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ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

MARCH, 1880.

THE NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT OF CANADA.*

BY J. G. BOURINOT,

The Clerk Assistant of the House of Commons.

I.—POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT.

THE liberal system of government which Canada now enjoys was not the sudden inspiration of some eminent statesman or the issue of the fertile brain of some philosopher, following the example of the illustrious Locke, who devised in his closet an elaborate system of government for South Carolina, in which caciques and landgraves were to represent a colonial nobility. The Constitution of Canada is the practical outcome of the experience of astute statesmen. It has not been won in a decade or two; but is the result of three-quarters of a century of political struggle, during which English statesmen have learned many a valuable lesson in colonial administration. Previous to the American War of Independence, the English Government devoted very little attention to Colonial affairs, and appeared to have no fixed principle of policy with respect to the colonies, except that their trade should be kept as closely as possible in English hands. But when the Thirteen Colonies threw off their allegiance, and took their place among independent nations, the public men who controlled the Government of the Empire, awoke from their lethargy and went to the other extreme of constant interference in colonial affairs. Aroused at last to the importance of colonial administration, the Home Government made every effort to educate the inhabitants of Canada in the way of self-government. The political system which was to make the Canadians a self-governing people was unfortunately from the outset based on erroneous principles, and illustrated an extraordinary ignorance of the wants and necessities of the people whose interests British statesmen professed to have at heart. But it must be admitted that it was very difficult for a British minister, in those days of slow communication, to obtain

* This paper is to be read before the Royal Colonial Institute, London, in the course of the present winter. The writer, however, has left out some of the original matter, necessary to make the subject more intelligible to an English audience, little conversant with Canadian history.

a true insight into the causes of Canadian disputes, and provide some remedies for the discontent that commenced to gain ground in Canada after the war of 1812. The men who should have kept them informed as to the true situation of affairs were not always well chosen in point of political training. The military governors, who were so generally the choice of the Colonial Office, were too choleric and impatient of opposition from 'mere civilians,' and appeared to think restless colonial politicians could be managed like a regiment of soldiers. Obstinate Canadians who did not look at matters through the gubernatorial spectacles were lectured like so many unruly school-boys who did not aptly learn their lessons from the official text-books. If the birch-rod would not be actually applied to a Legislative Assembly, at all events it would be well scolded by a Sir James Craig, when it obstinately asserted its claim to legitimate influence in the government of the colony. But even though their intentions might have been most excellent, the governors were powerless in the face of a constitutional system only calculated to provoke political difficulties. It was inevitable that a system which gave all substantial power into the hands of officials, who owed no responsibility to the people, could only lead to political anarchy, according as the mass of the people understood the true meaning of representative government. British statesmen, for very many years, never could be brought to believe that the 'circumstances' of the colonies admitted the exact reproduction therein of the system of responsible government. And yet the experience of every day illustrated the impossibility of retaining power in the hands of an irresponsible Executive, only supported by a nominated branch, filled with officials, and animated by a desire to impede the legislation of a popular House, which, however factious and overbearing at times, had, at least, reason and justice on its side when it claimed a larger share in the government of the country.

In Lower Canada the gravity of the situation was increased by the progress of national rivalry and animosity; but there, as in other sections of British North America, the existing evils were the natural result of the political system. In all the Provinces, representative government was coupled with an irresponsible Executive; the same constant collision existed between the several branches of the government; the representative bodies, owing to the anomaly of their position, were frequently abusing their power; and the Imperial authorities were ever interfering in the matters which should have been wholly left to the Provincial Governors. Yet, in spite of the numerous facts showing the absurdities and dangers of the constitutional system in operation, the Downing Street authorities were long unable to appreciate the necessity for such a radical change as would give the people an actual share, not a mere semblance of a part, in the government of the country. To suppose that such a system would work well implied a belief that Canadians could enjoy representative institutions for any time without acquiring any of the characteristics of a free people. Unhappily, not till blood was shed in an ill-advised rebellion, did the British Government feel itself compelled to take some practical measures to enquire into the causes of the disaffection. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of the services of Lord Durham during this national crisis. Canada owes him a deep debt of gratitude for a report, remarkable for its fairness, for its clear appreciation of the causes of discontent, and for its wise suggestions of the remedies that ought to be provided. The result was the new Constitution of 1840, under which the Canadas were again united in one legislature, and their constitutional rights considerably enlarged;

but even then, despite the lessons taught them by the past forty years, British statesmen had serious doubts as to the wisdom of granting responsible government, in the full meaning of the term, to the people of Canada. Though Lord John Russell was far from conceding in its entirety the system as understood and contended for by Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Lafontaine, Mr. Howe, and other eminent Canadian statesmen of those days, yet the effect of his policy was to virtually inaugurate responsible government in these colonies. Personal government was practically at an end, from the moment the principle was admitted that the advisers of the Governors should be changed from motives of public policy; and that they should govern in accordance with the well understood wishes of the people. Lord Metcalfe, on the question of patronage, brought himself into collision with his Government, and in order to obtain a majority in support of his views, exerted his personal influence at the elections which followed the crisis; but as it has been well observed elsewhere, the advantage which he then gained, was dearly purchased by the circumstance that the Parliamentary opposition was no longer directed merely against the advisers of the Governor, but against the Governor himself, and the British Government, of which he was the organ. The time had passed when Governors could make themselves the leaders of political parties. The action of Lord Metcalfe in this particular had certainly its effect in settling for ever the principles on which the government of Canada should be conducted. When Lord Elgin was appointed Governor-General of Canada, he received instructions to act generally upon the advice of the Executive Council, and to receive as members of that body those persons who might be pointed out to him as entitled to become so by their possessing the confidence of the Assembly. From that day to this, the representatives of the Queen in this country have consistently adhered to the principles of governing in accordance with the well-understood wishes of the people, as expressed through Parliament. In these later times on the occasion of a very perplexing crisis in the political affairs of Canada, Lord Dufferin well defined the duty of a Governor under the system of government that now prevails in the Dominion.

'My only guiding star in the conduct and maintenance of my official relations with your public men is the Parliament of Canada. . . To those men alone whom the absolute will of the Confederated Parliament of the Dominion may assign to me as my responsible advisers can I give my confidence. Whether they are the heads of this party or that must be a matter of indifference to the Governor-General. So long as they are maintained by Parliament in their positions, so long is he bound to give them his unreserved confidence, to defer to their advice, and loyally to assist them with his counsels.'

The Union of 1841 was, therefore, the commencement of a new era in the political history of British North America—an era during which all the mistakes of the old colonial system were retrieved. For half a century Downing Street had been omnipotent, and literally 'meddled only to muddle;' but with the new condition of things, British statesmen showed an anxiety in the other direction, of only exercising a nominal control over Canadian affairs, and conceding to the Canadians all those measures which they considered necessary for the self-government of the country. After having refused for years an elective Legislative Council to Lower Canada, the British Government granted it without demur to the United Provinces. As a result of the introduction of a liberal system of self-government, municipal institutions spread over the face of the country, and freed the Legislature from a vast amount of parish work, whilst it stimulated the energies of

the people and educated them in public business. School-houses went up in every direction, and it was no longer a subject of reproach that school-masters in many sections could not even teach their pupils to write. The result was, in the course of time, a system of education which is confessedly the most liberal and comprehensive in the world. Steps were taken to establish a Civil Service which can compare favourably with its English prototype, despite the effects of political favoritism and pressure which have a tendency to overcrowd departments and prevent justice being paid to real merit and usefulness.

The policy that prevailed with respect to the colonies previous to the visits of Lord Durham was one of isolation. The statesmen of Great Britain directed all their efforts to govern their colonies by means of division, and to break them down as much as possible into petty isolated communities, incapable of combination, and possessing no sufficient strength for individual resistance to the Empire. The Union of 1841 was the first great measure in the direction of the consolidation of the Empire on the northern half of this Continent. It did its work in stimulating the material progress of the Canadas and educating their public men for a larger condition of public affairs. The necessity of uniting all the Provinces became obvious when the Union of 1841 no longer worked harmoniously on account of sectional difficulties. Upper Canada would not be content with a representation equal to that of Lower Canada, with its smaller population and inferior wealth. Government was at a dead lock when the public men of both parties combined to bring about a Confederation as a solution of the difficulties which otherwise seemed insurmountable. Under this system of Confederation, Canada has reached a political status of the most perfect freedom possible for a colonial dependency. Her control over her local affairs is perfectly unlimited, and from the Island of Cape Breton to the Island of Vancouver her Government at Ottawa rules a Dominion which, if not a nation in name and fact, possesses all the elements of such. The natural aspirations of her public men have been gratified by a wider field of ambition. Not only may the Government at Ottawa appoint and dismiss the Lieutenant-Governors of each Province, but it has the territorial control of a vast region of country, far larger than many European States, and has the power of marking out new provinces and establishing therein a system of government. Responsible government no longer rests on the mere instructions of a Colonial Minister to the Governor-General, but has now virtually all the authority of an Imperial charter. The Central Government of the Empire has handed over to the Canadian Administration the entire management of the internal affairs of the Dominion, and cannot be induced by any pressure from within or without to interfere with its constitutional rights, now resting on so broad and liberal a basis. This adherence to a fixed principle has been very recently illustrated in the case of the somewhat complicated and perplexing constitutional difficulty which has ended in the dismissal of the late Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. The despatch of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach as to the complete control exercised by Canada over all her internal affairs is quite conclusive, and perfectly in accordance with the modern policy of the Imperial Government.

II. Commercial Freedom.

In no respect has the liberal policy of the Parent State towards her colonial dependencies effected so marked and important a change as in Trade and Commerce. Canada was for

many years weighed down by a system which controlled her commercial freedom, and effectually prevented her attaining that commercial expansion to which her natural resources entitled her. In the old days of French dominion, Canada was little better than a military post, whose feeble garrison was condemned to live in a state of perpetual warfare and insecurity, frequently suffering from famine, without any trade except what was monopolised by privileged companies. Under the new régime, and with the influx of a class of settlers whose instincts are all in the direction of commercial enterprise, it was natural that commerce should make a certain progress, which would have been less possible under the French system of colonial government ; but still that progress was more or less trammelled, for many years, not only by the political troubles which resulted from the operation of an erroneous political system, but chiefly by the working of the restrictive commercial policy of the mother country. This policy was a system of restrictions on the imports and exports of the colonies, with the view of keeping their trade and its transport in British hands, as far as practicable. It took many years for English statesmen and economists to see the short-sightedness and tyranny of this policy. Writers of all parties, with a few memorable exceptions, concurred in lauding a policy which was considered the very corner stone of the colonial system in the British Empire. It was not till the principles of free trade began to make some headway in the mother country, and English statesmen saw the necessity of giving to Canadians the free control of their own affairs, that the Navigation Laws were repealed in their entirety, and Canada left free to trade in the manner best calculated to develop her resources.

The Canadian people have now, virtually, control over all matters affecting their Trade and Commerce, and can regulate their fiscal policy solely with a regard to their own necessities. The rights of Canada, in this particular, have always been practically admitted by the British Government, and when, some years ago, they were called in question, they were distinctly and emphatically vindicated by Sir Alexander Galt, then Finance Minister :—

'Self-Government'—we quote from his Report to the Government on the 25th October, 1859,—'would be utterly annihilated if the views of the Imperial Government were to be preferred to those of the people of Canada. It is, therefore, the duty of the present Government distinctly to affirm the right of the Canadian Legislature to adjust the taxation of the people in the way they deem best, even if it should unfortunately happen to meet the disapproval of the Imperial Ministry. Her Majesty cannot be advised to disallow such Acts, unless her advisers are prepared to assume the administration of the affairs of the colony, irrespective of the views of its inhabitants. The Imperial Government are not responsible for the debts and engagements of Canada; they do not maintain its judicial, educational, or civil service ; they contribute nothing to the internal government of the country ; the Provincial Legislature, acting through a Ministry directly responsible to it, has to make provision for all those wants. They must necessarily claim and exercise the widest latitude as to the nature and extent of the burthens to be placed upon the industry of the people."

The broad principle, enunciated in the foregoing State Paper, has never since been questioned, but has been practically acquiesced in by the British Government. We see that very clearly in the case of the Canadian Tariff of 1879, which has been avowedly framed not only to raise a revenue to meet the absolute requirements of the country, but also to develop native manufactures and other interests which, it is claimed, cannot be fostered, except through such fiscal legislation. Whatever may be the effect of this policy—and that is a question which has nothing to do with the present argument—no Minister of the Crown in England

has argued, in or out of Parliament, that Canada has not an undoubted right, under the charter of government she now enjoys, to act as she thinks best in such matters of domestic concern.

The freedom Canada enjoys in the regulation of her home and foreign commerce is very clearly illustrated by her State Papers, which give a history of the various negotiations which have led to the extension of her commercial relations with other countries. In all treaties that may affect Canadian interests, the right of Canada to have a voice in their adoption or rejection, has been distinctly recognised for a quarter of a century. The Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, between the United States and the British North American Provinces, was an important concession made to colonial commerce by the Government of Great Britain, in response to the demands of the colonies. In this case, the Provincial Legislatures were allowed to accept or reject the treaty, as each might deem most expedient. This principle was still more emphatically carried out in the case of the more important Treaty of Washington, where one of the British Commissioners was Sir John A. Macdonald, the Premier of Canada. In the subsequent arrangement of the Fishery Award, in conformity with the provisions of the above treaty, one of the arbitrators was Sir Alexander Galt. The results in these cases have been, on the whole, eminently favourable to Canada, in comparison with former negotiations with the United States, which too-often ended in the injury of the colonies, as the history of the boundary line between Canada and the United States painfully attests.

Equal consideration has been given to Canadian interests on other occasions, when Canadian statesmen have been desirous of enlarging their trade relations with other colonies, even though the result might, to some extent, conflict with the commercial policy of the mother country. In a despatch of the 12th July, 1855, the Imperial policy was laid down in these words:—

'But this policy of freedom for the producer and trader, as well as the consumer, would be seriously affected, if colonial legislatures were to establish differential duties in favour of their own natural productions or manufactures, whether against the British or foreign producer. And a similar violation of the principles of free trade would result, if favour were shown in the legislation of a colony, to one colony over another, by the reduction or total abolition of duties in favour of particular colonies.'

But the principle laid down in this and other despatches since 1850 has been departed from as respects the dependencies of the Crown in British North America. When, in 1860, it was proposed to have free trade between the Provinces, the Lords of the Committee of the Privy Council for Trade recommended that it should be made a condition of the assent of Her Majesty's Government to the proposal in question, that any such exemption from import duty should be equally extended to all similar produce and manufacture of other countries. To this proposed condition Canada took exception, and, after some correspondence on the subject, Her Majesty's Government, in a despatch from the Duke of Newcastle, under date of 5th February, 1861, intimated that they 'had no wish to offer any obstacle to any endeavours which might be made by the respective Provincial Governments to bring about a free commercial intercourse between the North American Provinces.' The policy laid down in that despatch was carried out in 1867, which created a commercial as well as political union between the Provinces. Again, in 1868, by a despatch dated 24th July, to the Governor-General, it is declared that no objection is made 'to the power taken to admit the produce of any of the neighbouring North American Provinces free,' and a Bill, passed by the

Legislature of Prince Edward Island (not then a member of the Union) to admit Canadian flour into that Island duty free, which had passed through the United States, whilst flour produced in the latter country was liable to duty, was assented to after some discussion.

But it must be remarked here, before leaving this branch of the general subject, that so far it has not been possible to extend the same principle of reciprocity with other colonies or foreign countries with which Canada wishes freer commercial intercourse. In 1865, commissioners were sent out to the West Indies, with the object of extending commercial relations between the Provinces and those Southern countries. The Commissioners, whose mission had the approval of the British Government, were distinctly informed in their letter of instructions that 'the Government of Canada would be prepared to recommend to Parliament the reduction or even abolition of any customs duties now levied on the productions of those countries, if corresponding favour were shown to the staples of British North America in their markets.' The mission was abortive, chiefly in consequence of the fact that, as the countries in question do not enjoy responsible government, or are the possessions of foreign powers, it was impossible for Canada to come to any arrangement with their Governments, except through the medium of Great Britain, whose policy for the time being seemed opposed to the movement. At the present time, steps are being taken in a similar direction, and negotiations have been opened up with Spain and other nations, with the sanction of the British Government; and there is every reason to believe that the commercial relations of Canada with other countries will be ere long placed on a more satisfactory basis. It is only a corollary of the present policy of the Parent State towards the Confederation that the interests of the latter should be considered not only in relation to trade with other colonial dependencies, but in the case of all treaties between England and foreign powers. The British Empire should be one in fact as well as in name.

III.—Progress in Population and Wealth.

With this brief and necessarily imperfect summary of the political and commercial progress of Canada under the liberal policy of the Parent State since 1840, we may proceed to consider some of the material results that have been the logical sequence of the political freedom which the Dependency now enjoys. Under the old colonial system, so repressive of national ambition and commercial enterprise, Canada made but little progress in population and wealth. When the new Constitution came into operation in 1792, the total population of British North America did not exceed 175,000 souls, who were mostly French Canadians, living on the banks of the St. Lawrence and its tributary rivers. The total population of what is now the premier Province of Ontario, was only some 20,000. In the years of discontent previous to 1840, the population and trade of the country languished, and in all British North America there were only a million and a quarter of people, of whom at least one-third inhabited Lower Canada. With the Constitution of 1840, commenced a new era of enterprise and progress. The population of the Provinces, now comprising the Dominion, rose to nearly two millions and a half from 1841 to 1851, of whom Ontario could claim a million, or an excess of a hundred thousand souls over the population of Quebec. In 1871 the total population had swollen to three millions and a half, and may be estimated at four millions at the present time, the immigration, owing to the depressed state of trade, having been comparatively insignifi-

cant during the past few years. In 1851 there were only some 8,000,000 acres of land under cultivation, whereas the census of 1870 shows the total acreage occupied then in Canada was some 36,000,000, of which nearly two-thirds was improved. By 1851 the population that now filled the country raised some 16,000,000 bushels of wheat, a production not largely exceeded in subsequent years, as the aggregate yield does not now go beyond 25,000,000 bushels. But from 1851 the people began to turn their attention to other crops, so that the oat crop of 25,000,000 bushels in 1851 rose to 50,000,000 in 1871; potatoes from 15,000,000 bushels to 50,000,000; and barley from 1,500,000 bushels to 12,000,000. The yield of wheat per acre in Ontario is, as a rule, in excess of that of most States of the American Union; and it is said that in the North-West forty bushels is not an unusual return per acre on the rich alluvial lands whose power of production is certainly remarkable.

The revenue, which did not exceed a million of dollars in 1840, rose to $13,000,000 in 1864, and is now some $22,000,000, whilst each Province has a local revenue of its own to meet provincial wants, and a large sum is also annually raised in all the municipal divisions for local purposes. The debt of the country has also equally increased; but this debt, large as it is in the aggregate, instead of representing war and famine, illustrates the energy of enterprise of the people in providing canals, railways and other public works absolutely necessary to the development of the Dominion, and assuming in many cases Imperial importance.

In 1851, the total value of the trade of Canada was not in excess of $60,000,000; but, with the construction of canals and railways, the stimulus that was given by the constant influx of population and capital, the trade, in the course of the next twenty years, assumed magnificent proportions. In 1868-9, the total trade of imports and exports was valued at over $130,000,000, and in 1873 it went beyond $200,000,000; and then Canadian commerce began to recede before that wave of commercial depression which spread over the whole of this continent, until in 1878, the value of the imports and exports in the aggregate did not exceed $172,000,000. Perhaps no statistics more clearly illustrate the material progress of Canada than those which are devoted to the development of her shipping industry, and her railway system. It is the pride of Canada that the people of her Maritime Provinces have that love for the sea which is the natural heritage of the men of the North. The little Province of Nova Scotia owns more shipping in proportion to her population of some 400,000 souls than any other country in the world; and her ships are to be seen in every port to which commerce wings its flight. In 1806 all British North America only owned a total tonnage of 71,943; in 1879, she possesses some 1,350,000 tons register, representing some 7,470 vessels, valued at $40,000,000, and entitling her to rank with Norway as a mercantile power, after England and the United States. The value of the ships sold last year was over a million of dollars, but a small sum, however, compared with some years ago, when there was a greater demand for wooden ships. The tonnage engaged, inwards and outwards, between Canada and foreign ports, reached 12,054,890 tons, and adding the tonnage employed in the coasting trade, we have a total of 23,100,000 tons required for the trade of Canada—an aggregate only surpassed by the British Isles and the United States.

The era of railway construction in Canada dates from 1850. In 1847 there were only some 40 miles in operation, whilst in 1867, they had been lengthened to 2,253. At the present time there are some 7,000 miles of rails

laid, and over 1000 under construction. The Intercolonial and Grand Trunk Railways furnish an uninterrupted line of communication from Sarnia to Halifax, with many feeders to its trade joining it at important points. That gigantic national project, the Canada Pacific Railway, is at last making steady progress; and before half a decade passes away, the locomotive will not be far from the base of the Rocky Mountains. As it passes over the fertile region of the Great North West, watered by the Red, Saskatchewan, and Peace Rivers, a stream of population must necessarily obey the law which forces it to follow railway progress in a new country. Already a large city is growing up on the banks of the Red River, and immigrants can now reach it by continuous railway communication from Halifax or Quebec. The posts of the Hudson's Bay Company of Adventurers are no longer the sole representatives of civilization in what was once called with truth the 'Great Lone Land'; but settlements of enterprising farmers are already fighting with the wilderness far in advance of the railway.

> 'I hear the tread of pioneers,
> Of nations yet to be,
> The first low wash of human waves,
> Where soon shall roll a sea.'

IV.—The Future Destiny of Canada.

The Dominion possesses in the St. Lawrence a great natural artery, to which her enterprising neighbour cannot offer a rival; and it is inevitable that sooner or later the bulk of western products will find its way to Europe through the river with its splendid system of canals, which so admirably illustrate the enterprise of Canada. The Dominion, too, has ports on her eastern seaboard, open at all seasons, and nearer to Europe than any of the American harbours; and the time is not probably far distant when the great Atlantic entrepot of Canadian trade will be the port of Louisbourg, which once played so important a part in the conflict between England and France for supremacy in America. The fisheries of the Maritime Provinces are the object of the envy of the New England States, whilst her mineral resources of coal and iron on the Atlantic and Pacific Coast open up to her a great commercial future. In the North West there is a grain-producing region to be developed, beyond any now possessed by the United States. All these are the elements of a prosperous nation, whose population in a few decades must be continuous from Ontario to Vancouver. The future destiny of such a country is a question which might well attract the attention of political writers and economists. It may be said that speculation on such a subject cannot lead to any profitable conclusion; but certainly it requires no gift of prophetic foresight to see that the time must, sooner or later, come when the relations between the Parent State and Canada will be arranged on some more substantial basis. Three destinies are obviously open to Canada—Annexation, Independence, or Consolidation into the Empire. Absorption into the United States is a question which need hardly be discussed now-a-days. In old times it had its advocates, especially before the Union of 1840, when Canadians looked across the border and saw a prosperous, progressive people enjoying liberal institutions, and their natural corollaries of widely-diffused education and ever advancing commerce, whilst Canada was labouring under the disadvantages of a system which repressed all the free instincts of a people anxiously desiring self-government and that opportunity of expansion which it would give to their energies. In later times, the very free intercourse which the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 created between the two peoples, especially between New England and the

Maritime Provinces, was doubtless preparing the way, very insidiously, but not the less surely, to more intimate relations; and a similar result would assuredly arise from some such Zollverein as has had a few advocates of recent years. But in these times there is not even a fragment of an annexation party in this country, for the rash, impetuous spirits who now and then advocate it represent no party. The progress that has been made since 1867 in consolidating and developing the Dominion has naturally stimulated the pride of Canadians in their own country, and though they are prepared to do full justice to the greatness and enterprise of the Republic to their south, they do not by any means link their political fortunes together in the future, but prefer to believe that, in the work of civilizing the continent, they have each their allotted task to perform in friendly emulation, and in the consciousness that, in the vast unsettled regions which both possess, there is ample scope for the energy and industry of two peoples, sprung from the same races, and animated by the same love for free institutions.

As respects Independence, it is more probable than the destiny just discussed; but at present it cannot assume any practical shape, though the idea may obtain with the ambitious youth of the country that the time must come when Canada will have a place in the community of nations. It is true, her wealth and resources are already greater than those of several independent states on the two continents, which have their diplomatic agents abroad, and a certain influence and weight in the affairs of the world. It is true, a mere colonial system, though it has its comforts and freedom from responsibilities, has also its tendency to cramp intellectual development, and to stamp colonists as inferior to those who control directly the affairs of nations. But whatever the future has in store for them, Canadians of the present day are too wise to allow their ambition to run away with their common sense, and precipitate them into the endless expense and complications which would be the logical sequence were they to be dazzled by the glamour of Canadian nationality.

The idea of a Consolidation of the Empire is undoubtedly grand in its conception, though very difficult, certainly, in its realization. The idea has, by no means, originated with the present generation of political thinkers. Pownall, Shirley, and Otis, famous men of the old colonial times, believed that such a scheme, if carried out, would strengthen the Empire. One of the most eloquent of Canadian statesmen, the late Joseph Howe, some thirty years ago, gave utterance in a magnificent address to the feelings that animated Canadians when they looked around at isolated colonies whose interests were becoming more jarring and separate as time rolled on.

> 'What we require,' I quote one paragraph from his speech on the Organization of the Empire, 'is union with the Empire; an investiture with the rights and dignity of British citizenship. . . The millions who inhabit the British Isles must make some provision for the people who live beyond the narrow seas. They may rule the barbarous tribes who do not speak their language or share their civilization by the sword; but they can only rule or retain such provinces as are to be found in North America, by drawing their sympathies around a common centre—by giving them an interest in the army, the navy, the diplomacy, the administration, and the legislation of the Empire.'

Burke once said, when discussing this question—*Opposuit Natura*, 'I cannot remove the eternal barriers of the creation,' though, it must be remembered, he did not absolutely assert the impracticability of colonial representation in the Imperial Parliament. But it cannot be said towards the close of the nineteenth century that Nature interposes barriers to the

accomplishment of the idea. Electricity and steam have annihilated time and distance, while the enterprise of the press and the diffusion of political intelligence among all classes enable colonists in Australia and Canada, as well as Englishmen, or Scotchmen, or Irishmen in the British Isles, to understand and discuss intelligently all the great issues that interest England and her Colonial Empire. No one can question the ability of Australians or Canadians, educated as they are in parliamentary government, to take an intelligent and effective part in the councils of the Empire; the only difficulty that suggests itself is how they can be best brought into those councils.

The present relations between the mother-country and her dependencies, are certainly anomalous and inconsistent. The union between them is, to a great extent, purely sentimental in its character. Canada owns allegiance to one sovereign, accepts her accredited representative with every demonstration of respectful loyalty, and acknowledges her imperial obligations by sustaining a militia at her own expense, and offering some regiments in a time of imperial emergency. In all other respects, however, Canada virtually occupies the position of an independent state, without its onerous responsibilities; for she can frame her tariff, and even fix her militia expenses solely with regard to Canadian interests. On the other hand, England makes treaties with France or Spain or other countries, solely with a regard to her own commerce, and may to-morrow, in pursuance of some policy of her own, draw the whole empire into war, and though Canadians must be affected more or less by the results, they have no opportunity of expressing their approval or disapproval of that policy. Their trade may suffer, their cities and towns may be destroyed, in the progress of a conflict which, in its origin, had no interest for them as colonists, and though in the future as in the past, they will cheerfully bear their full share of the responsibilities resting on them as the people of a dependency, yet all the while they must feel that their position is one of decided inferiority, compared with that of the people of England, who can alone control the destinies of the empire in matters of such supreme moment. It may be said, that England has hitherto borne the burthen of the labour and the expense necessary to enable the colonies to arrive at manhood, and that it is their turn now to take their share in the heat and toil of the day, and relieve the old parent somewhat in the present; but it will hardly be urged, because Canada has grown to maturity, she must continue to be practically a mere infant in the management of the affairs of the great family of which she forms a part, and is to keep up the family friendships and feuds, without having an opportunity of putting in a word now and then, on the one side or the other.

In several respects certainly, the interests of the whole empire ought to be identical. It is assuredly anomalous that each section of the empire should have a fiscal policy quite distinct from that of every other section —that the defensive system of Canada should be considered without reference to the necessities of Scotland, or any other part of the empire.

The necessities of the Parent State have driven millions of people during the last half century to seek new homes in America, but only a small proportion of this population has actually settled in Canada. A writer in an English Review has recently pointed out the dangers that must accrue to England from the policy of indifference which allows this emigration to settle in foreign countries. He calculates that England has *annually*, for over sixty years, made the United States a present of nearly $100,000,000, and proceeds to show that it is only under a system of Imperial Federation that this stream of emigration can be di-

verted into a channel which will bring wealth and power to the Parent State, instead of carrying off the elements of national prosperity to enrich foreign powers, or build up new nations who will be her rivals in the future. At the present time, the statesmen of Canada are opening up to civilization a vast wilderness in the north-west, capable of giving bread to many millions, and are using their best efforts to connect that vast region with the railway system of the continent. A project like this cannot be considered as purely colonial in its conception and results. On the contrary, the construction of a Canadian Pacific Railway must have a remarkable effect on the destiny of the Empire in America; for it will carry along with it the elements of wealth, open up a road to China and Japan through British territory, and give continuity and stability to a new nationality stretching from ocean to ocean, whose future career can only be controlled by some generous and far-sighted Imperial policy in the present, which will bring the Parent State and the dependency immediately together in the closest possible union, not merely of sentiment, but of self interest.

The isolation of one section of the Empire from the other is the inevitable sequence of the present condition of things. The colonies may unite with one another for their own political and commercial purposes; but whilst such consolidation may be most advantageous to them, it can only tend to the disintegration of the Empire in the future, by making colonial interests more and more distinct from those of the Empire at large. These premises being granted—and it is impossible to see how they can be denied—the question will naturally arise as to the best means of bringing Colonial and Imperial interests into the closest harmony. How is it possible to bring together into an Imperial Federation so many diverse interests as are represented by the colonial dependencies of Great Britain? One Parliament for the Empire, composed of representatives from all sections, would be, in the opinion of most persons, more or less a political Babel. But it might not be impossible to devise a system which would enable those dependencies now enjoying parliamentary institutions to be represented in a general council of the nation. If the Federal principle could be applied to all those sections of the Empire, where such a system would be susceptible of practical application, and a Federal Parliament could be organized to deal with all great questions of peace and war, of commerce and trade, and such other matters as might affect the Empire as a whole, whilst the internal affairs of the British Isles and of each dependency would be arranged in local legislatures; then there would be a British Empire in reality as well as in name.* Or, if so grand an idea is never to be realized—and no doubt the difficulties in the way are very great—is it not possible for the genius and wisdom of the statesmen of the Empire to devise a means of giving, at least, Imperial unity in matters of commerce, defence, and emigration.

Already is the idea of a change in the relations between the different parts of the Empire gaining ground both in the colonies and England, and before many years pass away we may see the commencement of a movement in the direction of so grand a scheme. The statesmen of the mother country will be probably the first to move in this matter. The people of the Canadian Dominion are now busily engaged in carrying on the great work of internal consolidation and development of which Confederation was the beginning; and the question of Federation of the Empire in Canada as in Great Britain has not assumed a practical shape, but is still the theme of

* Since the above was written, a writer in the *Westminster Review* advocates, at some length, the application of the Federal principle to the Empire.

discussion in pamphlets and periodicals. Yet no one will be so bold as to say that the question may not, even in our own day—before a new century dawns upon us—enter the domain of practical politics. The history of modern times tells us that the measures which are mere subjects of theoretical discussion to-day become facts to-morrow. The brief review given in this paper of the constitutional changes that have taken place in Canada within three-quarters of a century proves that the force of circumstances frequently carries public men in a direction which they did not contemplate at the outset. British statesmen were actually hurried into the concession of responsible government by a combination of events which proved to them that representative institutions were practically *effete* without such a concession. The Union of the Provinces for years was discussed in Parliament and in the press; but it never assumed a practical shape until the political difficulties of Canada forced her public men to seek a solution in a Confederation. So it may be with this question of the Federation of Great Britain and her dependencies. The necessities of the Empire may, at last, bring this momentous question into the arena of practical discussion, and give it form and shape. In the meantime, however, the colonial dependencies must persevere in their work of national development in that spirit of courageous enterprise which their people inherit from the parent races, and in the hope that when the time comes for them to take a place among the nations, that place will be found, not one of isolation from the Parent State, but one of more intimate connection, which will elevate them above the humble, subordinate part they now play, and give them their true rank in that noble theatre of action which the Empire at large should offer to all its sons, whether they live in the 'old home' or in the colonial communities which encircle the globe.

SONNET.

'TIS sweet to think that for our losses dire
 There cometh ever some excelling gain,
And after fate, with strong-avenging ire,
Has to us brought new agonies of pain,
There will be brighter visions ; we shall reign
Triumphant, throned over sullen days,
And in our van life's lofty glory-fire
Will blaze unwearied, flame eternal praise.
Love doth not fall, but to be well restored.
First baffled, he is sheltered from his craze,
Anon the later years shall hail him lord ;
Those grander-rolling emphases of time
Move forward, all controlled, with one accord,
And crown him with their harmony sublime.

MONTREAL. —*C. W. R*

A ROMANCE OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

BY FRED. TRAVERS.

I.

ONE morning in May, when London about the parks was looking its fairest, I was pacing the platform of the Great Portland Street Station of the Underground Railway.

Above me was the vaulted roof of glass and iron with the rumble of drays and busses; news stalls were at my side; passengers waiting for the train were meeting and passing me; at either end of the station were the black mouths of the tunnel, with lights twinkling like stars in their depths, and the distant buzz of the approaching engine.

Nearer and nearer came the train. The engine shot from the tunnel, like a shell from a mortar, and came whizzing into the station, as if it would fly past into the darkness beyond, but was arrested by the powerful force of the air-brakes.

Thirty doors flew open; the carriages discharged and took in their living freight in thirty-five seconds; the porters slammed the door; the guard waved his green flag, and, with a shriek, we were off into the tunnel. When I had time to look about me, I found we were two in a first-class carriage—by the door, myself, and opposite, in the middle seat, as fair a vision as eyes ever looked upon.

She was a fair-haired, blue-eyed English girl, with pure honest face and rosy cheeks, as if fanned by the breezes of the Wiltshire downs, or the sea at Margate.

She sat with the ease and self-possession of one accustomed to travel alone, and with that quiet dignity which indicates a power to repel any unwelcome advances on the part of a stranger.

These mental notes had hardly been made when, with a shriek, we dashed into another station. 'Edgeware Road!' shouted the guard. There was the same opening and slamming of doors, the same waving of the green flag, and we were off again, with a third occupant in the carriage. He was a slight man, with pale face and dark sunken eyes, wore a grey shooting coat, and looked like a returned Indian officer — one of those men who come back with diseased livers and moderate fortunes, to end their days at Bath or Cheltenham.

His manner was nervous and excited, and I noticed that from his seat among the cushions in the corner he cast, from time to time, furtive glances at my fellow-passenger above the pages of the *Times* which he was reading, as well as might be, by the light of the one flittering gas jet. Praed Street station was passed without adding to our company, and, in the next stretch of tunnel, the train slackened speed and came to a standstill. What could be wrong? All the accidents which had occurred in the last fortnight flashed through my mind. Were we to be overtaken and telescoped by the next train which might already be in the tunnel?

I jumped up and looked out of the window. The next moment I heard a shriek from my companion, followed by 'witch'—'vampire'—from the man in grey.

I turned and saw that he was a

raving maniac. He had clasped her by the throat, and was trying to choke her, while her beautiful blue eyes, as she resisted with all her strength, were turned to me with an imploring look.

In a tunnel, in a railway carriage, with a madman!

What a situation!

I threw myself upon him with an energy inspired by the beauty and helplessness of the girl before me. I tore his hands from her neck, and released the head which had already commenced to blacken in his grasp. But my interference with his plans seemed to give him the fury of a tiger, and as we fell together on the floor of the carriage, I knew it was a struggle for life or death.

His strength, notwithstanding his appearance, was as great as mine, though I hoped that my endurance would prove greater. We each strained every nerve and muscle for the mastery, and we alternately gained and lost the slightest advantage. Hours of suspense seemed to be compressed into the minute (for I suppose it was not more) that the train stood motionless. Would it ever move on? All the results of the madman overcoming me flashed with terrible distinctness upon my mind—the grief of my mother and sister whom I was then on my way to see, having reached London the night before after five years' residence in Canada; the breaking-up of my newly established business; the end of my earthly hopes and plans; but above all the fate of the beautiful girl for whom I already felt the passion of love. At last the train moved on, and, as if realizing that his time for vengeance was short, the maniac redoubled his exertions.

Writhing and twisting and turning, with hands seeking each other's throats, and gasping for breath, we still maintained the struggle when the train dashed into Bayswater station. The door of our carriage was thrown open. 'Guard!' 'Guard!' called a clear voice, as our fellow-passenger stepped out upon the platform, and the next minute I was released from my most uncomfortable position.

Later, the man in grey was marched off between two policemen, after I had explained the circumstances, and had given my name and address in case I should be required at the investigation.

The train had gone on, and we had five or six minutes to wait for the next, when we took our places in another carriage.

During the rest of our journey she thanked me in warm and grateful terms for the service I had rendered her, and left me at South Kensington station. In the run between that and St. James' Park, I remembered that I had failed to learn even her name or abode. She was lost in the great world of London.

II.

Lounging about the Park in May, when the geraniums fill the shapely beds in the lawn, and the finest of England's horses are in the Row in the morning, and coronetted carriages throng the drive in the afternoon, is pleasant diversion after a long exile.

Sauntering along Piccadilly or Regent Street, or, catalogue in hand, searching out the hits in the Academy or the new arrivals in the Zoo, and, in the evening, listening to Patti or Albani at Covent Garden, or Nilsson at Drury Lane, ought to make one feel supremely satisfied with London and with life.

But when there is with it all the vision of one face, and the expectation of seeing it somewhere in the throng, and when that expectation is always being disappointed, life becomes very monotonous and weary.

I revisited all the old haunts, climbed up into the great golden ball on the top of St. Paul's, and felt it vibrate with my weight; listened to

the sweet voices of the choristers at five o'clock even-song; took passage at Westminster Bridge on a penny steamer for the tower; followed a crowd of sight-seers through that ancient prison and modern arsenal, and heard the old woman drone out her description of the Crown Jewels.

Hampton Court and Windsor were visited in turn. The palace-prison of Charles I., with the beautiful trees and river, or the stately Berkshire Castle, failed to excite more than a passing interest.

The picture-galleries of the one, and the State apartments of the other, were passed through as in a dream. My mind wandered back to the dark tunnel, the struggle with the madman, and the beautiful but unknown girl whom I had rescued, and whose face haunted but eluded me like a phantom.

Sometimes I fancied I saw her before me in the Park and hurried forward to find I was deceived; sometimes I thought I detected her figure in a distant room at the Academy, or her face in a private box at the opera, but was always mistaken.

A dozen times I travelled over the same route, at the same hour in the morning, thinking duty or pleasure might call her the same way. But no, search proved useless, and as the summer waned away I was beginning to forget her.

III.

