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THE

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AND

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VOLUME VII.

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THE

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OLD AND NEW IN CANADA.

FEW acts that we perform bring with them more of inward admonition than the changing of the date as we enter upon a new year. How often by force of habit we write mechanically the old familiar figures, only to be reminded, as we correct them, of days that are no more. The feelings excited within us, as we think of the year that has gone, vary with our individual experiences; but to all, except the very young or the very thoughtless, reflections are suggested that ought to be, and no doubt are, in a greater or less degree wholesome. The flight of time leaves us all something to mourn over, or, at least, regret. Our standard of duty and our aim in life must have been low if we have fully realized either the one or the other. There is no sense in undue self-depreciation, and when a man has, upon the whole, done well, he ought to acknowledge the fact to himself, though he need not boast of it to others. But who that has done well does not feel that he might, and therefore ought, to have done better? It is the most elevated characters, as a rule, those whose lives are the worthiest, that know least of the pleasures of self-complacency.

Not a few, perhaps, as they review the past, will confess to themselves that they have *not* done well; but, however sadly the confession may be made, the advent of the New Year, with all its accompaniments of social and family rejoicing, should inspire in such a manly trust that, in the future, the errors of the past may be atoned for or retrieved. Who indeed does not feel nerved at this time for more serious and worthy efforts? Who does not hope that the New Year will be better than its predecessor? Too often, alas, such hopes are illusory; but it is well that they should come and shed at least a transitory gleam over our lives, and raise us, though it be but for a moment, above our ordinary selves. There are cases, however, in which but a little quickening or encouragement is needed to lift a man decisively into a higher plane of life, and this, the advent of a new year, with its opening vista of hopes and possibilities, is as likely as anything else to supply. The past has indeed borne away with it many precious opportunities; but has it not also borne away our errors, and left us in present possession of experience? Let us then, at such a time as this, endeavour to realize

rather the advantages of our present position than the extent of our past failures; let us enter bravely on the advancing year, not boasting ourselves of victories yet unwon, but inwardly resolving to fight a good fight, and make the very best of what life has yet in store for us.

"The healthy sense of progress," says Ruskin, "which is necessary to the strength and happiness of men, does not consist in the anxiety of a struggle to obtain higher place or rank, but in gradually perfecting the manner, and accomplishing the ends, of the life we have chosen, or which circumstances have determined for us." To live worthily we must set before us an ideal, and that ideal must be something more than mere worldly success. The love of the beautiful and the true must enter into it in some measure, or it is no ideal at all, and our lives, guided by none but vulgar and selfish motives, will be thoroughly prosaic and unlovely. What, therefore, taking any high view of human nature and its destiny, it chiefly concerns every one to know is, what character he is building up or has built up for himself—what in fact he is, essentially, leaving accidents of fortune and position out of sight. These considerations are of equal applicability in the wider sphere of national affairs. Our trade returns give us a measure of the country's material prosperity, but they do not furnish an answer to the question of most interest to every high-minded citizen—in what direction the national character is developing itself from year to year? We know there are multitudes of men who could scarcely by any possible effort raise themselves to the level of such a question as this; but none the less shall we venture to treat it as *the* question of the hour and of every hour. We believe with the poet, that "there is a higher and a lower," and we desire that each may be recognized for what it is. It is well that the country should thrive commercially and industrially; but unless we are to accept once for all the doctrine that it is better for a man to be successful than honest, we must hold, and hold strenuously, that a nation's highest interest is its character. In the present stage of our country's development a weighty responsibility rests upon all who have, in any measure, the direction of public opinion. There are alternative courses open to us, and we have even now to choose upon which we shall enter. Shall we as a people show that we have inherited the best qualities, and are prepared to emulate the best achievements of the great historic races to whom we trace our origin; or shall we ignobly content ourselves with just enough of public virtue to save the state from disintegration? Shall we realize fully our responsibilities as a self-governing people, and make our example one that shall strengthen the cause of good government throughout the world? Shall we have the courage to look within us rather than without us for solutions of our political problems, judging of questions less with reference to what others may have done, or attempted to do, before us, than with reference to what seems best in view of our own circumstances and capabilities? Shall ours be the timid creeping temperament that waits for others to risk an experiment, shunning all initiative even in matters calling loudly for action; or shall we feel that, not only individually but as a nation, we should be prepared to quit us like men, and bear our part bravely in the struggles and chances from which no life, individual or collective, can ever be free? Shall we have real faith in liberty and truth, or shall we listen to the treacherous suggestion that the opinion of the majority should in certain matters be exempt from criticism? Shall every citizen be free to utter his sincere opinion on any and every subject, or shall we adopt the maxim propounded some time ago by a most influential authority, that the proper answer to certain arguments is to knock the speaker's hat over his eyes? In a word, shall we be

a high-minded or a low-minded people? Shall it be our aim to occupy in due time a dignified place among the nations, bearing our own burdens and running our own risks, or shall we be content to slink through history in obscure dependence, caring only that for us an adequate supply of butter be spread upon an adequate supply of bread?

These, and such as these, are the practical issues which it is given to the Canadian people to decide. We study the signs of the times with an earnest desire to ascertain, if possible, what they promise for the future. Some of them, unfortunately, are only too discouraging. An eloquent French writer asked with astonishment, some thirty years ago, how it was that, among so many clever things that had been said on the subject of popular education, no one had thought of saying that the real education of a free country lay in the permanent spectacle of its politics. This thought has been expressed often enough, in one shape or another, of late years, but even so, we do not give it the heed that it deserves. A corrupt administration of public affairs exercises a directly corrupting influence on the country at large; and an administration which, without being in the full sense of the word corrupt, is characterized by party narrowness, and by a general absence of high or generous principle, exerts an influence perhaps scarcely less injurious, because it gives a kind of sanction to the most prevalent vices of society. Of late our politics have not been gaining in dignity or nobility, but whether the people take much to heart what has been amiss is extremely doubtful. Constituencies welcome back to their bosoms representatives whose elections have been cancelled for dishonest practices. It would indeed seem as if there was a general disposition to sympathize with men who have been put to serious trouble simply because they, or their friends for them, would buy votes right and left. Localism, too, is rampant everywhere: the man elected by his fellow-citizens to Parliament or to a Provincial Assembly, knows that the special interests of his constituency, not the general interests of the country, are those over which he has to watch with the greatest vigilance, and for his dealings with which he will be held to the strictest account. It may be said that party, whatever evils it may bring with it, tends to check this spirit of sectional selfishness, inasmuch as we find certain constituencies steadily returning Opposition representatives, and so, to a great extent, cutting themselves off from such advantages as the Government of the day may have at their disposal. There would be more force in this argument if it were not tolerably well known that the constituencies practising such political heroism are looking forward to a good time coming when the loaves and fishes will be distributed upon a different principle, or, more correctly, upon the same principle differently applied. With such a prospect in view, it only needs a little tenacity in clinging to familiar associations to nerve a constituency for enduring the cold shade of opposition for a term of years. At the same time there is a *little* virtue in not going over incontinently to the winning side; and, if party is the cause of this, let party have the credit, for it needs it, goodness knows.

In a free country, the newspaper press reflects, perhaps with greater fidelity than anything else, the morals and culture of the people. We have no wish to disparage the press of Canada. In point of talent and enterprise it is a credit to the country. We have seen in Canadian newspapers many an article by no means unworthy, in vigour of thought or in literary execution, of the best journals of London or New York. There are brains enough among our writers to make the press all that it ought to be, and a much greater power for good than it really is. What we miss, as a general thing, is that outspoken sincerity which gives language its chief force. Our writers, ranged as they are on opposite sides of the great political battle-field, are

not free to utter what they think, or if they are free, do not care to use their freedom. Their articles are the pleadings of so many professional advocates, not the sincere declarations of men desirous only to lay the truth before their readers. Here and there, and now and then we see exceptions. It is hard for a man of any native independence of character not to throw off the livery of party sometimes, and boldly speak the word that he feels to be true and seasonable. When this happens, the more orthodox members of the party pronounce their erring brother eccentric and dangerous, very much as the older heads of a church pronounce sentence upon some young and ardent divine who has began to show immoral doubts as to Noah's Ark or Jonah's whale. There are shakings of the head, and expressions of regret, and predictions of loss of influence, &c.; what really troubles these sage authorities being a horrible doubt as to the prospects of party government should the practice of telling the truth in the papers ever become at all general. That such assertions of independence are not more frequent is really a significant fact. If the public, as is generally the case, is pleased to find a man discussing a public question with impartiality, why is not the thing oftener done? The reason we believe to be this: newspaper men feel that society is, in some rough, ill-defined way, divided between two parties, and that every journal must place its chief dependence on one or the other. It is very well to indulge now and then, at distant intervals, in a little bit of brilliant criticism at the expense of the party with which you habitually act, but the thing must not be carried too far, or nobody will know where to find you. The serious question will arise as to whether you are a Conservative or a Reformer; and if you are found to be neither one nor the other, you must have rare merits not to be cast off entirely by the very community it is your object to serve. As yet, unfortunately, people in general can only think of an Independent in politics as a kind of nondescript, a man of no settled views, whom it is not safe to trust. Newspaper editors and proprietors know this, and consequently it is but seldom and fitfully that the banner of independence is flung to the breeze. In fact hitherto there has been no steady breeze to fling it to—nothing but an occasional puff; so that the noble piece of bunting has hardly had time to show its pattern before it has fallen in limp disgust around the supporting flagstaff.

Another defect of our press, akin to that we have already mentioned, is the extreme conventionality of its tone in dealing with fundamental questions to which the restrictions of party politics do not apply. In England the highest statesmen in the land express, without the least reserve, their opinions in favour of, or against, the retention of the colonies; and many of the most eminent of both political parties have expressed themselves decidedly in favour of an early severance of the union, at least with Canada. Here, how many precautions our writers and speakers take! How many apologies are offered for the least concession to the opinions of those who favour separation! What copious professions of loyalty! How the necessity for discussing the question at all is deplored, and how ready every one is to move a hoist of a thousand years! When Venus has made half a dozen more transits, the question may then possibly come up for discussion in some practical shape; but at present no one but a revolutionist, or a theorist, which is the same thing, could possibly wish to regard it as a "live issue."

Now there is no question on which, as we think, dogmatism is more out of place than this one of the future relations of the colonies to Great Britain. No one can, with any shadow of reason, pretend that all the arguments are on one side; and therefore whatever view any particular thinker takes, he ought to remember that there are other and contrary opinions quite as much entitled to a respectful hearing as his own. But

what we contend for at present is, that there is no justification for the timid, and (to repeat the word we used before) conventional manner in which the question is dealt with by the Canadian press. If English statesmen, like Lord Derby, Mr. Gladstone, Sir Charles Adderley, Mr. Bright, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Ayrton, can express themselves freely in favour of an early separation of Canada from Great Britain, there is surely no reason why a stigma should be attached to a Canadian who shares the same views. To grow hysterical, as some of our newspapers do, whenever the subject is mentioned, betokens at once weakness and insincerity, and is very little suggestive of faith in the destinies of this great Dominion. In England a writer like Mr. Frederic Harrison, can discuss the institution of monarchy itself with a freedom which here would have exposed him to insults on every hand: there he was simply criticised, for the most part with great good temper and moderation. In England the well-known historian, E. A. Freeman, could speak of the rejoicings over the recovery of the Prince of Wales as "an extraordinary outburst of flunkeyism." Whether the phrase was entirely justifiable we are not in a position to say; but it illustrates, at least, the freedom of speech which Englishmen hold themselves entitled to use. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, at the very time when the papers were filled with reports of the ceremonies gone through on that auspicious occasion, and when the ultra-loyal were boasting of the unshakable hold the monarchy had upon the affections of the English people, took occasion to point out how very short a time before the deposition and imprisonment of Louis XVI., all parties in France were vying with one another in bepraising their sovereign, and proclaiming how indispensable he was to the welfare of the state. Instances like these might be multiplied *ad infinitum* to show that what nobody would dare to utter here is freely uttered in the mother country, and that not by obscure or ignorant people, but by men of mark whose words command the attention of the most influential classes. Why should this be so? We boast sometimes that, though we are Canadians by residence, we are Englishmen by race and citizenship: then why not be Englishmen in temper and courage?

The same timidity that marks every expression of opinion in this country upon fundamental political questions, manifests itself not less strikingly in the region of philosophical speculation. We are not now advancing any opinions of our own upon philosophical topics; nor do we, in the most remote way, wish to claim for any set of opinions a position of advantage over any other. Our purpose is simply to call attention to the astonishing uniformity with which the newspaper press of Canada gives forth the safest of all possible opinions whenever the utterances of any "advanced thinker," like Tyndall or the late John Stuart Mill, are under consideration. Is there really such absolute agreement among all the leaders of opinion upon such matters? It seems to us that in private life men are occasionally met with who do not look with a very severe eye on either philosophical or theological heterodoxy; but, somehow or other, their opinions do not find their way into print.* The opinions of the masses in these matters constitute a law that no one seems disposed to question. We must look to the mother country again if we want to see signs of the most characteristic intellectual movement of the present age. Here we are all of one way of thinking. The infallibility of Pope Public Opinion has been tacitly decreed, and those who do not assent to the dogma are wise enough to hold their tongues.

Are there no indications, however, of a

* Certain letters that have lately appeared in the "Nation" form a startling exception to this statement.

revolt against the somewhat oppressive uniformity of our national culture. Fortunately there are, or it would be impossible not to conclude that Canada was making a very poor start in the race for national greatness. A new generation is springing up, to whom the history of the Double Shuffle is like a tale of little meaning, however strong the words may be in which it is told—a generation who do not find that their views, as to what is desirable for the country, are adequately represented by either of the existing parties, and who have resolved that their influence shall be devoted to securing for Canada a higher type of government than she has ever hitherto enjoyed. The giants of party warfare laughed to scorn at first the striplings, as they deemed them, who stood forth and challenged them to combat; but more than one well-directed pebble has smitten the foreheads of the boasters, and given them cause, at least, for serious and painful reflection.

The great service which, as we believe, the new claimants for political influence will render the country, will be the raising of the general standard of political morality, and inspiring what is so much lacking in the masses—faith in reason as applied to public affairs. The immoralities of a grosser kind which are incident to partizanship in politics, are known to every one, and have been sufficiently discussed in the pages of this Magazine; but what is not so thoroughly understood is the intellectual and moral confusion, the desolating scepticism, both as to men's motives and as to the validity of all logical processes, produced by the permanent spectacle of two bodies of men professing to speak the truth upon public questions, and yet, with monotonous regularity, contradicting one another on every point. Is it any wonder that, under such a system, true and false, honest and dishonest, should come to be regarded as words empty of meaning; since what is false to one party is true to the other, while the patriots and heroes of the one are the intriguers and corruptionists of the other? It is only necessary to talk to half a dozen average voters in succession to find how little they feel the force of any appeal to conscience or reason in connection with politics, and how very feebly, if at all, they identify the interests of the country with their own. You seem, in fact, if you try to discuss these things with them seriously, like a bringer-in of strange doctrines—a man from whom it is advisable to sheer off at the earliest possible moment.

The Party of the Future, therefore, if we may venture to call it so, has not made its appearance a day too soon. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that it has suddenly sprung out of nothing. *Ex nihilo nihil* is a maxim no less rigorously true in regard to political organizations than in regard to the visible forms of creation. There have been men in the country at all times who have been disposed to regard the exercise of their political functions as a high and important trust, and who, though they may have co-operated to some extent with one or other political party, have steadily refused to reconcile or adapt themselves to the prevailing tone of political morals. These, however, have been scattered in different places, and their voices have, for the most part, been all but lost amid the noisy strife of factions. That they have not entirely failed of influence was happily proved when the country was summarily called upon to decide whether or not it would condone the misdeeds of the late Government in the matter of the Pacific Railway Charter. We have heard the action of Sir John A. Macdonald warmly defended by men of rather more than average understanding and character. Over and over again it has been pleaded that he did nothing more than any other politician would have done in his place, and that, believing his continuance in power a necessity for the country, he was justified in using any and every means for securing that end. Why was it that

these sophistries, only too readily welcomed by many, failed to decide the issue? It was because nearly all honest minds rejected them, because nearly the whole influence of the intelligent and uncorrupted portion of the community was thrown against the immoral doctrines which, to save a party leader, were being so openly preached. Before, good men had been more or less divided between the two political parties; but the facts suddenly laid before the country bore to the generality of honest minds but one construction, and hence the immediate disturbance of the balance of parties. What degree of disapprobation of Sir John Macdonald's proceedings was felt by the average voter, there might perhaps not be much satisfaction in knowing with exactness.

It is well that a country should possess virtue enough to take a right course in great crises, but it is far better that its ordinary politics should bear the stamp of high principle. There is little merit in merely avoiding great crimes, but there is much in guarding day by day against common temptations, and conscientiously performing common duties. The question remains to be answered: How did the country get into the state which rendered the Pacific Railway Scandal a possibility? Through what multiplied omissions of duty, through what multiplied yieldings to improper suggestions did the constitutencies of this country bring themselves into the condition that encouraged Sir John A. Macdonald to employ such means as he did for perpetuating his power?

The advantage of a live party whose one great object is to promote a healthier political life in the country is that, if it is properly energetic, its influence will be felt not occasionally only, at critical periods, but from day to day; and it will thus prevent the moral tone of the body politic falling to that low point which is so favourable to the breaking out of virulent maladies. It is a great encouragement, besides, to those who are in favour of honest and good Government to know that they have active sympathizers whose efforts united to their own are likely to be productive of marked results. A third point not less important than either of these is, that when once an influential organ has begun to discuss public affairs impartially and dispassionately, the old hypocritical pretence that truth in regard to political matters cannot be had, ceases to be tenable. There are a great many persons in the world who want to do wrong but who require a pretext; if you utterly destroy their pretext there is a chance that they will not face the naked, undisguised sin. Reason may thus be made a valuable ally of conscience.

The political movement here adverted to was, at the outset, undoubtedly, an intellectual movement. It was the revolt of educated and thoughtful men against the inanity and worse than inanity of what was offered to them as political discussion. It was, we may also reasonably believe, a direct product, in some measure, of that higher culture which the universities and colleges of our land are steadily promoting. In part it was the work of one eminent and generous mind who, in proportion as his disinterested and enlightened zeal for the good of the country won him the hatred of the leading party journals, found himself gaining the esteem and confidence of all the better portion of the community—the portion, to wit, whose moral and intellectual perceptions had not been hopelessly blunted by the evil principles and methods of our politics. To say that the movement is one which attracts young rather than old or middle-aged men, is simply to say that it is one which substitutes for the cynical maxims which so largely govern men in later life, principles that appeal to generous and uncorrupted feeling. It is a matter, we think, for no ordinary rejoicing, that the youth of Canada do begin to show a lively interest in public affairs, and that they seem conscious of ideas and aspirations different from those of their pre-

decessors. As Quinet has eloquently said, "Every generation before them has accomplished its work, and they have also theirs, the sacred type of which they bear within themselves."* The men in actual possession of power tell them they have come too late to accomplish anything new or great, that political institutions have assumed their final shape, that society has settled down into unalterable habits; in a word, that the thing that hath been is the thing that shall be: but those who feel that in them the spirit of the world has renewed itself, will not be silenced or subjugated by such discourses. They have their own share of original creative energy, and must bear their own distinct part in rearing the edifice of civilization. It does not follow that because men are young they will despise experience. A great deal is offered, however, as experience, that is not experience at all in the true sense of the word. Numbers of men will tell you now, "as the result of their experience," that there is no use trying to prevent bribery at elections; and it is certainly true that the older men grow the more disposed they are to tolerate abuses—the more readily they conclude that all kinds of evils are irremediable. It is the glory, not the weakness, of youth to reject the experience that lends a sanction to wrong, and to resolve—even though it be without a full appreciation of the difficulties to be overcome—that the experience of the past shall not be the experience of the future.

We want, as has already been hinted, more originality in this country. The way to be original is, not to make a point of differing from other people as much as possible—that, in an individual, means simple affectation and vanity—but to guard against the habit of adopting from others customs and habits without any examination of their suitability in our own case. If we only copy others in so far as it is clearly for our own good that we should do so, and in all other cases adopt a line of action of our own, we shall be as original as there is any need to be. The same thing applies of course to opinions; there are some that we must take on trust, if at all, because we are not competent judges of their subject matter, but there many which we are quite competent to examine, and yet take on trust all the same. The habit of Canada in the past has been to look to England for the initiative in everything. How long, does any one suppose, we should have gone on trying controverted elections before Parliamentary Committees, if Mr. Disraeli had not shown us a more excellent way? The ballot is not an institution we particularly admire, but here again Canada follows scrupulously in the wake of the Mother Country, the Australian colonies having long preceded her in the same path. If England had not, early in the century, relaxed the stringency of her laws on the subject of Trades' Unions, it is extremely doubtful whether Sir John A. Macdonald would have had the courage to come forth two years ago as "the working man's friend." As a previous writer in this Magazine has pointed out, the costly broad gauge which our Canadian railways have just abandoned after so much inconvenience, was adopted from England with little or no thought as to whether it was suitable to the requirements of this country. It is high time that we began to trust our own mother-wit a little more, and not look abroad for precedents and examples before we dare move hand or foot. No one but a fool will make light of experience, but when for the sake of profiting by other people's experience we forego all independent movement of our own, we turn that which should be a blessing into a bane; and, in our extreme carefulness to avoid small mistakes, run a serious risk of committing enormous ones.

It rests with the rising generation in Canada to show what is in them of original im-

* "Le Christianisme et la Revolution Française," p. 13.

pulse, to show how they have learnt the lessons of the times, and how they understand the country's needs. We must profess our faith in that "Modern Culture" which a leading English Review has lately so seriously impeached.* We believe that the heart of the present generation is in the right place, and that the chief tendencies of the time are in a right direction. And, because such is our belief, we are intensely desirous that Canada should keep well abreast of the most progressive communities in all that relates to her intellectual and moral, as well as political, life. Let every one then bring to the common weal his own appropriate contribution. "Let every one," as the great Apostle has said, "minister according to the proportion of faith." A high order of faith is what we need in order to be truly useful to the State, that faith in right which comes, as the poet has told us, of self-control, or in other words, of the daily practice of right in our own lives, and the harmonizing of our individual desires with the general good. This is the faith that overcomes the only dangerous materialism of the age, that, namely, which consists in asserting and believing that selfishness is the *primum mobile* of human society, and that money is the one lever that can move the world. Its appropriate expression is not national self-glorification, but strenuous devotion to all worthy causes. The man who tries to work himself into a persuasion that the country he inhabits must necessarily be great, and glorious, and powerful, is a mere simpleton; but the man who feels deeply his own responsibility to the State, and tries to discharge that responsibility faithfully, is the type of a good citizen.

The New Year is now before us. It will bring much work for each one of us to do: to some it will offer opportunities of important public usefulness; to some it will present critical alternatives of right and wrong; to every one it will bring some righteous cause to vindicate, some evil principle to condemn. The page before us is white and stainless: let us endeavour so to act that when snatched away, its record full, it may tell of lives not entirely devoted to personal objects, of good intentions not wholly unfulfilled, of worthy aims not quite unrealized. Familiar as they are, why not quote again the solemn verses translated from Gœthe by one whose own laborious and noble life has been one of the grandest lessons of the age:

"Heard are the Voices,
Heard are the sages,
The worlds and the ages;
'Choose well, your choice is
Brief and yet endless;

Here eyes do regard you
In eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave to reward you;
Work and despair not.'"

* London *Quarterly Review*, Oct., 1874.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

BENEATH the frosty starlight of December,
The old year silently hath sped away,
And solemn chimes are bidding us remember
That this is New Year's Day.

Yet, as old friends who, faithful and true-hearted,
Gather to talk of one they've laid to rest,
And cherish looks and tones of the departed,
And think they loved *him* best;

So, round the vanished year, its joys and sorrows,
Our thoughts still linger with a tender clasp,
And even its saddest hour some sweetness borrows,
Since wrested from our grasp.

Its springtide promise, hours of summer gladness,
Bright autumn days when Nature's bounties fall,
And hours when faith and hope have conquered sadness—
Perchance the best of all!

And though too conscious sin and failure darkens
The shadowy retrospect our thoughts pursue,
Yet at the Cross our hearts may leave the burden,
And so begin anew.

Then, turning from its dear familiar pages,
Dear, although some are blurred with many a tear,
We add them to the roll of by-past ages,
And say—A glad *New* Year

For all we love! yet knowing well that never
Since Eden's gates the angel closed for aye,
Could human wishes shut out pain, or sever
Sorrow from life's brief day!

Still, Hope is ours—man's dearest gift from heaven;
And so the old familiar wish is said,
That sunny days and bright hours may be given;
Or if, indeed, instead

Dark ones are sent by Wisdom never-failing
Our little love and wisdom far above—
His presence may go with them, still unveiling
The sunshine of His love!

And still we hope and wait that better season
That shall ring out the evil of the times,
Not yet, not yet, we hear its glad orison—
Its clear, unclouded chimes!

Still lasts the weary reign of pain and terror,
Man grinding in the dust his fellow-man—
Upholding, in his blindness, wrong and error,
Brute force and tyrant's ban.

Still Wrong, unblushing, sitteth in high places,
And Falsehood stalks with a triumphant tread,
And Greed and Avarice, with brazen faces,
Would sell the poor for bread.

And still doth brother misconceive his brother,
Though fighting, side by side, with kindred aims,
Wounding, misjudging, hindering each other
Because of differing *names!*

Soon may *He* come to whom the right is given
To rule the nations while He makes them *free*,
Whose reign is light and love, and peace and heaven!
Unto the utmost sea!

When shall it dawn—that golden age of gladness,
The world's long hope—and it hath waited long—
Ringing out war and discord, sin and sadness,
In a new Christmas song?

Perchance—perchance, that glorious day is breaking,
Whose hope the weary heart with rapture fills;
Lone watchers see its golden dawn awaking
Beyond the distant hills!

Meantime, for all we love and fain would gather
Beneath the wings of Thy most tender care,
We thank Thee, oh our living, loving Father,
That Thou dost answer prayer!

That, every helpless longing, wordless yearning,
Fain to bring help, yet powerless to redress—
Laid on Thy heart, to strength our weakness turning,
Even *our* love can bless!

But if, as some would dream, Thy love were banished
From Being's cold, material, loveless sphere,
Oh, who could breathe, in realms whence Hope had vanished—
The prayer—A GLAD NEW YEAR!

January 1, 1875. FIDELIS.

LOST AND WON:

A CANADIAN ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

BLACKWATER MILL.

"She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down;
Beware! Beware!

A WIDE landscape of forest and meadow, corn-field and pasture-land, richly coloured with the vivid hues of midsummer, lay glowing in the intense light of the hot July sun, that shone strongly down from a clear sky, whose pale-blue tint as well as the soft pink and opal-hued bank of clouds on the horizon, was sufficiently suggestive of great heat, even if such had not made itself otherwise felt.

The sunshine lay bright and hot on the corn-fields, already yellowing under its influence; it gave a richer green to the pastures, refreshed by recent rains, and to the surrounding dark masses of forest, intensifying the deep shades of its cool recesses; it glittered on the winding river, unruffled by a breeze, lying like a burnished mirror, that reflected every hue and shade of the foliage that overhung its banks; it quivered through the soft waves that lapped up among the reeds which here and there impeded its quiet course—stirred here and there by the plash of a wild duck; and in the dam just above Blackwater Mill it gleamed golden brown through the quivering ripples that made a dancing maze of "netted sunbeams" above the long, dark, stringy waterweeds that almost covered its white rocky bed, here and there bared, and sparkling golden through the wavering lines of the restless water. The little cascade, originally dashing down its dark glistening rocks for its own mere pleasure—now tamed into a "water-power" to drive the mill—flashed back the sunshine from its snowy foam, while it sent showers of glittering diamond drops into the dark, deep pool just below, whose sombre depth of shade, beneath its over-hanging rocks, gave to the mill above it the name of Blackwater Mill.

On a grassy slope which led down to the margin of this pool, stood the miller's substantial low stone house, just far enough from the mill to soften the noise of its machinery into a pleasant, low hum, which, mingling with the rushing sound of the little waterfall, made an unobtrusive musical accompaniment to the busy life that went on within the walls of the farm-house at the mill.

And a busy life it was, as no one who knew Mrs. Ward, the miller's wife, could doubt. That comely person, who now sat knitting at the window of the large, airy, immaculately clean kitchen, conveyed in every glance of her keen dark eyes, in every line of her shrewd care-marked face, in every movement of her deft, quick hands, the impression of vigour and industry, as well as the idea that no one would be likely, under her brisk, energetic *régime*, to eat the bread of idleness. Her three married daughters had been considered prizes, as well-trained housewives, and if the one still at home, the pretty Lottie, whose acknowledged good looks were her mother's secret pride and her father's open exultation, had been, as the neighbours averred, more indulgently treated than her sisters, this was less on account of these good looks than from that curious law of proportion by which parental rigidity often seems to relax as the young birds fly forth, and only the last-fledged nestlings are left.

Certainly, the figure of the girl who now stood spinning in the shadiest corner of the

wide, cool kitchen, from which in summer all culinary occupations were banished to an outside "cook-house," and through which a grateful current of air was flowing through the wide-open opposite windows, was one on which a mother's eye might rest with somewhat pardonable pride, conscious in her secret heart that it revived the image of her own long-lost girlhood. The rich, full curves of the youthful figure, rather above middle height, the abundant brown hair that swept back from the low forehead and clear-tinted cheek, and the somewhat full pomegranate lips, suggested pleasantly what the mother *had* been, and—not quite so pleasantly—what the daughter would probably be. The bright-tinted print dress, whose simple fashioning well displayed the graceful, rounded young figure, a desideratum apparently disregarded in these degenerate days of paniered disguises, and the crimson ribbon that tied back rather coquettishly the glossy brown tresses, showed clearly that Miss Lottie Ward was, at all events, by no means indifferent to her personal appearance.

She was evidently tired of her task, as was indicated by the frequency with which the yarn snapped under her fingers, contracting her brow with an impatient frown, as well as by the constant roving glances that went from beneath the long dark eyelashes to the opposite window, where a big brown butterfly occasionally darted among the intertwining scarlet-runner and convolvulus that ran up the window-frame, or a humming bird poised himself on his whirring, glancing wings.

It was a pleasant window to look out of, that kitchen window, looking down on the deep pool below, with its opposite wall of dark rocks crested with pines, and tufted with moss and ferns, and up to the little snowy waterfall, flashing so brightly in the sun. So Lottie thought, as she stopped her wheel, and came to lean against the sill, watching her mother's rapidly-moving needles that went click, click, as if they had found out the secret of perpetual motion.

"It's too hot for spinning, mother;" said the girl, with a sigh of weariness; "I'm just going to put away the wheel till it's cooler. There's no hurry about the yarn, I'm sure."

"Well child, I don't care if you do. It *is* hot, sure enough, though *I* don't see as idle folks are any cooler than busy ones, and there's none feels the heat as much as them as are always talking about it. It's enough to make one hot to hear 'em buzz, just like that big blue-bottle fly there. But there ain't no hurry about the yarn, sure enough; and you might as well put it away for a few days. We want raspberries badly for jam and vinegar, and old Mr. Campbell told me yesterday they're just spoiling on the bushes in the marsh back of his farm. So I've been thinking you might take Hannah up there with you to-morrow, and have a good day's berry-picking; Jeanie Campbell would go too, and you could have your dinner at Braeburn Farm, and come home in the evening."

"And get all burned brown in the sun, and bitten to death with musquitoes," Lottie said, with a discontented air, as visions of torn and draggled raiment and persecuting insects rose before her, and she began to think that spinning in the cool, shady kitchen was, after all, better than the berry-picking alternative.

"Nonsense, child!" was the energetic reply. "I don't know what you girls are coming to! When *I* was your age, I always thought berry-picking the best fun going! You'll never get roses nor berries either in this world without a few scratches, but what's that to make a fuss about? And then you'll have Alan's company I don't doubt; and there's some girls I know of would go farther than that for it."

"Let them go, then! I can have it without going for it," half muttered Lottie, with a coquettish, conscious air, that was quite lost on the busy, matter-of-fact mother,

who was pursuing the thread of her own thoughts.

"And that reminds me," she added presently; "your father said very likely we should have company for supper; that young lawyer from Carrington, who was coming on business; and he said he'd ask him in to take something, of course, and mayhap stay all night."

"All night, mother!" said Lottie, surprised. It was rather a rare occurrence to have gentlemen visitors at Blackwater Mill.

"Yes, and I *think it's most likely he will*; for your father said he'd quite a good deal of business to transact hereabout, though I don't know what it is, and it ain't none of *my* business, neither. But it's time I was seeing about the biscuit for tea, for I suppose *you're* too tired, and when you're not in the humour, yours is none of the best; and as for Hannah, she don't make them fit to set before old Cæsar! So you just set the table, in the parlour, mind; and I'll make the biscuits." So saying, Mrs. Ward gathered up her knitting and hastened away to her biscuit-making with a brisk step that contrasted sharply with Lottie's listless air. The announcement of the expected visitor had, however, had a somewhat animating effect. Visitors from the little market town were somewhat scarce, and Lottie's mind was busy with various speculations regarding this one, as she set about getting out the best china, and setting the table for tea in the parlour, a room not nearly so bright and cheerful as the kitchen, reposing, during most of the time, shut out from light and air, in the grim grandeur of its heavy horsehair and mahogany furniture and gaily patterned window-blinds. The rather dreary attempts at ornament, the uninteresting books in showy bindings stiffly arranged upon the centre-table, the glaring bouquets of paper flowers, the coarse Cupids on the mantlepiece, and an elaborate piece of work of many colours, representing figures with curiously distorted physiognomies, amidst flowers and trees of some unknown species, testifying to Miss Lottie's achievements during a year at boarding-school, seemed only to increase the gloom of the apartment. The only thing that brightened it up in some degree was a crayon portrait of Lottie herself, tolerably like, which a travelling artist had persuaded Mr. Ward to lethim execute in return for a week's lodging, and which was considered a marvel of art in the neighbourhood. The room, with all its dulness, was the pride of Mrs. Ward's heart, and much admired by Lottie, who, unconscious of its gloom, rejoiced in the palpable fact that the furniture was handsomer than that of any room on this side of Carrington. It was, therefore, with a look of great satisfaction that she stood contemplating the *tout ensemble* when her work was completed, and the table spread with its array of gay china, preserves, and cake.

Just at that moment the clatter of horse's hoofs struck on her ear, rattling along the side road that led from the mill to the farmhouse; and Lottie, leaning out of the window to see who was approaching, met the glance and smile of a bright, handsome lad of about seventeen, who immediately reined in his steed—a well formed chestnut mare—and called out in a clear ringing tone:

"Is Alan here, Lottie?"

"Alan?—no!—what made you think so? I haven't seen him for a week!" replied Lottie, her colour rising a little, and with something of a pout.

"Well, I know he said he'd be round here about tea time, but I suppose he hasn't got along yet. He was going to fish, down by the river, and come here afterwards; so, very likely, he'll bring you some fish for tea. I'm going to ride over to Dunn's Corners for letters, and he wanted me to get him some fish-hooks; so I wanted to ask him about them. Can I do anything for you there?"

"No, thank you, Dan, only keep out of mischief;" was the reply.

"Come, *you* needn't say that; you're as fond of it as anybody! Well, goodbye. I'll go round and look for the fellow. Come, Beauty," and giving the rein to his horse, he dashed off—clearing at a bound the fence that lay between the house in front and the meadows that skirted the river side.

Lottie remained for a minute or two, thinking. "It never rains but it pours!" she thought. "No one here for a week and now two visitors for tea, and one all the way from Carrington!" And, deciding that the importance of the occasion warranted some extra preparation, she went to her own room to exchange the dress she wore—a perfectly fresh and suitable one for a farmer's daughter on a summer afternoon—for the latest addition to her wardrobe, a gay muslin brought by her mother from Carrington the last time she had been there at market.

While the warm afternoon had been thus wearing away at Blackwater Mill, a young man—fishing rod in hand—was slowing sauntering in the deep shade of the woods, whose heavy masses of foliage, seen from the front windows of the farm house, hid from it the windings of the little river, after it had passed the intervening meadows. The thick growth of underbrush and bracken which grew abundantly among the stems of the tall forest trees was here and there intersected by little wood paths, and along the widest of these, which led by the bank of the river, the young angler strolled, occasionally stopping for a cast of his rod into some deep quiet pool promising of success. At last, finding one where the fish he was in search of seemed unusually abundant, he threw himself down on an inviting couch of green moss to watch for "bites," while his brown retriever gladly lay down too, panting and wistfully eyeing the cool glassy water, through which the sunlight, finding its way amongst the over-arching boughs, quivered and gleamed in a thousand wavering lines. But Ponto was too well trained a dog to spoil his master's sport by the plunge into the stream, which, in his inmost heart, he longed to make; so he lay there motionless, with his nose between his two brown paws, and his large wistful eyes fixed upon the angler. The stillness was perfect, broken only by the occasional rustle of a wood-squirrel or chipmunk which occasionally flashed down a tall tree-trunk to the ground, and stood for a few moments, chattering and curiously inspecting with its bright eyes the intruders on its solitude. The occasional notes of a few birds seemed rather to deepen the stillness than to break it; and the fisherman for a time apparently forgot his sport and lost himself in a dreamy reverie. It was well for his enjoyment of the present moment that he could not know what subtle, unseen threads of destiny were, on this beautiful summer afternoon, surely tightening around him as well as around others with whom we shall have a good deal to do. It is well that we have in general to act upon the principle that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" and that, of our future course, we cannot really see more than a step at a time.

The young angler was tall, lithe, and well-formed, and the deeply cut, rather massive lines of his sun-burnt face bore quite enough resemblance to the rider of the chesnut mare to enable any acute observer to set them down as brothers, though the somewhat care-shadowed face of the angler seemed matured by more than the half-dozen years of difference in age between them. The advantage of brightness and physical good looks was on the side of the junior, but in the thoughtful brow, and dark deep-set eyes of the elder there was a certain attractiveness of expression which the bright boyish face of the lad did not yet possess. There was perhaps, a little dreaminess blended with the thoughtfulness, suggesting that the whole force of the character had never yet been fully called out into the battle of life; but the firm decided mouth

told that neither force nor energy would be wanting to the occasion when it came.

An hour or two wore quietly away in the unbroken stillness. Though the sportsman did not seem very enthusiastic, he was evidently skilful, and some fine trout lay in his basket when he at last wound up his line, took to pieces his rod, and laying them beside his basket, turned to the dog with a smile, saying—"Now Ponto, for a swim."

The animal seemed to understand the word, for he joyfully sprang up, bounding and wagging his tail, and in a few moments the dog and his master were both splashing about in the cool water, swimming together to the further side of the stream, and back again, enjoying the cool lapping waves as they can only be enjoyed after an intensely warm summer day. But the sun was already sinking below the tall tree tops, and, their bath over, the young man and his faithful companion continued their way on the river path, scrambling over moss-covered stones, lichen-grown logs, among tall nodding ferns; while now and then the angler, laden as he was with his basket and fishing-gear, stopped to pick a bright wild rose, or a purple orchis, or partridge berry blossom, whose long trailing stems overspread the damp ground he trod, and which, with some natural taste, he arranged, with the aid of a few ferns, into a graceful bouquet.

