OF IT.

THE scene shifts, and we are at Sotherne again: Sotherne without its roses and with its great woods all stripped and bare, and with the winds and rains of December moaning dismally among its quaint twisted chimneys.

Yet, spite of the dreary autumn weather, Sotherne looks less dismal than it has done for many a day. There are fires in every room, and every window in the long gabled façade is unshuttered, and there are footsteps and voices along its passages from morning till night, for Sotherne's mistress has come back to live in it again.

The house in Grosvenor Street is let, and Mrs. Travers has allowed it to be understood that the home of her father is, for the future, to be her head-quarters: at which the neighbourhood generally rejoiced greatly.

A place like Sotherne is a dead loss to a

county when it is shut up and uninhabited ; and even in Mrs. Blair's long and tranquil reign it was a useless house, as far as sociability is concerned.

But now that Mr. and Mrs. Travers have come to settle down there for the best part of the year, the whole population seems to have brightened and furbished itself up, in its delight to welcome them back. There have been more dinner-parties and dances given this autumn than have been remembered for many years ; and great was the joy and excitement when it became known that, as soon as Christmas should be over, two entertainments on a large scale would be held within Sotherne's ancient walls—the first a juvenile dance and Christmas-tree, and the second a full-blown ball to which 'everybody' was to be asked.

Cecil had consented to leave London and to return to Sotherne more willingly than Juliet had thought it possible. For the first few weeks he amused himself at playing the country squire on his wife's property, but after a while he got tired of wandering about the fields with the head-keeper or the bailiff, and making ignorant remarks and suggestions, to which these gentlemen listened in silence, with a respectful smile, but which they did not dream of acting upon. As he had no country tastes or pursuits, he soon found the time hang heavily on his hands, and sat all day long in the library reading French novels or dozing idly in his chair.

'Would you like to go up to town again, Cis?' said his wife to him more than once ; 'I am sorry now we came to Sotherne,—you seem to find it so wearisome ; would you like to go back?'

'No ; of what use would that be?' he would answer fretfully. 'I am not feeling well—I had just as soon be quiet.'

And something in his peevish answers and pale pinched face made Juliet a little uneasy on his account. There was surely something more than his usual fretfulness and listlessness upon him. Every other day he would go over to Broadley and sit with his father for an hour or so, and often, as she saw them together, Juliet thought that the old Squire—who still rode to hounds in a quiet way and tramped about his fields with his gun on his shoulder and his setter behind him to pick up a brace of

pheasants or a couple of rabbits, and who still took a lively interest in his *Field* and his *Sporting Gazette*—was by far the younger man of the two.

Once a week, indeed, Cecil seemed to brighten up a little at the arrival of a weekly letter, which, at Juliet's special request, Mrs. David Anderson never forgot to write to him ; and the only thing to which he seemed to look forward with any degree of pleasure or animation, was the prospect of a visit from Gretchen and her husband, which they had promised to pay when the winter should be over. Something more than the despondency of a weak character was in the perpetual fretfulness and depression of spirits to which Cecil Travers had now become habitually subject. Sometimes Juliet thought his health must be breaking up altogether, and sometimes she even feared for his mind. Several times she entreated him to see a doctor ; but Cis only shook her off impatiently, and refused to listen to her advice.

Juliet was sitting one afternoon in the little morning room where so many of the scenes of her early life had been acted out. A foreign letter lay on the writing-table in front of her—a letter dated from the shores of the Lake of Como—sweet-scented with the pale double violets which had been enclosed in it, and breathing the fragrance of a thoroughly happy heart in every line.

Never, wrote Flora, were two people more suited to each other than she and her dear Wattie—their days were one succession of unbroken happiness—long days of sunshine and of peace, of wanderings side by side under the chestnut-trees, or of lazy, dreamy hours on the bosom of the blue lake. They were in no hurry to come home ; a very fairy-land indeed had the purple mountains and the calm waters of Northern Italy become to them.

Juliet put down the letter with a happy smile. She had done some good there, she felt, and longed a little selfishly for the honeymoon days to be over, and for Wattie and his pretty bride to be at home again and within her reach, where the sight of their happiness might be a perpetual pleasure and interest to her.

Another letter lay beside her, from her stepmother—a letter written in a very different spirit.

Since Juliet had returned to live at

Sotherne, she had taken herself, by so doing, completely out of the reach of Mrs. Lamplough's slanderous tongue. Living a quiet life alone with Cis at Sotherne, and Colonel Fleming gone back again to India, it would have been difficult for any female friend, however spitefully inclined, to have spoken harmful words of her. Mrs. Lamplough deemed it wise to ignore all disagreeable and dangerous allusions, and to keep up a brisk correspondence, teeming with flattering words and exaggerated expressions of affection to her 'dearest Juliet.'

In truth, the poor woman could not afford to lose Juliet's friendship, for she was very far from contented with her lot.

Marriage with the Rev. Daniel Lamplough, whom she soon discovered to be a selfish and vulgar domestic tyrant, was anything but the bliss she had at one time expected it to be. Instead of being allowed to have her own way, to give entertainments, to dress fashionably, and to mix in 'aristocratic circles,' as had once been her dream, Mrs. Lamplough found herself a slave, bound hand and foot under a three-fold tyranny. Her husband, her sister-in-law, and her sour-visaged maid, seemed to vie with each other to thwart her in every trifle, and to make her life a perfect misery. She hardly knew which of these three personages she hated the most. She could not do the smallest thing, from altering the position of an armchair to dismissing a housemaid, or inviting a friend to dinner, without obtaining permission from one or other, and often from all, of these three potentates: and her worldliness, and sinfulness, and general similitude to the children of the Devil was so often cast in her teeth, and bemoaned over by her persecutors, that she began to detest the very name of religion, and once had the boldness to tell her husband that if the children of Righteousness were all like him, she should infinitely prefer to belong to the family of Sin—a flaring piece of blasphemy, for which she was practically sent to Coventry for more than a week, as her husband refused to speak to her, dined from Monday till Saturday at his club, because he said that he could not sit at meat with so hardened a sinner, groaned aloud when he met her about the house, and, what was the worst penance of all, prayed specially at morning and evening family prayers, before

all the servants, that the Almighty might be pleased to turn the heart of his dear, but sinful and erring wife. A few months of such treatment were sufficient completely to alter and to subdue the unhappy woman; her only pleasure now was in writing long, miserable letters to Juliet, in which she poured out full descriptions of her woes and troubles and bitter repentance for having ever married again, and often deep sorrow for all her past offences and wrong dealings towards her stepdaughter. Her letters were a very jeremaid of misery; and Juliet, who was generous, although to the last she could never quite believe in anything she said, forgave her freely, and kept up the correspondence. She wrote to her this afternoon a long, cheerful, comforting letter, in which she tried to raise her spirits and make her look more hopefully at all the troubles and worries of her self-chosen life.

And then, as the short winter afternoon began to draw in, and it became almost too dark to see to write, she left the writing-table and went to sit down on a low seat in the window.

Outside, the wind howled and moaned dismally among the naked branches of the trees, the sky was heavy and lowering, the dead leaves fluttered across the lawn in a melancholy way.

It grew darker and darker—one by one the more distant objects in the landscape faded away indistinctly into the greyness of the coming night, till at last only the twisted rose-bushes in the bed just outside the windows gleamed out of the dark background, lit up from the firelight within the room.

Back upon Juliet's memory came the vivid picture of just such another evening long ago, when the winter winds had so howled and moaned, and the dreary darkness had come on and left her sitting there staring out into it with hopeless, tearful eyes. She remembered how, on that other winter evening, there had come the sudden rush of a horse up the avenue and the clanging peal of the bell at the hall-door; and then all had been hurry, and confusion, and dismay, till poor Georgie had been brought into her house to die. Very vividly that deathbed came back to Juliet's mind to-day—the long, sad night-watch, the broken-hearted grief of the old Squire,

the painful bustle of the arrival of Wattie and Cecil from town, and then the last scene of all, and the dying girl's last words, when she had extracted that fatal, mistaken promise from herself, and clasped her hand into that of Cecil.

As Juliet thought it all over, slow, sad tears of sorrow for her dead friend, and of regret for her own wasted life, coursed one by one down upon her clasped hands.

With a shudder as of some premonition of evil, she knew not what, she rose from the window as old Higgs suddenly opened the door and stood before her.

'What is it, Higgs?' she asked, just in the very words in which she had asked it on that evening long ago.

'Would you come into the library, ma'am?' said the old butler, with rather a frightened face. 'I don't think that master can be well, for he never moved when I took the lamp in, nor answered me when I asked if he had any letters for the post.'

'He was asleep,' answered Juliet, with a strange flutter of terror at her heart as she hastened from the room.

They went into the library together—Juliet first, with her quick, impetuous step, and Higgs following her, trembling all over from head to foot.

Cecil sat upright in his arm-chair, with his back towards the door. A shaded reading-lamp stood on the table in front of him, and flung a bright circle of light just around it, and ghostly shadows about the large room and over its oaken furniture and heavy bookcases. His elbows were on the table in front of him, and his hands both put up shading his face, and before him lay an open writing-case and a half-finished letter upon it. When they came in he never turned in his chair, nor lifted his head, nor dropped his hands, nor moved one single hair's-breadth in his attitude.

'Cis, look up! speak to me!' cried Juliet, with a sharp, ringing voice of horror, as she sprang towards him and touched his shoulder. And then she caught away his hands, and they were cold and stiff; she saw that his face was white and altered, and his eyes wide open and fixed—for in them was the solemn, immovable stare of Death.

For Cecil Travers would never move or look up, nor ever more speak to her again!

Six months have come and gone, and summer is in the land again. It is six month's since Cecil Travers was laid beside his sister in Sotherne churchyard—six months, during which the crops have been sown and sprung up, and well-nigh ripened, and the trees have budded and unfolded themselves into midsummer glory, and myriads of summer birds and insects have been ushered into life and happiness, and whole showers of roses have covered Sotherne's walls with a mantle of beauty.

In these six months Juliet Travers has recovered from the severe illness which the terrible shock of her husband's sudden death had brought upon her; and now reclines very pale and thin in her deep crape and snowy widow's cap, on a low couch that has been wheeled out on to the lawn for her, under the elm-trees.

Juliet has mourned for Cecil truly and deeply—not with the mourning of a widow who has lost her supporter and her other self, but rather with the gentle grief of a mother over some sickly, wayward child, who has been to her more an occupation and a duty than a comfort or a pleasure.

But to all such mourning, when it does not wrench up the very roots and vitals of our hearts, when it does not alter our nature, nor throw an impenetrable gloom over our whole lives—to all such mourning when it is sad but not bitter, there comes a natural end. And to Juliet's mourning that end had come; her illness—many days of unconscious delirium, many weeks of utter prostration and weakness too great for thinking—had placed a wide gulf, a blank of vacancy between herself and the past. A new life is now opening before her, and, with her sense of freedom in the realization of her widowhood, new hopes and new thoughts are beginning to stir within her.

She had called for her writing materials to be brought out to her on the low table beside her sofa, and is sitting now with a blank sheet of paper before her, her pen idle in her hand, and her eyes fixed with a not unhappy look in them upon the distant blue hills beyond the valley.

'Shall I? dare I?' she is saying over again to herself, whilst a little smile plays about her lips.

Then all on a sudden she pushes aside her writing materials, and rising with a

somewhat weak and trembling step, walks across the lawn into the house through the morning-room window.

And what do you suppose she does there, daughter of Eve as she is?

Why, first she carefully shuts the door, and then she moves away a sofa from before a long mirror that fills up one end of the room, and, with a blush that would not misbecome a maiden of nineteen, she takes off her widow's cap, and surveys her own fair image in the glass.

And fair it is, despite her eight-and-twenty years, and despite the saddened lines which suffering and sorrow have traced upon her face.

Her small, dark head, with its crown of polished plaits, is upheld as proudly as of old; her glorious eyes are as deep and as tender—aye, and as full of fire; the rich curve of her lips, the regular outline of her oval face, and her figure,—which, if it is a shade more matronly, is as perfect in its graceful curves,—are as full of subtle charm, as when she first greeted Hugh Fleming standing out upon the doorstep of her home, and he had thought her the loveliest and fairest among English maidens.

Yes; she could acknowledge to herself without vanity that her beauty had not yet left her, that she was still lovely with a loveliness which, had it ever power to charm and to fascinate him, must do so still.

Then she pinned on the disfiguring cap, and went out and sat down again before her writing case and began to write rapidly and hastily, with a glad rosy flush coming and going upon her down-bent face.

Why should we waste any more of our lives apart from each other? We have suffered too much and too long to care any longer for the empty conventionalities and the idle gossip of *st* anglers who do not know what our life's story has been. I am prepared very gladly to be called heartless and disrespectful to poor Cecil's memory, and to be a nine days wonder and scandal to my native county, if only by so doing I may but have you with me again. Dear Hugh; come back to me, for truly I have hungered and thirsted for the sight of you, for too many weary days, to bear absence from you with anything like patience, now that nothing more need stand between us forever. Our lives have been half wasted apart; let us not lose any more of the precious golden days which might be spent together. Darling, come back to me; do not give me the bitter humiliation of being rejected by you for the third time!

Nor does he.

Within a few months of the receipt of that letter, Hugh Fleming is in England again; and when a year is over since Cecil has been carried to his grave, he goes down to Sotherne one morning by the early train, and Juliet, and Mrs. Dawson, and Wattie, and Flora meet him in Sotherne church, just in their everyday clothes, only that Juliet has doffed her crape and wears a simple grey dress, plain as any nun's; the old vicar stands in the chancel with his spectacles on his nose and his open prayer-book in his hand, and a few villagers drop in to look and to wonder; and in this fashion these two, who have loved and suffered so long, are married at last to each other.

Of course, as she had prophesied, it was a nine days' scandal to the neighbourhood, who knew nothing of her life; but to Cecil's family she had told her story, and they forgave her, and were not offended with her for marrying the man she had loved so long—and that was enough for Juliet.

Another distress to the county was that Colonel and Mrs. Fleming did not go away for a wedding tour, like all other decent and respectable brides and bridegrooms, but that, shaking hands with the little wedding party at the church door, they walked off together arm-in-arm up the hill to the house, where they immediately took up their abode without any sort of outward rejoicing, and with no thought of going away even for a week.

One more glimpse of my heroine before we say good-bye to her.

She is standing on the lawn with her husband a few days after her marriage, and together they are watching a glowing golden winter sunset shedding its glory over the landscape below.

It is just such another evening as the one with which my story opened, only that, in place of the golden-heated glow of October, it is now the paler but scarcely less lovely light of the finest and warmest of February days.

Crocuses and snow-drops are springing up in the garden-beds around them, and blackbirds and thrushes are awaking after their long winter silence to welcome the coming spring with a very concert of joy.

A new life dawns upon the earth. A new life, too, is opening for the husband

and wife. Juliet, with a deep thankfulness in her sobered face, is looking out with solemnly glad eyes over the familiar scene, and Hugh is looking at her face.

'Darling,' he says, drawing her to him with a sudden flash of tenderness, 'it is good to be together at last, is it not? We have suffered so much in the past—'

'Ah, it is more than I deserve!' she interrupts, quickly, resting a soft rosy cheek

against his own. 'When I think of all the wicked things I once said and thought, can I ever repent enough? We have suffered, Hugh—but I have also sinned!'

'Sweet sinner!' he answers, playfully, and lays his lips upon hers. 'Where is the man living who would not forgive to so fair a penitent the sin that was sinned for love's sake?'

(*The End.*)

ROUND THE TABLE.

I WONDER that, much as we have heard of the glories of our Canadian 'Fall,' we have not heard more of the beauty of our Canadian Spring. It is not, of course, marked by any specially individual characteristics like the surpassing glories of the Autumn tints and the luxurious mellow haziness of our Indian Summer. But in our pure atmosphere and under our clear skies, our Spring has its peculiar beauty too. Nothing, for instance, can be more beautiful of its kind than the 'Thousand Islands' of our noble St. Lawrence, just at the time when the first warm balmy air of the spring is gently bringing the young leaves out of the buds in which they have been lying cradled so cosily during the bleak winds of March and April. Never does the sky seem to wear a softer, purer, more exquisite blue. Never do the light clouds that sweep over it appear to veil it more charmingly, the white and the blue seeming to have been both washed freshly by the spring rains. Never does the river seem to sparkle and ripple more joyously, its soft distant tones of blue being in exquisite harmony with those of the sky above. Never do the sunsets seem more inexpressibly beautiful in their melting, changing tones of rose and amethyst; and the shore and islands begin to wear over their rugged outlines a soft misty veil of green, that in the distance is hardly like anything of so substantial a texture as leaves. The masses of distant woods, in

which the green is not yet perceptible, are bathed in a rich soft blue, like that of distant mountains never seen at any other time, because the deep hues of the foliage overpower it. And, to look at things more close at hand, the bare shrubs and trees have blossomed out, many of them, into snowy white, or into the delicate pale green of the maple tassels, here and there varied by a startling contrast of rich crimson. Down among the fallen leaves blooms out the sweet delicate hepatica or pale violet; the scarlet columbine waves on the lichened crags, and stately white trilliums nod in the deeper shade of the budding woods. Delicate, feathery white flowers rise through the dead leaves, and every green moss is a marvel of little hooded stems. The air is full of the balm of opening buds and opened blossoms, and musical with the songs of birds, which have not yet lost their æsthetic tastes in family cares. The mature summer and the autumn have each their special beauty, but no beauty seems to me so inspiring, so joyous, so full of blessed hope and promise, as the beauty of the Spring.