The first week in November I was travelling through the valley of the Stroud, one of the loveliest parts of Gloucestershire. It was a dull day and travelling rather slow, as our train stopped at every station; but I found no little amusement in watching the porters at the different stations, and the different passengers who arrived or departed, and the degree of deference shown to each as he travelled first, second, or third class.

The portly rector, or the squire whose liveried footman was waiting to take his valise, and whose carriage stood at the gate, the high-bred horses champing their bits, and impatient to be off, received the most flattering tokens of respect; while the poor curate was treated with only common civility, and the bluff farmer was not noticed.

I had almost dozed off to sleep amid the comfortable cushions of the carriage, when we stopped at a small way-station. A lady got out of a carriage behind mine, and as she passed into the station followed by a porter with her bag, I recognised my unknown *inamorata*.

The train was in motion again. No time was to be lost. I seized my valise and jumped upon the platform as the train swept on.

As I reached the station a carriage drove off from the outer door.

'Whose carriage is that?' I asked of the porter who took my valise.

'Major Chesley's, the Squire of Banton.'

'And how far is Banton?'

'Four miles.'

'Was that Miss Chesley?'

'Yes, sir, and a fine young lady she is. Everyone loves her in these parts.'

'Where can I get a fly?'

'At the Dragon, a few steps up the road.'

Following the directions of the obliging porter, I secured a fly at the inn, and was soon *en route* for Banton.

On the way I had time to think, and the more I thought the more ludicrous appeared my position.

What was I to do when I got to Banton? I might ask to see Miss Chesley, and make a formal call. I might put up at the village inn, under pretence of sketching or fishing in the neighbourhood, and trust to finding opportunities of meeting her.

But no, these modes of courtship did not suit me. I determined on a *coup d'état*.

'Drive to the Hall,' I called out to the flyman.

We passed through a high iron gate,

swept through a park of stately beeches, with herds of fallow deer knee deep in fern and bracken, and drew up before a fine Elizabethan house.

My ring was answered by a portly butler, grown grey in the service of the Chesleys.

'Is Major Chesley at home?' I inquired.

'Yes, sir,' he replied, and led the way through a hall, with polished oaken floor, knocked at a door, and announced my name as he ushered me into the library.

I found myself face to face with a bright, genial-looking man, who was standing toasting his back before the fire.

I plunged at once *in medias res*, related the story of my first meeting with his daughter, my love for her, the search, and how I chanced that day to travel with her and to trace her home. I apologised for my abrupt declaration of my passion, and said I had come to explain my present position—my prospects—and to ask him to favour my suit.

'Well, this is amusing!' he exclaimed, with a hearty laugh; 'but you're evidently in earnest, and as you probably saved her life, you have the best right to her, if you can win her love.'

My financial statement was satisfactory. 'I was once in Canada and am much attached to it,' he said. 'I am a thorough Liberal, and have not the slightest objection to your being in business; so all you have to do is to win Hilda's love, and then, I think, you'll have your hands full. I'll speak to her, and see how she feels towards you.'

Excusing himself he left me, racked with anxious thought as to my fate, and pacing to and fro. I heard his returning footstep at the door, and wakened as from a dream.

His face bore an amused expression. 'Hilda, of course, remembers the assistance you rendered her in the railway-carriage,' he said; but she has not thought of you except as a kind stranger, and has even forgotten your personal appearance.'

'I am afraid, then, my fate is sealed?'

'I am afraid so, too,' he replied; 'but I tell you what I'll do. We commence shooting the pheasants to-morrow. I expect four or five men to help us, and if you'll stay and join our party, you'll be heartily welcome. I am under a lasting obligation to you, and Hilda feels at least gratitude.'

What could I do but accept so generous an invitation?

I became a guest at Chesley Hall. I met Hilda in the drawing-room, and had the honour of taking her in to dinner.

I stayed and shot, and did my share of slaughter among the pheasants. The party broke up in a few days, but still by invitation I stayed on. There was no doubt of Hilda's love for me now, and one evening, when the air was as warm as spring, as we walked beneath the beeches, I put my fate to the test.

'Yes, I will go anywhere with you through the wide world.'

We are to be married after Christmas, and our wedding-tour will be my return trip to Canada. There we shall live for a while; but when my uncle, old Darley, shuffles off this mortal coil, I shall come in for an estate in Wiltshire only second to Chesley Hall.

Then we must return to the green fields and hedges of 'Merrie England.'

FEDERATION, ANNEXATION, OR INDEPENDENCE?

BY GRANVILLE C. CUNINGHAM, TORONTO.

INDICATIONS are not wanting that the discussion of the above question, with regard to Canada, will ere long be brought within the domain of practical politics. Hitherto the matter has been relegated more to the arena of debating societies and magazine articles; but gradually the people of the country are being aroused to the fact that the question is to them one of prime and vital importance, and one which insists upon being answered. People are beginning to see more clearly every day, that the position in which this country at present stands to the rest of the world, is not a permanent position: that the growth and expansion of the country, in wealth, population, and territorial control, must be accompanied by a corresponding growth and expansion of the political system: that the voiceless submission to a supreme Governmental authority, though adapted to the governing of a small colony, is yet unsuited to the requirements of a vast and important country. When Canada has become a great nation, as before many years she will, we in Canada must have our due and proper voice in the direction of the supreme affairs of that nation; and in what way that voice will be best heard; what scheme of governing will best maintain the integrity of the nation, give effect to the will of the people, and further the material well-being of all will be the answer to the question we have before us. Shall we have an Imperial Federation of the British Empire, with all parts of the Empire represented in one Imperial Parliament? or shall we have annexation to the United States, with representation in the Congress at Washington? or, shall we have Canadian Independence, with our own Chief Executive officer, and our own supreme Parliament? Which? The current of events is rapidly drifting us towards one or the other of these three positions, and ultimately—perhaps sooner than many think—one or the other we must assume. As a final resting-place, there can be no intermediate position. Federation, Annexation, or Independence: which shall it be?

And first a few words to point out how the growth and development of this country must necessitate a change in the present system of governing. It may be considered in different aspects. Let us see how we stand at present in regard to war.

If England were to go to war to-morrow with any of the Great Powers of Europe, how would this affect Canada? It is evident that Canada, as a part of the British Empire, would become at once an object of attack for the power with which England was at war. It would at once be necessary for us out here to put our army upon a war footing; to fortify and protect our seaports; and to have everything in readiness to repel an attack which might be made at any moment. While England, on the one hand, could obtain no support, as a matter of right, from Canada; while she would be unable to call upon a Canadian army to assist her in the field; while Canada, on the other hand, could derive no honour or glory from the war; while she could reap no benefit from it, yet would Canada require to incur all the

heavy expense necessitated by modern warfare, in order to protect herself against possible and probable attack; in order to guard her ports from invasion; and this not from any desire of her own to take part in the war, or from any *a priori* reason why she should take part in it, but simply because she is a portion of the British Empire. It would be difficult to conceive a position more injurious to the well-being of any country than this. It is no answer that hitherto Canada has felt no ill effect from this condition of things. During the last European war in which England was engaged, Canada was not of sufficient importance to be worth attacking. Now, however, the seizing of Ottawa, the sacking of Montreal or Toronto, would be a ready and convenient means of raising funds to meet the wants of the battle-field. In the event of England's being dragged into a European war, it would of necessity follow that Canada would have to be placed on a war footing; and this, be it remembered, without yielding moral or material support to England, but merely in order to protect herself against possible invasion. Already men in this country can foresee the injurious consequences of such a position; but what will the danger be when Canada has increased to a country with a population of ten or twenty millions? Would it be possible to tolerate a voiceless submission to this state of affairs? I think not.

Again, let us consider the question of the treaty-making power.

Canada, as a colony, has no power to make treaties with foreign nations. Treaties can be made only by the Imperial authorities, and the only recognized official channel through which Canadian interests can be represented is the Governor General in correspondence with the Colonial Secretary. No matter how much, no matter how deeply, the interests of Canada may be involved, the supreme chamber in which the treaty is ratified, is a chamber in which Canada has no voice. As the country grows and develops, it cannot be otherwise but that this condition of things must be found injurious, and unsuited to the wants of the people. Already attention has been directed to this matter, as militating against the interests of the country, and if this is felt to be the case now, how much more will it be the case when the country has doubled or trebled in wealth and population? Long ere that growth has been attained, it will have been found imperatively necessary that Canada should have a voice in the matters concerning her supreme legislation. The material well-being of the country would demand the requisite changes in the political system. However strong the ties of affection and sentiment may be, if these ties should become shackles, weighing heavily upon the nation, they must, in the course of time, be removed.

There is yet a third consideration which will exhibit the necessity for a proper share in the supreme legislation of the country as the Dominion grows in national importance. I allude to the right to confer naturalization upon foreigners, and to afford protection to them when abroad.

As matters stand at present, when a foreigner comes to settle in Canada, he becomes naturalized so far as Canada is concerned, that is to say, he obtains all the rights and privileges which his English or Canadian neighbour enjoys: he can vote at elections, is eligible for any civic or Parliamentary position; is capable of holding any Government appointment, and is liable to military service in Canada—but he is *not a British subject.* Canada, being merely a colony, has no power to confer imperial citizenship upon foreigners settling in her country; she has no power to pledge the protection of England to strangers who come to live in her territory. The consequence is, that our German settler, whenever he leaves Canadian territory, ceases to have any British national standing

whatever. If he were to revisit 'Fatherland' on a summer's excursion, he could be immediately drafted by the German authorities to perform military duty. Any appeal to the British Consul would be fruitless: he is not a British subject. No matter how long he may have resided in Canada—no matter what oath of allegiance he may have taken—no matter how he may have become incorporated with the political institutions of the country—he yet remains in the national code a subject of Germany. Whenever he leaves Canadian territory, he finds that he has no national standing; he finds that there is no person or power out of Canada to whom he can appeal for aid in distress, or protection from injury. British consuls would not recognise him as a British subject; Canadian consuls—there are none, and can be none so long as the country occupies the position of a mere colony.

It scarcely needs to be pointed out how such a condition of things must militate against the material prosperity and national growth of a country. Apart from the undignified position in which it places its people among the nations of the world, one has only to reflect upon the effect it must have on any foreigner when selecting a place to which to emigrate, to see that it must greatly check the stream of emigration to the country, or divert it to other places. It cannot be otherwise but that a German, understanding this position of affairs, and understanding, at the same time, that upon going to the United States he would be immediately admitted into the full rights of citizenship, and afforded the protection of the United States Government wherever he might go, would be strongly, and not without reason, induced to accept the United States as the land of his adoption, rather than Canada. In the battle for emigrants this must be a powerful weapon in the hands of the United States agents.

I think the impartial consideration of these three positions of the question will convince any one that the political status of Canada is not a permanent one; that the national growth of the country must be accompanied by a growth and expansion of political control; and that in time the material well-being of the country, as well as the national instincts, will require that Canada should have a voice in the matters affecting her supreme legislation. If Canada is liable to be drawn into expensive and bloody wars, then must she have a voice in approving or disapproving of these wars. If the commercial prosperity of Canada depends largely upon the making of treaties with foreign countries, then must she have a voice in drawing up and ratifying those treaties. If the growth of the population of Canada depends largely upon the stream of foreign immigration attracted to her shores, then must she have a proper position accorded to her, in order to be able to protect and guard these settlers. It would be contrary to the teachings of history, contrary to the genius of human nature, and contrary to the dictates of common sense, to imagine that Canada—no matter what growth or development she may attain to—must ever remain in a position of voiceless submission to England in matters affecting her supreme legislation. In the nature of things a change must occur, perhaps, at no very distant date, and it would be wise to be prepared for it, and to endeavour to foresee what change would be best.

We may see beforehand what in a general way the nature of that change must be. In order to obviate the difficulties and anomalies seen under the three foregoing aspects, the change cannot be in the direction of a further expansion of the Colonial System. Already we, as colonists, have more uncontrolled action than is quite compatible with the stability of a permanent empire. An expansion of the Colonial System could not meet

the difficulties. No further rights of self-government here could free us from the dangers incidental to an English war. Any declaration of neutrality would be disregarded by belligerent powers, unless it were a simple declaration of independence. As long as Canada remained a colony of Britain, so long would she be liable to attack. And the only way to satisfy the conditions of the problem, the only way in which Canada could obtain a proper voice in the discussion of war questions, would either be by incorporation with, or separation from, England.

Again in the making of treaties it would be impossible that Canada, while in the position of a colony, could have the right to draw up and ratify treaties with foreign powers independently of England. In the first place, as a colony she could have no means of enforcing the observance of any treaty she might make, and it would be quite unreasonable to expect that England could be bound by, or undertake to enforce, treaties which she had no voice in making. If Canada must have a voice in the making of treaties it can only be obtained by incorporation with, or by separation from, England.

Thus, also, with the naturalization of foreigners. It is unreasonable to suppose that Canada, as a colony, could be accorded the right to pledge the protection of England to foreigners settling in her territory. England can, under the Colonial system, exert no control or supervision over a matter transacted within Canadian territory, and it would be unreasonable to expect that she would consent to make herself responsible for subjects over whom she has no control; that she would put it in the power of any colony to prepare for her innumerable troublesome questions of international rights, while the colony itself derived all the benefits from the settler and bore none of the difficulties. At the same time, also, a colony could not appoint consuls for foreign places to watch over the interests of her people —consuls, at least, who would be recognised or have any weight with foreign powers—without having the right to treat with these foreign powers and to support the action of her consuls; and this would necessitate separation from England. In order that Canada may have the proper position and rights accorded to her people, they must either be British subjects with the complete union existing between Canada and England that this would infer, or they must be Canadian subjects with separation from England.

I do not think that, ultimately, there can be any alternative position that would satisfy the requirements of the case. When a certain stage in national growth has been reached, the change indicated must necessarily be brought about. If Federal union with England, with complete incorporation in the British Empire be not adopted, then the only other course open is separation from England, and with separation we have the alternative of annexation to the United States or Independence. It behoves everyone, therefore, who has the interest of this country at heart to consider well and dispassionately which of these three conditions will be most beneficial, which will ultimately secure the most stable form of government, and which will be most likely to ensure peace and security to the nation. It is the intuitive perception of the anomalies under which we live that has given life to recent discussion. With the growth of the country these anomalies must ever become more apparent; and ere long the question as to what change must be effected will press more vehemently for an answer. It will be *the* question of the day before which all others will be dwarfed. It would be well, therefore, by full discussion of the matter, to endeavour to turn the current of public opinion into channels that will finally lead to the best results, and by as complete an under-

standing of the case as possible to arrive at the true solution of the problem.

Federal union with England implies a Federation of the British Empire; for, of course, the same forces which affect and influence Canada, equally affect and influence all the large Colonial possessions of England. In dealing with the question, then, it will be best to deal with it in the larger form of Federation of the Empire.

This Federation would necessitate the formation of an Imperial Parliament in which all parts of the Empire would be represented, in a manner similar to the Confederation system with which we are familiar in Canada. In this Imperial Parliament would be formulated and discussed measures of Imperial concern. Local affairs would be left to the consideration of local parliaments as we now have in Canada, but all the great Imperial questions of peace and war, treaties, international relations, &c., would become the peculiar province of the Imperial House. In order to carry out the Federal system in its entirety there would of necessity be established local parliaments for the management of local British affairs, perhaps one for England and Scotland and one for Ireland. In this manner the local questions, which at present clog the machinery of the Parliament at Westminster, would be got rid of and the questions presented for the consideration of the Imperial House would be only those in which a representative from Canada would have as much interest as a representative from Scotland. Canadian members of the Imperial House would be elected in Canada as we at present elect our members for the Ottawa Parliament. Of course the representation would have to be somewhat on the basis of population, with the understanding that as the population of this country increased, a somewhat proportionate increase in the number of representatives would be accorded. The total number of members in the Imperial House might at first be 300, distributed somewhat as follows:

England	180
Scotland	25
Ireland	45
Colonies	50
	300

Of the 50 Colonial members 20 should at first be the number allotted Canada and Newfoundland. *

Under some such system as this, we can see that the requirements of the case would be satisfied. The British Empire would then become one compact and homogeneous whole. Each part of the Empire would have its proper voice in the matters affecting it; and though 20 representatives may not be a large number, yet they would be sufficient to represent the Imperial interests of this country in its present size, and with the country's growth the number would be increased. With the adoption of this scheme we have the nucleus of a political system, round which, in time, would grow the mightiest Empire the world has ever seen.

Under this system it is true that we would not be free from the dangers of war—indeed so long as war exists no political system would secure to any country immunity from it—but there would be this great difference, that whereas now we have entailed upon us all the miseries and expense of a British war without giving any moral or material support to England, we would then, in combination with England and the rest of the colonies, form such a powerful organization that the probabilities of war would be greatly decreased. The strength of union could not be better exemplified than under such an example as the present. An Empire consisting of a union of England and her col-

* For a fuller discussion of this, together with the Income and Expenditure of the Empire under Federation, see the "Westminster Review" for October, 1879.

onies, even at the present time, would be the most powerful in the world, and the rapid growth of the colonial portions of the Empire would soon place it in a position of unassailable strength. With our representatives in the Imperial House we would not then be in our present condition of passive helplessness. We could take our due share in moulding the policy of the Empire and the opinions of this country would be properly represented.

And so, too, with regard to the making of treaties. The wants and requirements of each part of the Empire would be duly put forward and discussed. Any particular clause bearing upon Canada would be dwelt upon by the Canadian members and discussed in open House, and information and advice at once afforded instead of, as at present, having to be given through intricate and hidden official channels. Canada would be accorded her proper voice in the matter and could make her interests and requirements known.

Again, with regard to the naturalization of foreigners settled in a colony. Under a Federation of the Empire the consuls of England would also be the consuls for all colonial subjects. A German naturalized in Canada would be as much a British subject as a German naturalized in England. It would be the material and direct advantage of England to encourage foreign immigration to the outlying portions of the Empire, as such settlers would be a source of strength and wealth to it; and further, the position of Canada as forming an integral part of the Empire would be properly recognised throughout the world.

Under the financial aspect, the gain to Canada—and to every colony—would be great and certain. The cost of government would be reduced and the government obtained would be more certain and secure than any other. The development and growth of every colony would be more rapid than at present by reason of the stream of British and foreign emigration being directed to the colonial parts of the Empire rather than to a foreign country. Under Imperial Federation, when the growth and development of each part would directly enrich and strengthen the whole, it would be so clearly to the advantage of England to populate the outlying portions of the Empire that it would become a prime duty to encourage and assist emigrants to go there, and relieve those parts of the Empire that are over-crowded.

Under the commercial aspect the gain would be very great. Already manufacturers in England are beginning to see that the independent legislative powers of the colonies may be used—and are being used—to close up the markets for manufactured goods. Canadians have recently been taught—and the majority of them seem to believe—that their commercial prosperity depends upon their artificially enhancing the price of the manufactured articles that they use. They have been taught that the importation of cheap manufactured articles from England, instead of being a benefit, is one of the chief causes of commercial distress. The consequence is that Canada has been persuaded to legislate in no uncertain manner against British goods, and the immediate effect of this is to narrow the channels of British trade with the prospect of a still greater narrowing in the future. As England is dependent upon outside countries for fully one-half of the food she consumes, and as she is dependent on outside countries for a market for her goods, it is evidently to her a matter of life and death that she may be able to continue to trade with other countries. She must continue to purchase food and if she is prevented by artificial restraints from selling her manufactures, a period of commercial distress such as she has not hitherto known lies before her. The perception of these conditions has given life

to a scheme* recently propounded by a number of English manufacturers, by which it is proposed that England should discriminate in favour of food products imported from her colonies by admitting them free, while placing a duty on those imported from foreign countries; the colonies, at the same time, reciprocating by admitting British manufactures at a purely revenue tariff. Whether such a scheme as this is practically workable, without a larger and more complete union, may be doubtful; but the promulgation of it, at least, shews the growing need that is felt for some commercial union between England and her colonies as being a necessity to British trade. A commercial union would require a unity of action in regard to tariffs. If England placed a duty upon certain articles coming from foreign countries, Canada would have to impose a similar duty, or otherwise these articles could be imported through Canada and thus avoid the English duty, and *vice versa*. This commercial union then would necessitate, to a great extent at least, a similar fiscal policy throughout the Empire. No changes in the policy could be made in one part of the Empire without affecting every other part. Fiscal uniformity would necessitate a central governing body to direct and assimilate its policy; and this body to be in harmony with the various parts of the Empire could only be a representative body elected by the people; such an one, in fact, as I have described as the new Imperial Parliament.

A federation of the British Empire seems to meet the reciprocal wants and needs of England and her colonies. By it Canada would obtain that voice in the matters of her supreme legislation which must ultimately be a necessity to her, while England would have the necessary control over her Canadian subjects. The unsettled lands of Canada offer homes for the thousands of Great Britain, who are annually driven out by the ever-increasing pressure of population; while the stream of immigration, increased and directed by Imperial power, is the fertilising influence that is required to build up Canadian wealth and prosperity. The great wheat-growing lands of the colonial possessions are capable of supplying food to the millions of the British Isles, while their development and peopling would afford an ever-growing market for the manufactures of England. This, as I conceive it, is the true 'National Policy'—a policy in which the people of England are not less interested than are the people of Canada—a policy which would reciprocally confer strength, wealth, and happiness. Does it not seem that we in Canada would do well to bend our energies towards the carrying out of this policy? Would it not be our highest wisdom to endeavour to establish such a political system as that this country, as it grows, will ultimately become an integral part of the British Empire? —ultimately, perhaps, the greatest part. The chief weakness of the colonial system of England is that it provides nothing for the growth of the national spirit in her colonies. A colony—no matter how small it may be, or how great it may become—still remains to England a colony. For the small as for the great, the only recognised official channel of communication is through the Governor in correspondence with the Colonial Secretary; the only representation of colonial interests in the Imperial House is in the person of the Colonial Secretary. As pointed out before, such representation as this utterly fails to give the colony a proper voice in legislation affecting it. As the national spirit of the country grows—as the country becomes wealthy and populous—it is absolutely necessary that she should have a voice in her supreme legislation. Would any one

* The details of this scheme were recently ublished in the Toronto *Mail*.

affirm that, had the war of independence never taken place, the vast colony forming now the United States, with over fifty million inhabitants, could hold the position to England that Canada does without voice in the chief matters of legislation? The bare statement shows the impossibility of the colonial position as a permanency. Long ere the present size of the United States had been attained, the necessity for representation or separation must have arisen. And so it must be with Canada; the day will come when the national necessities will require either representation or separation. Not that this separation will be *a priori* caused by want of loyalty to England; the sentiment of love to England is strong in this country; but when the material interests of the country necessitate that she should have a voice in the chief legislation, then, if that sentiment cannot receive its highest gratification by federal union with England, that sentiment must be sacrificed to the material interests. There can be no logical escape from this conclusion. The necessity may not arise this year, nor next, nor even ten years hence, but *ultimately* it must arise.

Before leaving this part of the subject, I would wish to point out a collateral advantage that would accrue to England from the adoption of the federal system.

We are all of us pretty familiar with the Irish question. Though we may not sympathise with Mr. Parnell in the course he is taking in preaching but slightly-modified communism; yet there are substantial Irish grievances which justify discontent. Important among these is the want of power to legislate upon their own local affairs, and a very slight acquaintance with the heterogeneous mass of legislation undertaken by Parliament at Westminster will convince any one that it is impossible for that body properly to deal with, or even to understand, all the local matters brought before it. The cry for Home Rule is the outcome of a popular necessity. But Home Rule, under the present political system, is an impossibility. If granted, it would mean the dismemberment of the United Kingdom; for it would be impossible to grant a Parliament for Ireland, and yet retain Irish members at Westminster, so long as the English Parliament continued to legislate upon English and Scotch local affairs. But Home Rule under a federation of the Empire would follow as naturally as that we here have Home Rule in each of our various Provinces. While in the Imperial House every part of the Empire would be represented, and thus a proper hold and control secured over each part of the Empire, yet each part would have its local Parliament for the management and control of local affairs. Would not this be an immense boon, not only to Ireland, but also to England?

Though the benefit resulting to England and her colonies from a Federal Union are immense, and scarcely to be overestimated; yet we cannot be blind to the fact that there would be great difficulties in the way of securing this. Not the least among these would be the stubborn resistance of the English people to change, in the political system, simply because it was change. Though a federation of the Empire is now favourably viewed by many of the leading men in England in various classes in life; though it could be shown to be most productive of beneficial results to both England and her colonies under various aspects; yet it must be a considerable time before the arguments in its favour have sufficiently permeated society to become a moving force in any political action. In the present state of public opinion, no political leader could adopt 'Federation of the Empire' as the watch-word of his party. Perhaps, too, before this proper understanding had been reached, the forces at work in Canada would have advised separa-

tion from England as the readier and better way of bringing about the desired political change. How would this affect us?

With separation from England, we have two possible modes of government presenting themselves—Annexation and Independence.

Putting aside for the nonce, all feelings of loyalty and sentiment, would Annexation to the United States give us a better and more stable form of government than Federal Union with England? At the very outset, the government of the United States is less democratic than that under which we live. There the ministry is less amenable to the will of the people than with us. There the heads of the various departments, having no seats in Congress, are not liable personally to be called upon to explain to Congress, and through it to the people, the design of their official acts. A President might select as one of his Cabinet a man who was objectionable to the people, and they would have no opportunity of vetoing that selection as we have, in an analogous instance, in the excellent provision of causing a minister to stand for re-election by his constituency before being confirmed in office. The Government of the United States is essentially the government of an oligarchy rather than the government of the people.

Even at the present time we see, in both Congress and the Senate, that the democratic party are in the majority; while the President and ministry are of the republican party. In other words, that the country is governed by the party of the minority: the government of the day is not the expression of the voice of the majority of the people. Such an anomaly would be utterly impossible under the political system of England. There the Government must always be supported by a majority of the people; and no Sovereign could carry on the government for a day, if opposed by a majority of the representatives of the people.

Again we are familiar with the difficulties that occur in the election of the President; how this election is controlled and affected by a thousand corrupt influences; how the malpractices of various returning boards are the subject of wearisome and expensive law suits; how the President thus elected is rather the representative of the superior sharpness and unscrupulousness of 'the party,' than of the voice of the majority of the people. And the muddy waves of one Presidential election have scarcely subsided, before the time arrives for another troubling of the political waters. The system of the annual election of judges, sheriffs, and other important officials, is such also as cannot commend itself to our views; it opens the door wide to corruption, and acts as a stimulus to the maladministration of justice. Many men in the United States acknowledge and deplore these defects; while they confess themselves unable to remove them. Is there anything in this, that we should prefer it to the purer and freer government under the crown of England? The United States as a nation possesses many grand qualities; but it cannot be maintained that their form of government is as good as that which we enjoy.

What would we gain under the trade aspect of the case might also be asked? The high tariff would cut us off from the cheap manufactures of England; while by far the greater part of our farm produce would not be increased at all in value. We would have to pay more for what we used, and get the same for what we sold. This would help to increase the wealth of a few manufacturers, but the great mass of the people would be poorer.

Again, would we be better if Independent? In this condition we might hope to be numbered among the fifth-rate powers of the earth, constantly overshadowed by our mightier neighbour. If our annexation were an object to the United States Government, this country would be the theatre of

constant political intrigues. If the United States had no such object in view, we might move along in quiet obscurity. Our influence would be but small in any foreign Court, and our national importance would be infinitely less than if we were an integral part of the British Empire. Any Independence, on the other hand, that looks to commercial union with the United States as the good to be effected, would be but short-lived. With this country independent, and such a commercial union in force, it would be but a question of a very few years, perhaps months, before our final absorption into the States would ensue. A commercial union that would permit an interchange of manufactures (and our manufacturers would submit to nothing less) could only be possible under a tariff, as against foreign countries, which was the same for both the United States and Canada

Our tariff would, practically, be made for us by the Congress at Washington, and any changes Congress suggested would have to be adopted at once in Canada, or otherwise the commercial union would be at an end. We would, in this case, be in the position of having to submit to a tariff which we had no voice in making. Such a condition of things could not be borne with for long, and there would arise the demand for representation in Congress; and this could only be effected by Annexation. Independence, therefore, with a commercial union with the States as its outcome—and it is this form of Independence that seems to be most favoured by those who write and speak on the subject—is merely Annexation in a slightly deferred form; and in considering the matter it would be well to keep this view constantly before us.

A calm and careful consideration of the subject will, I think, lead one to believe that the grandest future for this country, both nationally and commercially, lies in Federal Union with England. It is a union that would strengthen and enrich both countries, and can be shewn to be as vitally important for England as for Canada. The consummation of such a union as this, however, is not a work that can be easily or quickly effected. The growth of the colonial portion of the Empire has been so rapid within the last fifty years that, to the great mass of Englishmen, these countries have not yet taken form or position in the political field. The average notion of what Canada is differs but slightly from the notion of what she was fifty years ago; whereas, in reality, the Canada of to-day, and the Canada of the past, are two vastly different countries. Then British North America was but a collection of small and poor colonies, content to be colonies, and with scarcely a thought even of self-government. Now, the Dominion of Canada is a vast country, stretching from ocean to ocean, containing within its bounds a rapidly growing population of energetic and hardy men. Formerly all the energies of the people were absorbed in overcoming the difficulties and hardships incidental to the first settling of the country; the mere struggle for existence affording ample employment for their activities. Now, the national instincts, which are inherent in all men of Anglo Saxon descent, begin to make themselves felt; the national pulse begins to beat full and strong; and national feelings which cannot be disregarded, come into being. It is the disregard, or the ignorance, of this development of national feeling in her colonies that forms the capital weakness of England's Colonial Policy. The growth of this national feeling is only a question of time in any or all of the colonies, and the policy of governing which does not take account of this; does not accept this as a factor in the political calculation; does not provide for the satisfaction of this feeling, is a policy which must ultimately fail by its own incompleteness.

As a reflex of this English opinion

we have in Canada a considerable number of people who believe that the present political condition of this country is such as to require no change; people who argue that because the colonial condition has been in the past the most suitable for the requirements of the country, that therefore it must continue to be the most suitable in the future, no matter what may be the internal changes in the country or the development that may take place in her population. These people ignore or deny the growth of the national feeling and practically assert that a vast population may be found in which this feeling is non-existent. If such a population there could be, it certainly is not a population composed of men of Anglo-Saxon descent, inheriting the glorious traditions of the race, and in whom the principles of political freedom and political combination are the moving powers in all actions. For this class of the community such an article as the present must always appear as so much labour wasted: the mere discussion of the matter is futile, for no change can ever be requisite. Though they cannot be deaf to the opinions that are expressed both publicly and privately around them, yet they would assert that these opinions are not the outcome of any logical necessity, but only the mutterings of unreasoning discontent. Such, however, is not the case. The national spirit is a force which sooner or later makes itself practically felt in our politics, and they who are animated by a spirit of loyalty to our Queen, those who value British connection as our highest good and dearest birthright, should, instead of attempting to stifle the discussions that are rising among us, endeavour to guide them towards Federal Union with England as being our ultimate goal. He who denies that any change in our political system is necessary is not the most loyal to his Queen; but rather he who, while pointing out the necessity for this change, will lend all his energies to the attainment of Federal Union with England. The discussion of these matters will increase among us; it has its roots in a real need and not in any ephemeral condition of things. It is the duty of every one, in his own sphere of action, not to attempt to stem the current of these opinions; but so to divert it that it will set towards Federal Union with England rather than toward Annexation or Independence. This union should be the goal to which all our endeavours tend; it should be the final condition of every colony, the completion of our political system. Though the difficulties in the way of its attainment are great, they are by no means insuperable, and a unity of action on our part would rapidly overcome them. An object such as this is one that should enlist the sympathies of Canadians of all shades of politics. Federation of the Empire is a rallying cry which should gather all men of loyal feelings, and its consummation would secure to Canada the greatest national good. It would ensure to us the most stable form of government, the greatest immunity from war, the most rapid development of population, and the most far-reaching commercial prosperity. It is the true political destiny of this country.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE capricious influences which combine to make us happy are never so certain to be absent influences as when we are foolish enough to talk about them. Amelius had talked about them. When he and Sally left the cottage, the road which led them away from the park was also the road which led them past a church. The influences of happiness left them at the church door.

Rows of carriages were in waiting; hundreds of idle people were assembled about the church steps; the thunderous music of the organ rolled out through the open doors—a grand wedding, with choral service, was in course of celebration. Sally begged Amelius to take her in to see it. They tried the front entrance, and found it impossible to get through the crowd. A side entrance, and a fee to a verger, succeeded better. They obtained space enough to stand on, with a view of the altar.

The bride was a tall buxom girl, splendidly dressed: she performed her part in the ceremony with the most unruffled composure. The bridegroom exhibited an instructive spectacle of aged Nature, sustained by Art. His hair, his complexion, his teeth, his breast, his shoulders, and his legs, showed what the wig-maker, the valet, the dentist, the tailor, and the hosier can do for a rich old man, who wishes to present a juvenile appearance while he is buying a young wife. No less than three clergymen were present conducting the sale. The demeanour of the rich congregation was worthy of the glorious bygone of the Golden Calf. So far as could be judged by appearances, one old lady, in a pew close to the place at which Amelius and Sally were standing, seemed to be the only person present who was not favourably impressed by the ceremony.

'I call it disgraceful,' the old lady remarked to a charming young person seated next to her.

But the charming young person—being the legitimate product of the present time—had no more sympathy with questions of sentiment than a Hottentot. 'How can you talk so, grandmamma!' she rejoined. 'He has twenty thousand a year—and that lucky girl will be mistress of the most splendid house in London.'

'I don't care,' the old lady persisted, 'it's not the less a disgrace to everybody concerned in it. There is many a poor friendless creature, driven by hunger to the streets, who has a better claim to our sympathy than that shameless girl, selling herself in the house of God! I'll wait for you in the carriage—I won't see any more of it.'

Sally touched Amelius. 'Take me out!' she whispered faintly.

He supposed that the heat in the church had been too much for her. 'Are you better now?' he asked, when they got into the open air.

She held fast by his arm. 'Let's get farther away,' she said. 'That lady is coming after us—I don't want her to see me again. I am one of the creatures she talked about. Is the mark of the streets on me, after all you have done to rub it out?'

The wild misery in her words presented another development of her character which was entirely new to

Amelius. 'My dear child,' he remonstrated, 'you distress me when you talk in that way. God knows the life you were leading when I met with you was through no fault of yours. Forget it in the life you are leading now.'

But Sally's mind was still full of its own acutely-painful sense of what the lady had said. 'I saw her,' she burst out—'I saw her look at me while she spoke.'

'And she thought you better worth looking at than the bride—and quite right, too,' Amelius rejoined. 'Come, come, Sally, be like yourself! You don't want to make me unhappy about you, I am sure?'

He had taken the right way with her: she felt that simple appeal, and asked his pardon with all the old charm in her manner and her voice. For the moment, she was 'Simple Sally' again. They walked on in silence. When they had lost sight of the church, Amelius felt her hand beginning to tremble on his arm. A mingled expression of tenderness and anxiety showed itself in her blue eyes as they looked up at him. 'I am thinking of something else now,' she said; 'I am thinking of You. May I ask you something?'

Amelius smiled. The smile was not reflected as usual in Sally's face. 'It's nothing particular,' she exclaimed, in an odd hurried way; 'the church put it into my head. You—' she hesitated, and tried it under another form. 'Will you be married yourself, Amelius, one of these days?'

He did his best to evade the question. 'I am not rich, Sally, like the old gentleman we have just seen.'

Her eyes turned away from him; she sighed softly to herself. 'You will be married some day,' she said. 'Will you do one kind thing more for me, Amelius, when I die? You remember my reading in the newspaper of the new invention for burning the dead—and my asking you about it. You said you thought it was better than burying, and you had a good mind to leave directions to be burnt instead of buried, when your time came. When *my* time has come, will you leave other directions about yourself, if I ask you?'

'My dear, you are talking in a very strange way! If you will have it that I am to be married some day, what has that to do with your death?'

'It doesn't matter, Amelius. When I have nothing left to live for, I suppose it's as likely as not I may die. Will you tell them to bury me in some quiet place, away from London, where there are very few graves. And when you leave your directions, don't say you are to be burnt. Say—when you have lived a long, long life, and enjoyed all the happiness you have deserved so well—say you are to be buried, and your grave is to be near mine. I should like to think of the same trees shading us, and the same flowers growing over us. No! don't tell me I'm talking strangely again—I can't bear it; I want you to humour me and be kind to me about this. Do you mind going home? I'm feeling a little tired—and I know I'm poor company for you to-day.'

The talk flagged at dinner-time, though Toff did his best to keep it going.

In the evening, the excellent Frenchman made an effort to cheer the two young people. He came in confidentially with his fiddle, and said he had a favour to ask. 'I possess some knowledge, sir, of the delightful art of dancing. Might I teach young Miss to dance? You see, if I may venture to say so, the other lessons—O, most useful, most important, the other lessons! but they are just a little serious. Something to relieve her mind, sir—if you will forgive me for mentioning it. I plead for innocent gaiety—let us dance!'

He played a few notes on the fiddle, and placed his right foot in position, and waited amiably to begin. Sally thanked him, and made the excuse

that she was tired. She wished Amelius good-night, without waiting until they were alone together—and, for the first time, without giving him the customary kiss.

Toff waited until she had gone, and approached his master on tiptoe, with a low bow.

'May I take the liberty of expressing an opinion, sir? A young girl who rejects the remedy of the fiddle, presents a case of extreme gravity. Don't despair, sir! It is my pride and pleasure to be never at a loss, where your interests are concerned. This is, I think, a matter for the ministrations of a woman. If you have confidence in my wife, I venture to suggest a visit from Madame Toff.'

He discreetly retired, and left his master to think about it.

The time passed—and Amelius was still thinking, and still as far as ever from arriving at a conclusion, when he heard a door opened behind him. Sally crossed the room before be could rise from his chair: her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were bright, her hair fell loose over her shoulders—she dropped at his feet, and hid her face on his knees. 'I'm an ungrateful wretch?' she burst out; 'I never kissed you when I said good-night.'

With the best intentions, Amelius took the worst possible way of composing her—he treated her troubles lightly. 'Perhaps you forgot it?' he said.

She lifted her head and looked at him with the tears in her eyes. 'I'm bad enough,' she answered; 'but not not so bad as that, O, don't laugh! there's nothing to laugh at. Have you done with liking me? Are you angry with me for behaving so badly all day, and bidding you good-night as if you were Toff? You sha'n't be angry with me!' She jumped up, and sat on his knee, and put her arms round his neck. 'I haven't been to bed,' she whispered; 'I was too miserable to go to sleep. I don't know what's been the matter with me to-day. I seem to be losing the little sense I ever had. Don't you know that I would die for you, I am so fond of you—and yet I've had bitter thoughts, as if I was a burden to you, and I had done a wrong thing in coming here—and you would have told me so, only you pitied the poor wretch who had nowhere else to go.' She tightened her hold round his neck and laid her burning cheek against his face. 'O Amelius, my heart is sore! Kiss me, and say, Good-night, Sally!'

He was young—he was a man—for a moment he lost his self-control; he kissed her as he had never kissed her yet.

Then, he remembered; he recovered himself; he put her gently away from him, and led her to the door of her room, and closed it on her in silence. For a little while, he waited alone. The interval over, he rang for Toff.

'Do you think your wife would take Miss Sally as an apprentice?' he asked.