Then emerging from the shade of the woods, he rapidly crossed the sunny meadows, crisped by the hot sun, and, leaping the rail fence, was soon in front of the farmhouse at Blackwater Mill. No one was visible in front of the house; only old black Cæsar lay on the door step, rising to meet Ponto as he approached, with sundry friendly canine greetings, to which the latter courteously responded, while his master, instead of entering by the door, as might have been expected, diverged round the end of the house till he arrived at the open kitchen window, looking down upon the river. There he found what he was in search of, Lottie's bright face, framed in the creepers that climbed up the window, and half hidden by the wavy dark hair as it bent over a book in which the reader was so deeply absorbed that she never heard the purposely light footsteps, until a long arm had drawn her head forward, and a tender salute had been unawares imprinted on her cheek.

"Alan Campbell," she exclaimed, starting to her feet, and assuming a slightly offended air. "How dare you come and startle me so! You might ask leave first, I think!"

"Now Lottie," said the young man deprecatingly; "when I haven't seen you for a week."

"Well, what was to prevent your seeing me, if you wanted to? I thought you had forgotten all about us;" she said in the same tone.

"My dear Lottie, I couldn't tell you how busy I've been! This is the very first day since the haying began that I could get away for an hour. And as I had a spare afternoon, and thought you'd like some trout for tea, I went fishing first; and look here," he said, lifting the covering of green leaves from the speckled spoil. "And I brought you a little bouquet too," he added. "I think these wild flowers are ever so much prettier than those stiff marigolds and sunflowers that your mother delights in."

"Wild flowers don't feed chickens and sunflowers will, and marigolds help to make the butter yellow, that's why," said the practical Lottie. "Thank you, they are very pretty," she said more graciously, taking the flowers from Alan's hand. "I don't know how it is, I never seem to find any when I'm in the woods." Lottie did not, in her heart, care much for flowers, but the prettiness of the little attention pleased her. It was more like the proceedings of the heroes of the vapid romances which constituted her only reading, than Alan's conduct usually was. His wooing, indeed, had not been conducted according to the standard of these unques-

tionable authorities; which sometimes made her feel rather aggrieved.

Alan, meantime, had made use of the window as a mode of entrance, being fond of such irregular proceedings. Mrs. Ward came in just then, and came forward to inspect the fish.

"I'm right glad you've brought them," she added, "for we're expecting a gentleman from town, and he'll be glad of some fresh fish, I'm sure. I'll go and have them broiled right away. But of course you must keep some for your mother," she added, stooping to select some and leave the remainder in the basket. Alan noticed, he often noticed things when looking dreamily on, that the best and largest fish were taken, and the inferior ones left. He hated himself for noticing such a trifle, and said to himself that it was natural she should wish to have the best to set before her visitor. But the truth was that Mrs. Ward had been so long accustomed to act on the principle of *family selfishness*, which *she* called "good management," that she made her selection quite coolly and naturally, without ever thinking of doing otherwise.

"And who's the visitor you're expecting?" enquired Alan, a little blankly, glancing at Lottie's smart attire, and at the absence of the usual supper preparations on the white well-scoured kitchen table. Tea in that gloomy best parlour was his aversion, to which not even having Lottie's picture to look at could reconcile him.

"I don't know his name," replied Lottie. "Some lawyer from Carrington that has business with father. He's out with him now, or you'd have been late for tea, and the fish wouldn't have been much good!"

"And is that the reason you've got yourself up so?" demanded Alan, a slight trace of the jealousy that so often follows close on the heels of the most unselfish love, in his tone. Perhaps Lottie felt it half consciously, and did not wish to excite it further just then, for she quickly replied, in a softer tone than she had hitherto used, and raising her brown eyes to the dark ones above her, with her most winning expression:

"Dan was here, Alan, and he told me you were coming. So I thought I'd like you to see my new dress that mother brought me from Carrington. Don't you think it's pretty?"

The jealousy vanished from the eyes looking down, and an expression of intense satisfaction took its place. Alan's opinion of the dress, however, was not then expressed, for a pretty *tableau* that followed this scene was abruptly terminated by the sound of approaching footsteps, and Lottie hastily retreated towards the door, at which her father was entering, in company with the expected "gentleman from town."

CHAPTER II.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

"Thither, ah! no footstep tendeth—
Ah! the heaven above, so clear,
Never, earth to touch, descendeth,
And the *there* is never *here*!"

A GREAT contrast they certainly were—the two who now entered—the miller, with his ruddy English visage, shaggy, grizzled whiskers, and loose clothing, which made him look broader than he really was; and the rather small young man beside him, whose closely cut and trimmed appearance, and well-fitting light summer suit made him seem, to Lottie's eyes at least, a model of gentlemanly polish.

"Mr. Sharpley," as he was now introduced by Mr. Ward—better known as "Dick Sharpley" among his acquaintances in town—was a young lawyer, who was decidedly "getting on in the world," through his own "*push*" and energy, combined with a pretty fully developed amount of calculating selfishness. From his childhood, in the family of his father, a small tradesman, Dick had been accustomed to hear of money-saving

and money-getting as the chief duty of life; and of social success and self aggrandisement as its chief good. No unselfish maxim, no nobler idea, had ever been impressed on his youthful mind; but, on the contrary, when, in a most exceptional moment of generosity he had shared a sixpence with a companion who had lost *his*, he was vigorously upbraided for his "foolish" lavishness. It is not wonderful, then, that Dick should have imbibed the home atmosphere, as he certainly inherited the parental tendency. Any nascent generosity having been nipped in the bud, Dick, as he grew up, followed faithfully in the paternal footsteps, always managing to get the advantage over his companions in any small "trading" transactions such as boys love to indulge in, his success in which, being reported at home, invariably won chuckling commendations of his cleverness. Writing a good hand, he soon got paying employment in a lawyer's office, in which, in due time—winning the favour of his employer by his quickness and industry—he became a regular articled clerk. Without having talents of any high order, his acuteness and ready memory enabled him to pass very creditable examinations; and, once embarked in the legal profession, his shrewdness, his unscrupulous determination to *get on*, and his readiness to undertake *any* case however manifestly "bad," and to advance it by any available means however unjust, won him a kind of success that would have been impossible to a man of stricter principle, and enabled him to distance some of his really more talented though more scrupulous competitors. Besides this, he had considerable fluency of peech, which, though the lack of real culture was often strikingly apparent, won an easy success with country juries; so that Dick Sharpley, at first barely tolerated in the professional circle by those who knew his antecedents, was beginning to make himself felt as a man of some influence in Carrington—a man whom it might be dangerous to slight—and was achieving a very fair amount of social success, much to his own inward satisfaction.

One of his most profitable clients was a Mr. Leggatt, a business man in Carrington. With the aid of Sharpley, who, of course, shared in the spoils, he had been driving a pretty flourishing trade in mortgages; lending money at high interest to needy men struggling to keep above water, and then foreclosing whenever it was legally possible to do so; realizing usually, by the sale, a handsome profit on his original advance. People were beginning to dread dealing with him; but drowning men will grasp at straws. Mr. Leggatt's business often took Sharpley into all sorts of out-of-the-way corners in the surrounding country. How it had now brought him to Blackwater Mill, and how it was likely to affect our story, we shall hereafter see.

If Lottie Ward's admiration was excited by Mr. Sharpley's "gentlemanly" appearance, he, on his side, seemed not less impressed on beholding Lottie. In the first place he was somewhat surprised, observant as he was of externals, to see a country girl, in this backwoods settlement, attired in a dress which, though *rather* showy, she might easily have worn in an afternoon on the streets of Carrington; and in the next place, he was fairly startled by her graceful, rounded, vividly tinted beauty, lighted up, as it was just then, by an unwonted degree of animation, which made the somewhat languid eyes sparkle with unusual lustre, as they glanced up in a slightly excited manner from under the dark eyelashes. Alan Campbell's quietly observant eye, made doubly observant by affection, took in at once the mutually favourable impression, and, perhaps partly on this account, his own impression of the stranger was decidedly unfavourable. Or, possibly, it was one of those intuitive perceptions which, striking, in an inexplicable manner, some subtle hidden chord of our moral being, seem to

place us at once in an antagonistic attitude towards those whose moral tone and nature are incompatible with our own, or who may be destined to exercise some sinister influence on our life and fate. Moreover, Alan Campbell's ancestors had been said to have the gift of second sight, and he believed that he inherited at least an unusual share of perception of character.

When the stranger had bowed obsequiously to the miller's pretty daughter, to whom he could not resist the temptation of addressing one of the fluent compliments that came so readily to his lips, and which by no means displeased the recipient, he was duly introduced to "Mr. Campbell." The usual deferential bow with which Mr. Sharpley, on principle, greeted every new acquaintance, and which was stiffly enough responded to by Alan, was succeeded by a somewhat unusual look of real interest, as the name caught his ear, the nature of which it would have puzzled an observer to determine. For whatever reason, as the little party assembled, at Mrs. Ward's invitation, round the hospitable table on which her newly manufactured "biscuits"—*Anglicé* hot buns—were smoking, Mr. Sharpley's glance frequently rested on Alan as if inwardly taking his mental measurement—a circumstance unnoted by Alan, who rather haughtily abstained from looking towards or talking to the stranger any more than was unavoidable. To say the truth, Alan felt that the pleasant evening to which, through some days of hard toil, he had been looking forward to spending with Lottie, was somewhat spoiled by the presence of this "interloper," as he rather unreasonably, in his heart, styled the miller's invited guest.

Mr. Sharpley, however, was quite at his ease, and did his best to render himself agreeable to his entertainers. He praised Mrs. Ward's light spongy "biscuits," and excellent pies and preserves, and congratulated the miller on the flourishing appearance of his smooth, well-cleared corn-fields and meadows, on which not a *stump* was to be seen disfiguring their fair luxuriance.

"Yes sir!" exclaimed the miller, well pleased. "You won't find a stump, sir, on any cleared land of *mine*, if you was to look from now till next week! You'd hardly think, now, that these very hands cut down the first tree on this clearing, a good thirty years ago now!"

"No indeed, sir," said Mr. Sharpley, with an impressed manner; "it's not easy to fancy that, now, when one looks around him here. You must have had some hard work before you got things into such beautiful order!"

"Yes! *that's so*, sir! my old woman and me have seen some pretty hard work in our day. Time for us to rest now and let the young folks do their share, I say; though people nowadays won't manage as *we* did! Why, sir, for many a year we raised every single thing we used on this here farm—'ceptin' only the old woman's tea, and a little bit of calico. All our woollen clothes grew on the back of our own sheep, as most of 'em does still."

"Is that really so?" exclaimed Mr. Sharpley, looking with a deferential air towards Mrs. Ward. "Your wife must be an excellent manager! I suppose Miss Ward is a first-class housekeeper, too," he added, with an insinuating glance in her direction.

"Well, so, so, Mr. Sharpley," her mother answered, not unimpressed by the young lawyer's gracious suavity. "But girls nowadays grow up quite different to what they did in my day!"

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Ward, "they ain't what their mothers was, neither in looks nor anything else. Now Lottie there's very well as to looks," he said, looking proudly at his daughter, "but she ain't to compare to what her mother was, and she'll never begin to be the housekeeper she is!"

"I think it wouldn't be easy to improve on Miss Ward in the first respect, at any rate;" said Mr. Sharpley, with a gallant air,

and Lottie, who had taken her father's remarks quite indifferently, coloured a little, and looked pleased and conscious.

"Well, you see," said the miller, pursuing his own train of thought, "girls nowadays gets all sorts of extravagant notions into their heads, and put each other up to nonsense the girls of ten years ago even never dreamt of. And what one girl has another's got to have, and so they get set up to all sorts of finery. Why, our girls have to have all your town gimcracks and vanities, out here, where there ain't nothin' but chipmunks and wild ducks to look at 'em, and I'm sure them critters is a sight too sensible to care for flounces and fol-de-rols!"

"But when the effect is *so* charming, Mr. Ward, one feels inclined to think the extravagance quite excusable," was the reply, with a bow which pointed the compliment.

"Oh, that's all very well for you young chaps that haven't got to pay for it! But all the same, it's extravagance, one way or another—in dress as much as anything else—that keeps this country back. I wonder, now, how much we pay a year to British merchants just for women's clothes, for silks and muslins and all such frippery! We import a great sight too much, sir, for a young country! If the women would wear more home-made clothing, as they used, and I'm sure there's none like it for wear—the men are beginning to wear our Canadian tweeds now; and if folks would try to do with fewer luxuries that they don't need, and live more on what they raise themselves, it would be a great sight better for the country, sir, and we'd have a deal fewer mortgages on our land!"

"No doubt, sir, no doubt you're quite correct," said Mr. Sharpley; then, as if anxious to terminate the miller's disquisition on political economy, he turned to Alan, who had hitherto sat almost silent, taking no part in the discussion.

"I suppose you belong to this neighbourhood?" he said, enquiringly, as an opening remark, adding, "have you always lived out here in the backwoods?"

"Ever since I can remember, at all events," replied Alan, quietly.

"Then you're not one of the natives?' said Mr. Sharpley, trying with a little jocularity to thaw down Alan's somewhat haughty reserve. "You have a tolerably Scotch name, at any rate."

"I was born within sight of Ben Nevis," replied Alan, "but as I remember no country but this, I consider myself a Canadian. I think a man always feels himself a native o the country in which he has been brought up."

"I approve of your sentiments," was the gracious reply. "It's all nonsense the sort of old national feeling people keep up here, and the sentimental stuff they talk about history and associations, et cetera. Talk of Canada 'having no history,' indeed! I should like to know when history and associations ever put a cent into a man's pocket! Why, there are more fortunes to be made in this country yet, sir, than in all that barren Scotland at any rate. I don't know about England, with its coal and commerce. So all that we've got to do is to set to and make the most of the country we're in."

It is to be presumed that these were Mr. Sharpley's true sentiments, as they were uttered without any particular object in view. But when he had to address an audience strongly influenced by any particular national feeling, he could be glowing, and even touching on the elevating influences of a far-reaching national history, on the endearing associations of the "ould sod," or the spirit-stirring memories of the "land of the mountain and the flood."

Alan did not take up the discussion, but a somewhat contemptuous expression lurked about his lip as he rose from the tea-table and walked to the window. "Of what use would history and associations be to a man without a heart or soul?" was his private commentary on the lawyer's speech, for

Alan, though truly, as he said, a Canadian, was pretty thoroughly imbued with Highland feelings and associations.

To his great satisfaction, Mr. Sharpley went off with the miller to inspect a plan for some new and improved machinery for the mill, in order to procure which Mr. Ward was negotiating a loan from Mr. Leggatt. And now Alan could have the pleasant *tête-à-tête* with Lottie, to which he had been impatiently looking forward. So, while Mrs. Ward bustled away to look after the supper of the men in the outer kitchen—the mill-work being over for the day—he drew Lottie out of the house towards the path which led down the slope to their favourite evening resort, a little nook sheltered by rocks and bushes, at the foot of the little waterfall, cooled and dewy by the spray from the dashing water, where it was pleasant to sit as the heat of the day cooled off, and watch the crimson and amber glories of the setting sun.

Lottie complied with her lover's desire, without, however, either feeling or manifesting any of the shy, maidenly pleasure which girls are usually supposed to feel in similar circumstances. Truth to tell, the miller's pretty daughter, on her return from her year at boarding school, during which time she had bloomed out into the full charms of young womanhood—had made so easy a conquest of her former boy-admirer, Alan Campbell, that, sure of an affection she had so lightly won, she took his attentions rather too much as a matter of course. Indeed, now that the novelty had worn off of being "engaged" to the best looking young farmer in the township, and claiming, as her especial and devoted property, one whose attentions she knew had been eagerly coveted by half the girls in the neighbourhood, who now envied her in proportion, she sometimes felt a little tiresome the long *tête-à-têtes* with Alan, whose affection did not easily find expression in words, who liked to talk about things in which she was not in the least interested, and who had certainly no aptitude for making the pretty speeches and compliments indulged in so freely by the heroes of her favourite novels, and seeming to come so readily to the lips of her new acquaintance, Mr. Sharpley. She could not help following with her eyes that young gentleman's retreating form as he walked with her father towards the mill, and internally comparing his spruce figure, town-made attire and brisk walk, with Alan's country air, figure, and hair certainly wanting in trimness, and garments manufactured of home-made material by the patient, busy fingers of Mrs. Campbell, who, while she had cut and stitched with all due motherly care, had certainly not been able to communicate to them the air of relative fashion which distinguished those of Mr. Sharpley. The comparison in Lottie's mind was, it must be confessed, somewhat disparaging to her betrothed, though a truer taste and more cultivated eye would have much preferred the tall, well-formed, well knit figure of the young farmer, though clad in coarse, russet garments, and characterized by the lack of precision of movement which a country training, combined with a somewhat slow and thoughtful temperament, is apt to foster.

Alan's eye had caught the direction of Lottie's, and it may be had half-divined its meaning. As they silently approached their rocky seat, his suppressed irritation broke out at last in the exclamation—

"What can that priggish puppy be wanting here?"

Lottie pouted, but more for effect than from any real annoyance.

"If it's Mr. Sharpley you mean, I think he's a very nice young man, and I'm sure he's a sight civiller than *you* are, Alan!" she said, in a tone not calculated to soothe Alan's ruffled feelings.

"Well, he's certainly cultivated the art of paying compliments, and you needn't feel particularly flattered by them, for of course a fellow like that makes it his business to

pay them wherever he goes. If that's the sort of thing you like, Lottie dear, I'm afraid you'll never get it from me! Don't I think a thousand times more of you than that fellow possibly can? But for all that, and all the more for that, I couldn't, to save my life, make the fine speeches he does, and I don't think you ought to need them from me, Lottie!"

No girl of ordinary feminine composition could have helped being mollified and touched by the loving look in Alan's dark, earnest eyes, and the caress with which he emphasised his speech; and Lottie's rather shallow heart was, for the time, impressed by the genuine, honest glow of real affection, and willing to dismiss, for the present, the obnoxious subject of Mr. Sharpley. But, for all that, the interview did not progress very favourably. The pleasant flavour of the compliments, conveyed in the studied impressiveness which characterized Mr. Sharpley's conversation, made Alan's sober talk seem insipid, and her mind was continually reverting to the thought of how much more deferentially that gentleman would have conducted himself in a similar interview, and how profuse and emphatic would have been his protestations of devotion, "just like those in the books," she thought. But she did not speak her thought again, and sat, in rather a silent mood, tossing little bits of moss and sticks into the brown, foaming water, and watching them eddy and whirl in the mimic whirlpools among the rocks, while Alan tried to interest her in his earnest talk about his plans; how, by and by, he hoped that his father, now somewhat failing in strength, would surrender the management of the farm to him, and how he hoped in time, with the aid of good crops, to build a new house in which Lottie and he might begin that new and sweet double existence which was at present the goal of all his hopes.

"You'll be so near home, Lottie, you know, that your mother don't mind sparing you to me, and you'll be able to run over any time and see her. She said to me the other evening that she'd sooner have me for a son-in-law than any young man in all Radnor."

Lottie perhaps thought the conversation had gone far enough in this direction, for she caught the thread of it up with the irrelevant remark—

"Oh, I forgot to tell you; she wants me to go and gather raspberries in the marsh to-morrow. Can Jeanie go, too, if it's fine?"

"Yes, I'm sure she can. I know she hasn't got any raspberries yet, and she'll be delighted to have you to go with. And I'll see if I can't manage to go and help you in the afternoon. And, of course, you'll take tea at our house, and I'll drive you home; I'd come for you in the morning, only——"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself," said Lottie, a little pettishly; "we can manage, Hannah and me, very well by ourselves."

"Lottie," said Allan, "you know how glad I'd be to come for you and stay with you all day. But there's some hay yet in the low meadow; it didn't seem quite dry enough to take in to-day, but I must get it in the first thing to-morrow, for there's no saying how soon we may have rain."

"Indeed, then, I think we're going to have it to-night!" exclaimed Lottie, starting to her feet.

And even while they had been talking—Alan engrossed in watching Lottie's downcast face—one of the sudden changes had come over the sky which are not unusual in our hot midsummer days. Dark blue clouds, beginning in the horizon, had rapidly extended towards the zenith, and were branching out in all directions. The temperature had suddenly fallen, and a breeze, rapidly increasing to a wind, was crisping the recently calm waters of the river into a thousand ripples. Just as they observed the change, the sky above them, overspread with clouds that caught the

reflection of the setting sun, glowed out in a brilliant flush of intense crimson. Even Lottie could not help stopping to admire the startling effect; and Alan forgot everything else in gazing at it, until a heavy drop of rain, falling on his forehead, recalled him to the shower that was immediately impending.

"Come, Alan, quick," cried Lottie, impatiently, hurrying on before. "Don't you see we'll get wet through, and my new dress will be ruined! What a goose I was to come down here in it!" she muttered, fretfully.

Alan hurried after her, but she would not wait for his assistance, and rushed fleetly on to the house, which she reached in time to prevent a soaking, but not before the precious dress had received a good many raindrops, and "would never," she declared, "look the same again." Indeed she was so engrossed in caring for *it*, that she did not even seem to remember the two good miles which Alan had yet to traverse before he could reach home, or join in her mother's entreaties that he should give up the idea of going home that night; "for I know," she said, "it's closin' in for a night's steady rain."

"Thank you," he said, "I'll just wait till the worst of the shower's over, and then start. I don't mind a little wetting, and I've got the beasts to see to yet to-night; besides mother would be anxious, and think something dreadful had happened to me."

Moreover, in his heart Alan shrank from a renewed encounter with the stranger, who was still away at the mill, and was only anxious to get away before his return. He only waited, therefore, till the heavy, hissing violence of the raindrops had somewhat abated, and the shower, which had changed the busy farm-yard into a blank space traversed by meandering rills, had almost ceased. Then, bidding an affectionate farewell to Lottie, expressing a sympathizing hope that the damage to her dress might not be so great as she supposed, Alan was off, his long figure being rapidly lost to sight in the distance.

He had not gone very far, however, when a vivid flash of lightning and the distant rumble of thunder made him doubt his prudence in hurrying on. He disliked the idea of returning, however, and, having gained the shelter of the woods, where the road ran through their deep shadow, he thought he could brave with comparative impunity the shower, which would he hoped soon pass over, or delay its heaviest downpour till he had reached home. Not more than half the way had been traversed, when, just as he emerged from the partial shelter of the dripping boughs, a crash of thunder broke almost overhead, and the rain came down in a white hissing sheet that almost blinded him, and made the grey muddy road before him gleam with the torrent of water that overflowed it. There was nothing for it but to make for home at a run, and he was hastening along, making good time with his long vigorous strides, when the sound of approach-wheels behind him made him stop and turn round to see if they belonged to the vehicle of any friendly neighbour, who might offer him a lift homeward. It was a small light buggy that appeared, drawn by a light-footed fleet Canadian pony. Its occupants were completely hidden by the umbrella under which they were trying to find some scanty shelter from the downpouring torrents, and it was not till they were close upon him that he could make out that it was driven by a young man, not much older than himself, whose merry blue eyes seemed to gleam out from under his umbrella in laughing defiance of the weather, as he cast a half-amused, half-compassionate glance at Alan's dripping figure. Close to him nestled a small, slight female form, like himself completely enveloped in a waterproof cloak, from which the rain poured in streams. The young man reined in his pony as he overtook Alan, and called out:

"How far are we from Hollingsby's tavern, and is this the right road?"

"Straight on, about two miles and a half," said Alan, somewhat out of breath with his race.

"If we're going your way, won't you jump on behind," rejoined the other. "You'll get home quicker?"

The friendly offer was not to be refused. In a second Alan had swung himself up on the projecting back of the vehicle, holding on to the back of the seat occupied by the others. No farther words were spoken as the vehicle rattled rapidly on, till, at the gate of Braeburn Farm, Alan sprang lightly off, saying, "Many thanks—I stop here," adding, as the driver again drew rein for a moment, "Won't you come in and wait till the rain is over?"

"Thanks, no," said the other, "we're about as wet as we can be, and think the rain is going off a little now. Don't you think so, Nora?" he added, turning to his companion.

The figure at his side seemed to assent, but, withdrawing the cloak she had drawn almost over her face, bent forward to acknowledge, with a courteous bow, the offer of shelter, and Alan had a momentary glimpse of a pale, delicate, girlish face, looking paler, perhaps, than its wont, in the wet dusky twilight, and of large dark grey eyes that gleamed from under wet stray locks of dark brown hair with a strange wistful look, which at once gave Alan the impression that he had seen it somewhere long before. Just then another, though paler, flash of lightning illumined the landscape for a moment with its white unearthly radiance, intensifying the impression made upon him by the half-startled face, still bent forward with a smile of courteous acknowledgment.

Long afterwards, that stormy twilight scene flashed back on his memory, with its back-ground of heavy grey clouds, wet fields, farm-buildings, and distant woods. And then it seemed to him as if, before one page of his life had closed, he had unwittingly turned over another a good deal farther on, and thus unawares had read, in advance, some of the characters in which was written that future, which to him, as it mercifully is to us all, was a sealed book, whose pages the slow fingers of the "strong hours" were to turn by only a hair-breadth at a time.

CHAPTER III.

A CLOUD RISES.

"Strive! yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away."

As Alan, rushing rapidly up the short lane that wound beneath the dripping orchard boughs, up to the house door, stood wet and dripping on the threshold, two female figures came eagerly forward to meet him in the little rustic porch.

"My boy, how wet you must be! What a rain to be out in," exclaimed one of them, a tall, elderly woman with strongly marked features, which, even in the dim twilight, showed a considerable resemblance to those of Alan, and speaking with a decided Highland accent. "Run up directly, Alan, and change yourself, and Jeanie and I will get you a cup of warm tea to keep you from taking cold."

"What made you come in such a shower, Alan?" asked the other. "If I had been Lottie I wouldn't have let you."

"Why, child, it's likely to rain all night, and do you suppose I'd let a few drops of rain keep me from coming home? No, mother, I must go and see that the beasts are all right. It would never do for those two foals to be left out all night, and I don't suppose any one has thought of them. Are Dan and father at home?"

Mrs. Campbell replied in a tone that seeemed to breathe through a repressed

sigh: "Your father and Dan went up after tea to see Mr. Hollingsby about a letter Dan brought from the post-office—a letter from Carrington, that your father wanted to consult him about."

"Well, I wish he could have found some one else to consult with. I hate that old Hollingsby, and I don't see why father should trust him so," said Alan in a vexed tone, his annoyance seeming to overpower any curiosity he might have felt as to the subject of the important letter.

"Alan, if it's only the foals you needn't mind, for I got them in myself before the rain came on," called out a voice from within.

"What *you*, Hugh; you're a brick! How came you to think of them?"

"Oh, I was down looking at them when the sky began to cloud over, and I thought the poor little things would be better under shelter."

"Well, I'm glad you did. It's a load off my mind. I was afraid they'd had a wetting already that would hurt them. It was one thing that made me hurry home so fast. But still I'd like to go and take a look round and see that nothing is out that shouldn't be. I'll be back in a few minutes, mother."

"My poor dear Alan! He is so thoughtful about everything," said Mrs. Campbell, as she turned to get lights, rekindle the fire, and take all motherly precautions against Alan's taking cold, in which she was assisted by Jeanie, an energetic, thoughtful-looking maiden, combining with the most perfect simplicity of manner an unconscious air of innate refinement rather unusual in country girls, and which was a great contrast to Lottie Ward's little airs and graces, diligently cultivated at boarding-school. Hugh, the invisible speaker in the matter of the foals, sat in a corner of the wide window of the room which served the Campbells both as dining and sitting-room on all occasions, for they owned no "best parlour." He was a rather delicate-looking boy of some fourteen years, who had evidently been straining his eyes over the book that lay beside him to the last moment the daylight would serve him, "wearing out his eyes," as his mother said, "before his time."

"I wish *I* could mind things like Alan," he said with a sigh, "he's *always* minding. But I *am* glad I thought about the foals!"

Hugh was the student of the family, a boy with so decided a talent for "book-learning" that he was destined to go to college, if the family finances would ever permit, to be educated for a profession. At present he was pursuing a rather desultory course of his own, devouring all the chance literature that came in his way, and occasionally getting a lesson, or a catechising on his lessons, from Mr. Abernethy, the good old Scotch minister, whose church the Campbells attended.

"And what was the letter, mother, that father had to go to Hollingsby's about?" enquired Alan when, having obeyed his mother's injunction of "changing himself," he was sitting with her and Jeanie at the table, swallowing the prescribed cup of hot tea which was Mrs. Campbell's unfailing panacea and prophylactic.

"I didn't understand it exactly," she said uneasily. "I only know that it was some communication from that Mr. Leggatt your father borrowed the money from, something about the mortgage and paying up, and your father seemed afraid it might give us some trouble. But he'll tell you all about it when he comes in."

Alan's brow clouded over with anxiety. He did not understand the exact circumstances of the mortgage which Mr. Leggatt held on his father's land, though its very existence had always made him uneasy. But his father had told him, the very last time he was in Carrington, that he had made it all straight with Leggatt for a year or two at any rate. It was unpleasantly startling, therefore, to find that some new trouble about it had arisen.

In the meantime the first violence of the storm had spent itself, and the rain had

diminished to a faint drizzle. Ere long approaching footsteps were heard outside, and Mrs. Campbell, who had been sitting listening, started to her feet with a nervous, anxious expression which Alan had long since learned to interpret. The door was impetuously thrown open, and Dan entered, dashing the raindrops from his wet hair, and followed by an elderly man, whose hair once black—now nearly grey—and deeply furrowed, strongly marked countenance seemed to bear witness to a life of trial, care, and perhaps suffering. It might have been the glare of the light as he came in from the darkness, but his eye seemed to have a dazed, half-bewildered expression, and his large, sinewy frame to sway rather unsteadily as he came forward. Dan, *too*, looked flushed and somewhat excited, and the heart of the wife and mother sank. Hollingsby's tavern, so near, so insinuating, so inevitable, seemed to her the Upas tree of her life.

"Are you very wet, Archie," said his wife, going up to him, and drawing forward his easy chair, trying, poor woman, to show no trace of her inward disquietude.

"Ay, am I, about the feet, that is. The roads are just running in streams. Here Jeanie, lass, get my slippers," he said, taking off his boots, with a great effort to conceal the unsteadiness of both hand and voice.

Then, looking over at Alan, who, almost as uncomfortable as his mother, was bending over the weekly Carrington paper, brought by Dan from the post-office, and professedly reading a long column of advertisements, he said somewhat unsteadily:

"I had a letter to-day, Alan, from that fellow, Leggatt. I don't know what to make of it, but *Hollingsby says it'll* be all right, he's sure. Will you take a look at it?"

Alan sprang to his feet and came forward to look at the letter, which his father found some difficulty in selecting from a number of other papers and letters, and when it was selected, still farther trouble in taking it out of its envelope and unfolding it Alan stood by *waiting, with difficulty restraining the* impatient impulse to expedite matters by taking it out of his father's tremulous hands. At last, however, it lay straightened out on the table before him, and he read it two or three times over before he could fairly take in the meaning.

It was a business letter—bare enough—though not wanting in the ordinary civil expressions with which people in our enlightened age soften down in appearance the most hostile intent. Mr. Leggatt "hoped that it might be convenient" for Mr. Campbell to pay up the full amount, principal and interest, due on a certain day, in terms of the mortgage, otherwise he should be compelled to place the matter in the hands of his legal adviser, R. Sharpley, Esq., to whom he would refer him.

"R. Sharpley, Esq.," Alan repeated over and over again to himself the name, which seemed to dart through him a presentiment of coming ill, as well as to justify, to some extent, the unpleasant impression the stranger had made upon him. And no doubt his visit had some connection with this matter, he thought.

"Well, Alan, what think you of it? What can he mean?" asked the old man, anxiously, looking into his son's troubled face.

"I'm sure I don't know, father, except that it means mischief; that's evident! But you know best how you stand, and what arrangement you made with old Leggatt."

"He said he wouldn't press me; he said it would be all right, and I could pay him by instalments as it suited me. Yes, I'm sure he said that, and Hollingsby was by, and heard it all; and he says —— "

"Well, what does he say?" said Alan, eagerly.

"Oh, he just says to make my mind easy and it'll be all right. He says the letter is only a formality; that people send letters

like that now and then, just to keep up their claim, you know."

But Alan felt far from set at ease by this explanation of Mr. Hollingsby's. He understood enough of such things to make him feel that the situation might be a grave one; his mind was not so easily tranquillized as his father's had been, with the assistance of Mr. Hollingsby's Scotch whiskey. He deeply regretted, now, having been contented to remain so long without an exact knowledge of the state of his father's affairs and liabilities, a subject which he had always shrunk from entering upon. But he did not wish to alarm his mother unnecessarily, and he was conscious of her grave, sad eyes, earnestly watching him.

"Well, father, we must hope it will all be right. That Sharpley he speaks of is out here just now. I saw him down at the mill." And he went on to describe his rencontre with the young lawyer.

"Ah, well, then, we'll just see him about it before he goes back, and put it all right," said Mr. Campbell, who was evidently trying to soothe himself by his own assertions.

Then, as if it was a relief to change the subject, he went on:—"I saw a gentleman from Carrington up at Hollingsby's, a very nice-like young fellow. He's one of the Arnolds, the lumberers down there. He knows Sandy McAlpine, he says, and he tells me Sandy's getting on finely. He came in the middle of all the rain, and a soaked-like figure he was! But a stiff tumbler of Hollingsby's whiskey-toddy warmed him up, and we had a fine talk together. He's going farther up the river to-morrow, to see after a new saw-mill he's talking of putting up there."

"I suppose that was the young fellow I met, or rather who overtook me as I was coming home," said Alan, his mind reverting to the occupants of the buggy. "He asked me the way to Hollingsby's, and gave me a lift in his buggy. At least I hung on behind. There was a lady with him, and he was driving a black pony with a white face."

"Yes, that would just be the one, though I didn't see the lady. But I heard him asking for a room for her with a fire in it, because he was afraid for her taking cold. But I know the pony had a white face, for I heard them talking about it," said Mr. Campbell, with the gravity and importance which people in the country, where incidents are few, attach to ascertaining every particular about a passing stranger.

"And you never told us, Alan, about your meeting them," exclaimed Hugh. "Why, it was quite an adventure! I only wish it had been me. What was the lady like?"

"You goose!" said Alan, smiling, "do you suppose I could see in all that rain. Do you mean to go about the world looking for adventures and Dulcineas, like your friend Don Quixote?"

"I say, Alan," interrupted Dan, coming round to his brother, as the rest were preparing to leave the room, and speaking in a cautious half-whisper, "Who do you think I saw down at Dunn's Corners, and what do you think I was offered for Beauty?"

"I'm sure I couldn't guess in the least," said Alan, absently, thinking of other things, as he lighted his candle.

"Why that old Vannacker, the Yankee horsedealer, you know, he's going about buying up horses for the Northern army; and he said Beauty would be just the thing for that. And he offered me—just think!—two hundred and fifty dollars for her. But I told him I wouldn't sell her for as much again; and neither I would. However, he said I'd better think of it, and he'd be round again in a month or two, and we had a regular horse talk, and he was real friendly; and I told him of some good horses he could get round here, and then he insisted on treating me before he'd let me away."

"Dan!" exclaimed Alan, sternly, "didn't I beg you to keep out of that wretched '*treating*;' that's the ruin of so many a fel-

low! I can't see why people should show their friendliness by insisting on making others swallow a slow poison at their expense; for that wretched stuff they sell at Dunn's Corners is neither more nor less. And it's mean, Dan, to take a 'treat' from a stranger who owes you nothing, and whom you don't show any hospitality to."

"But he did owe me something. Didn't I tell you I put him in the way of getting some first-rate horses, and I told him all about them, and just what they were fit for. It takes me to tell a good sound horse when I see him," he added, with a little boyish pride.

"Well, all the same, Dan, you shouldn't have let him treat you. You know very well how it vexes mother, and I think we've all had trouble enough already through that," he half muttered, for Mr. Campbell's infirmity was never openly discussed among his children. "And I suppose you had some toddy at Hollingsby's, too?" he added, glancing at his brother's flushed and excited face.

"Ah, just a tumbler to be sociable, you know. I couldn't sit by and take nothing when Hollingsby and father and the other young fellow were all at it."

"Yes, you could, as I've done many a time. Now Dan," he said more earnestly, "if you go and get into the habit of taking that stuff, you'll just break poor mother's heart."

"Why, I'm not going to get into any habit. You know I haven't got any money to treat people with, and it is not often that anybody treats me; mayn't happen for ever so long again, so you needn't look so solemn over it. I say, wasn't Lottie good to you, that you seem so out of sorts, Alan?" he asked, half waggishly, half to divert his brother's thoughts to a different channel. "Wasn't she looking handsome this afternoon?"

"You be off to bed!" said Alan, wearily, turning off to his own little room, close to the one where his brother slept. He was not in the humour for responding to his brother's badinage, or for discussing Lottie, and he wanted to think quietly over the present juncture of affairs. It was nothing new to Alan to feel the pressure of care and anxiety. Before he had fairly emerged from boyhood he had felt the chief direction of the farm resting upon him, and had been obliged to think and plan and execute more and more on his own responsibility, as year by year his father, originally somewhat incapable, became more and more so, under the combined influence of advancing years and of the unfortunate tendency to "take a little too much," as it was euphemistically termed by his neighbours. Archibald Campbell had been a younger son of a poor but proud Highland family. He had once been in the army, but had sold out at the instance of anxious relatives, who saw how his weak, kindly nature was fast becoming a prey to its manifold temptations, and had invested his small property in the purchase of a Canadian farm, where they and his young wife fondly hoped he would be out of the way of evil. But to what remote region does not the tavern-keeper penetrate, with his "bitters" and whiskey bottles; and where is the innocent Arcadian district which does not abound with temptations to that insidious poison which, like a cankerworm, destroys both the flower and the fruit of many an otherwise happy and useful life? *Not* in Canada, at all events! Archibald Campbell could not go for his letters to the Post Office, placed in the same building with a tavern, without being inveigled into "*treating*," and being "*treated;*" he could not visit the little market town without stopping to water his horse at a way-side tavern, where he was expected, at least, to "take a horn" for himself, if not for a friend in addition; he could not meet a friend on business, at the hotel in Carrington, without the same social hospitality being expected of him, which expectation his proud, genial Highland nature would have found it im-

possible to disappoint, even had the custom not been too much in accordance with the bent of his own inclination. And in Mr. Hollingsby, whose tavern was so near, and so frequented by sociable individuals of similar tastes, and who was himself so friendly and neighbourly, he had, of late years, found a still more constantly recurring source of temptation. So that it was little to be wondered at if poor, facile, kindly-meaning Archie Campbell, after various attempts to break off his prevailing habit—attempts chiefly made out of regard for the entreaties of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, should again and again fall back helplessly into the toils of the destroying vice.