—It is a mistake to suppose that travelling has generally the effect of enlarging the mind. The fact is that it is only superior minds which escape the narrowing and cramping effects of foreign travel, while the average traveller—at least if he is a Canadian—returns to his country a much

worse citizen than when he left it. Too often he follows literally the advice which Rosalind, in 'As You Like it,' playfully gives a traveller: 'Look you, lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity; and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are.' Now when discontent with one's own home and contemptuous depreciation of everything in it are the results of travel, I say that travel narrows and does not enlarge the mind. There is a certain sort of discontent which the glories of the old world will awaken in a man of sense, and which should be productive of good. I mean the sense that our own country is behind many of the old lands in art and science, in social culture, in public spirit, in freedom of opinion, and a dissatisfaction with this state of things joined with a loving and earnest desire to aid in any attempts at progress in these respects. This is an honorable discontent, very different from the discontent which is mingled with disgust and contempt for everything which is our own, which is blind to all the priceless advantages we possess over the old world, and proclaims itself in constant depreciation of ourselves and our country at home and abroad. Joseph Howe, who fought the battle of progress in the province of British America most trammelled by tradition and conventionalism, used to say that the splendid things he saw abroad, instead of weakening his affection for his own land, only strengthened his purpose to do all he could towards making his country better worth living in. How different is this feeling to that of the average Canadian who 'has enjoyed the advantages of travel,' and comes home to swell the wail of the recent immigrant, who tries to deceive himself and others into the belief that he has seen better days, against the malign fate which has decreed him a habitation in such a country as this! And if travelling has this unfortunate effect upon many Canadians, proportionably greater is the injury of an education or long residence abroad. Without wishing to detract one iota from the intellectual pre-eminence of England, without underestimating in the least the intellectual debt this and all countries owe to her, I do not hesitate to say that Canadians should

educate their children in Canada. 'Home-bred youths have homely wit,' Shakspeare says; but the 'homely wit' of a young Canadian bred up from childhood amid the associations which are to surround him in mature life, serves him far better than the superficial polish which he might have acquired, at the sacrifice of other things, in a great English School or University. The young Canadian, transplanted at a tender age to England through a mistaken zeal for his welfare, is brought up to regard his native land from the English point of view, with indifference or contempt, as something immeasurably inferior in every way; his associations, his tastes, his friends, even his accent, become English; his desires and affections centre in England, and Canada to him can be nothing but a place of banishment. He returns to make his living in Canada, having gone through a training eminently calculated to unfit him for life in Canada. He is neither an Englishman nor a Canadian. He has not the enthusiasm and energy which are so often found in the one, nor the steady perseverance of the other. He labours under the hallucination that, having enjoyed certain privileges not shared by his fellow-countrymen generally, he is a superior person; and oh, his airs and graces! 'I have thought,' one is sometimes tempted to exclaim, after observing such a one as this, 'some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.'

—What a pity it is that now-a-days, when women's costume is in itself so picturesque, so little regard should be paid to the harmony and contrast of colours. If, as O. W. Holmes says, women ought to put their virtuous indignation in their pockets when they go out walking, and expect to be looked at as we gaze at a picture, this festival of the eye would be greatly enhanced by a tasteful arrangement of colour in the dress. Most women have conventional ideas on the subject and would not dream of coupling green and blue, or red and pink, in the same costume. But while dressing themselves according to these rules they totally forget that any commingling of colours is not in itself an essential beauty, the beauty being only in the relations they bear to one another, and to the

objects for which they are used. For example, the opinion that shades of violet and blue cannot be worn tastefully together may be true, but it does not prove that these colours are never beautiful in combination, for who can deny the delicate loveliness of a sprig of lilac on a pale blue ground? A bad choice of colours I believe to be due to want of cultivation and individual taste, and to the series of accidental occurrences which generally determines the selection. Women leave too much to their dressmakers, or are content to wear what other people are wearing, instead of calling their own personal supervision into play. It is a mistake to suppose that it is beneath the intellect of a well-educated woman to bestow pains upon her dress. Dress, as Carlyle plainly shows, is truly an outward and visible sign of a cultivated mind, and ought to be the reflex of the wearer's mind and not of that of her dressmaker and milliner. Unfortunately most intellectual women set a bad example by affecting a carelessness of dress, as if they thought that the education of their brains must suffice, and the adornment of their bodies and the education of the eye could be neglected with impunity, instead of doing their best to make dress an art, and, without rushing off into mediæval costumes, using their influence to make the present mode of dress as becoming and beautiful as possible. Certainly the dress of a by-gone age has its fascinations: witness the quaint picture which Clarissa Harlowe must have made when she met Loveiace in the garden—dressed in a mob of Brussels lace, with a sky blue ribbon, a petticoat of pale primrose colour, the robings of which were curiously embroidered in a pattern of roses and leaves, diamond snaps in her ears, ruffles of lace, her apron of flowered lawn, her coat of white quilted satin, blue satin shoes, braided with blue, and mittens. She must have looked charming, but we are told that, though she was a young lady of rank and education, Clarissa paid particular attention to her dress, and I think that, with the same care, quite as pretty and more practical costumes might be worn with our modern style. The great thing to consider is the fitness and congruity of a thing: its chief beauty will always depend on that, and what would look well at one time would be quite out of place at another. Let each

person in choosing her costume reflect whether the colours and material are suitable for the season, her age, her complexion, and her figure. Depend upon it there is a great deal in dress; often, alas! a great deal of ugliness and a great deal of vulgarity; but sometimes we come across a 'Clarissa,' and she is always appreciated. For my part, I think it a horrid idea of Dr. Watts's, reminding us that our clothes are only second-hand, and that all sorts of crawling insects

'wore

That very clothing long before;'

and I sincerely pity poor Mrs. Watts and the little Wattses (if there were such people, but I own myself not sufficiently interested in the natural history of that moral family to be sure about it) if he harangued them in such a style on their way to church, all dressed out in their Sunday attire, and I imagine it must have totally destroyed what small satisfaction they had in their best hats and high-heeled shoes.

—What is the origin and exact force of the word 'mother-tongue'? Worcester defines it as a language to which another language owes its origin, but it is used in a much more extended sense than this. In ordinary use it signifies one's native language, and not the parent tongue from which one's native language may have sprung. When the Hon. Bardwell Slote appeals to a lady who has lived much abroad to converse in language intelligible to him, he begs her to 'wrestle with the vernacular.' What we call 'vernacular,' is synonymous, I think, with the 'mother-tongue.' Now in Green's 'Short History of the English People,' I find a quotation from the 'Testament of Love,' written in the reign of Henry the Third: 'Let clerks indite in Latin, and let Frenchmen in their French also indite their quaint terms, for it is kindly to their mouths, and let us show our fantasies in such words as we learned of our mother's tongue.' Is this the origin of the term? Is it simply 'our mother's tongue'? the language we learned at our mother's knee? If so, how full of sweet suggestions the word is!

—Notwithstanding all the controversy to which Revivalism has given rise, there is an aspect of the subject which, though

eminently deserving of grave consideration, appears to have been almost completely overlooked. The topic is a delicate one and may perhaps be best approached in the concrete. Let it be supposed, then, that a clergyman—young, good-looking, unmarried, and morally speaking as good as he looks; with a melodious voice and an eloquent tongue—arrives from England and commences to hold revival services in a Canadian city. What is the result? There is at once a flutter among the doves; and a large proportion of the female population—always agog for a new sensation—rushes off in crowds to see and hear the interesting stranger. The excitement becomes contagious and spreads to such an extent that in order to obtain good seats, would-be hearers arrive at the church-doors an hour or two before the services begin. Hundreds fail to get inside, and, partly to accommodate these, week-night 'Bible Readings' are held, at which the numbers present are equally great. The excitement still growing, the services are varied by 'Inquiry Meetings' on one or more mornings of the week. These are attended almost exclusively by young girls, who go, as to a sort of confessional, for the purpose of propounding such questions as, whether it is wrong to dance, to go to the theatre, to read novels, and others equally well calculated for purposes of edification. The excitement rises to fever heat, till at last the youthful revivalist becomes the idol of the hour, followed, like other idols, by crowds of enthusiastic worshippers. Nor is the *cultus* confined to the church. He is asked out to dinner and fêted almost every night; his photograph, in various styles, appears conspicuously displayed in the shop windows, side by side with those of the popular actress, the ballet dancer, and the female trapeze performer, and is sold by thousands—to whom may be readily guessed; he is waylaid on the street and followed into stores for the purpose of getting a sight of him, a bow, or a few minutes chit-chat. Witnessing these things, and noting further that more than three-fourths of those who attend his revival ministrations are of the softer sex,—for the most part young and unmarried,—the question irresistibly suggests itself, would the same devotional zeal be exhibited were the minister married, or old, or ill-favoured?

The delicate attentions to which he is subjected become at length so oppressive, that in sheer self-defence he is obliged to let it be generally known that he does not intend to marry in Canada. A good many remarkable vagaries have been enacted in the name of religion,—not the least curious of them by members of the more emotional sex,—and it may well be questioned whether such things as I have described—and multitudes can testify to the unexaggerated truthfulness of the picture—are healthy or whether they are morbid; whether the beneficial effects of revival services such as those spoken of may not be outweighed by the sacrifice of maidenly dignity and modesty involved in an internecine struggle to capture and carry off in triumph the lion of the hour, or even to secure a passing notice from him. The other day I was glancing over the recently published biography of the late Rev. Charles Kingsley, when my eye lighted on the following passage, which struck me as being remarkably apropos to the present subject. It occurs at pp. 416-7 of the American edition, in a letter written in 1870 by him to John Stuart Mill, on the subject of the Woman's Rights' movement, of which Kingsley was a hearty supporter. He says:—

'I know, and have long foreseen, that what our new idea has to beware of, lest it should be swamped thereby, is hysteria, male and female. Christianity was swamped by it from at least the third to the sixteenth century, and if we wish to save ourselves from the same terrible abyss, and to—I quote my dear friend Huxley's words, with full agreement, though giving them a broader sense than he would as yet—'to reconstruct society according to science,' we must steer clear of the hysteric element. . . . I should be glad some day to have the honour of talking over with you this whole matter, on which I have long thought, and on which I have arrived at conclusions which I keep to myself as yet, and only utter as Greek *φωνᾶντα θυνετοῖσι*, the principal of which is, that there will never be a good world for woman, till the last monk, and therewith the last remnant of the monastic idea of, and legislation for, woman, *i. e.*, the Canon Law, is civilized off the earth.'

If Kingsley was right in thinking it desirable 'to reconstruct society according to

science,' it may not be amiss to hear what Science has to say on the subject under discussion. Dr. Maudsley, the Superintendent of the celebrated Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, is probably the greatest authority living—certainly the greatest who writes the English language—on all matters pertaining to the mind and its affections. At p. 210 of the American edition of his 'Physiology and Pathology of the Mind,' he says:—

'I do not hesitate to express a conviction that the excitement of religious feelings, and the moroseness of the religious life, favoured by some of the Dissenters, are habitually injurious to the character, and are sometimes a direct cause of insanity. Young women who fail to get married are apt to betake themselves fervently to religious exercises, and thus to find an outlet for repressed feeling in an extreme devotional life; having of necessity much self-feeling, they naturally fly to a system which expressly sanctions and encourages a habit of attention to the feelings and thoughts—a self-brooding—and which attracts to them the sympathy of others. This is not, nor can it come to, good: as the man whose every organ is in perfect health scarcely knows that he has a body, and only is made conscious that he has organs when something morbid is going on, so a healthy mind in the full exercise of its functions, is not conscious that it has feelings, and is only awakened to self-consciousness by something morbid in the processes of its activity. To fly for refuge to the contemplation of one's own feelings and thoughts is in direct frustration of the purposes of one's being as an element in Nature, and in the direct way of predisposing to insanity. It is only in actions that we truly live, and by our actions that we can truly know ourselves. How mischievous, then, any encouragement of a morbid self-feeling, religious or otherwise, is likely to be, it is easy to perceive. Among the cases of mental disease that have come under my care, there are some in which the cause of the outbreak has been satisfactorily traceable to religious influence injudiciously exerted. Not among Dissenters only, but amongst those members of the High Church party in the Church of England who are so much addicted to playing at Roman Catholicism, the most baneful effect is sometimes pro-

duced on women through the ignorant and misapplied zeal of priests, who mistake for deep religious feeling what is really sometimes a morbid self-feeling . . . many times accompanied by hysterical excitement.'

—With much that was said by one of the guests at the table at their last meeting, as to the importance of keeping the Sunday intact, I heartily agree. The day is a priceless blessing to man. Perhaps its greatest value lies in a point which was not adverted to,—the interruption which it causes to that most terrible of the evils of modern civilization, the rage for money-getting. Were it not for this one day, the rule of Mammon would indeed become absolute and complete throughout the civilized world. Believing then in the incalculable value of one day's periodical cessation from business, with all its meannesses, its grinding cares and worries, and in the impossibility of enabling any one man to escape from these evils unless all are compelled to do so, it seems to me that the general law enforcing the closing of all places of business on Sunday can hardly be too stringently enforced. Further than this in the direction of paternal despotism I cannot go. Subject to the limitation indicated, I would allow every man to spend the day as seemed best to himself. The very essence of its benefit appears to me to lie in acting out to its logical conclusion the scriptural dictum that 'the Sabbath was made for man',—in the feeling that the day is one's own to do with as one pleases. To be compelled to spend it in quiet thought, supposing such compulsion possible, would be to most people an intolerable bore, and, so, productive of positive injury. I know at least one man, a physician who was brought up in Scotland, whose recollection of the misery which as a child he was forced to endure on 'the Sawbath', has been so ingrained into his nature, so associated with this particular twenty-four hours of the week, that, though he is now over sixty years of age, he still holds Sunday in utter loathing and detestation. I have been for walks with him on Sunday afternoons, and he never alludes to the day without an explosion of passionate hatred. In this case,—and how many are there that resemble it?—'scrupulousness' converted the day from a blessing into a

curse. What, too, is to be said of that large class of men who are compelled to pass six days of the week in hard thinking? They require, not another day's thinking, 'quiet' or otherwise, but cessation from thought,—rest from their wearing brain-labour. For these and kindred reasons I side with the CANADIAN MONTHLY reviewer of Dr. Guthrie's 'Life' in favour of laxity as against scrupulousness. 'One man's meat is another's poison'. If any one chooses scrupulousness for himself, well and good. To force it on others to whom it is repugnant will produce more harm than benefit. The enforced 'scrupulousness' of the Puritanism of the Commonwealth resulted, by an inevitable reaction, in the most immoral period known to English history. A sober-minded people will keep Sunday soberly; a frivolous people will spend it in frivolity. The day does not make the people but the people the day. To compel Parisians to keep Sunday in a different fashion from their present one, would not cure the evil, but simply change the mode of its manifestation,—most likely intensify it. Eradicate frivolity from the people's nature and they will *spontaneously* spend their Sunday soberly and wisely; shut up their theatres *now* and they will pass the day in idle and frivolous gossip, or worse. So long as the root of frivolity is there, so long will it bear its natural fruit in some shape or other, and this on Sundays as well as week days.