Toff looked astonished. 'Whatever you wish, sir, my wife will do. Her knowledge of the art of dressmaking is—' Words failed him to express his wife's immense capacity as a dressmaker. He kissed his hand in mute enthusiasm, and blew the kiss in the direction of Madame Toff's establishment. 'However,' he proceeded, 'I ought to tell you one thing, sir, the business is small, small, very small. But we are all in the hands of Providence—the business will improve, one day.' He lifted his shoulders and lifted his eyebrows, and looked perfectly satisfied with his wife's prospects.

'I will go and speak to Madame Toff myself, to-morrow morning,' Amelius resumed. 'It's quite possible that I may be obliged to leave London for a little while—and I must provide in some way for Miss Sally. Don't say a word about it to her yet, Toff; and don't look miserable. If I go away, I shall take you away with me. Good-night.'

Toff, with his handkerchief half way

to his eyes, recovered his native cheerfulness. 'I am invariably sick at sea, sir,' he said; 'but no matter, I will attend you to the uttermost ends of the earth.'

So honest Amelius planned his way of escape from the critical position in which he found himself. He went to his bed, troubled by anxieties which kept him waking for many weary hours. Where was he to go to, when he left Sally? If he could have known what had happened, on that very day, on the other side of the Channel, he might have decided (in spite of the obstacle of Mr. Farnaby) on surprising Regina by a visit to Paris.

CHAPTER XL.

On the morning when Amelius and Sally (in London) entered the church to look at the wedding, Rufus (in Paris) went to the Champs Elysées to take a walk.

He had advanced half way up the magnificent avenue, when he saw Regina for the second time; taking her daily drive, with an elderly woman in attendance on her. Rufus took off his hat again, perfectly impenetrable to the cold reception which he had already experienced. Greatly to his surprise, Regina not only returned his salute, but stopped the carriage and beckoned to him to speak to her. Looking at her more closely, he perceived signs of suffering in her face which completely altered her expression as he remembered it. Her magnificent eyes were dim and red; she had lost her rich colour; her voice trembled as she spoke to him.

'Have you a few minutes to spare?' she asked.

'The whole day, if you like, Miss,' Rufus answered.

She turned to the woman who accompanied her. 'Wait here for me, Elizabeth; I have something to say to this gentleman.'

With those words, she got out of the carriage. Rufus offered her his arm. She put her hand in it as readily as if they had been old friends. 'Let us take one of the side paths,' she said; 'they are almost deserted at this time of day. I am afraid I surprise you very much. I can only trust to your kindness to forgive me for passing you without notice the last time we met. Perhaps it may be some excuse for me that I am in great trouble. It is just possible you may be able to relieve my mind. I believe you know I am engaged to be married?'

Rufus looked at her with a sudden expression of interest. 'Is this about Amelius?' he asked.

She answered him almost inaudibly —'Yes.'

Rufus still kept his eyes fixed on her. 'I don't wish to say anything rude, Miss,' he explained; 'but, if you have any complaint to make of Amelius, I should take it as a favour if would look me straight in the face, and mention it plainly.'

In the embarrassment which troubled Regina at that moment, he had preferred the two requests of all others with which it was most impossible for her to comply. She still looked obstinately on the ground; and, instead of speaking of Amelius, she diverged to the subject of Mr. Farnaby's illness.

'I am staying in Paris with my uncle,' she said. 'He has had a long illness; but he is strong enough now to speak to me of things that have been on his mind for some time past. He has so surprised me; he has made me so miserable about Amelius——' She paused, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. Rufus said nothing to console her—he waited doggedly until she was ready to go on. 'You know Amelius well,' she resumed; 'you are fond of him; you believe in him, don't you? Do you think he is capable of behaving basely to any person who trusts him? Is it likely, is it possible

he could be false and cruel to Me?'

The mere question roused the indignation of Rufus, 'Whoever said that of him, Miss, told you a lie! I answer for my boy as I answer for myself.'

She looked at him at last, with a sudden expression of relief. 'I said so too,' she rejoined; 'I said some enemy had slandered him. My uncle won't tell me who it is. He positively forbids me to write to Amelius; he tells me I must never see Amelius again—he is going to write and break off the engagement. O, it's too cruel, too cruel!'

Thus far they had been walking on slowly. But now Rufus stopped, determined to make her speak plainly.

'Take a word of advice from me, Miss,' he said. 'Never trust anybody by halves. There's nothing I'm not ready to do, to set this matter right; but I must know what I'm about first. What's said against Amelius? Out with it, no matter what 'tis! I'm old enough to be your father; and I feel for you accordingly—I do.'

The thorough sincerity of tone and manner which accompanied those words had its effect. Regina blushed and trembled—but she spoke out.

'My uncle says Amelius has disgraced himself, and insulted me; my uncle says there is a person—a girl living with him—' She stopped, with a faint cry of alarm. Her hand still resting on the arm of Rufus, felt him start as the allusion to the girl passed her lips. 'You have heard of it?' she cried. 'O, God help me, it's true!'

'True?' Rufus repeated, with stern contempt. 'What's come to you? Haven't I told you already, it's a lie? I'll swear to it, Amelius is true to you. Will that do? No? You're an obstinate one, Miss—that you are. Well! it's due to the boy that I should set him right with you, if words will do it. You know how he's been brought up at Tadmor? Bear that in mind—and now you shall have the truth of it, on the word of an honest man.'

Without further preface, he told her how Amelius had met with Sally; insisting strongly on the motives of pure humanity by which his friend had been actuated. Regina listened with an obstinate expression of distrust which would have discouraged most men. Rufus persisted, nevertheless; and, to some extent at least, succeeded in producing the right impression. When he reached the close of the narrative—when he asserted that he had himself seen Amelius confide the girl unreservedly to the care of a lady who was a dear and valued friend of his own; and when he declared that there had been no after-meeting between them and no written correspondence—then, at last, Regina owned that he had not encouraged her to trust in the honour of Amelius, without reason to justify him. But, even under these circumstances, there was a residue of suspicion still left in her mind. She asked for the name of the lady to whose benevolent assistance Amelius had been indebted. Rufus took out one of his cards, and wrote Mrs. Payson's name and address on it.

'Your nature, my dear, is not quite so confiding as I could have wished to see it,' he said, quietly handing her the card. 'But we can't change our natures—can we? And you're not bound to believe a man like me, without witnesses to back him. Write to Mrs. Payson, and make your mind easy. And, while we are about it, tell me where I can telegraph to you to-morrow—I'm off to London by the night mail.'

'Do you mean you are going to see Amelius?'

'That is so. I'm too fond of Amelius to let this trouble rest where 'tis now. I've been away from him, here in Paris, for some little time—and you may tell me (and quite right too) I can't answer for what may have been going on in my absence. No! now we are about it, we'll have it out.

I mean to see Amelius and see Mrs. Payson to-morrow morning. Just tell your uncle to hold his hand before he breaks off your marriage, and wait for a telegram from me. Well? and this is your address, is it? I know the hotel. A nice look-out on the Twillery Gardens—but a bad cellar of wine as I hear. I'm at the Grand Hotel myself, if there's anything else that troubles you before evening. Now, I look at you again, I reckon there's something more to be said, if you'll only let it find its way to your tongue. No; it ain't thanks. We'll take the gratitude for granted, and get to what's behind it. There's your carriage—and the good lady looks tired of waiting. Well, now?'

'It's only one thing,' Regina acknowledged, with her eyes on the ground again. 'Perhaps, when you go to London, you may see the—'

'The girl?'

'Yes.'

'It's not likely. Say I do see her—what then?'

Regina's colour began to show itself again. 'If you do see her,' she said, 'I beg and entreat you won't speak of *me* in her hearing. I should die of the shame of it, if she thought herself asked to give him up out of pity for me. Promise I am not to be brought forward; promise you won't ever mention my having spoken to you about it. On your word of honour!'

Rufus gave her his promise, without showing any hesitation, or making any remark. But when she shook hands with him, on returning to the carriage, he held her hand for a moment. 'Please to excuse me, Miss, if I ask one question,' he said, in tones too low to be heard by any other person. 'Are you really fond of Amelius?'

'I am surprised you should doubt it,' she answered; 'I am more—much more than fond of him!'

Rufus handed her silently into the carriage. 'Fond of him, are you?' he thought, as he walked away by himself. 'I reckon it's a sort of fondness that don't wear well, and won't stand washing.'

CHAPTER XLI.

EARLY next morning, Rufus rang at the cottage gate.

'Well, Mr. Frenchman, and how do *you* get along? And how's Amelius?'

Toff, standing before the gate answered with the utmost respect, but showed no inclination to let the visitor in.

'Amelius has his intervals of laziness,' Rufus proceeded; 'I bet he's in bed?'

'My young master was up and dressed an hour ago, sir—he has just gone out.'

'That is so, is it? Well, I'll wait till he comes back.' He pushed by Toff, and walked into the cottage. 'Your foreign ceremonies are clean thrown away on me,' he said, as Toff tried to stop him in the hall. 'I'm an American savage; and I'm used up with travelling all night. Here's a little order for you: whisky, bitters, lemon and ice—I'll take a cocktail in the library.' Toff made a last desperate effort to get between the visitor and the door. 'I beg your pardon, sir, a thousand times; I must most respectfully entreat you to wait—' Before he could explain himself, Rufus (with the most perfect good-humour) pulled the old man out of his way. 'What's troubling this venerable creature's mind?' he inquired of himself; 'does he think I don't know my way in?' He opened the library door, and found himself face to face with Sally.

She had risen from her chair, hearing voices outside, and hesitating whether to leave the room or not. They confronted each other, on either side of the table, in silent dismay. For once Rufus was so completely bewildered, that he took refuge in his customary form of greeting before he was aware of it himself.

'How do you find yourself, Miss! I take pleasure in renewing our acquaintance—Thunder! that's not it; I reckon I'm off my head. Do me the favour, young woman, to forget every word I've said to you. If any mortal creature had told me I should find you here, I should have said 'twas a lie—and I should have been the liar. That makes a man feel bad, I can tell you. No! Don't slide off, if you please, into the next room—*that* won't set things things right, nohow. Sit you down again. Now I'm here, I have something to say. I'll speak first to Mr. Frenchman. Listen to this, old sir. If I happen to want a witness standing in the doorway, I'll ring the bell; for the present, I can do without you. Bong Shewer, as we say in your country.' He proceeded to shut the door on Toff and his remonstrances. 'I protest, sir, against acts of violence unworthy of a gentleman!' cried Toff, struggling to get back again. 'Be as angry as you please in the kitchen,' Rufus answered, persisting in closing the door; 'I won't have a noise up here. If you know where your master is, go and fetch him—and the sooner the better.' He turned back to Sally, and surveyed her for a while in terrible silence. She was afraid to look at him; her eyes were on the book which she had been reading when he came in. 'You look to me,' Rufus remarked, 'as if you had been settled here for a time. Never mind your book now; you can go back to your reading, after we've had a word or two together, first.' He reached out his long arm, and pulled the book to his own side of the table. Sally innocently silenced him for the second time. He opened the book, and discovered—The New Testament.

'It's my lesson, if you please, sir. I'm to learn it where the pencil mark is, before Amelius comes back.' She offered her poor little explanation, trembling with terror. In spite of himself, Rufus began to look at her, a little less sternly.

'So you call him "Amelius," do you?' he said. 'I note that, Miss, as an unfavourable sign to begin with. How long, if you please, has Amelius turned school-marm, for your young ladyship's benefit? Don't you understand? Well, you're not the only inhabitant of Great Britain who don't understand the English language. I'll put it plainer. When I last saw Amelius, you were learning your lessons at the Home. What ill-wind, Miss, blew you in here? Did Amelius fetch you, or did you come of your own accord, without waiting to be whistled for?' He spoke coarsely, but not ill-humouredly. Sally's pretty downcast face was pleading with him for mercy, and (as he felt with supreme contempt for himself) was not altogether pleading in vain. 'If I guessed that you ran away from the Home,' he resumed, 'should I guess right?'

She answered with a sudden accession of confidence. 'Don't blame Amelius,' she said; 'I did run away. I couldn't live without him.'

'You don't know how you can live, young one, till you've tried the experiment. Well, and what did they do at the Home! Did they send after you, to fetch you back?'

'They wouldn't take me back—they sent my clothes here after me.'

'Ah, those were the rules, I reckon. I begin to see my way to the end of it now. Amelius gave you house-room?'

She looked at him proudly. 'He gave me a room of my own,' she said.

His next question was the exact repetition of the question which he had put to Regina in Paris. The only variety was in the answer that he received.

'Are you fond of Amelius?'

'I would die for him!'

Rufus had hitherto spoken, standing. He now took a chair.

'If Amelius had not been brought up at Tadmor,' he said; 'I should take my hat, and wish you good-morning. As things are, a word more may

be a word in season. Your lessons here seem to have agreed with you, Miss. You're a different sort of girl to what you were when I last saw you.'

She surprised him by receiving that remark in silence. The colour left her face. She sighed bitterly. The sigh puzzled Rufus; he held his opinion of her in suspense, until he had heard more.

'You said just now you would die for Amelius,' he went on, eyeing her attentively. 'I take that to be woman's hysterical way of mentioning that she feels an interest in Amelius. Are you fond enough of him to leave him, if you could only be persuaded that leaving him was for his good?'

She abruptly left the table, and went to the window. When her back was turned to Rufus, she spoke. 'Am I a disgrace to him?' she asked, in tones so faint that he could barely hear them. 'I have had my fears of it, before now.'

If he had been less fond of Amelius, his natural kindness of heart might have kept him silent. Even as it was, he made no direct reply. 'You remember how you were living when Amelius first met with you,' was all he said.

The sad blue eyes looked at him in patient sorrow; the low sweet voice answered 'yes.' Only a look and a word—only the influence of an instant—and, in that instant, Rufus's last doubts of her vanished!

'Don't think I say it reproachfully, my child! I know it was not your fault; I know you are to be pitied, and not blamed.'

She turned her face towards him—pale, quiet, and resigned. 'Pitied, and not blamed,' she repeated. 'Am I to be forgiven?'

His generous nature shrank from answering her. There was silence.

'You said just now,' she went on, 'that I looked like a different girl, since you last saw me. I *am* a different girl. I think of things that I never thought of before—some change, I don't know what, has come over me. O, my heart does hunger so to be good! I do so long to deserve what Amelius has done for me! You have got my book there—Amelius gave it to me—we read in it every day. If Christ had been on earth now, is it wrong to think that Christ would have forgiven me?'

'No, my dear; it's right to think so.'

'And, while I live, if I do my best to lead a good life, and if my last prayer to God is to take me to Heaven, shall I be heard?'

'You will be heard, my child, I don't doubt it. But, you see, you have got the world about you to reckon with—and the world has invented a religion of its own. There's no use looking for it in this book of yours. It's a religion with the pride of property at the bottom of it, and a veneer of benevolent sentiment at the top. It will be very sorry for you, and very charitable towards you; in short, it will do everything for you except taking you back again.'

She had her answer to that. 'Amelius has taken me back again,' she said.

'Amelius has taken you back again,' Rufus agreed. 'But there's one thing he's forgotten to do; he has forgotten to count the cost. It seems to be left to me to do that. Look here, my girl! I own I doubted you when I first came into this room; and I'm sorry for it, and I beg your pardon. I do believe you're a good girl—I couldn't say why if I was asked, but I do believe it for all that. I wish there was no more to be said—but there is more; and neither you nor I must shirk it. Public opinion won't deal as tenderly with you as I do; public opinion will make the worst of you, and the worst of Amelius. While you're living here with him—there's no disguising it—you're innocently in the way of the boy's prospect in life. I don't know whether you understand me?'

She had turned away from him; she was looking out of the window once more.

'I understand you,' she answered. 'On the night when Amelius met with me, he did wrong to take me away with him. He ought to have left me where I was.'

'Wait a bit! that's as far from my meaning, as far can be. There's a look-out for everybody; and if you'll trust me, I'll find a look-out for *you.*'

She paid no heed to what he said; her next words showed that she was pursuing her own train of thought.

'I am in the way of his prospects in life,' she resumed. 'You mean that he might be married some day, but for me?'

Rufus admitted it cautiously. 'The thing might happen,' was all he said.

'And his friends might come and see him,' she went on; her face still turned away, and her voice sinking into dull subdued tones. 'Nobody comes here now. You see I understand you. When shall I go away? I had better not say good-bye, I suppose?—it would only distress him. I could slip out of the house, couldn't I?'

Rufus began to feel uneasy. He was prepared for tears—but not for such resignation as this. After a little hesitation, he joined her at the window. She never turned towards him; she still looked out straight before her; her bright young face had turned pitiably rigid and pale. He spoke to her very gently; advising her to think of what he said, and to do nothing in a hurry. She knew the hotel at which he stayed when he was in London; and she could write to him there. If she decided to begin a new life in another country, he was wholly and truly at her service. He would provide a passage for her in the same ship that took him back to America. At his age, and known as he was in his own neighbourhood, there would be no scandal to fear. He could get her reputably and profitably employed, in work which a young girl might undertake. 'I'll be as good as a father to you, my child,' he said. 'Don't think you're going to be friendless, if you leave Amelius. I'll see to that! You shall have honest people about you—and innocent pleasure in your new life.'

She thanked him, still with the same dull tearless resignation. 'What will the honest people say,' she asked, 'when they know who I am?'

'They have no business to know who you are—and they sha'n't know it.'

'Ah! it comes back to the same thing,' she said. 'You must deceive the honest people, or you can do nothing for me. Amelius had better have left me where I was! I disgraced nobody, I was a burden to nobody, *there.* Cold and hunger and ill-treatment can sometimes be merciful friends, in their way. If I had been left to them, they would have laid me at rest by this time.' She turned to Rufus before he could speak to her. 'I'm not ungrateful, sir; I'll think of it as you say; and I'll do all that a poor foolish creature can do, to be worthy of the interest you take in me.' She lifted her hand to her head, with a momentary expression of pain. 'I've got a dull kind of aching here,' she said; 'it reminds me of my old life, when I was sometimes beaten on the head. May I go and lie down a little by myself?'

Rufus took her hand and pressed it in silence. She looked back at him as she opened the door of her room. 'Don't distress Amelius,' she said; 'I can bear everything but that.'

Left alone in the library, Rufus walked restlessly to and fro, driven by a troubled mind. 'I was bound to do it,' he thought; 'and I ought to be satisfied with myself. I'm not satisfied. The world *is* hard on women—and the rights of property is a darned bad reason for it?'

The door from the hall was suddenly thrown open. Amelius entered the room. He looked flushed and

angry—he refused to take the hand that Rufus offered to him.

'What's this I hear from Toff? It seems that you forced your way in when Sally was here. There are limits to the liberties that a man may take in his friend's house.'

'That's true,' said Rufus quietly. 'But when a man hasn't taken liberties there don't seem much to be said. Sally was at the Home, when I last saw you—and nobody told me I should find her in this room.'

'You might have left the room, when you found her here. You have been talking to her. If you have said anything about Regina—'

'I have said nothing about Miss Regina. You have a hot temper of your own, Amelius. Wait a bit, and let it cool.'

'Never mind my temper. I want to know what you have been saying to Sally. Stop! I'll ask Sally herself.' He crossed the room to the inner door and knocked. 'Come in here, my dear, I want to speak to you.'

The answer reached him faintly through the door. 'I have got a bad headache, Amelius. Please let me rest a little.' He turned back to Rufus, and lowered his voice. But his eyes flashed; he was more angry than ever.

'You had better go,' he said, 'I can guess how you have been talking to her—I know what her headache means. Any man who distresses that dear little affectionate creature is a man whom I hold as my enemy. I spit upon all the worldly considerations which pass muster with people like you! No sweeter girl than poor Sally ever breathed the breath of life. Her happiness is more precious to me than words can say. She is sacred to me! And I have just proved it—I have just come from a good woman, who will teach her an honest way of earning her bread. Not a breath of scandal shall blow on her. If you, or any people like you, think I will consent to cast her adrift on the world, or consign her to a prison under the name of a Home, you little know my nature and my principles. Here'—he snatched up the New Testament from the table, and shook it at Rufus—'here are my principles, and I'm not ashamed of them!'

Rufus took up his hat.

'There's one thing you'll be ashamed of, my son, when you're cool enough to think about it,' he said—'you'll be ashamed of the words you have spoken to a friend who loves you. I'm not a bit angry myself. You remind me of that time on board the steamer, when the quarter-master was going to shoot the bird. You made it up with him—and you'll come to my hotel and make it up with me. And then we'll shake hands, and talk about Sally. If it's not taking another liberty, I'll trouble you for a light.' He helped himself to a match from the box on the chimney-piece, lit his cigar, and left the room.

He had not gone half an hour, before the better nature of Amelius urged him to follow Rufus and make his apologies. But he was too anxious about Sally to leave the cottage, until he had seen her first. The tone in which she had answered him, when he knocked at her door, suggested to his sensitive apprehension, that there was something more serious the matter with her than a mere headache. For another hour, he waited patiently, on the chance that he might hear her moving in her room. Nothing happened. No sound reached his ears, except the occasional rolling of carriage-wheels on the road outside.

His patience began to fail him, as the second hour moved on. He went to the door and listened, and still heard nothing. A sudden dread struck him that she might have fainted. He opened the door a few inches, and spoke to her. There was no answer. He looked in. The room was empty.

He ran into the hall, and called to Toff. Was she, by any chance, downstairs? No. Or out in the garden?

No. Master and man looked at each other in silence. Sally was gone.

CHAPTER XLII.

TOFF was the first who recovered himself.

'Courage, sir!' he said. 'With a little thinking, we shall see the way to find her. That rude American man, who talked with her this morning, may be the person who has brought this misfortune on us.'

Amelius waited to hear no more. There was the chance, at least, that something might have been said which had induced her to take refuge with Rufus. He ran back to the library to get his hat.

Toff followed his master, with another suggestion. 'One word more, sir, before you go. If the American man cannot help us, we must be ready to try another way. Permit me to accompany you as far as my wife's shop. I propose that she shall come back here with me, and examine poor little Miss's bedroom. We will wait of course for your return, before anything is done. In the meantime, I entreat you not to despair. It is at least possible that the means of discovery may be found in the bedroom.'

They went out together, taking the first cab that passed them. Amelius proceeded alone to the hotel.

Rufus was in his room. 'What's gone wrong?' he asked, the moment Amelius opened the door. 'Shake hands, my son, and smother up that little trouble between us this morning in silence. Your face alarms me—it does! What of Sally?'

Amelius started at the question. 'Isn't she here?' he asked.

Rufus drew back. The mere action said, No, before he answered in words.

'Have you seen nothing of her? heard nothing of her?'

'Nothing. Steady, now! Meet it like a man; and tell me what has happened.'

Amelius told him in two words. 'Don't suppose I'm going to break out again as I did this morning,' he went on; 'I'm too wretched and too anxious to be angry. Only tell me, Rufus, have you said anything to her—?'

Rufus held up his hand. 'I see what you're driving at. It will be more to the purpose to tell you what she said to me. From first to last, Amelius, I spoke kindly to her, and I did her justice. Give me a minute to rummage my memory.' After brief consideration, he carefully repeated the substance of what had passed between Sally and himself, during the latter part of the interview between them. 'Have you looked about in her room?' he inquired, when he had done. 'There might be a trifling something to help you, left behind her there.'

Amelius told him of Toff's suggestion. They returned together at once to the cottage. Madame Toff was waiting to begin the search.

The first discovery was easily made. Sally had taken off one or two little trinkets — presents from Amelius, which she was in the habit of wearing —and had left them, wrapped up in paper, on the dressing table. No such thing as a farewell letter was found near them. The examination of the wardrobe came next — and here a startling circumstance revealed itself. Every one of the dresses which Amelius had presented to her was hanging in its place. They were not many; and they had all, on previous occasions, been passed in review by Toff's wife. She was absolutely certain that the complete number of the dresses was there in the bedroom. Sally must have worn something, in place of her new clothes. What had she put on?

Looking round the room, Amelius noticed in a corner the box in which he had placed the first new dress that he had purchased for Sally, on the morning after they had met. He

tried to open the box ; it was locked —and the key was not to be found. The ever-ready Toff fetched a skewer from the kitchen, and picked the lock in two minutes. On lifting the cover, the box proved to be empty.

The one person present who understood what this meant was Amelius.

He remembered that Sally had taken her old threadbare clothes away with her in the box, when the angry landlady had insisted on his leaving the house. 'I want to look at them sometimes,' the poor girl had said, 'and think how much better off I am now.' In those miserable rags she had fled from the cottage, after hearing the cruel truth. 'He had better have left me where I was,' she had said. 'Cold and hunger and ill-treatment would have laid me at rest by this time.' Amelius fell on his knees before the empty box, in helpless despair. The conclusion that now forced itself on his mind completely unmanned him. She had gone back, in the old dress, to die under the cold, the hunger, and the horror of the old life!

Rufus took his hand, and spoke to him kindly. He rallied, and dashed the tears from his eyes, and rose to his feet. 'I know where to look for her,' was all he said ; 'and I must do it alone.' He refused to enter into any explanation, or to be assisted by any companion. 'This is my secret and her's,' he answered. 'Go back to your hotel, Rufus—and pray that I may not bring news, which will make a wretched man of you for the rest of your life.' With that he left them.

In another hour he stood once more on the spot at which he and Sally had met.

The wild bustle and uproar of the costermongers' night-market no longer rioted round him ; the street by daylight was in a state of dreary repose. Slowly pacing up and down, from one end to another, he waited with but one hope to sustain him—the hope that she might have taken refuge with the two women who had been her only friends in the dark days of her life. Ignorant of the place in which they lived, he had no choice but to wait for the appearance of one or other of them in the street. He was quiet and resolved. For the rest of the day, and for the whole of the night if need be, his mind was made up to keep steadfully on the watch.

When he could walk no longer, he obtained rest and refreshment in the cook-shop which he could remember so well ; sitting on a stool near the window, from which he could still command a view of the street. The gas-lamps were alight, and the long winter's night was beginning to set in, when he resumed his weary march from end to end of the pavement. As the darkness became complete, his patience was rewarded at last. Passing the door of a pawnbroker's shop, he met one of the women face to face, walking rapidly, with a little parcel under her arm.

She recognised him with a cry of joyful surprise.

'O, sir, how glad I am to see you, to be sure! You've come to look after Sally, haven't you? Yes, yes; she's safe in our poor place—but in such a dreadful state. Off her head! clean off her head! Talks of nothing but you. "I'm in the way of his prospects in life." Over and over and over again, she keeps on saying that. Don't be afraid ; Jenny's at home, taking care of her. She want's to go out. Hot and wild, with a kind of fever on her, she wants to go out. She asked if it rained. "The rain may kill me in these ragged clothes," she says ; "and then I sha'n't be in the way of his prospects in life." We tried to quiet her by telling her it didn't rain —but it was no use ; she was as eager as ever to go out. "I may get another blow on the bosom," she says, "and, maybe, it will fall on the right place this time." No! there's no fear of the brute who used to beat her—he's in prison. Don't ask to see her just yet, sir; please don't! I'm afraid

you would only make her worse, if I took you to her now; I wouldn't dare to risk it. You see we can't get her to sleep; and we thought of buying something to quiet her at the chemist's. Yes, sir, it would be better to get a doctor to her. But I wasn't going to the doctor. If I must tell you, I was obliged to take the sheets off the bed to raise a little money—I was going to the pawnbroker's.' She looked at the parcel under her arm, and smiled 'I may take the sheets back again, now I've met with you; and there's a good doctor lives close by—I can show you the way to him. O, how pale you do look! Are you very much tired? It's only a little way to the doctor. I've got an arm at your service—but you mightn't like to be seen walking with such a person as me.'

Mentally and physically, Amelius was completely prostrated. The woman's melancholy narrative had overwhelmed him: he could neither speak nor act. He mechanically put his purse in her hand, and went with her to the house of the nearest medical man.

The doctor was at home, mixing drugs in his little surgery. After one sharp look at Amelius, he ran into a back parlour, and returned with a glass of spirits. 'Drink this, sir,' he said—'unless you want to find yourself on the floor in a fainting fit. And don't presume again on your youth and strength to treat your heart as if it was made of cast-iron.' He signed to Amelius to sit down and rest himself, and turned to the woman to hear what was wanted of him. After a few questions, he said she might go; promising to follow her in a few minutes, when the gentleman would be sufficiently recovered to accompany him.

'Well, sir, are you beginning to feel like yourself again?' He was mixing a composing draught, while he addressed Amelius in those terms. 'You may trust that poor wretch, who has just left us, to take care of the sick girl,' he went on, in the quaintly familiar manner which seemed to be habitual with him. 'I don't ask how you got into her company—it's no business of mine. But I am pretty well acquainted with the people in my neighbourhood; and I can tell you one thing, in case you're anxious. The woman who brought you here, barring the one misfortune of her life, is as good a creature as ever breathed; and the other one who lives with her is the same. When I think of what they're exposed to—well! I take to my pipe, and compose my mind in that way. My early days were all passed as a ship's surgeon. I could get them both respectable employment in Australia, if I only had the money to fit them out. They'll die in the hospital like the rest, if something isn't done for them. In my hopeful moments, I sometimes think of a subscription. What do you say? Will you put down a few shillings to set the example?'

'I will do more than that,' Amelius answered. 'I have reasons for wishing to befriend both those two poor women; and I will gladly engage to find the outfit.'

The familiar old doctor held out his hand over the counter. 'You're a good fellow, if ever there was one yet,' he burst out. I can show references which will satisfy you that I am not a rogue. In the meantime, let's see what is the matter with this little girl; you can tell me about her as we go along.' He put his bottle of medicine in his pocket, and his arm in the arm of Amelius—and so led the way out.

When they reached the wretched lodging-house in which the women lived, he suggested that his companion would do well to wait at the door. 'I'm used to sad sights: it would only distress you to see the place. I won't keep you long waiting.'

He was as good as his word. In little more than ten minutes, he joined Amelius again in the street.

'Don't alarm yourself,' he said;

'the case is not so serious as it looks. The poor child is suffering under a severe shock to the brain and nervous system, caused by that sudden and violent distress you hinted at. My medicine will give her the one thing she wants to begin with—a good night's sleep.

Amelius asked when she would be well enough to see him.

'Ah, my young friend, it's not so easy to say, just yet! I could answer you to better purpose to-morrow. Won't that do? Must I venture on a rash opinion? She ought to be composed enough to see you in three or four days. And, when that time comes, it's my belief you will do more than I can do to set her right again.'

Amelius was relieved, but not quite satisfied yet. He inquired if it was not possible to remove her from that miserable place.

'Quite impossible—without doing her serious injury. They have got money to go on with; and I have told you already, she will be well taken care of. I will look after her myself to-morrow morning. Go home, and get to bed, and eat a bit of supper first, and make your mind easy. Come to my house, at twelve o'clock, noon, and you will find me ready with my references, and my report of the patient. Surgeon Pinfold; Blackacre Buildings—there's the address. Good-night.'

CHAPTER XLIII.

After Amelius had left him, Rufus remembered his promise to communicate with Regina by telegraph.

With his strict regard for truth, it was no easy matter to decide on what message he should send. To inspire Regina, if possible, with his own unshaken belief in the good faith of Amelius, appeared, on reflection, to be all that he could honestly do, under present circumstances. With an anxious and foreboding mind, he despatched his telegram to Paris in these terms:—'Be patient for a while, and do justice to A. He deserves it.'

Having completed his business at the telegraph-office, Rufus went next to pay his visit to Mrs. Payson.

The good lady received him with a grave face and a distant manner, in startling contrast to the customary warmth of her welcome. 'I used to think you were a man in a thousand,' she began abruptly; 'and I find you are no better than the rest of them. If you have come here to speak to me about that blackguard young Socialist, understand if you please that I am not so easily imposed upon as Miss Regina. I have done *my* duty—I have opened her eyes to the truth, poor thing. Ah, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!'

Rufus kept his temper, with his habitual self-command. 'It's possible you may be right,' he said quietly; 'but the biggest rascal living has a claim to an explanation, when a lady puzzles him. Have you any particular objection, old friend, to tell me what you mean?'

The explanation was not of a nature to set the good New Englander's mind at ease. Regina had written, by the mail-train which took Rufus to England, repeating to Mrs. Payson what had passed at the interview in the Champs Elysées, and appealing to her sympathy for information and advice. Receiving the letter that morning, Mrs. Payson, acting on her own generous and compassionate impulses, had already answered it, and sent it to the post. Her experience of the unfortunate persons received at the Home was far from inclining her to believe in the innocence of a runaway girl, placed under circumstances of temptation. As an act of justice towards Regina, she enclosed to her the letter in which Amelius had acknowledged that Sally had passed the night under his roof.

'I believe I am only telling you the shameful truth,' Mrs. Payson had

written, 'when I add that the girl has been an inmate of Mr. Goldenheart's cottage ever since. If you can reconcile this disgraceful state of things with Mr. Rufus Dingwell's assertion of his friend's fidelity to his marriage-engagement, I have no right and no wish to make any attempt to alter your opinion. But you have asked for my advice, and I must not shrink from giving it. I am bound, as an honest woman, to tell you that your uncle's resolution to break off the engagement represents the course that I should have taken myself, if a daughter of my own had been placed in your painful and humiliating position.'

There was still ample time to modify this strong expression of opinion by the day's post. Rufus appealed vainly to Mrs. Payson to reconsider the conclusion at which she had arrived. A more charitable and considerate woman, within the limits of her own daily routine, it would not be possible to find. But the largeness of mind which, having long and trustworthy experience of a rule, can nevertheless understand that other minds may have equal experience of the exception to the rule, was one of the qualities which had not been included in the moral composition of Mrs. Payson. She held firmly to her own narrowly-conscientious sense of her duty, stimulated by a natural indignation against Amelius, who had bitterly disappointed her—against Rufus, who had not scrupled to take up his defence. The two old friends parted in coldness, for the first time in their lives.

Rufus returned to his hotel, to wait there for news from Amelius.

The day passed—and the one visitor who enlivened his solitude was an American friend and correspondent, connected with the agency which managed his affairs in England. The errand of this gentleman was to give his client the soundest and speediest advice, relating to the investment of money. Having indicated the safe and solid speculations, the visitor added a warning word, relating to the plausible and dangerous investments of the day. 'For instance,' he said, 'there's that bank started by Farnaby—'

'No need to warn me against Farnaby,' Rufus interposed; 'I wouldn't take shares in his bank if he made me a present of them.'

The American friend looked surprised. 'Surely,' he exclaimed, 'you can't have heard the news already! They don't even know it yet on the Stock Exchange.'

Rufus explained that he had only spoken under the influence of personal prejudice against Mr. Farnaby.

'What's in the wind now?' he asked.

He was confidentially informed that a coming storm was in the wind; in other words that a serious discovery had been made at the bank. Some time since, the directors had advanced a large sum of money to a man in trade, under Mr. Farnaby's own guarantee. The man had just died; and examination of his affairs showed that he had only received a few hundred pounds, on condition of holding his tongue. The bulk of the money had been traced to Mr. Farnaby himself, and had all been swallowed up by his newspaper, his patent medicine, and his other rotten speculations, apart from own proper business. 'You may not know it,' the American friend concluded, 'but the fact is, Farnaby rose from the dregs. His bankruptcy is only a question of time—he will drop back to the dregs; and, quite possibly, make his appearance to answer a criminal charge in a court of law. I hear that Melton, whose credit has held up the bank lately, is off to see his friend in Paris. They say Farnaby's niece is a handsome girl, and Melton is sweet on her. Awkward for Melton.'

Rufus listened attentively. In signing the order for his investments, he privately decided to stir no further, for the present, in the matter of his young friend's marriage-engagements.

For the rest of the day and the evening, he still waited for Amelius, and waited in vain. It was drawing near to midnight when Toff made his appearance with a message from his master. Amelius had discovered Sally, and had returned in such a state of fatigue that he was only fit to take some refreshment, and to go to his bed. He would be away from home again, on the next morning; but he hoped to call at the hotel in the course of the day. Observing Toff's face with grave and steady scrutiny, Rufus tried to extract some further information from him. But the old Frenchman stood on his dignity, in a state of immoveable reserve. 'You took me by the shoulder this morning, sir, and spun me round,' he said; 'I do not desire to be treated a second time like a teetotum. For the rest, it is not my habit to intrude myself into my master's secrets.'

'It's not *my* habit,' Rufus coolly rejoined, 'to bear malice. I beg to apologise sincerely, sir, for treating you like a teetotum; and I offer you my hand.'

Toff had got as far as the door. He instantly returned, with the dignity which a Frenchman can always command in the serious emergencies of his life. 'You appeal to my heart and my honour, sir,' he said. 'I bury the events of the morning in oblivion; and I do myself the honour of taking your hand.'

As the door closed on him, Rufus smiled grimly. 'You're not in the habit of intruding yourself into your master's secrets,' he repeated. 'If Amelius reads your face as I read it, he'll look over his shoulder when he goes out to-morrow—and, ten to one, he'll see you behind him in the distance!'

Late on the next day, Amelius presented himself at the hotel. In speaking of Sally, he was unusually reserved; merely saying that she was ill, and under medical care—and then changing the subject. Struck by the depressed and anxious expression of his face, Rufus asked if he had heard from Regina. No: a longer time than usual had passed since Regina had written to him. 'I don't understand it,' he said sadly; 'I suppose you didn't see anything of her in Paris?'

Rufus had kept his promise not to mention Regina's name in Sally's presence. But it was impossible for him to look at Amelius, without plainly answering the question put to him, for the sake of the friend whom he loved. 'I'm afraid there's trouble coming to you, my son, from that quarter.' With those warning words, he described all that had passed between Regina and himself. 'Some unknown enemy of yours has spoken against you to her uncle,' he concluded. 'I suppose you have made enemies, my poor boy, since you have been in London?'

'I know the man,' Amelius answered. 'He wanted to marry Regina before I met with her. His name is Melton.'

Rufus started. 'I heard, only yesterday, he was in Paris with Farnaby. And that's not the worst of it, Amelius. There's another of them making mischief— a good friend of mine, who has shown a twist in her temper, that has taken me by surprise after twenty years' experience of her. I reckon there's a drop of malice in the composition of the best woman that ever lived—and the men only discover it when another woman steps in, and stirs it up. Wait a bit!' he went on, when he had related the result of his visit to Mrs. Payson. 'I have telegraphed to Miss Regina to be patient, and to trust you. Don't you write to defend yourself, till you hear how you stand in her estimation, after my message. To-morrow's post may tell.'

To-morrow's post did tell.

Two letters reached Amelius from Paris. One from Mr. Farnaby, curt and insolent, breaking off the marriage-engagement. The other, from Regina,

expressed with great severity of language. Her weak nature, like all weak natures, ran easily into extremes, and, once forced into asserting itself, took refuge in violence, as a shy person takes refuge in audacity. Only a woman of larger and firmer mind would have written of her wrongs in a more just and more moderate tone.

Regina began without any preliminary form of address:—She had no heart to upbraid Amelius, and no wish to speak of what she was suffering, to a man who had but too plainly shown that he had no respect for himself, and neither love, nor pity even, for her. In justice to herself, she released him from his promise, and returned his letters and his presents. Her own letters might be sent in a sealed packet, addressed to her at her uncle's place of business in London. She would pray that he might be brought to a sense of the sin that he had committed, and that he might yet live to be a worthy and a happy man. For the rest, her decision was irrevocable. His own letter to Mrs. Payson condemned him—and the testimony of an old and honoured friend of her uncle proved that his wickedness was no mere act of impulse, but a deliberate course of infamy and falsehood, continued over many weeks. From the moment when her eyes were opened to the truth, he was dead to her—and she now bade him a last farewell.