Moreover, he had no practical training as a farmer, and his easy-going, procrastinating nature ill-fitted him for contending with the difficulties of Canadian farming, especially in the backwoods, where the land to be tilled had, first of all, to be cleared and put in working order. How he had managed to overcome these preliminary difficulties, and get his house up, was a standing wonder, and those who knew best declared it was chiefly owing to the helpful and encouraging energy of his brave, patient wife, who, coming from a home of comfort and refinement at least, if not of luxury, had borne the roughness and drudgery of a backwoods life with a fortitude and "spirit" worthy of the old Highland ancestors whose blood she was proud to feel in her veins. But a woman with an increasing family of young children cannot, however great may be her energy, continue to cope with the exigencies of farming, and supply her husband's defects. He was so constantly behindhand that, whatever the peculiarity of the season might be, he was sure, from not being ready to seize the opportunity as it passed, to suffer more than his neighbours from a late spring, or a wet season, or a drought, or an early frost. Nor had he been able by judicious cultivation to make the most of his not very fertile land, so that "light crops," except in very exceptional seasons, were the rule rather than the exception at Braeburn, and, naturally enough, the family were always "in difficulties," had been so ever since Alan could remember—were so still, notwithstanding the unremitting labour and persevering exertions of Alan, who inherited his mother's spirit, to free them from embarrassment. Mr. Campbell had been obliged from time to time to borrow money, at one time to replace stock lost by disease, at another to rebuild a burned-down barn or renew decaying farm-buildings and fences, at another still, to meet the pressing needs of his growing family. And as one creditor after another became importunate and demanded payment, fresh loans had to be negotiated, each of which was larger than the last had been. Mr. Campbell was rather close about these money transactions of his; it was the only matter of business which he kept entirely in his own hands, and Alan, who had always dreaded enquiring into them, knew only that it was no easy matter to raise the sum annually needed for interest, which, do what he could, was always falling behindhand. Having exhausted all his sources of credit in Radnor, Mr. Campbell had of late years had recourse to the money-lenders of Carrington, last of all to Mr. Leggatt, to whom he had been obliged to give a mortgage on all his farm stock and property. It was this mortgage that now imposed on Alan's heart a crushing load of anxiety such as he had never before felt; and bitterly did he reproach himself for not having sooner taken pains to ascertain its conditions, and his father's real position. He resolved that he would remain in the dark no longer. Mr. Sharpley would probably call next day about this business, and he would come to a clear understanding of what needed to be done.

And *then?* He lay long, sleeplessly considering possibilities. The day by which the payment must be made was an early day

—only a fortnight intervening. In case the money could not in the meantime be raised, and at present he saw no likelihood that it would be, *what then?* He shrank from contemplating the answer to this question. He was young, and hope suggested that there might be a thousand ways of avoiding any irretrievable calamity. To the young and inexperienced anything seems possible except a hopeless misfortune!

Just before he fell at last into an uneasy slumber, his mind reverted to Lottie. She was always in his last thoughts at night, as in his first in the morning. It seemed days or months, instead of hours, since he had gone up to Blackwater Mill that afternoon, longer still since he had been enjoying the *dolce far niente* of his reverie in the wood. The contrast of the wet cheerless night—of drizzling rain, heavy dark sky, moaning wind and swaying branches, with the sunny calm, glowing brightness of the summer afternoon—was not greater than the change that had come to his own mental condition, the change from day-dreaming and castle-building to being brought face to face with some of the hardest realities of life.

The thought of Lottie, by a natural association, suggested that of the face he had momentarily seen half-shrouded by the heavy cloak, and as he fell asleep he vaguely wondered who she might be, and hoped she might not have taken cold. She seemed such a fragile, delicate creature to be exposed to the violence of such a storm, for even in the momentary glance he had caught she had given him the impression of one who should be shielded from the roughnesses of life. And then, just as the little birds were beginning to stir, and chirp, and twitter among the dripping leaves, and the cocks in the farm-yard were crowing their first morning salutations, he fell into a troubled slumber, full of painful and perplexing dreams, in which Mr. Sharpley, and Lottie, and the fair unknown, and Mr. Hollingsby were blended, with the strange incongruity of dreamland, into a confused and shifting phantasmagoria of dissolving views.

(To be continued.)

ON OPENING LETTERS.

I NEVER ope a letter but I pause
  To think what joy or grief it me may bring;
What cause for laughter that afar shall fling
All brooding thoughts as they were wind-borne straws:
For tears and weeping what all potent cause,
I tremblingly bethink, as on dark wing
Of death or woe, their baleful accents ring
Aloud their summons, like discordant daws.
Of all epistles, none can be so sweet
To him who loves, and is beloved as well,
As that of her whose words so fondly greet
That they seem fashioned by some cunning spell,
So full are they of raptures all complete—
Of happiness and bliss innumerable.

EDWARD JAMESON, in the *Golden Age*.

ATOMISM AND THEISM.

BY J. CLARK MURRAY, LL.D.

THE recent Address of Prof. Tyndall has raised anew the question: What progress has been made, in the light of contemporary science, towards an explanation of the universe on purely physical grounds? In the following remarks it is proposed to notice two prominent points in the Address: (A) The Atomic Theory; (B) the acknowledged impossibility of completely solving, by this theory, the problem which the universe presents.

(A) In connection with the Atomic Theory one is tempted to question some opinions expressed in the historical sketch, which forms a large portion of this Address. It was natural that a sketch of the history of speculation in such a connection should have touched with special lustre the names of those who have contributed most to the distinct conception and intelligible application of the Atomic Theory. Now there seems no doubt that the first achievement of importance in this direction was the work of Democritus. It is true that the other principles which Prof. Tyndall attaches to the philosophy of Democritus had been clearly thought out and enunciated long before his time; it is true that the way had been prepared for Atomism by the whole course of previous Greek speculation from the first conjectures of the Ionian physicists, and that an Atomic Theory of a cruder character had recently before been suggested by Empedocles; it is, moreover, possible that Leucippus, the companion of Democritus, has been unfairly jostled out of view by the crowd of subsequent Atomists. Still we cannot overlook the special greatness of Democritus in grasping a magnificent idea while yet unfamiliar, and shaping it, probably by many unrecorded years of fervid intellectual toil, into that luminous form which has made it a light upon the path of many a subsequent inquirer into the physical constitution of things. But it is not incomprehensible that the fame of Democritus should have been eclipsed by that of Plato and Aristotle. Nor to comprehend this is it necessary to form the supposition which Prof. Tyndall adopts, that the heavier metal of his philosophy sent it to the bottom of that ocean of barbarism with which Europe was inundated during the middle ages, while the lighter stuff, composing the philosophies of Plato and Aristotle, floated with ease. Whatever may be the inanities of temporary popularity, the voice of ages is, after all,

> "The proof and echo of all human fame,"

and is never heard ringing from generation to generation the praise of what is worthless in preference to that which is of real worth. This is evidently the explanation of the subordinate position which Democritus occupies in the history of speculation on the ultimate origin of things. The haze of enthusiasm seems to make the Atomic Theory loom so vastly before his mental vision as to hide everything else from his view. Now, valuable as that theory is in the explanation of the physical universe, it brings us not a step nearer to the discovery of the primal origin of that universe. Yet to Democritus, Atomism apparently afforded the key to the solution of all problems; and it is precisely because we find in him no glimpse of that great region which his theory cannot touch, that, though he may rightfully claim a chief place in the history of science, he cannot take the highest rank among those who have

inquired into the fundamental principle of all things.

To return from this historical criticism, we proceed to consider the Atomic Theory both from a scientific and from a philosophical point of view.

I. Even looking at the matter from the standpoint of science, we are tempted to demand whether the confident tone of the Atomists is justified by any results which can stand the tests of scientific proof. For

1. The very existence of atoms is acknowledged to be a mere hypothesis. It is true that the hypothesis has proved marvellously fruitful in its applications. Still, in view of many recent utterances of physicism, it cannot be too earnestly repeated that the real existence of atoms has not only never been proved, but that, in the present state of knowledge, it is impossible to conceive any instrument of discovery by which their existence can be made evident. It is unnecessary to discuss whether this should not render the hypothesis illegitimate, which it would be considered by some of the most distinguished expounders of scientific method;* but it is perhaps worth observing that the hypothesis would be discarded by the rigid application of a criterion on which Prof. Tyndall strongly insists for testing the value of scientific theories. It is essential, he holds, to a true physical conception, that it should be "capable of being placed as a coherent picture before the mind." Now, this is precisely what the conception of an atom does not admit. It has been long pointed out that we cannot imagine *(vorstellen)* any quantity of matter which is absolutely indivisible. The minutest particle we are compelled to represent as divisible into particles minuter still. Even when the Atomic Theory is applied to render intelligible processes which cannot be otherwise represented in thought, it is not absolutely indivisible, but only indefinitely minute particles, that are conceived. This is not urged as an insuperable objection to Atomism, for nature is not limited by the capacities of human thought. But the inability to form a mental picture of an atom ought to be a reminder of the purely hypothetical character of the fundamental conception, by means of which the Atomist pretends to unlock the most hidden mystery of things. However useful, therefore, the Atomic hypothesis may be for guiding the labours of scientific inquirers, it becomes a pernicious hallucination when it is applied, as if it were a known fact, to reveal the primeval constitution of all things. If the physicists would accept from metaphysical literature a term by which the scientific value of the Atomic hypothesis would be correctly expressed, it should be described, in Kantian phraseology, as a *regulative*, not a *constitutive*, hypothesis. In other words, the hypothesis would be regarded as fulfilling its legitimate function in merely *regulating* the inquiries of scientific students, so that they may conduct their inquiries *as if the hypothesis were true*, while they avoid making the hypothesis a *constituent* fact in the real system of the universe.

2. Still, supposing the existence of atoms to be demonstrated, one is forced to ask further, whether all the phenomena of the universe have been, or are likely to be, interpreted in terms of Atomism.

(*a*) Even when this question is limited to the physical world, it reminds us of the incompleteness of Atomism as an explanation of physical phenomena themselves. It is in the region of chemistry that the hypothesis has been especially applicable. When it is found that a composite substance, however often analyzed, yields invariably the same constituent elements in the same proportions; when it is found that the quantity of any body which combines with others bears a uniform proportion to the quantities of these others, as estimated by their weights: these and other rudimentary facts of chemistry become more intelligibly represented to

* See Mill's *Logic*, Book III. chap. 14, § 6.

the mind by the supposition that all bodies are composed of indestructible particles which remain unaltered amidst all possible combinations. But in other departments of physical investigation the theory does not admit of an equally obvious application. To take only one example, the phenomena of light become intelligible, by the Atomic hypothesis, only when that hypothesis is subsidised by the additional hypothesis of an ethereal form of matter, the relation of which to other matter cannot be established by weight, the existence of which cannot be made evident to any of the human senses; which is, in short, imagined to exist merely to make the agency of light conceivable in harmony with the Atomic hypothesis.

These remarks are not intended to invalidate the Atomic explanation of the physical world, or to cast doubt upon the service which it has rendered in physical science. Our object has been merely to show that, even in reference to the physical world, Atomism is as yet only an hypothesis—an hypothesis, indeed, which renders a large number of physical phenomena more clearly imaginable, and which may perhaps render all physical phenomena equally intelligible. But while admitting all legitimate value to the hypothesis, we protest against accepting it as an established fact—as if it were a fact which has been already applied to all physical phenomena, and has already explained all their mysteries. And much more do we protest against the assumption that such an hypothesis can dispel the mystery of *all* phenomena, whether physical or not.

(*b*) For it seems as if it were necessary to remind our physicists that there are other than physical phenomena in the universe. Occupied exclusively, in their professional researches, with physical phenomena, many of them seem to become incapable of appreciating phenomena of any other order, or they interpret them by the ideas and terms of physical science. Surely nothing but this professional tendency could lead any man to suppose that the phenomena of our conscious life can be explained in the language of Atomism. It is quite possible, every year seems to render it more probable, that all the phenomena of organic and inorganic bodies may be due to the various combinations of atomic particles of which they are composed. The physiologist may yet explain on the Atomic Theory every process in the human organism, every tremor of a nerve about the periphery, through the spine, in the brain; but what do all his explanations to render intelligible the simplest act of consciousness? Can a thought or a feeling, can the memories and reasonings, the joys and griefs, the loves and hates of the human soul be represented, without absurdity, as formed by any combinations or movements of material atoms? My thoughts and feelings may be—there is good ground for believing that they *are*—uniformly related to certain molecular movements of nervous tissue; but a thought or feeling—*is* it a molecule, or any combination or movement of molecules? And yet these phenomena of the inner life *exist;* our feelings and thoughts are, to us all, realities of the most stern character. Nay, are they not, in truth, the only realities which we know at first hand; while your atoms, and compounds of atoms—are they not known merely at second hand—hypothetically assumed to exist in order that we may account for those feelings and thoughts whose reality we cannot doubt, and which, we suppose, cannot be accounted for except on some such hypothesis?

II. But we come to look at the Atomic Theory from a philosophical, rather than from a scientific, point of view. Now, what is an atom? To the mere physicist this may seem a question too simple to be asked. But, unhappily for physical science and for all science, this question brings us face to face with the radical defect in all purely physical theories of the universe.

What, then, is an atom? For the use of physical science a definition of atoms is

easily enough obtained:—An indivisible particle of matter! Yes; that definition will carry you through all the uses of atoms in physical science. Give it unlimited opportunity to open the doors by which the light of human knowledge may flood every cranny in the material universe, to show that it is governed by the law of a divine order, and by no demon's caprice. But your key snaps in your hand when you put it to the lock of any other mystery, even the ultimate mystery of the material universe itself. For an indivisible particle of matter is something definite enough for him to whom matter forms a starting point of inquiry—a *datum*, a given fact which he need not question. But to the metaphysician the nature of matter is the most perplexingly problematic of things. Do you attempt to dispel this perplexity by defining matter as *a substance occupying space?* True; but what is substance; and what is space? If we can tell what substance is, we shall hesitate to say whether matter is a substance or not; if we can tell what space is, we shall question whether it is imposed by things upon our thoughts, or imposed by our thoughts upon things. So that, instead of supposing that the mind has been beaten into the fire of emotion and the light of thought by substances in space, it is likely that we shall, with more truth, see the forces of the universe fashioned into substances in space by the fire and the light of the human soul.

Yet, again, what is meant by an atom, supposing such to exist? It is implied that, if the minute nerve-network of the retina were subdivided into infinitely finer threads, we should be able to discriminate sensations of light, I don't know how many millions of times more minute than the present *minimum visibile;* while a similar intensification of tactile and muscular sensibility would enable us to discriminate correspondingly more minute contacts and pressures. Perhaps also—though this "perhaps" is not encouraging—some fact, of which at present we can form no conception, might enable us to discover that minuter points of light or touch or pressure are absolutely incapable of being discriminated. Perhaps, we have said; but our physicists are the very men who refuse to let us look on anything as absolute, as absolutely necessary or absolutely impossible. Suppose, however, we could make evident the existence of atoms, all that we should make evident would be that, under the supposed circumstances, the supposed immeasurably refined sensations of light and touch and pressure would take place. But would this bring us a whit nearer the solution of the problem how these sensations are produced? It is, after all, only the sensations that we know immediately: the belief that these sensations are produced by any particular means is only an inference from the sensations; and it is a very big stride which steps to the inference that these sensations are produced by indivisible particles of a thing called matter, which is prior in existence to the sensations it creates. I know that these sensations are produced by no voluntary effort of my power: I recognise, therefore, the presence of powers, forces, wills, or of a Power, Force, Will, which is not I. But that these forces reside in an unknown thing like an atom or a combination of atoms, is what no philosophic or scientific principle compels us to suppose, is perhaps but one of those guesses, with regard to the origin of things, which scientific thought has not been able to emancipate from the vulgar notion of a material world, and which may be relegated by a subsequent age to the limbo of crudities into which have been packed the theories of the early physicists among the Ionian Greeks.

(B) To the narrow specialist in physics these objections might be no novel, if intelligible; but Prof. Tyndall is too profound a thinker to be blind to the fact that Atomism, even if admitted for the explanation of the physical world, can carry us but a part

of the way to the fundamental principle and origin of things. Accordingly, although, "abandoning all disguise," he confesses that he "discerns in matter the promise and potency of every form and quality of life," yet he entreats us to avoid haste in the interpretation of his words, lest we misunderstand his "materialism." Let us, therefore, wait for his explanation. "We can trace," he says, "the development of a nervous system, and correlate with it the parallel phenomena of sensation and thought. We see with undoubting certainty that they go hand in hand. But we try to soar in a vacuum the moment we seek to comprehend the connection between them. An Archimedean fulcrum is here required which the human mind cannot command; and the effort to solve the problem, to borrow an illustration from an illustrious friend of mine, is like the effort of a man trying to lift himself by his own waistband. All that has been here said is to be taken in connection with this fundamental truth. When 'nascent senses' are spoken of, when the 'differentiation of a tissue at first vaguely sensitive all over' is spoken of, and when these processes are associated with 'the modification of an organism by its environment,' the same parallelism, without contact, or even approach to contact, is implied. There is no fusion possible between the two classes of facts—no motor energy in the intellect of man to carry it without logical rupture from the one to the other." Another explanation is also worth quoting: "All we hear, and see, and touch, and taste, and smell, are, it would be urged, mere variations of our own condition, beyond which, even to the extent of a hair's breadth, we cannot go. That anything answering to our impressions exists outside of ourselves is not a *fact*, but an *inference*, to which all validity would be denied by an idealist like Berkeley, or by a sceptic like Hume. Mr. Spencer takes another line. With him, as with the uneducated man, there is no doubt or question as to the existence of an external world. But he differs from the uneducated, who thinks that the world really *is* what consciousness represents it to be. Our states of consciousness are mere *symbols* of an outside entity which produces them and determines the order of their succession, but the real nature of which we can never know. In fact the whole process of evolution is the manifestation of a Power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man. As little in our time, as in the days of Job, can a man by searching find this Power out. Considered fundamentally, it is by the operation of an insoluble mystery that life is evolved, species differentiated, and mind unfolded from their prepotent elements in the immeasurable past." After this, if we were allowed to put our own interpretation on it, not only do we agree with Prof. Tyndall, that "there is no very rank materialism here," but we wonder why he should have "discerned in matter the promise and potency of every form and quality of life," or indeed any promise or potency at all! Let us, however, examine more closely this explanatory concession to the anti-materialists.

I. This concession admits that the only *facts immediately known* by us are certain mental impressions, all our notions with regard to the source of these impressions being mere *inference*. It admits, however, or rather it contends, that there *is* something beyond these impressions—something by which the impressions are produced. In this admission or contention Prof. Tyndall is the mouthpiece of the whole school of recent philosophical physicists. Mr. Herbert Spencer, for example, is never weary of repeating that this is the one point at which the otherwise diverging lines of religion and science inevitably converge, the ultimate teaching of both pointing to a Great Reality behind all phenomena. We are, therefore, not asked to face an extreme Phenomenalism, which recognises nothing beyond phenomena, which is content with the fact of

mental impressions, and declines to assert whether there is or is not anything besides.

This, indeed, is the only consistent doctrine for the Positivist, as was long ago pointed out—*implicitly* by Hume, *explicitly* by Kant. For the theoretical philosophy of Kant, as represented by the "Critique of Pure Reason," is truly the most systematic Positivism ever taught; and according to its teachings the Causal Judgment—the judgment by which we assert that every event must have a cause—is valid only within the limits of experience, but wholly impotent to leap beyond; valid to connect the different phenomena which experience presents, but invalid to connect the totality of these phenomena with any cause. Even the recognition of a mere Reality, as Spencer and others call it at times, without asserting any causal connection of that Reality with phenomena, implies still that we know *something* of It, that we know at least that It *exists*—is *real;* unless we make no difference between existence or reality, and non-existence or unreality.

But, in truth, thorough Phenomenalism is a position in which no human thought can find rest. All the Phenomenalists, from Heraclitus and the Sophists down to Comte and the Positivists, have explicitly or implicitly refused to admit the possibility of the phenomenal universe being produced by fetishes or the beings of mythology, by an antagonistic Ormuzd and Ahriman, by the gods of an Olympus or an Asgard, or by any other "mob of deities." But we cannot be wholly ignorant of the source from which this universe has sprung, if we know that it is not the manifestation of any of those causes which are assigned to it in the polytheistic creeds.

At all events the Phenomenalism of Prof. Tyndall does not prevent him from admitting the existence of something beyond those mental impressions, which he recognises as being the only facts that are immediately known. Let us see what further assertions he ventures with regard to the origin of our mental impressions.

II. From the general drift of the address we should have expected to be told that these impressions which make up our conscious life, are due to the operations of material atoms. But the ultimate cause of this phenomenal world, which floats in the consciousness of man, is declared to be one, "the nature of which we can never know," to be "a Power inscrutable to the intellect of man," to be "an insoluble mystery." Now,

1. After this, what meant all the talk about atoms and the potency of matter? If the external cause of the world of consciousness is absolutely unknowable—if the endeavour to connect that world with a cause outside of itself is like "the effort of a man to raise himself by his own waistband," or the attempt "to soar in a vacuum,"—then what are we to understand by the greater part of this address, which assumes not only that matter is known to exist, but that it is known to be composed of atomic particles, and that in it may be "*discerned* the promise and potency of every form and quality of life?" The dilemma is unavoidable: either there is no meaning in the solemn phrases in which Prof. Tyndall describes the irremovable mystery which veils the source of our conscious life; or it is inconsistent to speak of discerning in matter the potency in which life has its root.

2. But, further, if the origin of consciousness be beyond human ken, what right have we to speak of it as the manifestation of a *Power?* Prof. Tyndall and others, who represent the philosophical position of pure physicism, never hesitate to use language of this purport. It is seldom, indeed, very clear what meaning they attach to the terms, *power*, *force*, *cause*, and the other expressions by which they represent the same idea. But whatever their meaning—and it would be unworthy to charge them with attaching no meaning at all to their words—then to the extent of that meaning at least they must

hold that the source of life is known; they must admit that this at least is known regarding the Great Reality behind all phenomena, that It is related to these phenomena as their producing cause. It is not necessary to weaken this argument by any such slight attempt as could here be made to settle the delicate metaphysical problems connected with causality. But settle these problems as we may, it must be acknowledged that an important step is taken beyond mere Phenomenalism, in the admission that there is a POWER of which all that appears in the consciousness of man is a manifestation.

3. But there is yet another contradiction of the assertion that the source of consciousness is absolutely inscrutable, in the doctrine which is implied in thorough-going physicism, that the Power which originates consciousness is not itself conscious. Prof. Tyndall, indeed, does not make this assertion in so many terms. His most explicit declaration on this point is to be found in a couple of sentences near the close of his address. "On the one side," he says, "we have a theory (if it could with any propriety be so called) derived, as were the theories referred to at the beginning of this address, not from the study of nature, but from the observation of men—a theory which converts the Power whose garment is seen in the visible universe into an Artificer fashioned after the human model, and acting by broken efforts as man is seen to act. On the other side we have the conception that all we see around us, and all we feel within us—the phenomena of physical nature as well as those of the human mind—have their unsearchable roots in a cosmical life, if I dare apply the term, an infinitesimal span of which only is offered to the investigation of man." Whatever objections may be taken to the statement of the first theory here described as an expression of modern philosophical theism, the drift of the second theory, interpreted in the light of the whole address, seems evidently to exclude the conception of consciousness or intelligence as an attribute of the "cosmical life" which evolves all phenomena, at least in any sense in which we can think of a being as conscious or intelligent. Now, if there are any means by which we can know that the Supreme Power in the universe is not a conscious or intelligent being, then there is no ground for the assertion that that Power is absolutely unknowable.

Mere Phenomenalism, therefore, or absolute Positivism, breaks down on every side. In refusing to attribute the phenomena of the universe to the "mob of deities" by whose operation they were explained to the popular mind of the heathen, the Positivist claims to know so much with regard to the region beyond phenomena, that it is not peopled with such a mob. In recognising a Reality beyond phenomena, he admits that knowledge transcends phenomena so far as to discover at least the *existence* of something besides. In calling this Reality a Power, Force, or Cause, he assumes the further knowledge of the relation between this ultimate Reality and the phenomena which It produces, or in which It is manifested. And, last of all, in the vehemence with which it is contended that this Power does not act with intelligence, a vast but wholly unjustifiable claim is put forth of acquaintance with the nature of this Power, and with Its mode of operation.

It is impossible, then, to maintain that the Primal Cause, from which this universe originates, is absolutely unknowable; and the question is obtruded on us by the recent physicists themselves, whether that Cause may be known to be an unconscious force or thing? Let us consider the grounds on which this daring knowledge is claimed.

I. It is maintained that all phenomena are found to be due to movement—to the movement of masses or the movement of molecules. It is further maintained that all this movement is the result of force draw-

ing or pushing in the line of least resistance;* and it is consequently inferred to be unnecessary to suppose that the production of phenomena has been directed by plan, by intelligence. In reply to this,

1. It is worth while to be reminded that the whole phenomena of the universe cannot be interpreted in terms of motion—that, while nervous and cerebral action may be merely the play of the molecules of which the nerve-tissues are composed, our thoughts and feelings cannot be so described. But it is unnecessary to dwell upon this again. It is also unnecessary to dwell upon the fact that it is impossible to represent motion and force except as conceptions of some mind, and that we only delude ourselves when we suppose that they can be imagined, except as apprehended by some mind.

2. Let it be supposed that everything may be explained as resulting from the tug of a force in "the line of least resistance," does that render it inconceivable that everything is directed by intelligence? It certainly excludes the conception of a capricious will, guided by no permanent principle; it certainly excludes, moreover, the conception of a defective intelligence or a feeble will, incompletely acquainted with, or incompletely master of, the forces at his command; but are we thus prevented from attributing the universe to an Omnipotent Will directed by an Omniscient consciousness—a will and a consciousness limited only by the reason of things? Are we to suppose that such a Will should select clumsier processes in preference to the simplest means for the attainment of His ends? There is, in fact, but one conception with regard to the movements of the universe, which is in harmony with their direction by Supreme Reason, and that is the conception of these movements as following "the line of least resistance."

*Spencer's *First Principles*, Part II., chap. 9.

II. It is held by some, though apparently by but a small number of recent philosophical physicists, that the Universal Force, though following "the line of least resistance," produces results which are incompatible with the guidance of Perfect Reason. We shall not dwell upon this, as Prof. Tyndall does not venture such an assertion, and the strongest replies to the assertion have come from the materialists themselves. Prof. Tyndall, too, would probably affirm the explanation which has been generally accepted by theists in reference to those otherwise inexplicable phenomena, that only "an infinitesimal span" of the great cosmical life is offered to our view, and that, if we could see the whole, we should probably discover the harmony of every part with a Supreme Reason.

III. It is commonly contended that the theistic explanation of the universe is one of those anthropomorphisms which the progress of science has been gradually eliminating from our views of things. This is a favourite line of argument with Mr. H. Spencer; and it is this argument that is indicated in Prof. Tyndall's description of theism as "derived, not from the study of nature, but from the observation of men," and as involving the conception of "an Artificer fashioned after the human model, and acting by broken efforts as man is seen to act." We feel justified in taking these words as intended to describe explicit theism. At least they express the only alternative offered from the creed of "Know-Nothing," in reference to the source of the universe. Now, in the explanation of nature, human nature, as well as physical nature, must be taken into view; and it does not necessarily follow that mere physical force is a worthier or a truer conception of the Universal Cause than human force stripped of all human imperfections. Such a conception does not involve what is usually understood by anthropomorphism; for an anthropomorphic representation of the Supreme Being implies the ascription to

Him of human attributes which are incompatible with perfection. But there is no such incompatibility in Perfect Reason; nor is it Perfect Reason that the progress of science has been gradually eliminating. What science has gradually dispelled from our views of the Supreme Cause is the idea of that caprice which we ourselves rise above the more we learn to govern ourselves by Reason alone; and we come to recognise more fully the perfection of the Reason which governs the universe, the more we discover what the old Hebrews expressively styled "the faithfulness" of God in evolving similar results from similar antecedents.

Modern physicism, therefore, has adduced nothing to interfere with the ancient faith of man, that the Lord of all "by wisdom hath founded the earth, by understanding hath established the heavens." This does not contradict, but rather implies, the belief that it is impossible for the finite understanding of man to fathom the plans of that Infinite Understanding; and, therefore, many of the expressions used by modern Positivists to describe the inscrutability of the Supreme Being, have formed familiar commonplaces in the language of theism. It is true that the common talk of religious men implies much impious assumption of familiarity with the intentions of the Universal Mind in the minutest details of His administration. But we cannot insult the philosophical physicist by supposing that he is unable to separate these immaturities of popular thought from the fundamental faith of the theist. It may be questioned, indeed, whether any literature surpasses the Bible of Christendom in the variety and oriental splendour of imagery with which it describes the "unsearchable greatness" of the Power that "worketh all in all;" while the "Inscrutability of the Divine Decrees" has formed a prominent article in all Christian theologies worthy of the name.

Still there is one region in which all theistic systems must contend that we *do* know the Supreme Will which governs the universe, and that is the only region with which all men in common are essentially concerned—the region of ethical practice. The demand that we shall do to others what we would have them do to us—the Moral Law, as it is called, in whatever terms expressed—is meaningless if there is any doubt of its unconditionally imperative obligation; and there is doubt if our knowledge is limited to what has been and is likely to be, if we do not know what *must be* by the very nature of the Will which rules through all things. It would take us too far to enter on the theme which is thus opened up. Let it be enough to point to the light with which it illumines the faith of those who look to Jesus of Nazareth as the Word of God to men, because He revealed, not great scientific or philosophical truths, but that harmony, after which ethical practice endeavours, of the human will with the divine. He, too, recognises the unfathomable secrets of the Supreme Will which directs the processes of the phenomenal universe. "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man,—no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father." And yet He does not hesitate to declare that the great problem of modern philosophy, as to the possibility of knowing the Infinite Being, is solved so far at least as the blessedness of human life requires a solution: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for *they* shall see God."

"SPEED THE GOING GUEST."

I.

OLD year, so furrowed and hoar, thy reign is over,
Even now soft snow descends thy grave to cover ;
And we forbear to praise thee, or contemn,
While the wild north wind blows thy requiem.

II.

Perchance thou hast not left an engraven name,
Or set on the world's page the seal of fame ;
'Twas thine to sow, perhaps, not garner, grain,
Yet who dare say that thou hast sown in vain !

III.

'Twas thine to leave unroofed what thou didst build ;
To make the frame for other years to gild ;
And yet, perhaps 'twas less thy fault than ours
That all thy grimy bulbs were not sweet flowers.

IV.

Thou hast grown tender grass upon bare graves ;
Hast taught to many lost the prayer that saves :
Hast crowned some hopes while wrecking other some,
And put some homeless on the road to Home.

V.

Trusted for twelve months with our destinies,
The counsels of God, life and death's mysteries,
To her who from the mist comes veiled, thou must
Yield now thy diadem and holy trust.

VI.

And lightly, as the world forgets her friends,
From thee we turn to greet what Heaven sends ;
And to the new-comer, expectantly,
Open our arms ere we have buried thee !

ALICE HORTON.

Ottawa.

THE OTTAWA VALLEY: ITS HISTORY AND RESOURCES.

BY JOHN GEORGE BOURINOT.

I.—THE OLD REGIME.

FROM its remote sources in the wilderness region that lies to the South-east of Hudson's Bay, down to its union with the waters of the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa River flows through a country abounding in timber and minerals of the most valuable kind, and presenting the most varied and picturesque scenery of this continent. Its total length is some seven hundred miles, and the area it drains comprises eighty thousand square miles. Some of its tributaries are themselves of greater size than many of the historic rivers of the empires of Europe. Much of the country through which it runs is still a wilderness, where the lumberman wields the axe or the hunter sets his traps; but a large and valuable territory has been reclaimed within a few decades, and is now making a progress in all the elements of prosperity not inferior to that of many parts of that Great West to which we are always wont to point when we would refer to the most remarkable national development the world has ever seen.

The history of this region is the history of the American pioneer. It illustrates the indomitable enterprise of that race which has everywhere hewn down the forest and built up new Britains, to show how free and discreet government can develop the strength and manliness of colonial communities. It is just three quarters of a century since a bold adventurer left his home among the hills of New England and made the first clearing within sight of the tumultuous Chaudière. Before that time the Ottawa Valley was the home of the Indian and the fur-trader. In the days of the French régime, bands of the Ottawas, a tribe of that great Algonquin family which contended so long for the mastery against the Huron-Iroquois, had their camps by the banks of the Great River. The *coureurs des bois* and *voyageurs* passed frequently over its rapid current in quest of fur and game, and gave to many of its rapids and lakes the names which they still bear. The river itself, in old times, was frequently called La Rivière des Prairies, La Rivière des Algonquins, and La Grande Rivière; but it came gradually to be called after the tribe that has so long dwelt upon its banks, La Rivière des Outaouais. Even now the Indians frequenting the Valley call it Kitchi-Sippi, which means the Great River. I have seen it stated that Outaouais means, in the Algonquin tongue, "a human ear;" but why it should have been so called is a question which no one, however learned in Indian lore, seems prepared to answer. Lakes Temiscamingue and Temangamingue, the Rivers Keepawa-Sippi and Petawawee, are among the memorials of Indian occupation. But French names, always appropriate, are even more frequently met with as we pass up the Great River. The Long Sault has clung from the earliest times to an impetuous and dangerous rapid. The *Carillon* illustrates the fancy of some voyageurs that they heard a peal of bells as they came within hearing of the rushing waters. The Rideau is an appropriate title to one of the most graceful of Canadian falls. The Chaudière is but a translation of the ancient Indian name, as we shall presently see when we refer to Champlain's voyage up the river. Les Chats refers no doubt to an adventure of some voyageurs or traders with the wild

cats that abounded in the neighbourhood of those picturesque falls. Les Erables points to a grove of maples; Rocher Fendu, to a romantic cleft-rock; Bonne Chère, probably to a jolly feast of a French-Canadian party; Calumet, very likely to the fact that Champlain smoked a friendly pipe with the Indians at that particular place.

The adventurous Champlain has left us a very minute, and, in its way, graphic account of his two voyages up the Ottawa, in the early part of the seventeenth century. His first knowledge of the existence of the river was derived from a chief of the Ottawas who came to Quebec, in the autumn of 1608, to ask him to join an expedition against the Iroquois, the cruel and hereditary foe of the Canadian Indians. In the following spring, accompanied by his Huron and Algonquin allies, he made his famous voyage up the Richelieu into the Lake to which posterity has given his name. Four years later he made his voyage of discovery up the Ottawa River, under the idea that it was to lead him to the North Sea, and open up a short route to the riches of China and Japan. Previous to this voyage one Nicholas de Vignau had gone up the river, and after remaining for some months among the Indians of the Upper Ottawa, had come back with a wonderful story of having reached the shores of the sea, and seen the wreck of an English ship.* Champlain, like all the great adventurers down to very recent times, believed that a short route to Asia might be found by way of this continent, and set out enthusiastically in search of that geographical will-o-the-wisp which has led so many brave men to death or to countless dangers and privations among the icebergs of the Polar Seas.

When Champlain started on this adventurous voyage, two hundred and sixty years ago, European civilization had only a slight foothold in the American wilderness. A little English community was struggling to establish itself in Virginia; the Spaniards were stationed at St. Augustine; and a handful of Frenchmen at Quebec and Port Royal represented French ambition. On all sides, as he moved up the river in a bark canoe, he saw a primeval solitude. Rapids and falls tumbled impetuously over their ancient rocks, under the shadow, here and there, of gigantic pines that had stood the storms of ages. A camp-fire, at distant intervals, was the only sign of human occupation. No unsightly gaps marred the wide expanse of foliage; but the pines, the maples, the birches, the beeches stood around him in all the sublimity of a virgin forest, such as we may still see far away from the settlements, in that remote country where the lumberman has not yet ventured.

Champlain did not accomplish this voyage without incurring some dangers and difficulties. He nearly fell a victim to the rushing waters of the Long Sault, into which he stumbled whilst dragging his canoe through the boulders. At last he reached the present site of Ottawa, of which he has given us a minute description: "At the mouth of this river (the Gatineau) there is another (the Rideau) which comes from the south, and has a beautiful fall at its entrance; for it descends with great impetuosity some twenty or twenty-five fathoms (*brasses*), and forms an arcade of perhaps 200 paces, under which the Indians are accustomed to pass for amusement, without wetting themselves except by the spray of the surrounding waters. In the middle of this river is an islet, covered, like all the surrounding country, with pines and white cedars. When the Indians wish to enter the river, they carry their canoes up the heights, and for about half a league by land. The country is full of game, which is one reason why the Indians stop here so frequently. The Iroquois also come up from time to time to

* He had probably heard of the voyage of Henry Hudson to the Bay now known by the name of that intrepid maritime adventurer.

take the Ottawa tribes by surprise. About a league distant we passed another fall, a half league in breadth, and some six or seven fathoms (*brasses*) in height. Here are a number of islets, very rocky and difficult of access, and covered with a growth of stunted wood. The river falls at one point with such impetuosity upon a rock, that it has formed a deep basin, where the waters toss and boil so tumultuously that the Indians give it the name of *Asticon*, which means a *chaudière*, or cauldron. This fall makes so great a noise in the basin that one can hear it for a distance of two leagues."

On the verge of the cataract the Indians performed a ceremony which they never forgot to observe at this particular spot. After they had invoked the guardian of the fall, they placed a quantity of tobacco on a dish, and threw it into the boiling flood. Now labouring over rocks and through thickets to avoid some impassable rapid, then cheerily paddling over a placid reach of river, where the luxuriant foliage of the virgin forest waved on every side, where the moose and deer stood for an instant in amazement on the brink of the stream, and then darted wildly into the trackless woods, the dauntless Frenchman at last reached the Indian settlements on the Upper Ottawa. At the first village, the Indian chief, Nabachis, gave him a guide as far as the Lower Lake des Allumettes, which was subsequently known as Lac du Borgne, from a famous one-eyed chief of that name—where he found Tessouat's settlement, consisting of some rough clearings, chiefly growing maize, and of a few rudely constructed bark huts. Here he had an example of the respect shown by many of the Indian tribes to their dead. A platform of wood was erected above the grave on posts, and at one end was placed a tablet, on which were roughly carved the features of the deceased. A plume was given to a chief; a shield, lance, or club to a warrior; a paddle or some article of domestic use to a girl; a little bow and arrow to a boy.