—A short time ago some foolish or mischievous person telegraphed from Ottawa to England that the people of this country were desirous that the Queen should assume the title of 'Empress of Canada.' There must have been something more than mere caprice in this strange escapade, for a message across the Atlantic costs money, and jokes of this kind are usually perpetrated at the expense of others than their inventors. All we know about the matter is that the thing was done; but by whom, or for what purpose, is 'to the wondering crowd unknown.' To glorify their own achievements the Spaniards dubbed the Cacique Montezuma Emperor of Mexico, and he has had in recent days two imperial successors in that land of serial revolutions. St. Domingo, or Hayti, has indulged in the same luxury, besides a no-

bility of which, if I remember right, the Duke of Lemonade and Marquis of Chocolate were choice samples. They were, however, an unlucky lot, and their fate was not such as to tempt others to follow in their footsteps. The Empire of Brazil has so far proved an exception to Cæsarean unsuccess on this continent, for the ruler of that huge wilderness has carried his honours discreetly, as the Baron of Bradwardine carried his liquor, though the purple hangs somewhat loosely, if not grotesquely, about him. The chief of a handful of effete Europeans, Indians, negroes, and half-breeds is a queer representative of Augustus and Trajan, who were masters of the world. An Emperor or Empress of Canada would be liable to the same objection, as well as a multitude of others. Even the grand designation of Empress of India sounds harshly in British ears as applied to the sovereign, and was unwillingly accepted by the people at the dictation of a ministry with a large parliamentary majority at its back. But what can a great people expect who choose a third-rate novelist for their Prime Minister, with no higher qualities than those of a clever debater, and an expert party strategist? Lord Macaulay has said that in England the possession of these qualities alone has led to the appointment of First Lords of the Admiralty, who could not tell a ship's bow from her stern, and of Chancellors of the Exchequer who did not know the Rule of Three. And Mr. Disraeli is a living proof that Macaulay spoke truly. The opinion got abroad that it was the Queen who wished to be styled Empress, in order to take rank with the monarchs of Russia, Austria, and Germany, rather than with those of Denmark, Portugal, and Belgium, and the like royal small fry. But there is reason to believe that the scheme is one of Mr. Disraeli's oriental 'whimichams,' of which it is not the first. Some years ago he uttered the sage remark that England was an Asiatic rather than an European power, which is about as true as that a horse-chesnut is a chesnut horse, or any similar play upon words. Without England what would the English empire in India be, where the children of Europeans cannot live without degenerating in mind and body? He should reserve such puerilities for his Caucasian romances—which, by the way, nobody will read after he is a twelvemonth

in his grave. Wiser men than Disraeli, or even than the Right Hon. the Earl of Beaconsfield, have long regarded India as the weak point in the British dominion, and some forebode that when Britain's Nemesis shall overtake her it will be from that quarter. England is doing a great work in Hindostan, but it is at a heavy expense of life and money; and could she abandon that country to-morrow the occurrence would add greatly to her safety, and consequently to her strength. At all events the notion of popularizing British rule in India by adopting a title unknown in its annals is superbly ridiculous. 'Emperor' is only a European adaptation of the many designations of the Mogul conquerors of the East, and the Emperor Akbar or Aurengzebe would scarcely have been recognized by their subjects or themselves under that name. Besides, from the days of the Roman Emperors downwards, there is an evil fame attached to the appellation. In the persons of its several holders, with the exception of Charlemagne, from Augustus to Napoleon, in Russia, in Austria, and elsewhere, it presents a record of tyranny and misgovernment, and generally of decline and decay. It is a word of evil omen to a free people, and it is to be regretted, if on that account alone, that the British Parliament did not reject it. It is true that as the Legislature created this novelty, the same authority can annul it; and I should not be surprised if such be its fate after the present occupant of the throne has ceased to fill it—if not before. I can see only one benefit that can arise from this untoward circumstance. The leading title in the new order of things is that of Queen, the imperial addition being only secondary. So, as far as England is concerned, an Emperor no longer has the first rank among the potentates of the earth. They will probably, therefore, find it necessary to invent some new dignity by which they shall in future be distinguished; and will perhaps discover that, like all mundane glories of the sort, Imperialism is almost 'played out.'

It may be that the question has received more attention than it deserves, though in one respect the step may not prove unimportant. I believe the hereditary monarchy to be a wise institution, and the best and safest adjunct to Parliamentary Govern-

ment. For several generations the British Sovereigns have been gradually laying aside the observances, tinsel, and frippery of feudalism, and becoming what they are in the end destined to be, simply the chief magistrates of the nation. A good many mediæval follies are still retained about the court, but they are mostly senseless anachronisms which have outlived their time, and will soon be reformed, or laughed out of existence. They now serve no other purpose than to afford weapons to the enemies of monarchy, and which have been used with considerable effect.

—The author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' in her 'Sermons out of Church,' complains of the lowness of the standard of health in the present generation. I fear the remark is applicable to Canada as well as England, especially as regards that which, here at least, seems emphatically to be the weaker sex, physically at least. Here and there—indeed, too often—we find the active business man dropping off on the invalid list, or prematurely cut off, the result of 'overwork,' combined with its accustomed worry. But what numbers of young ladies we find 'out of health,' or if not actually in that indefinite, but unpleasant condition, at least so 'delicate' that they cannot stand almost any strain of exertion. And how many sink into chronic invalidism, almost before the *première jeunesse* is past. This is not as it should be; our Canadian physique ought to be a good healthy one, and *is*, when in gets fair play. But, for an age in which so much is talked of the 'laws of Nature,' there is wonderfully little respect as yet paid to them. To hear many people talk of these, one would imagine that the observance of them was to stand in the place of religion. But notwithstanding it all, it is a religion still lamentably neglected. 'Society,' though it is supposed to have grown immensely in culture and enlightenment, is as obstinately determined as ever to maintain its own artificial system, in opposition to the clearly depicted laws of nature and health. Those who are supposed to be the best educated and most enlightened members of the community, still combine together to keep up a system of late hours, injurious excitement, heavy dinners, and all the unnatural accompaniments of social life, which sap the

health and beauty of our young girls before their time, and condemn them to after years of languor, *ennui*, or positive suffering. Above all, we still have the barbarism of late and exciting children's parties, against which all sensible people have been vainly protesting for years. Delicate children, who require nothing so much as a regular temperature, regular hours, and a regular life, generally free from excitement and its inevitable reaction, are sent out on winter evenings to spend several hours in dances. in rooms alternately overheated and draughty, crowning the whole set of imprudences by a luxurious supper, unwholesome even for grown-up people, and quite enough to give the poor little victims nightmare, or at the very least, feverish dreams. If one half of the indignation expended, and not wrongfully, on those whose thoughtless carelessness exposes other people's children to the risk of taking infectious diseases, were applied to those who sap the health of other people's and their own children by injudicious and injurious party-giving—kindly meant indeed—the standard of health of our young folks would speedily improve. But in the latter case, the poison is wrapped up in so attractive a form that its thoughtless dispensers in general only meet with laudations from their equally unreflecting friends, and so goes on an evil to which it would not be too much to say that young lives are sacrificed every year, for no end but that of petty display. I believe, too, that these juvenile parties are injurious, not only physically, but in another and even more important respect. The dances and charades, however pretty they may be, and the latter are the worse the better they are acted, teach the little ones to imitate prematurely the artificial follies and insincerities of their elders, and rub off the first charming simplicity and unconsciousness of childhood, which can no more be restored than the bloom of a plum or a bunch of grapes can be replaced when once destroyed. Let children have an abundance of simple pleasures, and they will be far happier than in aping the ways of grown-up society. Let them meet together in little gatherings of a dozen or two—simply dressed—and enjoy hearty games of romp that will make them run about and laugh heartily, good old-fashioned blind-man's-buff, hide-and-

seek, 'puss in the corner,' and Sir Roger de Coverly, etc., having had a good substantial early tea, go home at eight or nine, with, at most, an apple or an orange as a parting *bonne-bouche*. Let them, in summer, have simple innocent excursions into the woods, to gather wild flowers and ferns, and have a gypsy tea, minus the superabundance of cake and pastry which, in Canada, seems to be the inevitable accompaniment of every pic-nic, as if devised to neutralize its beneficial effects. Children brought up on such principles do not become prematurely dyspeptic or precociously blasé, as too many of the children of our richer classes are doing already. There can be no greater good for a man or woman, in a sanitary point of view, than to preserve through life simple tastes and the faculty of enjoying the simple pleasures that are within the reach of almost all, and if those who help to mould 'society' would only consult more the natural laws of which we hear so much—cant, it is to be feared—and would set the example of a simpler, less luxurious, and nobler style of living; if our population generally could be induced to live a little more plainly, to dispense with at least a third of their heavier food—meat, cake, and pastry—in regard to which latter we have got too much into American ways, I believe we should soon have a more healthy type of physique prevalent among us than that which is now, unfortunately, far too common.

—The vivisection controversy seems to continue with unabated interest in Britain, and it is possible that it may initiate a better treatment of animals all round, since the vivisectionists retort upon the sportsmen, and declare that, for one animal tortured in the name of science, thousands are tortured in the name of sport. Some one has calculated that about fifty millions of birds die every year a death of lingering torture, from being merely wounded by sportsmen and then left to their fate. Certainly it seems a horrible thing that brave and 'chivalrous' Englishmen cannot amuse themselves without inflicting untold sufferings on numbers of these innocent, joyous creatures. But the *argumentum ad hominem*, silencing though it might seem to be, does not prove that because millions of creatures are tortured in the interests of

sport, hundreds more may rightly be tortured in those of science. But, say the advocates of vivisection, it is not that we love animals less but science more. Now it is a fair question,—does not this ‘love of science’ mean, in most cases, simply love of gratifying one’s own tastes and impulses. The sportsman gratifies his impulse for sport at the expense of animal suffering, and similarly the man of scientific tastes gratifies his impulse towards investigation by the same means. Has either a moral right to do it? And if he has, why does that moral right to torture stop with the animal creation, and not extend to his fellow-man. Then there is much said of the high and holy uses of science. Now, few will maintain that science is always, or even generally, put to very high and holy uses (take the Krupp gun, for example); but certainly to torture a living, suffering creature, in order that some time, some possible good may accrue to some one through it, seems very like doing evil that good may come. The truth is, science is regarded in these days with an over-estimation which in many cases becomes idolatry, and every amateur who wants only to gratify his curiosity by seeing for himself some experiment he has heard of, which is not likely to do the least good to any human being, thinks that the very name of science is enough to consecrate his cruelty. But, the more deeply we feel the high and holy privilege of unveiling, to some extent, the mysteries of creation, the more deeply, surely, we should feel that there may be portions of these mysteries which we have no right to unveil, because they can only be penetrated at the expense of suffering which we have no right to inflict. This, at least, seems to me the Christian view of the matter. He, surely, is morally the more noble, who denies himself the knowledge he would like to gain, because he loves the helpless sensitive creature in his power too well to inflict upon it the pain at the expense of which the knowledge must be purchased,—who refuses to

‘Blend his pleasure or his pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that lives!’

However, even apart from the vivisection question, there is much animal suffering which might be saved by a stricter legislation. It is to be feared that the whole sys-

tem of converting animals into food, from their carriage to their slaughter, is full of inhumanities which might be put down by efficient legislation combined with a more careful education on this subject. The French and Germans set us an example we might well copy, in strictly providing for the ‘painless killing’ which we surely owe to the creatures at the expense of whose lives we maintain our own.

—How pleasant it would be in these days of worry and overwork, disappointment and depression, if some one would turn his attention to the production of cabinets to be filled with moral pick-me-ups for tumbled-down spirits. Here should be found subtle essences of the true manly and the tender womanly gathered from all sides in the great vintage grounds of the world of literature. They would be small private bins stocked with dainty extracts from the poets, delicate sips from the choicest philosophical cordials, ethereal drops of the finest art, cunning distillations of fun and joy and life with all its pains and pleasures, sparkling humour (the genuine article, none of your new fangled poisonous compounds, born of chaff and an acidulated spleen), not forgetting rare old tonics, powerful enough to brace up a rope of sand and set a cabman’s conscience on its legs. As befits their qualities, these precious stimulants and soothers should be administered by the thimbleful and well digested.

Of course there would have to be cabinets and cabinets, just as there are people and people. There should be the religious cabinet, going to which should be like hiding your face in your mother’s breast, a child once more, and sobbing out your grief till she petted and soothed and consoled all tears from your eyes and heaviness from your heart; but to use this cabinet aright, one must have the simple faith of a little child, and the heart of a snowdrop. For mothers there should be the essence of child life and child love, the liquid sound of little tongues and all the quaint sweet chatter of babydom and childhood; with here and there a tender soothing medication to let her feel that her little one will not find it lonely in the Land of the Mist for lack of playmates. Then for girlhood, so full of mysterious change and preparation for the delicious joys and pains of

womanhood and motherhood, there should be—laid in rose leaves and violets and lilies of the valley, and scented with the breath of Spring and new-mown hay—such a store of the pure in thought, the true in life and honest in love, as would make this cabinet a great favourite and a great good. Then there is the cabinet for the selfish man, suffering severely from the malady of *bitie de soi meme*. He would not buy it for himself, but his friends might put it in his stockings as a gift from Santa Claus. This should bear the motto,

'We are not alone unhappy.

This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein *we* play in;'

and by showing him the real misery of others, make him ashamed to set so great store by his own poor parcel of grievances. Then the scholar should find his store in quaint apothegms from the Zend: China

and the land of Vishnu, mighty old Greece stately Spain should be laid under contribution for his benefit, and the wisdom of the whole world be brought to revive his learned depression. Even boys, utterly objectionable as, of course, every one knows them to be, have their spirits occasionally reduced below white heat, their normal and apparently fitting temperature, and for them the book-world offers exhaustless treasures. In our cabinets, however, there should be nothing of 'sensational', no 'blood and thunder,' no premature introduction to the nasty and vicious in life and manners. We would have no raw brandies to burn throats in any of our 'pick-me-up cabinets.' If we could but find an old, sage, white-haired alchemist, with a good stock of crucibles and retorts, and the elixir of life to fall back on, we might set him to work to make these cabinets: but where is the alchemist?

CURRENT EVENTS.

NOTHING can be clearer, though at the same time more disheartening, to one who endeavours to take an impartial survey of public affairs, than the deterioration of political morality. By morality is not meant here loud protestations of pure and disinterested zeal for the public good; of that there is enough and to spare, for party Pharisaism loves to stand brawling at the corners of the streets. Canada boasts its party of purity and its party of purity and progress, and if people would take the estimate of each, touching its own worth, both are immaculate. In truth, both are tarred with the same stick, and, under the flimsy mask of patriotism, hide self-seeking, party aggrandizement, and all the unworthy words and deeds which follow in their train. *Vivitur ex rapto* is the policy of the partisan, as Ovid says it was a characteristic of the iron age. To the exigencies of party—now no longer a means but an end—principle, right, truth, honour, fair-play—all are sac-

rificed. Men who in the ordinary walks of life would disdain even to prevaricate, much less to speak evil even of an enemy, become reckless of every moral obligation the moment they enter the political arena. Scandal becomes by-play, principle the scarecrow of idiots, and conscientiousness in speech or action a fatal obstacle to success in life. Does anyone suppose that the disgraceful scenes of last session would have been enacted had politicians been guided by those ordinary ethical rules which obtain in the common intercourse of man with man? Should we have seen some men opposing a principle of which they heartily approve, and others presenting it to Parliament, not with a view to its success, but in order to store up capital for their faction? The only question of sufficient importance to deserve the name of principle is that of a reform in our fiscal policy, and this is how the partisans treated it.

The Pacific Railway matter has been 'a' a

muddle,' as Stephen Blackpool would say, from the beginning, and a muddle it bids fair to remain until the end. So far as the two political parties are concerned, there is no dispute about the question of its construction. The faith of the Dominion has been plighted, broken, and pieced together again in a leaky sort of way. British Columbia is inexorable, and the country is in for it, more steeply than it has yet so much as conceived. It may be, as Sir Alexander Galt argues, that the attempt to carry out the bargain may be something like national suicide, but the compact was made by our Government with its eyes open, and a proximate knowledge of the outlay, and there is no decent pretext for withdrawing from it. The only practical questions therefore remaining, concern route, method, and cost of construction; but here there is ample room for the display of those peculiar talents which adorn and distinguish the successful politician of to-day. The great national enterprise was unfortunate from the outset. Ministers proposed that the work of construction should be committed to a company, assisted by a land and money grant. With the light of subsequent experience as a guide, this appears, on the whole, the best plan which could have been adopted. The Government would have been relieved of the cost and responsibility of superintendence; the money burden upon the Dominion would have been lighter, and distributed over a series of years *pari passu* with the completion of the work; and the Company would have had a deep stake in an early settlement of the lands in our North-West. Mr. Mackenzie, as leader of the Opposition, favoured the alternative plan of direct Government construction, and it is not doing him any injustice to believe that if Sir John had proposed the latter scheme, the hon. gentleman would have found satisfying reasons for the one he denounced. He is a strong partisan, and it is a cardinal maxim of party in Opposition to oppose any thing and every thing emanating from Government. Then supervened that terrible exposé known as the Pacific Scandal, of which it is not now necessary to say more than that the conduct of the Government was without excuse, although its character was misrepresented and its turpitude magnified by the frenzied passions

of the time. The new Premier had rather to make a first beginning with the Pacific Railway, than to begin *de novo*, since nothing had yet been done. Having committed himself to Government construction, he propounded an amphibious scheme, so as 'to utilize our great water-stretches,'—a scheme which, under the circumstances of the country, we are far from condemning. Still it is already evident that in surveys alone the country has paid or will pay many millions of dollars, and that much more than the subsidy which the Allan and Macpherson companies were willing to accept, must be expended long before the steam whistle of the locomotive awakens shrill echoes in Keewatin, or startles the wild fowl at the Lake of the Woods.