'Have you written to her?' Rufus asked, when he had seen the letters.

Amelius reddened with indignation. He was not aware of it himself—but his look and manner plainly revealed that Regina had lost her last hold on him. Her letter had inflicted an insult—not a wound: he was outraged and revolted; the deeper and gentler feelings, the emotions of a grieved and humiliated lover, had been killed in him by her stern words of dismissal and farewell.

'Do you think I would allow myself to be treated in that way, without a word of protest?' he said to Rufus. 'I have written refusing to take back my promise. "I declare, on my word of honour, that I have been faithful to you and my engagement" (that was how I put it), "and I scorn the vile construction which your uncle and his friend have placed upon an act of Christian mercy on my part." I wrote more tenderly, before I finished my letter; feeling for her distress, and being anxious above all things not to add to it. We shall see if she has love enough left for me to trust my faith and honour, instead of trusting false appearances. I will give her time.'

Rufus considerately abstained from expressing any opinion. He waited until the morning when a reply might be expected from Paris; and then he called at the cottage.

Without a word of comment, Amelius put a letter into his friend's hand. It was his own letter to Regina returned to him. On the back of it, there was a line in Mr. Farnaby's handwriting:—'If you send any more letters, they will be burnt unopened.' In those insolent terms, the wretch wrote, with bankruptcy and exposure hanging over his head.

Rufus took Amelius by the hand. 'There's an end of it now,' he said. 'That girl would never have made the right wife for *you*, Amelius; you're well out of it. Forget that you ever knew these people; and let us talk of something else. How is Sally?'

At that ill-timed inquiry, Amelius dropped his friend's hand. He was in a state of nervous irritability which made him apt to take offence, where no offence was intended. 'O, you needn't be alarmed!' he answered petulantly, 'there's no fear of the poor child coming back to live with me. She is still under the doctor's care.'

Rufus passed over the angry reply without notice, and patted him on the shoulder. 'I spoke of the girl,' he said, 'because I wanted to help her;

and I *can* help her, if you will let me. Before long, my son, I shall be going back to the United States. I wish you would go with me!'

'And desert Sally!' cried Amelius.

'Nothing of the sort! Before we go, I'll see that Sally is provided for to your satisfaction. Will you think of it, to please me?'

Amelius relented. 'Anything to please you,' he said.

Rufus noticed his hat on the table, and considerately left him without saying more. 'The trouble with Amelius,' he thought, as he closed the cottage-gate, 'is not over yet.'

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE day on which worthy old Surgeon Pinfold had predicted that Sally would be in a fair way of recovery had come and gone—and still the medical report to Amelius was the same:—'You must be patient, sir; she is not well enough to see you, yet.'

Toff, watching his young master anxiously, was alarmed by the steadily-progressive change in him for the worse, which showed itself at this time. Now sad and silent, and now again bitter and irritable, he had deteriorated physically as well as morally, until he really looked like the shadow of his former self. He never exchanged a word with his faithful old servant, except when he said mechanically 'good-morning' or 'good-night.' Toff could endure it no longer. At the risk of being roughly misinterpreted, he followed his own kindly impulse and spoke. 'May I own to you, sir,' he said, with perfect gentleness and respect, 'that I am indeed heartily sorry to see you so ill.'

Amelius looked at him sharply. 'You servants always make a fuss about trifles. I am a little out of sorts; and I want a change—that's all. Perhaps I may go to America. You won't like that; I sha'n't complain if you look out for another situation.'

The tears came into the old man's eyes. 'Never!' he answered fervently. 'My last service, sir, if you send me away, shall be my dearly-loved service here.'

All that was most tender in the nature of Amelius, was touched to the quick. 'Forgive me, Toff,' he said; 'I am lonely and wretched, and more anxious about Sally than words can tell. There can be no change in my life, until my mind is easy about that poor little girl. But if it does end in my going to America, you shall go with me—I wouldn't lose you, my good friend, for the world.'

Toff still remained in the room, as if he had something left to say. Entirely ignorant of the marriage-engagement between Amelius and Regina, and of the rupture in which it had ended, he vaguely suspected nevertheless that his master might have fallen into an entanglement with some lady unknown. The opportunity of putting the question was now before him. He risked it in a studiously modest form.

'Are you going to America to be married, sir?'

Amelius eyed him with a momentary suspicion. 'What has put that in your head?' he asked.

'I don't know, sir,' Toff answered humbly—'unless it was my own vivid imagination. Would there be anything very wonderful in a gentleman of your age and appearance conducting some charming person to the altar?'

Amelius was conquered once more; he smiled faintly. 'Enough of your nonsense, Toff! I shall never be married—understand that.'

Toff's withered old face brightened slyly. He turned away to withdraw; hesitated; and suddenly went back to his master.

'Have you any occasion for my services, sir, for an hour or two?' he asked.

'No. Be back before I go out myself—be back at three o'clock.'

'Thank you, sir. My little boy is below, if you want anything in my absence.'

The little boy, dutifully attending Toff to the gate, observed with grave surprise that his father snapped his fingers gaily at starting, and hummed the first bars of the Marseillaise. 'Something is going to happen,' said Toff's boy, on his way back to the house.

From the Regent's Park to Blackacre Buildings is almost a journey from one end of London to the other. Assisted for part of the way by an omnibus, Toff made the journey, and arrived at the residence of Surgeon Pinfold, with the easy confidence of a man who knew thoroughly well where he was going, and what he was about. The sagacity of Rufus had correctly penetrated his intentions : he had privately followed his master, and had introduced himself to the notice of the surgeon—with a mixture of motives, in which pure devotion to the interests of Amelius played the chief part. His experience of the world told him that Sally's departure was only the beginning of more trouble to come. 'What is the use of me to my master,' he had argued, 'except to spare him trouble, in spite of himself?'

Surgeon Pinfold was prescribing for a row of sick people, seated before him on a bench. 'You're not ill, are you?' he said sharply to Toff. 'Very well, then, go into the parlour and wait.'

The patients being dismissed, Toff attempted to explain the object of his visit. But the old naval surgeon insisted on clearing the ground by means of a plain question first. 'Has your master sent you here—or is this another private visit, like the last?'

'It is all that is most private,' Toff answered; 'my poor master is wasting away in unrelieved wretchedness of suspense. Something must be done for him. O, dear and good sir, help me in this most miserable state of things! tell me the truth about Miss Sally!'

Old Pinfold put his hands in his pockets and leaned against the parlour wall, looking at the Frenchman with a complicated expression, in which genuine sympathy mingled oddly with a quaint sense of amusement. 'You're a worthy chap,' he said; 'and you shall have the truth. I have been obliged to deceive your master about this troublesome young Sally—I have stuck to it that she is too ill to see him, or to answer his letters. Both lies; there's nothing the matter with her now, but a disease that I can't cure, the disease of a troubled mind. She's got it into her head that she has everlastingly degraded herself in his estimation by leaving him and coming here. It's no use telling her—what, mind you, is perfectly true—that she was all but out of her senses, and not in the least responsible for what she did at the time when she did it. She holds to her own opinion, nevertheless, "What can he think of me, but that I have gone back willingly to the disgrace of my old life! I should throw myself out of window, if he came into the room!' That's how she answers me —and, what makes matters worse still, she's breaking her heart about him all the time. The poor wretch is so eager for any little word of news about his health and his doings, that it's downright pitiable to see her. I don't think her fevered little brain will bear it much longer—and hang me if I can tell what to do next to set things right! The two women, her friends, have no sort of influence over her. When I saw her this morning, she was ungrateful enough to say, "Why didn't you let me die?" How your master got among these unfortunate people is more than I know, and is no business of mine—I only wish he had been a different sort of man. Before I knew him as well as I know him now, I predicted like a fool that he would be just the person to help us in managing the girl. I have al-

tered my opinion. He's such a glorious fellow—so impulsive and so tender-hearted—that he would be certain, in her present excited state, to do her more harm than good. Do you know if he is going to be married?'

Toff, listening thus far in silent distress, suddenly looked up.

'Why do you ask me, sir?'

'It's an idle question, I daresay,' old Pinfold remarked. 'Sally persists in telling us she's in the way of his prospects in life—and it's got somehow into her perverse little head that his prospects in life mean his marriage, and she's in the way of *that*. Hullo! are you going already?'

'I want to go to Miss Sally, sir. I believe I can say something to comfort her. Do you think she will see me?'

'Are you the man who has got the nickname of Toff? She sometimes talks about Toff.'

'Yes sir, yes! I am Théophile Leblond, otherwise Toff. Where can I find her?'

Surgeon Pinfold rang a bell. 'My errand-boy is going past the house, to deliver some medicine,' he answered. 'It's a poor place; but you'll find it neat and nice enough—thanks to your good master. He's helping the two women to begin life again out of this country; and, while they're waiting their turn to get a passage, they've taken an extra room and hired some decent furniture, by your master's own wish. O, here's the boy; he'll show you the way. One word before you go. What do you think of saying to Sally?'

'I shall tell her for one thing, sir, that my master is miserable for want of her.'

Surgeon Pinfold shook his head. 'That won't take you very far on the way to persuading her. You will make *her* miserable too—and there's about all you will get by it.'

Toff lifted his indicative forefinger to the side of his nose. 'Suppose I tell her something else, sir? Suppose I tell her my master is not going to be married to anybody?'

'She won't believe you know anything about it.'

'She will believe, for this reason,' said Toff, gravely: 'I put the question to my master before I came here; and I have it from his own lips that there is no young lady in the way, and that he is not—positively not—going to be married. If I tell Miss Sally this, sir, how do you say it will end? Will you bet me a shilling it has no effect on her?'

'I won't bet a farthing. Follow the boy—and tell young Sally I have sent her a better doctor than I am.'

While Toff was on his way to Sally, Toff's boy was disturbing Amelius by the announcement of a visitor. The card sent in bore this inscription:—'Brother Bawkwell, from Tadmor.'

Amelius looked at the card; and ran into the hall to receive the visitor, with both hands held out in hearty welcome. 'O, I am so glad to see you!' he cried; 'come in, and tell me all about Tadmor!'

Brother Bawkwell acknowledged the enthusiastic reception offered to him by a stare of grim surprise. He was a dry hard old man, with a scrubby white beard, a narrow wrinkled forehead, and an obstinate lipless mouth; fitted neither by age nor temperament to be the intimate friend of any of his younger brethren among the Community. But, at that saddest time of his life, the heart of Amelius warmed to any one who reminded him of his tranquil and happy days at Tadmor. Even this frozen old Socialist now appeared to him, for the first time, under the borrowed aspect of a welcome friend.

Brother Bawkwell took the chair offered to him, and opened the proceedings in solemn silence, by looking at his watch. 'Twenty-five minutes past two,' he said to himself—and put the watch back again.

'Are you pressed for time?' Amelius asked.

'Much may be done in ten minutes,' Brother Bawkwell answered, in a Scotch accent which had survived the test of half a lifetime in America, 'I would have you know I am in England on a mission from the Community, with a list of twenty-seven persons in all, whom I am appointed to confer with on matters of varying importance. Yours, friend Amelius, is a matter of minor importance. I can give you ten minutes.'

He opened a big black pocket-book, stuffed with a mass of letters; and, placing two of them on the table before him, addressed Amelius as if he was making a speech at a public meeting.

'I have to request your attention to certain proceedings of the Council at Tadmor, bearing date the third of December last; and referring to a person under sentence of temporary separation from the Community, along with yourself—'

'Mellicent!' Amelius exclaimed.

'We have no time for interruption,' Brother Bawkwell remarked. 'The person *is* Sister Mellicent; and the business before the Council was to consider a letter, under her signature, received December second. Said letter,' he proceeded, taking up one of his papers, 'is abridged as follows by the Secretary to the Council. In substance, the writer states (first): "That the married sister under whose protection she has been living at New York, is about to settle in England with her husband, appointed to manage the branch of his business established in London. (Second): That she, meaning Sister Mellicent, has serious reasons for not accompanying her relatives to England, and has no other friends to take charge of her welfare, if she remains in New York. (Third): That she appeals to the mercy of the Council, under these circumstances, to accept the expression of her sincere repentance for violating a Rule, and to permit a friendless and penitent creature to return to the only home left to her, her home at Tadmor." No, friend Amelius, we have no time for expressions of sympathy; the first half of the ten minutes has nearly expired. I have further to inform you that the question was put to the vote, in this form: "Is it consistent with the serious responsibility which rests on the Council, to consider the remission of any sentence justly pronounced under the Book of Rules?" The result was very remarkable; the votes for and against being equally divided. In this event, as you know, our laws provide that the decision rests with the Elder Brother—who gave his vote thereupon for considering the remission of the sentence; and moved the next resolution that the sentence be remitted accordingly. Carried by a small majority. Whereupon, Sister Mellicent was received again at Tadmor.'

'Ah, the dear old Elder Brother,' cried Amelius—'always on the side of mercy!'

Brother Bawkwell held up his hand in protest. 'You seem to have no idea,' he said, 'of the value of time. Do be quiet! As travelling-representative of the Council, I am further instructed to say, that the sentence pronounced against yourself stands duly remitted, in consequence of the remission of the the sentence against Sister Mellicent. You likewise are free to return to Tadmor, at your own will and pleasure. But—attend to what is coming, friend Amelius!—the Council holds to its resolution that your choice between us and the world shall be absolutely unbiassed. In the fear of exercising even an indirect influence, we have purposely abstained from corresponding with you. With the same motive we now say that if you do return to us, it must be with no interference on our part. We inform you of an event that has happened

'since in your absence—and we do no more.'

He paused, and looked again at his watch. Time proverbially works wonders. Time closed his lips.

Amelius replied with a heavy heart. The message from the Council had recalled him from the remembrance of Mellicent to the sense of his own position. 'My experience of the world has been a very hard one,' he said. 'I would gladly go back to Tadmor this very day, but for one consideration—' He hesitated; the image of Sally was before him. The tears rose in his eyes; he said no more.

Brother Bawkwell, driven hard by time, got on his legs, and handed to Amelius the second of the two papers which he had taken out of his pocket-book.

'Here is a purely informal document,' he said; 'being a few lines from Sister Mellicent, which I was charged to deliver to you. Be pleased to read it as quickly as you can, and tell me if there is any reply.'

There was not much to read:—

'The good people here, Amelius, have forgiven me and let me return to them. I am living happily now, dear, in my remembrances of you. I take the walks that we once took together—and sometimes I go out in the boat on the lake, and think of the time when I told you my sad story. Your poor little pet creatures are under my care; the dog and the fawn, and the birds—all well, and waiting for you, with me. My belief that you will come back to me remains the same unshaken belief that it has been from the first. Once more I say it—you will find me the first to welcome you, when your spirits are sinking under the burden of life, and your heart turns again to the friends of your early days. Until that time comes, think of me now and then. Good-bye.'

'I am waiting,' said Brother Bawkwell, taking his hat in his hand.

Amelius answered with an effort. 'Thank her kindly in my name,' he said; 'that is all.' His head drooped while he spoke; he fell into thought as if he had been alone in a room.

But the emissary from Tadmor, warned by the minute-hand on the watch, recalled his attention to passing events. 'You would do me a kindness,' said Brother Bawkwell, producing a list of names and addresses, 'if you could put me in the way of finding the person named, eighth from the top. It's getting on towards twenty minutes to three.'

The address thus pointed out was at no great distance, on the northern side of the Regent's Park. Amelius, still silent and thoughtful, acted willingly as a guide. 'Please thank the Council for their kindness to me,' he said, when they reached their destination. Brother Bawkwell looked at Friend Amelius with a calm inquiring eye. 'I think you'll end in coming back to us,' he said. 'I'll take the opportunity, when I see you at Tadmor, of making a few needful remarks on the value of time.'

Amelius went back to the cottage, to see if Toff had returned in his absence before he paid his daily visit to Surgeon Pinfold. He called down the kitchen-stairs, 'Are you there, Toff?' And Toff answered briskly, 'At your service, sir.'

The sky had become cloudy, and threatened rain. Not finding his umbrella in the hall, Amelius went into the library to look for it. As he closed the door behind him, Toff and his boy appeared on the kitchen-stairs; both walking on tiptoe, and both evidently on the watch for something.

Amelius found his umbrella. But it was characteristic of the melancholy change in him that he dropped languidly into the nearest chair, instead of going out at once with the easier activity of happier days. Sally was in his mind again; he was rousing his resolution to set the doctor's commands at defiance, and to insist on seeing her, come what might of it.

He suddenly looked up. A slight sound had startled him.

It was a faint rustling sound; and it came from the sadly-silent room which had once been Sally's.

He listened, and heard it again. He sprang to his feet—his heart beat wildly—he opened the door of the room.

She was there.

Her hands were clasped over her fast-heaving breast. She was powerless to look at him, powerless to speak to him—powerless to move towards him, until he opened his arms to her. Then, all the love and all the sorrow in the tender little heart flowed outward to him in a low murmuring cry. She hid her blushing face on his bosom. The rosy colour softly tinged her neck—the unspoken confession of all she feared, and all she hoped.

It was a time beyond words. They were silent in each other's arms.

But under them, on the floor below, the stillness in the cottage was merrily broken by an outburst of dance-music—with a rhythmical thump-thump of feet, keeping time to the cheerful tune. Toff was playing his fiddle, and Toff's boy was dancing to his father's music.

CHAPTER XLV.

AFTER waiting a day or two for news from Amelius, and hearing nothing, Rufus went to make inquiries at the cottage.

'My master has gone out of town, sir,' said Toff, opening the door.

'Where?'

'I don't know, sir.'

'Anybody with him?'

'I don't know, sir.'

'Any news of Sally?'

'I don't know, sir.'

Rufus stepped into the hall. 'Look here, Mr. Frenchman, three times is enough. I have already apologised for treating you like a teetotum, on a former occasion. I'm afraid I shall do it again, sir, if I don't get an answer to my next question—my hands are itching to be at you, they are! When is Amelius expected back?'

'Your question is positive, sir,' said Toff, with dignity. 'I am happy to be able to meet it with a positive reply. My master is expected back, in three weeks' time.'

Having obtained some information at last, Rufus debated with himself what he should do next. He decided that 'the boy was worth waiting for,' and that his wisest course (as a good American) would be to go back, and wait in Paris.

Passing through the Garden of the Tuileries, two or three days later, and crossing to the Rue de Rivoli, the name of one of the hotels in that quarter reminded him of Regina. He yielded to the prompting of curiosity, and inquired if Mr. Farnaby and his niece were still in Paris.

The manager of the hotel was in the porter's lodge at the time. So far as he knew, he said, Mr. Farnaby and his niece, and an English gentleman with them, were now on their travels. They had left the hotel with an appearance of mystery. The courier had been discharged; and the coachman of the hired carriage which took them away, had been told to drive straight forward until further orders. In short, as the manager put it, the departure resembled a flight. Remembering what his American agent had told him, Rufus received the information without surprise. Even the apparently incomprehensible devotion of Mr. Melton to the interests of such a man as Farnaby, failed to present itself to him as a perplexing circumstance. To his mind, Mr. Melton's conduct was plainly attributable to a reward in prospect; and the name of that reward was—Miss Regina.

At the end of the three weeks, Rufus returned to London.

Once again, he and Toff confronted each other on the threshold of the

door. This time, the genial old man presented an appearance that was little less than dazzling. From head to foot he was arrayed in new clothes; and he exhibited an immense rosette of white ribbon in his button hole.

'Thunder!' cried Rufus. 'Here's Mr. Frenchman going to be married!'

Toff declined to humour the joke. He stood on his dignity as stiffly as ever. 'Pardon me, sir, I possess a wife and family already.'

'Do you know? Well—none of your know-nothing answers this time. Has Amelius come back?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And what's the news of Sally?'

'Good news, sir. Miss Sally has come back too.'

'You call that good news, do you? I'll say a word to Amelius. What are you standing there for? Let me by.'

'Pardon me once more, sir. My Master and Miss Sally do not receive visitors to-day.'

'Your master and Miss Sally?' Rufus repeated. 'Has this old creature been liquoring up a little too freely? What do you mean?' he burst out, with a sudden change of tone to stern surprise—'what do you mean by putting your master and Sally together?'

Toff shot his bolt at last. 'They will be together, sir, for the rest of their lives. They were married this morning.'

Rufus received the blow in dead silence. He turned about, and went back to his hotel.

Reaching his room, he opened the despatch box in which he kept his correspondence, and picked out the long letter containing the description by Amelius of his introduction to the ladies of the Farnaby family. He took up the pen, and wrote the endorsement which has been quoted as an integral part of the letter itself, in the sixth chapter of this narrative:—

'Ah, poor Amelius! He had better have gone back to Miss Mellicent, and put up with the little drawback of her age. What a bright lovable fellow he was! Good-bye to Goldenheart!'

Were the forebodings of Rufus destined to be fulfilled? This question will be answered, it is hoped, in a Second Series of The Fallen Leaves. The narrative of the married life of Amelius presents a subject too important to be treated within the limits of the present story—and the First Series necessarily finds its end in the culminating event of his life, thus far.

THE END.

THE CHANGE REQUIRED IN THE SENATE.

BY LEX.

THERE is a good deal of talk at present about reforming the Senate of the Dominion, but no one seems certain or definite about what ought to be done. Some are in favour of making it elective; others wish to abolish it altogether. The plan proposed by Mr. Mills—to have the Senators elected by the Local Assemblies—seems to have been given up by every one, even its advocates. Canada has tried the elective system, and found it wanting, and finally gave it up as useless on the inauguration of Confederation. It was found that two bodies, directly from the people, was simply in effect an addition of members to the Lower House; while being in separate Houses, instead of being beneficial, was absolutely dangerous, because in case of a deadlock, where two bodies claimed equal authority, there must be either no legislation, or civil war. The elective principle was consequently given up, after a trial of fourteen years.

This system having been tried, and found to work badly, is what has driven people to advocate the abolition of the Senate altogether. It is very rarely that a man seeks to repair his house by pulling it quite down. Moreover, although we have not ourselves any experience of our whole country being governed by one House alone, we have the experience of the neighbouring country in that respect. For eight years before the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, the people of that country had only one House. The evils flowing from it were the main inducements to the adoption of the Constitution, with two Houses. It was found, that after the Revolutionary War was ended, and the combative instincts had cooled, the continental Congress degenerated into a mere collection of rings, in which a quorum could scarcely be obtained, except when some booty was to be divided. The interests of each particular State were the only interests that were thought of; and were it not for the adoption of the Constitution, instead of a United States, we would have seen the same state of affairs in North America as is witnessed in South America—a congeries of weak States in a chronic state of antagonism.

The United States system of appointing the Senate has not been such a bond to keep the States together as it was thought it would be. The Senators represent States, not the country at large, and all that was necessary to break up the Union at the time of secession, was the withdrawal of the representatives of each of the Southern States from the United States Congress. Besides this objection to the system, there is the formidable one that it makes the Local Houses sinks of iniquity. The Camerons of Pennsylvania, Jones of Nevada, Tweed in New York, and Chandler in Michigan, had all purchased majorities in the Local Houses in those States. It may not be possible that the system, if adopted by Canada, would lead to such results; but the Pacific Scandal does not lessen the belief that such results would be more than probable. It is scarcely necessary, however, to dilate on these changes, as there is little chance of

either of them being adopted. Before any of them could be adopted, the Senate must decree its own dissolution, which is not to be expected without a convulsion, which would shake our whole governmental fabric to pieces.

Now, in discussing what reform should be made in the Senate, the evils to be remedied must be considered. It has been for centuries a cardinal principle in English politics, that in making a change in any institution, only so much change as will remedy the defects should be made. The same principle should be acted upon here. The defects of the Senate are, that when it is opposed to the action of the Lower House, a deadlock occurs, for which there is no remedy, like the appointing of peers in England to obtain the necessary majority. The British North America Act does provide for the appointment of a certain number of senators in addition to what we have now; but Mr. Mackenzie appealed in vain to England to make use of this provision. Another evil is that the senators are appointed for life. This enables men who have grown too old for any useful legislation to retain their seats in the Senate. In many cases there are members of it who only attend every session for the purpose of drawing their pay; and this is not, by any means, the main objection. In a country like ours public opinion moves rapidly. So long as we are only a colony thought cannot be too advanced. Even in the decade since Confederation public sentiment has entirely changed. National feeling and sentiment have already given the strongest evidence of their presence among us; and at the next election this sentiment of Canadian nationality will be still further developed, and the country will send representatives to the Commons strongly imbued with that sentiment. They will be met, however, by the same dead colonial sentiment of the Senate, and no doubt serious complications may arise. Hence the necessity of doing something now. It would be foolish to delay till the danger arises; one might as well wait to look for a life-preserver until one is actually in the water.

Then, as it is only the present defects that are or ought to be remedied, and the Senate brought into accord with public opinion, this could be done by leaving the nominative system intact and simply nominating a certain number of senators every five years—say one-third. Allow one-third of the present oldest members to remain for five years, one-third of the next oldest for ten years, and one-third of the youngest for fifteen years. This would make the term of service for senators fifteen years. At the end of the first five years all the old men would be gone and the Government in power would have the appointment of one-third, for fifteen years, who should not be older than forty-five. It may be an objection with some, that the Government would appoint all the members of their own political party. We will not assume that any Canadian Government would be entirely lacking in patriotism; but even if they did appoint one-third all of their own party, it would not be so much out of the way. It may be assumed that any Government would have a majority. If the people elected a parliamentary majority on certain principles, would they not also elect a majority of senators if they had the choice of them? Then, if a Government nominated all of their own party, it would only be carrying out the will of the nation and doing what is now required—making the Senate in accord with the Commons. If Mr. Mackenzie had had the right to appoint one-third of the Senate when he obtained power would he have been hampered as he was by that body or will anyone say it would have been too many Reformers to appoint in what was then and is now a compact Conservative Senate? It is thought not.

This system is superior to all others

in being practicable. Indeed those who advocate any other change in the Senate must advocate this first, as the means to such change. It would be impossible to obtain the consent of the present members to abolish the Senate. This would be the result whether the Senate was abolished altogether or only the elective principle adopted; because very few of the present members could hope for re-election by the people. It may be said that an Imperial Act could be obtained to abolish it. It is doubtful; and it is time we commenced to put into practice ourselves the principle which is the foundation stone of the British Constitution—the safety of the people is the supreme law;—and do ourselves whatever the safety and welfare of the Canadian people require. It is time we began to look upon the British North America Act as what it is, a mere Act of Parliament passed for a particular and specific purpose and not a Constitution. It never was intended for a Constitution, as it does not even hint at, not to say enact, the formation and responsibility of the Cabinet. All the chief principles of our Government are unwritten; and it seems strange that our courts and legislators continually talk of that Act as the Canadian Constitution.

Hence there should be no more British legislation for Canada except what is absolutely necessary. We could easily, by preserving the nominative system, get an Act for the change above mentioned, and that is all that is required at present. Under such a change progressive sentiment would not be obstructed and stability would be assured.

The only question is whether it would be worth while to make the application. If the Liberal party succeed at the next elections in England, there will be such a reaction that Canada will stand a strong chance of being cut adrift altogether. It may be that we would have such good fortune; if so, there is no doubt we shall have a Canadian as Imperial Commissioner. (The man whose pen so materially aided to strike the shackles off the people of the Ionian Islands, is best entitled to the position, and would no doubt receive it from a Liberal English Government.)

However, whether the change comes sooner or later, as come it must, it is our duty to prepare ourselves and our institutions for it, and to sustain the burdens which increased national responsibilities may cast upon us. Among the many changes which are required, whether as regards present benefit or future responsibility, there is none so pressing as the reform of our Senate.

FASHIONABLE MURDER.

BY P. S. H.

I TAKE the following scrap from a Provincial paper, of the 14th of October, 1879, as a *text* for a few remarks I purpose making. By 'St. John,' I suspect there is meant *St. Johns*, of the island of Newfoundland.

SEALS —Two seals were lately shot in St. John harbour by Sir H—. B—.

One thing more by way of text. The writer of those lines was a few years since told in Montreal of this trivial incident. A man was, one day, in that city driving an ass, a mule, or perhaps a dilapidated horse, which was 'baulking' and being violently beaten in consequence. A good-hearted Irishman stepped mercifully up on behalf of the quadruped of the team and said to the biped: 'Ah, why do yes be batin' a felly-craythur like that? Why but yes discoorse him, and spake kindly till him; and then he'll take it along.' The joke, which my informant seemed to see, was in the kindly Irishman referring to the ass as the fellow-creature of the driver; but it is a part of the position I am about to assume to maintain that the Irishman was right; his expression involved no joke, but only expressed a simple truth which ought to be more widely appreciated than it is.

The apparent cruelty of this our race, which for brevity's sake, rather than correctly, I will call *Englishmen*, is very remarkable. 'What an awfully dismal day! Let us go out and kill something,' is what a hypochondriacal Englishman is supposed to say to a gloomy friend during a dull day in the country; and it is very characteristic of the race. I am desirous of believing that this apparent mania for killing things, for the mere sake of killing, is not the result of any innate tendency to cruelty, but arises from thoughtlessness or needlessly corrupted feeling. Now, this knight mentioned in the above brief extract, if I were disposed to be sarcastic, I would try to say something clever about the modern phase into which Knight Errantry has lapsed, when the Flower of Chivalry dons his armour, and, in the scarcity of objectionable giants and mischievous magicians, wends forth into the world—to kill seals! I will not do so; for I do not suppose Sir H—— is any more an object for satire than thousands of his fellow-countrymen who have not yet won their spurs.

Leaving out for the present, however, all consideration of what the spirit, it not the letter, of the laws of true chivalry may require of its dubbed knights, it seems to me that the feelings of common humanity, if not crushed down or distorted by a corrupt education, must revolt at the daily instances we see and hear of, of the 'fashionable murder' of what we are pleased to call *the lower animals.* The extent to which the wholly unrestrained slaughtering of harmless beasts and birds is carried on, or attempted to be carried on, by—say the people of Great Britain, and especially by those of them who rate themselves of the 'higher classes,'—seems almost incredible. Of the man who finds it necessary, or believes it to be so, to kill that he may eat, I shall say nothing. But your English sportsman would scorn to be held one of that

class. He wishes you to understand distinctly that he kills for the sheer love of killing. Yes, even men whose highly intellectual powers and attainments are admitted, will, at certain seasons of the year, leave their seats in Parliament, or their pursuits in literature or art, or their counting houses, their luxurious do-nothing clubs, and, as if running a-muck, rush away to the fields and moors to try how many harmless deer, or grouse, or partridges, or other innocent and defenceless creatures, they can kill within a given time. And then the exultation in telling the tale of the score is a large one! If one of these more intellectual butchers is persistently remonstrated with upon the cruelty and wanton destruction of such a proceeding, he will probably at length tell you that he does not wish to be cruel; and that, after all, he does not really kill for the sake of killing; but that he goes hunting these beasts and birds solely for the enjoyment of the scenery he finds on such occasions, and for the exercise which the sport affords him as an athlete and a marksman. It certainly does seem a strange thing to add a zest to the enjoyment of attractive scenery, this dealing of death and pain amongst other living creatures who are not improbably as capable of enjoying it as the slaughterer himself. Surely, too, one can run, and leap, and swim, and climb, with pleasure and profit, without occasionally killing or maiming another who is enjoying the same cheering exercise. And why cannot marksmanship, as such, be practised without inflicting death or pain? Let the aspirant in this way outline the dimensions of his 'game' upon some rock or wall, and blaze away at that to his heart's content. Or if he is ambitious of 'taking a shy' at objects in motion, let him fire at 'messengers' going up a boy's kite string; or let him throw those wine or beer bottles, which he has just emptied, far into the nearest lake, stream, or other tide, and hit them with his shot as they float! Surely his ingenuity can devise some efficient means of exercising his marksmanship.

But what shall be said of the latest, most ingenious, and most gallant killing scheme? Let the reader imagine if he can—and it is difficult to imagine without having seen it—two, or more, entities, really calling themselves men, bravely girding up their manly muscles and nerves for the daring achievement, and with a bearing as dauntless as was ever that of King Arthur, Launcelot, or any other mediæval knight that ever drew rein in joust, entering the lists, each against every other, upon the desperate strife intent—of trying who can, within a given time, shoot the most pigeons, being propelled one by one out of a box! And this is called sport! And, as such, is indulged in and boasted of by beings who presume to call themselves gentlemen! With a still more heroic air might any bumpkin boast of his achievements in the killing line, after having eaten a hunk of mitey cheese. But the whole thing is too ridiculous and too inhuman to be further dwelt upon with patience. I fear, however, that many ages must elapse before the appeals and remonstrances of those whose views upon these matters concur with those here expressed, can produce any salutary effect upon the 'fashionable murderers' of our mother country. Probably before these slaughtering sentiments can be eradicated, what are called *game* animals shall have entirely disappeared from that country. Then probably a wail of something like remorse will swell over the land; and people will regret the inhuman propensities of themselves and their fathers when it is too late.

In this Dominion of Canada, it is surely permissible for us to believe that the case may be different. Let us hope that, whatever murderous public sentiment there may be amongst us, it is not so widespread and ineradicable but that reform, in the direction I have been indicating, may yet be pos-

sible. Let us reflect upon how much may be done in a newly-settled country, which would be utterly impracticable in an older one; how comparatively much easier it is to mould the character of a young and growing people than that of an old nation, with its innate prejudices and its habits the growth of centuries. Let us hope, then, that those amongst us who are adverse to the 'slaughtering of the innocents' who cannot speak in their own defence, may so influence the feelings of our fellow-countrymen generally as to stop at length this cruel and most needless slaughter. I cannot but think that we already have the majority of them on the humane side; but probably a large proportion even of these have not yet given much serious thought to the matter. It is certainly high time that they should do so.

It can be scarcely necessary to remind the reader of the great change which has taken place—even within the memory of persons now living, in the number of game animals—or say rather of those which are hunted—which have dwelt within the forests, and along the shores of Canada. In times past—even a hundred years since—the regions named abounded with such animals, of species which it is needless to catalogue, most of which have already become almost extinct. I speak now more particularly of the older Provinces of the Dominion. Surely the destruction has been needless; and equally certain is it that it is to be regretted. Take, for instance, our representatives of the Deer Family, common deer, once numerous throughout a portion of the older Provinces; the noble and stately moose, and the lithe and beautiful caribou. With the earliest white frequenters of our forests, the hunting and trapping of fur bearing animals was the principal pursuit; whilst those of the deer tribe were killed as food. These latter were so numerous that they could be taken in sufficient numbers to furnish the necessary food supply without making any great demand upon the fur catcher's time as such. There is no reason to suppose that he habitually killed more of them than were necessary to maintain that food supply, and so it was maintained. So it was with the pioneer husbandmen. But in process of time, and as the country became more widely settled with human inhabitants, the state of affairs became very different. The demand for food became so great in proportion to the supply of game animals, that it did not pay to hunt the latter. Everything considered, butcher meat became cheaper than venison, as it is still, the disproportion between the cost of the two becoming every day greater. Then there were still at large certain vagabondish backwoodsmen who preferred roaming the woods in pursuit of game, to cultivating the fields as industrious farmers; and these tended still more to keep down the number of game animals. However, so far as native Canadians are to be considered, this latter class of men has become somewhat rare in the five older Provinces. Rare, I mean, as among the natives of the country. At the same time, the hunters of our wild beasts and birds have increased in a probably larger proportion by accessions from abroad. Every year, numbers of men cross the Atlantic to—as they call it—'enjoy a season's shooting,' in the forests, shores, and prairies of Canada. Of all the destructive agents operating upon the game animals of the country, there can be little doubt that these are the most destructive. These are the gentlemen who destroy for the mere sport of destroying, and who speak contemptuously of the needy man who kills a game animal for food, as 'a mere pothunter.'

Fancy one of these valiant ones, after a run over here from England for a few weeks, going back to delight the ears of his friends with the tale of the *dozens* of moose and caribou he has gallantly slain during his brief

visit. What fun it must have been! What terror and torment he caused to his innocent victims! What a glorious destruction of life and property! As to the latter point, he would not improbably tell us that he had given all the carcasses to the poor; and, if so, we should have to reply that, in probably nine cases out of ten, the animal was killed in such a remote and nearly inaccessible spot, that the meat would not, to the poorest man in the country, be considered worth the cost of carrying it out of the woods. Can any person undertake to say one word in defence of this *outrageous* destruction of our noblest game animals? Already the deer, moose, and caribou have become almost extinct in our forests; and, except in a few still favoured localities, they have quite disappeared. In some of the Provinces there exist what are called 'Game Protection Societies;' and in some of them the Local Legislatures have passed enactments with the object of checking this wholesale destruction, and preventing the utter extinction of these animals. It is to be feared, however, that these enactments effect but a very slight check upon the evil. The imposition of a moderate license fee upon every man who wishes to carry a gun into the woods, although well enough as far as it goes, can but slightly affect the number of skilled hunters who will frequent our forests; whilst the restriction of the number of animals which a hunter may kill within a season, is a provision which may be, and is, easily evaded.

But why lay down a law that the man who has a passion for *killing something* may be permitted to shoot three, or seven, or whatever the restricted number may be, moose, &c., 'to his own gun,' in a season? Why, I would ask, not cease to shoot, or otherwise kill them, altogether? The time has long since passed when any animal of the deer tribe can be *economically* hunted in Canada, by either Indian or white man, who has to toil for his livelihood—to whom time, and the wages of well-employed time, are an object. In this country want need not drive any man to war upon wild beasts. Any man who is capable of a day's hunting in our forests may, if he chooses, obtain much more remunerative employment at something else and something harmless. It is true that there still remains amongst us some of that vagabond class, already mentioned, who would rather, at any time, go tramping about the woods than be usefully employed in some industrial pursuit; and who would not hesitate in pursuing the trail of a poor persecuted moose, to spend as much time as, if occupied in some other industrial occupation, would have enabled them to earn the full value of half-a-dozen such animals. Any course which would restrain this species of vagabondage would be a really merciful one.