The Indians received their illustrious visitor with every démonstration of respect. Tessouat immediately invited all the Indians within many miles to a *tabagie* or great feast, where there was the usual amount of gross feeding, not particularly relished by Champlain. Then followed a council, which resulted in the chief promising to give Champlain the assistance of canoes and men as far as the settlements of the Nipissings, another member of the Algonquin family, who had their camps by the lake of the same name. But Tessouat and his compeers, who were very jealous of the Nipissings, and by no means anxious that the French should enter into intimate relations with them, subsequently changed their mind, and in the course of the explanations that necessarily followed, De Vignau's lies were exposed. It appeared from the statements of the Indians, and subsequently from his own confession, that he had never made any such voyage as he had described, but had remained all the winter in Tessouat's hut. Deeply disappointed, Champlain turned homeward, and reached Montreal on the seventeenth of June, after an absence of about three weeks. In another voyage which he took two years later—in 1615—he passed successfully over the river, and came to the tributary waters of the Matawan, thence he passed to Lake Nipissing, and eventually reached the *Mer Douce*, the great fresh-water sea of the Hurons.*

But another Frenchman had preceded him on this adventurous voyage, and Champlain has not the honour of having been the first European who indicated what must be, sooner or later, the great highway of traffic between the great lakes and the sea. One

* Several relics, supposed to belong to Champlain, have been picked up on the banks of the river. Dr. Grant, an enthusiastic antiquarian and geologist of the Valley, has an old rapier. An astrolabe has also been found.

of a band of devoted men always ready to brave the dangers of the untrodden wilderness, Father Joseph Le Caron, a Recollet friar, was the first Frenchman to venture by the Ottawa River and Nipissing to Lake Huron, and preach to its tribes the blessings of his faith. In a description of his adventurous voyage he tells us: "I should find it difficult to tell you how tired I got when paddling with all my strength the whole day in company with the Indians; now wading the river a hundred times and more, through mud and over pointed rocks which cut my feet; then carrying the canoe and luggage through the woods to avoid the rapids and fearful cataracts. I was half starved all the time, for we had only a small allowance of sagamite, made of water and pounded maize, every morning and night. But I must perforce tell you what great consolation I found in all my troubles; for when one sees so many infidels needing nothing but a drop of water to make them children of God, he must feel an irrepressible desire to toil for their conversion, and sacrifice to it his repose and his life."

During the early days of the French régime, the Lower Ottawa was the scene of a very memorable episode in the history of New France. In 1660, when Montreal and Quebec were little more than villages, the French learned that the Iroquois were collecting their warriors for a determined onslaught upon the St. Lawrence settlements. This news caused a panic among the French *habitans*, many of whom sought the shelter of the fortified towns. Among the officers of the little garrison that then protected Montreal, was Daulac, Sieur des Ormeaux,* who obtained leave from Maisonneuve, the Governor, to lead a party of volunteers against the Iroquois, who were wintering in large numbers on the Ottawa, whence they proposed to swoop at a convenient season on the French settlements. Sixteen brave fellows took a solemn oath to accept no quarter, and after settling their private affairs, and receiving the holy sacrament, they set out on their heroic mission. History has done full justice to the courageous little band whose self-sacrifice saved the fortunes of the struggling colony. Daulac and his companions went up the river, and reached the foot of the Long Sault, destined to be their Thermopylæ. There among the bushes they found a circular enclosure of logs, which had been built by the Indians for defensive purposes. This afforded but a wretched bulwark, but the Frenchmen were in such a state of high enthusiasm that they were quite satisfied with the protection it gave, and only proceeded to strengthen it when they heard that the Iroquois were coming down the river. The first attacks of the Indians were repulsed, and the Iroquois sent out scouts to bring up a large force of some five hundred warriors, who were awaiting their arrival at the mouth of the Richelieu. In the meanwhile they kept tormenting the French, who were suffering for food and water, and nearly worn out by their heroic defence. A band of Hurons, who had joined them before the arrival of the Iroquois, now deserted them, with the exception of their chief, who, as well as four Algonquins, remained faithful to their allies. The surrounding forests soon resounded with the yells of the Iroquois reinforcements, and the French felt that their fate was sealed. But Daulac and his dauntless compatriots never swerved an inch, but day after day beat back the astonished assailants, who knew the weakness of the garrison, and anticipated an easy victory. Some of the Iroquois were beginning to think of returning homeward, but shame kept them a while longer at the Long Sault. At last a general assault was made, and in the struggle Daulac fell dead. Still the survivors kept up the fight, until the Iroquois found no one within the walls to continue the battle. Four Frenchmen,

* Parkman, in *The Old Régime*, has described this memorable conflict in his spirited style.

still alive, were picked up among the heap of corpses. Three of these were instantly burned to death, while the fourth was reserved for more prolonged tortures a day or two later. The faithless Hurons gained nothing by their desertion, for they suffered death with the exception of five, who took an account of the conflict to the French settlements. The Iroquois decided at once to give up their project of a combined attack on the French, and returned homeward, dispirited and bewildered at the courage of the foe they wished to destroy. This episode in the history of New France gave the colonists an opportunity of strengthening themselves. It was a long time before the Iroquois forgot the lesson taught them by Daulac des Ormeaux and his dauntless band.

No exciting events like that we have just very briefly related again occurred in the history of the Ottawa. From time to time, a French priest or trader met his death while travelling with the Algonquins on the river. The Lower Ottawa was never safe whilst the Iroquois were in the plenitude of their strength; for they were accustomed, as Champlain tells us, to lie in ambush for the Algonquins. The history of the French missions on the Ottawa is full of accounts of the perils and privations of the French priests while engaged in christianizing the savage tribes of the river.

No class of men were more frequently found on the waters of the Ottawa and its tributaries than the adventurous *coureurs de bois* and *voyageurs*. From the earliest times in the history of the French colony, the forest enticed many of the boldest and bravest of the colonists. The fur trade was the only source of wealth in those days, and naturally attracted these men, tired of the dulness of farm life or the sluggishness of the towns. The Government endeavoured time and again to repress the roving tendencies of the youth, but no regulations sufficed to prevent them disappearing into the forest fastnesses and seeking a home and wife in Indian wigwams. Their songs of old France were often heard on the headwaters of the Ottawa, by the shores of the Matawan and the Gatineau. Stories and legends of their adventures have come down to us, but these hardly fall within the strict province of the historical writer, and I shall only refer to one that is well-known. At the foot of the island of the Grand Calumet, near a lofty mountain situate in the middle of the portage of the Seven Chutes, is the tomb of Cadieux, very recently, probably now, surrounded by a wooden railing. Some two centuries ago, so the story runs, Cadieux, a roving French Canadian, took a forest bride and home among the Algonquins. He and a party of Indians were preparing to descend the river as far as Montreal, with a load of furs, when a scout brought the startling tidings that a party of the Iroquois were in ambush below the falls. The Ottawas decided, as their only means of escape, to run the rapids, while Cadieux and a comrade went into the woods and sought to divert the attention of the enemy. The moment the Ottawas heard firing in the woods, they launched their canoes on the foaming current, and went rushing down the cataract; "I saw nothing during our passage over the rapids," said Cadieux's wife, "but the form of a tall lady in white hovering over the canoes and showing us the way."—(Ste. Anne, whom they had invoked, according to the superstitious Indians.) The strategy was quite successful. All the canoes escaped safely, while Cadieux and his companion kept the Iroquois at bay. Some days later the Indians sent out a party to search for Cadieux, of whom no tidings had been received. At *Portage des sept Chutes* they discovered his body, partly covered with boughs, and on his chest, clasped in his hands, a piece of birch bark, on which he had scribbled a lament. "This chaunt,"* says a

* Mr. Lemoine, of Quebec, a well-known Canadian antiquarian, called by Mr. McGee "The Old Mortality" of the ancient capital.

French-Canadian writer, "by its simplicity, is very attractive; it is much in the style of the old Norman ballads imported into the colony by the first settlers. The dying bard addresses himself to the objects which surround him, telling them of his regret for quitting life; then, physical pain wrings from him a groan of anguish, which is followed by a sorrowful thought at the loss of those nearest and dearest to his heart. He then expresses his fears on witnessing smoke rise from his hut not far distant; then tells of the intense joy he experienced on recognising the features of friends in the party sent out to rescue him; of his utter inability to shout out where he is; and of the pang which their final departure cost him. Cadieux next sees a wolf and crow prowling around his emaciated frame; the ardour of the hunter and the backwoodsman fires his eye for a second; he threatens to shoot one; to the other he cries 'Avaunt, go and feast on the bodies of the Iroquois I have slain near by.' He next charges the song-sparrow (the Rossignol) to convey his adieu to his wife and 'his well-beloved' children, and then closes by an invocation to the Virgin Mary." The piece of bark on which Cadieux's *Complainte* was written was brought to the foot of the Lake of Two Mountains, and subsequently set to a plaintive melody, which the voyageurs of the Ottawa often sing as they pass by the old grave. The last verse illustrates the religious spirit of many of these old voyageurs:

> " C'est donc ici que le monde m'abandonne,
> Mais j'ai secours en vous, Sauveur des hommes !
> Très Sainte Vierge, ah ! ne m'abandonnez pas,
> Permettez-moi d'mourir entre vos bras."

II.—BRITISH SETTLEMENT.

The black-robe, the voyageur, and the red man passed up and down the river in bark canoes. The cannon thundered around Quebec, and then the news came to the Indian tribes of the Ottawa that their French allies were no longer the masters of Canada. A deep silence long brooded over valley and river. An adventurous settler now and then, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, made a little clearing between the Long Sault and St. Anne's, but the canoes of the now decimated Ottawas, or of the North-west fur trading companies, alone cleft the waters of the Great River. It was not until the year 1796 that the first pioneer of the settlement of the Ottawa Valley came to this country and took steps to reclaim the wilderness. Philemon Wright, a wealthy farmer of Woburn, in the State of Massachusetts, came to Montreal in the course of that year with the view of buying up a large tract of land somewhere in Canada. Mr. Wright was a type of that class of resolute, enterprising men who have built up so many prosperous states on this continent. Montreal in those days was only a comparatively insignificant town of some six or seven thousand souls, and presented a very desolate appearance on account of the ravages made by fire. Mr. Wright obtained what he believed to be a good title to a large tract on the Ottawa, but he soon ascertained that he had been deceived. Subsequently, however, he obtained the promise of a patent of lands from the Quebec Government. In 1798 he proceeded up the river with a couple of men for the purpose of reporting on the resources of the new region. For the first forty-five miles they found a few settlers in very poor circumstances; but the rest of the country, as far as the Chaudière, was a wilderness. Favourably impressed with the capabilities of the Township of Hull, he returned to Woburn, and determined to make his new home on the banks of the Ottawa. On the 2nd February, 1800, all his preparations were completed, and he left his New England home with 25 men, and a large quantity of tools and stores, as well as a number of horses and oxen. It was now the middle of an intensely cold winter, but the band of pioneers pushed resolutely up the valley. In an account of his voyage

up the river* Mr. Wright says:—"Then we cleared away the snow, and cut down trees for fire for the whole night, the women and children sleeping in covered sleighs, and the men with blankets round the fire, and the cattle made fast to the standing trees. In this situation about thirty of us spent the night—and I must say that I never saw men more cheerful and happy in my life than they seemed to be—having no landlord to call upon us for our expenses, nor to complain of our extravagance, nor no dirty floor to sleep upon, but the sweet ground which belonged to our ancient Sovereign—observing to take our refreshments and prepare sufficient for the day so as to lose no time on our journey when daylight appeared; always taking care to keep our axemen forward, cutting the road, and our foraging team next the axemen, and the families in the rear; and in this way we proceeded on for three or four days, until we arrived at the Long Sault. From that place we travelled the whole of the distance upon the ice, until we came to the intended spot, which is about sixty-five miles." Mr. Wright made his first settlement on the Hull side, not far from the Gatineau, on account of its nearness to the magnificent water-power of the Chaudière Falls. The present site of Ottawa city—a gloomy mountain of impending firs and cedars—was not likely to prepossess a settler in preference to the lower and more accessible country on the opposite side of the river. The Indians of the Two Mountains were not long in making their appearance and questioning the right of the newcomers to the lands. Mr. Wright soon came to terms with the claimants, and always found them thereafter peaceable neighbours. The pioneers proceeded to clear the forest, and were well satisfied with the crops they raised from the virgin soil. In 1801 he took his men back to Massachusetts, in accordance with his contract, but the greater number returned, "finding," as he tells us, "that the lands were much better in the Township of Hull than in the State of Massachusetts." In the second year of his settlement Mr. Wright had "one hundred acres of the best wheat he ever saw"—some 3,000 bushels, which could not be crowded into the large barn he had erected. The next thing he did was to build saw and grist mills, and clear additional tracts of land in the neighbourhood of Hull, which was afterwards, and ought still to be, called Wrightstown. He surveyed the Township of Hull,—then a part of the district of York, which extended on the whole north side—which contains 82,429 acres, out of which he had 20,000 acres, besids grants in the adjoining township. By the end of six years Hull contained a number of fine mills, and stores, and dwelling houses, and Mr. Wright had cleared a large breadth of land, which produced quantities of wheat, oats, and potatoes, besides hemp, which he believed, with reason, was well adapted to the climate and soil. Then he formed the project of taking lumber down to Quebec by the route on the north side of the island of Montreal. After encountering many difficulties, he succeeded in getting down the first load in 1807—a memorable year consequently in the history of the Ottawa lumber trade. By 1824 he had cleared 3,000 acres, made annually 1,100 tons of hay, and had 756 acres in grain and roots, while the value of his buildings, stock, and farms was over $200,000. He had opened up roads in the township, built a fine village, with a neat church and hotel, and other public buildings. By 1828 Hull had a population of some 1,100 souls, chiefly Americans; three schools, two tanneries, twelve lime-kilns, four saw-mills, two distilleries, and some other manufactories. Mr. Wright died at a very advanced age in 1839, leaving behind him a large number of descendants, all of whom occupy influential

*To be found in the Journals of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada for 1820.

positions in the community. A tall granite shaft rises above his grave in the picturesque cemetery on the Aylmer Road, and overlooks the country of whose prosperity he was the pioneer. No longer a village of a few hundred souls, Hull counts its populations by thousands, and promises to be the Brooklyn of Ottawa.* Mr. Wright's old residence, which stood on a rising ground above the creek which crosses the Aylmer Road, just as you leave Hull, was burned down a few years ago. Mr. McTaggart, one of the engineers of the Rideau Canal, who knew him well, hits off some points of his character in these words :—"He has a kind heart, and will differ from none, unless an infringement be attempted on his lands. He is about six feet high; a tight man, with a wonderfully strange, quick, reflective, wild eye. No one is more the father of his country than he; when he has been from home at any time, on his coming back guns are fired, bells rung, and flags waved. He is now about seventy years of age, but quite healthy, and can undergo any fatigue; the most severe cold is nothing to him, and as for the heat he minds it as little. Talk of schemes of the wildest enterprise, and he is then in his glory; and if he can get any one to meet his views, how happy he is."

While Mr. Wright was working so energetically to colonize the Township of Hull, a few settlers were coming year by year into other parts of the valley. In 1817 a large number of immigrants, chiefly officers and soldiers of British regiments, settled on the Rideau. It was while on his way to inspect the new townships that the Duke of Richmond, then Governor-General, was seized with hydrophobia, from which he died in fearful agony at Chapman's tavern, at the place now known by his name. The Counties of Lanark and Renfrew were settled during the second decade of this century by a large influx of settlers from Scotland, chiefly from Perth. Among them was *the* McNab, whose pretty lodge was situated on a prominent point overlooking the picturesque lake of the Chats. Here he lived in patriarchal state, illustrating the hospitality of the Scottish chiefs of old. Bouchette gives a pleasing glimpse of a visit he made to the old chieftain :—"'The sun was just resigning to the moon the empire of the skies,' when we took our leave of the noble chief to descend the formidable rapids of the Chats. As we glided from the foot of the bold bank, the gay plaid and cap of the noble Gael were seen waving on the proud eminence, and the shrill notes of the piper filled the air with their wild cadences. They died away as we approached the head of the rapids. Our caps were flourished, and the flags (for our canoe was decorated with them) waved in adieu, and we entered the vortex of the swift and whirling stream." The old chief was very tenacious of his dignity. A friend once addressing him as "Mr. McNab," he replied indignantly: "Sir, I thought you had known better; nothing but McNab if you please; *Mr.* does not belong to me."

While the stream of immigration was commencing to flow with a gentle ripple into the Ottawa Valley, the foundations of the present Capital were being laid. The experiences of the war of 1812 proved to the British Government that it was absolutely necessary to provide some safer means of communication between the sea-board and the lakes than that which the St. Lawrence above Montreal afforded. The Duke of Wellington, it is said, pointed out the Ottawa and Rideau route, and consequently in 1815, Colonel Nichols, then commanding the Royal Engineer Corps in Canada, was instructed to send an officer to report on the practicability of a canal between the Ottawa and Kingston. The first survey of the route was made by Captain Jebb, R. E., but no

*The present prosperity of Hull depends in a great measure on the mills and factories of Mr. E. B. Eddy, who established himself there a few years ago.

action was taken for some years. In the meantime the Chûte-à-Blondeau and Carillon Canals were designed, and the Grenville Canal actually commenced on the Lower Ottawa. In September of 1826 Colonel By, of the Royal Engineers, came out to build the Rideau Canal. At that time the land on which Ottawa now stands was owned by Mr. Nicholas Sparks, Captain Le Breton, L. Besserer, D. Munro, Judge Sherwood, and Mr. McQuin. The first grant had been made to a Mr. John Burroughs, who subsequently sold it to Mr. Nicholas Sparks, then in the employ of Mr. Wright, for some eighty pounds. The country at that time was nearly all covered with great pines, stripped, blackened with fire, and pointing, needle-like, far into the sky. But the building of the canal soon changed the desolate aspect of the country. Property, hitherto considered valueless, went up in price, and Mr. Sparks, who sold to Colonel By the land required for the mouth of the Canal, found himself on the high road to fortune. The works were executed in a very short time in a country where forest and flood, silence and shadow, had for centuries reigned undisturbed.

In a very few years Bytown began to attain the dimensions of a considerable town. Mr. Bouchette describes it, even as early as 1828, in these words:—"The number of houses now built is not far short of one hundred and fifty, most of which are constructed of wood, frequently in a style of neatness and taste that reflects great credit upon the inhabitants. On the elevated banks of the Bay, the hospital, an extensive stone building, and three barracks stand conspicuous; and nearly on a level with them, and on the eastern side of the Bay, is delightfully situated the residence of Colonel By. From his verandah the most splendid view is beheld that the magnificent scenery of the Canadas affords. The bold eminence that embosoms Entrance Bay, the broken and wild shores opposite, beyond which are seen part of the flourishing settlement and the church of Hull, the verdant and picturesque islands between both banks, and the occasional canoes, barges, and rafts plying on the broad surface of the Grand River, or descending its tumultuous stream, are the immediate objects that command the notice of the beholder. In remote perspective the eye dwells upon a succession of varied and beautiful bridges,* abutting upon precipitous and craggy rocks, and abrupt islands, between which the waters are urged with wonderful agitation and violence." The first house of any pretensions was built on Rideau street out of logs, by a Mr. Coombs, who was afterwards gaoler. The first stone house was put up by Colonel By, out of the surrounding boulders. The Methodists were the first to worship in a building of their own, which has long since disappeared. St. Andrew's, on Wellington street, was opened for divine service in 1828, and Christ's church was built a year or two later. Both were enlarged subsequently, until they assumed the proportions we all remember. But these memorials of the early history of the capital have also disappeared beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut of progress, which has very slight veneration for antiquity. The old barracks and officers' quarters, of which only a few relics remain, long stood on the picturesque heights, overlooking so noble a panorama of rapid river and wooded hills. By 1840 the population had reached over 5000 souls, and the first newspaper was puplished, under the title of the Bytown *Independent*, by a Mr. James Johnston, in a little wooden building which stood, until very recently, at the north-west corner of Wellington and Banks streets, and presented a somewhat quaint appear-

*Bridges over the Chaudière were constructed soon after the Canal. The structure over the Falls tumbled more than once, and caused a loss of life. The present Suspension Bridge was erected in 1843-4 under the superintendence of Mr. S. Keefer.

ance on account of two small windows in the eastern gable, compared to a pair of spectacles, which gave light to the workroom of an eccentric old shoemaker of the name of Latimer. Ottawa increased in wealth and size according as it became the headquarters of the lumbermen. For some years the principal firms on the river were Hamilton & Bro., of Hawkesbury; Gilmour & Co., Egan & Co., Bareille & Aumond, and one or two others. The two former still compete in this branch of industry with Messrs. Eddy, Perley & Pattie, J. B. Booth, Bronson & Weston, Hon. James Skead, McLaren & Co., Currier & Batson, and the other well-known manufacturers of the valley.

For many years Ottawa was under the control of a very dangerous class of roughs, who drank, gambled and fought continually, and were the terror of all well-disposed citizens. Any one who incurred the wrath of "the Shiners" or other desperadoes, was in daily danger of his life. Many a murder was committed in the low taverns that abounded in Lower Town. The Bacchanalian orgies of the roughs ever disturbed the sleep of the quiet residents. Le- "O," we are told, was the headquarters of this lawless class. The "Battle of Stony Monday" will be remembered by the oldest inhabitant of proverbial memory. In the autumn of 1849 a public meeting was called in the Market House, York Street, for the purpose of getting up an address to Lord Elgin, inviting him to visit Bytown. This was an exciting period in the political history of Canada, for the whole country was agitated by the Rebellion Losses Bill. Party spirit ran high in Bytown, like everywhere else, and "the Shiners" set to work before the meeting was fairly organized. A young man of the name of Borthwick was mortally wounded, when the roughs resorted to firearms. Bullets and paving-stones were soon flying between "the Shiners" and the Rifles, who had been immediately called out. Some days passed before peace was reinstated, and the city restored to an orderly state. When Lord Elgin visited Bytown, three years later, he was quietly received—the wisdom of the policy he had sanctioned had become apparent by that time.

In 1854 Bytown had a population of 9,000, and the Ottawa & St. Lawrence Railway was opened for traffic as far as Kemptville. Events were now preparing a great change in the fortunes of Bytown. The seat of Government question was already perplexing the politicians, Upper and Lower Canada each zealously working to outwit the other. The Macdonald-Cartier Administration, in 1857, after meeting with the most strenuous opposition, succeeded in carrying a resolution in the Legislature for an address to Her Majesty, praying that she would select some place as the permanent seat of Government. Governments rose and fell on the question, but the political strategy of the enemies of Bytown was unable to prevent the carrying out of the selection made by Her Majesty's Government. It is an interesting fact that, from the very foundation of the city, her great future was prophesied by able and far-seeing men. When the Rideau Canal was contemplated, the Duke of Wellington pointed out the site of Ottawa as the military key to Canada. "Sir," said Colonel By to an individual who wanted to purchase land from him; "this land will be very valuable some day; it will be the Capital of Canada." Sir John Franklin expressed a similar opinion on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the locks. "I know of no situation in any part of the world so fitting for a grand city," wrote an English traveller some years later. "What a site for the capital of an empire!" In 1861 the Prince of Wales, amid great rejoicings, laid the foundation stone of the pointed Gothic buildings which crown the bold bluff overlooking the Grand River, and on their completion in 1865, at a cost of

over four millions of dollars, the Public Departments were removed to Ottawa in the autumn of the same year.

The progress of the Ottawa Valley within thirty years can be best illustrated by comparing the statistics of 1844 with those of the present time. In that year the value of the ratable property of the County of Carleton, known as Dalhousie District, was only $700,000 against $3,250,000 in 1874; but the population of this county has made very slight progress—large numbers having gone off year by year into adjoining counties. The Ottawa District, now Prescott and Russell, had a population of 9,000, and a ratable property of $400,000 against 36,000 and $2,000,000 at the present time. Bathurst District, comprising Lanark and Renfrew, had a population of 25,000 and a ratable property estimated at $1,000,000, against 70,000 and about $4,000,000 in the present year. The total population of Ottawa County was only 10,000 against 50,000 in 1874. The principal towns and villages in the Ottawa Valley were Bytown, Aylmer, Hull, Pembroke, L'Orignal, Hawkesbury, and Perth. Pembroke had a population of 250 souls. Perth, which had been laid out by the Government in 1816, was the most important settlement in the Ottawa Valley after Bytown and Hull, and had a population of some 2,000 souls. Ottawa, in 1844, had 7,000 inhabitants against 21,545 in 1871, and has now over 30,000, including the suburbs. The value of assessed property was $245,496 in 1864 against $8,000,000 at the present time. Its ratio of progress is now greater than that of any other city in the Dominion. Its public buildings—notably Parliament Buildings, Court House, Christ's Church, St. Andrew's, Knox's, French Cathedral, Post Office, and Custom House—and its private mansions, illustrate the growth of wealth and taste among us, while the water-works and sewers attest the spirit of civic progress.

III.—RESOURCES OF THE VALLEY.

What has been the principal source of the prosperity of the country watered by the great river? The answer must be sought amid the great forests of pines that wave their lofty tops for many hundred miles far and wide by the Ottawa and its tributary streams. Since the days, now six decades ago, that Philemon Wright hewed the timber for the first raft to Quebec, enormous wealth has been won from the forest. The history of this branch of industry has yet to be written from its adventurous as well as economical point of view. To those living amid the whirr of the mills, within sight of the ever-moving rafts, the subject may seem prosaic; but it has its deeply interesting and romantic elements, apart from the money-making feature. The history of a log, from the day it is cut from the tall pine until it reaches the wharves of Liverpool or other great emporium of trade, may be as replete with interest as that of any ship that sails to many lands.

The spirit of enterprise for the past twenty years has been steadily encroaching on the solitude of the forests, and now the lumberman is found on the furthest waters of the Upper Ottawa. Go where you will, you see his *batteaux* shooting impetuous rapids, or gliding over some placid lake in search of the best vein of timber. In the deepest recesses of the forest, where the stately white pines tower above the beech and maple, or where the red pines with their smooth, copper-coloured shafts, wave their bushy tops, we see the smoke of the shanties curling in the pure, clear air of a Canadian winter.

When the "limits" have been secured from the Government, suitable log buildings have to be erected, supplies forwarded, men and teams engaged, roads constructed into the bush and towards the nearest stream. By the time the ice is strong and the snow well laid, the shanties are full, and the forest resounds with the cries of the teamsters, with the whirr of the keen axe,

and with the thud of the falling giants. In full panoply of red flannel shirts, strong moccasins, and fur caps, visages bronzed with exposure, and hands hardened to toil, the loggers attack the tallest trees with a deftness which is wonderful in the eyes of the green immigrant who finds himself for the first time in the woods. During the winter the logs are hauled to the river-side, and then, as soon as the ice has disappeared beneath the genial influences of spring, and all the streams are full, the "drive" commences. The timber is taken down in "cribs,"* or separately, according as the river is easy or difficult of passage; and the boom is eventually reached. Day after day the timber is sorted; some is made up into rafts for the Quebec market; or the logs are floated into the insatiable maws of the huge saws of the Chaudière and other famous mills of this region.

If there is an unspeakable pleasure in working amid the fragrant pine forests, in smoking and chatting by the bright fires of the shanty, in whirling down the rapids and "the slides," in running races with rival raftsmen, the life has its perils also. Many a mangled body has been dragged from beneath a fallen pine or carried away by the tumultuous waters. The logs float tranquilly along the river, propelled by the hand of the ever-watchful driver, until a rapid is reached, and here the foremost logs stick between some jagged rocks, and form a barrier which the rapidly following timber cannot pass. Log rushes on log, until all get entangled in a bewildering maze. The waters foam and rush more furiously than ever, as if they would overwhelm this impediment to their onward progress, but the tangled mass laughs all their efforts to scorn. That is a moment of danger and perplexity to the lumberman. The "jam" must be broken, happen what may. The pluckiest driver volunteers to unfetter the mass, and, axe or pike in hand, ventures among the logs, around which the trammelled waters fret and storm. In nine cases out of ten a single log is the key to the whole difficulty, and it requires a keen eye, a skilful hand, a steady foot, and a courageous heart to start the mass. A false step, a careless stroke, may precipitate the driver into the rushing waters. Or if he is not fleet of foot, the moment he feels the mass ready to start, he may be tossed instantaneously under the logs and crushed into a helpless mass.

All nationalities are to be found among the hardworking, careless, and often reckless gangs that fill the shanties of the Ottawa; but the greater number is made up of the Canadian French. The *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois* of old times are still represented in the gay and careless French Canadian forester of the lumbering regions. By temperament and inclination he is well fitted for a life in the shanty or on the river. It is a bright starlight night in midwinter. You are passing rapidly over the crisp snow, beneath the shadow of giant pines, by the Bonnechere or the Coulonge. Perhaps you feel lonely in that wilderness of soughing trees, when suddenly comes the music of merry voices slowly floating from the distance. The voices come closer and closer, until at last, mingling with the merry jingle of the bells, we recognise the refrain of some French Canadian song, often heard in the forest and on the river, wherever the Canadian voyageur and lumberman are found. Or perhaps you are an inmate of a shanty, on business or pleasure, and as the pipes come out, after the supper of pork and strong tea, Jean Baptiste is called upon for a song or story. He will give you the favourite of all the ballads, *A la claire fontaine*, or *Par derrière chez mon père*, or *En roulant ma boule*. This is a version of the first of these well-known French Canadian songs:

Of yonder crystal fountain,
As I went o'er the lea,

* Small rafts intended to run the "slides."

I found so fair the waters
That there I bathèd me.
Thee long time I've been loving,
Ever remembering thee.

I paused to dry me near it,
'Neath a tall oaken tree ;
The nightingale was singing—
On topmost branch sang he.

Sing, nightingale, sing gaily,
Thy heart is glad in thee ;
My heart is full of sorrow,
While thine is filled with glee.

I've lost my darling mistress—
That by no fault in me—
All for a spray of roses
To her I would not gie.

Fain would I that the roses
Once more were on the tree,
And that my mistress bore me
Same love as formerly.
Thee longtime, etc.

The last couplet is sometimes given in these words, as a reference to the French version* below will show :

And that both thee and roses
Were cast into the sea.

La boule roulante is a disconnected jingle, which is set to a very lively air, which chimes wonderfully well with the music of the paddle or oar. But probably the most beautiful of the French Canadian ballads is

Par derrière chez mon père:

Behind my father's dwelling—
Bound, my light bark, bound on—
Behind my father's dwelling,
There is an apple tree.
There is an apple tree, my love,
There is an apple tree, etc.

Behind my father's dwelling,
There is an apple tree ;
The leaf thereon is green, green,
The fruit like gold to see.

It was a king's three daughters
Asleep beneath the tree,
The youngest said : "My sisters,
The light of day I see."

Then up and spake the eldest—
"'Tis not the dawn you see—
'Tis but a star that lighteth
Our loves to victory.

"Our loves have gone to battle,
For us across the sea,
And if they win the battle,
Our love their meed shall be."

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* A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.
Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné ;
Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher.

Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher ;
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.

Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait ;
Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai.

Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai ;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai à pleurer.

Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai à pleurer ;
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité.

J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité ;
Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai.

Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai ;
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier.

Je voudrais que la rose,
Fût encore au rosier ;
Et moi et ma maîtresse
Dans les mêmes amitiés.

Or this:

Et que le rosier même,
Fût à la mer jeté.
Il y a longtemps, etc.

Then up into the heavens
They looked, those maidens three!
"Let them win or lose it, always
Our love their meed shall be."

Some of the French Canadian ballads also refer in very eulogistic terms to Bytown as the paradise of the lumberman, but none of them are worth translating as they are very commonplace and coarse. One of them commences:

A Bytown, c'est une jolie place,
Où il s'ramasse bien d'la crasse;
Où y a des jolies filles,
Et aussi des jolis garçons.
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons.

The growth of the lumber trade of the Valley since 1840 has not been surpassed by that of any other branch of industry on this continent. In 1844 the value of the timber brought down the Ottawa was a little over a million of dollars, while at the present time the value of the timber cut and sawed on the Ottawa and its tributaries may be estimated at between $10,000,000 and $15,000,000. The Valley furnishes annually some 100,000,000 feet of sawn deals, and 300,000,000 of sawn boards. The great mills of the Chaudière get out generally from 120,000 to 275,000 logs each, and manufacture from 20,000,000 to 40,000,000 of pine lumber each, besides sending rafts of square timber in some cases to Quebec. A large firm like Perley & Pattie will employ during the winter from 600 to 1,000 men, and from 200 to 300 teams, and in the summer time from 400 to 600. The value of the mills of the Valley may be estimated at $10,000,000, and the number of men directly or indirectly employed in the business cannot be less than 30,000, who receive some $10,000,000 annually in the shape of wages. The value of the supplies necessary to get out 150,000 logs is given by a good authority at over $50,000. At least 1,500 or 2,000 tons of agricultural produce are required to supply the shanties of a firm largely engaged in lumbering operations. The farmer of the Valley has consequently a stimulus to production which other parts of the Dominion do not enjoy.

For the accommodation of the enormous traffic of this region an expensive system of public works has been constructed within thirty years. Private enterprise first moved in the important work of facilitating the passage of timber down the river and its tributaries. The first slide, on the north side of the Ottawa, was built in 1829 by Philemon Wright, and was subsequently purchased by the Government for $40,000. The cost of the splendid system of slides, booms, and other works has been over three quarters of a million of dollars. These works now exist for 300 miles above the Chaudière—as far as the Blanche and Des Quinze. A well managed line of steamers now takes the place of the clumsy little contrivance called the *Union*, which plied on the Lower Ottawa some fifty years ago; while the staunch boats of the Union Forwarding Company afford splendid facilities on the Upper Ottawa, where, a few years ago, the *Greyhound* supplied all the wants of the trade. The Grenville, Chûte-à-Blondeau, and Carillon canals, and other works on the Lower Ottawa, have cost some $300,000 up to the present time. The Ontario Government alone derives a revenue of over $300,000 for the timber dues on its side of the river.

But immense inroads have been made on the forest of late years, and the experience of Maine tells us that the time may not be very distant when we shall see the lumber trade of this valley comparatively insignificant in importance. A vast amount of forest wealth still lies by the Ottawa and its tributaries, but we know full well what havoc the axe and the bush-fire can make in a decade. Nature has been so lavish with her forest gifts that Americans can hardly understand the necessity of economizing and pr ecting the woods as far as practicable. But in view of a depletion of our forests, it

is satisfactory to know that there are other sources from which the people of this valley can draw prosperity in the future. Wheat can be raised, forty bushels to the acre, while oats, barley, corn, and potatoes are equally prolific. The farming population has been fostered by the demands of the lumbering trade, and is steadily carrying on a better system of agriculture. Apples, grapes, plums, cherries, and pears, all the hardy varieties, can be grown in the valley, if agriculturists only devote the proper attention to their cultivation. The magnificent water-power of the river, and a growing population, encourage the establishment of cotton, woollen, fulling, flour, and other manufactories. The mineral wealth of the country is abundant, though its actual value and extent have yet to be developed. Rich veins of marble crop out of the rocks as we pass up and down the river. The superior quality of the Arnprior and Portage du Fort marble is illustrated by the graceful pillars that adorn our legislative halls. The sandstone and limestone quarries afford inexhaustible quantities of building materials of varied texture and beauty, and there is no doubt that we shall yet discover a stone just as beautiful as the Ohio sandstone, which now enters so largely into our architecture. Plumbago, lead, cobalt, and soapstone, are also found in quantities sufficient to repay working. Within an hour's walk from the Parliament Buildings, among the Laurentian Hills, on the Hull side of the river, are deposits of iron as valuable as any to be found in the world; and it is earnestly to be hoped that the efforts now being made to develop these mines will be crowned with success, for a great deal of the future prosperity of the valley undoubtedly rests on the immediate expenditure of capital in the way of establishing new enterprises, and rendering this section less dependent on a single branch of industry.

If we consider the relation that the Ottawa River bears to the wheat and corn-producing region of the West, and with the sea-board cities of the St. Lawrence, we must see that it has a splendid future before it, as a great artery of inter-communication. Sooner or later we must see the St. Lawrence system of inland navigation supplemented by the opening up of that shorter route—shorter by 300 miles—which Le Caron and Champlain were the first to travel more than two hundred and fifty years ago. But in the meantime the people of the valley must wait until the exigencies of commerce demand the commencement of this work, and should devote their energies to the accomplishment of what is certainly just now more practicable, and that is, the completion of those lines of railway which are necessary to connect them immediately with the great centres of Western and Eastern trade, and to develop an immense extent of now dormant natural wealth. It should be the chief object of all those interested in the future of Ottawa, to make it the headquarters of the commerce of the valley, by pushing railways as soon as possible up the river into the Nipissing country. On railways and manufactures depend the prosperity of a region which is still in the infancy of its development. A great deal has been accomplished within a few decades. Enterprise and capital have now to complete the work commenced by those hardy pioneers who came into the valley with brave hearts, and laid the foundations of its prosperity deep and sure among the pines.

THE SLAVE TRADE ON THE UPPER NILE.

> "Ister! to thee, and Tanais fleet,
> And Nile that will not tell his birth;
> To thee the monstrous seas that beat
> On Britain's coast—the end of earth,
> To thee the proud Iberians bow,
> And Gauls that scorn from death to flee;
> The fierce Sygambrian bends his bow,
> And drops his arms to worship thee."

WHEN Horace—whom, for the benefit of some of our readers we pass through the alembic of Professor Conington—wished to flatter his Imperial patron, he knew of no more extensive sway from south to north, which he could even poetically attribute to Augustus, than that which reached from the source of the Nile to Britain. The two names thus accidentally brought together in one stanza nearly nineteen hundred years ago, are to-day still strangely connected. The mysterious river still conceals his source, but the "remote Britons" have made its investigation their specialty, and to them the secret must soon be surrendered. The great discoveries of Burton, Speke, Grant, and Baker have almost solved the problem, and the something which may still remain unknown after the publication of Dr. Livingstone's journals, will probably be finally settled, directly or indirectly, by Colonel Gordon's expedition. In all probability the present generation will see the White Nile basin rendered accessible to travellers and trade; steamers will soon be plying on the great equatorial lakes, the examination of whose affluents will then be a matter of comparative facility. Whisked along by railroads, rendered independent of stream and wind by steamboats, and remaining hourly in connection by telegraph with his European home, will the tourist give due credit to these plodding pioneers who, bravely fighting their way for the sake of science or the love of adventure, through immense obstacles and in the face of the gravest discomforts, have brought about such wonderful results?

When the Khedive of Egypt was fired by the laudable desire of suppressing the slave trade on the White Nile, and the natural ambition of annexing a large portion of Central Africa to his own domains, he could not have found any more suitable agent than Sir Samuel Baker, the record of whose expedition is now before us.*

His former discoveries on the line of the White Nile, his years of patient investigation and laborious travel in the African tropics, his capacity for fatigue, his keen insight into native character, and his undoubted pluck, marked him out as pre-eminently well qualified for the post of Commander of such an expedition as the Khedive contemplated. The position which he accepted was at once as novel as its responsibility was extensive. The Egyptian Government meditated the annexation of a huge and indefinite tract of country over which its influence and its power was to be extended. At the same time the Slave Trade—the curse of Central Africa—was to be abolished. To carry out these intentions a foreigner was selected, and not only a foreigner, but in their eyes an infidel, was promoted to the rank of Pasha, and of Major-General, and was given "the absolute and supreme authority over all those countries belonging to the Nile Basin south of Gondokoro"—a despotic power such as had

* Ismailia; a Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the suppression of the Slave Trade; organized by Ismael, Khedive, of Egypt. By Sir Samuel W. Baker, Pasha, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S., &c., &c. &c. New York: Harpers. Toronto, Adam, Stevenson & Co.

never before been entrusted by a Mahommedan to a Christian. We will defer consideration of the Khedive's motives in organizing such an expedition, until events shall have thrown some light on the subject as we proceed; suffice it here to say, that the chief objects to be obtained were declared in the official firman to be "to subdue to our authority the countries situate to the south of Gondokoro; to suppress the slave trade; introduce a system of regular commerce; to open to navigation the great lakes of the Equator; and to establish a chain of military stations and commercial depots, distant at intervals of three days march, throughout Central Africa, accepting Gondokoro as the base of operations."