From the moment Mr. Mackenzie took office, the parties have been playing the old game of cross purposes. On the one hand an error of judgment like the Foster contract or the steel rails purchase, has been extolled as a master stroke of policy, to be defended at all hazards and utterly without regard to the amenities of debate; on the other hand, denounced in grossly vituperative language, not as a mistake, but as a crime—an act of premeditated baseness and corruption. Now it is not necessary to inquire which of the two parties should bear the greater share of the blame; both are bad, because party tactics are essentially bad, and will never be better so long as politicians have nothing else to attack than the moral character of opponents. The Pacific Railway, most unfortunately for the country, has been made the fruitful parent of innumerable scandals, and in the foul miasm generated by them, parties live, move, and have their being. Is it not lamentable that, with a general election in prospect, one side should have no battle cry but the Pacific Scandal, the Secret Service, and the Northern Railway, and the other none save the Georgian Bay Branch, the Steel Rails, and the Lachine Canal? Does it not prove, beyond controversy, that there is something radically vicious in a system which brings forth such pernicious fruits?

Parties without distinctive principles are sure to begin to decay from the first hour of their success. Indeed it would be easy to trace the process of moral deterioration in individual members during the brief ex

istence of the present Parliament. Is this a necessary condition of constitutional government, and not rather the result of an abnormal and unhealthy phase of it? The Opposition papers are fond of ridiculing Mr. Mackenzie's resolution 'to elevate the standard of purity,' but being themselves not without sin of a very heinous kind, it is difficult to see what right they have to cast the first, or any other, stone at him. It may have been some consolation to Milton's Satan, as he reviewed his 'powers and dominions,' to find so many hapless spirits in like evil case with himself; but in this upper air there are on-lookers—arbiters in the last resort of the country's destinies—who can derive no comfort from the attempted proof of corruption every where. It is not to the substratum of truth, if any such there be, which may be supposed to underlie these innumerable scandals we desire to call attention; for that, on impartial examination, would prove infinitesimal; but to the prevailing love of scandal-mongering as a political art, as a clear proof of moral degeneracy. Attached to neither party, our exclamation is that of the dying Mercutio, 'A plague o' both your houses,' and our only object is to exclaim against the evil spirit which possesses men, when they can gloat over their nauseous stock-in-trade and confidently expect a sympathizing people to add an *Io triumphe* to their rapture. It is possible to point the moral, though one cannot give adornment to the tale.

For this purpose it is by no means essential to assert either that the dominant party is radically depraved or that it is absolutely impeccable. In times when solid principles are at stake—principles worth struggling and suffering for—men will do and dare anything, without hope of other reward than the triumph of their cause. But it is far otherwise, when, by mere chance, a party, indistinguishable from its enemy save by the desire to supplant it, steps into office. Then flock in the deserters and camp-followers, as they did three years and a half ago, full of virtuous indignation and of eagerness for a share in the spoils. Moreover, the Reformers themselves had been for years living on purity and good intentions, and it is easy to be temperate in diet when one has nothing to eat or drink. At the same time they were

starving, and the famished are not usually too fastidious or too refined in their distinctions between *meum* and *tuum* when the flesh pots of Egypt, so long desired, are placed within their reach. Mr. Mackenzie was no doubt sincere in his desire to bring in the reign of purity and retrenchment, but the logic of events, was too powerful for him. He soon discovered, as most conquerors discover on the morrow of their triumph, that it is one thing to be virtuous *in deserto*, and quite another to maintain a party's virtue when cakes and ale are in prospect. There is always a crowd of self-seekers in every party not animated by strong principle, who, in the cant phrase of the day, 'have claims on the party.' One might suppose that the party would settle its own claims out of its own resources; but that is not the established practice by any means. Claims upon a party are always adjusted by the country; so that, whoever may be in, there are always unremitting calls upon the gratitude of the party and the purse of the people. It is so much easier and more profitable to be shelved in an office, that men prefer it to other work, or as Terence puts it, *is quæstus nunc est multo uberrimus*. Instead of the civil service being regarded as an honorable profession, which demands ability, assiduity, culture, and training, it is thus transformed into a State almshouse for broken-down tradesmen, decayed professionals, and ne'er-do-wells of every sort. The only apology for this flagrant outrage upon the public is, that these men 'have claims upon the party.' The number of members unseated for acts of 'indiscretion' committed by their friends ought to excite no surpris; for it is part and parcel of the whole system. Every hanger-on may hope for something, from an Auditor-Generalship down to a post in the tide-waiting service, and how is it possible to obtain the coveted position without an excess of zeal and subserviency, and 'a plentiful lack' of independence and conscientiousness? Hence corruption filtrates through, down to the lowest social stratum, defiling the entire body politic. It is clear that however factitious the current scandals may be, there is a powerful agency for evil in the party system *per se*, and one tending more and more to deprave public morals. Its euphemistic expression is this acknowledgment that men 'have claims on

the party' to be adjusted by the country.

The correlative of this also leads directly to immoral public action. It is asserted, oftentimes in no doubtful phrase, that the party has paramount claims upon every one of its members. This, in practice, means something like this :—That a man's intelligence, his desires, and his conscience are not his own but his party's; that, in becoming a party man, he surrendered all independence of thought and action; and that party success must be held superior to convictions of duty, and indeed to moral distinctions of any sort. If any one refuses to acknowledge that this is the case, it is only necessary to refer him to the division lists of last Session. No one unacquainted with the party *code d'honneur*, which has superseded common morality, could help expressing his surprise at the singular unanimity of opinion manifested by party men on both sides regarding every possible subject of discussion. In no other department of human thought or opinion has harmony so perfect been obtainable, as in politics; and if we look a little closer, its real import and value will be apparent. Men will be found speaking in favour of a motion and yet voting against it, and what is worse, both speaking and voting against a principle of which they aver their approval, and to the support of which they are pledged to their constituents and the country. If the reason for this palpable inconsistency be sought, it will be discovered to shape itself into one or other of two cant party phrases—'that it would not do to embarrass the Government,' or, 'that a man must not desert his party.' These, translated into vulgar English, mean that no man is morally bound to consult his intelligence, to obey his conscience, or even so much as think for himself. He must be an automatic voting machine, not a responsible being. Right and wrong are words that cease to have any meaning, unless such as may be assigned to them by those who pull the wires—*qui jouent les marionnettes*; for the politician, having surrendered all independence of action, if not of thought, becomes a puppet. Inasmuch, however, as he still remains an accountable being, it may be fairly asked whether a system which so degrades him does not directly tend to his moral deterioration? And, that once

admitted, as it clearly must be, it follows that the moral tone of public affairs and, through them, the moral tone of the entire community must also be sensibly impaired.

It may be urged, in reply, that party is essential to the adequate working of free governments, or, at least, that it is a necessary evil. In either form, this is a very doubtful proposition, if by party is meant, as it clearly means in Canada to-day, an association of men bound together by ties of honour to support their leaders under all circumstances, whether they believe them to be right or wrong. It may at once be conceded that crises periodically arise, when politicians must associate closely together in an effort to secure the triumph of some principles they deem of the highest importance. Struggles of this kind have often occurred in England, in Canada, and elsewhere, which have ennobled party and elevated it out of the miry ruts of faction up to the straight and even path of progress; but those have been periods of moral earnestness as well as mental vigour, not of selfish partisanship and political decrepitude. At such times, it may well be that, rather than jeopardize the essential principles for which they contended, Whigs and Tories, Reformers and Conservatives, may occasionally have surrendered some portion of their independence, for higher purposes. These are sacrifices made upon the principle of compromise and on behalf of noble ends; but what comparison is ought to be instituted between them and the miserable uniformity of party manoeuvres which have selfishness and party success as their drill instructors? The golden age of the Dominion lies far away in the future, shading off dimly visible to the vanishing-point in perspective, towards sunset on the Pacific. The golden age of statesmanship, like that fabled by the ancients, lies in the past, when Canadian public men were in earnest and knew why they struggled, before the days when scandal began her disastrous reign, or men 'fell out they knew not why.' In the days when Canadians battled for equality of race, equality of creed, free responsible government, there was a nobility in party which shed dignity even upon its rancour and its weakness. If the records of those times are carefully examined, it will be found that the strong earnestness of the battle reflected its moral influence

upon the individual mind, and enabled it to assert its personal independence even when the ties of party were most closely knit together. It is only now, when the ins and the outs form two knots of intriguing conspirators, bent only upon retaining or securing place and power, that we find faultless harmony in each camp, and principle in neither. Party, as it was, resembled a patriotic army united to defend its country; party, as it is, can only be likened to a horde of banditti, who never quarrel except over the spoils.

The remedy for this moral deterioration is two-fold. First, a loosening of the ties of party, so as to give full play to individual opinions and convictions; and secondly, a renunciation of the power of rewarding or punishing by creating, or appointing to, offices or dismissing from them on any party grounds. The one is an emancipation of intellect and conscience, the other, the practical operation of a much needed reform. Until both parties shake off the herd of greedy hangers-on and cut them off from the shadow of a hope, our elections will continue to be corrupt, and the general tone of politics will remain debased; and until allegiance to party is subordinated to fidelity to truth and honest opinion, there can be no hope of an elevation of the standard of purity, of statesmanship, of national progress, or any other standard than that meanest of all flags under which to fight, that of party aggrandizement. Some of the Opposition journals continue to clamour for an immediate dissolution, mainly, perhaps, because it is the last thing they desire, though partly no doubt in sheer want of a new cry. That, however, would be no remedy at all, under existing circumstances. There might be a few more members of the Conservatives returned, and it is even supposable, though not probable that they would succeed in ejecting the Government. In the latter case, the old game would be played over again by a new set of vultures, with whetted beaks and empty maws, eager to replace the cormorants now almost all satisfied from the public stores. The people will, in about eighteen months, take the matter into their own hands, and they will have had another year's experience of what the party-system is capable. After a brief respite, human inventiveness will re-assert its never failing

fruitfulness, and there will be another crop of scandals ready for use. It will be the fault of the electors if they suffer themselves to be deluded any longer by the false pretences and trite platitudes of the parties. Let them insist upon having some sterling grain, guaranteed by men of principle and worth, instead of the chaff of rhetorical abuse upon which they have hitherto been fed. They require not sham 'independents,' for there are too many now in the House who are independent of anything but the stern fiat of the 'whip.' Let them fling aside party distinctions, as such, and select their member as they would select their pastor, their lawyer, or their doctor, for his character and his merits. Mr. O'Hanly, of Ottawa, in his trenchant assault upon Grit exclusiveness, exposed the arcana of the party with great thoroughness. It is in the power of every constituency to resist outside dictation, or even suggestion, if they will, and the warning addressed to them by one who has left the camp should not be lost upon the entire electorate. The interests of party dictators, party caucuses, Liberal clubs, Liberal-Conservative or Workingmen's Association, ought to be disobeyed and resisted *a toutance*. The legislature will never be free from the galling shackles of party, until the people are independent in the choice of their representatives, and that will never be so long as they meekly accept any subservient hack party leaders may choose to palm off upon them.

The demand for a dissolution is based upon the fact, real or supposed, that about thirty members of the present House have no just title to their seats. This is alleged, for it has not yet been proved by competent authority, except in Mr. Anglin's case, that these men have been guilty of any breach of the statute, and, therefore, it is at least premature to call for a general election at this juncture. Messrs. Currier, of Ottawa, and Norris, of Lincoln, after admitting that they had unwittingly violated the Independence of Parliament Act, resigned their seats, but were both re-elected, the former by an overwhelming majority, the latter by a majority smaller than he obtained the last time he was elected to the present Parliament. Whether this indicates renewed Conservative energy, or whether it be that the electorate considers valid some

such distinction between the cases as we endeavoured to indicate last month, it were fruitless to enquire. The other instances of contravention of the statute are yet *in nubibus*, untried and uninvestigated, depending entirely upon the fertile genius of scandal so far as their foundation goes. In Scottish theological language, each is based upon a 'fama', which may be substantiated or may not. There may be ten, twenty, or thirty transgressors so far as we know—and it is observable that they have increased rapidly since the vacation commenced—yet for all practical purposes the accusations against them are, for us, as if they were not. An attempt has been made to institute a parallel between Mr. Mackenzie's position at the close of 1873, and his position now; but there is really no analogy between them. At that time, rightly or wrongly, a strong wave of *quasi*moral indignation overran the country. A powerful administration had been swept away by a sudden storm of popular fury. That the electorate would sustain the new Government was clear; but it was by no means evident that the House elected under the auspices of its opponents would yield a working majority. There was, besides, a savour about the Parliament of complicity with the practices the people had condemned as corrupt; how far the taint had gone, and how far it might obstruct the action of the new Privy Council, it was difficult to conjecture. One thing alone appeared certain, and that was that the old majority—the hulk foundering in 1873, from the bursting of its own ordnance after the victory of 1872—was open to the imputation of having been obtained by corrupt means. Where the money went to could not be ascertained; but in what direction it went was clear enough. This member or that, of Sir John Macdonald's support, may not have received a dollar, but then how was the country to distinguish between the knowing and the ignorant? Plainly, suspicion must cling about, not only the manipulators of a large election fund, but also the majority of the House, or, in effect, the whole House, for the majority, practically considered, is the House. Mr. Mackenzie, therefore, had two reasons for a dissolution, each cogent enough to decide the judicial mind of Lord Dufferin. In the first place he could hardly boast a working majority, and this was, so far as it made a

majority, composed of deserters and men desiring a shuffle of the cards—precarious and not to be relied upon in any case. Unless the new Premier had been prepared to purchase, up to the present year, the continued allegiance of every one of the recalcitrants, his Administration would not have continued to exist for a month. Traitors require high wages, especially when they desert a cause with the hope of doing better elsewhere. A spice of hypocrisy stimulates their self-conceit and imparts to it almost the dignity of moral approbation. A legislator whose *amour propre* has been wounded by the neglect of his chiefs, naturally desires some better pretext for changing sides than the personal one, that other people have not accepted his own estimate of himself. If only the opportunity would offer for a grand *coup* in the interest of purity 'and that sort of thing,' his fortune would be made. Not only could he pose as a self-denying man in shadow, but develop into a self-aggrandizing man in substance. The weapons drawn from the armoury of conscience would then be available for purposes not fully avowed; and it might even be possible that such a man should eventually come to think that he had sacrificed much in the cause of pure government, and that such rewards as had consequently fallen to his share, were almost Providential evidences of his entire goodness. *Qui vult decipi, decipiatur*, especially when he not only desires to be a dupe, but, on reflection, is rather comforted by a retrospect of the method by which he has become the dupe of himself. Unfortunately, when conscience is once employed as a deceiver, it can never more be depended upon. Self-interest becomes itself a conscience with qualms and goads of its own, and thus, in the end, utilitarianism succeeds in palming off upon humanity its electroplate of morality for the virgin ore. Of such material was Mr. Mackenzie's majority, *qua* majority, made up for the most part; and can it be wondered at that he should desire the chaff to be sifted from the wheat, not exactly by Satan, who might be too self-assertive, but by the good sense of the people? Even as it is, the Premier has suffered enough from the tares cast over from the enemy's garden. The second reason for a dissolution was the character of the House, but to that, allusion has already been made, and, in addition, the

propriety, from Mr. Mackenzie's point of view, of at once obtaining the popular verdict upon a sudden and almost unprecedented change in the government. For these reasons alone, which, of course, were quite compatible with others of a purely partisan character, the Premier was quite justified in demanding a dissolution and His Excellency in granting it.