It appears, then, that the *only* object to be subserved by the hunting and slaughtering of the moose, caribou, and deer of our forests, is that of gratifying one of the worst propensities of the pristine savagery of human nature—the desire to 'kill something' for the sheer love of killing. Is this a propensity which, upon any ground whatsoever, should be encouraged? On the contrary, should not every rational and just measure be taken to restrain it? I can scarcely doubt what will be the answer of every really humane man. Of the natives or permanent residents of Canada who have, or think they have, nothing better to do, and whose pecuniary means are such that they feel they can afford to spend their time in tramping and shooting about the woods, the number is small. Still, there are a few of this class. The remainder of the Nimrods that we Canadians know most of, consist, for the most part, of transient visitors from the 'Mother Country,' men with

abundance of means and too much leisure—doughty champions of that modern knight errantry which goes wandering about the world seeking what it may *kill*. Is it desirable that either of these classes should be suffered to utterly exterminate the small relict which still remains of the beautiful, and harmless, and defenceless tenants of our forests? I speak not of animals which are considered noxious to man, such as bears, wolves, 'lucifers,' and others of smaller dimensions. By the law as to self-preservation, we may justify ourselves in destroying these whenever and wherever we can, and oftentimes at no inconsiderable expense; but with our moose, caribou, and deer, with many of our fur-bearing animals, which are perfectly harmless to man, and whose fur has ceased to be of commercial value equal to, or greater than, the actual cost of procuring it; and with a very large proportion of our birds, the case is far different. Thus it is, then: These animals of the classes just named are perfectly harmless to men; their destruction cannot, except in some extreme and exceptional individual case, benefit the people of the country in ever so slight a degree; on the contrary, their destruction can only be effected by a loss to the community; consequently there can be no good reason whatever why they should be destroyed at all. Some persons may contend that these *feræ naturæ*, although harmless, yet being no good—at all events in their living state—it is therefore permissible to destroy them. To this, my reply is, that it is not right to destroy anything whatever unless a real benefit can with reasonable certainty be anticipated to accrue from that destruction. Yet the continued living existence of these creatures is a good, even when viewed from a humanly selfish point of view. They are a good, if not otherwise, through the enjoyment that is afforded to the appreciating man in seeing and admiring their stately, or graceful, forms, roaming in fearless and joyful freedom through their native homes, and adding tenfold to the charms of our grand old forests.

Notwithstanding all the legislative restrictions which have been enacted; notwithstanding the persistent individual and combined efforts of the well-disposed amongst us to prevent such a deplorable result; it is certain that, as already stated, our three Canadian representatives of the deer family are rapidly disappearing, and, at the present rate of destruction, must very soon become utterly extinct. During the autumn and winter they are mercilessly hunted by men of irksome leisure and superabundant means, partly residents of the country, but every year comprising a larger proportion of persons from abroad—the whole class calling themselves 'sportsmen.' At all possible times, in season and out of season, but especially during the deep snows of an unusually severe winter, when the poor animals can scarcely budge even to save their lives, and when even at times they seem to seek succour in the vicinity of human abodes, they are run down by dogs, snared, trapped, helplessly shot, and butchered in all sorts of ways, and in defiance of law, common sense, and common humanity, by the improvident and heartless vagabondry of our own country. As for this latter class of miscreants, remonstrance is only wasted upon them: they can only be ruled with a strong hand. With the former class of slaughterers, let us hope that the case is different, and that they may be led to see the error and inhumanity of their ways. A military gentleman, the author of several deservedly popular works, principally relating to the natural history and woodland life of these Provinces, who is a 'sportsman,' and has himself killed a moose or two, once said, in the hearing of the author of these remarks, that to see the great, tenderly appealing, melting eyes of a cow-

moose, turned up to the countenance of her slayer the moment after he had thrust his hunting knife into her throat, was a sight so touching that he thought no man would ever wish to see it twice; he, at least, did not. Would that there were more like him.

Surely fashion, and the thoughtlessness which is allied to a close adherance of fashion, must have a great deal to do with this seemingly needless and wanton butchering of harmless creatures. It is difficult to conceive that highly intellectual men, with cultured minds and refined habits, can really think at all of the cruelty and the sinful destruction of the beautiful and good which they perpetrate in one of these sporting raids of theirs. They just go on doing it under the vague impression that it is 'the thing' to do, and that it always has been done. If any of these gentlemen really have an incurable blood mania why cannot they go and refresh their killing propensities by holding intercourse with wolves, bears (especially grizzlies), hyænas, leopards, tigers, lions, crocodiles, venomous serpents, and such-like animals, which the world, as an habitation for man, could dispense with—or even rats, or mice, and other such smaller vermin; and let alone the harmless and the good? There would be something much more nearly akin to mediæval knight-errantry in assailing such 'monsters' as these. Simply speaking, it would be more manly than butchering a poor moose swamped in snow-drifts, popping at pigeons out of a trap, or shooting a lone seal whilst trying to escape from a general slaughter.

A word more as to the seal. However disquieting and harrowing it is to all except the most cruel of human natures to hear of, and still more to witness, the wholesale manner in which, upon the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts, these poor creatures are every spring slaughtered by hundreds of thousands, and even millions, within the space of a few weeks, I suppose it is needless to utter any remonstrance upon that point, whilst seal-oil and seal-skins command a high price in the markets. It is quite certain that, in view of the improvident and lavish way in which 'sealing' is carried on, the whole business must soon cease, and the hunted animal become all but exterminated. This individual seal, with the account of whose decease I commenced this paper, was some poor waif which had escaped from last Spring's havoc; and his life might have been spared under all the circumstances. Since these poor creatures have been so furiously hunted, stray individuals often wander far away from their former haunts; they are perfectly harmless; they are not indisposed to cultivate the acquaintance of kindly men—and why should they not be encouraged to do so? Reader, did you ever see a seal travelling, according to his wont, or fishing, or disporting himself, in the water? Anything more variedly and charmingly graceful than his movements it is impossible to conceive. It is a sight that might often delight the promenader upon our shores were we a less cruel people.

I must yet add a few words on behalf of the birds which, by the beauty of their plumage or the music of their song, lend a charm to our fields and woodsides. It is useless to say aught of what are called 'game birds.' They are obviously doomed, and must, within a few years, become extinct. Not so, it is to be hoped, with all. Yet, incredible as it may sound, a wanton and woful destruction has been made even of the singing birds of this country. Evilly instructed, or wholly uninstructed boys, from the time that they were old enough to carry a gun, have been suffered to play the 'sportsman' upon our beautiful and musical little feathered friends. Even adult men have been monsters enough to destroy them for committing depredations upon their fields and gardens (!).

only to find afterwards that they have been dolts enough to destroy their true friends. By-the-by, I have been assured that, within the sweep of a radius of several miles in the country around Sydney, Cape Breton, there is scarcely ever a wild bird of any sort or description to be seen. The reason assigned is that, for several years past, the French North American Naval Squadron has been accustomed to lie for a few weeks in summer in Sydney harbour, and our honoured allies have made game of all the birds. If the report is true, it is questionable whether or not the Sydney people have not been, in one particular at least, a little too hospitable.

In some of the Provinces, laws have been enacted protecting singing and other innocuous birds from the hands of the destroyer. There is reason, too, to believe that they meet with a fair degree of obedient observance, which shews that they fortunately are not in advance of the sentiment of the times. If the boys of the present generation, in the mass, evince merely a marked disposition to keep their guns and their gins away from our favourite birds, we may expect much from the next generation. And how desirable it is that we should have these merry chirpers and warblers in greater number, honestly paying their way in their services to the farmer and gardener, and increasing their present intimacy with all of us human beings who will permit it. There is no difficulty in cultivating the most intimate relations with these would-be fondlings. There are ladies amongst us who have large and diversified families of these outdoor pets, which come daily to their lady friends' windows to be fed and talked to ; and the writer has himself been permitted, through long familiarity, to stroke down the back a 'wild' native bird—one that had never been caged, or housed—as she sat composedly on her nest. Let us hope that the sentiment of the great and influential majority of the people shall be in favour of protecting from murderous hands, and of cultivating the noble moose, caribou, and deer, a few of which still survive, as well as the other innocuous animals which still roam in our forests. Then, but not until then, we may pass laws for their protection which can be rendered operative. Why should they be exterminated ? If they are not so to be, we must forbid their being killed *at all.* I venture to hope that these views will meet with the approval of every humane reader who may honour them with a perusal.

LEGAL EDUCATION.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, TORONTO.

AN article appeared in the last number of this magazine which well expressed the want felt by those who are preparing to become lawyers. That such an article should be written by a student at this hour in Canada is conclusive evidence that something is wrong. All the civilized world over, tutors, professors, head-masters, royal commissioners, have been now, for a long time, seeking, and continue, with unabated zeal, to seek, new means for perfecting the machinery of education. How to get knowledge into the minds of the people is of all problems that to which the ingenuity of the time bends itself most earnestly to solve. In this Province we have an educational system which is equal to that of any country in the world, if, indeed, it does not stand pre-eminent. Yet, a learned body like the Law Society, instead of co-operating with the educational forces at work around, yielding to a cry short-sighted, selfish and ignoble, have decided on a policy of inaction. To describe their conduct as a retrogradation would be to libel the past. Their attitude is as false to ancient legal tradition as to the modern spirit.

Something in the shape of a law school was in existence a couple of years ago. A few gentlemen, well instructed in their profession, were periodically hired for as much a year as a member of the Local House pockets for his month of anxious killing labour, to lecture on certain branches of law. But soon, local jealousy, whose ideal of a State is a prairie without tree or hillock, where there is nothing to qualify the howling waste of monotonous equality, took the alarm. The generous heart of man speedily resents injustice. Agitation rose high over the horrible grievance that in the capital of the Province students should enjoy advantages sharing in which was impossible for those in the backwoods. In an hour of meddlesome folly, the principle of representation had been adopted for recruiting the body of benchers. All representative bodies are cowardly; loud, and bold, as a faction-bully with his whole kennel behind him, and a single enemy in front, when supported by a popular boom, a generous people rising in their might, &c.; timid as the proverbial hare when not thus buttressed from behind. The benchers bowed the head before the boorish clamour.

It seems there was one mistaken rule the removal of which would have gone far to allay, at least so far as the country students were concerned, the local irritation. The time necessary to serve was shortened for those attending the lectures—an inducement, probably, to regular attendance. That no such inducement was necessary has been proved by subsequent experience. Whether necessary or not, the demand on the part of the country students to have the time of probation regulated solely by the examination hall was just. The only creditable reason that could be given for refusing it was, that granting it would be taking in an enlightened age an obscurantist step. There is a universe between lancing a diseased part and making the happy despatch. It would not require a Bench of Judges

to decide the question of superior liberality between yielding to the proposal for reform and wholly giving up the lectures. This last course, peevish or premeditated, was that which commended itself to the quintessential wisdom of the Provincial Bar. In the absence of any practical reason for a proceeding so strange, it seems as whimsical as the justice of the soldiers of Louis XIV., who had been ordered to kill one of two captives, but who, unable to distinguish the doomed man, in order that there should be no mistake, killed both.

There was, it should seem, a practical reason. Some of the benchers, from whom better things might have been expected, were careless whether there was a law school or not, and those who took just views, were overborne by the dead weight of the country vote. One could wish that the motive moving that enlightened mass might be described as creditable. It was not creditable. It was selfish. It trampled on country, on profession, on duty in all respects. This language is not too strong. It is used advisedly. The head of a legal firm occupies the position of parent to his students. He is a leader in his profession. He knows how much the welfare of a country depends on the character of those who administer the law. 'That other priesthood,' says Burke, when he would emphasize the relation of lawyers to the body of the people; their silent, all-searching, pervasive power. It is the same sage writer who tells us that nothing can stand long which does not stand with credit. A great profession can maintain a position of honour and respect only by having members at once worthy and proud of it. All this is presumably known to the heads of prominent legal firms. They also know that the success, and even happiness, of their students may depend, in no small degree, on having enjoyed for a few years the advantages of residence in a capital. The way the country benchers fulfilled their manifold trust in its regard was to put their knife in the Law School. By it their best students, just as they became useful, were attracted to Toronto. Their best students will probably be attracted to Toronto Law School or no Law School. In a fit of rampant localism they stabbed the young institution. The same motive has led them to reject Mr. Crooks' motion to shorten the years of studentship for those who should, while serving their term, take the degree of LL.B. at the Toronto University.

Whatever, from our point of view, may be thought of the policy embodied in Mr. Crooks' motion, of the motives of those who burked it there can be but one opinion. For and against Mr. Crooks' plan much might be said. To utilize the University for professional education is in accordance with the original idea of a University, though that idea is hardly adhered to when this is done, no security being taken that there shall have been a preliminary liberal education or something answering thereto. The disadvantages are not small. You turn out on the world men with University degrees who, by over-rating their importance, are sure to be injured by them; who have had no training in those arts of which a University is supposed to be the temple—arts which undoubtedly soften, and refine, and brighten, and, save where the material is unfavourable, ennoble; whose future cultivation is imperilled, if not effectively prevented, by what is partly the consequence of that which should be a badge of culture, the manifold conceit spawned under the prolific influence of those forcing conjunctures, small parts, meagre acquirements and cheap honours; learned men with knowledge neither of history, nor literature, nor science; not educated in any true sense; enlightened in no sense at all. An excuse moreover would be afforded to the Law School for neglecting a direct immediate duty.

That duty is plain. The government of the legal profession of this great Province is wholly in their hands. They regulate the admission of students, and prescribe the steps which must be taken ere one can issue a writ or wear a gown. The noblest section under the heading 'Powers of Benchers' in the 138th chapter of the Revised Statutes reads like a satire to-day :—'The Benchers may *make rules for the improvement of legal education;* and *may appoint readers and lecturers with salaries;* * * and may establish scholarships.' They are a wealthy body. The students' fees largely swell this wealth. Is their duty to the students, to the profession, to the Province fulfilled by providing for a certain number of examinations and paying four examiners?

It has been said in their justification that no lecturers, worth having, were to be found. Where do they find examiners? Can men be found fit to pronounce on proficiency in studies of which they do not know enough to justify their lecturing thereon? It needs no argument to refute the assertion. It is not a fact. The writer has made a point of attending the lectures given gratuitously by Mr. Ewart and Mr. Delamere, and he can testify that the lectures of these gentlemen are as useful as any lectures he had the privilege of hearing in the Temple or in Lincoln's Inn. What you want in a lecturer on law to students, certainly in their earlier years, is not profundity or largeness of grasp, but rather the faculty of guidance, familiarity with the difficulties which beset the beginner, an accurate idea of the country, and a capacity for directing the traveller the best route to take. What is needed is a surveyor who has been over the ground, and who has sufficient intelligence to indicate the results of his admeasurements and the best points from which to start. To the student just entered, a finger-post is more desirable than a philosopher.

Teachers of this class are, at all events, enough to begin with. Time and encouragement would supply us with Birbecks and Brooms. Good men cannot be expected to devote themselves to special studies for small pay. What we would propose is this: four readerships in law of $1,200 a year each, and one in jurisprudence of $1,500; no scholarships, but instead thereof a prize of $2,000, payable in sums of $500 a year to any person producing a work of five hundred pages, 8vo., which the judges would pronounce a contribution of sterling value to legal literature. We badly need good legal authors. A Canadian lawyer must be a good English lawyer; he must know the laws of the United States; he must have a perfect knowledge of Canadian law; yet he is almost without such assistance as his brethren in England and the Republic possess. This want would soon be supplied if the above proposal were adopted.

Mr. Blake is Treasurer. Some action might fairly be expected from him. If the Bar generally has lost *esprit de corps*, this virtue must surely abide in those who have climbed to the head of their profession. If Mr. Blake were not Treasurer, those who not undeservedly chant his praises would say of him, in reference to the present subject, as they do in regard to so much else—'If Blake were Treasurer, this sort of thing could never exist. A master mind like his would sway the benchers in the right direction. The energy of a great enlightened will would be felt through the whole legal body' — with much of the same sort. In the case of no man whom experience or reading makes known has achievement ever been so discounted. Greatness is always stimulating, whether with you or opposed to you. One would like at times to see a manifestation of greatness. The eye tires of the amorphous outlines of the calculating, the petty, the mean. A sympathetic

person like the writer has been more than once led to share the expectancy, if not the opinions, of the enthusiasts. He has for a moment been deluded into the idea that a forcing process would do something. But it was like coaxing chain lightning out of a hay stack. It is a paradox. Never have great possibilities barked closer at the heels of, or been farther from biting, performance. Had Mr. Blake died seven years ago, our Virgil of the near future writing the Canadian epic would have sung of him as the young Marcellus of the North. Here is something for him to do. Everyone saw him made Treasurer with approval and hope. The dawn of a better state of things, it was felt, must be at hand. As yet, he has done nothing, unless he is the author of the scheme, providing law libraries for every country town. But the distribution of libraries, unless the writer is mistaken, is not what localism wants. Nothing would appease that short of the destruction of Osgoode Hall, and setting up a Vice Chancellor in every lumber-village. Indeed, it is a question whether Mr. Mowat ought not to be asked to pass a Bill enacting that every pioneer, in addition to his axe, saw, hammer and cooking utensils, should be provided, at the public expense, with a Chief Justice and a couple of Judges. The only fruitful field for Mr. Blake's reforming energy is in the direction of devising effective legal educational machinery here in Toronto. If he neglects that his treasurership will have been like Queen Mary's pregnancy, big with hope and—disappointment.

Mr. Blake lately made an admirable little speech at the Legal and Literary Society. In this speech he let fall some remarks which would lead to the inference that he is alive not merely to the needs of the hour, as pointed out above, but realizes the gravity of the question of general education in its bearing on the character of his profession. Men are crowding into law, not a few of whom cannot speak their own language correctly. That this invasion of the Philistines has long been going forward, though not in such swarms as at present, is proved by the vocabulary of some of the Q. C.'s. Who is responsible for the silk on their backs? It would hardly be unjust to require of a Queen's Counsel that he should speak the Queen's English. Their grammar is often as original as their lexicographical aberrations. Not without successors is the late eminent lawyer who asked a witness:—'Now, now, witness on your oath, *was* you there?' —the witness, determined to be as correct as the lawyer, replying:—'I *were*, sir.' Such blemishes are the more remarkable, because brought into glaring contrast with forensic exhibitions displaying the highest qualities by men like Mr. Dalton McCarthy, Mr. Blake, Mr. Bethune, Mr. Christopher Robinson, Mr. Hector Cameron, and one or two others, and with the learning of a judiciary without a superior in the world for integrity and erudition, and whose exquisite urbanity to the bar might, with profit, be taken as a model in Westminster Hall. One never sees here that tendency to snub the bar which disfigures the demeanour of English Judges, always excepting a man whose manners are worthy of his genius, Sir Alexander Cockburn.

It may be asked what interest have the public in the general culture of lawyers. As property owners, and as owners of the more valuable wealth of citizenship in a free state, we are all deeply and vitally interested in wise legislation, and the efficient and honest administration of law. What the amateur administration of law issues in, receives, in the Lucan tragedy, ghastly illustration. The chaos in the United States is familiar to lawyers; its effects cannot be measured by occasional *causes célèbres*, significant and scandalous as they sometimes are. The unbeliever never suspects the

moral strength he takes while unconsciously breathing a Christian atmosphere. How much of all that makes life worth having depends on the laws, politics, political constitution, character of politicians and lawyers and others, it would not be possible to over-rate; how much of our power to be what we are, is drawn from the same source is hardly suspected. Less or more than man, says Aristotle, must he be who could live outside a State. What the spinal column is to the human organism, what the volition of a virtuous man is to his whole moral being, the law of a country is to its constitution and civic life. Sir William Jones, in his celebrated ode, asks, what constitutes a State? Not the battlements of fenced towers, runs his answer; not proud cities with handsome churches; not a teeming commerce; not courts, with their vanities and treacheries and pride; but men, high-minded men, enlightened, moral, strong, knowing their duties and their rights, and determined to maintain them—these constitute a State

"And sovereign law that States collected will."

Such a State could not exist—could not be approached, if every lawyer in the community was a mere costs ferret. The founders of the noblest States were great legislators, and free institutions are in hourly peril where there is not an instructed high-minded bar. The degradation of the legal profession would soon be followed by the corruption of the judiciary.

If any large number of the individuals who make up the people are incapable of taking a broad view of their interests; if it is too much to ask them to consider the well-being of the State, even with a view to their own ultimate well-being; if only mere sordid considerations can make them feel an interest in the liberal culture of the lawyers of the future—then we say that education makes people truthful, honest, honourable; that it wakes them to a consciousness of motives looking in the direction of rectitude, which have no existence for illiterate people; that it tends to qualify the degrading worship of wealth; that quickening imagination it enables men, who might otherwise prove dishonest, to realize all the miseries which follow dishonesty. An educated lawyer is, therefore, far more worthy of trust than an ignorant one, however well up the latter may be in his profession. As Mr. Blake pointed out at the Legal and Literary Society, there is nothing elevating or enlarging in legal studies, unless in the case of those 'very happily born.' The tendency of legal studies is to sharpen, not to expand, and it is well if the sharpness does not degenerate into sharp practice. Where there is not the hold which liberal culture gives, the character, under such influences, is apt to drop sheer down to utter worthlessness. Hence those occasional escapades which call for the interference of judges, and leave deluded clients robbed, and sometimes ruined. A conscienceless priesthood is not more dangerous to the morals and honour of communities, than a conscienceless legal body to their goods and chattels. The morals of priesthoods have risen with education. They have again become scandalous when ignorance has re-asserted itself, and some Jezebel insisted on 'making priests of the lowest of the people.' The application is not far to seek in the case of 'that other priesthood.'

Late, but not too late, is it to raise a barrier against the invasion of the Goths. More important than examiners in law, more important than lecturers in law, more important than Judicature Bills, is devising guarantees that only fit men shall receive a license to practise law. The union of the two branches of the profession here makes anxiety on this point more important than where they are not united. Clients have seldom to complain of

weak advocacy where the advocate is chosen by a skilled class. Where the attorney is also a barrister, he sometimes sacrifices the interest of his clients to his vanity as an advocate. Culture which hates unfitness, which teaches us, as Horace says, to choose tasks suited to our ability, and to consider well what our strength is equal to, and what it will fail creditably to support, is the only cure for such disturbing vanity. Let a certain mark of general attainments very much higher than the entrance standard—that standard itself, we assume, having been considerably raised—be required before calling a man to the bar, and without severing the two branches of the profession, you secure the advantages of severance and the advantages of union. By an elastic principle, which could work no hardship whatever, a tendency towards division of labour would have been created in accordance with natural laws. In ten years the bar of Canada would compare with any bar in the world, and the usefulness of lawyers generally in Court and office to the public be indefinitely enhanced.

PRECOCITY.—A SONNET.

BY ALICE HORTON.

A ROSY apple dropt down at my feet
  Before the rest were ripe ; I stooped to see
 What blight, or worm, wrought its maturity,
For there had been no sun to make it sweet ;
 Its seeming ripeness found I a fair cheat :
 'Twas a poor windfall, whose precocity
 Showed that disease at its life's core must be,—
What good fruit ripens without time, or heat ?
 Full many a luscious fruit is late and sour,
 Requiring months of sun and frost to mellow
 So winter pears at Easter-tide grow yellow
 When the spring buds are bursting into flower
And genius sometimes seems the best to me
That has a certain seal of ancienty.

THE MILITIA SYSTEM OF CANADA.

BY CENTURION

A YEAR ago the attention of the reading public was drawn to the question of our national defence, by a powerfully-written article, entitled 'A Plea for the Militia,' published in the February (1879) number of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY. The interest which that article evoked led to many inquiries into the condition of the Militia, and as to what was requisite in order to place it in a state of efficiency. Many persons—amongst them some prominent politicians—said, 'Let us know what you want, make a definite request, and the country will doubtless approve. But the country is ignorant as to the precise nature of your grievances, and until you state them, you cannot hope for redress.' This seems reasonable, but, unfortunately, is impossible. Doctors of medicine may agree as to diagnosis, but differ as to treatment. Similarly, every officer who has given much thought to the Militia question, will agree that there are certain evils to complain of; but it is most probable that no two will agree as to the precise remedy which shall be applied. It is, therefore, with no intention of assuming the position of a mouthpiece of the Militia Force, that the writer has undertaken the task before him. The intention is simply to place before the public, and particularly before the Houses of Parliament, a plain statement of facts with respect to the present state of the Militia organization. Any opinion as to what is necessary in order to place the force in a better position, the writer is individually responsible for; and the weight to be attached to such opinions must, therefore, be taken as individual, and not collective.

At the time of the passage of the Militia Law (22nd May, 1868), the attention of the public was, in a particular degree, drawn to Militia matters. Since March, 1866, there had been constant rumours of Fenian attempts at invasion; the Active Militia had been frequently under Arms, and a certain amount of experience had been gained in actual service, which qualified officers to give an opinion as to what was requisite in order to place the Militia upon a proper footing. Knowing that a new Militia law was in process of incubation, many officers forwarded to the Militia Department expressions of their views. The then Adjutant-General of Militia, a most efficient and thorough soldier, who understood fully the requirements of the case, drafted a series of recommendations, which he submitted for the consideration of many prominent officers of the force, before presenting them to the Minister of Militia. All in vain, however. Recommendations were pigeon-holed, and experience disregarded; and the Militia Act of 1868 was forced upon the country in defiance of the opinions of the existing Militia force, from the Adjutant-General downwards.

Singularly enough, the Act presents few objectionable features; it is elastic and permissive in its character; and, upon the whole, has worked well. But it might have been better, and its results might have been more satisfactory, had advice been taken. It is probable that there would have been irreconcileable differences of opinion then as now, as to what should be, and what should not be, included in the Act; but certain of the things recommended must have approved them-

selves to all; and the Militia force would have been better satisfied had they not been entirely ignored in the framing of an Act for their governance.

The Militia law of 1868, provides for a Militia, to consist of all male inhabitants between the ages of 18 and 60, not exempted or disqualified by law, and being British subjects by birth or naturalization. These are divided into four classes, the *first* class being of unmarried men between the ages of 18 and 30; the *second* class of unmarried men between the ages of 30 and 45; the *third* class of married men between the ages of 18 and 45; and the *fourth* class of those who are between the ages of 45 and 60. This force is to be enumerated periodically by officers who are appointed to command them, the country being divided territorially into regimental divisions for that purpose. This force, at the last enumeration, in 1873, numbered 738,981 of all classes. The enumeration did not, however, include British Columbia, or Prince Edward Island.

We are frequently given great credit in England for the organization of so large a Militia, it being taken for granted that, as there are regimental officers appointed to this large force, it has other than a paper organization. It is an absurd supposition on its face, but is, nevertheless, current. The fact is, that beyond the purpose of its periodical enumeration, the Reserve Militia does not exist as a military body. It has never been mustered. There are not arms, accoutrements, ammunition, or uniforms sufficient for a twentieth part of its number in the possession of the country. Even the officers of the Reserve Militia do not, as a rule, adopt their military titles, or wear their uniform upon public occasions.

It is, however, eminently satisfactory that the country should know that there exists in the *first* and *second* classes of the Reserve Militia (unmarried men between the ages of 18 and 45) no less than 275,827 men who are available by law for military service, in addition to the existing Active Militia.

The Militia Act further provides for the division of the Militia into the Active and Reserve Militia; the former class being subdivided into the *Volunteer*, the *Regular*, and the *Marine* Militia. The first subdivision is the only operative force, and constitutes the 'Active Militia' of the country, no steps having been taken to organize the other subdivisions. The Volunteer Militia is composed of corps raised by voluntary enlistment, for a term of service of three years, subject to annual periods of training of between eight and sixteen days, for which they are by law entitled to fifty cents per day's drill. This force is supplied with arms, accoutrements, and clothing, and while upon duty are subject to the 'Queen's Regulations' and 'Articles of War,' *i.e.*, are liable to the same discipline and penalties as regular soldiers. The strength of this force, as prescribed by law, is 45,000, by the Act of 1868 and its subsequent amendments in 1871, when British Columbia and Manitoba were added to the strength of the Dominion. It is to this force, the only operative force under the Militia Act, that the subsequent remarks will apply. It is the first line of defence, and has been called the 'Canadian army,' both by enthusiastic Adjutants-general, and military journalists.

When, in 1868, the Active or Volunteer Militia was re-enrolled under the new Act, they were in the following proportion, according to the various arms of the service, viz.:—

Cavalry - - - -	1,386
Field Batteries (9)	719
Garrison " - -	3,315
Engineers - - -	184
Infantry and Rifles	31,566
Total - -	37,170 of all ranks.

This number, it must be remembered, was *boná fide*. The men were those who had joined under the Militia Law of 1863, and who re-enrolled under the new law, and having had more or less actual service from 1863 to 1868, they were fairly efficient. But though 37,000 out of the prescribed 40,000 enrolled under the Act of 1868, there were a large number—the veterans of the force as it were—who retired. Yet the Active Militia of 1868 will long be remembered by those officers of the force who had the pleasure of serving with it. The material was magnificent, the latent national spirit had been evoked by the Fenian raids, and the men serving in the ranks were actuated by a spirit of patriotism, rather than from a desire to have a fortnight's jollification at the country's expense, as is too often the motive cause in these latter days. As an illustration of this patriotic feeling, it is only necessary to quote the first clause of the report of the Adjutant-General of Militia for 1867. 'Since the spring of 1866, the Volunteer force of Ontario and Quebec has increased from 348 companies, with a nominal strength of 19,597 men, to 569 companies, with a nominal strength of 33,754 men.' This is of itself a sufficient guarantee that, when circumstances render it necessary, the military spirit of the country will be found equal to any emergency. The men who enrolled in 1866, did so with the full expectation that they would be called upon to repel an enemy from our shores, and yet in a few weeks 14,000 men were added to our defensive force. As it was in the past, so will it be in the future, unless the spirit of 1775, 1812, 1837, and 1866, has forsaken Canadian manhood.

Prior to 1870, with the exception of a camp of observation at Thorold, in 1866, the Active Militia had performed its annual drill at the headquarters of the various corps; but in 1870, a system of 'camps of exercise' was inaugurated, which bid fair to produce the happiest results so far as the efficiency of the force was concerned. The brigade camps then formed were for the double purpose of maintaining a force in hand sufficient to repel any Fenian movement, and, at the same time, to carry out the annual drill. The success of these camps was so apparent that in the following year (1871) divisional and brigade camps were formed, at which 22,544 of all ranks were assembled. During that year, owing to the impetus given by the camps of exercise, the actual numbers drilled were 34,410. In 1872, the number who performed drill in the brigade or divisional camps was 24,144. In 1873, the previous system was reverted to, and corps were allowed to perform their annual drill at their own headquarters. In consequence, the total number of those who performed drill during the year was reduced to 19,963, upwards of 10,000 less than the numbers of the previous year. The next year (1874), in consequence of the insufficient appropriation, the numbers who were to drill were limited to 42 of all ranks in each company, instead of 58 as prescribed by regulation. In 1875, owing to the introduction of brigade camps, the numbers who attended drill during the year were 28,845 of all ranks, and this number was attained with the companies at the reduced strength. Since 1875, the reduction of the Militia vote has prevented the assemblage of the Active Militia in camps, and a corresponding reduction in numbers and efficiency has become apparent.

The nominal strength of the Active Militia, is stated to be as follows:—

Cavalry - - -	1,803
Field Batteries (17) -	1,326
Garrison " - - -	3,048
Engineers - - -	232
Infantry - - -	27,990
Rifles - -	9,330
	43,720

But in 1876 there were only funds to

admit of 21,548 men performing annual drill; in 1877 only 21,012 could drill; in 1878 only 19,569, or about 4-9ths of the nominal strength of the force.

Now this reduction of strength for annual drill forms one of the prominent causes of complaint from officers of the Active Militia. An officer who has the zeal and energy to keep up a good corps, at full strength, does not like to be struck off the roll for annual drill for a whole year, neither does he like to perform drill with two officers and 40 men, when he has three officers and 55 men on his establishment. In the first case, it almost means destruction to his corps, for it is hard enough to keep men together when they meet for drill from year to year; in the second case, he must offend one officer and fifteen men by leaving them at home. One of two things should be done;—either the Active Militia force should drill in full strength every year, or the nominal strength should be reduced to suit the amount to be granted by Parliament for the maintenance of the Militia. It is an injustice to the whole force to endeavour to maintain it at a strength of 43,729, when there are only funds to drill 19,569! One might as well expect to be able to winter 43 horses in good condition with the same amount of hay and oats as is required to keep 19! Better to keep 19 well than 43 badly, and the same argument applies to the Active Militia. For years past there has been a lack of funds to ensure the proper maintenance of the force, and every department has suffered accordingly.

What is wanted, therefore, is a fixed annual appropriation for Militia purposes, be the same more or less. This sum should not be liable to reduction according to the necessities or caprices of succeeding administrations. Hitherto it has formed the item of annual appropriation upon which reduction could *apparently* be most easily effected, and has suffered accordingly. I say, apparently, because in reality the reductions have been more or less felt by every member of the force. Either he has been stinted in numbers, in pay, in clothing, in ammunition, or in equipment, as a consequence. The advisability of a fixed vote is most apparent. Knowing that a specific sum would be at his credit annually, the Minister of Militia could arrange with his department as to the precise strength of force to be maintained, the quantity of arms, clothing, ammunition, stores, etc., to be purchased, and the amount he could afford towards completing the equipment of the force, from year to year. Now, nothing is fixed, and nothing can be promised or performed until after the meeting of Parliament. No arrangements can be made about annual drill until close upon the time when that drill must be performed, and thus the convenience of every officer and man belonging to the force is postponed. Were it otherwise, officers and men could make their arrangements, and look with certainty to the time when they would be compelled to put in their drill, and as most men have to obtain permission from their employers for this purpose, it would be no small convenience to them were the time a fixed one.

The question that next arises, is the method in which the drill prescribed by law is to be performed. Economical reasons have caused the cessation of Camps of Instruction. But should they prevail in such a question? It has been shown that they are popular, by the numbers which attended them. All authorities unite in pronouncing them to have been beneficial so far as the instruction and efficiency of the force were concerned. Ten days in a brigade camp would give a young soldier a better idea of what he would be called upon to undergo in actual service, than three months company or battalion drill in a drill shed, even if the instructors were competent. The question of effi-

ciency is the one that must govern this consideration. Either the Active Militia is training for prospective duty as soldiers, or they are playing a very childish part. Either the Government is spending the money voted every year for military purposes in order to train up a reliable and efficient body of soldiers, or they are wasting the country's resources. There can be no halting place between these two opinions. If the first is the true light in which the matter is to be viewed, then financial questions should not be allowed to interfere where efficiency is concerned. By this we do not mean to imply that the country should be called upon to devote a disproportionate amount of its revenue to Militia purposes, but that the money appropriated should be so disposed of as to insure the highest state of efficiency from the numbers which can, under that appropriation, be annually trained. It must be borne in mind that soldiers cannot be made in a day, and that careful and laborious training can alone impart that respect for discipline and unhesitating obedience which constitutes the efficient soldier. Then, again, the very persons who deprecate Militia expenditure are the harshest critics when the half-trained, ill-set-up, and badly-clothed Militiaman comes to the front upon an emergency. They are apt to exclaim, 'Where has the money gone that I have for years contributed to make that man a soldier,' forgetting that the economies which he has so long and loudly clamoured for, have been the means of causing the deficiencies he rails at. But take that raw recruit into a camp of instruction, furnish him the models for his bearing and dress, rouse the spirit of emulation in his breast, while at the same time you impart the technical instruction which is necessary to his efficiency, and you will very soon see the recruit turn into a soldier.

Few persons, unless they are themselves members of the Active Militia force, recognise or realize the difficulties under which a conscientious and painstaking officer labours in the effort to keep up an efficient company. No sooner has he, by unremitting attention and laborious instruction, got together and trained a company of efficient soldiers, than the exigencies of the labour market, the natural restlessness and ambition of the native Canadian, caprice or necessity, causes it to melt away, and the task must be constantly recommenced. It is doubtful if any captain takes into camp precisely the same company in two successive years. Nor can this be altogether avoided, although it is perhaps too much facilitated by the power granted in the Militia Act to leave a corps upon six months' notice to the commanding officer. It would be better if the term of enlistment was made without this privilege, with liberty to the officer commanding to grant a discharge upon any reasonable ground for doing so. Under present circumstances a captain is too often disposed to condone than to punish a trifling offence on the part of a smart soldierlike fellow, fearing that he may take umbrage, if punished, and leave his corps. Of course this is prejudicial to discipline, and, therefore, the incitement to such a breach should be removed from the Militia Act.

Under the provisions of the Militia Act, the Dominion is divided into twelve districts, as follows:

Ontario - - -	4
Quebec - - -	3
New Brunswick - -	1
Nova Scotia - -	1
Manitoba - - -	1
British Columbia -	1
Prince Edward Island -	1
	12

These territorial districts bear no relation to the quota of men to be furnished by each, which are as follows:—

No.	District	Strength
No. 1	Ontario	5,517
2	"	6.089
3	"	3,400
4	"	3,064
5	Quebec	3,628
6	"	5,719
7	"	5,035
8	New Brunswick	3,264
9	Nova Scotia	4,284
10	Manitoba	253
11	British Columbia	322
12	Prince Edward Isl'd	517
		41,092

Each of these districts is under the command of a Deputy Adjutant-General, and the districts are again subdivided into brigade divisions, each having its brigade major. By this means a cumbrous and expensive system is obtained, useless in time of peace, and worse than useless in time of war. Apart from the military anomaly of a Deputy Adjutant-General *commanding* a division in the field, is the more serious feature, that in case of war, the removal of the district staff officers (who are supposed to possess the requisite knowledge for organizing the Reserve Militia) would be to lose their services where they would be most required. It is obvious, therefore, that no command should be vested in the Deputy Adjutant-General, but that brigades and divisions in the field should be commanded by officers not upon the permanent staff, leaving the district staff where it would be most usefully employed, in organizing the reserve, and forwarding men and material to the front.

In the opinion of most officers of the Active Militia, the time has come when the grouping of regiments into brigades and divisions could be advantageously effected. It would operate beneficially upon the organization of the force, were the various arms detailed in due proportion to each brigade, and brigade commanders and their staffs appointed. Under the present circumstances, existing corps would be robbed of their most efficient officers at the most critical time, in order to furnish the brigade and divisional commanders and their staffs. It has been surmised that this would not be done, but that its obvious inexpediency would furnish the pretext for the appointment of officers of the regular army to the staff and the higher commands. No more fatal error could be committed. It would at once destroy the *esprit de corps* and *morale* of the Canadian Militia. The experience gained by filling up staff appointments with ex-army officers has not been a satisfactory one, and the prejudice against such appointments is strong and growing. If it were understood that *all* army officers were energetic, zealous, well-educated soldiers, then no objection could possibly be taken to their appointment; as it stands to reason that a man who has given all his time and brains to the intelligent study of the art of war must be better qualified for command than another whose opportunities have been more limited. But experience in Canada has proved the contrary, and in many cases the 'regular' officer has been tried, and found wanting.

Allusion has hitherto been made to the fact that the Active Militia has been designated the 'Army of Canada.' This is not correct, nor can it be, until the organization is completed. Regiments must be brigaded, and brigadiers and their staffs appointed—brigades must be formed into divisions, with their proportionate detail of Cavalry, Artillery and Engineers, their Infantry and Artillery Ammunition Reserve, Military Police, Commissariat and Medical Departments, with their several arrangements for transport and supply. Divisions must be grouped into 'Army Corps,' and 'Army Corps' into an 'Army' before the technical definition of this term is attained. At present, the initiative only is taken in these matters. We have nominally

about 43,000 men, or about four divisions of the strength fixed in the Imperial army regulations. But the arms of the service are not in the proper proportion according to that standard. We should require for four divisions

Staff - - -	212
Cavalry - - - -	2,612
Military Police (mounted)	300
Artillery (72 guns) -	2,396
Engineers (4 co's) - -	808
Ammunition Train -	856
Infantry and Rifles -	31,204
Commissariat - -	1,000
Medical Dep't - -	1,516
Other Services - -	56
	40,860
Garrison Artillery - -	3,048
	43,908

The transport required for four divisions would amount to 1,280 wheeled carriages, and the horses (riding and draught) would number nearly 10,000.