Having accepted his commission, Sir Samuel Baker lost no time in preparing for the undertaking. Knowing exactly what was most valuable, most highly prized, and most necessary in the countries to which he was bound, he carefully selected every item himself, from the 250 ton steamer down to the gaudy beads of traffic. His stores included not only provisions and outfit for the whole European party for four years—the term to which his command was limited—but clothing for a force of 2,000 men, all the implements and tools that could possibly be required, a large selection of Manchester goods for establishing a system of regular commerce with the natives, all sorts of cheap and gaudy articles for presents, medicine, and an unlimited supply of arms and ammunition—every thing, in fact, "from a needle to a crowbar, or from a handkerchief to a boat's sail." These multifarious stores were transported from Cairo by two routes, the greater portion being sent up by the river to pass the first cataract, and then, where the Nile takes a great bend to the west, to cross the Nubian Desert from Korosko to Abu Hamed, and thence again by the Nile to their ultimate destination, whereever that might be. The second route was by the Red Sea to Souakim, thence across the desert to Berber, a point on the Nile just above the fifth cataract. By this route the boats and steamers from England were sent, for fear that in the ascent of the cataract one or more of the transports might, as often is the case, be lost, and then with any section of the steel vessels missing, the whole expedition would be paralyzed. Though, of course, we all are supposed to know something about the Nile, yet there may be a few of our readers to whom a few statistics and a very short geographical explanation will not be unacceptable, as tending to a more satisfactory comprehension of the interesting narrative of Sir Samuel Baker's exploits.

Briefly then: Egypt proper extends as far South as Assouan, where is the first cataract, in lat. 24° North, about 1300 miles from the Mediterranean. Nubia extends thence, we may almost say, indefinitely. It is possible for vessels at certain seasons to ascend the Nile past all the cataracts; but, as a rule, trade and passengers avoid the long detour made by the river to the West at Korosko, in which are included the second, third and fourth cataracts, and travel by land for some 400 miles across the Nubian desert to Abu Hamed. Shortly below Berber, where the route from Souakim strikes the river, is the fifth cataract, and shortly above it the Atbara carries into the Nile the drainage of the northern highlands of Abyssinia. Some two hundred miles further South, at the junction of the Blue and White Niles, is Khartoum, which has hitherto been, practically, the limit of Egyptian authority, the last outpost of civilization, and the *ultima Thule* of our accurate geographical knowledge. The Blue Nile comes from a south by east direction, and drains the southern mountains of Abyssinia. The White Nile is the main stream of the grand old river, and with it we now have to do. Six hundred miles above Khartoum is Fashoda, a post held by the Egyptians in the Shillook country. Seventy miles farther

the Sobat brings in a large volume of water from the east, and a few miles further south there commences that extraordinary dam of vegetable matter, which was described in Baker's former book, "The Albert N'Yanza," By some accident an accumulation of floating vegetation extended across the river where the stream was sluggish. The obstruction once formed, its growth was rapid by accretion from above, and by the marvellous fecundity of marsh plants under a tropical sun, until at last the river was not only closed, but actually disappeared in a labyrinth of marshes. From the Sobat the distance is about 750 miles to Gondokoro, a station formerly frequented by ivory traders and slave hunters—the two are almost synonymous—and which some Austrian missionaries had made their home. Above Gondokoro there are several obstructions in the channel of the river, about which, however, very little precise information has been obtained; but this much is known. At a distance of 120 miles calm water is again reached. Striking the river at this point, Sir S. Baker says: "The grand White Nile lay like a broad streak of silver on our right, as it flowed in a calm deep stream direct from the Albert N'Yanza—at this spot above all cataracts. No water has as yet been broken by a fall; the troubles of river life lay in the future; the journey to the sea might be said to have only just commenced. Here the entire volume flowed from the Albert N'Yanza, distant hardly one degree. * * * This point is destined to become the capital of Central Africa. It is a curious fact that a line of 120 miles of railroad would open up the very heart of Africa to steam transport between the Mediterranean and the Equator, when the line from Cairo to Khartoum shall be completed." This digression over, we will return to our story.

Six steamers and thirty vessels were ordered to leave Cairo in June, 1870, for Khartoum, where three more steamers and twenty-five more vessels were to be in readiness. As a matter of fact, the flotilla did not start till the end of August. By the time that it reached the second cataract the water had fallen so much that the steamers could not pass up, and were detained there a whole year, and when Sir Samuel reached Khartoum, *via* Souakim, not one single vessel had arrived, and not one single new vessel had been engaged! There he fully realized the fact that, though the Khedive was honestly impressed with the desire to put down slavery, the expedition was excessively unpopular, and would meet with the open or covert opposition of everyone in the Soudan, for there everyone, from the Governor downwards, was interested in perpetuating the traffic in slaves. Hence every possible obstacle was thrown in the new Pasha's way. The high officials, while professing the highest respect for the Khedive's orders, were secretly in alliance with the slave-dealers; and as they, like all Orientals, were adepts in the art of "How not to do it," they had no difficulty in displaying, consistently with their ostensibly cordial help, such an amount of passive indolence as would have effectually thwarted any man less energetic than Sir S. Baker. As it was, their opposition, aided by unforeseen natural obstacles, did so far triumph that a great part of the proposed objects of the expedition were left unaccomplished. But so far from this comparative failure being chargeable upon the writer of this interesting volume, no one can rise from a perusal of it without a high appreciation of the marvellous pluck, unerring tact, and indomitable perseverance which, in spite of such apparently insurmountable obstacles, did bring about such wonderful results.

Without waiting for the arrival of his flotilla and stores, without obtaining half the vessels and assistance which he required, and after declining the useless cavalry contingent which was offered him, Baker left Khartoum, Feb. 8th, 1871. On the 18th the small fleet reached the mouth of the Bahr

Giraffe, a branch of the White Nile, by which a passage was said to exist less obstructed by vegetation than in the main river. But now the troubles began in earnest. The river was even at first exceedingly narrow, winding through a flat, marshy country, but its channel soon became choked at places, through which a canal had to be cut; and in a few days the course was entirely closed. "The reputed channel," the diary says, on March 8th, "is only denoted by a stream three or four feet broad, concealed by high grass, and, in places, choked by the *Pistia Stratiotes.* These surface plants, which resemble floating cabbages, with fine thready roots, like a human beard, of sixteen inches in length, form dense masses which are very difficult to clear. Our guides are useless, as we cannot depend upon their contradictory statements. We are in a deplorable position—the whole fleet in a *cul-de-sac;* the river has disappeared; an unknown distance of apparently boundless marsh lies before us, there is no wood for the steamers, and there is no possibility of clearing a channel. March 9th.—The men worked famously, but I much fear they will be laid up with fever if kept at this unhealthy task. To-day a force of seven hundred men cut about a mile and a half. They are obliged to slash through with swords and knives, and then to pull out the greater portion of the grass and vegetable trash; this is piled like artificial banks on either side upon the thick floating vegetation. Thirty-two men reported in the sick-list last evening. March 11th.—Frightful stinking morass. All stopped at a black muddy pond in a swamp. The river is altogether lost. We have to cut a passage through the morass. Hard work throughout the day. One soldier died of sun-stroke. No ground in which to bury him." And so on for days and weeks. The paddles were dismounted from the now useless steamers, and they, like the other vessels, had to be laboriously towed through the narrow channel which closed again almost as soon as cleared, so that the rear vessels often became jammed as though frozen in an ice-drift in the Arctic regions. In such a miserable state of affairs, even the sport of shooting hippopotami, crocodiles, occasionally elephants, that rare bird the *balœniceps rex,* antelopes and ducks, was but small compensation for the tedium, the worry, and the waste of precious time. To the men, whose hearts were not in the expedition at all, the work was most dispiriting, and the extraordinary thing is that they worked as well as they did. "March 21.—We have now been at work thirteen days with a thousand men, during which time we have travelled only twelve miles! March 22.—Wind foul. The people are all lazy and despairing. The work is frightful, and great numbers of my men are down with fever. Thus my force is physically diminished, while morally, the men are heart-broken. Another soldier died, and no dry spot to bury him. March 26.—The ditch is completely blocked up with vegetation; thus we made only 250 yards. Before us, as usual, is the hopeless sea of high grass. How many days or months we may require to reach the White Nile is a problem. One hundred and fifty men on the sick list." And so on till April 2nd, when every possible channel became so shallow that it was absolutely impossible to proceed at all, and after 43 days of most exhaustive and useless labour the order was given for a retreat. This was successfully accomplished, and in three weeks the force had got through the impediments and again reached the open water of the White Nile, where the Pasha formed an encampment which he named Tewfikeyah, after Tewfik Pasha, the Khedive's eldest son. Here the lines were drawn with European precision; buildings rose on all sides; iron magazines were put together; steam saw-mills set up, and an extensive system of cultivation inaugurated. Here the whole force remained until December.

Let us take advantage of this pause in

the onward march of the expedition to say a few words upon the slave trade. Although the Egyptian Government exercise no effective authority south of Fashoda, about lat. 10° N., yet it assumed the right to lease to traders the whole country which could be reached from Khartoum. No vessel was allowed to leave that place for the South without a trading permit, for which, of course, a heavy fee was paid. But, having got their money, the Government did not feel bound to take the least pains to see that the trade practised was a legitimate one. True the contract stipulated in words that no slaves were to be taken, and that the traders were to behave themselves decently; but, as a matter of fact, every expedition that left Khartoum, ostensibly for trading purposes, really consisted of bands of ruffians, whose ideas of commerce consisted solely in paying in one country for ivory tusks by slaves and cows which they obtained by making razzias on villages in another district. Instead of cargoes of merchandize suitable for traffic with the natives, the vessels bound south never started with any freight but ammunition. This was perfectly well known to the government, but it was understood all round that if the license fees were paid punctually no questions would be asked; and there is not the slightest doubt that, despite the Khedive's proclamations, and his really honest endeavour, to put down slavery, every official in the Soudan was interested in maintaining it. If a firm government and regular trading stations were established in the tracts now leased to the ivory merchants, their occupation would be gone and slavery would cease. Hence the natural and relentless opposition which Sir Samuel Baker encountered from all quarters. Here is an instance of the extent to which the highest officials were interested in the existing traffic. Fashoda, the most southerly Government Station, is peculiarly well situated for controlling the traders, as it is situated at a narrow part of the river along which all the vessels must pass. The Governor, with effusion, assured Sir Samuel Baker that slavery was now rigidly abolished. However, on the unexpected return of the expedition from the Bahr Giraffe, this Governor was discovered far to the south of Fashoda "collecting taxes," as he said. Complaints, however, having been made to Sir S. Baker by some villagers of the proceedings of His Excellency, an examination was made of his vessels and camp, and no fewer than 150 slaves were discovered, kidnapped by the very official specially appointed to put down slavery! It is due to the Khedive to say that immediately on receiving Baker Pasha's report he dismissed the Governor of Fashoda from the service. On other occasions traces were found of great atrocities committed by one Kutchuk Ali, a noted slave-hunting ruffian, who was actually sent out in command of a government expedition. During the encampment at Tewfikeyah a vessel belonging to this man was overhauled. Ostensibly she was loaded with ivory, on the top of which was corn. The latter seemed to the inspecting officer to be unusually high, so drawing a ramrod from a rifle he probed the cargo, and soon extracted a fine negro. On this boat no fewer than 150 slaves were packed away in an incredibly small compass. On all such occasions the vessel was seized, the captain and super-cargo put in irons, and the slaves released; and this was done although this district was not in the territory under Sir S. Baker's control. The chief offender however, was one Sheik Achmet Agad, who, under the pretence of legitimate trading, actually held a lease of ninety thousand miles of territory, over which he exercised unlimited authority. His agent and factotum was Abou Saood, a name that figures prominently in this volume. He is pre-eminently the villain of the piece. Wherever the natives were hostile, wherever supplies were withheld, wherever treachery was plotted, Abou Saood, strong in protestations of fidelity, and overflowing with pious ejacula-

lations, was at the bottom of it. The wonder and the pity is that Baker did not shoot the scoundrel out of hand. We will now return to the expeditionary force which we left at Tewfikeyah.

An exploration of the White Nile made it evident that an advance by that river was out of the question, the channel being hopelessly obstructed and the stream itself absolutely lost in marshes. It was therefore determined to make another attempt by the Bahr Giraffe, in the hope that last year's work might have somewhat improved the channel. The first boats left Tewfikeyah on Dec. 1st, and in a few days the whole camp was taken down, stowed away, and carried off. Owing to most provoking delays, the marshes were not reached till January 8th, and then began the old story of the previous year. In some places the channel then cut was tolerably clear, in others it was as densely choked as if it had never been opened. In 20 days they reached the spot where they had turned back last year. As they advanced, the work became even harder than before: channels had to be dug in the sand and mud as well as cut through the grass and weeds; the vessels had frequently to be unloaded to lighten them over a shallow; the men became thoroughly disheartened, and nothing but the assurance that if they failed now they would have to wait in the marshes until the next rainy season, kept them to the work at all. For two dreary months this continued, until, on March 9th, a channel was at last discovered leading into the true White Nile. "I can't," says Sir S. Baker, "describe my joy and thankfulness; my men shared my feelings. We all drank water from the turbid river, so unlike the marsh-filtered water of the swamps, and as each man washed his hands and face in the noble stream, he ejaculated from his heart, '*El hambd el Illah!* (Thank God!)'" But even then the goal was not reached without difficulty. The cut made by the pioneer vessel had drained the water off, and the rest of the fleet were left high and dry. An artificial dam had to be made before sufficient water could be obtained to float them over the banks, but in ten days more the obstructions were all passed, and the entire convoy was once more in the clear Nile channel. It is satisfactory to find that the labour spent in opening up the passage through the Bahr Giraffe was of something more than ephemeral value, for on Sir S. Baker's return, two years later, he found the channel much improved by the current, and comparatively clear; so much so that he made the voyage from Gondokoro to Khartoum, 1,400 miles, in a steamer, in 28 days.

On the day before entering the White Nile, an encounter was had with a hippopotamus which is, perhaps, worth condensing. "The night was cold and the moon clear and bright. I was suddenly awoke by a tremendous splashing quite close to the diahbeeah, accompanied by the hoarse wild snorting of a furious hippopotamus. I jumped up and at once perceived a hippo, which was apparently about to attack the vessel. Before the affrighted Suleiman could bring a rifle, the hippo dashed at us with indescribable fury. With one blow he capsized and sank the zinc boat. In another instant he seized the dingy in his immense jaws, and the crash of splintered wood betokened the complete destruction of my favourite boat. Presently as he charged straight at the diahbeeah, I stopped him with a No. 8 Reilly shell. To my surprise he soon recovered, and again commenced the attack. I fired shot after shot at him without apparent effect. The diahbeeah rocked about on the waves raised by the splashing of so large an animal, this movement rendering the arm uncertain; at length, apparently badly wounded, he retired to the high grass; there he lay on a bank, snorting and blowing. Thinking he would die, we went to bed, but in about half an hour we were wakened by another tremendous splash, and once more this mad beast came charging on us as though unhurt. In

another instant he was at the diahbeeah, but I met him with a ball on the top of his head, which sent him rolling over and over, sometimes on his back, kicking with his forelegs above the surface, and again producing waves which rocked the diahbeeah. In this helpless manner he rolled about 50 yards down stream, and we all thought him killed, but to our amazement he recovered and we heard him splashing as he moved slowly along the high grass, where he remained snorting and blowing. In a short time I heard a louder splashing. I again got up and perceived him about 80 yards distant, walking slowly across the river in the shallows. Having a fair shot at the shoulder, I fired right and left with No. 8 Reilly rifle, and I distinctly heard the bullets strike. He nevertheless reached the right bank, when he presently turned round and attempted to recross the shallow. This gave me another good chance at the shoulder, and at this time he fell dead in the shallow water. In the morning I made a *post mortem* examination. He had received three shots in the flank and shoulder; four in the head, one of which had broken his lower jaw; another had passed through his nose, and passing downward had cut off one of his large tusks. I never witnessed such determined and unprovoked fury as was exhibited by this animal; he appeared to be raving mad. His body was a mass of frightful scars, the result of continual conflicts with the bulls of his own species. He was evidently a character of the worst description, but whose madness rendered him callous to all punishment. We raised the zinc boat, which was fortunately unhurt; the dingy had lost a mouthful, as the hippo had bitten out a portion of the side, including the gunwale of hard-wood, with the same ease as though it had been a slice of toast."

Arrived at Gondokoro, Sir S. Baker found that station entirely deserted, while the Baris, the warlike tribes adjacent thereto, were, to say the least, uncivil. "The country," he says, "is sadly changed; formerly pretty native villages in great numbers were scattered over the landscape, beneath shady clumps of trees, and the land was thickly populated. Now all is desolate, not a village exists on the mainland; they have all been destroyed, and the inhabitants have been driven for refuge to the low islands of the river. * * The Austrian missionaries had abandoned the Baris as hopeless, after many efforts and a great expenditure of time and energy. The natives had pulled down their neat mission-house, and had pounded and ground the red bricks into the finest powder, which, mixed with grease, formed a paint to smear their naked bodies. Thus, the only results of many years' teaching were, the death of many noble men, the loss of money, and the failure of the attempt; and instead of the enterprise leaving a legacy of inward spiritual grace to these 'men and brethren,' the missionary establishment itself was converted into an external application for the skin; the house of God was turned into 'pomade divine.'"

The new encampment was soon laid down and strongly fortified, and then the whole force set to work to cultivate the soil. Besides the general farm, the men had separate gardens, and prizes were promised for the best vegetables, &c. These operations served many purposes. They kept the troops in health and good humour; they provided partially the necessary food; they proved the Pasha's intention of remaining for some time in the country, and they could not but eventually have a civilizing effect upon the natives. The Baris, being the most warlike tribe of those parts, did not fear to incur the hostility of all their neighbours, and therefore they closely allied themselves with Abou Saood, and constituted the chief portion of his predatory bands of slave-hunting ruffians. To such people the promise of a settled Government was anything but agreeable, and they soon took active measures for compelling the Khedive's

expeditionary force to vacate the country. They positively refused to sell cattle or supply provisions. But, after a time, they contracted to do so, though this was only a *ruse* to prolong the inactivity of the troops, as they never intended to carry out their contract. More open hostility, however, soon gave Sir S. Baker the opportunity of not only teaching the Baris a lesson in civility, but also of supplying his troops with cattle. Taking, therefore, a small flying column, he started for his camp one night, so as to reach the Belinian villages, in which the offending Baris lived, by daylight. Storming the central stockade—a place that, if held by men armed with rifles, would be almost impregnable—he captured in it 600 cattle, which, after clearing the adjacent ground by skirmishers and a few shots from his eight-pounder, he succeeded in driving back to Gondokoro. The Baris then for some time pursued the tactics of wearing out the unwelcome soldiers by incessant night attacks; but owing to the vigilance manifested by the officers, and the discipline of the small crack corps, "The Forty Thieves," they never gained much advantage, and at length desisted altogether.

Soon, however, another difficulty arose. Corn began to run short. None was, of course, to be bought from the Baris; so, when the harvest was just ripe, another attack was made on Belinian; several villages were occupied for a week or two, and the crops harvested. It was, however, with great difficulty that the corn could be conveyed back to camp. The soldiers were as much interested as the Baris in the supply running short, for both parties imagined that, when that continued for a certain time, a retreat to Khartoum would be necessitated. But both reckoned without their host. However little the heart of the subordinates might be in the expedition, the Commander was determined to carry through the work he had undertaken. Some successful forays on villages on the river disclosed abundance of corn, which was without difficulty conveyed to headquarters by water. Then the dissatisfaction of the men came to a head, and a demonstration was made that threatened to develop into an alarming mutiny. But even this was suppressed. Sir S. Baker's position, however, was an awkward one. He had established himself at Gondokoro; he had taught the Baris the advisability of not attacking his camp; and he had found means to provide his men with food; but this was all. No civilizing influence had been brought to bear on the fierce native, and no effect whatever had been produced beyond the range of the Snider rifles. It was absolutely necessary to advance further south. But how to advance was the question. The whole country was hostile. No carriers could be obtained. It may here be repeated that it is at present impossible, so far as it is known, for boats to ascend the Nile for many miles above Gondokoro—a series of rapids is there met with, which seem to extend at intervals for about a hundred and fifty miles, until the point is reached where the defile ends and the mountains trend away from the river bank. It was Sir S. Baker's intention to transport to that point from Gondokoro, on camels, the sections of the steamers which he had brought from England. Once launched there they could ascend to the Albert N'yanza, and would give him control of the inland lakes, as well as afford a base of operations. But no transport had been provided at Khartoum for camels, and if it had been, no animals could have been brought through the obstructions of the Bahr Giraffe. Just at this moment the expedition received a nearly fatal blow from one of its own officers. During his absence on a corn-collecting expedition, Baker sent instructions to Colonel Raouf, at Gondokoro, to ship the invalids off to Khartoum. That officer, who was evidently in league with Abou Saood and the slave dealers, sent off 1,100 men, including a great

number who were in sound health. The whole force was therefore suddenly reduced to 500 men. Even this, however, did not daunt the Commander, who announced his intention of pushing on South at once, and a curious incident facilitated his intention. While engaged in collecting corn from the Bari granaries, he was most unexpectedly visited by a herd of 12 bull elephants. Two out of the herd fell to his rifle—more would, no doubt, have fallen, had not his servant forgotten the ammunition—in the sight of a large concourse of natives, some of whom were allowed to take flesh from the carcases. The desire to obtain meat, and the reputation of the effect of the breech-loading rifles, brought about some wonderful results. The neighbouring Sheiks at once sent in their allegiance, and peace was cemented over the bodies of the elephants. A promise being made at the same time of carriers for his stores, Sir Samuel lost no more time in preparing for a new start.

With about 250 men he left Gondokoro, and disembarked at the foot of the rapids. Here the chief, who had promised to supply porters, not only played him false, but soon manifested open hostility. The only chance of advancing was for the soldiers to drag the carts on which the steamer was packed as far as Loborè, where among a friendly population assistance could be reckoned on. At the last moment the men flatly refused to become beasts of burden, and nothing could be done but send the sections of the steamer back to Gondokoro and give up the idea of navigating the great lakes. It became necessary, under these circumstances, to leave a strong detachment with the magazine of stores, and eventually Sir S. Baker marched away to the south, to carry out the mission with which the Khedive had entrusted him, at the head of one hundred men! Reaching Loborè, the detachment was called up, and the advance was made with the whole force, which then only numbered two hundred and ten. In a few days more the beautiful open country was reached, in which "the grand White Nile lay like a broad streak of silver, as it flowed in a calm deep stream direct from the Albert N'yanza; at this point above all cataracts." Regret was useless; but deep must have been the mortification of the man who, having so far carried out his intentions in the face of enormous difficulties, just missed a great and splendid success by the impossibility of conveying his steamers over those 100 miles of country, and launching them on the waters of the Albert N'yanza.

Pressing on through some tribes that were comparatively friendly, and many that were hostile, and leaving a detachment at Fatiko, in lat. 3° N., he crossed about 2° 10′ N. the Victoria Nile, which connects the Victoria and Albert N'yanzas, and again went forward in a south-west direction towards the latter lake, until he reached Masindi, a large town, the capital of the Unyoro country, and the seat of the king Kabba Rega. Here he established himself for some weeks, and apparently made some progress in conciliating the natives and establishing a regular trade. But the young king was a drunken cunning scoundrel, who was played upon by the agent of Abou Saood, the slave-dealer and evil genius of the expedition, and it soon bcame evident that no trust could be placed in his word. Matters at last came to a crisis. The king sent to the troops a present of cider which was heavily poisoned. The medicine chest and strong remedies fortunately prevented any fatal effects; but the next morning, when all who had drank of the cider were hopelessly prostrated, a grand attack was made on the camp. It is marvellous how the whole force escaped massacre; but the Snider rifles told fatally on the enemy, and the town being fired, the natives were driven off with terrific loss. "In about an hour and a quarter the battle of Masindi was won. Not a house remained of the lately extensive town. A vast open space of smoke and black ashes,

with flames flickering in some places where the buildings had been consumed, and at others forked sheets of fire where the fuel was still undestroyed, were the only remains of the capital of Unyoro." The fight, however, cost the lives of four valuable men, who could ill be spared in that little force. "My heart was very heavy. God knows I had worked with the best intentions for the benefit of the country, and this was the lamentable result. My best men were treacherously murdered. We had narrowly escaped general massacre. We had won the battle and swept Masindi from the earth. What next?" To add to the complications, there was good reason to believe that preparations had been made to massacre on the road the detachment which had been called up from Fatiko. Only one course remained open, and this involved the crowning disappointment of all. Having arrived within 30 miles of the Albert Nyanza, and within 1¾ degree of the Equator, the expedition's only chance of safety lay in a retreat. And that retreat, continued for 14 days through a hostile country, and along a narrow jungle-path, was a wonderful feat, replete with incessant danger and hardship to all concerned. It ought, perhaps, to have been mentioned before that Lady Baker accompanied her husband throughout the expedition, and this was the only occasion on which her strength at all gave way. Fortunately the natives never attacked at night, or it would have been impossible for the little band to survive. As it was, ten were killed and eleven wounded before Foweera was regained, which was in the country of a chief named Rionga, on whose friendship in former years Sir S. Baker now relied. This chief he formally installed as head of the Unyoro *vice* the treacherous Kabba Rega, whose deposition seems to have been cordially approved of by all parties. Peace was now re-established in that district, but there was still uncertainty as to the fate of the detachment left at Fatiko. The retreat was therefore continued, and the arrival of the Pasha at that place was most opportune; for, though his men were still safe, the slavers' parties were there in so strong force as to be able to domineer over every one as heretofore. They actually made a regular attack upon Baker's force, but were routed with great loss; one of the chief scoundrels was killed, the whole organization broken up, and the greatest ruffians fled the country. "From this date the victory was gained, and I could only thank God for the great success that had attended my efforts. The slave hunting was now at an end throughout an immense district, as the slave hunters had ceased to exist south of Gondokoro. Excepting Unyoro, the days of bloodshed were past. "The Forty Thieves," who had so gallantly stood by me under every difficulty, never again had an enemy before them. My task was now full of pleasure and gratification. I had established perfect confidence throughout the large country of Shooli, and we had friends upon all sides." 'Mtese, the intelligent king of Uganda, the district lying north of the Victoria Nyanza, sent earnestly to request Baker to visit him, a request which he was obliged to decline regretfully, for he considers 'Mtese to be the man above all others on whom the future prosperity of Central Africa depends. It is interesting to know that a letter sent back by his messengers, directed to Dr. Livingstone, in case he should come that way, was not only delivered by 'Mtese's orders to Lieut. Cameron at Unyanyembe, but that an answer was actually sent all the way to Gondokoro.

At Fatiko a camp was formed and strongly fortified, and in it was left a detachment under a faithful officer, Major Abdullah, who was to represent the Khedive's Government in that far-off station; and then, having at last received reinforcements from Khartoum, and also a mail from Europe—the first for two and a-half years, and which brought about 700 copies of the *Times*—Sir Samuel Baker turned his face northwards and reached Gondokoro at

the expiration of his four years' term of service. Much, of course, that was attempted has not been accomplished, but very important results must come from this expedition, followed as it now is by another expedition under the command of Col. Gordon, R.E., who will have found his labours immensely lightened by the work of his predecessor. One ominous incident, however, is mentioned at the close of this book. Sir S. Baker telegraphed from Kahrtoum to have Abou Saood arrested at Cairo, whither he had gone to lay complaints before the Khedive. On his own arrival there he made formal charges against Saood of slave-dealing and of conspiring against the Government—charges of which there was ample proof. The criminal, however, was not brought to trial, and was eventually appointed assistant to Colonel Gordon! Still, however unable the Government may be to act with perfect consistency in these matters, there is no doubt that a very serious blow has been struck at the slave-trade on the Nile. If Baker had retreated without pushing beyond Gondokoro, it is probable that no second expedition would have been sent by the Khedive, and the slave-dealers would have remained in absolute possession of all the Nile territory. "But now, fortified posts extend to within two degrees of the Equator. The foundation of a great future has been laid; a remote portion of the African race hitherto excluded from the world's history has been brought into direct communication with superior and more civilized races; legitimate trade has been opened, and therefore, accepting commerce as the great agent of civilization, the work is actually in progress. * * In the end every opposition was overcome: hatred and insubordination yielded to discipline and order. A paternal government extended its protection through lands hitherto a field for anarchy and slavery. The territory within my rule was purged from the slave-trade. The White Nile, for a distance of sixteen hundred miles from Khartoum to Central Africa, was cleansed from the abomination of a traffic that had hitherto sullied its waters."

A DAY DREAM.

ALL thro' the brightly-broidered hours
That pass with song and story,
We sit and dream of fadeless flowers
In far-off fields of glory;

And catch the rhythmic flow of tunes
That chime with love's own calling,
When into happiest of swoons
The golden days are falling.

But in the land that leaneth down
To the eternal river,
Our lives will wear their olden crown
Forever and forever!

And days will come, and days will go,
And calmful dreams will reach us,
And the life we vainly cry for
God's tenderest love will teach us.

HESTER A. BENEDICT.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Second Parliament of Ontario has passed away, full of years, if not ripe in wisdom. The last month of its existence may be described as a series alternately of the wild fits of delirium and the stentorous breathings of nightmare. There were, it is true, some lucid intervals; but they were few and far between, and the process of dissolution was so rapid that we had no opportunity of interposing words of soothing or consolation. All is over, and we do not feel disposed to speak evil of the dead. Still we cannot forget that expectant heirs are already applying for letters of administration to the estate, and therefore a few words on its recent management may seem necessary. To drop the metaphor--a trite one,we confess—let us glance, as briefly as may be, at the proceedings of the House during its last brief session. It would have been unreasonable to expect from an expiring Parliament elaborate and well-considered legislation. The approach of a general election induces strasbismic symptoms in the mental vision. With one eye on the ballot-box and the other on the mace, it is inevitable that public affairs should seem somewhat asquint. The legislature becomes a manufactory of political capital to be expended on the stump. Individual members feel it necessary to affect a deep interest in the wants of their respective constituencies. Ministers are pestered with *ad captandum* queries as to their intentions regarding the erection of public works and the granting of public money. Some of this new-born zeal is recompensed by ministerial promises, some of it is not. Some retire from the scene laden with good things; others, with a well-feigned air of vexation, go empty away. In either case they have done their duty, and are not slow to claim their reward. It does not seem altogether clear why a distinction should be made between bribery in the singular and bribery in the gross. When a candidate puts his hand in his pocket, or lets his agent do it—which comes to the same thing—in order to corrupt the individual voter, his act is very justly pronounced dishonourable, as well as illegal. But let him try to purchase an entire constituency with their own, or other people's, money, and the transaction assumes another aspect altogether. We must confess that we fail to grasp the distinction; if there be any, it would seem to be in favour of the former practice rather than the latter, which is certainly a meaner form of corruption.

Some twenty-five or thirty years ago a cartoon in *Punch* represented Lord Brougham in the guise of a travelling tinker, with soldering-iron and brazier. There was no mistaking the peculiar twist of the stubby nose and the inevitable check in the trowsers. The tinker's cry was, "Old laws to mend and new ones to repeal." The public legislation of last session was of the tinker kind, if we except the extension of existing machinery, as in the Municipal Ballot Act, and one or two other measures to which we may refer presently. An inspection of the list of ninety and nine bills which received the Lieutenant-Governor's assent, appears to justify this view. It would seem, however, that there are those who do not share it. Ministers, for example, are so well satisfied with the fruit of their labours that they feel entitled to congratulate themselves upon it. In the closing speech from the Throne, the government manages to work itself up to the pitch of enthusiasm. In one paragraph an admiring people is invited to "recognize the importance of the work which you (the House) have done," as if they had

modelled a constitution or laid the foundations of an empire. Then His Excellency reminds them that "short as the session has been, it has been exceedingly fruitful in important, and I trust beneficial, legislation," embracing "a wide range of subjects." To an impartial on-looker this extravagance of eulogy appears singularly out of place. Hyperbole is a figure of speech which should not appear in official utterances, for it tends to shake public confidence in the veracity of their rulers. It is quite true that the range of subjects has been wide; but on the other hand, the treatment of them has wanted depth and fulness. What has been gained in two of the three dimensions, has been gained at the expense of the third. It is true that, in perhaps the longest paragraph which ever appeared in a speech from the Throne, petty amendments to the law are enumerated as though they were masterpieces of legislative skill. A wider surface however, does not indicate an increase in value, so much as poverty and thinness; and if the work of the session can be regarded in any sense as golden, it is only in the capacity for being hammered out to an almost illimitable extent. It is no reproach to Mr. Mowat that more has not been done, indeed it is to the credit of his industry that he has done so much; but there is no need of calling attention to the poverty of results by misplaced eulogy.

That any measure introduced by the Government to change the representation would meet with the approval of the Opposition was antecedently improbable. That the imputation of sinister aims should be made, was a foregone conclusion. There would be an end to our inestimable system of party government if it were once admitted that any good could come out of the Ministerial Nazareth. Let the principle of honesty and the rule of conscience be permitted to supersede the ethics of party, and what is to become of the British Constitution? It is necessary, nay, it is a positive duty, to cleave to our party, right or wrong. Its views may conflict with our intellect, its course on one or more points may be dubious on the score of morality, but it is the infallible authority in all matters *not* concerning faith and morals, and with these politics are not concerned. That some rectification of the constituencies was needed, we think will be generally conceded, unless we are prepared to refuse adequate representation to the more populous of the counties. To effect this, an increase in the number of members was a necessity, because to take eight members from existing constituencies would have been practically impossible. The storm excited by the disfranchisement of Niagara may serve to give some faint idea of the whirlwind of indignation any such proposal would have raised. The only question remaining was the principle to be followed in the distribution. We agree, in the main, with the Premier, that any claim the cities may have to increased representation should be postponed to the manifest rights of the counties. This position is peculiarly correct so far as regards Toronto, which is represented actually, though not nominally, by more than its fair share of members. Perhaps the same may be said of Ottawa and Hamilton, although with far less force, and we are inclined to think that their title to consideration was not fully weighed; in fact it was scarcely mentioned, if at all.

To the scheme as it originally stood there could be no objection, if we except the grouping of Townships in the County of Grey. We cannot help thinking that more respect ought to have been shown to the authorized exponents of public opinion in the County. If Cornwall was spared, not on account of any regular expression of its wishes, but because of a presumed public opinion informally gathered, why should the representations of the County and Township Councils of Grey have been disregarded? Why were the Townships of Holland and

St. Vincent, in spite of the protests of their Municipal Councils and of the County Council, placed where they did not want to be? As a mere matter of arrangement it can have made no difference to Mr. Mowat in which Riding these Townships were placed. Why then should he have persisted in reversing their position, and placing each where the other desired to be? If public opinion in Cornwall—probably a delicate euphemism for the personal pressure of the sitting member—stayed the Premier's hand, it ought certainly to have had superior weight in the case of Grey. Is it possible that in the distinction there lurks a motive which does not appear upon the surface, and that the ghoul of party demanded a departure from the line of impartial justice? Why, again, was the original scheme of grouping Townships with Niagara abandoned? There were many reasons, which will readily occur to the student of Canadian history, why the old town should have kept its place in the roll of constituencies, even if its electorate had been swamped by that of the adjacent Townships. If Cornwall was preserved because one righteous man was found to press its claims, why should popular opinion count for nothing in Niagara? The excuse that the Premier could find no constituency in the East to which the member taken from Cornwall could be given, is an unsatisfactory one. It is surely not laid down, as a fixed principle of public policy, that because a representative now sits for Cornwall, one shall sit for it, like Theseus, eternally. If the east loses in the race, the west should be the gainer, unless we intend to perpetuate the wretched localism which caused nearly all our political difficulties from 1851 to 1867. In Mr. Mowat's personal integrity and honesty of purpose we have unshaken confidence, but we have none at all in the existing system of party government, and the thought forces itself upon supporters of the Government—it requires no forcing on its opponents—that Cornwall was spared to save a party member, and Niagara sacrificed to remove an opponent. The *Globe* makes great professions of a desire to see a strong and effective Opposition. We are told that party government is not complete without it. Hobbes has been improved upon. He declared war to be the natural element of primitive man; party declares it to be the normal state of the politician at the noon-tide of civilization. If this theory be correct, we are in sore need of an Opposition in Ontario. Anything less edifying than the spectacle presented by the loose organization scattered about in the benches to the Speaker's left, it would not be easy to imagine. There are men of respectable talent on that side, but they are for the most part mute images of despair. As represented in debate, the Opposition appears to be a fortuitous concourse of atoms, without concerted aim, without defined principles, without eloquence, without skill—legislative incapables wandering half-possessed among the tombs in the grave-yard of their party. But if we must have a good Opposition, the way to it does not lie in the direction taken by the Government party. There is something like hypocrisy, therefore, in their affected anxiety in this matter. If not, why cut the ground from under the feet of one opponent by disfranchising Niagara, and send the Treasurer to defeat, if possible, another? For it must not be forgotten that these two gentlemen have had the advantage of official experience, and are among the most respectable members of their party.

There is no necessity of referring to other measures, for measures have not been the prominent feature of the Session. *Le roi s'amusait*—the House was diverting itself with the clumsy gambolling of Investigation Committees. The Model Farm Inquiry is not a savoury subject, although to some people it would appear to have been so. We have not a high opinion of the Commissioner of Agriculture as an administrator, but it is impossible not to feel some sympa-

thy with him as far as regards one aspect of this investigation. To this, as it concerns a lady, we do not care particularly to allude, except to say that the charge with which her name was coupled, appears to have been misconstrued—whether purposely or not we do not pretend to affirm—in such a way as to give an opportunity to those seeking it, of airing a good deal of virtuous indignation. There were other women whose names were bandied about with greater nonchalance, and it is a pity that some of the indignation could not have been spared for them. There were also stories of boys coming home drunk at three in the morning—in short, a picture of disorganization and want of discipline which forms a painful phase in the history of that most luckless of government institutions. The Committee had not time to pursue the matter to the end; still we might express the hope that we had heard the last of it, if we did not feel too clear a presentiment that, during the next fortnight, it will play a conspicuous part in election harangues.