Now what parallel can be drawn between the state of things then and now? One member, the first Commoner it is true, has been convicted of transgressing the law by the Committee, whose report has not yet been adopted. Two other members have committed legislative suicide in order to save their heads, and have been brought back to life by their constituents. *On dit*—for there is nothing to go upon but common rumour—that a large number of members, some say a sixth part of the House, are in like case. Supposing this to be strictly true; let it be admitted that every one not yet heard in his defence, should be held to be guilty until he is proved innocent; and what then? Would that place a majority, or *the* majority if you please, of the present House in the position of that elected in 1872? By no means. The character of the majority in the last House—and *par conséquence* the House itself—was impeached; now a fraction only of the majority, not to speak of set-offs, is involved, and the responsibility is not collective, but individual, be it observed—an important distinction not to be ignored. Moreover there is no constitutional principle which, by the widest stretch of partisan interpretation, can be construed in favour of the Opposition demand. It is a mere matter of taste with Mr. Mackenzie, or a balancing of prudential motives at best, whether he shall dissolve now, or allow the House to run the statutory course. He is certainly not bound to consult his opponents' convenience, if for no other reason than that they were not over solicitous for his, when they abandoned the ship. Let them eject as many violators of the Independence of Parliament Act next Session as they can; but it is not their business, but the Premier's, to decide whether the time for premature dissolution has arrived or not. Mr. Gladstone petulantly dissolved his House, because matters were not going as he liked; but it was because

it pleased him to do so, not because it was demanded by Mr. Disraeli, who, to do him justice, had too much *savoir faire* to make any such demand. In brief, if the Opposition can unseat a sufficient number of members to leave Mr. Mackenzie without what in *his*, not *their* opinion, constitutes a working majority, they may force him to an abrupt dissolution early next year; if not, there is little use in clamouring about a matter which is not, under existing circumstances, an affair of theirs in any way, but merely one of domestic arrangement within the administration. The Ministers now holding office are the responsible advisers of the Crown, because they have the confidence of the people's representatives; when they cease to command a majority, they must perforce retire; until then, how far any weakening of their support may be a reason for a fresh appeal to the people, is a matter for themselves to judge and for no one else, certainly not for their bitterest opponents.

The dry, dead season in politics having set in, what is the journalist to do? The champion of the *ins* may rest and be thankful, but who will provide motive power to the *outs*, to whom stagnation is death. Out in the cold, vitality depends on active exertion: who will give the required stimulus? There is an election trial in the county of Jacques Cartier which affords an opening for some little vigour of expression, but unfortunately it is yet *sub judice* and can only be approached warily, since the defence has not been heard from. Mr. Laflamme, *pace* Mr. Justice Dorion, so far as appears, is not a Minister we should have chosen for his punctilious regard of political propriety; but as he has no less than five eminent barristers, more than one of whom wear the silk, it may be prudent to await the issue. The rumoured changes in the Privy Council have been repeated again and again; yet though there is a certain verisimilitude in the suggested arrangements, nothing authoritative has yet appeared. All that a benevolent party man with a facile conscience can hope for, touching the future, is to see the official apotheosis of every one who 'has claims upon the party.' Adherence to party, or to principle as it is sometimes called euphemistically, is the only

passport to success politically speaking. Seneca made a mistake, or at least gave expression to a maxim of ephemeral worth, when he strove to recommend natural and conscientious conduct, as the unfailing passport to wealth. Now-a-days the converse would be true, *si vivas ad opinionem nunquam es pauper*. If the present Government manage to keep their head above water until all who want and think they deserve, are satisfied with places, they not only will have lived to some purpose, but also have surpassed the years either of Sir John Macdonald or St. Peter.

Without desiring to glance at the party aspect of the question, one is tempted to ask, how comes it that no defence or justification was offered by the Directors of the Northern Railway, in their report, of the extraordinary expenditure referred to in the Commission and Committee Reports? Both are mentioned in the Annual Report of the Canadian Board, but no explanation is given whatever; nor does it appear that a single shareholder thought it worth while to submit an inquiry upon the subject. Certainly, there may be an adequate defence of the course reprobated by the courts of inquiry or there may not; the shareholders of the Company may approve of the expenditure of their money in the manner indicated by the reports, or they may not; or they may have received, or neglected to demand, assurances that any such malversation of the Company's funds shall not occur again. But that is not enough. The shareholders are not the only interested parties; on the contrary, the credit of the Dominion in the money market is at stake, and if the reports of the Commission and Committee are permitted to go forth to the financial world without a word of defence or palliation, who will be the chief sufferers, the Company or the entire Canadian people? We submit the matter to those from whom the public is entitled to demand an answer, not with a partisan object by any means, but as one affecting the credit and reputation of the country.

There appears to be a fatuous notion prevailing, in *soi-disant* orthodox circles, that the sporadic manifestations of rebellion against dogmatic standards, or stereotyped

interpretations of them, are passing phenomena, possessed of no abiding importance. The *vis inertiae* of traditional modes of thought is believed to be so great as practically to defy assault. It may be so; but, in that case, the century which has entered upon its last quarter, will prove to be exceptional in the history of human thought. The ordinary process of revolution in belief, as well as in scientific or social opinion, has always begun precisely with similar phenomena to those our age is now witnessing. The more disconnected and even isolated the evidences of unrest in thought and feeling, the more palpable the certainty that they represent a wide-spread, perhaps a universal, upheaval. It may be possible to trace any moral or intellectual movement from age to age, from country to country, until it fructifies in conviction, or expires in conflict. The thunder-storm is obvious enough to the senses of the dullest; but the cloud, no larger than a man's hand when it merges above the horizon, is, as long as may be, disregarded. At the present crisis, it can hardly be said that ample warning has not been given. During the last thirty years or so, say from the inception of the Tractarian movement at Oxford, the rumblings of the ever-nearing cataclysm have crowded upon the ear, with alarming increase of force and frequency. Outside the churches, from the domain of science, of philology, of antiquities, of philosophy, and of criticism, assaults have been made upon the citadel of faith, not without tangible effect upon the garrison within. Fighting under the old-time strategy and with the old weapons has failed, and it is only in the nature of things that those who are determined not to surrender the stronghold of spirituality to materialistic philosophy, should look to the defences, review the substantial fighting power of their army, discard the 'rusty weapons' new 'furbished from the armoury' of the past, and prepare to struggle with a wary and well-equipped foe with other arms and an improved strategy.

Then, in that grand phrase of Scripture, "judgment begins with the house of God," and the first sign of the terrible searching is given when men feel constrained to inquire whether they really believe what their fathers taught them to believe, and hitherto they have fancied they did believe. It is

no season of rejoicing either to the individual or to the race, when the alternative is presented between inquiry and hypocrisis; for, once presented, whether it be a spectre of the mind or not, it must be faced. Our generation has had its lot cast in a time of transition, when old things seem rapidly passing away, and still nothing has yet become new. In this time of pain and perplexity, the path of duty should be plain, and it can only lie in one direction—'to seek the truth,' whatever it may be, agreeable or distasteful, 'and ensue it.' In the history of all religions, the first movement towards a restoration of belief has been perforce destructive—the lopping-off of the *Aberglaube*, or rather of those dead branches of the tree of faith which, once fruitful, bloom no longer to nourish the hopes and aspirations of mankind.

It is not a little singular that those who scoff at the rising of the tide, instead of be-taking them to an ark of safety, do not observe the obvious import of the onslaught upon formulas of belief. Evidently there is no *rapprochement* between it and materialism or Comtism; it sends no worshippers to the shrine of 'the Unknown and the Unknowable;' on the contrary, in its inception it is a purely moral agitation. The enquiry is, do we, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, and so on, believe what we nominally believe or do we not? If we do, so much the better; if we do not believe our creeds, *ex animo*, fully, and in their natural sense, why are they any longer our creeds or the creeds of the respective churches? Are any of our Protestant Churches in a position to accept the first alternative? Is there not, on the other hand, a lurking consciousness, starting up unbidden in many breasts, that should the Son of Man again walk upon the earth, as once he walked through Judæa, Samaria, and Galilee, he might again reprove the doctors of theology for substituting man's inventions for the truth of the Most High.

In every revolution, religious or other, the *avant couriers* are always reviled, evil-entreated, and like the blind man in the Gospel, supposing the *odium theologicum* to be invoked, cast out of the synagogue. It is one of the privileges of majorities to be always right; and therefore, as a necessary sequence, always tyrannical and intolerant. The Rev. James Roy, of Montreal, a

Wesleyan clergyman, has not exactly rebelled against the 'standards' of his Church, but he has claimed that they afford him greater latitude of practice and opinion than is permitted by the scribes who sit in Wesley's seat. In order to judge impartially, from the outside, regarding this rather perplexing imbroglia, it is necessary, in the first place, to understand what is meant by the 'standards' of Methodism. There appear to be Articles and a Liturgy; but they do not occupy the distinctive place similar documents assume, when we treat of the Church of England. In the latter case we should know that these, with the Canons of 1662, approved by Parliament, constitute the law of the Church. The Church founded by the pious and, in many respects, noble John Wesley, has taken a different plan, which may be better understood after quoting the Model Trust Deed, designed to establish the right to ecclesiastical property upon the double ground of orthodoxy and sufficiency in law. This document declares, 'that no one shall be permitted to preach in the said church, who shall maintain any doctrine or practice contrary to what is contained in certain Notes on the New Testament, commonly reputed to be the Notes of the said John Wesley, and in the First Four Volumes of Sermons commonly reputed to be written and published by him.' These then are, strictly speaking, the 'standards' of the Wesleyan body, and Mr. Roy would appear to be justified in declining to be tried by the Articles or the Liturgy in use by the Church. So far as we are aware, the Methodist denomination is the only one to select a body of discourses delivered by one man during many years, and marked by broad distinctions of tone and opinion in his progressive development. They form no coherent, homogeneous, or consistent system; on the contrary, they are plainly divisible into at least two parts, which by no means agree the one with the other. Moreover, the Church makes a sudden stop at the end of the fifty-third sermon and refuses to follow their founder any further; and thus it has come about, if the point were pushed to its logical issue, that John Wesley would to-day be a heretic in the body he founded and which is still called by his name. Certainly if Mr. Roy's views be heterodox, so are Wesley's, for the Montreal clergyman can

give chapter and verse for every point he urges, from the founder's own utterances. Even where the former appears to state opinions and give illustrations other than those contained in Wesley's writings, it will be found that these are merely an expansion of views clearly expressed in those writings—discourses in fact on texts taken from them. This will appear more plainly in the sequel. Here it is worthy of note that the Committee who tried the rev. gentleman did not deny his contention that the teaching in his pamphlet is entirely in agreement with that of Wesley, except on one point—thus virtually admitting his views to be Wesleyan in all the rest. Even if this were an exception, it would go far to prove the rule; but it is not. The Committee find that 'Mr. Roy does not *fully* hold the teachings of Wesley regarding the basis of the sinner's condemnation.' But that is precisely one of those points concerning which Wesley's teachings, instead of being uniform and consistent, varied, as they did in regard to the origin of human souls, with the steady progress of his spiritual development.

The Rev. Mr. Roy's main thesis, to which all the rest of his pamphlet is subsidiary and by way of illustration, may be thus stated: that John Wesley desired his communion to be, in the widest sense, Catholic; that it was so when inspired by his precept and living example, but is so no more. The following quotation from Wesley's 'Thoughts upon a late Phenomenon' will make the first allegation clear:—'One circumstance more is quite peculiar to the people called Methodists; that is the terms upon which any person may be admitted into their society. They do not impose, in order to their admission, *any opinion whatever*. Let them hold particular or general redemption, conditional or unconditional decrees,' &c. 'They' (the Methodists) 'think and let think. One thing, *and one only*, is required, a real desire to save the soul. Where this is, it is enough; they desire no more; they lay stress upon nothing else; they ask only, Is thy heart herein as my heart? If it be, give me thy hand. Is there any other society in Great Britain or Ireland that is so remote from bigotry? that is so truly of a catholic spirit? so ready to admit all serious persons without distinction? Where, then, is there such another

society in Europe? in the habitable world? I know of none. Let any man show it me if he can?' Wesley's aim clearly was to restore Christianity to its primitive simplicity, before councils, synods, convocations, and other theological agencies had laid their freezing fingers upon it. The reader will remember Dr. Newman's attack upon the Ultramontanes before the Vatican decrees had been passed: 'Why should an aggressive and insolent faction be allowed to make the heart of the just sad, whom the Lord hath not made sorrowful?' Wesley's sermons yield a parallel passage, breathing, however, a broader and nobler Catholicity. 'They' (the first Methodist preachers) 'did not clearly understand that every one "who feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him." In consequence of this, they were apt to make sad the hearts of those whom God hath not made sad.' He further denied that 'heresy', in the modern sense of 'error in fundamentals,' was so much as mentioned in either the Old or New Testament, and threw the mantle of charity over Jews, Materialists, and Unitarians, if they squared with his spiritual standard. Now Mr. Roy contends, and his suspension is an additional proof of it, that the Methodist church, like that of Ephesus, 'has left its first love,' and no longer continues to 'do the first works'—in short, that it is no longer Catholic, as its founder designed it to be. This is, in reality, the crucial question, and it is unfortunate that the Committee should have quietly ignored it; because, if Mr. Roy's view of Wesley's scheme be the correct one, the Committee, by bringing in such a report as they have published, *ipso facto* cease to be Wesleyans.

That report is, in many respects, a singular 'deliverance,' as theologians of another denomination would call it. The charges are not specified at all, except in so general a way that they may have had any meaning or no meaning at all. Moreover, it is rather strange to find that a writer may not make as many or as few references to any particular branch of his subject as suits his purpose. Mr. Roy is condemned for what he did not write as well as for what actually fell from his pen, thus:—'That the references of Mr. Roy to the subject of Retribution are few and limited.' By the way, what is the precise meaning of 'limited' references? The

counts of the indictment on which the Committee return a verdict of guilty are the Authority of Scripture, the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement—a formidable list, if one could only get at the nature of the charges themselves; but that is carefully concealed. However lax Mr. Roy's grasp of other *quasi* truths may be, it is gratifying to find that he has laid fast hold of 'eternal death,'—a fact the Committee 'gladly recognize,' as a great consolation in their afflictions. Now, if any one will take the trouble to peruse the pamphlet in question, he will see that Mr. Roy's views and Wesley's regarding the Trinity, for instance, are substantially the same. Mr. Roy does not preach Unitarianism at all, and it shows their utter incapacity to judge, to find that his judges fancy he does so. Wesley allowed mysteries, and he accepted simply the statements of Scripture, but refused to turn them into the form of precise dogma. As he put it, he accepted the *fact*, but as for the *manner*, he knew nothing about and believed nothing about it. Mr. Roy (p. 44) states what, in his opinion, 'real orthodoxy' ought to believe and restrict itself to believing. He shows the danger of attempting to dogmatize, by indicating the risk of falling into Tritheism, which is in truth the vulgar belief of the great mass of Christians to-day, on the one hand, or into Sabellianism on the other. The latter he does not mention by name, but it is sufficiently indicated by his description. He objects to the metaphysical definitions of hypostases or persons and of substance, such as take an exaggerated form in the Creed of the pseudo-Athanasius. It will thus be seen upon how precarious a foundation these serious charges and the still more serious result at which the Committee have arrived, are based. The suspension of the rev. gentleman, as a writer in the editorial columns of the Montreal *Herald*, who avows himself a Methodist, observes, was an exceedingly harsh and unnecessary measure, and contrasts very unfavourably with the conciliatory course of the Presbyterian Church Courts in the case of Mr. Macdonell. It is pleasing to observe that, as in other cases where the attempt is made to narrow the freedom of private judgment and constrain individual conscience, the laity are prepared to do their duty. It is to be hoped that Methodists will prove

themselves worthy of their sainted founder, and insist upon restoring the catholicity of spirit for which he contended. The work of John Wesley, not merely in the dead inspirituality of the eighteenth century, but throughout the world, and from the first moment when the little band of 'people called Methodists' appeared, until now, has been noble and beneficent in the highest sense; but this result has been achieved by other means than those of prosecutions for heresy or hair-splittings about mysteries which neither the heretic nor his judges know anything or can know anything about. The contest amongst the Wesleys may, as elsewhere, be a bitter and prolonged one, but the ultimate issue is not, for a moment, doubtful.

The demons of Absolutism and Ultramontanism appear to have entered into Marshal McMahon and to be striving with might and main to drag him and France into the vortex of revolution or foreign war, perhaps both. At a time when France is rapidly progressing in the path of recuperation, and would speedily have been ready to reassume something like her traditional place among the nations, the President has unhappily turned his ear to the worst enemies of his country. The Ministry of M. Jules Simon was a liberal one, yet by no means violently so; it could boast a large majority in the Chamber; and everything augured well for the remaining years of the Septennate, when Marshal McMahon asserted his mischievous authority, and, if he has not spoiled all, has done his best, or worst, to do so. A more offensive and unprovoked epistle than that addressed to the French Premier, it would be difficult to conceive, and it is universally agreed that it was not the President's work, but, as might be expected, came from the Right. The Duc de Broglie, who has succeeded M. Simon, is the marplot of the Republic, and if anyone can haul France back into chaos and thence into the arms of Imperialism, it is he. At the back of all lurks the sinister spectre of Ultramontanism clamouring with such voice as a ghostly anachronism can command, for a restoration of the temporal power. Legitimacy and Orleanism are both dead and buried fathoms deep beneath the sea of contempt and oblivion; but they have yet the power of

mischief, even in Hades, if only they be permitted to work their evil will. The Chamber, which by an overwhelming majority denounced the violent exercise of power by McMahan, has been prorogued for a month, with a view doubtless to its dissolution. And then?