Now, of all these requisites of an army we are absolutely deficient, with the exception of the nominal strength. The details for the organization of the Commissariat and Medical Departments would have to be worked out after our troops had taken the field. Considering that it is vitally necessary to feed a soldier, as well as to supply him with arms and ammunition—and to look after him in sickness, as well as in health—it is somewhat singular that no attempt has been made to establish at least a nucleus of the Commissariat and Medical Departments. Nothing short of absolute disaster could occur if the so-called 'Canadian Army' were placed in the field under the present conditions of disorganization. The question naturally arises, 'Why is not the time of peace utilized in order to make perfect the military framework?'

It will be obvious to the most unmilitary mind that an '*Army*' cannot be complete without ammunitions of war. Guns and rifles are clearly useless without ammunition. Yet, on the 31st December, 1878, there were only 150 rounds per rifle of Snider-Enfield cartridges in the country, 200 rounds per field, and 30 rounds per garrison gun. Now, according to the Soldier's Pocket Book, the supply of an army should be calculated at 1,000 rounds per man of infantry, 500 per man of cavalry, and 250 per man of other corps; while gun ammunition is calculated at 600 rounds per field gun, and from 200 to 250 per garrison gun.

Again, we have 275,000 of the first and second classes of Reserve Militia who are liable for immediate service, but we have only a reserve supply of 21,000 Snider-Enfield rifles with which to arm them, no clothing, and but few accoutrements.

We have, nominally, 161 field guns and howitzers, all but 68 are, however, smooth bores of obsolete pattern. We have also 734 garrison guns, etc., but only 35 are rifled guns, and none of these are of great penetration.

The reduction of the Militia estimates for the past five years has decreased the supply of reserve stores to a minimum; so low, that were it not for the reduction in strength of the force, there would be no reserves to speak of. Roughly estimated, the losses and wear and tear of clothing and accoutrements, cannot be calculated at less than $6 per man per annum. Consequently, if a force of 40,000 men is to be kept up, a sum, not less than $250,000 per annum, should be appropriated for the purchase of clothing and stores, to cover losses, and provide a proper reserve. But the estimates of 1878 only provided $90,000 for these services, and therefore the deficiencies have accumulated instead of the reserve. It is very doubtful if clothing and accoutrements could now be furnished from the depleted militia stores to the corps who are entitled by regulation to their issue.

Now, considering that *all* our war-like stores must be obtained from England, it is obvious that if the 'Canadian Army' is to be prepared to take the field at short notice, a very large quantity of reserve stores must be maintained in this country. The mere supply, from year to year, of the actual necessities of the Active Militia, will not suffice. Arms and ammunition must be supplied for the first levy of the Reserve Militia; guns for the armament of our fortifications—existing and required;—with the proper supply of shot, shell, and gunpowder. Not only should there be a much larger quantity of the latter than at present exists, but a large stock of nitre (saltpetre), which does not deteriorate by storage, should be kept in the country, either by Government itself, or by arrangement with the powder companies; so that if a blockade were instituted, we should still be able to manufacture gunpowder.

For the above purposes, therefore, a specific sum should be set apart each year. What more available or suitable fund could be found than the sums annually received from the sale of Ordnance lands. These lands were given to the Dominion by the Imperial Government for military purposes, why not apply the proceeds of their sale in increasing our defensive power. Up to 1878, the revenue derived by Government, since Confederation, from the sale of military stores, rent of military properties, and sale of Ordnance Lands, was $947,905 52. If these sums had been applied towards the permanent defence of the country, and the purchase of reserve stores, instead of being improperly applied towards swelling the consolidated revenue, a Canadian army would be a possibility at the present time, and could take the field with a sufficient supply of all that would be required in order to constitute it an effective force.

Much disappointment has been experienced by the Active Militia at the meagre results that have hitherto followed the appointment of a Major-General to command the Militia. It was hoped that the presence at Ottawa of an Imperial officer of high rank and extended experience as the military adviser of the Government would have very sensibly ameliorated the condition of the Force. But so far, except in the most minor details, the Government has practically disregarded the advice of its military adviser, and any benefit that might have accrued to the Force from his suggestions has been lost. Now, it is very evident that unless the Government means to profit by the presence of an experienced military officer as its adviser, that his presence is unnecessary, and is only an augmentation of the already disproportionate staff expenditure. Either the recommendations of the Major-General should be carried into effect, or he should be relieved from the undignified position he must occupy when the advice he tenders is disregarded.

This is a strong argument in favour of a fixed annual grant for Militia purposes. The Major-General could be held responsible by the Minister of Militia for the proper allocation of the sum at his disposal, so as to ensure the greatest amount of efficiency. His experience would then be useful, and he would no longer be powerless for good. He would supply the medium which is so necessary between the civil and military branches of the Militia Department; and with an efficient Head-Quarters Staff, representing each arm of the service, could do away with the necessity for retaining the larger portion of the District Staffs. Inspections could be made by officers of the Head-Quarters Staff; and if the force was brigaded under efficient officers, much loss of time and circumlocution would be avoided that is now so vexatious to a commanding officer.

But the main question to be considered is, 'Does the Government

consider the Active Militia a national necessity, and honestly desire to make it efficient; or is its maintenance looked upon as of minor importance, and useful only in so far as it is approved by the Imperial Government?' In the former case, it should be seriously considered how much (not how little) the country can afford to expend annually for its maintenance—the numbers should be adjusted to suit the appropriation—and the maintenance of an *efficient* force should be the first consideration. In the second case, it must be plain to every one that the establishment of 43,729 *nominal strength* (drilling only 19,569 annually) as the 'mock army of Canada,' is only a blind, and that, so long as the *show* of a force is maintained, it does not matter how low it may be in efficiency. In this latter case, it is an injustice to those officers who have for years past supported the whole burden of maintaining the force upon their shoulders—to whose zeal and enthusiasm is solely due the existence of a *Volunteer* Militia—to allow them to continue their labours in a thankless and unappreciated task. Better to place the matter upon a proper footing and organize the *Regular* Militia; where no strain would be thrown upon officers to maintain their corps, and no responsibility would be entailed upon them. Let the maintenance of the Active Militia be a mechanical operation of the law—take away the *esprit de corps*, and destroy the *morale* of the present organization; but do not any longer dupe those credulous and enthusiastic officers who have for years hoped against hope, and battled against every obstacle, in the vain trust that another year, or another administration, would improve their position as the 'first line' in the system of our national defence.

IRELAND!

BY T. O'HAGAN, BELLEVILLE.

HEARTS are failing, mothers wailing,
Hope is drooping o'er the land;
God of Mercy! help dear Erin,
Stay the famine with Thy hand.
Clouds are gathering, darkly gathering,
Fast the tide of woe rolls on;
Help dear Erin, oh, ye people
Till the wave of want is gone.

'Help us! help us! or we perish,'
Is the cry from o'er the deep,

And the billows of the ocean
Chant a lonely dirge and weep.
Help dear Erin ! help dear Erin !
Sounds a tocsin from the dead,
Sounds the voice of armied martyrs
That a nation's glory led.

They are dying ! they are dying !
Sighs the breeze upon the stream,
They are dying ! Erin's children—
Oh, my God ! is this a dream ?
In the midst of wealth and plenty ;
Hunger knocking at the door ;
Shrouds of pity, shrouds of mercy,
Wrap the dead for ever more !

Cold the night, and chill the morning.
Dies the fire upon the hearth ;
Dies the hope in Erin's children,
Faint each ember quenched by dearth.
Woe is Erin ! woe her people !
Famine darkens o'er the land ;
Tears of sorrow bathe the nation,
Suffering Erin—faithful band !

They are dying ! they are dying !
Sighs the harp across the deep.
They are dying ! Erin's children
Chant the psalm of death in sleep ;
Tears and sorrow—hope to-morrow—
Beads of woe in silence told—
God of Erin ! God of mercy !
Take the dying to Thy fold !

SELECTIONS.

PESSIMISM.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A., TORONTO.

BELIEF in the literal truth of the Mosaic cosmogony, while it remained undisturbed, precluded any scientific or rational inquiry into the origin of things. That curtain being drawn aside by the hands of criticism and geology combined, we have the nebular hypothesis and the Darwinian philosophy. In the same way, dogmatic Christianity, so long as its authority endured, stilled all questionings as to the estate of man and the character of the Power which has fixed our lot and controls our destiny. Dogmatic Christianity gives in its way a complete solution of the mystery of human existence. It not only admits, but proclaims, that the present world and the condition of men in it are evil ; but it holds out a heaven beyond,to be won by obedience to the divine command in this place of trial. For the existence of evil it accounts by the fall of man, at the same time providing a supernatural remedy, in the form of a redemption,which, if men will lay hold upon its benefits,assures them of salvation. The ultimate triumph of good over evil it proclaims under the imagery of the Apocalypse. Thus, with regard to the sum of things, it is, for Christendom at least,optimistic, while it is pessimistic with regard to our present state. Its ultimate optimism is fearfully qualified, no doubt, by the doctrine of the broad and the narrow gate; but no one is hopelessly excluded from bliss by any Christian dogma except that which constitutes the most dreadful form of Calvinism.

The dogmatic system received a fatal blow when it was revealed that disorder, suffering, and death, instead of being brought into existence by the fall of man, had filled the globe for countless ages before his appearance,and that numberless races of beings, incapable of sin, had been consumed by a ravin to which no moral law or object could be assigned. A recent Christian philosopher, M. Secretan, has met the objection by giving the fall a retrospective effect, so as to involve all races from the beginning in the penalty of Adam's sin ; but this is one of those desperate attempts to make the old bottles hold the new wine which are merely adding to the confusion.

By ascetic Christianity, especially in its darker forms of self-torturing monasticism, the pessimistic view of our present state has been carried to fearful extremes. Perhaps no anchorite has gone so far as the most renowned apologist of Roman Catholicism in modern times, Joseph de Maistre, who, in a passage of the 'Soirées de St. Petersbourg,' outrunning anything in the archives of heathen superstition, proclaims that the Power under whose dominion we are here requires to be constantly propitiated by vast libations of human blood, shed in war or by the axe of the executioner,—a doctrine which it is needless to say would have appeared to St Paul one of devils. On the other hand, Protestantism and the theism which emanated from it and remained partly blended with it have given birth to an optimism not entirely consistent with Christian dogma,—the optimism of Leibnitz, of Paley's Evidences, of the Bridgewater Treatises,according to which this world, instead of being a prison house and a purgatory, is a beautiful manifestation of the wisdom and goodness of the Deity providing for the happiness of all creatures.

Now, however, the veil of Christian dogma, like that of the Mosaic cosmog-

ony, is completely rent, and reason, perhaps for the first time, gazes freely on the mystery of existence. The established optimism is confronted by pessimism, which, by the mouths of Schopenhauer, Hartman, and their school, proclaims that the world, the estate of man, and the powers from which they emanate are evil; and this belief is evidently spreading along certain lines of individual temperament and of national condition.

Besides optimism, which affirms the definite ascendancy of good, and pessimism, which affirms the definite ascendancy of evil, a third hypothesis is possible,—that of a perpetual balance and everlasting conflict of the two principles as separate and independent powers. This opinion has been associated with the name of Manes, a daring heretic of the third century, though it is very doubtful whether he really held it. Manicheism shows no tendency to revive. Any dualistic hypothesis is repelled by the manifest unity of all-pervading laws, which indicates that the empire of the universe is undivided; while if we look into ourselves, we see that though good and evil both are there, and alternately prevail according to the vicissitudes of our moral history, the being in which they commingle is essentially one.

No one will compare with philosophic pessimism, such as is now propounded, mere wails, however passionate, and whether in prose or poetry, over the unhappiness of man's lot. A cry of individual anguish or despondency denotes no settled view of the universe. Often, in the poets especially, these lamentations are merely sentimental, and form a sort of intellectual luxury, adding zest to enjoyment by their pungency. Sophocles, in whose choruses some of the most thrilling of them are found, was evidently, from his general serenity, in temperament at least, an optimist, and he distinctly indicates his belief in the supreme dominion of a power of good. Some of the utterances of the book of Job taken by themselves would sound pessimistic enough; but the end of the story is happy, and the crowning moral is optimistic. We find, however, in this book an insight into the sad side of humanity and a sympathy with a sufferer's questionings as to the benevolence and justice of the dispensation which show that the writer, if a Jew at all, was no ordinary Jew. The philosophy of the ordinary Jew was the tribal optimism of a land flowing with milk and honey for the chosen race, combined with pessimism for Egyptians, Canaanites, and other races which were not chosen.

In the weeping and laughing philosophers of Greece, Heraclitus and Democritus, we seem to come to a philosophic pessimism which, according to the temperament of the philosopher, pronounces the estate of man all misery or all folly. But even supposing the popular traditions about Heraclitus and Democritus to be true, it will not do to take Greek philosophy too seriously. The philosophy of Socrates and Plato was serious; it was an earnest attempt to meet a great outburst of profligacy, especially in the political sphere, by restoring the authority of the moral rule and settling it on an immutable foundation. But in the speculations of the Greeks generally on the mysteries of human existence, lively curiosity and intellectual ambition probably played a great part. It is difficult to suppose, for example, that Cynicism was more than a humour and a fashion. These great and terrible problems are not likely to be considered in earnest till they force themselves practically on the minds of men. They did force themselves practically on the minds of men, and of men of very deep and serious character, amidst the convulsions which attended the death of the Roman republic, and afterwards when life was made at once miserable and uncertain by the gloomy and suspicious tyranny of the empire. Lucretius, it is true, derived from Epicurus the philosophy to the service of which he nobly dedicates his high poetic gifts, and which he does his best to commend as the one haven of peace and rest for storm-tossed and perplexed humanity. But the practical earnestness, the force, the penetrating tone, of the poem on The Nature of Things, came not from the quiet garden of Epicurus; they came from the scene of civil war, massacre, fierce and restless intrigue, into which the Roman world had been turned by the parties of Marius and Sulla. What view the great Roman Stoics—great they may be truly called—took of the world and of the lot of men it would be difficult exactly to say. Certainly it was not one which led to annihilation of will and a renunciation of action, like

that of the Buddhists and the pessimist philosophers of our own day. Witness the Roman law, of which Stoics were the great architects. Witness the best work of government under the empire, which was done by Stoic emperors and statesmen. Nothing can be more gloomy than the view of life presented by Seneca, with his constant references to suicide as the grand asylum and the consoling thought. The tone of Marcus Aurelius is that of hopelessness as to the state of things around him and the out-look of humanity; but with his sadness is constantly blended a resolute determination to do his duty. Epictetus is less melancholy: the practical evils of the time bore less heavily on him than on the statesman. But in all of them we find at once an evident belief in a supreme power of good and an active devotion to duty which plainly forbid us to class them among the pessimists. Belief in duty is belief in something that upholds duty; that is, in the existence and ultimate manifestation of an overruling power of good.

The serious philosophy of the men of the Middle Ages is to be looked for in their religion. Their other philosophy was either a mere intellectual exercise, useful in its way as a whetstone of the dialectic faculty, or a fantastic attempt to arrive at truth about facts by a manipulation of words, hardly less chimerical than alchemy. The religion was dogmatic Christianity, the relation of which to the question between optimism and pessimism has already been stated. In view of its doctrine of eternal punishment, which implies the everlasting ascendency of the power of evil over a certain portion of mankind and of the universe, it is capable of being reduced to a sort of Manicheism. The doctrine of Purgatory, by which the permanent domain of Satan is indefinitely diminished, is evidently a step in the direction of optimism, though its later history has accustomed us to think of it chiefly as an instrument of priestly lucre.

Hobbes was a political pessimist of the most thorough-going kind, and in his case we see the proximate origin of the tenet as clearly as we do in that of the Russian Nihilists. The old man had been frightened out of his wits by the disturbances of the reign of Charles I., while in his crabbed and adust nature there was no spring of sympathy with the noble actors on that scene, or with the great objects to which they aspired and to which they partly attained. Rightly conceiving that the movement had been essentially a struggle against religious tyranny and reaction, he dreaded and detested religious not less than political liberty, and proposed to place the consciences as well as the persons of all citizens under the despotic control of his Leviathan; that is, as usual in the case of autocratic Utopias, of himself armed with unlimited power. His theory of human nature was, in effect, that men were a particularly ferocious and cunning race of wild beasts, whose natural state was internecine war, and who could be prevented from devouring each other only by being placed absolutely under the power of a keeper, to whom they were to surrender all rights, moral and civil, in return for the immunity from murder and robbery which would be enjoyed by them, or at least by so many of them as it did not please the keeper himself to plunder and kill. Religion with Hobbes was a state institution, and an instrument of policy. A necessarian he was, of course, and his statement of the doctrine of necessity and of its compatibility with the idea of liberty is, like all that he wrote, admirable for clearness and terseness, and might have spared some trouble to those who have reproduced it in an extended form. If he was not courageous in other respects, he had at least the courage of his absolutist opinions; for he maintains that Uriah, having like the rest surrendered his rights to the Leviathan for the general boon of political order and security, had no ground for complaining of injustice at the hands of David. He has himself, in fact, reduced his own theory to absurdity by the inferences which his undaunted logic has drawn; while it has been practically confuted, over and over again, by our experience of free institutions, both civil and religious, and the security which they afford for order, and of the behaviour of human nature under them. But like other able pessimists, he has rendered a a service by probing the weak places of the opposite theory, by fixing attention on the anarchical passions which really exist in men and showing that restraint is necessary as well as liberty; besides which he has given breadth and exactness to our ideas respecting the nature of a government.

Hobbes was closley followed in the same line by a greater man, formed in

some measure under the same influences, Exaggeration, enthusiasm, and whimsical interpretation are now the bane of biography and history, and are fast converting the annals of the race, from Cæsar down to Chaumette, into a gallery of heroes misunderstood. We hope that we shall not be adding to the now wearisome series by saying that the present course of thought lends increased interest and importance to the character and writings of Swift. A philosophical pessimist Swift can hardly be called, and his fundamental theory of men and of the universe is for the most part veiled under the conventional profession of an ecclesiastic. But the pessimistic view of human nature finds in the writings of this dark genius its most thorough-going as well as its most forcible expression. 'Study,' says the great German oracle of pessimism, 'to acquire a clear and connected view of the utterly despicable character of mankind in general.' Swift's view can hardly be called clear and connected, since it was never reduced to system, but the intensity of his misanthropic sentiment would have left Schopenhauer nothing to desire. The root of Swift's misanthropy clearly enough is to be found in a morbid character, itself probably the consequence of disease, either congenital or contracted in youth, combined with the influence of a depressing and souring lot. Born a posthumous child, bred up and supported by charity, which he fancied to be cruelly stinted though it was probably as much as the giver could afford, he was a misanthrope from his cradle. From his early years he kept his birthday as an anniversary of sorrow, celebrating it by reading the passage of Scripture in which Job cursed the day upon which it was said in his father's house that a man child was born. In his Thoughts on Religion, where, if anywhere, we have his settled opinions, he says, 'Although reason were intended by Providence to govern our passions, yet it seems that in two points of the greatest moment to the being and continuance of the world God has intended our passions to prevail over reason. The first is the propagation of our species, since no wise man ever married from the dictates of reason. The other is the love of life, which, from the dictates of reason, every man would despise, and wish it at an end, or that it never had a beginning.' His college course was one of fractiousness and disgrace; his early manhood was spent in a dependency which, though its degradation and irksomeness have been greatly exaggerated, can hardly have been soothing to his spirit. By his reckless profanity and grossness he set a black mark against himself in the outset of his clerical career, excluded himself for ever from high preferment in the English Church, and condemned himself to a deanery in place of a bishopric, and to exile in Ireland, a country which he detested and despised, though his mischief-making genius rendered him for a time its idol. The extraordinary degree of unofficial influence which he enjoyed as the companion and connection of Harley and Bolingbroke served only to tantalize his ambition and to add keenness to his ultimate disappointment. Thrice bitter it must have been to this stirring and ambitious politician, with his consciousness of great political knowledge and high debating power, to see the gate of the House of Lords, after standing ajar for three years, hopelessly closed against him forever. But something deeper than the deepest chagrin is required to account for his conduct to the two women whom, by his strange dalliance with their affections, he sent broken-hearted to their graves. There must have been some radical defect or deformity in his nature, some seeds of the fearful affliction under which he tragically died. He was one of the most savage libellers of his day, and did not stick at accusing a lady who crossed his designs of having red hair and being privy to the poisoning of her husband. 'It may be doubted,' remarks Scott, 'which imputation she accounted the most cruel insult, especially since the first charge was undeniable, and the second only arose from the malice of the poet.' Old friendship was no protection against the satirist's malignity, as appeared in the case of Steele. Swift could do generous things: he was often munificent; he was sometimes magnanimous; and he was true to his patron Harley in adversity; though it is not easy to say when his good deeds sprang from genuine benevolence, or when from the pride and ostentation of which he was undoubtedly full, and which made him specially delight in appearing as the dispenser of favours to literary men under the reign of his political patrons. But no one can imagine his views to be those of a serene

and philosophic mind calmly observing and truthfully describing human nature and the estate of man. Any such pretension is belied by the epitaph which he wrote for himself: '*Hic jacet* ——, *ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit.*' The man whose heart was being incessantly gnawed by a spleen which he styled indignation may be useful in the part of a Mephistopheles or an *advocatus diaboli*; he cannot be accepted as a teacher. Yet he may be well worthy of attention. When any one lifts his voice against misgovernment, he is invariably represented by the friends of the system as having a personal grievance; but if every one who had been personally aggrieved were to be disqualified for protesting, tyrants might sleep secure. So with the general dispensation under which we live. Any questionings as to its justice and beneficence are likely to proceed, not from the favoured, but from the wretched; and when all has been said about the distorting influence of the wretchedness, the arguments will remain to be discussed.

There are different kinds of satire: the epicurean, which laughs at mankind, and of which the master is Horace; the stoical, which indignantly lashes mankind, and of which the master is Juvenal; the cynical, which hates and despises mankind, and of which the master, supreme and unapproached, is Swift. Nothing in the cynical line can compete with Gulliver, either in ruthlessness or in genius. A man may have retained his social relations and perhaps his personal friends, just as he retained his deanery or his skin, but he must in heart have almost broken with humanity before he could have written and launched upon the world the description of the Yahoos. The tone of the period was optimist, especially in England. The series of civil wars and revolutions had been closed at last by a compromise which to its authors seemed admirably to combine constitutional monarchy with liberty, order with progress; Europe had been finally delivered by the arms of Marlborough from the reactionary tyranny of the French king; the union of Scotland with England had been accomplished; the halcyons of literature, art, and science were floating on the calm and sunlit sea. The spirit of a happy time was embodied in the philosophy of Locke, and in the theology of Tillotson and Stillingfleet, as well as in the social writings of Addison and Steele. The age was well satisfied with itself and with its prospects; humanity felt very dignified in its laced coat and full-bottomed wig. Into the face of this self-complacent generation, Swift flung Lilliput, Brobdignag, and the Houynhyms; dwarfing man to show his littleness, magnifying him to show his coarseness, and finally gathering from the lowest depths of his animal nature a hideous picture of his loathsomeness. Science is not spared; contempt and ridicule are poured upon the Newtons, as well as upon the statesmen of the day. In the unspeakable filthiness of Swift's poems we see only another manifestation of the same spirit; he is not pandering to a beastly or licentious imagination; he is simply dragging to light what is degraded and revolting in our nature, and destroying by defilement the self-respect of humanity. He respects no sanctuary, and takes singular delight in rending the roseate veil that shrouds the marriage-bed, and in displaying to us there also a couple of Yahoos. It would be difficult to find in his writings a sincere and disinterested profession of admiration or reverence for anything human, or a whisper of hope for the future of mankind.

If the Religion of Humanity is ever established, the Gospels and Epistles for Lent ought to be taken from the writings of Swift. From his own point of view he had studied his kind profoundly. Its littleness, its meanness, and its vileness he had thoroughly explored: 'I have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcass of human nature, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts, both containing and contained, till at last it smelt so strong I could preserve it no longer.' His cynicism, like the philanthropy of others, overflowed from man upon other creatures, and everything in nature that could justify contempt and loathing was evidently familiar and dear to him. Probably no other man ever lived who could say that he 'had *often* observed, *with singular pleasure*, that a fly driven from a honey-pot will immediately, with a very good appetite, alight and finish his meal on an excrement.' He tells, with almost unequalled force, home truths which ought to be present to the minds of all rulers and educators of mankind; but he who

should accept them unqualified by the truths on the other side would be a greater fool than the most extravagant Utopian. As a correction to political optimism of the Godwin and Jefferson type, his cynicism is particularly useful. In this respect he anticipates Carlyle, while he is wholly devoid of the mystical element which in Carlyle denotes an underlying optimism, with regard, at least, to the general constitution of the world. There have been two kinds of theoretic toryism in England, apart from the mere bias of aristocracy and wealth: that of the religious cavalier, who believed in the divine right of kings, and that of the cynic, who disbelieved in popular intelligence and virtue. Swift is a teacher of toryism of the cynical kind; probably no man held in more cordial contempt the superstitions of Filmer and Laud than he did; in fact, when he had become the under-ground pillar of a tory administration, his avowed principles remained whig, as they originally had been. In one passage he even ogles speculative republicanism; but toryism has always known him for its own. Liberals may gather from him, not any special lesson concerning the weak points of free institutions,—for with theoretic politics he deals little,—but the general habit of salutary misgiving and watchfulness against the optimistic illusions bred by over confidence in human nature. He reveals with the glare of an electric light the real difficulties with which we have to contend in advancing towards what the great English leader of the opposite party called the best form of government,—'that which doth most actuate and dispose all members of the commonwealth towards the common good.'

Scott has persuaded himself that Swift 'possessed in the fullest degree the only secure foundation for excellence in the clerical profession,—a sincere and devout faith in the doctrines of Christianity.' It may be said of biographers even with more truth than of fathers of families that they are capable of anything. Swift, it seems, like a man of sense, did punctually and decorously enough whatever in the way of worshipping or preaching was required of him as a dean. He read prayers to his family; was seen engaged in private devotion; even composed a prayer, and printed a dozen of sermons, including one on brotherly love, which is from beginning to end a most virulent tirade against 'papists and fanatics,' the latter term of courtesy denoting the dissenters. He was a zealous defender of the privileges and interests of his order, writing vigorously in favour of the sacramental test, and against the commutation of the tithe on hemp. It is quite conceivable that he had his moments of religious emotion. But who can imagine that a man with a 'sincere and devout faith' could kneel down to pray, and rise up to write the Tale of a Tub, the Windsor Prophecy, or the Progress of Marriage? In the Thoughts on Religion we find the suggestive aphorism, 'The want of belief is a defect that ought to be concealed when it cannot be overcome.' Soon afterwards we are told that doubts are not wicked 'if they have no influence on the conduct of life;' if they do not prevent you from holding a deanery, trying hard to get a bishopric, advocating the sacramental test, and taking part in the persecution of dissenters. But Scott does not question the authenticity of those famous lines of Swift on the Day of Judgment, sent by Chesterfield in a letter to Voltaire, which are the very quintessence of cynical satire and (we can hardly doubt) an embodiment of the writer's real view of the world:—

> 'Offending race of human kind,
> By nature, reason, learning, blind;
> You who through frailty stepped aside,
> And you who never fell from pride;
> You who in different sects were shammed,
> And come to see each other damned;
> (So some folk told you, but they knew
> No more of Jove's design than you),
> The world's mad business now is o'er,
> And I resent these pranks no more.
> I to such blockheads set my wit!
> I damn such fools! Go, go, you're bit.'

Theistic theory and sentiment, whether in the shape of Christianity, or in any other shape, are radically inconsistent with misanthropy and pessimism; and it is hardly possible to doubt that in Swift's case the misanthropy and pessimism were sincere.

Voltaire's Candide is nothing but a squib on the extravagant optimism of Leibnitz and his school, with their preestablished harmony, their best of all possible worlds, and their attempts to conjure away the existence of evil by calling it a limitation or negation. It ends in persiflage,—'Cultivate your garden.' Of all squibs that ever were

written it is the best, at least it would be if Voltaire could only keep himself clean ; but he finds it necessary once at least in every page to dip himself in the cess-pool. He was too light to have a serious philosophy ; but such philosophy as he had was certainly not pessimistic. In Candide itself, the Utopians of Eldorado worship supreme benevolence with the pure rites of reason, and it is pretty clear that the writer is giving us his own ideal ; while in politics Voltaire evidently thinks that the people may be made perfectly happy by a beneficent and enlightened monarch formed in his own school. There is, however, in Candide one passage which has not only a pessimistic tone but a ring of sad sincerity. 'I longed,' says a wretched old woman, 'a hundred times to kill myself, but I still loved life. This absurd weakness is perhaps one of our most fatal propensities ; for can anything be more foolish than to choose always to bear a burden which one is all the time wishing to throw off; to abhor one's being and still cling to it; to caress the serpent which devours us, till it has eaten our hearts out?'

Passing over for the moment Hume, to whom we shall return immediately, we recognise in the now famous German, Arthur Schopenhauer, the originator of the pessimistic philosophy as distinguished from mere pessimistic sentiment. A claim is put in for the honour of simultaneous invention on behalf of the Italian Leopardi, with whose lamentations Schopenhauer was acquainted. But Leopardi was a good deal more of a poet than of a philosopher, and the writer of patriotic lyrics, however melancholy is their tone, can hardly have been a consistent pessimist. It has already been observed that we have no right to daff a pessimist's argument aside merely because, by his personal temperament and circumstances, he is naturally disposed to question the goodness of the dispensation. Yet it is impossible not to connect the philosophy with the special character and history of the man in such cases as those of Leopardi and Schopenhauer. Leopardi was a miserable invalid, the victim of pecuniary distress, and a sufferer from that which, in the case of a man conscious of genius, is more galling than want of health and money,—the sense of aspirations blighted and energies denied a field. It seems that the influence of the tender friendship which watched over him in his last years modified the bitterness of his soul and with it the sombre hue of his writings. With the history and character of Schopenhauer the world has now been made well acquainted. He was the son of a wealthy merchant of Danzig. His father is described as a man of determined and obstinate character and a successful speculator, but with a taint of something morbid, which he probably bequeathed to his son. The mother of Schopenhauer was a lady who might have been expected to give birth to a writer, but scarcely to the founder of pessimism. She was herself the author of some art critiques and novels, and the centre of a literary circle ; but she is described at the same time as a gay and rather dashing woman of the world. She seems, however, to have helped to form her son's philosophy and especially his doctrine concerning women, by the repulsive influence of her careless levity and by squandering the family fortune. Perhaps the social relations of a man of his temperament with ladies would almost suffice to account for his dislike. His literary talent is undisputed, and has helped the reception of his doctrine ; but he was evidently a man of the most crabbed and bilious character. Medical science has applied its microscope to him, and supposes itself to have identified his disease. Besides his atrabiliousness, he was vexed with the infirmity of fear. During a visit which he paid to England, he formed an intense antipathy to the comfortable bigotry of the Protestant rectors, which evidently inclined him to a liking for Roman Catholic asceticism by the mere force of repugnance. Apparently he wished to distinguish himself as a teacher, and would perhaps have liked a professorial chair ; though it would not be just to ascribe too much to any feeling of disappointment his intense hatred of the official teachers, notably Hegel, on whom he poured out the vials, not to say the slop-pails, of his wrath. He must in any case have seen in them deceivers of the brethren and enemies of pessimistic truth. He died unmarried. His last years were passed in retirement, with much material comfort, at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Evidently, he was very conscious of his genius—he calls one of his own essays a pearl—and desirous of intellectual renown. During his life, however, his wish was not fulfilled. Germany, at that

time, was full of the bright hopes of unity, engaged in the animating struggle for that boon, and little inclined to accept the teachings of a pessimist. But now she is suffering from the disappointment that follows the attainment of felicity, from the reaction that ensues on high-nervous tension, and from the crushing pressure of taxation and the military system. Schopenhauer, accordingly, becomes a power, his doctrines mingling and harmonizing with those of the socialist leaders, whose influence is likewise the offspring of popular suffering and discontent. Overflowing into Russia, the dark stream of the pessimistic philosophy mingles with that of revolutionary revolt against the administrative abuses of the despotism; and the result is Nihilism, the most desperate of all the social insurrections, though its secrecy and the terror which it spreads have probably produced exaggerated notions of its extent. In France, it seems, a similar conjunction of pessimism with socialism is not unknown, albeit a French man of science has pronounced it impossible that the pessimistic virus should be generated in any country which drinks wine and not beer. The connection of pessimism as well as socialism with popular suffering is as clear as that of Calhoun's social theories with the possession of slaves. It is illustrated conversely by the case of the United States, where the good nature and philanthropic sentiment engendered by popular prosperity have given birth to Universalism and led to considerable mitigation of the doctrine of eternal punishment, even in churches which retain the orthodox profession.

Schopenhauer's philosophy may be succinctly described as Buddhism with a frontispiece of German metaphysics, to which his follower Hartmann has added another frontispiece of physics. He holds that this, instead of being the best, is the worst of all possible worlds. If you ask how he can be sure of this, the answer is that such a world, if another grain of evil were added to it, would cease to exist. There is no such thing as happiness. All action has its spring in uneasiness, and is painful in itself: pain is positive; pleasure is merely negative. The only enjoyment that can be called real is the contemplation of works of art, and this is confined to a few. In this last article Schopenhauer shows the influence of Goethe. Vice is that excessive measure of will which encroaches on the sphere of another will; virtue melts into mere pity for human woe. The spring of all existence, and so of evil, is will, which Schopenhauer erects into a universal substance, apart from intelligence and consciousness. Will, with its restless cravings, thrusts us into life, and deludes us with vain shows of virtue and happiness to keep us there. Our great object should be to make will desist from its cruel work by denying it, each in his own person, and throwing ourselves into a state of Lama-like passivity and resignation. Suicide of volition, in short, is the consummation at which we are to aim. Actual suicide, which seems the logical conclusion of Schopenhauer's teachings, is forbidden, as being not a negation but an affirmation of will,—a reason which would hardly have stayed the hand of Hamlet. Women, by whose allurements we are decoyed into propagating our species and keeping the race in the misery of existence, are naturally the objects of the pessimist's intense aversion. Love he thinks he has proved to be mere sensuality, stimulated by will in its craving for the realization of itself in the offspring of marriage. His counsel of perfection is monastic chastity, by which the propagation of the race would be quickly brought to an end. But in this line he appears rather to have held up a torch to emancipation than himself to have led the way. The life of an old bachelor in comfortable circumstances residing at Frankfort-on-the-Main was, it must be owned, more favourable to Lamaism and more anticipative of Nirvana than that of the work-people by whose daily labour the Lama was housed, clothed and fed. Yet could any 'affirmation of will' be more decided than the activity of an author with a strong, not to say knawing, desire of literary fame?

This we say, and everybody says, is Buddhism in a European dress. Yet in justice to Buddhism, it must be remembered that there is more than one interpretation of Nirvana, and that according to the more favourable view it is not mere annihilation, which is Schopenhauer's ideal, but the passive and impersonal bliss of the drop reunited to the sea. The sea of Divine Being, we cannot say, inasmuch as Buddhism knows no God; but the sea of Being, beyond the miseries, the chances, and the changes of the personal existence. There seems also

to be in Buddhism a more decided presentation than there is in Schopenhauer's philosophy of the principle that the blessed consummation is to be attained by virtue, though it is the virtue that grows on the banks of the Ganges, not that which grows on the banks of the Spree. The very beautiful picture of the founder of the system, drawn in Mr. Edwin Arnold's Light of Asia, is essentially sustained by the critical authorities.

At the same time, Buddhism has not failed to show the consequences of looking only at the dark side of our lot, and of merely striking the balance between the existing amounts of good and evil, without inquiring whether in the good there is any promise of ultimate victory which there is not in the evil. It may have afforded a doubtful and feeble consolation to myriads toiling and suffering under hard task-masters on the burning plains of Hindostan ; it has steeped boundless misery in a sort of spiritual Lethe ; but it has produced no effort, no society, no government, no civilization, no church, except a vast collection of monasteries filled with idleness in a dull trance.

The metaphysical reasonings by which Schopenhaur attempts to prove *a priori* that no happiness can exist we, for our part, are content to leave in the hands of his able critics, Mr. Sully and Mr. Caro. To their tribunal also we consign his theory that the world is merely a representation of the human brain. That the notions which we form by means of these five bodily senses of ours, the methodized perceptions of which are science, have no appreciable relation to the truth of the infinite is a probability, we may say a moral certainty, which physicism, in its hour of triumph, will do well to take with it in its car. But that the phenomenal universe, including the discoveries of the telescope, is a mere figment of the human brain seems a belief which will find entertainment only in a brain of very peculiar construction.

One thing, however, may be said in defence of Schopenhauer's metaphysics. He has just as good a right to call the operative and generative power in nature will as anybody else has to call it force. Development and evolution, in the same manner, if they denote anything more than the ascertained succession of phenomena, denote what is beyond the range of our perceptions That things follow each other in a certain order, science can tell. She can point, perhaps, to each link of the ascending series, from the slime of the sea up to the intelligence, the moral nature, and the æsthetic faculties of man. But how the ascent takes place ; how anything passes from one stage of its being into another stage ; how any growth, combination, or change is brought about, is a question of which she is totally ignorant, and veils her ignorance, perhaps from herself as well as from her disciples, under a set of quasi-physical terms. The only creative or generative power of which we have any actual experience is effort, by which, unless our consciousness mocks us, man modifies his own character as well as the things around him. From this, in fact, our idea of force is derived, and science would undergo no real change if we were always to use the same name. Meantime, to know but half of being, to see the phenomena and the succession of phenomena, but to see no more, is surely to be a long way from the point at which you would be able either to solve the mystery of the universe, or to pronounce that there is no solution. Schopenhauer is also nearer the truth than some other modern philosophers in his version of asceticism. It is the fashion now to speak of asceticism as a relic of the worship of a fiend who was to be propitiated only by the sacrifice of pain. No doubt in some cases, especially in that of the Eastern fakir, it is deeply tainted with a notion of this kind. But the aim of the Western ascetic, at all events in the main, has been self-purification. He has striven by mortifying the body to liberate the soul from her bondage to the flesh, and to prepare her for union with the divine. Grant that the effort has been misdirected, and that mere failure has been the result, though there would be something to be said on the other side ; still, the phenomenon will not lose all its significance, and a candid examination of it is essential to a complete history of humanity. We speak on the assumption that history is an important part of the study of man : for there seems to be a disposition in some quarters to set it aside as mere 'gossip,' which would be a very convenient arrangement for physicists determined to settle all questions without the help of any knowledge but their own.

That which has a practical and a most intense interest for us is Schopenhauer's uncompromising indictment of the goodness of the dispensation and of the character of the Power from which the dispensation proceeds. We mean the rational part of his indictment; for when a man avers that no real happiness is enjoyed by two young lovers on their wedding day, or by a philanthropist who sees his vision fulfilled, he may be left to settle his quarrel with the facts. But here the German pessimist had been anticipated by a philosopher of more weight than himself, and one not open to the *argumentum ad hominem* which may be urged with effect against Schopenhauer and Leopardi. David Hume was a man whose placidity of temperament verged upon the lymphatic. He lived the life which he had chosen for himself, and evidently was very happy in the exercise of his intellectual powers and the enjoyment of his literary reputation. If he had a fault, it was perhaps that he was too easy, too much of an intellectual epicurist, and, with all the social amiability which so greatly endeared him to his friends, lacked the motive power of earnest love of humanity which would have impelled him to push his way vigorously to the truth. Evidently, a state of scepticism was to him not painful, but luxurious; certainty would have been almost unwelcome, as the termination of a pleasant dalliance with great questions. He loved gracefully to hold out the scales of argument without pronouncing to which side in his own opinion the balance inclined. This elegant neutrality, or appearance of it, it was that made his writings peculiarly acceptable to men of the world, whom he seemed to place, with himself, above the angry insects of theological discussion. In his treatise on Natural Religion, the form of dialogue enables him to state all views without ostensibly embracing any one of them. Yet it can hardly be doubted that we have the real expression of his thoughts in the following extract, which though long is not prolix, and which sets before us with a force enhanced by the writer's general calmness of style the overwhelming enigma of man's estate.