Little need be said of the Rykert investigation. On the facts all are agreed, and there is no need to enlarge upon them. A curious doctrine, however was propounded by the minority of the Committee, to which we at once demur. If a legislator is to be acquitted of corruption because he receives his fee as a *post facto* gratuity, instead of haggling for it in advance, the evil will never be checked. Unless we propose Washington and Albany as our exemplars, the mischief must be extirpated root and branch. In order to do so, not only must the reception of any fee or reward by any member for legislative services be punishable, but partners of members must be forbidden to lobby on behalf of private bills. It is absurd to prohibit the former and permit the latter. Any attorney who happens to be an M. P. or an M.P.P., may continue to drive a thriving business under cover of a partner—a business quite as subversive of public morality, as if it were avowedly conducted by himself. We would go further, and forbid members of the local legislatures managing parliamentary business at Ottawa, and *vice versa*. This practice may be lucrative, but it does mischief of a kind peculiar to itself. Finally, if it were possible—and we hope that it will be some day—we would prohibit lobbying altogether, and make the mere fact of approaching a member to solicit his vote for a particular Bill, punishable. It is constantly the case that members are button-holed, teazed, cajoled or, perhaps, coerced into promising support without any knowledge of the facts, and with obvious detriment to the interests of the public. The House did well in not pursuing this particular case to extremities. It would have been unwise to make a scapegoat of the member for Lincoln. The probability is that he acted, as he often does, unthinkingly; and, perhaps, if the House possesses a collective, or perhaps we should say an "historical conscience," there may have been other reasons at which we do not care to hint. Ignorance, however, can no longer be pleaded, and if a similar case occur it should be treated with merciless rigour.

The *Ontario Gazette* announces that the nominations are to take place on the 11th instant, and the voting, should a poll be demanded, on the 18th. This will be the first general election held by ballot in Ontario; and, under ordinary circumstances, the probable effect of secret voting on the relative position of parties might be made the subject of speculation. The result of the experiment in England seemed to indicate that the ballot was essentially a disintegrating agent, and had a direct and powerful tendency to defeat organization and to loosen party ties by concealing breaches of party obligation. That secret voting favours individual, rather than collective, action, there can be no doubt. Those who are disposed to think for themselves and to exercise their electoral rights according to their own judgment may do so without fear of incurring

the reproach of inconsistency, or, what is a more flagrant offence in some men's eyes, treason to party. Moral courage, as it is called, is not so ordinary an endowment of every-day human nature as many people suppose. Time and again we have met with Reformers and Conservatives who have expressed the strongest dislike for the candidate put forth in the interests of their party. At first, they protest that nothing shall induce them to cast a vote against their deliberate judgment: they will support the candidate on the other side. Then the party organ thunders: they begin to waver, and will not vote at all. Finally comes the whipper-in, who has correctly guaged their capacity for independence, and the end is that the party must be supported at all hazards; so they deliberately vote for the man they have declared to be unworthy of election. Every one can recall scores of similar instances of instability and faint-heartedness. These weak brethren will, of course, have protection under the ballot, if they choose to avail themselves of it. But is this an unmixed good? It would seem not: the men who have thus freed themselves from an oppressive yoke are not likely to stand with credit the questions that are sure to be put by the zealots of their party. It is, of course, easier to avow an act after it is done and cannot be undone than before, and if they could escape the ordeal of a previous canvas and avoid making promises, all might be well with those who possess *ex post facto* courage. Party agents, however, are not easily gulled, and the result, we fear, would be that, in nine cases out of ten, the feeble-kneed would take refuge in prevarication, if not in downright falsehood. Moreover, secret voting opens the door to the indulgence of personal pique, and of whimsical fancies, prejudices, and antipathies of all sorts. It also gives an advantage to that non-committal class "who never pledge themselves to any one." With open voting this herd of political Gallios may usually be worked into line; but under the ballot they may, if they choose, fly off at a tangent. There are those, too, who are always ready for change of any sort, and yet can give no reason for their desire. With secret voting they can indulge their idiosyncracy with "no questions asked." We are not arguing against the system of voting by ballot, because the time for argument on that subject has gone by, but merely pointing out some of the elements of uncertainty it is sure, sooner or later, to introduce.

The Conservative reaction in England, because it found expression through the ballot on its first general application, seems to have raised a hope in the Opposition here. It would not be difficult to show a want of analogy between the cases. It is not necessary to do so, however, because the results of the bye or casual elections for the Dominion Parliament must have convinced every one that no sweeping change in the position of parties can be hoped for, if reliance is to be placed on the ballot alone. In England the reaction would unquestionably have taken place, ballot or no ballot; here there is no sign of a general revulsion of feeling.

We take it, then, that the relative position of the two parties in the new House will be much the same as in the old. The Opposition may, and probably will, gain a few accessions to its members; for governments, as a rule, seldom maintain all the ground they conquered at the outset. Mr. Mowat's ministry may be an exception to the general rule, for there is nothing less certain than the *aura popularis*; but we are inclined, on the whole, to predict a slight gain to the Opposition. For the sake of both parties, and still more for the sake of the country, we earnestly hope that it may not prove to be merely a numerical one. There can be little doubt that the Government will be sustained, and we see no reason why any one should wish it to be otherwise. Its *personnel* might be improved, it is true, and some

blunders have been committed which we trust it will not repeat; but, after all, we might go further and fare worse. The love of change for the sake of change is a symptom of fever and not of health, and even were the electorate afflicted with the malady, it is difficult to see which way it could turn for relief. The Opposition leaders are not yet skilled in the duties they have on hand, and it would be a pity, or rather a gross injustice, to put a premature stop to their education. They are yet in the early stages of their apprenticeship, and they must get a long way in advance of the chromo and canoe-couch stage of progress before they can be entrusted, as a body, with the administration of affairs. The Public Works Department is fair game for them, and the Finances may be so manipulated as to puzzle the public, who care very little about figures, and will not take the trouble to examine them. Figures are useful for the purpose of mystification, as any one who has hurled a shower of the ten digits at his opponent is aware and this Arabic warfare with the numerals may be serviceable to them, and is sure to worry Mr. Crooks.

There is, however, another aspect of the approaching elections, and it is not a party one. While Confederation was under discussion, some of its opponents prognosticated that the local legislature would be merely a sort of magnified County Council, aping legislative forms, but otherwise remarkable for nothing but feebleness and mediocrity. If we may judge by recent experience, these prophets ought to humble themselves before every municipal body in Ontario—the comparison is so obviously unjust. In the County Councils there are no parties; in the Legislature there are two—which accounts for the difference between them. The House is divided into Government and Opposition, Reform and Conservative. They are both parties of purity—the old, original one; the new, eager, and captious one. Under one or other of these names they are now appealing to the people, and yet, though they were put to the torture, neither could indicate the slightest point of difference between them. They are both pure, both enlightened, both progressive, both enterprising, and both economical; but each is prepared to deny that the other possesses any of these estimable qualities. Neither of them has any distinctive policy—not a shred of principle it can claim as peculiarly its own. When they change sides, they change clothes, and both are as well fitted by the new suits as they were by the old. The actors exchange parts, but the play—whether tragedy, comedy, farce or burlesque—is the same. It is the old children's game of French and English over again, in which each party insists on enjoying occasionally the advantage of serving the country and receiving its pay. If a man whose abilities or eloquence would be of special service to his country, crosses the House, those he has left set upon him. Why? Because he has deserted his party, and the welfare of his party is of more importance than the welfare of his country. Therefore he is a traitor, and the government he has joined receives the terrible name of Coalition. We do not care to fill in the outlines of the picture; but if any one desires to learn what party government is, when parties have no *raison d'être*, let him study the debates of the last two sessions of the Ontario Parliament. The subject is not an attractive one, and we shall dwell on it no longer. What we desire to ask the people of Ontario is this—shall this state of things continue? The remedy is in their own hands. They have the power to shake loose the fetters of party; the power of choosing representatives of ability, of enlarged views, of sterling character, and of honourable and manly instincts, no matter by what political name they may be called. We are prepared to submit, for the present, to the party system as an evil which must be

borne, but may also be mitigated. Drastic remedies in politics sometimes do more harm than good; therefore let us try palliatives first. If we cannot break asunder the bonds of party, we may at least give the captive more ease and greater freedom—or rather he can obtain them both for himself. To perpetuate the present system of legislation will be to cast reproach upon the country, without whose sanction and approval it cannot survive the approaching contest. Mr. Lowe has said that "as the polypus takes its colour from the rock to which it affixes itself, so do the members of the House take their character from the constituencies." The electors of Ontario will soon have an opportunity of showing of what stuff they are made.

Ontario is not the only member of the Confederacy in which party warfare has reached the lowest ebb. In Nova Scotia, the general elections have terminated in favour of the Government, by an overwhelming majority. The cry of corruption there, as elsewhere, seems to have had no small share in the result. The prevailing policy, indeed the only one apparently, appears to be that which was the boast of the late Sir Allan McNab—Railways. The party inculpated in this case is the Opposition; the charge, corruption in letting contracts for Intercolonial Railway hardware. The want of distinctive party tenets on this occasion is accounted for in a somewhat singular way. The present Provincial Secretary was, until recently, a member of the Opposition, and had, of course, as members of every Opposition are bound to do, resisted every measure proposed from the Treasury Benches. The result is that he will not give his sanction to the old ministerial programme, and his colleagues are not prepared to adopt a new one. The political education of the Nova Scotians must have been neglected. The "Constitutional" practice at this distressing juncture would be either to draw a sponge over the slate, or, better still, to go on where the old *régime* left off, and say nothing more about it. Apologetics in public life are dangerous ground, and the public memory is proverbially feeble.

The result of the Dominion elections, thus far, has been to re-elect the rejected members, with the single exception of Mr. Stuart, of South Norfolk, who has been defeated by Mr. Wallace. In one or two of these cases, the guilty knowledge of bribery by the successful candidate was morally certain. The judges appear to have taken a charitable view, because they did not deem it judicious to pronounce the extreme penalty of disqualification. They were no doubt justified in so doing; but that excuse will not serve on behalf of the electors who have returned the men who should have been rejected with scorn, when they had the effrontery to present themselves again before their dishonoured constituencies. The course taken by the electorate in these instances is disheartening in the extreme. What hope can there be that the most stringent law will effectually stem the tide of corruption, if the people treat the crime of bribery as a venial offence? It would even seem that some of them regard the expenditure of large sums of money in this way as a claim upon their support at a subsequent election. To bribe a constituency is to have a lien upon it, and the larger the sum expended, the more valuable should the security be—the larger the second majority. One of the most reckless of these corrupters has as good as told his constituency so. It is not yet certain whether the penalty of disqualification is or is not incurred, where no personal bribery is proved. That point will be decided by the Judges on the 16th instant. At present, therefore, we shall only urge that if it should appear that the unseated member is eligible for re-election in such a case, some alteration of the law is imperatively required. There is always a tacit understanding, which

sometimes takes the form of a broad hint, that the candidate is not to know anything of money expenditure. Everybody knows that who has had any experience in electioneering mechanics. Now a man who puts into the hands of his committee tens of thousands of dollars, or permits them to draw on him to that extent, cannot but know in what channels his wealth is flowing. Notwithstanding this, he may appear in the witness-box and swear that he knew nothing of the bribery committed by his agents—swear it with unruffled countenance, and with no risk of incurring the legal penalties attaching to perjury. We say *legal*, for morality may be left out of the reckoning here. What, we should like to ask, is the use of a law through which the merest tyro in the art may drive a coach and six?

It is, of course, difficult to pronounce with confidence upon a decision for which no adequate reasons are assigned; but the absence of such reasons affords a presumption at least that the decision is indefensible. The refusal of the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery to permit a scrutiny of the ballot-papers used in the recent Montreal election, is a case in point. At the last general election, Mr. Frederick Mackenzie was returned for the constituency by a majority of nearly four hundred. He was unseated for bribery by his agents, presented himself for re-election, and was returned by a majority of five or six. The corruption at the first election was of the most unblushing character. Many thousands of dollars were spent, the major part being the moneys of Mr. Mackenzie's firm. Of course, it is among the possibilities that the candidate was not cognizant of the bribery. As we have already remarked, it would have been contrary to established usage if he had; at any rate, as the Judge absolved him, we have nothing to say upon that head. The diminished majority, which came within a little of being transmuted into a minority, may be variously accounted for. Either the electors were determined to express their views on bribery, as honest men should do, or they were offended because their palms were not regreased, as rogues will be. An additional cause, however, of another sort, may be traced in the recognized ability and general popularity of the Opposition candidate, Mr. Thomas White. It was not likely that the defeated candidate would rest content with the announcement of the bare numbers by the returning officer, who was presumably a friend of the Government. By Act of Parliament, a scrutiny of the ballot-papers is permitted under certain circumstances, and, in this case, Judge Beaudry, and subsequently Judge Berthelot, decided that Mr. White was entitled to such a scrutiny. Armed with the judicial order, Mr. White and his counsel repaired to Ottawa and presented it to Mr. Pope, the Clerk of the Crown. This gentleman, after consulting M. Fournier, the Minister of Justice, refused to obey the order and permit the scrutiny. We have no hesitation in stigmatizing this as an outrageous exercise of arbitrary power, for which no adequate defence, or even excuse, can be offered. If a safe-guard provided by law against fraud be taken away because it might make for an opponent, we are on the high-road to the republican achievement of ballot-box stuffing. It has been stated by "those who know," that Mr. White would be found entitled to the seat on a scrutiny. This may or may not be so, and is, after all, nothing to the purpose. Mr. White is wronged as a candidate when a right, to which he has a legal claim, is denied him; and the constituency is wronged because, for years to come, it may be misrepresented by a candidate elected by the minority. It would be curious to learn from M. Fournier what advice he would have given had Mr. White been elected by a majority of half a dozen, and Mr. Mackenzie had sought a scrutiny from Mr. Pope. We presume that the Minister of Justice is quite safe in disregarding

the order of the Quebec bench, Ottawa being in Ontario; if that be so, it is high time we had a Dominion Court which could compel obedience to its orders. Whether this unjustifiable violation of the spirit of the law, as well as its letter, will place an estoppel upon any attempt at investigation, we are not advised. At any rate, M. Fournier has done his best to prevent it. He has raised a doubt whether, after all, we shall reap all the benefit from the ballot its advocates promised us. It may turn out in the end that it has closed the door to one class of evils to let another in by the window.

President Grant's annual Message calls for no special remark. It is of the conventional length and more than the conventional wordiness and clumsiness of expression. There is no mention of the Canadian Reciprocity Treaty, because it had been previously sent down to the Senate with a special message. The only subject on which the public were anxious to hear the President's views was that of the currency. It might have been thought that he had expressed himself with sufficient clearness in the Veto Message. But he has vacillated as often as the champions of inflation and contraction alternately gained his ear. All through he has been a nose of wax, which, twisted about from time to time, now appears to have been frozen into permanent shape and direction. Some change in his views was expected on this occasion, in consequence of his chagrin at the November defeat. A week or two after the result was known, a semi-official announcement was made in New York that there seemed to be no reason why the Republican party should trouble itself any longer about "hard money." It is not unlikely that General Grant, in the first outburst of vexation, may have resolved to prepare a deluge for his successor. If so, the idea was abandoned, for the Message is clear and sound in its advocacy of an early return to specie payments.

It seems strange to British eyes to see the name of General Butler occupying its usual prominence in Congressional proceedings, notwithstanding his recent defeat in Massachusetts. The motive which prompted American statesmen to keep a House of Representatives alive after it had been slain, if we may speak *Hibernicè*, was a conservative one. It was anticipated that the frequent recurrence of popular elections might be productive of mischievous results. The broader the basis of the electorate, the more liable it is to sudden fluctuations of opinion —the more sensitive to transient impressions. In order to guard, as far as possible, against the hasty and ill-considered legislation which might be expected from a new Congress, deliberating under the pressure of the moment, the existing plan was adopted. The theory appears to have been that the plans of an expiring House would be modified by the verdict of the people, and that there would be time for a new one to await the sober afterthought of the electorate before committing themselves to action. On the other hand, this conservative device is itself the parent of another, and perhaps a more serious, mischief. Under our Parliamentary system, the last Session of the House is always passed in courting popular favour; in Washington the representatives can afford to disregard it. The consequence is that the last end of every Congress is worse than the first. Every one—the defeated members especially—is absorbed in "feathering his nest," and corruption reigns unchecked. The November elections have had their effect upon Congress—that is, upon its public policy. The Civil Rights Bill has been introduced by General Butler, but so shorn of the offensive provisions Mr. Sumner would have deemed essential, that it is doubtful if it will encounter any serious opposition from the South. The disgraceful scenes at Vicks-

burg and the school troubles at New Orleans suggest additional motives for a reconsideration of the Federal plan of dragooning the Southern people into obedience, and ruling them by means of carpet-baggers and "scalawags."

American patience has at length been rewarded; they have a real king among them. Princes they have entertained before, and they have also received the visits of claimants and monarchs retired from business. In the person of Kalakaua, they have the genuine article—a king regnant. His Majesty of the Sandwich Islands must have a constitution of iron, for he has had much to try it. A royal progress from San Francisco to New York, by way of Chicago and Washington, must be a terrible draft on health, strength and temper. When the King's journey was first talked of, American humourists, in their peculiar vein, chose to mistake his name, and grew facetious over the prospect of a visit from King Calico. It is surprising that the funny people did not introduce the King of Ashanti by way of contrast. To associate together the names of Calico and Coffee would have been a triumph of humour, which might have been considerably enhanced by dubbing them "dry goods" and "groceries" respectively. As the monarch approached Chicago his correct designation was discovered, and that there might be no mistake, the newspapers condescended to be orthoëpical. At Washington a question of etiquette arose: How ought a real king to be received, and who ought to receive him? Of course it would be inhospitable to do too little, and undignified to do too much. General Grant attempted the *via media*, and failed to satisfy anybody, especially Yellowplush of the *New York Herald*. Fred. Grant, the hero of the Chicago nuptials, was deputed to meet Kalakaua, his august father remaining at home. This, it appears, was all wrong. Monarch should meet monarch, and take the earliest opportunity of rushing into his arms. Queen Victoria, on account of her sex, is a privileged sovereign, and when she sends His Royal Highness to the Charing Cross Station as her representative, it must be remembered that he is the heir apparent. Now Grant, Jr., is nothing of the sort, unless his father designs a *coup d'état;* thus a gross affront was ignorantly passed upon Kalakaua. The personal appearance and attire of the King seem to have disappointed some of his visitors. The crown, the sceptre and the royal robes were wanting; there was nothing but a monarch in undress, and who could be expected to pay homage to him? Some Fifth-avenue belle might have made love to him, if the proper surroundings had been there. The legend of Captain Smith and Pocahontas has been demolished, but it might have been realized *mutatis mutandis*, had the fates been propitious. It would have been so "nice" to act *Parthenia* to a monarch's *Ingomar*. A spice of savagery, though not of the Colonel Jack or Red Cloud kind, would have been treasure-trove for the *ennuyés*, for it would have given full play to what a strong-minded female calls "the melting grace of gushing womanhood." If any such hopes were entertained they were doomed to disappointment; for what is one to do with a king who is not a savage, who speaks excellent English, and appears in regulation evening dress? It is a mistake to suppose that American generosity to strangers is all flunkeyism; it is a national virtue of the heart, and in daily exercise all over the land. It is one of the most pleasing of American characteristics, but on State occasions too demonstrative, and sometimes in singularly bad taste. When the New York Board of Aldermen treated King Kalakaua to the *Black Crook* on Christmas eve, and hurried him off to an Episcopal Church on Christmas morning, we cannot help suggesting that Christianity and the can-can were brought into bewildering proximity. It is stated that the King is

to be the guest of the Governor-General for a day or two, and he will, no doubt, be graciously received. We hope that, in the quiet and unobtrusive hospitalities of Rideau Hall, he may find the repose of which he must be sorely in need.

Mr. Gladstone may congratulate himself on having made what managers call "the most successful hit of the season"—or more correctly, out of the season. A little *brochure*, not half the size of an ordinary review article, has put life into what promised to be the dreariest of Parliamentary vacations. There seems no prospect that the controversy it has excited will come to a speedy end. The weapon came at a white heat from the hands of the artificer, but the first glow was beginning to disappear in a dusky redness, when the Roman Catholic bishops eagerly plied the bellows, brandished the ecclesiastical hammer, and scattered metallic sparks on all around. Nor is the work yet done; for we have counted at least a dozen counterblasts just published or to come. Of these Dr. Newman's will be looked forward to with the greatest interest. It will be remembered by the readers of the *Expostulation* that Mr. Gladstone quoted a sentence from a letter written by Dr. Newman, to Bishop Ullathorne before the proclamation of the infallibility dogma:—"Why should an aggressive and insolent faction be allowed to make the heart of the just sad whom the Lord hath not made sorrowful?" The explanation rendered necessary by the triumph of the "insolent faction," and Dr. Newman's enforced submission, will be attentively examined. Of the Episcopal strictures on the pamphlet, that of Bishop Clifford, of Clinton, is much the most satisfactory. His pastoral is not denunciatory, nor is it evasive. Taking up the gravamen of Mr. Gladstone's indictment, it meets it fairly and ingenuously. It is said that the Bishop was originally an opponent of the new dogma at the Council—a statement we can well believe, for he is certainly far from satisfied with it even now. His first step is an appeal to English history since 1829; his second an attempt to define the limits of the Papal infallibility in the sphere of morals. Dr. Clifford did well to remind his opponents of the loyal service rendered to the Crown by Catholics, and especially English Catholics; not that any serious imputation has been cast upon their fidelity, but because it is apt to be lost sight of in discussing the Syllabus and the Decree. He concludes his remarks on this head with some warmth of expression:—"Nobody, then, has the right to put Catholics on their trial, and say that they should be considered guilty of a want of loyalty, unless they can prove themselves innocent of the charge. We say we are loyal, and we claim the right to be taken at our word." That is all very well as a statement of the Catholic disposition, but it does not cover the entire ground. Mr. Gladstone did not impugn the loyalty of the Roman Catholics of England; on the contrary, he took it for granted. To have done otherwise would render unmeaning an "Expostulation" addressed directly to them. The question submitted was this:—Hitherto Catholics have been faithful to a "perfect and undivided allegiance" to the sovereign; could they be so in future, should a conflict arise between the Queen and the Pope? There was no reference to the past, or even to the present, but only to possible dangers in the future. Dr. Clifford, however, goes further. He asserts that the Pope has no power to "ignore or transgress boundaries already fixed between the temporal and spiritual powers, and so interfere with the allegiance of Roman Catholics;" and that "if the Pope were so to abuse his power as to seek to interfere in that which undoubtedly belongs to the civil authority, Catholics would resist it." These are brave words, and they would at once settle the question, if they could be reconciled with Dr. Manning's utterances on the Encyclical and

Syllabus of 1864. A letter in *Macmillan* has attracted much attention in the English papers. By publishing the celebrated bull of Boniface VIII., *Unam Sanctam*, almost in full, the writer shows that Dr. Manning has given an incorrect impression of its meaning. He further proves that the dogma of infallibility was condemned in advance by two General Councils, those of Constance and Basle—the decrees being confirmed by no less than three Popes, Martin V., Eugene IV., and Pius II. The question then arises :—If, as Dr. Manning pronounces, Lord Acton and his recalcitrant friends "have *ipso facto* ceased to be Catholics" because they reject a dogma "promulgated" merely in a Council whose claim to the title of Œcumenical is, to say the least of it, doubtful, has not the Archbishop himself ceased to be a Catholic, since, by accepting the dogma, he has transgressed the canons of two infallible Councils as confirmed by three infallible Popes?

There is a political aspect to this controversy, of another kind. Mr. Gladstone's Irish legislation was prompted by a strong and overpowering sense of justice. It is not even supposable that a calculation of its consequences to Government or party ever found a place in his thoughts. At any rate, if any one should insist that he counted the cost, it is quite certain that his political arithmetic must have been at fault. He offended the bulk of his English supporters, Nonconformists and "Evangelical," and thus exposed a breach in his defences, of which the Opposition were not slow to take advantage. The "religious" world has always looked with suspicion upon Mr. Gladstone's sacerdotal proclivities—it has not always turned an unwilling ear to rumours of an inclination Romewards, absurd as they obviously were. The appearance of the pamphlet has evoked some of the old enthusiasm amongst the rank and file of the Liberal party. Mr. Reed, M. P. for the Pembroke district, was the exponent of this feeling at Tenby, where he expressed his "delight that this modern Saul is, so to speak, leaving his father's asses, and has pleased all honest Protestants by his late denunciations of the Vatican." This joy over the returning prodigal is evidently grounded on the expectation that the ex-Premier's protest against Ultramontanism will be followed by a radical change in his public policy. The Home Rulers appear to entertain a similar notion, which is quite sufficient to account for the anger and chagrin manifest in their criticism of the pamphlet. We believe that both parties are egregiously mistaken. There is nothing in Mr. Gladstone's public career to sanction the idea that he is prepared to recede from ground he has once occupied. He has travelled far from his original stand-point, but it has always been in a straight line and in a forward direction. There has never been an ebb and flow in the ex-Premier's political progress, and it is not probable, at this late date, that he will alternate between high and low water-mark. That the imaginary return to "sound" Protestantism will tend to consolidate the scattered divisions of English Liberalism is probable enough. The popular memory is proverbially short, as the ready forgetfulness of Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards the Public Worship Act may serve to show. It is as certain as any vaticination can be, which is founded on conclusions we draw regarding the character and dispositions of a fellow-man, that the return of the ex-Premier to office would be immediately followed by a new Irish University Bill, it may be more liberal than that on which he made shipwreck. There is another question on which a large section of his party desire their leader to speak in plain and unequivocal terms—the question of the National Church. Whether he is yet ready to advocate the policy of dis-establishment no one is in a position to say; that he will ultimately be found to favour, and perhaps effect it, is more than probable. At the same time it is not equally certain that he will, within the

presumable limits of his active leadership, yield to demands for disendowment. On the other hand, the Liberation Society, and such independent Liberals as Prof. Fawcett, refuse to accept the one measure unless it be accompanied by the other. The result will be that the enemies of the State Church must either consent to postpone the consideration of the subject, or place the party in a state of chronic division. On one point all Liberals are agreed, and that is the indispensable necessity of retaining Mr. Gladstone in the leadership at all hazards. It is in fact Hobson's choice with them; they may fret and grumble and even threaten rebellion, but they will find themselves compelled to keep step with him, no matter what their dislike for the slowness of his pace.

Sir Stafford Northcote's announcement that Mr. Disraeli is recovering from his indisposition, and will be able to appear in Parliament at the opening of the session. Apart from the exigencies of the time, the Premier's disappearance from the scene would have created a serious gap in the ranks. The hierophant of the Asian mysteries has been the butt of satire and ridicule, not altogether undeserved; but his death or retirement from public life at the present juncture would cause profound regret, even if it were not viewed as a national calamity. The announcement that Mr. Disraeli's complication of maladies had taken a serious turn spread consternation in both political camps. For the Conservative majority, the loss of the party educator would have disclosed a dreary prospect. The Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Derby were the only men to be named in connection with the leadership. The one, possesssing, it is true, a noble name and splendid abilities, but incurably fossil; the other, plodding, timid, cautious and hesitating. The former enjoys the entire confidence of the people in Indian affairs, and the latter took an unexpectedly firm stand against the blandishments of Russia at the Brussels Conference; but as leaders of the party, with the Disraelian goad withdrawn, the case would soon be hopeless. As for the House of Commons, what would it be with Sir S. Northcote or Mr. Gathorne Hardy in the seat of Mr. Disraeli? On the Opposition side there is nothing but division. The great Liberal party is split up into petty sections, working at cross purposes, and having no policy in common. Loss of office has not yet had its normal effect of consolidation, and for the present they agree in nothing except their satisfaction that they have plenty of time to reorganize their "demoralized" forces.

Canadian election-agents and candidates who desire to bribe without knowing anything about it, may learn something to their advantage by perusing the evidence taken at the latest election trial at Stroud. We say the *latest*, because it is by no means the first, and is not likely to be the last. A few weeks before Mr. Gladstone took it into his head to dissolve the House, a Mr. Dorrington, Conservative, was elected to fill a seat rendered vacant by death. At the general election, two Liberals were returned, but they were unseated on petition, and Mr. Dorrington, with one Liberal, took their places. It was now the turn of the Liberals to petition, and they succeeded in getting the doubly unfortunate Conservative ejected. Mr. H. Brand, a Liberal, then gained the seat, and now he has been ousted for the usual offence —bribery by agents. They have a peculiar way of managing matters in Stroud, which shows a great advance in the arts of civilized life. Mr. Brand certainly knew nothing of the bribery, and the ingenuity of his agents was tasked to keep their own skirts clear. Had they succeeded—and they came within a little of success—the seat would have been retained, for, in their own proper persons, they had bribed no one. The approach of the elections was a signal for the sudden appearance of mysterious strangers of easy

manners and philanthropical inclinations. They seemed to have no connexion with Mr. Brand or his agents, and to be moved only to unwonted liberality by zeal for Liberal principles. One of these kind-hearted gentlemen would visit a "public" and distribute largess like an unseasonable Santa Claus, several months out of his reckoning. When the trial came on, the sitting member's counsel could afford to despise the evidence of this. "What have we to do with that?" or "we are not responsible for this," was his triumphant exclamation when it was produced. Unfortunately one paltry half-sovereign was traced indirectly to an agent, and Mr. Brand lost his seat. It may, perhaps, be a matter of surprise, that a town situated about midway between the episcopal cities of Gloucester and Bristol should be so depraved. Dr. Ellicott, the Bishop, can hardly have paid proper attention to this crookedly ingenious people, and it might not be amiss if, for sometime to come, he made a slight *détour* from the main line to Stroud, when passing from one of his cathedrals to the other.

The French Assembly met on November the Thirtieth, to renew the interminable war of words in which Gallican deputies appear to delight. The hope of any definitive settlement of constitutional questions is farther removed than ever. The projected alliance between the two Centres has again proved abortive. Nothing remains, therefore, but to shriek at the top of the voice, and to brandish fists in the unsympathetic faces of opponents. Marshal McMahon's message did not make its appearance until the fourth day of the session. It would appear the President and General de Cissey had quite as much as they could do to manage the Cabinet, so numerous were the difficulties they encountered in framing the *pronunciamento*. As it emerged from the crucible, it appears a tolerably forcible and well-tempered instrument, The Septennate only exists, we are told, "as a means of social defence and national recovery." Whether it may continue to be necessary for these laudable purposes until 1880 appears to be of no consequence; necessary or not, helpful or obstructive, the Marshal will occupy his position "till the last day with immutable firmness, and scrupulous respect for the law." Death is an element which does not appear to enter into the horoscope of the future. As for the constitutional laws, we presume the very notion of them has been abandoned. That impracticable marplot, the Count de Chambord, has taken order for their defeat, should they be presented. In a letter to the Extreme Right, he implores them not to do anything which might imperil the restoration. In other words, they are to keep the French people in a state of unrest and turbulence until, worried with seeking rest and finding none, they throw themselves, from sheer pain and exhaustion, at the feet of the Bourbon. Then again there is every possibility of a breach in the Republican party. The result of the municipal elections shows hat M. Gambetta has been at his old tricks. His admirers found proof of his sound statesmanship in the reticence he preserved during last session, and the readiness with which he swore fealty to M. Thiers and the Conservative Republic. That is all over now; the Southern blood has simmered up again, and Radicalism has been stimulated into triumph at the municipal elections. The immediate result will be that the *bourgeoisie* and the rural population, disappointed in their expectations touching the Republic, will fall back into the arms of Imperialism. At all events, the outlook just now is less encouraging than it has been at any time since the establishment of the Marshalate.

Of Spain, there is nothing new to be said. At the last moment, however, we learn Iberian affairs have entered upon a new and important phase. Alfonso, the son of

ex-Queen Isabella II., has been proclaimed King. Like all recent changes in Spain, this new revolution was accomplished, without bloodshed, by a military *coup d'état.* Gen. Primo de Rivera, Captain-General of the forces at Madrid, has closely imitated George Monk who marched upon London with the army of the north, scattered the Rump, and brought in Charles II. No constitutional guarantees seem to have been exacted of Alfonso, and the whole transaction reminds one of the reckless surrender of England's liberties to the Stuart at Breda. Alfonso, like Charles, is lavish of voluntary promises; in fact, he "doth protest too much," and there can be little hope that he will keep his word. On the whole, however, the change will probably be for the better, and cannot possibly be for the worse. The backbone of Carlism—a more odious tyranny—has been broken, for the Biscayans, having no personal attachment to the Pretender, will desert him as soon as Alfonso gives them the assurance that their autonomy will be preserved, and the independence of their Provincial Councils respected.

The Von Arnim trial has resulted in the conviction of the accused Count, but not for the graver offence charged against him. The sentence is a few months imprisonment, less the period he has already passed in confinement. The Count was acquitted of misappropriation and embezzlement, of furnishing intelligence to the Vienna and other newspapers, and only convicted of indiscretion or carelessness in retaining the papers one month in his possession. Prince Bismarck's triumph is not worth much. Count Von Arnim's course was not defensible, it is true; but the Chancellor's arbitrary arrest and vindictive energy in pressing the prosecution have done him irreparable injury. In order to crush a possible rival, he has outraged the public opinion of the world, and made of his enemy a martyr. His tenure of office depends upon the life of William I., and will no doubt expire with it. It is no secret that the Empress and the Crown Prince and Princess are avowedly his enemies. He has now managed to estrange the people by arbitrary measures, of which his treatment of Von Arnim is only the most conspicuous example. The press is gagged, personal insults to the Chancellor are treated as State offences, all spiritual authority, Lutheran or Roman Catholic, is trodden under the iron heel of bureaucracy. Freedom there is none, for everything is squared upon the military pattern. Under the pretence of guarding against imaginary foes, the landwehr has been turned into the landsturm. Government does not exist for the good of the governed, but the reverse. This is not the free and united Germany for which longing hearts panted so long, and for which patriots like Körner sang and died. Prince Bismarck has done much for his country, and, as long as external conflict made obedience to despotic rule a duty, opposition was silent. But the struggle is over, and yet the victorious people groan under burdens not less onerous than those which press upon the vanquished. We are much mistaken if the future historian, in fixing a date for the decline of Bismarck's power, do not select the day of Von Arnim's arrest. Already there are signs that his star has culminated. The Reichstag is growing restive, and the clericals, Protestant and Catholic, have made common cause with the Radicals out of doors. It is in vain that an attempt is made to rekindle the national spirit by such speeches as that in Alsace-Lorraine, or that clumsy stories of impossible assassination plots are circulated by the police. They only serve to show that Bismarck feels the ground to be slipping from beneath his feet; and, as this fact is rendered more and more clear, he will grow in overbearing harshness and arrogance until the end.

We have now entered upon another year, with every prospect of increased prosperity as a people. Not a cloud appears on the Canadian horizon to disturb the equanimity of the most apprehensive. Elsewhere there are wars of various kinds—military, social, economical, and religious. We live in a critical time, when most things for whose stability our fathers had no fear, are shaking like reeds in the winter wind. It is a time of disquiet, when unwonted mutterings are heard in the air, of weird voices boding evil, or beguiling with vain promises of peace. It is a time of iconoclasm, when the old divinities are toppling from their pedestals, and strange gods, whom no man can worship, are being set up. It is a period of transition, when the old things that were loved are fading from the regretful vision, and the new which are to follow are not yet distinguishable in the mist. But above all it is a time of aspiration and of hope to every belief save that of pessimism, so that, amid the conflict which involves every human interest in seeming chaos, we may look foward with assured confidence to the day when, through doubt and perplexity, we shall pass into the secure region of a firm and abiding faith.

We have an announcement to make on this occasion, which we are sure our readers will regret as sincerely as we regret it ourselves. A valued contributor, to whose assistance we owe so much, especially in this department of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, ceased connection with it after the publication of the December number. Great as this loss may be, we shall endeavour to repair it, in some degree, by firmly maintaining the old literary standard, and by enlisting new talent in the service of the Magazine. We have every hope that, by the exertions it is proposed to make, the MONTHLY will be found not less acceptable to our readers than heretofore.

SELECTIONS.

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF OUR EARTH.*

(From the Contemporary Review.)

THE subject with which I am about to deal is associated by many with questions of religion. Let me premise, however, that I do not thus view it myself. It seems to me impossible to obtain from science any clear ideas respecting the ways or nature of the Deity, or even respecting the reality of an Almighty personal God. Science deals with the finite, though it may carry our thoughts to the infinite. Infinity of space and of matter occupying space, of time and of the processes with which time is occupied, and infinity of energy as necessarily implied by the infinities of matter and of the operations affecting matter,—these infinities science brings clearly before us. For science directs our thoughts to the finites to which these infinites correspond. It shows us that

* This essay presents the substance of a lecture delivered in New York on April 3, of the present year, being the first of a subsidiary series in which, of set purpose (and in accordance with the request of several esteemed friends), I dealt less with the direct teachings of astronomy which had occupied me in a former series than with ideas suggested by astronomical facts, and more particularly by the discoveries made during the last quarter of a century.—R. A. P.

there can be no conceivable limits to space or time, and though finiteness of matter or of operation may be conceivable, there is manifest incongruity in assuming an infinite disproportion between unoccupied and occupied space, or between void time and time occupied with the occurrence of events of what sort soever. So that the teachings of science bring us into the presence of the unquestionable infinities of time and of space, and the presumable infinities of matter and of operation—hence, therefore, into the presence of infinity of energy. But science teaches us nothing about these infinities, as such. They remain none the less inconceivable, however clearly we may be taught to recognize their reality. Moreover, these infinities, including the infinity of energy, are material infinities. Science tells us nothing of the infinite attributes of an Almighty Being, it presents to us no personal infinities, whether of Power, Beneficence, or Wisdom. Science may suggest some ideas on these points; though we perceive daily more and more clearly that it is unsafe to accept as her teaching ideas which commonly derive their colouring from our own prepossessions. And assuredly, as respects actual facts, Science in so far as she presents personal infinity to us at all, presents it as an inconceivable, like those other inconceivable infinities, with the finities corresponding to which her operations are alone directly concerned. To speak in plain terms—so far as Science is concerned, the idea of a personal God is inconceivable,* as are all the attributes which religion recognizes in such a Being. On the other hand, it should be admitted as distinctly, that Science no more disproves the existence of infinite personal power or wisdom than she disproves the existence of infinite material energy (which on the contrary must be regarded as probable) or the existence of infinite space or time (which must be regarded as certain.)

So much premised, we may proceed to inquire into the probable past and future of our earth, as calmly as we should inquire into the probable past and future of a pebble, a weed, or an insect; of a rock, a tree, or an animal; of a continent, or of a type—whether of vegetable or of animal life. The beginning of all things is not to be reached, not appreciably to be even approached, by a few steps backward in imagination, nor the end of all things by a few steps forward. Such a thought is as unfounded as was the fear of men in old times that by travelling too far in any direction they might pass over the earth's edge and be plunged into the abyss beyond, as unreasonable as was the hope that by increase of telescopic range astronomers could approach the imagined "heavens above the crystalline."