On the twenty-fourth of April the Czar of Russia declared war upon the Porte, in a manifesto issued at Kischeneff, and his armies immediately began the passage of the Pruth. The document is free from any display of bad taste or rodomontade. It is simply a resumé of the facts from the first interposition of the Powers down to the rejection of the Protocol. 'Our efforts', says Alexander II, 'backed by diplomatic representations of the other Governments in common, did not attain the desired end. The Porte remained immovable in its categorical refusal of any effective guarantee for the security of the Christians, and it rejected the conclusions of the conference of Constantinople.' Then followed the Protocol, which shared the same fate. 'Having thus exhausted all pacific efforts, the haughty obstinacy of the Porte obliges us to proceed to more decisive acts. A respect for equity and our own dignity dictates this to us. Turkey, by her refusal, places us under the necessity of resorting to the force of arms. . . . To-day invoking God's blessing on our brave armies, we order them to cross the frontier.' Now, to anyone not the victim of 'invincible ignorance' or inveterate prejudice, the position of affairs is truthfully stated here, and unless Russia, like the other Powers, had been prepared to submit to the haughty defiance of Turkey, the practical step announced by the manifesto was the necessary issue. In spite of the attempts of Lord Derby and the Turkophiles to turn the logical edge of the Czar's weapon, the truth of the document remains unimpeachable. All the Powers agreed that the outrageous oppression and barbarity of Turkey could be tolerated no longer; they agreed also upon the minimum of reform which could be accepted by them; they further were at one touching the guarantees to be required for the faithful execution of the reforms; and Turkey firmly and definitively refused to give them, couching its refusal in terms of studied

insult and defiance. What then did it behove united Europe to do when it was openly defied by the Moslem? Submit to the indignity, leave past outrages unatoned for, and abandon the Christians to their fate? Surely not, unless as Mr. Gathorne Hardy, the Secretary of War, boldly and bluntly avowed, the policy of England and of every other power is purely and nakedly selfish. What step has the Turk taken since the outbreak of the rebellion in Herzegovina, or since the Powers first intervened, to redress the intolerable grievances of his trans-Balkan Provinces? Absolutely none, except to set up a sham representative system, which has only had the effect of strengthening the most fanatical of the Moslems. The very miscreant who was chiefly responsible for the atrocities of May last year, has received promotion. Outrage, instead of being sternly repressed, has become chronic. We hear of it in Armenia, at Turtukai in Bulgaria, and at Durbend in Bosnia, as a correspondent states, 'on a more fearful scale than any which has yet happened in Bosnia.' The English agent of the Bosnian and Herzegovinian Fugitives' and Orphans' Fund, has recently telegraphed from Obrovazzo, that 'the Bulgarian villanies are being repeated on a large scale.' Lord Derby issued what was called a resolute and peremptory demand for the punishment of the leading criminals of last year, and with what result? None whatever. Turkey cannot reform, and will never stir hand or foot to ameliorate the wretched condition of its Christian populations; there is only one reformer who can effect a radical change, and his remedies are administered from the muzzle of a Krupp gun.

Russia, on the other hand, has been studiously moderate in her demands upon the Porte. She surrendered point after point, until she was actually accused of pusillanimity. But now, having agreed with all the Powers as to the least that should be demanded of Turkey, does it lie in the mouth of any Chancellor or Foreign Secretary to blame her, if she shows a determination to extort what they have contented themselves with merely soliciting? If they are not disposed to enforce demands which they not only admit to be just, but have solemnly declared to be necessary, with what face can they reproach Russia, when

she takes the risk, the cost, and the sacrifices of war upon herself? The bugbear of conquest by Russia, so far as it concerns England, has been effectually disposed of in the ringing letter of Thomas Carlyle to the *Times*; and the assurances of peaceful intentions and a firm resolution not to draw the sword on behalf of Turkey, couched in the strongest language, by Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Cross, were wrung from them by the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's motion.

Actual hostilities have hardly commenced as yet. The early Russian advances were exceedingly rapid, as the capture of the bridge at Sereth and the march of the three columns from Tiflis sufficiently proved. But they lack adequate means of transport, the

country is inundated in great part, and supplies are hard to procure. The Porte is quite justified in extracting as much glory as possible out of its petty victories on the eastern shores of the Black Sea; for its fate is irrevocably sealed, so far as Bulgaria and the other Provinces are concerned. The Russian passage of the Danube will be effected upon a scale never before projected, and the toils are being spread in Armenia which will enmesh Moukhtar Pasha and his armies. The next duty of Europe will obviously be to decide on the fate of the 'sick man,' whose ailments, whether mortal or not, never seem to suggest repentance or remorse.

May 21st, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ELECTRICITY: Its Mode of Action upon the Human Frame, and the Diseases in which it has proved beneficial, with valuable Hints respecting Diet, &c. By J. Adams, M.D., M.C.P.S. Toronto.

The axiom that the size of a book is no gauge of its value receives practical illustration from the work before us. In the brief compass of about 150 duodecimo pages, the author has contrived to compress a greater quantity of valuable matter than is contained in many works of ten times its size and pretensions. For the strictly medical portion we have nothing but praise. It affords ample proof that Dr. Adams is a thorough master of the branch of the art of medicine which he has made his speciality—the treatment by electricity of certain diseases amenable to its action, in its two principal forms of the Galvanic or Direct current, and the Faradaic or Induced current. A third form to which he refers—the Franklinic—is so rarely used as to call for little notice from the author. He shows that, in many ailments—principally, if not wholly, of a nervous character, immediately or remotely—Electricity exerts a more certain and rapid curative effect than drugs. On the other hand, though the use of this powerful agent as a therapeutic

instrument, to any great extent, is of an extremely modern date, Dr. Adams appears to have quite got over that stage in the history of a new remedy in which those who employ it are carried away by the charm of novelty, and talk of it, and use, or rather abuse it, as though it were a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to. On the contrary, he is perfectly candid in pointing out the cases where electricity is inoperative or injurious, as for instance in the later stages of consumption, in *angular* curvature of the spine, and in certain forms of paralysis (see pp. 41-2, 45, 47, and 52).

We are sorry we cannot give equal praise to other portions of the work. The introductory chapter on 'Electricity' is a surprising performance. In his preface the author had promised to confine himself 'to absolute essentials, omitting all theories'; yet, in the very first paragraph of the work itself, he makes an assertion that involves two theories, both of which would be utterly repudiated by the whole scientific world. He says: 'Whether it be in the growth of a blade of grass, or in the upheaving of an earthquake, electricity is the motive power'. Not a single fact is adduced in proof of this astonishing assertion. Dr. Adams's ideas respecting that as yet unsolved problem, the nature of electricity, are

very remarkable, and would revolutionize science should they be substantiated. He holds it to be an entity: he says it is 'an element, volatile and imponderable, the purest, the most refined'; that it 'occupies more prominent space' than oxygen; that it is 'the highest of all the elements of Nature,' 'without doubt the most important element of the human organism, indeed of the whole world'; that 'it controls all the actions and phenomena of the Universe', 'presides over all the functions of the body, from the highest to the lowest', and 'is the medium between the spirit of man and the matter he is made of, for it is the instrument of volition'. Prof. Tyndall, in common with the rest of the scientific world, classifies electricity into positive and negative, but is careful to state that this nomenclature is purely arbitrary, and that the positive might be called negative, and the negative positive, with equal propriety. Dr. Adams invents a new classification: from him we learn there are two kinds of electricity, Atmospheric, 'so called because it comes directly from the atmosphere', and Galvanic, which is the result of decomposition; that the air is laden with atmospheric electricity, and that we cannot breathe without receiving a constant supply into the lungs, and that, as it exists 'in all the productions of Nature, either vegetable or animal, we cannot take any article of food without swallowing the electricity it contains'. Again: 'there is no doubt that the power that pervades the brain and nervous system, and which is doubtless the proximate cause of all vital and voluntary motion and secretion, is electrical in its nature'; and further: 'that the circulation of the blood is the result of electric action, rather than hydraulic pressure, is being gradually acknowledged'. (By whom? we ask, by way of parenthesis).

The shoemaker has heretofore insisted that there is nothing like leather. Every dog has his day, and it is now the turn of the medical electrician to assert that there is nothing like electricity—almost, indeed, that there is nothing *but* electricity. We have got back to the *primum mobile* of the ancient metaphysicians. The Pythagoreans taught that 'number' was the principle of all things; and we willingly concede that, in this era of free discussion, any one is at liberty to teach that electricity is everything, and everything is electricity; but surely a popular medical work intended for the masses is not the most appropriate stalking-ground in which to air such theories. On coming across passages such as those quoted, we feel inclined to rub our eyes and wonder whether we are reading a work written only the other day, or one published fifty years ago, in pre-scientific times, when heat was called caloric, and thought to be an entity able to enter into and come out of bodies. It is indeed astonishing to find a

medical man, and, therefore presumably a scientific one, in this year of grace, 1877, so utterly ignoring the modern scientific doctrine, the growth of the last twenty-five years, and now universally received, that the physical forces, heat, light, actinism, etc., are simply modes of motion. There can be little doubt that electricity will ultimately be classed among them as such. Moreover, the identity of electricity with nerve-force, which Dr. Adams seems to assume—though on this point his language is not quite clear—is a notion which, though formerly current, is now discarded by all the leading authorities on the subject. Indeed, the points of difference are so numerous and striking that some writers—Herbert Spencer for one—deny that the two forces can properly be considered even *allied*, in the sense in which heat, light, and magnetism are said to be allied. To refer to only two: the electric current is continuous, whereas the nervous current is not; and the electric discharge travels at the rate of 280,000 miles per second, whereas the rate of nerve-discharge, as measured by Helmholtz, is only from 28 to 32 yards per second—varying slightly with different individuals—so that the one travels with sixteen millions of times the velocity of the other. Doubtless, on all these points, Dr. Adams may be right and the rest of scientific world wrong; but surely we are entitled to ask that his singular views shall be proven, not merely asserted or assumed.

Another subject on which Dr. Adams is either far ahead of or far behind his age is Phrenology, in which 'science,' as he call it, he expresses unbounded confidence (p. 5). By this word we assume him to mean the Phrenology of which Gall and Spurzheim were the first expounders; which maps out, not the brain, but the exterior surface of the skull into compartments, each with hard and fast boundary lines, much in the same way as Ontario is mapped out into counties. For ourselves we had thought that this so-called science had been utterly discredited ever since the appearance, now many years ago, of Sir William Hamilton's memorable article in the *Edinburgh Review*, and that what little vitality had survived his crushing onslaught, had been completely knocked out of the poor decrepit carcass by Dr. Ferrier's recent remarkable researches into the functions of the different portions of the brain.

This unfortunate introductory chapter may have the effect of repelling many from reading further, and its insertion is an obvious mistake, the more to be regretted because a gratuitous one. The truth or falsity of the views expressed in it is quite beside the point whether electricity is or is not beneficial in certain diseases. *That* is a question of fact; the *how* and the *why* are of comparatively trifling practical moment. We would suggest,

then, that in future editions (and we hope there may be many), this chapter should be expunged, or so modified as not to deal with doubtful or more than doubtful speculations.

Quitting the bogs and quagmires of treacherous theory, near to which we have felt it our duty to set up a sign-post to warn off the unlearned reader, for whose benefit this work is intended, and coming once more upon the hard and solid ground of fact, we can follow our guide with confidence. The concluding chapters, relating to the use of stimulants—tea, coffee, alcohol, and tobacco—are perhaps the most important in the book. On this subject the author gives forth no uncertain sound. He condemns them all, unhesitatingly and emphatically: all are more or less injurious. Coffee, he tells us, produces neuralgia and dyspepsia with its attendant ills. Tobacco exerts a depressing influence on the heart and lungs, destroys a man's energies and makes him lazy and indifferent, and leads to the use of alcohol. The Emperor Napoleon III. 'caused careful investigations to be made respecting [its] effects upon the young men attending the various colleges in Paris, and was so struck with the decided inferiority of those who were addicted to it, that he passed an edict forbidding its use in every school, college, and seminary in France,' (p. 128). The brief chapter on alcoholic stimulants (pp. 131-140), details facts and avoids fervid rhetoric, and is consequently worth a whole cart-load of sensational temperance tracts of the average pattern. Such stimulants, it is asserted, do not give strength, as is commonly supposed; feeble people are not 'kept up' but 'kept down by them'; and they impair the natural heat of the body. Alcohol affects the heart, producing palpitation; also the brain, the lungs, and the kidneys. The organ most commonly injured, however, is the liver. 'An old Scotch physician, who had frequent opportunities of examining the bodies of so-called moderate drinkers, affirms that he never found one whose liver was not more or less diseased.' Under the use of alcohol, the kidneys undergo fatty degeneration, leading to Bright's disease; stone in the bladder is intimately related to the excessive use of alcoholic beverages, especially malt; and such use may also produce injurious effects upon the eye, leading to cataract and amaurosis.

But the author's views respecting the effects of the continued use of Tea are the most novel and startling, and if well founded should banish the article from every household. He asserts that the temporary exhilaration it produces is obtained at the expense of nerve power, resulting sooner or later in Nervous Debility, if not in the parent, then, by inheritance, in the offspring; that this impaired nervous energy shows itself in the vast increase of nervous complaints in modern times, in delicate constitutions, and

even in such matters as the strikes of workingmen for shorter hours of labour; 'that while the breed of Canadian cattle is improving, the breed of Canadian children is deteriorating'; that, besides its influence on the nervous system (inducing among other things, sleeplessness), it has a peculiarly deteriorating influence on the lower portion of the spinal cord, producing disease of the kidneys and connected organs, sexual troubles, and habits such as we cannot particularly allude to, but as to which we may refer the reader to pp. 68 and 120-122. The author goes so far as to 'affirm that to the constant use of tea may justly be attributed much of the fearful sensuality that prevails around us'; and he concludes, that while old people may use a little weak black tea with comparative impunity, 'to young persons it is a curse, and to the middle-aged a delusion and a snare.' Whether Dr. Adams is right in his views, or whether he is a mere sensational alarmist, time alone can tell. That the subject is of the gravest importance and merits the most careful investigation there can be no doubt. That the author is perfectly honest, and that his motive is a purely philanthropic one, will be apparent, we think, to every one who reads his book. He has evidently felt that he had a message to deliver to society, and he has delivered it with an intelligence, a courage, and a kindness which does equal honour to his head and his heart.

But even in this portion of his work we cannot always follow him. When, from the discussion of the effects of special stimulants, he turns to that of stimulus in general, we feel inclined to demur to some of his conclusions. Thus, on p. 18 he says: 'That stimulation is invariably followed by increased prostration is now thoroughly acknowledged as a rule of Nature'. Is this true? Has the author never heard of the dynamic theory of stimulus? Is he even consistent? Is not the very agent the use of which he so ably advocates,—is not electricity itself very frequently used as a stimulus? Does he not himself sometimes so use it? What, too, of the natural stimulants, fresh air (oxygen), exercise, and light? Is there no such thing as a stimulus to *nutrition*, and if there is, would *its* use be followed by increased prostration? Is the use of Liebig's Extract so followed? De Quincey tells us of a man who, on recovering from a severe illness, was made drunk through eating a beefsteak. Very evidently a case of stimulation! But we hear nothing of any subsequent prostration. The fact is, there is no subject connected with the art of medicine which needs investigation more than that of stimulus. When one portion of the profession asserts that it is absurd to treat febrile diseases without alcohol, and another that in such cases alcohol is a veritable poison, it is obvious, to the eye of a layman at least, that there is need of more light, and that

anything approaching dogmatism on the subject is out of place.

Another question on which we are tempted to join issue with Dr. Adams is that of white bread *versus* brown. It has been the fashion of late years among a certain school of physiologists (including vegetarians, hygienists, and other ascetics) to denounce the former and recommend the latter, chiefly if not altogether on theoretical grounds. Dr. Adams follows in their track, and speaks contemptuously of 'miserable white bread' (pp. 46-7, 119). But, after all, the proof of the bread lies, not in any *a priori* theories, but in the eating. Our own individual experience is decisive—to us at least. We simply *cannot* eat brown bread exclusively. After a week or ten days we get 'tired' of it; our gorge rises at it; and we return with eagerness and delight to the plain, cleanly-looking white; of which, moreover, we never 'tire'. What is the physiological meaning of such a fact? We have great faith, too, in the popular instinct in such matters; and the direction in which that points may be readily ascertained by going into the nearest baker's shop and counting the relative numbers of brown and white loaves on the shelves. Experiments made with the two articles of diet seem to shew that white bread is the more digestible and less irritating. Doubtless the brown contains more nitrogen: but man does not live by bread alone, and if he gets an ample supply of nitrogen in the cheese or meat which he eats with his bread, he can dispense with that elementary substance in the vegetable portion of his food.