'And why should man, added he, pretend to an exemption from the lot of all other animals? The whole earth, believe me, PHILO, is cursed and polluted; a perpetual war is kindled amongst all living creatures. Necessity, hunger, want, stimulate the strong and courageous; fear, anxiety, terror, agitate the weak and infirm. The first entrance into life gives anguish to the new-born infant and to its wretched parent; weakness, impotence, distress, attend each stage of that life; and 't is at last finished in agony and horror.

'Observe, too, says PHILO, the curious artifices of nature, in order to embitter the life of every living being. The stronger prey upon the weaker, and keep them in perpetual terror and anxiety. The weaker, too, in their turn, often prey upon the stronger, and vex and molest them without relaxation. Consider that innumerable race of insects, which either are bred on the body of each animal, or, flying about, infix their stings in him. These insects have others, still less than themselves, which torment them. And thus on each hand, before and behind, above and below, every animal is surrounded with enemies, which incessantly seek his misery and destruction.

'Man alone, said DEMEA, seems to be, in part, an exception to this rule. For by combination in society he can easily master lions, tigers, and bears, whose greater strength and agility naturally enable them to prey upon him.

'On the contrary, it is here chiefly, cried PHILO, that the uniform and equal maxims of nature are most apparent! Man, it is true, can by combination surmount all his *real* enemies, and become master of the whole animal creation; but does he not immediately raise up to himself *imaginary* enemies, the demons of his fancy, who haunt him with superstitious terrors, and blast every enjoyment of life? This pleasure, as he imagines, becomes in their eyes a crime; his food and repose give them umbrage and offence; his very sleep and dreams furnish new materials to anxious fear; and even death, his refuge from every other ill, presents only the dread of endless and innumerable woes. Nor does the wolf more molest the timid flock than superstition does the anxious breast of wretched mortals. Besides, consider, DEMEA: this very society, by which we surmount these wild beasts, our natural enemies, what new enemies does it not raise to us? What woe and misery does it not occasion? Man is the greatest enemy of man. Oppression, injustice, contempt, contumely, violence, sedition,

war, calumny, treachery, fraud,—by these they mutually torment each other; and they would soon disolve that society which they had formed, were it not for the dread of still greater ills, which must attend their separation.

'But though these external insults, said DEMEA, from animals, from men, and from the elements, which assault us form a frightful catalogue of woes, they are nothing in comparison of those which arise within ourselves, from the distempered condition of our mind and body. How many lie under the lingering torment of diseases? Hear the pathetic enumeration of the great poet:—

> "Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
> Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,
> And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
> Marasmus, and wide spread pestilence.
> Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; DESPAIR
> Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch.
> And over them triumphant DEATH his dart
> Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho' oft invok'd
> With vows, as their chief good and final hope."

The disorders of the mind, continued DEMEA, though more secret, are not perhaps less dismal and vexatious. Remorse, shame, anguish, rage, disappointment, anxiety, fear, dejection, despair,—who has ever passed through life without cruel inroads from these tormentors? How many have scarcely ever felt any better sensations? Labour and poverty, so abhorred by every one, are the certain lot of the far greater number; and those few privileged persons who enjoy ease and opulence never reach contentment or true felicity. All the goods of life united would not make a very happy man; but all the ills united would make a wretch indeed; and any one of them, almost (and who can be free from every one?), nay, often the absence of one good (and who can possess all?), is sufficient to render life ineligible. Were a stranger to drop, on a sudden, into this world, I would show him as a specimen of its ills a hospital full of diseases, a prison crowded with malefactors and debtors, a field of battle strewed with carcasses, a fleet floundering in the ocean, a nation languishing under tyranny, famine, or pestilence. To turn the gay side of life to him, and give him a notion of its pleasures, whither should I conduct him? To a ball, to an opera, to court? He might justly think that I was only showing him a diversity of distress and sorrow.'

To the picture of the darker side of our lot there is, perhaps, nothing of much importance to be added, except the struggle for existence, which modern science has revealed, and which seems to involve as an essential part of the law of natural progress an immense amount not only of physical but of moral evil. If there is anything more to be said, it is that Hume, being unmarried, and with all his social qualities very much wrapped up in himself, has not laid so much emphasis, as he otherwise might have done, on the wounds and the ruin of affection.

'Is the Deity,' says Hume, 'willing to prevent evil, but not able? Then is he impotent. Is he able, but not willing? Then is he malevolent. Is he both able and willing? Whence, then, is evil?' Whence, our hearts may well repeat, is all this pain, misery, and anguish, which a being whose moral nature in any degree resembled the better part of ours, who had any share of human justice, sympathy, and mercy, would presumably prevent if it were in his power? The answer of dogmatic Christianity has already been noticed; so have the objections to that answer, arising from the manifest existence of evil and misery on this globe before the appearance of man, with the attempt of M. Secretan to meet the objections by extending backwards the operation of the Fall. Supposing Christianity to be true as an ethical system and as a general account of human nature, it will be capable of accommodation and extension without limit; but to foist upon it a philosophy of which its founders never dreamed, and which no ordinary understanding would find in it, is to make the gospel a concealment instead of a revelation of the truth. Besides, Hume would ask another question, Whence the Fall? This is not the place to inquire whether dogmatic Christianity is identical with evangelical Christianity, or whether evangelical Christianity, stripped of oriental and rabbinical forms, really says more than that man was spiritually dead and walking in darkness when life and light came into the world by Christ.

Eminent opponents of Schopenhauer take their stand on 'meliorism,' a name which they adopt as denoting a middle term between optimism and pessimism. The meliorist admits, as everybody but a Hindoo sage or a High German metaphysician would, the concurrent existence of good and evil, of happiness and

misery, of pleasure and pain, in the world. He does not attempt exactly to determine the relative proportions of the two elements; but he thinks he has satisfied himself by induction that there is a tolerable amount of happiness already, and that it is capable of being greatly increased by the adoption of methods which will constitute a new science. The treatment of happiness under the auspices of this science excludes all questions as to the existence of a Deity, or as to man's origin or destiny, dealing solely with this life and with the present world. But we are not told how men are to be prevented from thinking of these things, or how it is possible that, if they do think of them, their present sensations of pain and pleasure, happiness and misery, should not be affected by their thoughts. Anticipation, as well as the actual feeling of the moment, enters into our pain and pleasures. The present pang may be the same, but it makes all the difference to the man's sensation whether it is inflicted by a surgeon who is restoring him to health, or by a torturer who is putting him to death. The journey may be as toilsome, but the weariness will be less to a traveller going home, than to one going to prison. A hard life of duty is painful if there is no reward; but if there is a great reward in view, the pain is turned into pleasure. You may, if you think it worth while, create a factitious science by abstracting the consideration of our earthly life from all ideas that range beyond it; but you will find great difficulty in practically banishing speculative ideas and hopes which have taken firm possession of the mind of the race. You will hardly prevent those who have death always in view from continuing to ask themselves whether it is the end of existence or not. When we look up to the starry heavens, you will hardly restrain our thoughts from ranging beyond an earthly abode. Physical science just now is flushed with its splendid victories; it is inclined to assume that all ideas and aspirations will henceforth be bounded by its domain.

A melancholy temperament is considered by the meliorists to be one of the principal sources of human misery. From this they hope to deliver us, partly by physical appliances, partly by training us to direct our attention to the bright points of our lot and turn our minds away from what is less agreeable, as people liable to seasickness are kindly advised to fix their eyes on a distant object, and not think about the unpleasant motion of the vessel. In this way it seems to be hoped that the whole race will in the end become as merry as Mark Tapley. But Mark Tapley is not a man. He is an impersonation of jollity. He looks neither before nor after; if he were to begin to look before or after, the character would vanish like a ghost at cock-crow. So it would if he met with any heart-rending misfortune, such as may any day befall the happiest and most buoyant of mankind. A man loses his wife just when their hearts have been knit together, or his only child; these are every-day accidents, and how will a Mark Tapley philosophy take away their sting? Would there be any credit in being jolly beside the death-bed of affection? Religious resignation, if it is well founded, will take the sting from such misfortunes; but that is a very different affair. A cheerful temperament is, no doubt, an excellent thing, and it may be cultivated both mentally and by wise attention to physical health. But it will not prevent nature from sweeping men away by earthquake, plague, and famine, without mercy or justice. It will not alter the grim facts of the dispensation; and as the dispensation is, so men will see it, not in their convivial hours, but in their serious and reflecting moods, which make the grand tone of life. In the characters of the greatest men, and those who have done most for the race, the element of sadness has predominated, though beneath it there was a deeper spring of joy.

In some of these recipes for the cultivation of happiness there seems to be a fallacy of class. The great mass of mankind at the present time, to say nothing of the past, is a prey to evils of a much coarser kind than any of which mere temperament can be deemed the cause. Those who tell the miserable population of Hindostan, or that which, close to the Palaces of London, covers square miles with its misery, squalor, and despair, to cultivate a cheerful temperament are like the Duke of Norfolk who, in the midst of famine, advised the English peasantry to take a pinch of curry powder with their food. A similar fallacy seems to underlie the induction upon which a favourable estimate of existing happiness is based. A literary man asks perhaps a score or two of his

acquaintances whether happiness or unhappiness has predominated in their lives. They reply that happiness has predominated. But these people, however fairly selected, are all members of a well-to-do class in a civilized country. People of the indigent class, or living in countries not civilized, and being there, from their weakness, the victims of violence, might, if they could express themselves articulately, give a less favourable verdict; not to mention that the persons interrogated have probably always had, under affliction, the comforts, real or imaginary, of religion.

Death, we are told, is not to be regarded in any disagreeable light; it is rather to be looked upon as throwing a pleasant though pensive tint of elegiac tenderness over our being, and as rendering by its certain approach each particular moment of our allotted span more precious. The last reflection is eminently true in the case of the man who is to be executed to-morrow. It surely is difficult to get rid of the conviction that the more pleasant life is made the more unpleasant will be the loss of it, and the more disagreeable the thought that it may be taken from us at any moment by a whiff of infected air, or by the fall of a chimney-pot. There was a striking picture, years ago, in the London Academy of a miserable stone-breaker who had sunk placidly into his sleep beside his heap of stones. Willingness to be at rest in such a case as this we can understand, but hardly in the case of a man in a state of prosperous energy, with all the means of enjoyment and a loving family around him. If our happiness comes to consist in an increased degree, not of the pleasures which satiate and pall, but of those which belong to mutual affection, the pang will be all the sharper, and bereavement will become in its bitterness a second death. We cannot help remembering, when we hear philosophers speak so complacently of the prospect of annihilation, that none of us have yet got fairly clear of the penumbra of Christian faith and hope, or of the comforting impression that those who are parted here will in some way meet again hereafter. Examples have been held up of men of the new school of science who have rested with perfect contentment in the belief that this span was all, and have even been spurred to higher activity thereby. But these men hardly constitute a ground for a fair induction. Not only did they spend their lives in a transport of iconoclastic exertion, which allowed no space for melancholy thoughts, but they had only just emerged from a state of strong religious conviction, the influence of which, however unconscious they might be of it, could not fail to linger in their minds.

That man is fatherless, under the care of no providence, and the sport of a blind but irresistible force which in a moment wrecks his happiness, perhaps crushes myriads out of existence by a death of agony, is an idea which has hardly yet had time to present itself to us unveiled and in its full significance. Some think that it will be greatly softened if instead of blind force we teach ourselves to say law. But, in the first place, this is a comfort suited rather for the easy-chair of intellectual leisure than for rougher situations; it will not greatly relieve the mind of a man who finds himself buried alive in a coal-pit, or of a mother who sees her child in the agony of strangulation by diphtheria. In the second place, men of science have at last begun to admit what unscientific people urged long ago,—that law is a theistic term, to which untheistic science has no right. Untheistic science can take cognizance of nothing but facts, whether particular or general, and what comfort there can be in the mere generality of a cruel fact it is not easy to understand. We may make the passing remark, not irrelevant to the present subject, that with the admission that science is not entitled to speak of law is still coupled a confident assertion of the doctrine of scientific necessity. But how can there be necessity—at least, how can we have any assurance of it—without law? Can necessity be predicted of the mere recurrence of a general fact?

The struggle for existence is allowed to be an unattractive feature of the situation; but it is contended that its ugly aspect will be lessened, if not removed, by the beneficent intervention of society, which is sure to take the duty of selection into its own hands, and to exercise it by the milder agency of a control over undesirable propagation. This, in the first place, seems to imply that physical superiority, of which alone a legislator can take cognizance, is decisive, and that the world is better without such invalids as St. Paul, or Alfred, or Pascal. In the second place, it involves the assumption, which pervades all the social writ-

ings of Mr. Mill, that there is a wise and beneficent power called society, apart from and above the aggregate of individual action. Unluckily, no such earthly providence exists. There is nothing but government, with the infirmities of which and the danger of trusting it with unlimited power, or extending its sway to private conduct and to the household, experience has made us only too familiar. There is a gulf, across which we cannot at present see, between our actual political condition and that in which the world would be able to intrust its rulers with the power of regulating the union of the sexes, not to mention the other elements of the competition for existence. The nearest approach to any social action of this kind, perhaps, has been monasticism, which on the whole must have selected the physically weak for celibacy; but the net result of monasticism was not satisfactory. Moreover, it must be remembered that the struggle for existence goes on not only between individual members of society, but between nations and races. What Parliament of man or other earthly authority will ever be in a position to say to the inferior nations or races: You had better cease to beget children, so that you may quietly disappear and leave room for the Jingo, who will otherwise be placed by nature under the unpleasant necessity of slaughtering you in heaps, or otherwise exterminating you, in order to remove you out of the way of his evidently superior claim to existence?

This leads us naturally to a remark respecting human progress, the conscious promotion of which is another of the things to which we are exhorted to look as growing sources of comfort. Let it be granted that progress, so far as it depends on the wants of the race and the supply of these wants, is almost mechanical, and certain to continue in its present course. Surely, there is also a part of it, and not the least important part, dependent on the extraordinary efforts of good men striking out against the ever-flowing current of evil and indifference, which would otherwise sweep us backwards, and thereby rendering special services of their kind. Sometimes the exercise of such energy is pleasant; but in other cases it involves a good deal of self-sacrifice, as it notably did in what few people are so fanatically anti-theological as not to deem a great gain to humanity, the foundation of Christianity. But self-sacrifice can hardly be reconciled with reason, unless it brings with it an ultimate reward. A man may submit to martyrdom for the truth's sake, if he is to pass through the gate of death to the Father of Truth; he will hardly do so if he is to go down into the pit. People, in short, will sacrifice themselves to progress and to the general good of their kind if they believe that, apart from what may happen to them in the flesh, they have a perpetual interest in the result; on the opposite hypothesis, they will not. As we have said before, you cannot, in estimating the feelings of men, eliminate anticipation. A subjective existence, to be enjoyed in the lives of posterity when you have utterly ceased to be, and the last trace of your memory has vanished, is a fantasy which may be fondled by a refined imagination, but will heal no wounds and countervail no hardships in the case of ordinary men. Here again the materialist or positivist view of life appears to have derived an idea and borrowed a hue from Christianity. Christian progress is that of the church militant gaining gradually a victory over evil, in which every Christian who acts up to his profession will have his share. This is a belief which, if sincerely entertained, cheers the most arduous, the most wearisome, and the dullest path of duty. Moreover, the end of the Christian progress is the reception into the divine essence of spirit perfected by trial and soaring away from the ruin of the material globe. The end of positivist progress is a physical catastrophe in which everything will perish. No thought very animating, or very likely to nerve men to high self-sacrifice, is produced by the prospect of a march of humanity, like that of a blind column of animals or insects, towards final and total destruction. That those who at last drop into the gulf will be improved specimens of the race, and will carry with them the accumulated results of its efforts through all the ages, is hardly a redeeming feature of the outlook. Science has begun to calculate the rate at which the sun exhausts its vital fires; who can say that the fatal period may not even be anticipated by some other astronomical agent of destruction? However that may be, the certain end of the collective effort, to which we are to immolate ourselves individually, according to positivism, is inanity and dust.

Schopenhauer has insisted on the fact that with civilization and refinement sensibility to pain and grief will increase. The reply is obvious that capacity for pleasure will increase also ; but it may be difficult to strike the balance. Art, from which alone Schopenhauer thinks any real pleasure can proceed, seems certainly, as character deepens and intellect grows more subtle, to contain in it a larger element of melancholy and of craving for the unattained. But, as has already been said, the misery of the mass of mankind consists in bodily want and toil that leave little room for enjoyment ; the day is far distant when the mere question of sensibility will affect more than a few.

Infinite space might be consumed in settling the account between the past and the present in respect of material happiness. The railroads, telegraphs, and cheap cottons of the present are obvious ; on the other hand, in old countries crowding involves no small loss of comfort and enjoyment. To the division of labour we owe a vast increase of production ; but at the same time the labour of the producer becomes far duller and more wearisome than it was when each man saw and could rejoice in the finished work of his own hands. Even the improvements which appear most completely within man's power are very long in coming, and almost seem as if they would never come. During the best period of Catholicism, morality in the vesture of religion strove earnestly, and not wholly without effect, to place restrictions upon war. But now such morality is again consigned to contempt, and Europe has developed a system of standing armies which again places assured peace at an immeasurable distance, and in the meantime makes the happiness and lives of millions the sport of imperial ambition or the dice of a political gambler.

The optimism which maintains that there is no evil in life and the pessimism which maintains that there is no good, are equally out of court. But so far as it is a question between meliorism and the opposite theory, which we suppose must be called deteriorism, the advocates of the less favourable hypothesis are not unlikely to hold their own. They may do so, at all events, if we take into consideration the whole human race, in past times as well as in the present, not merely the élite of a comparatively civilized generation.

This, however, is certain : the justice and goodness of the dispensation can be vindicated only on the hypothesis that the efforts and sufferings of the human race and perhaps not only of the human race but of sentient beings, tend towards some achievement in which each individual contributor will have his part. Even an earthly king would deem it poor praise to be told that he had made myriads of his people miserable, without compensation or redemption, in bringing the rest to a very problematical state of happiness. Love of life and fear of death are a sufficient guaranty against the universal suicide to which Schopenhauer's philosophy would logically tend, as the sexual influence is against the extinction of the race by celibacy which he actually suggests. But this proves little ; the burden of life is dragged by myriads whom no one would call happy. That mere existence is a blessing to a Hindoo peasant, who maintains himself by unceasing toil on the brink of destitution, sees his children starving round him, and ends his days by famine or some fearful disease, none but the most fanatical optimist will contend. Besides, we come back to the question why the Author of all being could not or would not confer upon the Hindoo peasant, who had committed no sin before his birth, the same measure of happiness which is conferred on other men.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his recent work, on 'The Data of Ethics,' which we all expected with interest and have read with respect, says that conflicting theories of ethics embody severally portions of the truth. 'The theological theory contains a part. If for the divine will, supposed to be supernaturally revealed, we substitute the naturally revealed end towards which the power manifested throughout evolution works, then, since evolution has been and is still working towards the highest life, it follows that conforming to those principles by which the highest life is achieved is furthering that end. The doctrine that perfection or excellence of nature should be the object of pursuit is in one sense true ; for tacitly it recognises that ideal form of being which the highest life implies, and to which evolution tends.' The writer can perhaps reconcile this better than we can with the mechanical theory of evolution and dissolution embodied

in his First Principles. Not only is it a 'reconciliation' with theology; it is theology itself, or something upon which theology might be built. The power which manifests itself throughout evolution clearly cannot be evolution itself. It is equally evident that 'working towards' an object is a different thing from a merely mechanical progress,—from rhythm of motion, the instability of the homogeneous, and equilibration. Let there be added a definition of the highest life, and also a statement of the grounds on which that life is to be deemed higher than another; we shall then have, not indeed supernaturalism, but the foundations of natural theology, less the mere name of Deity. It is difficult to see why even prayer should be thought wholly irrational, if it is an entreaty for help in the endeavours to reach perfection, addressed to the great Co-Worker.

It is impossible to conceive a Power working through and with intelligence and beneficence towards an end assumed to be good, yet being itself unintelligent and unbeneficent. It is almost equally impossible to conceive an intelligent and beneficent Power making worlds as a child makes houses on the sand, merely that they may perish and leave no trace behind. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul has become so entangled with animistic fancies, mediæval superstitions, and imagery of crowns and harps, or of flames and serpents, crystalized into literal belief, that the contemptuous treatment of it by certain men of science may be considered excusable, if it is not philosophic. But let it be put simply on the hypothesis that the progress by which being has risen from protoplasm to humanity and the higher forms of humanity is still continuing and destined to continue; that spirit in its turn is coming into existence; and that it will not necessarily perish with the material world. There is nothing in this from which science need shrink, unless it be a foregone conclusion that anything relating to man which does not fall within the domain of physiology must be a silly dream. The notion of selfishness or of the eternal perpetuation of self which attaches to the belief in immortality and affords abundant matter for sneers and jibes appears to be perfectly gratuitous. It is in the best men that we seem to see the dawn of immortality, and the best men are the least selfish. Spirituality is in fact emancipation from the influences by which selfishness is bred. Nor does it appear that we can set limits to the process, difficult as it may be for us to conceive of a being conscious and active, yet unlimited by self.

The eminent writer from whom we have just quoted looks forward to a millennium of his own,—the millennium of one who holds that 'the ideally moral man is one in whom the moving equilibrium is perfect.' But this millennium is a weary way off, and it is to be feared that the prospect of it will hardly have much effect in inducing even ordinary men, not to speak of human wolves like the Fredericks and Napoleons, to subordinate their 'simple representative feelings,' to their 'complex representative feelings' on proper occasions and in due proportions. More than this, the millennium when it comes will be miserably imperfect, unless Mr. Spencer can induce nature to mend her behaviour as well as man. Let humanity be brought to the acme of moving equilibrium; let the sanitary aspirations of Dr. Richardson be fulfilled by the institution of a Salutland with all possible appliances of health and a name that does not outrage etymology; still, if nature persists in her practices of storm, flood, fire, plague and earthquake, to say nothing of the burden which her stubborn and niggardly temper lays upon the sinews of toiling humanity, the happiness will be very far from perfect. It would be very far from perfect, even if it were to be lasting; but in the case of each man the moving equilibrium will be always advancing, in accordance with the law laid down in First Principles, to an inevitable 'dissolution.' Death will always impend; and, as we have already said, the greater the happiness of man is, and the more sensitive and forecasting he becomes, the more terrible in all probability death will be. Even in Mr. Spencer's philosophy we think we can discern anticipations of a condition in which to put off death would be the most absorbing of all objects, and the risk or certain sacrifice of life which men have faced from the love of their kind in doing good or in withstanding wrong would be regarded as mere insanity. Pile on the language of sentiment as you will, a man's conduct will be governed by his real interest; and his real interest must terminate with his existence. Then,

after all, comes the general dissolution; the last generation of mankind, heir of all the preceding effort, perishes in some awful catastrophe, and the moral paradise is an atomic chaos.

Suppose effort, or that which presents itself to our consciousness as effort, to be the law of the universe and the life of the power which pervades it; suppose the object of effort in the case of man to be the attainment of a moral ideal which has a value in the eyes of the Author of Being; and suppose spirit, having attained the ideal, to be destined to survive the dissolution of the material globe,—suppose all this, and reason may sanction an optimistic view, not of our present state, but of the sum of things. Otherwise, though nobody but a metaphysician of gloomy temperament will deny the existence of a certain measure of happiness among men, or at least among the more favoured portion of them, pessimism will have the best of the argument on the whole. The dispensation under which we live can hardly be called beneficent; assuredly, considering the myriads who have been and still are being sacrificed, it cannot be called just.

No man of sense, no one who has faith in reason and truth, can doubt that the time has come for a perfectly free and frank discussion of all these questions, subject only to those restraints of reverence and charity which wisdom as well as right feeling would prescribe. All who give any thought to such matters know how we stand, and what is going on beneath the surface of apparent orthodoxy and conformity, even where the crust at present remains unbroken. If a real religious philosophy is possible, this is the time for its appearance. On one side, we have the official defenders of the established creed desperately identifying all religion with the untenable; on the other hand, we have men trained exclusively in physical science, contemptuously ignorant of history and philosophy, that is of moral and social man, and determined, with a fanaticism scarcely less virulent than that of theologians, to expel all religion from the world. Between the two extremes is it not possible to find some foundation for a rational religion? It must be possible, if we are in the hands of a being who cares for us, who has power to guide us to the truth, and to whose character the better part of ours affords a real clue.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

POVERTY.

BY GEO. E. SHAW, B.A., TORONTO.

HAIL Poverty! in darkness and in light,
The last of all my friends to keep aloof;
Thou spurnest not my humble, lonely roof,
But jealously dost keep me within sight.
Thou dost preserve me from the pampering blight
Of Luxury, which heralds feebleness;
And often when I riches would possess,
Thou firmly settest my rash thought aright.
Thou sayest a fast is better than a feast,
And those who have too much are far too proud,
While higher aspirations come at least
To those to whom but little is allowed,
And that the poor alone the contract share
Of building the best castles in the air!

ROUND THE TABLE.

'GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE' THEOLOGY.

It can scarcely be said that popular theology is a difficult thing to deal with now-a-days. It is happy itself and wants to make everybody happy. No more absolute doctrines, no more inflexible principles, no demand any longer for the subjection and humiliation of the intellect and moral nature, no more trembling before the awfulness of a revelation, nothing to vex or strain or unduly agitate the human spirit. It seems to come to every ordinarily well-conditioned man and say: 'Well, how would *you* like to suppose this universe is "fixed," governed, you know, arranged, conducted, and all that kind of thing? Because, anything you are pleased to imagine, anything your inner consciousness requires, you may without hesitation adopt as your creed. Everybody does it now-a-days, and why should you make yourself an exception? It was well enough for your ancestors, rude men and women, with strong passions and unlimited powers of endurance, not to mention their queer unbending notions as to the difference between true and false,—it was well enough for them to ponder texts in a painful effort to discover what they were enjoined to believe; but these are more enlightened days, and people make their own revelations as they go along. You do not like the doctrine of future punishment probably; very few people do at present; well, just tone it down to suit yourself; have your "doubts" or your "hopes," or whatever else you need to make yourself comfortable. For, after all, the grand use of a theology to-day is to save people from the worry of too much thought and too much earnestness, to give them the feeling of believing something without really tying them down to anything.'

The last example that has met my eye of this 'go-as-you-please' theology is the address of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, at a recent celebration of the birthday of Burns. Mr. Beecher is a representative man in the widest sense of the word. He speaks to, and for, thousands whenever he opens his mouth in public. He has done much to mould public thought during the last twenty-five years, and is doing much still. We may be sure, therefore, that his way of looking at theological problems is also the way of a very large section of the religious world. Does Mr. Beecher, then, judge Burns as a theologian, in any strict sense of the word? Does he judge him in the light of any supernaturally revealed doctrines? Or is he just as free to follow his own notions and preferences in regard to the questions which he raises of the poet's position in the spiritual world, as if there were no 'place of salvation,' no special Divine method, no one foundation of all hope? This is what the eminent divine is reported as having said:

'In speaking of the hero of this evening, I am met on the threshold by one objection—his moral character. It may not seem fitting that I, as a clergyman, should eulogize him. Ladies and gentlemen, you have got nothing to do with his moral character. I don't like to hear allusions to it. He is dead and gone. The question is, what has he left behind? . . . His works did more to elevate his race than all the sermons that were preached during his life. His name will go down with glowing honours to the end of time, and methinks we shall hear his voice again. *Not to meet Burns would be to miss one of the brightest stars from out the whole galaxy of heaven. Not one speck now mars the beauty of his brow. Any man who has done so much to elevate his race is washed in the river of life.*'

All very well, all very fine; but where does Mr. Beecher find all this? On whose authority does he say it? The only answer that can be given is, that this is the view of the case which commends itself to Mr. Beecher's common sense and to his natural perceptions of justice. Mr. Beecher therefore believes in the Bible, and adheres to a system of theology, just so far as common sense and common equity permit. Yet thousands of people who admire Mr. Beecher

ask at times in alarm what would become of the world if it were not for an infallible revelation. The Brooklyn pastor would seem to answer: the world would use its common sense, as I do mine, and would probably be no worse off than it is now. To which it would be well if all the people would say Amen.

W.

CONCOCTING OF NATIONS.

One result—or at least one sequence—of the political consolidation which has produced this Dominion, seems to be a sad proclivity, among some of us Canadians, for—to coin an uncouth term in order to designate what, in my humble opinion, is an unwise practice—theoretical nation-mongering. 'This Canada of ours' is the especial object of the fancied operations to which I refer. Perhaps this exercise is a natural enough result of the very political union mentioned. Doubtless great and beneficial individual results were anticipated from that measure;—in some instances very reasonably, whilst in others quite the reverse. Doubtless, too, in a large number of these individual cases, there has been a disappointment. Can anything be more unreasonable—can anything be more really silly—than for those disappointed ones to go about incessantly carping at the Dominion of Canada as such, because it has not forthwith built up, in substantial stone and mortar, each and every one of their highly ornamented castles in the air? These people come, for the most part, under two classes. Those of one of them find our country too large, and its institutions too complex. They are weakly bewildered, and lack-a-daisically whine for a return to the old state of affairs—as if anything was ever truly undone, or accurately reproduced. Those of the other class, to which I more particularly refer, seem to consider Canada as still too small and mean a field for the exercise of their—or, I will say, of Canadian—faculties. What do they propose to do about it? Strange to say, there are still some Rip Van Winkle-ish individuals amongst us, who occasionally pipe up the cry of annexation to Yankeeland! There was a time when it was no very uncommon thing, throughout these Provinces, for young and superficial politicians, when thwarted in the pursuit of their personal aspirations, to go forth into the world foaming threats of 'Annexation.' Such proposals, if they were ever seriously intended to be such, have been so generally laughed and frowned down, that we cannot but suppose that those who renew them at this late date must be far gone in their second childhood. But even so, and granting all that may be reasonably insisted on as to the 'rights of free discussion,' cannot such people yet see that in thrusting their annexation nostrums before us, as a cure for evils which they assume, they perpetrate a gross insult upon us Canadians? I maintain—for, as I think, obvious reasons—that every publication amongst us of an 'Annexation' scheme is a gross insult to every Canadian subject of Her Majesty. Every such political projector would do well, perhaps, to 'annex' himself as early and as quietly as possible; but he trifles too seriously with the proper feelings of his neighbours, when he insists upon their becoming 'annexed' along with him.

Then we have another set of fancied malcontents, who advocate—Canadian independence; no less! Supposing that we Canadians had no feeling in this matter; that there were no moral ties connecting us with the Mother Country, and that we owed no allegiance to our sovereign—which is supposing an immense deal,—one requires a most productive imagination to conceive what preponderance of good over evil we could derive from this 'Independence' freak. It is difficult to reply to its advocates, because of the very paucity and flimsiness of the reasons furnished by them in the advocacy of their views. One false idea lies at the bottom of all the theories of these people,—as, indeed, of those of most political speculators of our day. It is, that for every projected political movement, of this or any future time, we must find some precedent. It seems scarcely necessary to say, although some people apparently persist in forgetting it, that the known history of the world affords no precedent for Canada of the present day—no precedent of the relation which she, in common with the remainder of the British Colonial Empire, bears to the Mother Country. Consequently, the former course pursued by any other colony, or off-shoot, from any other State whatsoever, affords no guide for the action of Canada. She

must pursue her own natural and reasonable course. Daily and hourly we hear people say that 'the British Constitution was not made; it grew.' Yet some of the very people who utter this —without conceiving its meaning, we must suppose—and who laud that constitution as the best ever yet known, are grandly proposing to us Canadians to reform our nationality upon an entirely artificial and arbitrary model, and one which is adverse to our better feelings, traditions, prejudices, and—I must add—our interests. We require, and, as I believe, we wish no revolutionary measures. Natural evolution, apart from all application of political quack nostrums, will bring out all that is best in us and in our country. In our now virtual independence; in our unsurpassed political freedom, and our scarcely equalled exemption from political burdens, let us go on to settle, improve, and wisely manage our magnificent domain. Let us not say that we can't do it. Such a poor, pitiful admission announces imbecility. If such things must be, it had better be left to posterity to say that we could not. If things go wrong among ourselves, let us go to work manfully and put them right, instead of madly preaching revolution. If, in the course of this evolution, our Dominion eventually becomes a part of a Consolidated British Empire, so much the better for us and for the world at large.

In reality, I anticipate no action whatever from the propagation of these revolutionary tenets. Then why notice them at all? Simply because they are a bore to the public, and to some extent worry men's minds, and distract them from the real duties they have in hand. If I supposed these avowed revolutionists really 'meant business,' I would only hint to them in the terms which the poet has put in the mouth of Claverhouse :—

> "Ere the Queen's crown go down, there are heads to be broke;"—

knowing that there are few amongst us who would not willingly be in at the breaking.

P. S. H.

J. G. W., ON DR. NEWMAN.

It is not a very unusual thing for one of the parties to a controversy—or both for that matter—to wander from the point; but it is a most unusual thing for a man to forget so completely what the point in dispute is, as positively to upbraid his opponent for confining himself to it. Such, however, is the state of mind of J. G. W. He says that I expend most of my energy on the meaning of the word 'generality.' I do indeed plead guilty to expending such energy as the present discussion requires —fortunately not much—upon the question as to the natural meaning of the expression 'glittering generalities,' and upon J. G. W's singular ignoring of its meaning. And my defence is that the only question that I ever raised, or sought to raise, was as to whether Dr. Newman's writings abounded, as alleged by J. G. W., in 'glittering generalities;' and if I have confined myself to this, the readers of the MONTHLY will probably think that I have set a good example, which it might have been well if J. G. W. had followed. As to a slight verbal criticism which my last contribution contained, the Editor will bear me witness that, after sending him my manuscript, I asked him to suppress the remark in question, which, as it occurred parenthetically only, it was quite easy to do. The Editor may well be pardoned for overlooking my request; but nevertheless it was not without surprise and some regret, that I saw the remark in question in print.

J. G. W. now reminds us that the phrase 'glittering generalities' was coined by Lord Beaconsfield. What inference he wishes us to draw from the fact is not clear, unless it be that a coinage of his Lordship's, who has made so many phrases in his day, should not be subjected to too rigorous a definition or application. This inference I am not, however, prepared to draw. Grant that his Lordship meant little or nothing by the phrase, those who take it up must be supposed to mean something by it, and must be held to account if they use it without justification.

J. G. W. now attempts to show that he did not lose sight of the meaning of the expression when he applied it to Dr. Newman's statement in regard to the view of sin taken by the Catholic Church; and he also tries to explain why, having adduced this statement as an example of a 'glittering generality,' he proceeded at once to criticise it as something wholly different. I am well content to leave this very 'thin' per-

formance to the judgment of all who have taken an interest in the present discussion.

In answer to my demand for further examples, J. G. W., who professed to have such a store of them at command, now tells us that he has not 'the work' by him, or else he could produce some fine ones. Then by all means, let him get the work, and give us something at last that shall really be to the point. He need not be afraid of tiring his readers in that way for some time to come, though I should hesitate to say that they have not had enough of moral denunciation of Dr. Newman and his opinions. The latter part of the business, I should say, has been as much overdone as the 'glittering generality' part has been underdone.

When, in my last contribution, I charged J. G. W. with confusion of mind, the grounds on which I did so were obvious, I think, to the meanest intelligence. I would beg, therefore, any reader who cares to estimate the candour of my opponent—a 'liberal' assailant of Dr. Newman — to turn to what I wrote—3rd paragraph—and then to J. G. W.'s statement that I charge him with mental confusion partly because he believes in certain new systems of morality. It will be found that the statement in question is utterly without foundation. The 'confusion,' as any one can see—as J. G. W. must have seen—was in adducing as a 'generality' what was not a generality, in criticising it, not as a generality, but as an example of the baneful effect of ecclesiasticism, and then passing on to considerations wholly foreign to the matter in hand.

The Editor is possibly of opinion that this discussion has lasted long enough ; but, if he allows it to go on a little longer, I trust that some light may be thrown upon the question whether or not Dr. Newman has been imposing on the literary world with 'glittering generalities,' giving us in fact a false rhetoric instead of the careful, measured and significant utterances which were supposed to be characteristic of his style. If J. G. W. can expose him to the world as a literary trickster, instead of the serious thinker and writer he has had the credit of being, the achievement will be one of some moment. A caution, however, seems here to be necessary. J. G. W. appears to imagine that every historical statement with which he does not agree, may be cited as a 'glittering generality' ; but, in the language of the *Edinburgh Review*, 'this will never do.' We want the 'generalities,' and we want the 'glitter' : less than this will not meet the case.

TINEA.

A PARALLEL.

Mr. Goldwin Smith was much berated by some of the party journals for having described Canada as 'rough, raw, and democratic, but our own.' An able American writer, however, 'M. W. H.,' in the New York *Sun*, does not hesitate to speak in terms, at least as plain, of American civilisation and literature. Criticising Mr. Henry James's 'Life of Hawthorne,' and accusing the author of an over-refinement of style and thought, this writer says : 'There is a ludicrous incongruity in the application of Saint-Beuvian methods to a raw and chaotic society, to a puny, callow and amorphous literature. To be in the least appropriate or helpful our American criticism must borrow the manner of the pedagogue, and not that of the courtier ; we need plain speech and not pretty speech ; the truth must be hammered and not filtered into us. . . We are all provincial, perhaps vulgar, and why should we be scared by words which Mr. Matthew Arnold intimates are also applicable to contemporary England ?' Now in all this there is not the least disposition manifest to underrate things American. On the contrary a certain honest pride is shown in avowing the limitations of a civilisation and a literature which, with all their faults, are yet dear to the writer's heart. It is easy to recognise when the truth is spoken in love, and when compliments are paid in malice ; and we may thank Mr. Goldwin Smith that he has sincerely, and in a spirit of true friendship, told us the truth about the country in which he has cast his lot. The evil-minded may find fault and try to arouse ignorant prejudice ; but the common sense of the country will be with the man who, undeterred by fear or favour, speaks from moment to moment the truth that is required.

L.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Milton. By MARK PATTISON. Morley's Series of English Men of Letters. New York: Harper Bros.; Toronto: James Campbell & Son, 1880.