In considering the probable past history of the earth, we are necessarily led to inquire into the origin of the solar system. I have already sketched two theories of the system, and described the general facts on which both theories are based. The various planets circle in one direction around the sun, the sun rotating in the same direction, the satellite families (with one noteworthy but by no means inexplicable exception) travelling round their primaries in the same direction, and all the planets whose rotation has been determined, still preserving the same direction of circulation (so to speak.) These relations seem to point, in a manner there is no mistaking, to a process of evolution by which those various parts of the solar system, which now form discrete masses, were developed from a former condition, characterized by a certain unity as respects the manner of its circulation. One theory of this process of evolution, Laplace's, implies the contraction of the solar system from a great rotating nebulous mass; according to the other theory, the solar system, instead of contracting to its present condition, was formed by a process of accretion, due

* I mean these words to be understood literally. To the man of science, observing the operation of second causes in every process with which his researches deal, and finding no limit to the operation of such causes, however far back he may trace the chain of causation, the idea of a first cause is as inconceivable in its relation to observed scientific facts as is the idea of infinite space in its relation to the finite space to which the observations of science extend. Yet infinite space must be admitted; nor do I see how even that man of science who would limit his thoughts most rigidly to facts, can admit that all things *are* of which he thinks, without having impressed upon him the feeling that in some way he cannot understand these things represent the operation of Infinite Purpose. Assuredly we do not avoid the inconceivable by assuming as at least possible that matter exists only as it affects our perceptions.

to the indrawing of great flights of meteoric and cometic matter.

I need not here enter at length, for I have already done so elsewhere, into the astronomical evidence in favour of either theory; but it will be well to present briefly some of the more striking facts.

Among the various forms of nebulæ (or star-cloudlets) revealed by the telescope, we find many which seem to accord with our ideas as to some of the stages through which our solar system must have passed in changing from the nebulous condition to its present form. The irregular nebulæ—such, for instance, as that wonderful nebula in the Sword of Orion—shew by their enormous extension the existence of sufficient quantities of gaseous matter to form systems as large and as massive as our own, or even far vaster. We know from the teachings of the spectroscope that these irregular nebulæ do really consist of glowing gas (as Sir W. Herschel long since surmised), hydrogen and nitrogen being presumably present, though the spectrum of neither gas appears in its complete form (one line only of each spectrum being shewn, instead of the sets of lines usually given by these gases.) An American physicist has suggested that hydrogen and nitrogen exist in the gaseous nebulæ in an elementary condition, these gases really being compound, and he suggests further that all our so-called elements may have been derived from those elementary forms of hydrogen and nitrogen. In the absence of any evidence from observation or experiment, these ideas must be regarded as merely speculative; and I think that we arrive here at a point where speculation helps us as little as it does in attempting to trace the evolution of living creatures across the gap which separates the earliest forms of life from the beginning itself of life upon the earth. Since we cannot hope to determine the real beginning of this earth's history, we need not at present attempt to pass back beyond the earliest stage of which we have any clear information.

Passing from the irregular nebulæ, in which we see chaotic masses of gaseous matter occupying millions of millions of cubic miles and scattered as wildly through space as clouds are scattered in a storm-swept air, we come to various orders of nebulæ in which we seem to find clear evidence of a process of evolution. We see first the traces of a central aggregation. This aggregation becomes more and more clearly defined, until there is no possibility of mistaking its nature as a centre having power (by virtue of the quantity of matter contained in it) to influence the motions of the matter belonging to the rest of the nebula. Then, still passing be it remembered from nebula to nebula, and only inferring, not actually witnessing, the changes described—we see a subordinate aggregation, wherein, after a while, the greater portion of the mass of the nebula outside the central aggregation becomes gathered, even as Jupiter contains the greater portion of the mass of the solar system outside the central sun.* Next we see a second subordinate aggregation, inferior to the first, but comprising, if we judge from its appearance, by far the greater portion of what remained after the first aggregation had been formed, even as Saturn's mass far exceeds the combined mass of all the planets less than himself, and so comprises far the greater portion of the solar system after account has been taken of Jupiter and the sun.† And we may infer that the other parts of nebulæ contain smaller aggregations not perceptible to us, out of which the smaller planets of the developing system are hereafter to be formed.

Side views of some of these nebulæ indicate a flatness of figure agreeing well with the general tendency of the members of the solar system towards the medial plane of that system. For the solar system may be described as flat, and if the nebulæ I have been dealing with (the spiral nebulæ with aggregations) were globular we could not recognise in them the true analogues of our solar system in the earlier stages of its history. But the telescope reveals nebulæ manifestly corresponding in appearance to the great whirlpool nebula of Lord Rosse, as it would appear if it is a somewhat flattened spiral and could be viewed nearly edgewise.

And here I may pause to note that although, in thus inferring progressive changes where in reality we have but various forms

* The mass of Jupiter exceeds, in the proportion of five to two, the combined mass of all the remaining planets.

† The mass of Saturn exceeds, in the proportion of nearly three to one, the combined mass of all the planets smaller than himself.

of nebulæ, I have been adopting an assumption and one which no one can hope either to verify or to disprove, yet it must be remembered that these nebulæ by their very figure indicate that they are not at rest. If they consist of matter possessing the attribute of gravitation—and it would be infinitely more daring to assert that they do not than that they do—then they must be undergoing processes of change. Nor can we conceive that discrete gaseous masses in whorls spirally arranged around a great central aggregation (taking one of the earlier stages) could otherwise change than by aggregating towards their centre, unless we admit motions of revolution (in orbits more or less eccentric) the continuance of which would necessarily lead, through collisions, to the rapid growth of the central aggregation, and to the formation and slower growth of subordinate gatherings.

I have shown elsewhere how the formation of our solar system, in the manner supposed, would explain what Laplace admitted that he could not explain by his theory—the peculiar arrangement of the masses forming the solar system. The laws of dynamics tell us, that no matter what the original configuration or motion of the masses, probably gaseous, forming the nebula, the motions of these masses would have greater and greater velocity the nearer the masses were to the central aggregation, each distance indicating certain limits between which the velocities must inevitably lie. For example, in our solar system, supposing the central sun had already attained very nearly his full growth as respects quantity of matter, then the velocity of any mass whatever belonging to the system, would at Jupiter's distance be less than twelve miles per second, whereas at the distance of the earth, the largest planet travelling inside the orbit of Jupiter, the limit of the velocity would be more than twice as great. Hence we can see with what comparative difficulty an aggregation would form close to the central one, and how the first subordinate aggregation would lie at a distance where the quantity of matter was still great but the average velocity of motion not too great. Such an aggregation once formed, the next important aggregation would necessarily lie far outside, for within the first there would now be two disturbing influences preventing the rapid growth of these aggregations. The third and fourth would be outside the second. Between the first aggregation and the sun only small planets, like the Earth and Venus, Mars, Mercury, and the asteroids, could form; and we should expect to find that the largest of the four small planets would be in the middle of the space belonging to the family, as Venus and the Earth are actually placed, while the much smaller planets Mercury and Mars travel next on either side, one close to the Sun and the other next to Jupiter, the asteroids indicating the region where the combined disturbing influences of Jupiter and the Sun prevented any single planet from being developed.

But I should require much more time than is now at my command to present adequately the reasoning on which the theory of accretion is based. And we are not concerned here to inquire whether this theory, or Laplace's theory of contraction, or (which I hold to be altogether more probable than either) a theory involving combined processes of accretion and contraction, be the true hypothesis of the evolution of the solar system. Let it suffice that we recognise as one of the earliest stages of our earth's history, her condition as a rotating mass of glowing vapour, capturing then as now, but *far more* actively then than now, masses of matter which approached near enough, and *growing* by these continual indraughts from without. From the very beginning, as it would seem, the earth grew in this way. This firm earth on which we live represents an aggregation of matter not from one portion of space, but from all space. All that is upon and within the earth, all vegetable forms and all animal forms, our bodies, our brains, are formed of materials which have been drawn in from those depths of space surrounding us on all sides. This hand that I am now raising contains particles which have travelled hither from regions far away amid the northern and southern constellations, particles drawn in towards the earth by processes continuing millions of millions of ages, until after multitudinous changes the chapter of accidents has combined them, and so distributed them in plants and animals that after coming to form portions of my food they are here present before you. Passing from the mere illustration of the thought, is not the thought itself striking and suggestive, that not only the earth on which we move, but everything we see or

touch, and every particle in body and brain, has sped during countless ages through the immensity of space?

The great mass of glowing gas which formed our earth in the earliest stage of its history was undergoing two noteworthy process.;—first, the process of cooling by which the mass was eventually to become at least partially solid, and secondly a process of growth due to the gathering in of meteoric and cometic matter. As respects the latter process, which will not hereafter occupy our attention, I must remark that many astronomers appear to me to give far less consideration to the inferences certainly deducible from recent discoveries than the importance of these discoveries would fairly warrant. It is now absolutely certain that hour by hour, day by day, and year by year, the earth is gathering from without. On the most moderate assumption as to the average weight of meteors and shooting stars, the earth must increase each year in mass by many thousands of tons. And when we consider the enormous, one may almost say the awful time-intervals which have elapsed since the earth was in a gaseous condition, we cannot but perceive that the process of accretion now going on indicates the existence of only the merest residue of matter (ungathered) compared with that which at the beginning of those time-intervals was freely moving round the central aggregation. The process of accretion which now does not sensibly increase the earth's mass was then a process of actual growth. Jupiter and Saturn might then no longer be gathering in matter appreciably increasing their mass, although the quantity of matter gathered in by them must have been far larger than all that the then forming earth could gather in equal times. For those planets were then as now so massive that any possible increment from without was as nothing compared with the mass they had already attained. We have to throw back into yet more awful time-depths the birth and growth of those giant orbs. And even those depths of time are as nothing compared with the intervals which have elapsed since the sun himself began to be. Yet it is with time-intervals measurable by hundreds of millions of years that we have to deal in considering only our earth's history—nay, two or three hundred millions of years carry us back to a period when the earth was in a stage of development long sequent to the gaseous condition we are now considering. That the supply of meteoric and cometic matter now gathered in was then enormously greater than that which still exists within the solar domain, appears to me not a mere fanciful speculation, nor even a theoretical consideration. but as nearly a certainty as anything not admitting of mathematical demonstration can possibly be. That the rate of in-gathering at that time enormously exceeded the present rate, may be regarded as certain. That the increase resulting from such in-gathering during the hundreds of millions of years that it has been in operation since the period when the earth first existed as a gaseous mass, must have resulted in adding a quantity of matter forming no inconsiderable aliquot part of the earth's present mass, seems to me a reasonable inference, although it is certain that the present rate of growth continued even for hundreds of millions of years would not appreciably affect the earth's mass.* And it is a thought worthy of consideration, in selecting between Laplace's theory of contraction and the theory of accretion, that accretion being a process necessarily exhaustive, we are able to trace it back through stages of gradually increasing activity without limit until we reach that stage when the whole of the matter now forming our solar system was as yet unformed. Contraction may alternate with expansion, according to the changing condition of a forming system; but accretion is a process which can only act in one direction; and as accretion is going on now, however slowly, we have but to trace back the process to be led inevitably, in my judgment, to regard our system as having its origin in processes of accretion—though it seems equally clear that each individual orb of the system, if not each subordinate scheme within it, has also undergone a process of contraction from a former nebulous condition.

In this early gaseous stage our earth was preparing as it were to become a *sun*. As yet her gaseous globe probably extended beyond the smaller aggregation out of which the

* It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to explain that I refer here not to absolute but to relative increase. The absolute increase of mass would amount to many millions of tons, but the earth would not be increased by the billionth part of her present mass.

moon was one day to be formed. This may be inferred, I think, from the law of the moon's rotation. It is true that a moon independently created, and started on the moon's present course, with a rotation-period nearly equalling its period of revolution, would gradually have acquired a rotation-period exactly equalling the mean period of revolution. But there is no reason in nature why there should have been any such near approach; whereas, if we suppose the moon's gaseous globe to have been originally entangled within the outskirts of the earth's, we see that the peculiar relation in question would have prevailed from the beginning of the moon's existence as a separate body. The laws of dynamics show us, moreover, that although the conditions under which the moon moved and rotated must have undergone considerable change since her first formation, yet that since those changes took place very slowly, the rotation of the moon would be gradually modified, *pari passu*, so that the peculiar relation between the moon's rotation and revolution would continue unimpaired.*

In her next stage, our earth is presented to us as a sun. It may be that at that time the moon was the abode of life, our earth affording the supplies of light and heat necessary for the wants of creatures living on the moon. But whether this were so or not, it may be safely assumed that when the earth's contracting gaseous globe first began to have liquid or solid matter in its constitution, the earth must have been a sun so far as the emission of heat and light were concerned. I must warn you, however, against an undue regard for analogy which has led some astronomers to say that all the members of the solar system have passed or will pass through exactly similar stages. That our earth once gave out light and heat, as the sun does now, may be admitted as probable; and we may believe that later the earth presented the characteristics which we now recognize in Jupiter; while hereafter it may pass through a stage comparable with that through which our moon is now passing. But we must remember that the original quantity of matter in any orb passing through such stages must very importantly modify the actual condition of the orb in each of those stages, as well, of course, as the duration of each stage; and it may even be that no two orbs in the universe were ever in the same, or very nearly the same condition, and that no change undergone by one has corresponded closely with any change undergone by another.

We know so little respecting the sun's actual condition, that even if we could be assured that in any past stages of her history the earth was nearly in the same state, we should nevertheless remain in almost complete ignorance as to the processes to which the earth's orb was at that time subject. In particular we have no means of forming an opinion as to the manner in which the elementary constituents of the earth's globe were situated when she was in the sun-like stage. We may adopt some general theory of the sun's present condition; for example, we may accept the ingenious reasoning by which Professor Young, of Dartmouth, N. H., has supported his theory that the sun is a gigantic bubble;*

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* On the theory of evolution some such view of the origin of the moon's rotation *must* be adopted, unless the matter be regarded as the result of a strange chance. If we believe, on the contrary, that the arrangement was specially ordained by the Creator, we are left to wonder what useful purpose a relation so peculiar and so artificial can have been intended to subserve.

* "The eruptions which are all the time" (*Anglice*, 'always,') "occurring on the sun's surface," says Professor Young, "almost compel the supposition that there is a crust of some kind which restrains the imprisoned gases, and through which they force their way with great violence. This crust may consist of a more or less continuous sheet of rain—not of water, of course, but of materials whose vapours are shown by means of the spectroscope to exist in the solar atmosphere, and whose condensation and combinations are supposed to furnish the solar heat. The continuous overflow of the solar heat is equivalent to the supply that would be developed by the condensation from steam to water of a layer about five feet thick over the whole surface of the sun per minute. As this tremendous rain descends, the velocity of the falling drops would be increased by the resistance of the dense gases underneath, the drops would increase until continuous sheets would be formed, and the sheets would unite and form a sort of bottomless ocean, resting upon the compressed vapours beneath and pierced by innumerable ascending jets and bubbles. It would have nearly a constant depth in thickness, because it would re-evaporate at the bottom nearly as fast as it would grow by the descending rains above, though probably the thickness of this

but we should be far from having any exact idea of the processes actually taking place within the solar globe, even if we were absolutely certain that that or some other general theory were the true one.

Assuming that our earth, when in the sun-like stage, was a gaseous mass within a liquid non-permanent shell, we can see that as the process of cooling went on the showers forming the shell would attain a greater and greater depth, the shell thus becoming thicker, the space within the shell becoming less, the whole earth contracting until it became entirely liquid; or rather these changes would progress until no considerable portion of the earth would be gaseous, for doubtless long before this stage was reached large portions of the earth would have become solid. As to the position which the solid part of the earth's globe would assume when the first processes of solidification took place, we must not fall into the mistake of judging from the formation of a crust of ice on freezing water that these solid parts would form a crust upon the earth. Water presents an exception to other substances, in being denser in the liquid form than as a solid. Some metals and alloys are like water in this respect; but with most earthy substances, "and notably," says Dr. Sterry Hunt, "the various minerals and earthy compounds like those which may be supposed to have made up the mass of the molten globe, the case is entirely different. The numerous and detailed experiments of St. Clair Deville, and those of Delesse, besides the earlier ones of Bischof, unite in showing that the density of fused rocks is much less than that of the crystalline products resulting from their slow cooling, these being, according to Deville, from one-seventh to one-sixteenth heavier than the fused mass, so that if formed at the surface they would, in obedience to the laws of gravity, tend to sink as soon as formed."*

Nevertheless, inasmuch as solidification would occur at the surface, where the radiation of heat would take place most rapidly, and as the descending solid matter would be gradually liquified, it seems certain that for a long time the solid portions of the earth, though not forming a solid crust, would occupy the exterior parts of the earth's globe. After a time, the whole globe would have so far cooled that a process of aggregation of solid matter around the centre of the earth would take place. The matter so aggregated consisted probably of metallic and metalloidal compounds denser than the material forming the crust of the earth. Between the solid centre and the solidifying crust, there would be a shell of uncongealed matter, gradually diminishing in amount, but a portion probably retaining its liquid condition even to the present time, whether existing in isolated reservoirs or whether, as Scrope opines, it forms still a continuous sheet surrounding the solid nucleus. One strange fact of terrestrial magnetism may be mentioned in partial confirmation of the theory that the interior of the earth is of this nature,—a great solid mass, separated from the solid crust by a viscous plastic ocean: the magnetic poles of the earth are changing in position in a manner which seems only explicable on the supposition that there is an interior solid globe rotating under the outer shell, but at a slightly different rate, gaining or losing one complete rotation in the course of about 650 years.

Be this as it may, we find in this theory an explanation of the irregularities of the earth's surface. The solid crust, contracting at first more rapidly than the partially liquid mass within, portions of this liquid mass within, would force their way through and form glowing oceans outside the crust. Geology tells us of regions which, unless so formed, must have been produced in the much more startling manner conceived by Meyer, who attributed them to great meteoric downfalls.*

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sheet would continually increase at some slow rate, and its whole diameter diminish. In other words, the sun, according to this view, is a gigantic bubble, whose walls are gradually thickening and its diameter diminishing at a rate determined by its loss of heat. It differs, however from ordinary bubbles in the fact that its skin is constantly penetrated by blasts and jets from within."

* It is as yet doubtful, how far the recent experiments of Mallet affect this reasoning.

* There is very little new under the sun. In dealing with the multitudinous lunar craters, which were certainly formed in ages when unattached meteors were enormously greater in number and size than at present, I mentioned as a consideration not to be overlooked the probability that some of the meteoric matter falling on the moon when she was plastic with intensity of heat might be expected to leave traces which we could discern; and although none of the larger lunar craters could be so

At a later stage, when the crust, having hitherto coöled more rapidly than the interior, began to have a slower rate of cooling, the retreating nucleus left the crust to contract upon it, corrugating in the process, and so forming the first mountain ranges upon the spheroidal earth, which preceding processes had left partially deformed and therefore ready to become in due time divided into oceans and continents.

At this stage the earth must have been surrounded by an atmosphere much denser than that now existing, and more complex in constitution. We may probably form the most trustworthy opinion of the earth's atmosphere and the probable condition of the earth's surface at this early epoch by following the method of reasoning employed by Dr. Sterry Hunt. It will be remembered that he conceives an intense heat applied to the earth as at present existing, and infers the chemical results. It is evident that such a process would result in the oxidation of every form of carbonaceous matter; all carbonates, chlorides, and sulphates would be converted into silicates,—carbon, chlorine, and sulphur, being separated in the form of acid gases. These gases, with nitrogen, an excess of oxygen, and enormous quantities of aqueous vapour, would form an atmosphere of great density. In such an atmosphere condensation would only take place at a temperature far above the present boiling point; and the lower level of the slowly cooling crust would be drenched with a heated solution of hydrochloric acid, whose decomposing action, aided by its high temperature, would be exceedingly rapid. The primitive igneous rock on which these heavy showers fell, probably resembled in composition certain furnace-slags of basic volcanic gases. Chlorides of the various bases would be formed, and silica would be separated under the decomposing action of the heated showers until the affinities of the hydrochloric acid were satisfied. Later, sulphuric acid would be formed in large quantities by the combinations of oxygen with the sulphurous acid of the primeval atmosphere. After the compounds of sulphur and chlorine had been separated from the air, carbonic acid would still continue to be an important constituent of the atmosphere. This constituent would gradually be diminished in quantity, during the conversion of the complex aluminous silicates into hydrated silicate of alumina, or clay, while the separated lime, magnesia, and alkalies would be changed into bicarbonates, and carried down to the sea in a state of solution.

Thus far the earth was without life, at least no forms of life, vegetable or animal, with which we are familiar, could have existed while the processes hitherto described were taking place. The earth during the long series of ages required for these changes was in a condition comparable with the condition through which Jupiter and Saturn are apparently at present passing. A dense atmosphere concealed the surface of the earth, even as the true surface of Jupiter is now concealed. Enormous cloud masses were continually forming and continually pouring heavy showers on the intensely heated surface of the planet, throughout the whole of the enormous period which elapsed between the time when first the earth had a surface and the time when the atmosphere began to resemble in constitution the air we breathe. Even when vegetable life, such as we are familiar with, was first possible, the earth was still intensely heated, and the quantity of aqueous vapour and cloud always

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formed, yet some of the smaller craters in these lunar regions where craters overlap like the rings left by raindrops which have fallen on a plastic surface, might be due to meteoric downfall. I find that Meyer had far earlier advanced a similar idea in explanation of those extensive regions of our earth which present signs of having been in a state of igneous fluidity. Again, two or three years ago, Sir W. Thompson startled us by suggesting the possibility that vegetable life might have been introduced upon our earth by the downfall of fragments of old worlds. Now, several years before, Dr. Sterry Hunt had pointed to evidence which tends to show that large meteoric globes had fallen on the earth, and he showed further that some meteors contain hydrocarbons and certain metallic compounds indicating processes of vegetation. Dr. Hunt tells me that, in his opinion, some of the meteors whose fragments have fallen on the earth in historic times were once covered with vegetation, since otherwise, according to our present chemical experience, the actual condition of these meteoric fragments would be inexplicable. He does not regard them as fragments of a considerable orb comparable even with the least of the planets, but still, whatever their dimensions may have been, he considers that vegetable life must have formerly existed upon them.

present in the air must have been far greater than at present.

It has been in vain, thus far, that men have attempted to lift the veil which conceals the beginning of life upon the earth. It would not befit me to express an opinion on the controversy whether the possibility of spontaneous generation has, or has not, been experimentally verified. That is a question on which experts alone can give an opinion worth listening to ; and all that can here be noted is that experts are not agreed upon the subject. As a mere speculation it may be suggested that, somewhat as the elements when freshly released from chemical combination show for a short time an unusual readiness to enter into new combinations, so it may be possible that, when the earth was fresh from the baptism of liquid fire to which her primeval surface had for ages been exposed, certain of the substances existing on her surface were for the time in a condition fitting them to pass to a higher order of existence, and that then the lower forms of life sprang spontaneously into existence on the earth's still throbbing bosom. In any case, we need not feel hampered by religious scruples in considering the possibility of the spontaneous generation of life upon the earth. It would be straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, if we found a difficulty of that sort *here*, after admitting, as we are compelled by clearest evidence to admit, the evolution of the earth itself and of the system to which the earth belongs, by purely natural processes. The student of science should view these matters apart from their supposed association with religious questions, apart in particular from interpretations which have been placed upon the Bible records. We may be perfectly satisfied that the works of God will teach us aright if rightly studied. Repeatedly it has been shown that ideas respecting creation which had come to be regarded as sacred because they were ancient, were altogether erroneous, and it may well be so in this matter of the creation of life.*

Whatever opinion we form on these points, it seems probable that vegetable life existed on the earth before animal life, and also that primeval vegetation was far more luxuriant than the vegetation of our own time. Vast forests were formed, of which our coal-fields, enormous as is their extent, represent merely a small portion preserved in their present form through a fortuitous combination of exceptional conditions. By far the greater portion of those forest masses underwent processes of vegetable decay effectually removing all traces of their existence. What escaped, however, suffices to show the amazing luxuriance with which vegetation formerly throve over the whole earth.

In assuming the probability that vegetable life preceded animal life, I may appear to be opposing myself to an accepted palæontological doctrine, according to which animal and vegetable life began together upon the earth. But I would remind you that the actual teaching of the ablest, and therefore the most cautious, palæontologists on this point, amounts merely to this, that if the geological record as at present known be assumed to be coeval with the commencement of life upon the globe, then animals and plants began their existence together. In a similar way the teachings of geology and palæontology as to the nature of the earliest known forms of life and as to the succession of faunæ and floræ, depend on an admittedly imperfect record. Apart, however, from this consideration, I do not think it would serve any useful purpose if I were to attempt, I will not say to discuss, for that is out of the question, but to speak of the geological evidence respecting that portion of the past history of our earth which belongs to the interval between the introduction of life upon the surface and the present time. In particular, my opinion on the interesting question whether *all* the forms of life upon the earth, including the various races of man, came into being by processes of evolution, could have no weight what-

* It is not for me to undertake to reconcile the Bible account of creation with the results which science is bringing gradually more clearly before us. It seems to me unfortunate, in fact, that such reconciliation should be thought necessary. But it must be conceded, I suppose, by all, that it is not more difficult to reconcile modern biological theories of evolution with the Bible record, than it is to reconcile with that record the theory of the evolution of the solar system. Yet strangely enough many oppose the biological theories (not without anger), who readily admit that some form or other of the nebular hypothesis of the solar system must be adopted in order to explain the peculiarities of structure presented by that system.

ever. I may remark that, even apart from the evidence which the most eminent biologists have brought to bear on this question, it seems to me illogical to accept evolution as sufficient to explain the history of our earth during the millions of years prior to the existence of life, and to deny its sufficiency to explain the development of life (if one may so speak), upon the earth. It seems even more illogical to admit its operation up to any given stage in the development of life, and there to draw a hard and fast line beyond which its action cannot be supposed to have extended.* Nor can I understand why it should be considered a comforting thought, that at this or that epoch in the history of the complex machine of life, some imperfection in the machinery compelled the intervention of God,—thus presented to our contemplation as Almighty, but very far from being All-wise.

There is, however, one aspect in which the existence of life has to be considered as intimately associated with the future history of our earth. We perceive that the abundance of primeval vegetation during long ages, aided by other processes tending gradually to reduce the amount of carbonic acid gas in the air, must have led to a gradual change in the constitution of the atmosphere. At a later epoch, when animal life and vegetable life were more equally proportioned, a state of things existed which, so far as can be judged, might have lasted many times as long as it has already lasted had not man appeared upon the scene. But it seems to me impossible to consider what is actually taking place on the earth at present, without perceiving that within periods short indeed by comparison with geological eras, and still shorter compared with the intervals to which the astronomical history of our earth has introduced us, the condition of the earth as an abode of life will be seriously modified by the ways and works of man. It is only in the savage state that man is content to live upon the produce of the earth, taking his share, as it were, of what the earth (under the fruitful heat of the sun, which is her life) brings forth,—day by day, month by month, year by year, and century by century. But civilized man is not content to take his share of the earth's *income*, he uses the garnered wealth which is the earth's *capital*—and this at a rate which is not only ever increasing, but is increasing at an increasing rate. The rapid consumption of coal is but a single instance of his wasteful expenditure of the stores which during countless ages have been gathered together, seemingly for the use of man. In this country (America), I need not dwell upon the fact that, in many other ways, man is consuming, if not wasting, supplies of earth-wealth which cannot be replaced. It is not merely what is found within the earth, but the store of wealth which clothes the earth's surface, which is thus being exhausted. Your mighty forests seem capable of supplying all the timber that the whole race of man could need for ages; yet a very moderate computation of the rate at which they are being cut down, and will presumably continue to be, by a population increasing rapidly in numbers and in the destructive capabilities which characterize modern civilization, would show that this country will be denuded of its forest-wealth in about the same period which we in England have calculated as probably limiting the effective duration of our stores of coal. That period—a thousand or twelve hundred years—may seem long compared with the life of individual men, long even compared with the duration of any nation in the height of power; but though men and nations pass away the human race continues, and a thousand years are as less than a day in the history of that race. Looking forward to that future day, seemingly so remote, but (on the scale upon which we are at present tracing our earth's history) in reality the *to-morrow* of our earth, we see that either a change in their mode of civilization will be forced on the human race, or else it will then have become possible, as your Ericson has already suggested, to make the sun's daily heat the mainspring of the machinery of civilization.

But turning from those portions of the past and future of our earth which, by com-

* Since I thus spoke, a new and as it seems to me an even more illogical limit has been suggested for the operation of the process of evolution as affecting the development of life, and this by an advocate of the general doctrine of evolution. I refer to the opinion advanced by Mr. J. Fiske, of Harvard College (U.S.), "that no race of organisms can in future be produced through the agency of natural selection and direct adaptation, which shall be zoologically distinct from, and superior to, the human race."

parison with the astronomical eras of her history, may be regarded as present, let us consider, so far as known facts permit, the probable future of the earth after astronomical eras comparable with those which were presented to us when we considered her past history.

One of the chief points in the progression of the earth towards her present condition was the gradual passing away of the heat with which formerly her whole globe was instinct. We have now to consider whether this process of cooling is still going on, and how far it is likely to extend. In this inquiry we must not be misled by the probable fact, for such it seems, that during hundreds of thousands of years the general warmth of the surface of the earth has not appreciably diminished. In the first place, hundreds of thousands of years are the seconds of the time-measures we have now to deal with; and next, it is known that the loss of temperature which our earth is at present undergoing chiefly affects the interior parts of her globe. The inquiries of Mallet and others show that the present vulcanian energies of the earth are due in the main to the gradual withdrawal of the earth's nuclear parts from the surface crust, because of the relatively more rapid loss of heat by the former. The surface crust is thus left to contract under the action of gravity, and vulcanian phenomena—that is, volcanoes and earthquakes,—represent the mechanical equivalent of this contraction. Here is a process which cannot continue for ever, simply because it is in its very nature exhaustive of the energy to which it is due. It shows us that the earth's nuclear regions are parting with their heat, and as they cannot part with their heat without warming the surface-crust, which nevertheless grows no warmer, we perceive that the surface-heat is maintained from a source which is being gradually exhausted. The fitness of the earth to be the abode of life will not only be affected directly in this way, but will be indirectly affected by the loss of that vulcanian energy which appears to be one of its necessary conditions. At present, the surface of the earth is like the flesh clothing the living body; it does not wear out because (through the life which is within it) it undergoes continual change. But even as the body itself is consumed by natural processes so soon as life has passed from it, so, when the internal heat of the earth, which is its life, shall have passed away, her surface will "grow old as doth a garment;" and with this inherent terrestrial vitality will pass away by slow degrees the life which is upon the earth.

In dealing with the past history of our earth, we recognized a time when she was a sun, rejoicing as a giant in the strength of youth; and later we considered a time when her condition resembled that of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, whose dense atmospheres seem to be still loaded with the waters which are to form the future oceans of those noble orbs. In considering our earth's future, we may recognize in the moon's actual condition a stage through which the earth will hereafter have to pass. When the earth's inherent heat has passed away and long ages have elapsed since she had been the abode of life, we may believe that her desert continents and frost-bound oceans will in some degree resemble the arid wastes which the astronomer recognizes in the lunar surface. And yet it is not to be supposed that the appearance of the earth will ever be closely similar to that presented by the moon. The earth may part, as completely as the moon has, with her internal heat; the rotation of the earth may in hundreds of millions of years be slowed down by tidal action into agreement with the period in which the moon completes her monthly orbit; and every form of animal and vegetable life may perish from off the face of the earth: yet ineffaceable traces of the long ages during which her surface was clothed with life, and instinct with inherent vitality, will distinguish her from the moon, where the era of life was incomparably shorter. Even if the speculations of Stanislas Meunier be just, according to which the oceans will gradually be withdrawn beneath the surface crust and even the atmosphere almost wholly disappear, there would for ever remain the signs of changes brought about by rainfall and snowfall, by wind and storm, by river and glacier, by ocean waves and ocean currents, by the presence of vegetable life and of animal life during hundreds of millions of years, and even more potently by the fiery deluge poured continually on the primeval surface of our globe. By all these causes the surface of the earth has been so wrought upon as to no longer resemble the primary igneous rock which we

seem to recognize in the scarred surface of our satellite.

Dare we look onwards to yet later stages in the history of our earth? Truly it is like looking beyond death; for now imagination presents our earth to us as an inert mass, not only lifeless as at the beginning, but no longer possessing that potentiality of life which existed in her substance before life appeared upon her surface. We trace her circling year after year around the sun, serving no useful purpose according to our conceptions. The energy represented by her motions of rotation and revolution seems to be as completely wasted as are those parts (the whole save only one 230,000,000th portion) of the sun's light and heat, which, falling on no planet, seem to be poured uselessly into desert space. Long as has been, and doubtless will be, the duration of life upon the earth, it seems less than a second of a time compared with those two awful time-intervals—one past, when as yet life had not begun, the other still to come, when all life shall have passed away.

But we are thus led to contemplate time-intervals of a yet higher order—to consider the eras belonging to the life-time of the solar-system itself. Long after the earth shall have ceased to be the abode of life, other and nobler orbs will become in their time fit to support millions of forms as well of animal as of vegetable existence; and the later each planet is in thus "putting on life," the longer will be the duration of the life-supporting era of its own existence. Even those time-intervals will pass, however, until every orb in turn has been the scene of busy life, and has then, each after its due life-season, become inert and dead. One orb alone will then remain, on which life will be possible,—the sun, the source whence life had been sustained in all those worlds. And then, after the lapse, perchance, of a lifeless interval compared with which all the past eras of the solar system were utterly insignificant, the time will arrive when the sun will be a fit abode for living creatures. Thereafter, during ages infinite to our conceptions, the great central orb will be (as now, though in another sense) the life of the solar system. We may even look onwards to still more distant changes, seeing that the solar system is itself moving on an orbit, though the centre round which it travels is so distant that as yet it remains unknown. We see in imagination change after change, cycle after cycle, till

> Drawn on paths of never-ending duty,
> The worlds—eternity begun—
> Rest, absorbed in ever glorious beauty,
> On the Heart of the All-Central Sun.

But in reality it is only because our conceptions are finite that we thus look forward to an end, even as we seek to trace events back to a beginning. The notion is inconceivable to us that absolutely endless series of changes may take place in the future and have taken place in the past; equally inconceivable is the notion that series on series of material combinations passing onwards to ever higher orders—from planets to suns, from suns to sun-systems, from sun-systems to galaxies, from galaxies to systems of galaxies, from these to higher and higher orders, absolutely without end—may surround us on every hand. And yet, as I set out by saying, these things are not more inconceivable than infinity of time and infinity of space, while the idea that time and space are finite is not merely inconceivable, but opposed directly to what the mind conceives of space and time. It has been said that progression necessarily implies a beginning and an end; but this is not so where the progression relates to absolute space or time. No one can indeed doubt that progression in space is of its very nature limitless. But this is equally true, though not less inconceivable, of time. Progression implies only relative beginning and relative ending; but that there should be an absolute beginning or an absolute end is not merely inconceivable, like absolute eternity, but is inconsistent with the necessary conditions of the progression of time, as presented to us by our conceptions. Those who can may find relief in believing in absolute void space and absolute unoccupied time before some very remote but not infinitely remote epoch, which may in such belief be called the beginning of all things; but the void time before *that* beginning can have had no beginning, unless it were preceded by time not unoccupied by events, which is inconsistent with the supposition. We find no absolute beginning if we look backwards; and looking forwards we not only find an absolute end inconceivable by reason, but revealed religion—as ordinarily interpreted—teaches that on *that* side lies an eternity not of void

but of occupied time. The time-intervals, then, which have presented themselves to our contemplation in dealing with the past and future of our earth, being in their nature finite, however vast, are less than the shortest instant in comparison with absolute time, which—endless itself—is measured by endless cycles of change. And in like manner, the space seemingly infinite from which our solar system has drawn its materials—in other words, the universe as partially revealed to us in the study of the star-depths—is but the merest point by comparison with absolute space. The end, seemingly so remote, to which our earth is tending, the end infinitely more remote to which the solar system is tending, the end of our galaxy, the end of systems of such galaxies as ours—all these endings (each one of which presents itself in turn to our conceptions as the end of the universe itself) are but the beginnings of eras comparable with themselves, even as the beginnings to which we severally trace back the history of our planet, of the planetary system, and of galaxies of such systems, are but the endings of prior conditions which have followed each other in infinite succession. The wave of life which is now passing over our earth is but a ripple in the sea of life within the solar system; this sea of life is itself but as a wavelet on the ocean of eternal life throughout the universe. Inconceivable, doubtless, are these infinities of time and space, of matter, of motion, and of life. Inconceivable that the whole universe can be for all time the scene of the operation of infinite personal power, omnipresent, all-knowing, Utterly incomprehensible how Infinite Purpose can be associated with endless material evolution. But it is no new thought, no modern discovery, that we are thus utterly powerless to conceive or comprehend the idea of an Infinite Being, Almighty, All-knowing, Omnipresent, and Eternal, of whose inscrutable purpose the material universe is the unexplained manifestation. Science is in presence of the old, old mystery; the old questions are asked of her—"Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know?" And science answers these questions, as they were answered of old—"As touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out."

R. A. PROCTOR.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE anonymous work on "Supernatural Religion" appears to have attracted more attention than any rationalistic treatise since the appearance of Dr. Strauss's celebrated "Leben Jesu," with the single exception of Ernest Renan's, which was, however, a romance rather than a treatise, or even a biography. The work, though published in two volumes at a high price, has passed through several editions. Its authorship is one of our contemporary enigmas. It was at first attributed to the learned and venerable Dr. Connop Thirlwall, formerly Bishop of St. David's, then to Dr. Muir, author of "Ancient Sanscrit Texts," then to the Unitarian, Dr. Vance Smith, and now to Mr. Pusey, nephew of Dr. Pusey; but in the cases of Dr. Thirlwall and Dr. Smith, the conjecture was met by a prompt denial. In the *Contemporary Review* lately come to hand, Professor Lightfoot, a scholar of the highest reputation, contributes a first article on this work, upon which he makes a trenchant and, we had almost said, a savage attack. Any attempt to follow the Professor's philological criticism, which, from the nature of the case, is verbal and technical in its character, would be obviously impracticable within our narrow limits. It must suffice, therefore, to indicate briefly that criticism and the main points contended for by the writer. Quoting from five or six periodicals in which the anonymous author is eulogized as an acute scholar, a scientifically trained critic, &c., Professor Lightfoot ironically suggests that the "Supernatural

Religion," the reviewers had eulogized could not be the same as that lying before him. Then follows a long verbal critique on the author's renderings from Greek and Latin. He is charged with not knowing the difference between the indicative and the infinitive, of translating the present tense by the perfect, an imperfect subjunctive by a present indicative, and so on. He is then accused of self-contradiction, as when he first calls the story of the Pool of Bethesda "a later interpolation," and elsewhere says, "we must believe that this passage did originally belong to the text," &c. The next point examined is the reviewers' eulogy upon the author's candour and honesty in dealing with opponents. To this Professor Lightfoot retorts that he either chooses the weakest points from the apologetic writers, or has a very limited acquaintance with them. The latter his critic thinks the more likely, for otherwise he would have been spared innumerable slips and blunders. Such blunders are, the arguments regarding the length of Christ's ministry, the controversy regarding Easter, &c. One short example may be given. The author asserts that "sent" as a rendering of Siloam, is "a distinct error," because the word means "a spring, a fountain, a flow of water." To which the Professor replies, that it properly means an aqueduct (Latin, *emissarium*) from the Hebrew *shalach*, "to send." The question of miracles is taken up, and a second paper is to follow on the external evidences. The critic's conclusion is, "it must be evident by this time to any 'impartial mind,' that the 'Supernatural Religion' of the reviewers cannot be our 'Supernatural Religion.'"