The work is written in a pleasant and unassuming style which makes it very easy reading; and, subject to the cautions already indicated, we can cordially recommend it to the notice of all who are interested in the health of themselves or others.

THE ART OF TEACHING. By Frederick C. Emberson, M. A. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

Into this little manual Mr. Emberson has compressed a large number of very practical and useful hints on this important subject, the outcome of his English University training and his later experience as Commissioner to inspect the Model and High Schools of the Province of Quebec. Public school teachers, and indeed all who are interested in the education of children, cannot fail to derive benefit from its pages, not only from the general soundness of his views, but from the minuteness of detail with which they are advanced. Mr. Emberson is a practical man speaking to practical men and women. His observations apply mainly to the treatment of young

scholars in our Public and High schools; and the chapters on the nature of children, the art of discipline, the difficult question of punishments, the propriety of attractiveness in the arrangements and fittings of the school house, and the advisability of the employment of gymnastic appliances, have important bearings on the subject. The necessity for good health and a cheerful disposition on the part of the teacher himself is strongly urged, and the rules suggested for obtaining this result will commend themselves to all who know the trying nature of the teacher's work. Perhaps one of the most important chapters in the book is that on the way to secure a high moral tone in schools. We lack here sadly the time-hallowed traditions which make the very walls and play-grounds of the great English public schools instinct with respect for all that is honourable and manly; where the self-administered lash of school public opinion falls on meanness, cowardice, and falsehood with a force which crushes out the evil far more effectively than any punishment at the hands of a master, and has made the term 'school-boy honour' proverbial. But we have it in our own hands to plant and nourish the sentiment in our public schools; time will do the rest. It is to this end that Mr. Emberson writes in the chapter referred to, and in a couple of sentences which Arnold himself might have written, he strikes two key-notes:— 'One great way', he says, 'to make the young honourable, is to treat them as if they were so.'

The foundation of a high moral force is truthfulness. To produce this virtue a master must be strictly truthful himself.' It is to be hoped that Mr. Emberson may be induced to give his views and conclusions on these subjects in more extended form. His views are sound and his conclusions sensible; desiderata in the growth of a young country where education is concerned.

KISMET. No Name Series. Roberts Brothers, Boston, 1877.

We think the advertisements in this volume are far from being the least amusing part of it. From these 'guides to knowledge' we may learn how the greatest authors, living and dead, bow their diminished crests before the anonymous pens that flourish like green bay-trees in Messrs. Roberts' mysterious series. The first volume contains (*teste the Troy Whig*) 'a sonnet unsurpassed by Wordsworth.' The *Hartford Courant*, not to be outdone, finds it 'superior to Daniel Deronda in style, and informed by a purer and deeper philosophy.' After this one would expect the author of the second volume, 'Deirdre,' to retire from the competition, in the words of one of his gifted

compatriots, 'to smile a kind o' sickly smile and curl up on the floor.' But no! The 'subsequent proceedings' interest him and us extremely, especially when we find the *Boston Traveller* coming up to time bravely, and proving itself at home among the classics by declaring 'Deirdrè' to contain 'the grandeur and magnificence of the Greek of the Iliad and Odyssey, the beauty, the grace, the rich imagery of the Æneid, and the rhythmic flow of Dante's writings.' The critic here has 'gone one better' (as poker players have it) than Dryden, when he compared Milton to a twin-like conglomeration of Homer and Virgil, and we should have thought that he had left no opening for improvement. But we know better now, and whenever we are at a loss in future, we shall order up a file of our contemporary, *The Springfield Republican*. That periodical, in face of this praise of vols. 1 and 2, is more than equal to the task of lauding vol. 3, and there is a mastery of self and a sense of deep innate power visible in the way it accomplishes its mission, without derogating from preceding numbers. Vol. 3 is 'better sustained.' Oh! ye printers' devils and ambitious Magazine contributors, has it come to this? Can a novel be 'better sustained' than a work which unites the varied magnificences of Homer, Virgil, and Dante? If this be possible, what can be said of 'Kismet,' which is, we suppose, the fourth volume, and must be taken to have got several literary hemispheres above the blind old poet, who is, in sporting parlance, 'not in the hunt with it.' It was with such depressed feelings that we attacked 'Kismet.'

'Kismet' is a novel of American life, with Egypt for the scene of action. Mr. Hamlyn, a shoddy parvenu, with a taste for Byron, and a glassy brown eye, has chartered a dahabeah up to the cataracts. His party consists of his daughter Bell, the heroine, and her step-mother, whom she invariably calls 'Flossy.' As soon as we are admitted into Miss Hamlyn's confidence and see her reading her absent lover's letter, we know by that fatal prescience bestowed on inveterate novel-readers, that another lover is not far off, that she will treat number one very badly, and will get retributive justice dealt out to her in the end. And when she compares a hateful stranger at a Cairene hotel to a *cavafé* full of artificially frozen water (an original simile that, by the way), we know that *he* and no other is to be the favoured individual. Before long, the Hamlyns' dahabeah, or Nile-boat, overtakes another boat, and the future lover is introduced; while speedily after, both boats catch up with a third, whose occupants are English by way of variety. The fun then thickens. We have a visit to a ruin every other day, and whenever the moon is favorable we are trotted off with our lovers to some huge temple, whose pillars

cast great black bands of shadow . . . and so on. In fact, whenever in doubt or difficulty, the author dishes up a new temple, in the same way that a whist player with a strong hand of trumps is apt to return persistently to that fascinating lead. But for one who has studied his guide-book so carefully, we must say that there are some bad mistakes in this book. Egyptian builders were innocent of arches, so the term used on p. 71 is misleading. All the temples in that country were built on the vertical pressure principle, with large horizontal lintels stretching from pillar to pillar. While alluding to architecture, we would draw attention to an odd expression used in relation to some carved ornaments: 'strange geometrical looking forms.' How a form could be geometrical looking without being geometric, is not easily understood. The following sentence, too, is most curiously involved and incomprehensible: 'A thing that does not include one's self is always different and generally objectionable.'

At one period in the book we thought that Miss Gerty Campbell, an English friend of the heroine's, was about to complicate matters by a little intriguing, but after one or two well meant but feeble attempts to make Livingston think that Bell is in love with Captain Blake, and to make Bell think that Livingston is in love with herself, Gerty, the author appears to have dropped that motive. At last they reach the cataracts, turn round, and come back, and we have the temples, the palms, the moons, and the sunsets, *da capo*. How Bell 'drees her weird' between her two lovers, and with what result, we must not divulge. Some of the descriptions in the book are pretty, but the characters and situations are commonplace, and rendered more glaringly so by their setting. Why cannot such people carry on their petty flirtings up and down the Hudson instead of the Nile? one is tempted to ask; and echo answers, why?

In short, if we were driven to adopt the envied style of the *Boston Traveller*, we should say that this book unites the propriety of Ouida's female characters, and that peculiar grace and charm only to be found in Snobkins's 'Peep at the Pyramids,' with the rhythmic melody of Murray's Handbook.

A MODERN MEPHISTOPHELES. No Name Series. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1877.

One thing may be said of this series without risk of contradiction, that is, that it is as well and tastefully got up in all the minor but important points of type, binding, and lettering as need be wished. If we might hazard a suggestion, it would be to the effect that the gilt name on the back would look better in

plain red ; as it is, it looks a trifle patchy. But when we proceed to read the book we do not find it come up to its external promise. Perhaps we are over-truculent ; perhaps our taste for novels (if we ever had any) is gone ; it is conceivable that a course of criticism leads us to single out the weak points of a book, as the Moslem Angel of Death singles out the long scalp-lock on the otherwise bald pate of the true believer, only, unlike that angel, we do not haul the subject off to Paradise among honey-lipped houris and love-intoxicated nightingales, but into the cool and butcherly-looking shambles of a literary dissecting-room. The innate probability of all this is enhanced when we read the other reviews on this series. An impartial observer might gather from our review of 'Kismet' that we think that estimable work a trifle, *just* a trifle, below Thackeray or Hawthorne. Now we know better. It is 'in spots' fairly exquisite. It glows with *beauté de diable*. Another anonymous critic (by the way, this is a novel idea to have a 'No-name Series' criticised by 'No-name' reviewers) has read it twice, skimmed it once, and would like to have it all to do over again. We shudder at that man. Charles Lamb's ogreish fellow Blue-Coat boy, who stole and was supposed to devour the caggy fat scraps and joints of the meat left over at the Charter-house meals, was nothing to this man.

Where do all American writers of the stamp of the author of 'A Modern Mephistopheles' get their language? An English poet makes one of his heroes address an inspired pieman in this frenzied apostrophe:

'Why so very, very merry?

Is it purity of conscience?—or your two-and-seven sherry?'

Similarly (but by no means wishing to compare our author with an inspired, or, for the matter of that, an uninspired pieman) we would ask why all this verbiage, this alliteration about 'lurking in luxuriant locks,' these violent contrasts, these extravagantly sumptuous dwellings,—though our old friend St. Elmo has not yet met a rival in that line of literary upholstery? Why should a butterfly be given 'changeful wings'? unless, forsooth, insects in that American Paradise which is inhabited by Modern Mephistos, like tourists at Brighton or Scarborough, dress three times a day. Nor must it be said that these remarks are addressed to too petty faults. There is the same stilted language, the same absence of repose throughout. And, graver fault still, there is a terrible sameness in the book, short as it is. It was not until we had nearly closed it that we realized the fact that there were only four characters presented to our admiring gaze ; which sufficiently accounts for a considerable amount of monotony. It is true

that the author contrives to make her wicked woman very suddenly and very causelessly become a good woman ;—the puppet changes its tone, but the wire is the same and so is the showman's hand that pulls it. A baby appears on the scene in the last page or so, but this is evidently too much for the author, who, feeling the stage growing unduly crowded, kills off the baby and its mother, and lays the modern Mephistopheles by the heels on a sick bed, so that had the tale lasted a little longer, it might have wound up with an *Exeunt omnes*, and no one would have been left but the professional candle-snuffer to perform the painful task of carrying off the dead bodies.

THE DARK COLLEEN : A Love Story. By the author of 'The Queen of Conaught.' Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co., New York and Montreal.

Fashion, all powerful in the world of letters as in that of millinery, has decreed that the artistic novelist of the day must set his palette for scenes of bold rock-bound waste, dashing waves, lowering skies, brilliant sunsets, and the simple life of fisher men and maidens. In 'The Dark Colleen' we have the fashionable colouring, and the 'odour of brine from the ocean' pervades each page after the approved 'Princess of Thule' and 'Maid of Sker' sampler. The story, which is a curious instance of the power of an author to do what he will with the puppets of his creation, is briefly as follows.

The scene is laid on a certain 'Eagle Island,' a happy spot lying off the western Irish coast, 'free,' as we are told, 'from the emasculating breath of modern culture and modern thought'! Here was Morna Dunroon, only daughter of the 'King' of this Irish arcadia. Inheritors of noble Spanish blood, imported involuntarily and regardless of expense through the mechanism of a shattered Armada, the islanders are a handsome, bold, and superstitious race ; and, in addition to being so favoured by accident, they are doubly blest in the possession of a certain hidden reef, the Crag na Luing, the purveyor of many a dainty bit of salvage, flotsam and jetsam, for the benefit of the simple island folk. Morna is the heroine of the story, and to her arrives, without any unnecessary delay, the hero, Captain Emile Bisson, late of that spanking craft the *Hortense*, which, having been driven in the night on the reef, has been swallowed up with all hands. The Captain alone reaches land, in a most Don-Juan-like condition, and Morna, strolling along the shore, very faithfully proceeds to enact the part of Haidee. The results may be easily imagined. Emile Bisson is a Frenchman and a type, possibly,

of the sea captain of the future. 'Young and very fair,' with a 'light moustache,' a 'cluster of bright golden hair,' and a 'small hand very prettily formed and very white,' he would scarcely find much favour in the eyes of the directors of the Cunard or Inman lines nowadays. For the pretty captain, Morna braves the anger of the simple fishermen, who are anxious to put the unlucky arrival 'again in the pond'; nurses him, and, of course, falls deeply in love with her charge, treating him with the naive *abandon* of a Venus Aphrodite blended with the chaste reserve of one of her own oysters. Purely *pour s'amuser* he beguiles time with the handsome fisher girl, but is ultimately himself caught by the inexorable power of love. Compelled by a barbarous want of civilized reasoning on the part of the object of his desire, he ultimately marries the girl, and takes his handsome peasant bride to the shores of Normandy. The halcyon days of early love-making soon pass, however, and Captain Bisson wearies of his toy. The 'small, very prettily formed white hand' yearns to clasp the waists of other belles, and the 'light moustache' curls itself into anything but graceful forms when addressing his *cara sposa*. Ultimately, with a disregard of consequences unaccountable even in the hero of so melodramatic a novel as this, he arranges to marry another, and his wife finds herself one dark night running out to sea in the clutches of a villain of still deeper dye. From the advances of this ungentle gentleman she is saved—and herein lies, we suspect, the moral of the whole story—by a rare faculty she possesses of swimming. After an extremely *mauvais quart d'heure* on deck, she plunges boldly overboard, and, despite a 'rising wind,' an 'ebbing tide,' 'great black waves urging her back,' and 'clothes saturated with water,' reaches the land, a feat which would be creditable to an otter and is simply marvellous in a girl. After a series of adventures which would do credit to the 'transpontine drama' or the Porte St. Martin, the *deus ex machina* descends in the shape of a friendly donkey, who applies his hoofs with super-asinine intelligence in the proper quarter, and Morna is restored to Eagle Island and her friends. In the last scene of this strange eventful history poetic retribution is strained to a point where credence refuses to follow. Captain Bisson again tempts the waves in the same locality, a storm arises, and the self-same spot which introduced him to the islanders whose hospitality he has so abused, is the scene of a second shipwreck, and he finally disappears before the eyes of his wife into the tempestuous waves of the Crag na Luing.

Despite grave defects of construction, born of a too dramatic mind, and no inconsiderable amount of doubtful taste in treatment of things sacred and moral, there are many

points of good descriptive writing in the novel, and for readers who can condone its blemishes in consideration of its better features, the 'Dark Colleen' will while away an hour agreeably enough.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- SIMPLE EXERCISES IN MENSURATION; designed for the use of Canadian Public and High Schools. By John Herbert Sangster, M.A., M.D. New Edition—Revised and corrected. Montreal: Lovell Printing and Publishing Co. 1877.
- LITERATURE PRIMERS. Edited by John Richard Green. PHILOLOGY. By John Peile, M.A., New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.—CLASSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By H. F. Tozer, M.A., New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.
- TWO LILIES. A Novel. By Julia Kavanagh. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.
- PERU: Incidents of Travel and Exploration in the Land of the Incas. By E. George Squier, M.A., F.S.A. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros. 1877.
- SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF MACBETH. Edited with notes, by William J. Rolfe, A.M. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Bros. 1877.
- HARPER'S HALF-HOUR SERIES. The Life, Times, and character of Oliver Cromwell. By the Right Hon. E. H. Knatchbull Huggessen, M.P. New York: Harper Bros. 1877.
- MISS NANCY'S PILGRIMAGE. A Story of Travel. By Virginia W. Johnson. New York: Harper & Bros. 1876.
- FROM TRADITIONAL TO RATIONAL FAITH; or, The way I came from Baptist to Liberal Christianity. By R. Andrew Griffin. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1877.
- CATHOLICITY AND METHODISM: or The Relation of John Wesley to Modern Thought. By James Roy, M.A., Montreal: The Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Co. 1877.
- CANOLLES. The Fortunes of a Partisan of '81. By John Esten Cooke. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.
- THE SCRIPTURAL HARMONY BETWEEN PRIVATE JUDGMENT AND CHURCH AUTHORITY, as chiefly apparent from the Four Gospels. By The Rev. William M. Shaw M.A. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1874.
- ROSINE. By J. G. Whyte Melville. Montreal: Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co. 1877.
- ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1876. Edited by Spencer F. Baird, with the assistance of eminent men of Science. New York: Harper & Bros. 1877.
- A TEXT-BOOK OF HARMONY: For the use of Schools and Students. By Charles Edward Horsley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1877.
- THE MARTYRDOM OF MAN. By Winwood Reade. New York: A. K. Butts & Co. 1874.
- THE SAFEST CREED AND TWELVE OTHER RECENT DISCOURSES OF REASON. By Octavius B. Frothingham. New York: A. K. Butts & Co. 1874.
- GATHEPINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO. By James E. Freeman. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

FINE ART.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

THERE are marked occasions on which the capacity of journalists for the proper use and application of pithy epithets and descriptive adjectives is peculiarly tested. It might be supposed that in Canada our Legislative Sessions, with all the heat and acrimony which they evoke, would be such a time; but it is chiefly the noun substantive which then is in demand. If you call a man a scoundrel, a liar, a corruptionist, a turncoat, a profligate, adjectives are redundant, and may even weaken the pithy completeness of the idea sought to be conveyed. To Toronto journalism, however, May is eminently the adjective season, for the Picture Exhibition creates a great demand for that class of words; and sadly does their tautological misuse betray the extreme ignorance of the would-be critics. It is a pity that an opportunity of teaching the public what to admire and what to condemn is taken so little advantage of by the Press. Criticism, to be of any use, must be not only impartial, but must be also outspoken. Canadian Art has shown that it is worth fostering, that it has great capabilities of development, and we believe that its interests will be best consulted by speaking out plainly. Praise and blame are neither of much value if either is indulged in too lavishly.