"Saxon Studies" by Julian Hawthorne, a son of the author of "The Scarlet Letter," is continued. It is exceedingly lively and interesting, but somewhat cynical in spirit, and perhaps too epigrammatic in style. The subject of this instalment is "Gambrinus," the German Bacchus; in other words—beer. The aroma of beer pervades the entire paper—not merely in the brewery, the concert garden, or the *gasthaus*, but in the government. In the national disposition, scholarship, and literature—everything is of beer, beery. The suggestion to Bismarck that he should unite all the breweries into one monster establishment at Berlin, and thus consolidate German unity and his centralizing system is an admirable specimen of humour, and the story of Frau Schmidt is touchingly told.

Mr. Fitzjames Stephen is a thinker, sometimes a deep one; he is also a forcible writer; but there are some things he is not equal to. One of these is the intelligent discussion of philosophical subjects. His paper on "Necessary Truth," proves that he entirely misapprehends the position and even the technology of metaphysicians. It is written in reply to a reply by Dr. Ward, an able Roman Catholic writer in the *Dublin Review*. The arguments cannot be reproduced or even summarized here. Of course, Mr. Stephen denies the distinction between necessary and contingent truths. Dr. Ward upholds it; indeed he is compelled to do so by the creed he holds. To say nothing of some of the Gospel miracles, the doctrine of transubstantiation depends upon it. Mr. Stephen's reasoning is often extremely acute and even subtle, but his premises are sometimes more than doubtful. For our own part, we must confess that we never read anything from his vigorous pen, without feeling that fallacy in argument is often eked out with force of style, and force of will. After all, *sic volo, sic jubeo* is not a logical maxim.

As we have made room for Mr. Proctor's interesting paper on "The Past and Present of our Earth," we need not refer to it here, further than to express our opinion that it is pitched in a more elevated key than we are accustomed to in the popular works on astronomy, written by its author. Mr. James Hinton approaches a difficult task in a most becoming spirit. In a very brief sketch of the subject, the writer treats of "Professor Tyndall and the Religious Emotions." In the first place, these words are quoted from the celebrated Belfast address:—"To find a legitimate satisfaction for the religious Emotions, is the problem of problems of our day." Mr. Hinton contents himself with indicating a probable method of solution without attempting to work it out fully. By "legitimate," he understands "a satisfaction that, while contenting the religious aspirations, does not come into conflict with the operations of the intellect as expressed in science." Now what is there that Science and the Emotions require, that we should not contradict, prior to any attempt at reconciliation? Science forbids the

idea of arbitrariness in the universe or in any "agent, or existence, or power operative in it." On the other hand, the Emotions make the demand, "absolute and emphatic," that this agent, or existence, or power, is not to be regarded as mechanical. We must therefore exclude arbitrariness on the one hand and "mechanicalness" on the other. Mr. Hinton strives to show that the Emotions do not, after all, assume or even admit of the former, and that Science has discarded the latter. Therefore they are capable of reconciliation; nay more, they never were, properly speaking, in antagonism. What is to be done—the problem to be solved is this: "So to use the Senses, the Intellect, and the Emotions *together*, as to learn from the appearance presented to us by Science, some truer fact, in respect to which we shall be able to understand why it should present to us this appearance." The office of the moral feelings is subsidiary to the intellect, clothing the dry skeleton of phenomenal mechanism with the warm glow of active vitality.

Mr. Hewlett's critique on "The Poems of Mr. Morris," is in the main favourable, and occasionally enthusiastic. He points out the many felicities of style, the admirable re-production of antique and mediæval fable, and the admirable unconsciousness of the poet's original style. The Defence of Guinevere, the Life and Death of Jason, and all the earlier poems seemed to Mr. Hewlett full of promise. Although he laments the absence of humour, which his master Chaucer possessed in such abundant measure, he protests against his being placed in the same form with Rossetti and Swinburne in the "Fleshly School of Poetry." Finally, while recognizing the many beauties of "The Earthly Paradise," he feels constrained to admit that he has forsaken his first method, and that "return to his early stand-point of unconscious serenity is plainly impossible." Dr. Radcliffe, in "Man Trans-corporeal," deals with a subject of absorbing interest in a peculiar and somewhat original way—not merely the immateriality of the soul or its superiority to the body, but its absolute independence of space or time, and its *immanence* in everything remembered, "wherever these may be, no matter whether without or within:" from which he concludes, that "the act of *recognition* ceases to be separable from the act of *cognition*." The writer analyses the phenomena of memory, imagination, pure intellect, and will at some length, as confirming his views.

The *Fortnightly Review* opens with a paper on "The Kafir War of 1873," by Mr. Westlake, Q. C. It is an earnest plea against the treatment of Langalibalele and his tribe by the authorities of Natal. According to the writer, "two hundred persons, including old men, women, and children have been killed, about two hundred sentenced to transportation or imprisonment, and fifteen thousand have been deprived of their land and cattle and driven out homeless." The two hundred who perished outright were, in plain English massacred in cold blood, not by the native troops alone, but also by, and under the direction of, the whites. This tribe (The Ama-Hlubi) had not rebelled against the Government; on the contrary, their chief and almost all the fighting men ran away, and endeavoured to find refuge amongst the Basutos, when the troops were sent against them. The only offence they had been guilty of was the possession of arms without a license. When they had got, as they thought, into neutral territory, the troops still followed them. Then, contrary to the express orders of their chief, who was far in advance, a small body fired on their pursuers. They were all trapped through the treachery of the Basutos and Langalibalele was transported for life, after a farcical trial which reflects great dishonour on the name of British justice. His plea is given in Mr. Westlake's paper, and it is clearly one of Not Guilty; yet the court recorded one of Guilty. The privilege of summoning witnesses was denied him, and the counsel (who could not speak Kafir) whom the court assigned him, threw up his brief because he was not permitted to go into the merits of the case. Bishop Colenso appealed on behalf of the chief, but without success; fortunately he is now in England, and has laid the matter before Lord Carnarvon. In a recent letter he asked the Aborigines Protection Society not to agitate the matter further, as a decision had been come to, which could not be disclosed at present, but was entirely satisfactory to him.

We should like to have devoted some space to a detailed notice of Professor Clifford's extraordinary paper on "Body and Mind." As it is, we must content ourselves with a few brief words explanatory of its nature and its.

contents. The Professor is evidently determined to secure the blue ribbon in the headlong race into materialistic oblivion. After the ordinary explanation of the *modus operandi* of the brain and nervous system, we meet with the following startling propositions: That the physical world gets along entirely by itself; that will (therefore the Divine will) cannot influence matter, and to say that it does "is not untrue, but it is nonsense;" that matter can only be influenced by surrounding matter or its motion; "that the human race as a whole, has made itself during the process of ages;" that the doctrine of a destiny or providence outside of us is "immoral," if it is right to call any doctrine immoral; that the reality which underlies matter "is that same stuff which being compounded together in a particular way, produces mind; "That the supposition of mind without brain is a contradiction in terms," so that not only has an immaterial soul in man no existence, but there is no room for God, angel, or spirit, or for a world to come; that no such thing as Mind can be present in the inter-planetary or inter-stellar spaces; that man is a conscious automaton and *therefore* a responsible being, for if he possessed free-will he would not be so; from which we conclude that he is responsible for what he cannot help, and irresponsible for what he can help, &c. "These be thy gods, O Israel!" This is the consolatory creed which science regards as "nearly certain," "quite certain," or "highly probable." It is true that "not one man in a million has any right to a definite opinion about" these "facts." Only the select few are privileged to know the mysteries of the universe, or peer into its cheerless gloom; yet people will usurp the right to examine the claims of this appalling theory! In the exercise of that, albeit usurped, liberty, we ask our readers: What do you think of "Dogmatic Atheism?"

Mr. Cliffe Leslie's paper on "Auvergne" is a very interesting sketch of a French Province of which even travellers know little. Its scenery is but lightly touched upon, the writer being chiefly concerned with the effects of physical geography and religious or family traditions, on social and economical phenomena. He takes occasion to administer a sharp rap over the knuckles to the orthodox political economists. Mr. Fitch's paper on Education is of no immediate interest in Canada. It treats of the various ways which suggest themselves to the writer of extending and improving the English system of popular instruction. Mr. Symonds contributes an instructive article on "The Blank Verse of Milton." His first step is to trace the history of this form of unrhymed versification in English, as brought into use by the dramatists "from Marlowe to Massinger and Shirley." Then follows an examination of Johnson's mistakes regarding it. The great critic's ear was so attuned to the flowing couplets of the rhymed iambic pentameter, that he was quite bewildered when he attempted the scansion of some lines in Paradise Lost. Mr. Symonds also expounds the laws of this blank verse, compares Milton with the Dramatists in regard to the use made of it, and shows the liberties taken with it by the great Epic poet. In an article on "Clergy and Laity," Mr. Lewis takes up the cudgels on behalf of Mr. King, the clergyman who owned the winning mare, "Apology." The nature of the article may be gathered from the moral:—"The more the clergy are driven out of their top-boots, the more we shall see them in chasubles and birettas. Banish them from the opera-stalls by all means, but do not be surprised to find them taking their seats at the confessional." After all, he thinks that hunting and breeding blood-horses are nobler occupations than "cackling about and playing at croquet." The Honourable Mr. Stanley's review of "The Greville Journals," calls for no special remark; and the same may be said of Mr. Greg's very brief reply to Mr. Grant Duff, which is merely written to correct a few misapprehensions, and to show that he and his critic are substantially agreed. Mr. Edward Dicey treats of "The Republican Defeat in the United States." His general view is simply this, that the reaction has been caused by weariness of the negro, and that under a Democratic *régime*, the whites will again rule over him. He regards the "bogus" governments as a necessary evil, and the policy of concession to the South a fatal error.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE only events in the musical world which we have to chronicle are prospective ones. On Monday, the 11th instant, the Toronto Philharmonic Society will give a performance of the most popular of all oratorios, "The Messiah," at Mrs. Morrison's Opera House. Under the circumstances, the selection of this place of amusement for the performance, rather than the Music Hall, was a wise one. The latter is much too small for the purpose. In the Cathedral towns in England, the Cathedral is always utilized for oratorio performances, and it would have been better to have followed the example here; but we understand that St. James's Cathedral was not available for the purpose. The associations of a theatre such as that of Mrs. Morrison are perfectly unobjectionable, but still they are of a character *different* from those which ought to surround the rendition of sacred music. For this reason, it is a matter for some regret that the Grand Opera House is the best available place at present, and for hoping that before long Toronto will be in possession of a Music Hall adequate for oratorio performances. This is the more to be desired because, until we have such a hall, we cannot hope to have a first-class organ, an instrument which aids so greatly in the effective production of sacred music.

Another noteworthy musical event *in prospectu*, is the advent of the great Hungarian prima donna, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska and her concert troupe, who will give one performance at the Grand Opera House, on Friday, the 8th instant. Mdlle. de Murska is surpassed in the matter of voice, and as a dramatic artiste, by Adelina Patti, Christine Nilsson, Pauline Lucca, and Albani; but for vocal facility, florid execution, bravura—in short, for everything that is implied in the word *vocalism*, she has probably no living equal. Among her troupe are two artists whose names are familiar in Toronto, Mdme. Carreno-Sauret, the pianiste, and Signor Ferranti, the buffo-baritone. Besides these excellent performers, there will be the celebrated violincellist, Signor Braga—who on this particular instrument, is probably equalled only by the world-renowned Piatti—and the violinist, M. Sauret.

Among other items of musical gossip, it is stated that Toronto will be favoured before long with visits from Max Strakosch's Opera Troupe, with Mdlle. Albani, the celebrated Canadian cantatrice, as prima donna; and from Miss Emily Soldene's English Opera-Bouffe Company.

At Mrs. Morrison's Opera House, the most noteworthy performances during the past month have been "The Cricket on the Hearth," Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," and Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," brought out as a Christmas spectacle, with Mendelssohn's beautiful music. "The Cricket on the Hearth," for excellent acting all round, was, we think, the very best thing that the stock company, *unaided*, has yet given us. Especially good were Mr. Couldock, as *Caleb Plummer*, and Mrs. Marlowe, as *Tilly Slowboy*. "She Stoops to Conquer," was also very pleasantly acted, and nicely put on the stage as regards costumes and accessories. "Midsummer Night's Dream," is admirably adapted for being produced as a Christmas spectacle, and the management made the most of the opportunity. The scenery throughout was very pretty, the costumes were admirable, and the dances and marches all very well executed. The acting, however, was not so uniformly good, as in "The Cricket on the Hearth." Mr. Couldock and Mr. Rich were both very amusing as *Quince* and *Bottom* respectively, as also was Mr. Sambrook, as *Thisbe*, though a little less exuberance in the movement of his legs would have been an improvement. It is quite possible for a man to take a woman's character in a sufficiently ludicrous manner, without being vulgar. Mr. Lawrens was tame and cold, as *Theseus*, and neither Mrs. Linden nor Mrs. Marlowe were satisfactory as *Hermia* and *Helena*. Miss Egbert looked the part of *Titania* charmingly, and Miss Whittle was a vivacious *Puck*. Miss Rich, as *Oberon*, and Miss Ware, as *Second Fairy*, sang the duet, "I know a Bank," very nicely, and the orchestra, under the able leadership of Prof. Müller, did full justice to Mendelssohn's music.

At the Royal Opera House, on King Street, Mr. Joseph Murphy filled a very successful engagement a couple of weeks back, appearing in a number of characters, American, Irish, German, and Negro, in the protean dramas, "Help" and "Maum Cre." Mr. Murphy is a remarkably fine actor, thoroughly natural, and irresistably comic, without the least tinge of vulgarity. He is probably the very best stage "Irishman" ever seen in Toronto. On Monday, the 4th instant, the English actress, Miss Katherine Randolph, was announced to appear as *Juliet*, in "Romeo and Juliet." Miss Randolph comes with the highest testimonials to her powers as an actress, and will doubtless attract large audiences during her engagement.

BOOK REVIEWS.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD. By Thomas Hardy. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

Mr. Hardy is one of the new lights of the school of novelists variously denominated psychological, realistic, or analytic—the school of which George Eliot is the greatest living representative. As might have been expected then, "Far from the Madding Crowd," depends for its interest not so much upon an exciting plot, as upon natural delineations of character, keen observation of nature, shrewd remarks, and quaint humour. The scene is laid in an out-of-the-way part of the West of England, among homely rustics and sheep-farmers, of whom it can be truthfully said, in the well-known words of the poet Gray, that:

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learnt to stray,
Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

In fact those who are not partial to the realistic class of novels will perhaps complain, not altogether unjustly, that their wishes are altogether too sober and prosaic, that they never rise above the commonplace level of ordinary life, and are about as uninteresting a set of people as the boors of Teniers are to everybody except enthusiastic connoisseurs in Dutch paintings. The plot turns upon the contest of three men, Gabriel Oak, Boldwood, and Troy, for the love of the heroine Bathsheba Everdene. Of these four perhaps the heroine herself is the most interesting; still she has some unpleasant points about her, and, though a charming girl, is cast in a decidedly more commonplace mould than the hapless heroine of the author's touching story, "A Pair of Blue Eyes." In fact, none of the characters in the present work are as interesting as the principal ones in that charming novel. In the case of Gabriel Oak, this is to be regretted, as he is a noble fellow, who should have been spared the humiliation of being made a servant to such a man as Troy. Many readers will feel too that he loses some dignity in becoming a mere patient drudge, even though it be of the heroine. The total absence of the ideal element is indeed the main defect of the book as a work of art. This is a mistake that George Eliot never makes. No matter how realistic a novel of hers may be, she always retains enough of the ideal element to prevent it degenerating into a mere photograph, instead of a painting. Still, "Far from the Madding Crowd" is a very excellent novel of its kind. Readers who like a sensational plot full of startling incidents, will probably pronounce the conversational scenes of Mr. Hardy's unlettered rustics, tedious; but those who prefer subtle insight into character and motives, shrewd remarks, and quaint humour, will find the novel one after their own heart. Even readers of the former kind will derive enjoyment from one very powerful scene; that in which Bathsheba is alone with the coffin containing the dead body of Fanny Robin.

HISTORY OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D. International Scientific Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

This work could not have appeared at a time more opportune than the present, when the conflict, the history of which it relates, is raging over a wider area and with greater intensity than at any previous period of the world's history. The author's masterly work on "The Intellectual Development of Europe" naturally led to very high expectations of the present one, and was in fact a guarantee that it would be of a sterling character. These expectations are to some extent fulfilled. The work in many respects is a very able one, such indeed as would have made the reputation of any less celebrated author. It is as full of matter as an egg is full of meat; in general the learning is ample and varied; and the style is compact, vigorous, and occasionally eloquent. While making these general acknowledgments, however, we have to confess to a certain sense of disappointment. To a great extent the book is a re-hash of the author's previous work, the readers of which and of Mr. Lecky's masterly History of Rationalism (both far abler works than the present) will find little that is new. Moreover, Dr. Draper seems hardly to have got to the bottom of his subject; at least there is a want of unity in his presentation of it. In the contest between Religion and Science—or, as the Comtists would say, between the Theological and Positivist stages of human knowledge—there has been no solution of continuity. The conflict has been essentially one, not half-a-dozen separate ones, as Dr. Draper makes it out to have been. The work, also, bears many marks of haste, not to say carelessness, as though it had been written to order to be ready by a specified time.

Dr. Draper's general view is this: Modern Science had its origin in the campaigns of Alexander, which led the Greeks of that age to

seek for knowledge, not, as previously, in their inner consciousness, but by observing nature; thus giving rise to the inductive method of Aristotle, the real father of modern Science. The method once adopted was carried on by the school of Alexandria—the focus of learning for many centuries—and by the Nestorian Christians. The great contest between Science and Religion did not fairly commence till Christianity became the state creed of the Roman Empire. Dr. Draper enumerates six conflicts in all, respecting:—1. The Unity of God; 2. The Nature of the Soul, its emanation and absorption; 3. The Nature of the World; 4. The Age of the Earth; 5. The Criterion of Truth; and 6. The Government of the Universe. The division has its defects as well as its merits. It leads to the exclusion of many relevant matters which cannot conveniently be brought under any one of the different heads, such as Omens, Oracles, and Divinations; Dreams considered as supernatural visitations, Astrology, and Magic; Ghosts, Witchcraft, Lunacy, Diabolical possession generally, and the existence of the Devil; the Divine Right of kings and the cognate doctrine of the Divine Right of priests; the supernatural character of diseases—plagues and pestilence—as indications of Divine wrath, and the doctrine of Divine judgments generally; the efficacy of prayer; the doctrine that sin brought physical death into the world, and that the receipt of interest on money is an offence against God; besides the general question as to miracles and the miraculous, including prophecy. The whole of these subjects and others that might be mentioned, have given rise to the bitterest conflicts between theologians and those who represent the scientific spirit; conflicts many of which are still raging as fiercely as ever. Many of these subjects, however, are not even alluded to by Dr. Draper, and none of them receive more than the most cursory notice.

Dr. Draper's classification, besides being faulty in what it omits, is also faulty in what it contains. The first conflict, that respecting the unity of God, cannot, except by a misuse of language, be described as a conflict between Religion and Science. Dr. Draper brings it under that head in a fashion both original and peculiar. He tells us that Aristotle and his followers, as a result of the scientific investigation of Nature, came to the conclusion that the Author of Nature is one and indivisible; that the unity of Nature proclaims the unity of Nature's God. This doctrine, Dr. Draper contends, being handed down by the Greek philosophers, especially those of Alexandria, became the property of the Nestorian Christians, from whom Mohammed, when quite a young man (*boy*, Dr. Draper calls him) received it; so that the resulting crusade of Mohammedanism against Christianity was a conflict between Science and Religion. Passing over the facts that Mohammed did not announce his belief till he was over forty years of age, and that he always attributed his conversion to a direct revelation from God by the angel Gabriel, the other undoubted fact remains that the Mohammedans, of that age at least, did not hold the doctrine of the unity of God as a scientific truth, but as a theological dogma revealed to them by Mahomet, *as the Prophet of God.* Moreover, even if it could be proved that they did hold it as a scientific truth, we should demur to the proposition that wars between men holding a scientific idea, and those holding a religious idea, are a conflict between Science and Religion. A duel or a bout of fisticuffs between Prof. Tyndall and Archbishop Manning, would with more propriety be called a struggle of physical force and skill than a conflict between Science and Religion. Science does not win her victories by brute force, but by convincing the human mind. *Her* conquests, at least, are free from the taint of blood. The wars between Mohammedans and Christians, then, were not a conflict between Religion and Science, but a conflict between one religion and another, or rather between their respective adherents. Moreover, Christians generally would strenuously deny that they fought against Mohammedans because Christianity denies the unity of God, a doctrine which Christians have always professed to hold firmly, implied as it is in the word "Trinity," which, of course, is merely an abbreviated form of Tri-Unity; Three in One. Dr. Draper's second conflict is open to an objection similar to the one made against his first. Belief in the emanation and absorption of the soul is not and never was a scientific doctrine, but a metaphysical one. Science deals with matters of experience, with objects of sense, with the physical world. Speculations—they have never been anything more—respecting the existence, nature, origin, and ultimate fate of the soul are outside the sphere of experience and the physical world; that is, they are *meta*-physical. If science makes any deliverance on the subject, it is that not even the *existence* of the soul is capable of proof; which is the view taken by such writers as Maudsley and Bain, and by the whole modern physiological school of psychologists. To project, as Dr. Draper does, the doctrine of the Conservation of Force, a completely modern idea, the growth of the last twenty-five years, backwards into the Arabian mind of a thousand years ago, is simply absurd.

The want of due proportion in the details is another striking defect. Irrelevant matters are treated at far too great length, while others more important, as pointed out above, are either passed over altogether or treated inadequately. The conquests of Alexander and of the Mohammedans appear to have fascinated Dr. Draper's imagination, and are related at needless length. Whole pages are filled with details of scientific

discoveries; in fact much of the book is occupied in relating separately the history of Religion, and the history of Science, instead of describing the *conflict* between the two. Some impression of the kind seems to cross the mind of Dr. Draper himself on one occasion (p. 306) where he suddenly winds up an account of mathematical discoveries, filling three pages, with the remark, "But here I must check myself. I must remember that my present purpose is not to give the history of mathematics." A similar effort of memory on other occasions would have resulted in the exclusion of a good deal of superfluous padding.

In his preface, Dr. Draper states that it is not necessary to pay much regard to more moderate or intermediate opinions, because "in conflicts of this kind, it is not with the moderates but with extremists that the impartial reader is mainly concerned. Their movements determine the issue." Little, therefore, is said respecting "the Protestant and Greek Churches." This appears to be an error in judgment, in view of the fact that Dr. Draper's audience is mainly Protestant, and probably more interested in the conflict between their own Religion and Science. Moreover, the result is somewhat unfair to Romanism, which is left to bear the whole brunt of Dr. Draper's onslaught almost alone.

Dr. Draper's work being intended for popular perusal, it was out of the question to overload its pages with references to authorities. Some references, however, are imperatively called for, which might have been given in an appendix, as their total omission detracts considerably from the value of the book. We have noticed some palpable errors. Thus, on p. 84, Mohammedans are said to number one-third of the human race; an absurd exaggeration. On p. 146, Llorente's figures in regard to the victims of the Spanish Inquisition are quoted without remark, though so learned a scholar as Dr. Draper ought to be aware that Llorente was a violent partizan, that his History is unreliable, that Von Ranke and Hallam do not scruple to charge him with dishonesty, and that Prescott and Hefele have pointed out several instances of his exaggerations and self-contradictions. On p. 240 it is said that the Nebular Hypothesis rests primarily on the telescopic discoveries of Herschel, a statement completely at variance with the fact that the hypothesis had, many years previously, been formulated with considerable elaboration by the great German philosopher Kant; and had been (also independently of Herschel's observations) placed on a more strictly scientific basis by Laplace. On p. 320, reflecting telescopes are said to have been invented in the last century, instead of the seventeenth. On p. 221, the work written by the strictly orthodox commentator Hengstenberg, in favour of the authenticity of the Pentateuch is quoted in such a way as to lead to the belief that Hengstenberg was writing against its authenticity; and on the same page, for the purpose of proving that it was written by Ezra, Dr. Draper adduces the authority of the apocryphal second book of Esdras, written no one knows by whom or when, but probably between 44 B.C. and 96 A.D., that is at least 400 years after Ezra's death. It is true that Dr. Draper apparently believes, though he gives no reason for his belief, that the second book of Esdras is genuine; but even so destructive a critic as Colenso does not place the composition of the Elohistic portions of the Pentateuch at a later date than Samuel, or about 1,100 B.C. In ascribing to Luther the Protestant doctrine of the right of private judgment in interpreting the Bible, as Dr. Draper appears to do (pp. 213, 295-6), he gives the Reformer too much credit. We doubt very much whether Luther held the doctrine even *theoretically*. There is no doubt that *practically* Luther was an intolerant bigot, who vilified all whose interpretation differed from his own. For this reason he wrote Erasmus —intellectually a far greater man than himself —out of the ranks of Reformers, with the remark that "he despaired of his salvation." Dr. Draper justly places upon the shoulders of Calvin the odium of the burning alive of Servetus, but it would have been only impartial to have also mentioned that Luther made himself an accomplice after the fact, by warmly approving of the crime. To come to the end of our list of errors, we have to note a curious blunder in spelling, which occurs twice on p. 357 and once in the index, where Lamaism —the theological system of the Buddhists—is spelt Llamaism. This reminds us of the remark of Lord Strangford, in regard to a similar mistake, that one might as well talk of the Grand Alpaca as of the Grand Llama. Errors such as the foregoing induce caution in accepting doubtful statements, such as the one on p. 292, that the Venetians brought the art of printing from China to Europe. Some authority for a statement so greatly at variance with ordinary notions would certainly be acceptable.

Another complaint and we have done. Dr. Draper is by blood, by birth, and by education, an Englishman. He has, however, resided so long on this side of the Atlantic as to have become thoroughly Americanized in feeling. That an Englishman should become Americanized without acquiring a dislike for his native country, appears to be impossible, and Dr. Draper is no exception to the rule. Evidences of his anti-British feeling were unpleasantly conspicuous in his history of the American Civil War, and they crop out occasionally in the present work. In several instances the claims of British men of science are ignored, while those of Americans are paraded conspicuously. Thus, on p. 318, the introduction of

anæsthetics in obstetrics is apparently claimed for America, though really due to the late Sir J. Y. Simpson, of Scotland. In giving the history of chemical discoveries and theories, those of Dalton and Black are not once alluded to, though several less important ones are mentioned. In treating of mediæval science, scholasticism, and the schoolmen, Roger Bacon, the greatest of them all, is never referred to; and in noticing the doctrine of Evolution there is a similar omission of the name of Herbert Spencer. Worst of all, however, is the treatment to which Lord Bacon is subjected. The remarks about him on p. 233 are nearly as untrue, as unjust, and as offensive as are those in regard to Socrates in "The Intellectual Development of Europe."

It must now be evident that Dr. Draper's work has numerous and grave defects, which preclude it from being an adequate exposition of the great subject of which it treats. At the same time we gladly admit, that, as a popular introduction, it has many and striking merits, and will well repay a careful perusal. As such we can cordially recommend it to our readers.

THE MAID OF FLORENCE; or, A Woman's Vengeance. A Tragedy in Five Acts. With an Historical Preface. London: Sampson, Low, Marston, Low and Searle. Toronto: Copp, Clark, and Co.

As this drama bears upon its title-page the name of a Canadian as well as an English publisher, we may suppose that Canada has a special interest in the writer. And we shall be glad if such is the case, for the work is one which undoubtedly shows talent, though talent in need of somewhat more careful cultivation.

Tragedy has not of late been in a flourishing condition. Perhaps it belongs especially to an age like that of Shakespeare, in which the general action of the world was more dramatic than it is at present, the points of character more salient, the manifestation of passion more undisguised, costume more picturesque, than they are at present, and in which, there being no newspapers, and little fiction except the obsolete romances of chivalry, the stage was the only mirror of life to the great mass of an active-minded and curious people. Nearly the same conditions existed during the palmy days of dramatic art at Athens. In our days the drama has two formidable rivals on different sides—the novel and the opera. Novels, which now come out in England at the rate of two in three days, absorb much of the interest formerly felt in the stage. The opera offers to an age caring for sensations, the excitement of music and spectacle, while many of the singers are really also excellent actors and actresses. Jenny Lind was a first-rate actress in parts that suited her, such as the *Figlia del Regimente*, and so is Titiens in such parts as *Lucretia Borgia*. The drama itself is fain to borrow the aid of spectacle, and the scene-painter has become as important as the poet. Tragedy, however, still keeps its place as a form of poetry, like the epic, that also belongs in its perfection to an age different from the present; and perhaps if the passion for excitement should ever subside, if art of the higher kind should recover its ascendency, and we should begin again to pay attention to our theatres as places of intellectual amusement and schools of national character, the tragic poet may have his own again.

Florence, whose history is full of action at once picturesque, passionate, and serious, was well selected as the scene of the drama, and both the play itself and the historical preface afford proof that the subject was studied with care and intelligence by the composer. The plot is in perfect keeping with the tenor of Florentine annals. Colonna, a Roman noble, but a leader of mercenaries, is taken into the service of Florence, hard pressed in war with Sienna, and gives her the victory over her enemy. Bianca, daughter of one of the chief men in Florence, falls in love with him and he with her. By her influence he is made *Podesta* or Dictator. But in his elevation, ambition gets the better of love in his heart; he discards Bianca and accepts the hand of a daughter of Viscomte, tyrant of Milan. Bianca, to avenge herself, gets up a counter-revolution in which Colonna perishes, while Bianca, who still loves him, takes the poison which she had been tempted, but had refused, to use against his life.

The action of the play is vigorous; character, though not very deep or complex, is well portrayed; the language is often very good, and we could pick out not a few pregnant and nervous lines. On the whole there is considerable promise of excellence. It is particularly difficult to give a specimen of a drama; but we will venture on an extract from the scene in which Ursula, a professed she-doctor and secretly a poisoner, who is also a spy, tempts Bianca to employ poison as the instrument of her revenge:

"BIAN. Leave us, Theresa. I would now consult
Your skilful friend alone. [*Exit* THERESA.
URSU. Well said, my lady!
The priest is the confessor to the soul;
The doctor, to the body. You must hide
No jot of the truth from either.
BIAN. Tell you all!
URSU. My art is vain, unless I know the truth.
Where ail you, madam?
BIAN. Where?—My body ails me—
[*touching her heart.*
Because my mind is racked— [*presses her brow.*
URSU. The body's ills
Harrass the mind. The mind's, far more the body—
Speak freely. You can trust me. Lies the root
Of your disease in nature's noblest part?
Whence comes your grief?
BIAN. Pardon me, good mother—
Dark, potent secrets doubtless you command.
Say first, whence comes your skill?
URSU. My father was a skilful alchymist,
And wondrous knowledge oft repaid his toil.
For, while the dreaming world around him slept,
His wakeful nights were spent in torturing nature;
Each limb and organ questioned on the rack,
To yield their secrets to him.—Happier truths,
Blessings to man, nature perverse would hide.
If God made this world, surely Satan marred it!
For dark and deadly secrets, hell-devised,
Revealed to him, he dreaded to make known,
Lest wicked men might use them. 'Twas this fear
Whitened his head, wasted his frame, while yet

Old age was distant—Yet—mysterious craving
Of intellectual man !—though evil their fruit,
He loathed to let his labours perish all—
On dying bed, with failing breath he whispered,
To me his daughter, many a dreadful process,
By which the occult arts appal mankind—
'Oh use them not !' he gasped, and gasping died.
BIAN. Taught he nothing else?
URSU. Much else he taught me,
Which, with God's blessing, I may safely use.
BIAN. But that dark knowledge !—cleaves it to you still?
URSU. Once known, alas, it ne'er can be forgotten !
We love to rifle nature of her secrets—
Her deadliest secrets—though we dare not use them.
Now, tell your griefs.
BIAN. Oh, name them not, good mother
Hast thou no sovereign drug, that can recall
The innocent, the unsuspecting past ?
Canst thou not give the weary soul a draught
Of Lethe's blackest waters, to benumb
The memory of wrongs ? Make me forget
The griefs that gnaw my heartstrings ?
URSU. Take comfort, daughter. Know I can do much
To ease your pains—perchance, to right your wrongs !
BIAN. (*wildly*) Men, trusting in *their strength*, avenge *their* wrongs
With sword and lance ! The dagger oft they use !
Are there no weapons fit for *woman's* hands ?
URSU. There are such weapons—
BIAN. Secret ? Sudden ? Sure ?—ow oft we need
Defence for honour, vengeance for our wrongs,
'Gainst that strong tyrant, man !—I am in danger—
A strong oppressor—
URSU. Who ?
BIAN. I dare not name him—
For I am in his power—Help, good mother,
Oh, crown your charity with this good deed ! "

The most patent fault which strikes us is that the verse is very often marred by misdivision of syllables. *Power* and *hour* for example, stand as words of two syllables, *gorgeous* as a word of three syllables, *Signiory*, and worse still, *encircling*, as a word of four syllables. These blemishes must be removed ; and so must such offences against the ordinary rules of language as the use of *despair* and *swim* as transitive words. Licenses may be found in Shakespeare ; but in the first place the language in Shakespeare's time was still very confined, and in the second place Shakespeare's prerogative is not ours. It must be remembered, too, when discords are introduced into the verse in supposed imitation of the Elizabethan dramatists, that the text of the Elizabethan dramatists is often very corrupt.

Not to close with censure we will repeat tha "The Maid of Florence" has, in our judgment, real merit, and that we shall look with interest for other productions by the same hand.

LITERARY NOTES.

WE learn that Mr. W. F. Rae's translations from the *Causeries du Lundi* of M. Sainte-Beuve, embracing a series of criticisms upon English writers, will be reprinted by Messrs. H. Holt & Co., New York.

Two new and delightful volumes of fairy lore come, with the holiday season, from the magic pen of the Right Honourable Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P. They are entitled "Whispers from Fairy-Land," and "River Legends ; or River Thames and Father Rhine." The latter volume will doubtless be found too local in its subjects for Canadian youth to enjoy, but they will get rapturous over the former work. By the way, have we no native writer who will weave the legends of our great lakes, and the St. Lawrence, into a garland of mystic fancies for our "little folk," or summon from the great lone land, or the wild north land of our own territory, the ghouls, goblins, and necessary ingredients of fairydom for Canadian connoisseurs in this branch of literature ? A British American "Hans Christian Andersen" should be no impossibility with such material to work with or to shape.

The author of "Friends in Council," Sir Arthur Helps, has laid his many admirers under further obligations by the publication of a new book from his pen. It is said to be a cheerful, wise, and wholesome work, and is entitled "Social Pressure."

A racy and entertaining volume of travel entitled "A Ramble Round the World, 1871," by M. Le Baron de Hubner, formerly ambassador and minister, appears from Macmillan's press.

Two important additions to the rapidly augmenting literature of African exploration have just been issued. The first of these is Sir Samuel Baker's "Ismailia ; a narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the suppression of the Slave Trade," and the second, is a work to which a melancholy interest will attach, viz.: "The Last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa," Edited by Horace Waller, F.R.G. S. The period covered by the lat-

ter volume is from 1865 to within a few months of the great explorer's death; to which has been added a narrative of his last moments and sufferings, obtained from his servants, Chuma and Susi. The former has appeared in a reprint from the Messrs. Harper Bros., and the latter will shortly be issued from the same house.

The Greville Memoirs is the title of a very gossipy and instructive series of Journals of the Reigns of King George IV. and William IV., kept by the Clerk of the Council to those sovereigns, Mr. Charles C. F. Greville, which have recently been issued by the Messrs. Longman. Its publication in the conventional three volume library style, will prevent its importation into this market, we fear.

The International Scientific Series bids fair to become a most valuable issue of books in the domain of science and philosophy. The recent contributions to the series embrace Dr. Draper's important work on the "History of the Conflict between Religion and Science," and a translation from the German of Prof. Oscar Schmidt, on "The Doctrine of Descent and Darwinism." Both volumes are meeting with an extensive sale.

A volume of political reminiscences, from the pen of Earl Russell, entitled "Recollections and Suggestions of Public Life, 1813-1873," is announced as in Messrs. Longmans' press.

The Diary of H. M. the Shah of Persia, during his Tour through Europe in 1873, has just been issued in an English dress, and translated verbatim, with all his Majesty's amusing blunders, &c., which add piquancy to the narrative.

A literary event of philological interest has just happened. We refer to the republication from the German of the best English Grammar extant—that of Prof. Maetzner, which has just been issued, in three large 8vo volumes, from the press of Mr. John Murray, London, and Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. have added to their rapidly extending series of reprints of English fiction, the novel, by Mrs. Lynn Linton, "Patricia Kemball." It is a fairly-written novel of English provincial life, but with nothing *outré* in its incidents or composition that could remind the reader of its being the work of the author of "Joshua Davidson, the Communist."

A curious volume, an exemplification of the fact that among our neighbours "every man is a law unto himself," appears in Mr. Nordhoff's work on "The Communistic Societies of the United States, from personal visits and observations." The volume embraces details as to the creeds, social practices, numbers, industries, and present condition of the various religious communities in the States.

The first volume of Mr. Theodore Martin's "Life of H. R. H. the late Prince Consort," published under the sanction of H. M. the Queen, has just appeared.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, whose contributions to the *Fortnightly Review* are widely known, is compiling a volume of Essays, under the title "Political Problems," chiefly made up, however, of his articles in that Magazine.

A new work from the pen of Principal Dawson, of McGill College, Montreal, on "The Dawn of Life upon the Earth," is announced for publication in England.

Religious controversy and scientific speculation seem to be the disturbing forces *par excellence* of the day. The sale of the two anonymous volumes on "Supernatural Religion," recently published, continues unabated; Mr. John Stuart Mill's posthumous Essays on "Nature, Religion, and Theism," have added to the ferment, and now comes Mr. Gladstone, with his "Vatican Decrees," to set the pot a-seething.

A new and cheaper edition, in 5 crown 8vo. volumes, is announced of Samuel Smiles important work, "The Lives of the Engineers, with an account of their principal works, &c." This biographical compilation, by the author of "Self Help," has been hitherto inaccessible to the readers of his popular works from its high price. The forthcoming re-issue will therefore be of interest to many,

The doctrine of Evolution, in its literary aspects, will shortly find illustration in the forthcoming issue of the ninth edition of our ponderous friend the Encylopædia Britannica. The first volume of the new series, under the editorship of Dr. Thomas Spencer Bayne, we learn is shortly to appear, and the successive instalments may be looked for at the rate of three volumes per annum. The tests which determine the "survival of the fittest," in regard to another Cyclopædia—Chambers'—we learn, have been applied to it, recently, and a re-issue of that work is now being undertaken by the publishers.