After a careful scrutiny of the whole Exhibition, we feel that we are honestly justified in congratulating Canada upon the evidence here given of her sons' progress in Art; for progress there undoubtedly is. It is possible that in former years individual pictures have been equal to, or have even excelled in some particulars, the choicest works now on the walls of the Society's room; but, taking the Exhibition as a whole, there can be, we think, no doubt that a change has taken, and is taking, place, and that the direction of the change is a right and desirable one. The most obvious feature of this year, of course, is the increased prominence and number of the Oil paintings. In former Exhibitions, Oil was rather the exception; but now it more than holds its own; in vigour, in detail, and in conception, the Oil colours are, as a whole, surprisingly good. Let us look at them in some detail; though we must premise that, our space being limited, we must necessarily pass over many pictures without notice. First on the catalogue comes Mrs. W. Schreiber. It

is true that this artist is a very great acquisition to the Ontario Society. Her works indicate careful training; she manifests great industry, draws well, has a good idea of colour and considerable boldness in its use, and evidently has ideas of how a picture should be put together. Up to a certain point she is excellent, and that point is far in advance of the average standard of our artists. But we would tender to her the advice to be careful of some things—careful not to attempt too many pictures at once, careful to stick to Oil in preference to Water colours, and careful in the selection of subjects. In No. 41—'Of what is she thinking?'—there is evidence of considerable power as well as taste in portraiture, but in No. 47 she provokingly disappoints us in both particulars. The pair of girls' heads, in 34, 42, and 50, are, in both instances, good, true, and simple, mouths and noses being, however, a little unsatisfactory. 'He sees it'! a telling little picture of a girl offering her canary a cherry, is very pretty. This or a *genre* style is, we imagine, Mrs. Schreiber's real forte. Her animals we don't care much for, and her 'Joan of Arc' is a good subject, but—well, not done justice to. Mr. J. A. Fraser has some capital little studies. 'Quiet afternoon', 40, is a careful and artistic study of sands and sea, and his 'Morning near Georgeville', 6, 'In the mountain mists', 37, and 'On the Burroughs River', 17, have a quiet delicacy that is refreshing. His largest picture, 'Off in the morning mists', is a mistake, in colour, drawing, and everything: the canoes are obviously going, not only up stream, but up hill too. Of Mr. O'Brien's works, we can honestly say that his proficiency in Oils surprises us, while his industry in Water colours seems as great as heretofore. His largest Oil—'The whirlpool on the Chats', 10—is admirable. We could stand a little more colour in the distance, but coolness and clearness and realism, in a great sense, are the artist's peculiar excellence. The backwater of the pool is the best part of the picture. 'Morning on the Severn', 5, and 'A tributary of the Don', 7, are very good tit-bits; and 'Toronto harbour, early morning', 38, is a very happy, quiet rendering of a local scene. In Water colours, his evening scene of 'Ottawa', 152, is very good. There are four or five little woodland scenes that are thoroughly charming; they

are so truthful, clear, and harmonious, and are the evident handiwork of a man keenly alive to the beauties of Nature, and enthusiastically anxious to do faithful work. Take, for instance, 'A gleam of sunshine', 215; what a charm there is about it; how intensely pleasant is the deep insight into the recesses of the wood; how brilliant is the gleam; and how thorough is the sympathy between the artist and his work! No other painter seems to understand Nature like Mr. O'Brien. What Mr. Millard really knows or cares about her we can hardly tell, for he cannot, apparently, emancipate himself from his devotion to the one peculiar line of study which he has laid down for his own guidance. We admire some of his pictures very much. He seems to have more grasp and intensity than many of his compeers, who, in the search after prettiness, lose sight of dignity and grandeur altogether. But here Mr. Millard seems to stop short on the road to grandeur—he halts too often at glum smudginess. Leaden clouds, rocks of sombre hue, imminent rain,—these are but too often the constituent parts of his pictures, which are lightened up by nothing more cheerful than a warm suffusion of heatherish purple. If Mr. Millard will eschew stern and wild Caledonia for twelve months and take for that period a tonic of English or Canadian sunlit scenery, he will do more justice next year to his undoubtedly great powers. Mr. Verner surprises us this year by the complete alteration of style which a visit to Philadelphia or some other influence has brought about. But, whatever it may have been that has wrought it, we honestly say that we do not regret the change. His eternal devotion to the Red Man was becoming tiresome. Now, besides some exceptionally hazy buffaloes and one sketch of Teepees, he eschews the Far West altogether. In two pictures of 'American storks', 94, and 'The Adjutant', 102, he has achieved a decided success, especially in the tone of the background. 'St. Clair Flats', 124, is strikingly like a picture by another artist. Mr. Cresswell is, in many respects and in many instances, so good that he worries us by not being better. His best picture, to our mind, is the 'Fishing-boats', 211, a pleasant composition, warm, true, and artistic. His 'Evening, near Pigeon River', 227, is all aglow, not with the warmth of the evening hour, but with the hot breath of the Sahara. 'Sheep', 122 and 130, are very good studies, and are the best animals exhibited.

In marked contrast to Mr. Cresswell, comes Mr. Harlowe White. Each of these two artists might profitably borrow a little from the other: the one erring on the side of hotness, the other always cool, and sometimes faultily cold. His 'Windsor and Eton', 220, has undoubtedly something wrong in the relative

distances and position of the chief points. 'The Llwyg', 170, is presumably a Welsh scene, and a very pretty, quiet one, too, charmingly given, but, as has been remarked, without idealization or power. But, in many respects, Harlowe White's best picture is the 'Market-place at Quebec', 113, a very successful and faithful rendering of a picturesque scene. Mr. Fowler has eschewed the cactus and gladiolus style, though he has one or two more quiet studies of flowers. How long it may take him to dash off one of the sketches of which he has sent eight or nine to the Exhibition we do not know; but it is rather a pity he is not a little more careful about his work. They show—especially such ones as 'Round the knoll', 176, and 'Shade', 180—more power and vigour than is possessed by, perhaps, any other artist in Canada; but it is a dangerously facile style to adopt; and in many sketches Mr. Fowler has been betrayed into a crude, hasty, and almost nonsensical scragmage of colours. Mr. Martin's best Water colour is, perhaps, 'A rainy day in Muskoka', 165; for we confess that our knowledge of the woods has seldom, if ever, brought us into acquaintance with that green-plush moss in which his soul so delights. 'Fresh from the Saguenay', 35, is a capital portrait in Oils of the king of fish, and his wild fowl are excellent. We doubt if the influence of Mr. Maxfield, an American artist with whom he has associated himself in some pictures, has been very good on Mr. Martin. Mr. Maxfield can paint well in some respects, but we do not like his style; his boys—and they occupy nine-tenths of his canvass—are the most offensive types of keen, hungry young Americans, and his subjects have a great dash of vulgarity in them. Of the huge portrait by Berthon of Chief Justice Harrison, we can only say that much excellent work in the drapery and background is overlooked in consequence of the grotesque prominence given to features which it is an artist's province to soften down and idealize. 'Wind and Wave', 37 A, by Shuttleworth, is a capital little study of sea water; perhaps the best water in the Exhibition. Mr. Hannaford has much excellent work on the walls, mixed with some that is disappointing.

We miss this year several well-known names from the catalogue. Edson especially, Forbes, Perré, and Hoch, the latter being, we regret to learn, incapacitated, at present, by serious illness from pursuing the practice of his art. But, despite these drawbacks, the Society's Exhibition is undoubtedly an advance on those of previous years. And now that the School of Design has been so successfully established, there is good reason for being confident that the progress of one year will be more than maintained when next May brings with it another welcome display of pictures.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THERE has not been for many years a season in Toronto during which there has been so great a dearth of high-class music from outside talent as the one just ended. In former winters singers of the calibre of Nilsson, Parepa, Carlotta Patti, Lucca, Ilma de Murska, Kellogg, Van Zandt, Rose Hersee, Clara Pearl, Patey, Edith Wynne, Mario, Santley, Whitney, Maas, and Tagliapietra, and pianists such as Rubinstein, Carreno-Sauret, and Goddard, have been listened to with delight. The lover of music amongst us, whose soul hungers for a feast of divine melody and harmony as a starving man does for a meal, must sigh as he casts his eye over the list and remembers what the past season has given him. We are almost ashamed to sum up the beggarly account. At the beginning of the winter a scratch company of second and third rate artists, evidently got together so hastily as not to have had time to study their parts properly, went through a few hackneyed operas in a style so slovenly as to reflect credit neither on themselves nor on Mr. Strakosch, their manager. Later on, Ole Bull gave us proof that his right hand had lost but little of its ancient cunning, and he himself but little of his old fire. At his concerts in the States he had been accompanied by Miss Thursby, the rising young American soprano, and heroine of the much-talked-about \$100,000 engagement with Strakosch. On coming to Toronto, however, Miss Thursby was dropped, and her place supplied by an inferior singer. Anna de Belocca, the well-known Russian contralto, was announced to appear early in the season, and at a later date, Mdme. Essipoff, the equally well-known Russian pianiste; but Mr. Strakosch, though he has reaped many a bounteous harvest in Toronto, apparently does not consider the field worth cultivating now, and neither artiste condescended to put in an appearance. The same thing took place last season, with Von Bulow, the great German pianist, who failed to appear notwithstanding that the hall had been actually engaged.

Having been thus thrown almost entirely on our own resources, we have had to make the most of such native talent as we possess. Of this there has been no dearth; and, from the ten-cent musical evenings given by the different churches to the oratorio performances of the Philharmonic Society, the number of amateur entertainments given has been legion.

Not the least enjoyable of these have been some delightful Saturday afternoon recitals given at the music rooms of Messrs. Mason, Risch, and Newcombe, by our most promising pianist, Mr. W. W. Lauder, a pupil of the Conservatory, Leipsic, assisted by several of our lady and gentlemen amateurs. The programmes have been almost exclusively classical, Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Schumann, and Chopin being the most conspicuous names. Mr. Lauder gave his farewell recital on the 19th May, prior to his departure for Europe to resume his studies. He is yet quite young, and with patience and hard work, has a brilliant future before him.

The season at the Grand Opera House has not, we fancy, been a successful one financially. The commercial depression is no doubt to some extent answerable for this. Some fault, however, must be ascribed to the management. The stock company was markedly inferior to that of the two previous years. The star system is one of doubtful policy. It is true that an actress like Neilson draws crowds, and is thus the means of putting money into the treasury. But she herself pockets the greater portion of the profits, and so thoroughly drains the theatre-goers of their surplus cash, that 'business' is killed for the next two or three weeks. Another drawback to the system is that if the 'star' happens to be unknown, she fails to draw, no matter how good she may be, and then there is a loss. On the whole we think the true policy would be to have a star occasionally, but to rely mainly upon the stock company. If that is thoroughly good, it will become popular, and people, knowing that there will be something worth seeing, will turn out with confidence. The season wound up, appropriately enough, with an excellent centenary performance of 'The School for Scandal,' which was produced for the first time on the 8th May, 1777. Lord Byron once said that whatever Sheridan did was the best of its kind: 'He has written the best comedy (School for Scandal), the best drama, the best farce (The Critic—it is only too good for a farce), the best address (Monologue on Garrick), and, to crown all, delivered the very best oration (the famous Regum speech) ever conceived or heard in this coun-

try.' Sheridan on being told this the next day, burst into tears. Time has confirmed the verdict of Byron, at least with regard to 'The School for Scandal.' The extraordinary vitality of this great comedy was shown in a remarkable way in London two or three years ago, when it was produced simultaneously at two theatres, at one of which it ran for over two hundred nights, and at the other for nearly as many.

The close of the regular season was followed by a visit from a company from the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, who appeared in 'Lemons.' The play is not a good one; the plot is intricate, the situations are forced, and the characters and dialogue weak. In spite of some clever acting by Mr. Fawcett as *Major Gooseberry*, and Mrs. Wells as *Mrs. Stark*, it was a failure, and 'The Big Bonanza' was substituted in its place. This play is familiar in Toronto, having been given here two years ago by another company from the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The present performance, though extremely good, was markedly inferior to the previous one.

At the Royal Opera House, Mr. Sothorn and company gave a week's performances. On seeing him a second time as *Lord Dundreary* we were more than ever disposed to agree with the able critic of the *London Academy*, in the opinion that, by dint of constant repetition during ten or fifteen years, the impersonation has degenerated into 'mere reckless, unbridled fooling.' No being bearing even the remotest resemblance to Dundreary could by any amount of searching be discovered in real life. The character must therefore be condemned in a dramatic sense. In the way of farce and buffoonery, however, nothing more amusing can be witnessed on the stage to-day. There is a sense, even, in which the performance is thoroughly artistic, for, absolutely unreal as the character is, it is perfectly consistent throughout, even to the minutest detail; and no better exemplification could be given of the remarkable genius of the actor. Mr. Sothorn appeared in three plays new to Toronto audiences: 'The Hornet's Nest,' 'Sam,' and 'The Crushed Tragedian.' The last is an adaptation, with many alterations by Mr. Sothorn, of Byron's 'Prompter's Box,' a play produced in London about ten years ago. The drama as now given is not a particularly good one. There are some faults of construction. The climax is reached at the close of the third act, and the fourth (the final one) falls flat after it; and the scene in the third act,

in front of the stage entrance, contributes nothing to the action, and ought to be excised. The dialogue, too, is in parts weak, and would bear brightening up throughout. The play has been resuscitated apparently for the purpose of giving greater prominence to the part taken by Mr. Sothorn, *De Lacy Fitzalmonst*, a tragedian of the old gloomy and stagey school now almost extinct, which it is intended to satirise. The design is not without its difficulties. a character of this sort, carried through four acts with perfect naturalness and consistency, would be unendurably monotonous; and to avoid this fault it is necessary to exaggerate and caricature, and even to introduce here and there jokes of the Dundreary pattern. It is no small praise to say that in spite of these drawbacks, Mr. Sothorn's performance was fairly successful, and gave fresh evidence of his great versatility. This being so, it might help the piece to give the part greater prominence than it now has. We have no space to notice at length the 'Hornet's Nest,' and 'Sam.' Both are wonderfully amusing plays, particularly the latter.

Mr. Sothorn was followed after a brief interval by Mr. McDowell's fine company from Montreal, the plays given being 'Our Boarding House,' 'Rosedale,' and 'The Shaughraun.' The last two were noticed on the company's previous visit in September. 'Our Boarding House' is a moderately good play, as plays go. The general idea of the piece is decidedly original, though much of the filling in is the reverse. For instance, the farcial combat between *Col. Elevator* and *Prof. Gillypod* bears a striking resemblance to the one in 'Slasher and Crasher'. The characters are numerous, and many of them were well acted. Mr. McDowell looked the part of the rascally Italian, *Joseph Fioretti*, and acted it well, but his dialect was a curious mixture of English, French, German, and Italian. Mrs. McDowell, as *Beatrice Mannheim* was as graceful and natural as she always is. Mr. Lytell was exceedingly amusing as *Prof. Gillypod*, and Mr. Hudson, who took his place after the first night, was even better, being more natural. Mr. Arnold was also amusing as *Col. Elevator*, though his desire to make the most of the part led him to rather overdo it. Miss Fiske gave the part of *Betty*, the maid-of-all-work, to the life, and also sang a couple of songs very acceptably. The other parts do not call for notice. This excellent company will, we understand, return in about a month, when they will produce Byron's burlesque of 'The Field of the Cloth of Gold'.