MILTON'S biographers have many advantages over those who relate the life of Shakespeare which cannot be all attributed to the mere fact that Milton lived at a later date than the great dramatist. Their lives in fact overlapped by a few years, and but for the comparatively early death of the elder poet, he might have heard the preludes to those strains with which the younger man was to carry on the traditions of English poetry in its highest degree. Yet we are driven to speculate about the life of Shakespeare, while the whole scheme of Milton's existence is laid open to us! In one way alone, not to mention others, we can learn much of Milton, and that is from his own writings. Without any affectation, for no man was less conceited than he; without an undue obtrusion of his personality upon his readers, for few great men have been more truly modest; Milton has himself lifted the veil that might have obscured his character, and has let the daylight into the retired chambers of his soul. He has done this in two different ways. From his twenty-third year he was in the habit of occasionally writing sonnets, usually upon some event which touched him nearly. Most of these he could never have meant, at the time he wrote them, to make public; they are too much part of himself, and partake too much of the nature of an exquisite ejaculatory prayer or a noble and ennobling resolve. But the beauty of their framing prevented them from being lost to the public, and we have now, in Milton's own words, what high thoughts and motives were his—what an exaltation he gave to the ideal of a poetic life at a time when the religious world of England looked upon verse as a snare, and when the courtly world of England was doing its best by narrow affectations to degrade the art to its lowest level. What wonderful composure do we find in that sonnet (his second one), in which he declares himself satisfied, that though his 'inward ripeness' might appear delayed, though friends might deem his life an unprofitable one, yet

> 'It shall be still in strictest measure even
> To that same lot, however mean or high,
> Towards which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.'

The other way in which Milton was led to write about his own life was in defending himself, controversially, from the personal attacks with which his antagonists sought to destroy the effect of his arguments. It would take too long to show how many interesting facts are thus to be collected from the hints strewn broad-cast through the poet's prose works; it is enough to draw attention to them generally, and to point out that the sameness noticeable in many lives of Milton is partly attributable to the stress which all his biographers very properly lay upon this, their common material.

While upon the subject of Milton's prose works, we would remark that Mr. Pattison appears to us to take an unduly severe view of them. It is easy work now for a scholar to sit down and point from amid his hours of lettered leisure to the abuse, none the less truculent for being couched in the best Latin or the most nervous English, with which Cromwell's Latin Secretary overwhelmed his opponents. But Milton's was not a 'cloistered virtue,' it had dared the struggles and the combats of an exceptional epoch, and had come out of the fray, 'not without dust and blood' upon its garments. As to the effect of his polemical works, which Mr. Pattison considers was but small, we fancy the Parliament which voted him its thanks, and would (had he permitted it) voted him a substantial recompense, for his defence of the people of England, was perhaps in a better position to judge of this than we can be. We are too apt to judge the public of the past by the public of to-day. Because the 'Defensio' or the 'Eikonoclastes' would not persuade the England Mr. Pattison lives in, are we to jump to

the conclusion, that they must have had as like effect upon the England of Cromwell and of Pym? It must be remembered that controversies in those days were no rapier-duels, but combats *à l'outrance*. Compared with the polemical writings of the Reformation, the only ones with which they can be compared fairly, either with regard to the grandeur of the subject matter or the absorbing interest which they evoked, we must admit that Milton's controversial writings are almost mild.

It is, perhaps, an unintentional tribute that so many of Milton's critics have paid him, when they, in effect, blame him for not being further in advance of his age than he really was.

Mr. Pattison has done the main part of his work with care and a due amount of skill, and the book may be safely recommended to any one in want of a concise life of Milton and an intelligent *resumé* of critical opinion upon his works. Yet we cannot altogether praise Mr. Pattison's style. The expression '*battailous* canticles' was probably meant to be Miltonic, and the phrase 'literary *digladiations*' is certainly Johnsonese; but we must venture to condemn both, and to wonder how they slipped past Mr. Morley's notice. 'These and *other-such-like* inaccuracies' is a vulgar colloquialism, and we know no good recent authority for the use of the word 'truanted' as an active verb. There was certainly no need to cashier our old friend 'to play the truant.'

On page 190, too, we notice a clumsily constructed sentence, which, construed grammatically (and Rectors of Colleges ought not to object to their phrases being strictly analysed), asserts that Wordsworth preceded Milton in point of time. In most other respects the book shows signs of careful editing, and will fill a respectable place in the series.

Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, 1802-1808. Part I. No. 97 Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper Bros. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

THE life of the first Napoleon has yet to be written. Even as the facts of that life, as they occurred from day to day, staggered and bedazzled the observer, so as to make it almost impossible for him to form a true estimate of the General, Consul, Emperor and Exile, so even now that life as a whole appears almost too great and many-sided to be grasped by any one historian. It is true that we have passed the stage when a history, such as that compiled by Sir Walter Scott, can be accepted in despite of its inaccuracies in the relation of simple facts. It is no less true that the vehement spirit of partisanship, which colour with such opposing tints the pages of Alison on the one hand and Thiers on the other, has died away. Probably, had it not been for the inopportune appearance of that bastard Second Empire which traded for its own mean ends upon the glorious traditions of its great prototype, we should have seen by this time a fair and generally acceptable biography of the man who inherited the unsettled estate and with it the all-powerful aspirations of the French Revolution. Unfortunately the political exigencies of Napoleon III.'s reign awoke old prejudices and slumbering animosities. The events of the first Empire served as stalking-horses behind which to eulogize or to ridicule its *simulacrum*, and the stream of Time which was slowly clarifying itself so as to become a medium capable of disclosing the past instead of merely mirroring the present, was once more stirred up and muddied by the drag-nets of historical caricaturists in the interests of opposing parties.

Many interesting memoirs remain to us. The secluded years at St. Helena, so disgraceful to the Holy Alliance which demanded, and to the aristocratic England which conceded, them, afforded an opportunity for the collection and preservation of much matter of historical and personal reminiscence on the part of the Emperor himself. Several of his most attached generals have written and contributed the material for works, throwing much light upon his military genius; and the despatches and state papers of France supplement these in the fullest manner by adding the contemporaneous testimony of men whose lips were afterwards sealed to a great extent by their acceptance of office and promotion from the Bourbons.

Nor is it to French sources alone that we turn for information upon this fascinating topic. Although the ordinary English mind of the period was not able to

recognise the grandeur of Napoleon's character,—although the threatening power of the Empire was so great, and the risks and burdens of a Continental war so heavy, that the sturdy English character resented the mere idea of the approach of alarm by hastening to belittle and to vilify the Emperor,—yet there were honourable exceptions to this rule. It is with pleasure that the candid Englishman reads such a work as Napier's Peninsular War, and shares the warm indignation with which that gallant soldier repels the carping criticisms and the dishonouring suggestions of men who had sought to exalt their country and to justify their party by dragging down to their own base level the antagonist who leagued all Europe against us.

Still, the life is yet unwritten; and when it is undertaken these memoirs of Mde. de Rémusat, so late in their birth, will be of importance. She lifts the veil from the domestic life of the Palace, hidden from us until now. She shows us the family intrigues, the disputes, the reconciliations, Josephine in tears, in fits of jealousy, Bonaparte dictating a tragedy while his perspiring amanuensis 'toils after him in vain,' and all the petty details of real life and of a suddenly renovated ceremony and etiquette. It is in this capacity that Mde. de Rémusat is, and will be, of most use to the future historian, for she is here recounting facts as to which her memory could hardly betray her. We do not think that her authority will carry as much weight when she aspires to discover the secret springs of the Emperor's character.

It is indeed hardly to be expected that she could prove an impartial judge. A singular apologetic tone is noticeable throughout the book, as though it were necessary to seek condonation for the fault of the Rémusats in attaching themselves to the person of the Corsican upstart as the Royalists would call him. This alone appears strange to us, but it is natural if we look at all the circumstances. The Rémusats were of good family, and to be of good family, as those words were understood in France in the pre-Revolution days, means to be bound by a thousand ties to the system of privilege and prescription which that great movement overthrew. Yet the Rémusats were the first of the *noblesse* that listened to the promises of the First Consul and accepted office in his Court. The excuse they give is a significant one. It seemed to us then, they say, as if the past were vanished and a new future marked out for France, so that those who would fain serve their country *must* plight allegiance to the new system. Years rolled on, the new system, once so stable, was levelled to the ground, and the rule of the Bourbons returned. The Rémusats, already alienated from the Emperor, felt all the stress of old associations and of old connections. The same frame of mind which had induced them to believe that the Consulate would endure for many years, no doubt led them to credit the Restoration with an unlimited future. The Empire was like a bad dream coming between two common working days, a dream which had begun, it is true, with fair visions and lofty skies, but which had darkened and narrowed down to the troubled tossing slumber of a man sick unto death. It was inevitable that such a state of things as this should colour the authoress' views of Napoleon's actions and motives.

It cannot be too much regretted that Madame de Rémusat destroyed the original manuscript of her work upon Napoleon's return from Elba. Her doing this would lead us to suppose that even then she had recorded views that would have proved distasteful to the Emperor. But there can be little doubt that the present memoirs, commenced in 1818, are more strongly adverse to the Emperor than the first copy. And we cannot altogether rely upon it that all her statements are the expressions of her own unbiassed opinion. She appears to have been much influenced by, and to have listened much to, Talleyrand—one of the most dubious characters of the era. She frequently quotes his anecdotes, endorses his views of Napoleon, and admits (p. 20), that he 'revealed to her the chief traits in the Emperor's character.' If she accepted this arch-plotter's views as a true revelation, there can be little wonder that she failed sometimes in understanding Bonaparte's motives.

Take, for example, this passage, 'I ought now to speak of Bonaparte's heart, but, if it were possible, . . . I should say that in his creation the heart was left out' (p. 9). It would be easy to quote facts from Madame de Rémusat's

own pages to show with what tenderness the heartless monster clung to Josephine, long after all hope of her bearing him a child was gone, and when the needs of his country and his dynasty were clamouring for an heir. We say we could quote facts to this effect, for Madame de Rémusat would not allow that this showed affection, but a superstitious belief that his 'star' was bound up with that of Josephine. It is certainly hardly ingenuous to ascribe an action to an improbable and far-fetched motive whilst we reject a proximate and rational one.

Again, although not at all deficient in *esprit*, Madame de Rémusat appears to entirely fail in grasping the meaning to be extracted from the anecdotes which she quotes in support of her theory as to the Emperor's heartless condition. 'I do not know that even paternity weighed with him. It seemed, at least, that he did not regard it as his primary relation with his son. One day he . . . . took the child upon his knee, and, far from caressing, amused himself by slapping him, *though not so as to hurt him*, then, turning to Talma, said, "Talma, tell me what I am doing?" Talma . . did not know what to say. "You do not see it?" continued the Emperor; "I am slapping a King."' It is not on record that the little King of Rome so much as whimpered, but the biographer evidently considers this hard treatment. It showed that, instead of 'primarily' considering the little mortal he was dandling on his knee as his son, he thought of him as a monarch in *embryo!* It ought not to be left to a cold-blooded Englishman to point out what is too transparent to need pointing out, viz., that Napoleon was tickled at the idea of representing dramatically, and in miniature, to an actor, what had been the main business of his life upon a wide and bloody stage, the chastisement of kings by the hands of a *parvenu*.

We would gladly continue our notice of this most interesting book to much greater length if space allowed. It is full of odds and ends of history which cannot be found conveniently, if at all, anywhere else. There are many striking passages full of French *verve* and wit. Take, for instance, the remark upon the return of the French nobility to the new Court—that there is something of the nature of a ca about the *grand seigneur;* the feline animal remaining faithful to the same house, whoever may be its occupant! We can confidently recommend these memoirs to all students of French History.

Sebastian Strome. A Novel; By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

MR. HAWTHORNE has not yet succeeded in separating the ideas of strength and moral wickedness. Before opening this, his latest, tale we were convinced that Strome would be erratically wrong in his conduct, and at the same time endowed with preternatural force of character.

It is needless to say that our forecast was correct. His moral obliquity, too, has a physical parallel in the fact of his squinting with the eyes of the flesh, and this again is accented by a peculiarity in the colour of his organs of vision, one of which is blue and the other black! Our hero having, moreover, one side of his face 'less full and rounded' than the other, a head 'hollowed at the temples,' and a 'conspicuous black mole' under his left eye; there is no doubt that the author is correct in saying that his face, 'dispassionately considered, would hardly be deemed beautiful!'

If his outward man is peculiar, so too are his inward endowments. But Mr. Hawthorne gives us no clue to the genesis of his bad character. Mr. Strome, senior, is an angelic clergyman of the best class, and his mother is worthy of her husband; they bring up Sebastian wisely, educate him well, and let him choose the ministry for his future profession without any degree of constraint being put upon his wishes.

These advantages avail naught. Sebastian's first appearance on the scene is marked by a display of Machiavellian policy in which he out-manœuvres a very scheming aunt (at the expense of a half-dozen white and gray lies), and by means of which he secures an engagement with Miss Dene, a rich orphan heiress of decided character. We are not surprised afterwards to find out that the shelves of this sweet youth's library are largely laden with the works of the casuists, and that he wavers between an avowed scepticism and joining the Jesuits.

But we must not forget to describe Miss Dene. Sir Hubert Dene, her father, has taught her many useful things, not usually included in a young lady's education.

'She could not only saddle her horse and ride it, but exchange it for a better at a horse fair.' Now, knowledge of this kind can only be learned by practice, and it is rather too deep a draft upon our fund of credulity for Mr. Hawthorne to wish us to believe that an English baronet would be allowed by society to let his only daughter frequent horse fairs. But this is not all. She was out one day 'pruning' some trees with an 'axe' when a thoughtless bull chased her across a field. To take off her petticoat as she ran (?), toss it on the bull's horns, and 'tumble the huge creature dead at her feet' with a blow of her axe, was only the work of a moment. We thought the conjunction of heroine and a bull was growing stale, but must admit that Mr. Hawthorne has given a flavour of originality to the incident.

The course of true love between two such decided individuals (we do not mean Miss Dene and the bull) could hardly be expected to run smoothly. Mr. Selim Fawley, a rival of Semitic extraction, comes between them, and, aided by some remarkably disgraceful actions of Sebastian, contrives to part the lovers altogether. It would not be fair to disclose the details of the plot, which is a little intricate and not over coherent, but which interests the reader enough to deserve to have its faults passed over. Some incidents and descriptive passages are really effectively written and show signs of considerable power, as the picture of the approach to Dene Hall on a clear English spring morning after rain, when a 'few pale clouds with undefined edges, languished along the eastern quarter of the sky . . and strips of glassy water filled the wheel ruts.' In character painting too, we meet with some bold touches. Fawley, we are told, was capable of charity, 'but all his gifts *would be patterned after the boomerang* ; however vigorously he might disseminate them, they were certain from their innate and essential quality to return to him with an augmented impetus.' And again, speaking of the unobtrusive but kindhearted little character, Smillett,—' men of this stamp are useful to fill the gaps left by those superior spirits who consider it sufficient to have an aim, but supererogatory to realize it.'

It must not however be thought that Mr. Julian Hawthorne's work is always at this high level. He often uses words of a curious, not to say debased, coinage We cannot subscribe to 'the *immitigable* heavens,' 'the ponderous *oarage* of slow barges' or '*Junonian* glances. And the author must excuse us for saying that he does not know London society well enough to depict a private club with *vraisemblance*. The 'Mulberry Club' is a most peculiar institution. When we say that it is supposed to have been originally founded by the actors of Shakespere's day, and to have a relic of those times still extant, in the shape of a tankard cut out of the famous mulberry tree, and presented by the poet himself to the society, we have said enough. If Shakespere discounted his future fame during his lifetime, it was hard that he should have to discount his poor mulberry tree as well !

The tale becomes very tragic towards the end. We have been long wanting to get rid of Mr. Fawley, and at last three of the characters enter into a lively competition as to *which* shall kill him. The murder market being thus overstocked, and the supply of assassins considerably exceeding the demand, Mr. Fawley obligingly forestalls it by falling down dead in a fit, and though he does it in an extremely ungentlemanly way, we are constrained to applaud it as the first unselfish action of his life.

Civil Service in Great Britain. A History of Abuses and Reforms, and their Bearing upon American Politics. By DORMAN B. EATON. New York : Harper & Bros. ; Toronto : James Campbell & Son, and Willing & Williamson.

THE Civil Service discussion, now impending at Ottawa, will doubtless send many of our public men to Mr. Eaton's well-ordered magazine of precedents and historical data. The volume traces, in a very graphic manner, the rise, development, decline, and extinction of the 'spoils' system in England; also the gradual evolution of the admirable competitive system which is now being copied in

every civilized country. Mr. Eaton has carefully read the recent historians ; has had access to all the official publications on Civil Administration ; and has the advantage of personal communication with Sir Charles Trevelyan, the now veteran reformer of the English Civil Service. Our author is thus able to throw upon his subject sharp side-lights from rather unexpected sources.

The Civil Service of England has passed through three well-marked eras: (1.) The period prior to 1693. (2.) The interval, 1693 to 1853. (3.) The period from 1853 to the present time.

The feudal theory made public offices the personal property of the Sovereign, as much as the crops on his estates ; the former were almost as frequent in the market as the latter. In the 45th Article of Magna Charta, and in a Statute of Richard II., we have rudiments of a conviction that some qualifications are requisite for public offices. The originality of many supposed American products of political life can scarcely be conceded ; General Jackson was not half as original as is commonly supposed. The pecularities of many American sheriffs and city marshals existed in full efficacy under Edward the First. Henry the Sixth prohibited bogus election returns long before Louisiana and Florida were named or thought of ; James the Second manipulated and gerrymandered election districts three-quarters of a century before Elbridge Gerry or the American Republic was born ; the same exemplary monarch restricted beer licenses to his staunch supporters, and introduced many other administrative novelties that the American politicians have used without proper acknowledgment.

In 1693, simultaneously with Sunderland's new device of Goverment by Cabinets, the patronage of public offices passed from the Crown and nobility to the Cabinet and to its supporters in Parliament. William III. was a strenuous administrative reformer ; he spent his days frequently pruning accounts at the Navy Department and the Treasury ; but for long years after his time the moral sense of the English people remained benumbed by the old custom of making merchandise of public authority. Under the party system, the whole country became divided into two political camps ; the theory took firm hold that a party could be held together only by patronage, just as it was firmly believed that an army could be raised or maintained only by prospects of rapine and pillage. Under Walpole, the corruption of the Civil Service, and of every branch of the administration, was appalling ; even George II. and his Queen were bribed. For a long series of years letters passing through the post-office were systematically broken open and read for political reasons. The poet Pope suffered frequent involuntary perusals ; Pitt complained that even his letters to his family were constantly ransacked. Chatham and Burke were the first to recognise the imminent perils that threatened the country from its administrative abuses ; and from their time down to 1853, a succession of mild reforms occurred. Even at this latter date, however, gross scandals were not infrequent ; the Civil Service appointees even to the audit office, were sometimes actual imbeciles or idiots. As Sir Charles Trevelyan says in an interesting letter to Mr. Eaton, the fool of the family was thrust into the Civil Service, and the scamp of the family fought his way into the military service. The revolutionary earthquake of 1848 was sufficiently felt across the Channel to rudely awaken many Englishmen to an introspection ; and it was thought high time to set the house in order. Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote (the present Chancellor of the Exchequer) were commissioned to report on the whole administrative system ; their masterly Report, and the immense mass of evidence on which it was based, furnish our author with much of his raw material. Appointment by competitive examination was recommended. The almost simultaneous Report of Macaulay and Ashburton, recommending open competition for the valuable India appointments, powerfully influenced public opinion. The *Home* branch of the Civil Service was timorously handled. First, there was an easy pass examination for the nominees of the politicians. This was found utterly abortive. Then came the phase of limited competition. The best of the nominees was undoubtedly appointed ; but these mominated candidates were often, in literal truth, a 'job lot ;' the successful competitor was only good '*of his kind.*' This restrained competition was compared to a Derby race, at which none but 'sprained and sickly colts, rirg-

boned old racers, and heavy wheezy coach-horses should be allowed to run.'

In 1870, simultaneously with the passing of the new School Act, and only twelve months before the abolition of purchased commisions in the army, the Civil Service of England was thrown open to free competition. The natural-born subjects of Her Majesty have now offered to them some hundred thousand positions, civil and military. These *life-scholarships* have stimulated, to an extraordinary degree, the education of all classes throughout the British Isles. The requirements for ordinary clerkship in the Civil Service are by no means stringent. Superior literary attainments are required in only the highest positions of trust and responsibility. To these latter positions very large salaries are attached, far larger than are paid to the most responsible officers in Canada. Under recent arrangements, these officers are relieved of mere routine or clerical work, which is now committed to the cheaper and more abundant class of office clerks. The British Civil Service not only ensures permanency of office during efficiency and good behaviour, but it offers to superannuated officers generous pensions. These allowances commence after ten years' service, the pension then allowed to retiring *employés* being ten-sixtieths of the salary at retirement. For each successive year one-sixtieth is allowed, up to forty years of service, at which the retiring annual allowance would be forty-sixtieths, or two-thirds, of the salary earned at the time of retirement.

The appearance of Mr. Eaton's valuable work is at this time especially opportune. In Canada, notwithstanding Lord Dufferin's farewell admonition, we have been drifting from our safe British anchorage towards the perilous shoals that lie on the American coast. The members of the Civil Service, Dominion and Provincial, no longer feel that confident trust that is essential to a fearless performance of their duties. The dangers that lie on the farther shore no reader of this volume can fail to vividly realize. The American service, foreign as well as domestic, has become a derision and a danger. American critics say of their consular appointments that they are enough to make the very gods of solemnity laugh; while the character of the home service is filling all patriotic Americans with the utmost apprehension for the very existence of the Republic.

Sir John, by the author of 'Anne Dysart.' No. 101, Franklin Square Library. Harper Bros.: New York.

We have read through this novel and are fairly at a loss to know what to say about it. Is there anything much more painful than to have to comment upon mediocrity, that amiable quality which will not allow its possessor so much as to go wrong to any startling or amusing extent? Every plain dinner we eat we are not called upon to eulogise or to condemn,—it is consumed, and our culinary good taste prefers to bury it in oblivion. Was not its mutton like to the mutton of yesterday and are not the sheep of the future busily preparing for us legs and loins for the assuagement of next year's appetites? This tale has evidently been produced in much the same way and we cannot spare any enthusiasm for it. The characters are fairly interesting; it is not over tedious; some pieces of description are pretty; but,—it never rises beyond mutton. On reading it over we marked two passages, one for commendation, the other for condemnation. On turning these up our matured judgment tells us that they are neither of them good or bad enough to deserve quotation and mediocrity is justified of her children to the last.

Studies of the Greek Poets. By John Addington Symonds. New York: Harper & Bros.; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

In the closing strain we find the key-note to these delightful essays on the Greek songsters. 'Nature is the first, chief element by which we are enabled to conceive the spirit of the Greeks. The key to their mythology is here. Here is the secret of their sympathies, the well-spring of their deepest thoughts, the primitive potentiality of all they have achieved in art. What is Apollo, but the magic of the sun, whose soul is light? What is Aphrodite, but the love-charm of the sea? What is Pan, but the mystery of nature, the felt and hidden want

pervading all? What, again, are those elder, dimly discovered deities, the Titans and the brood of Time, but forces of the world as yet beyond the touch and ken of human sensibilities? But nature alone cannot inform us what that spirit was. For though the Greeks grew up in scenes which we may visit, they gazed on them with Greek eyes, eyes different from ours, and dwell upon them with Greek minds, minds how unlike our own! Unconsciously, in their long and unsophisticated infancy, the Greeks absorbed and assimilated to their own substance that loveliness which is left for us only to admire. Between them and ourselves—even face to face with mountain sky and sea, unaltered by the lapse of years—flow the rivers of Death and Lethe, and New Birth, and the mists of thirty centuries of human life are woven like a veil. To pierce that veil, to learn even after the most partial fashion, how they transmuted the splendors of the world into æsthetic forms, is a work which involves the further interrogation of their sculpture and their literature.'

Mr. Symonds has approached his task with an overflowing love of Greek literature, with a keen appreciation of Greek art, and after a personal intimacy with the scenes, amid which Greek literature and art arose. He also applies, to the illustration of his subject, the genius of modern literature, French, Italian, German, and above all our own English. In this last phase of his illustration, Mr. Symond's recent study of Shelley shows his feeling and poetic insight. And here is this newer method of analysis as applied to the *Hero and Leander* of Musaeus, and to Marlowe's resetting of the same romance. 'Compared with the Greek poem, this *Hero and Leander* of Marlowe is like some radiant double-rose, placed side by side with the wild-briar, whence it sprang by cultivation. The petals have been multiplied, the perfume deepened and intensified, the colours varied in their modulations of a single tint. At the same time something in point of simple form has been sacrificed. The first thing, then, that strikes us in turning from Musœus to Marlowe is that what the Greek poet considered all-important in the presentation of his subject has been dropped or negligently handled by the English, while the English poet has been prodigal in places where the Greek displayed his parsimony. On looking further, we discover that the modern poet, in all these differences, aims at effects, not realized by ancient art. The life and play and actual pulsation of emotion have to be revealed, both as they exist in the subject of their poems, and as the poet finds them in his own soul. Everything that will contribute to this main achievement is welcomed by the poet, and the rest rejected. All the motives which had an external statuesque significance for the Greek, must palpitate with passion for the English. Those that cannot clothe themselves with the spirit as with a garment are abandoned. He wants to make his readers feel, not see; if they see at all, they must see through their emotion; whereas the emotion of the Greek was stirred in him through sight. We do not get very far into the matter, but we gain something, perhaps, by adding that as sculpture is to painting and music, so is the poetry of Musæus to that of Marlowe. In the former, feeling is subordinate, or, at most, but adequate to form in the latter, *Gefühl ist alles.*'

There can be no doubt that the modern intellect is, as Mr. Symonds above implies, too insensitive a surface for the perfect development of the faint, but exquisite, sun-pictures of these old nature artists; but there can also be no doubt that the special set which classical studies usually receive, strongly withdraws the student from the spirit of his author to mere mechanical 'properties.' For some time it has been the absurd practice at Universities, to attribute little value to the grace and skill of translation, but immeasurable importance to disputed etymologies, to conjectural readings, and scansional squabbles. The brilliant verbal criticism of Bentley, Dawes, and Porson, set up a school of imitators in Germany and England, and give a distinct flavour to University culture. Every one admits that our classical texts have been purified, and that metrical forms have been rationalized; but, after all, this is, as Dr. Johnson said of lexicography, mere pioneer's work, no matter how arduous and laborious. If one had it in hand to visit the wondrous scenery of the Yosemite Valley, it would scarcely be considered relevant to his purpose to spend all his life in mastering the different routes originally proposed for the Pacific Railway that is to take him thither; or in committing to memory the inclinations of the different gradients, and the radii of the various curves

over which he is to pass. For specific purposes, all of this information is valuable, but it contributes nothing to the main purpose of our tourist's journey: indeed, if a pleasurable tour were burdened with such preliminaries, few of us would ever wander from home. How far verbal criticism, even in the hands of its founder, may withdraw from all poetic appreciation, was well seen in Bentley, who, after his services to Horace, edited *with conjectural emendations*, the text of *Paradise Lost!* And, in our day, we find that our foremost philologist, Max Müller, regards the Greek myths as nothing better than *"a disease of language."*

Mr. Symonds' *Studies of the Greek Poets* first appeared in England, in 1873, and they were immediately recognised as an exceedingly valuable contribution to the highest department of literary analysis. These volumes should be in the library of every literary student, classical or English. The English rendering of the illustrative passages represent "translation" in its original and true sense: these renderings are done by such hands as Worseley, Goldwin Smith, and Conington,—a sufficient stamp of quality.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THOSE who had the pleasure of being present at the re-opening of the Grand Opera House in Toronto, after its recent calamitous destruction, and who were witnesses of the enthusiasm which prevailed on the occasion, would be troubled by no apprehension about the decline of the stage. Of course the occasion was a special one, and there was much to call forth demonstrations of satisfaction and delight from the large and enthusiastic audience present. Still, the æsthetic and educational value of the modern theatre is now so largely recognized that audiences are much more readily attracted than formerly to its representations. Men and women of education and culture are now betaking themselves to the stage, and adopting the player's profession, as an ambitious and lucrative one. With this revival in dramatic art, the golden days of the theatre may be expected soon to return. What, in some degree, will hasten this event, managers of our playhouses, in making them attractive places of resort, may be said pretty well now to recognise. In this respect the proprietor and manager of the Toronto Opera House have convincingly shown that they are not behind caterers for public amusement in the great metropolitan cities. In the rebuilding of the theatre, they have not only surprised the citizens of Toronto by an almost unexampled exhibition of alacrity and enterprise, but they have delighted play-goers by re-establishing a native home for the Drama, which, for suitability and elegance, will compare favourably with the best modern theatres of the Old World or the New. To our public-spirited townsman, Mr. Manning, and to his able and experienced manager, Mr. Pitou, hardly any acknowledgment of the services which they have rendered to the city in restoring a building dedicated to the Drama, which we have its owner's word for, will never be used but for legitimate and laudable purposes, would be too extravagant. The structural features of the new building are much the same as those of the house which it replaces, though advantage has been skilfully taken of the opportunity to improve upon the old model, wherever an improvement was possible. In luxury of appointment, in tastefulness of decoration, in chaste elegance of ornamentation, and in the arrangements for the comfort of the audience, the house is a vast improvement on the old one, and may now be pronounced well-nigh perfect. If there is an objectionable feature, it is that the line of sight for those sitting at the sides of the dress-circle is such as to admit of only about one half of the stage being visible. This imperfection remedied, the most critical

fault-finder would be at his wit's end to point out anything to cavil at. The enlargement of the gallery has added to the capacity of the theatre, and the seating-room is now about as follows:—lower floor, 556 seats; dress-circle, 433; gallery, 600; private boxes, 48; making a total of 1,637, a figure which camp-stools and standing-room would bring up to over 2,000. The arrangements for exit are so excellent, that in case of necessity, an audience of that number could obtain egress in three or four minutes.

The opening of the theatre was fittingly inaugurated by Toronto's favourite, Miss Neilson; and her appearance to recite the excellent opening ode, written by Mr. F. A. Dixon, an old and valued contributor to this Magazine, was greeted with all the old-time enthusiasm. Miss Neilson's merits as an actress have been so often enlarged upon in these columns, that there is little to say on the general subject. It may not be uninteresting, however, to institute a comparison with her former self. She appeared in four characters, *Juliet*, *Rosalind*, *Viola*, and *Pauline*, in 'the Lady of Lyons;' twice in each of the first three, and once in the last. It was a matter for regret with many of her admirers that on the occasion of this, her last visit to Canada, she did not substitute for her repetitions of Rosalind and Viola, some of her more arduous roles, such as *Julia*, in the 'Hunchback,' *Isabella*, in 'Measure for Measure,' or *Imogen*, in 'Cymbeline.' Probably, however, a somewhat delicate physique renders it necessary for the actress to confine herself principally to lighter parts, a circumstance which may also possibly account for the omission of the scene in 'Romeo and Juliet,' where the nurse brings to Juliet the tidings of Tybalt's death. On any other ground than that suggested, the excision of this—one of the greatest scenes in the play—would be a quite inexcusable outrage on dramatic propriety. One or two innovations on the text are by no means improvements. Thus, the repeated utterance of the name of Romeo, after she falls to the ground in the scene of parting with her lover, and also after taking the sleeping potion, are unwarrantable additions, which have the disastrous effect of making the representation, to the extent indicated, that of, not a girl in love, but a love-sick girl. A great Shaksperean critic has pointed out, quite truly, that Juliet and Romeo, desperately as they are in love with each other, are *not* love-sick. The consummate art of the poet is, indeed, nowhere better exemplified than in the way in which, in this wonderful play, he keeps clear of that pitfall. How bright and healthful, for instance, is the demeanour and mental tone of Romeo, when in exile, before the news of Juliet's supposed death is brought to him; how utterly free from anything mawkish, or maudlin, or melancholic. If there is any green-sickness visible in him at any time, it is in the early portion of the play, when he is in love, not with Juliet, but with Rosalind. A careful examination of the drama will show that the Juliet of Shakspere is quite as free as Romeo from anything resembling morbid sentimentality. Even the agonizing parting from her lover has not the effect of bringing her down to that level. In the phrase—and how beautiful and touching an utterance it is—which may be taken as the key-note of this scene—

> "O, by this count I shall be much in years
> Ere I again behold my Romeo,"—

as well as in the succeeding question—

> "O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?"

there may be the foreboding of a vivid imagination—a foreboding justified by the event—but surely there is nothing which bears the faintest indication of a mind disordered or made sick by love. That even so trifling an addition to the text as that indicated, should have the effect of introducing an element into the character of Juliet which the poet was so careful to exclude, shows how rash a thing it is to attempt to improve upon Shakspere. Even the swoon, or partial swoon, into which the actress lapses at the close of the scene, is an innovation not found in the text, though possibly an allowable one, in view of the fact that, to the modern society girl, fainting is not the unfamiliar thing which it was to the robuster and less sensitively organized women of Shakspere's time. Of the closing portion of the potion scene, the actress gave a different interpretation from that given during her first visit to Toronto. On the former occasion she drank off the sleeping potion with comparative calmness, with an expression

of sublime faith, and of devotion to her lover ; she then staggered slowly to her couch, sank on it, composed her body and limbs into the rigidity of death, settled her head back into the hollow of the couch, and lay, with eyes wide open and staring blindly, as pathetic a stage picture as was ever witnessed. Her present interpretation, which is to drink off the potion in a continuation of the desperate frenzy produced by the sight of Tybalt's ghost, and to fall to the ground, with upturned countenance, and with the mouth and facial muscles working violently, as though from the after effects of the previous frenzy, though requiring a greater expenditure of physical force, does not produce nearly so powerfully moving an effect as her former one. Taken as a whole, however, and with the exceptions we have indicated, Miss Neilson's Juliet is as great a piece of acting as ever. The ball-room and balcony scenes, the scene with the nurse, the parting scene with Romeo, the scene where her father and mother cast her off, and the potion and death scenes, were acted as no other woman can act them. Perhaps, however, the greatness of the actress is best displayed in the scene where the Friar gives her the potion. One actress may come near to her in one particular scene, and another actress in another, but not one approaches her in this wonderful little scene.

In her other parts, Miss Neilson showed improvement, except in *Rosalind*, which appeared to us to have lost some of its old charm by reason of having become something artificial and mechanical. Her *Viola*, on the other hand, is altogether stronger and deeper. There is far more of the feeling and loving woman, and far less of the pert and perky page. In particular, the first scene with Olivia, where Viola urges the suit of the Duke with such moving eloquence, was very nobly acted. In *Pauline* also, there was improvement. In the second and fifth acts, the actress's interpretation was always so good as to leave little room for emendation ; in the third, however, there is now more reserve of force, and consequently more real strength. But the fourth she still over-acts and makes too tragic. The violence of emotion displayed here would be all the better for a little restraint. The actress would do well to remember the advice of Hamlet, that 'in the very torrent, tempest, and the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.'

The company which came with Miss Neilson was a fair average one. The young English actor, Mr. Compton, was a passable *Romeo*, *Orlando*, and *Claude Melnotte ;* and a more than passable *Malvolio*. *Jaques*, *Touchstone*, and *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, were all exceedingly well played ; and the *Mercutio* was especially good, notwithstanding that he robbed his dying jest of its point by leaving out the words, 'You were wont to call me a merry fellow.' Miss Morant (who, by the way, was a member of the stock company at the Royal here, during its first season), despite a certain unpleasant shrillness of voice, made an excellent *Celia* and a charming *Olivia ;* and Mrs. Tannehill gave an admirably natural rendering of the *Nurse*.

Since Miss Neilson's departure a good deal has been said in the press and elsewhere in deprecation of the enthusiasm and excitement manifested during her visit. The inhabitants of London have been held up to us as a bright and shining example of a people who never go wild over an actor or actress. The truth is that there is no populace who are more apt to go into fits of enthusiasm in such matters, as any one may know who will read the descriptions of such scenes as that which took place, for instance, when John Kemble took leave of the stage in *Coriolanus*, or, to come down to our own times, when Kate Terry made her final exit in *Juliet*. Neilsonomania may not be the highest form of enthusiasm. For ourselves, however, we think it a hopeful sign for the people of Toronto, that they are capable of being stirred into excitement by other things than party politics and faction fights, or even an aldermanic election. So thinking, we are not inclined to find fault, if, when the gifted actress, who has given us so much pleasure of the best and purest kind, came in front of the curtain at the close of her last performance of *Juliet*, and with a face quivering with emotion, with eyes bedimmed with tears, and in a choking voice, bade a heartfelt good-bye to the vast audience standing to do her honour, that audience did manifest some corresponding excitement and emotion at the thought that they were taking a last farewell of one whose like they would not soon look on again.

THE 'MONTHLY'S' SCRAP-BOOK.

There is something passing strange about human nature. If a man had to support his family by playing billiards at $2 a day, he'd complain he had to work awful hard for a living.

A German newspaper contains an obituary with this touching and pathetic passage: 'Our dear son Gustav lost his life by falling from the spire of the Lutheran church. Only those who know the height of the steeple can measure the depth of our grief.'

A gentleman in New York was recently descanting to a friend on the soft notes of a linnet which he had heard a few days before. 'Why,' said he, 'it sang so softly at times that you couldn't hear it at all.' 'S-h-h-h!' said the other, placing his hand to his ear, 'perhaps there is one singing now.'

We commend to the average American, black or white, who goes to all the shows and 'doin's,' even if he has to borrow the money, the following sound advice: 'Always pay as you go,' said an old man to his nephew. 'But, uncle, suppose I haven't anything to pay with?' 'Then don't go.'

Minister to candidate for church membership:—'Of course, Dugald, you have read the Confession of Faith?' Dugald:—No, inteet, serr, I nefer do reat ta last dying speeches of condemt creeminals, neffer inteet; and I do hope you do not think me so depased as to reat ta wan you have shust mentioned.'

A chief magistrate was entertaining the members of council at dinner. Everything was of the best, but there was an absence of wine of any kind. This did not suit one of the company (a seasoned cask); so, addressing the host he said, 'It is winter weather, and, if this cold water drinking continues, my throat will be turned into a *slide*.'

Earl Beaconsfield displayed his chivalrous nature and his tender regard for the feelings of others by twitting the Irish members of Parliament with living in garrets and subsisting on potatoes—'their native esculent in a baked condition.' At a grand banquet once Thomas Carlyle would eat nothing but a potatoe, declaring that that was what he wanted and as much as he desired.

The nervous mother of a bright little boy was alarmed lest he should take the whooping-cough, which prevailed in the neighbourhood. She talked so much about it and worried over it, that she had infected the child with her fears to such an extent that he would scarcely leave her side. One night after the little fellow had been put to bed and to sleep, a donkey was driven past the house, and when just opposite, set up his he-haw. With a shriek the little fellow was out of bed, screaming at the top of his voice, "The whooping-cough is coming, mamma; the whooping-cough is coming."

A certain man who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he said, "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in the day, I must do that the first thing, and in an hour. After that I was allowed to play, and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

Civilization may be compared to a plant. Our orthodox brother, beholding in its root the germinal source of its growth, is too prone to ignore the daily unfolding of its leaf and blossom, and to venerate only the part that is under ground. The shallow radical, on the other hand, is lost in the admiration of the flower; he revels in the fruitage of the plant, but he counsels us to cut its unsightly root. The true liberal will fall into neither extreme. To him both root and bud, both past and present, are objects of tender regard and care, since both together produce that precious fruit of modern civilization, in which in turn lies hidden the seed of future progress and perfection.

If newspaper report is to be believed, Gen. Grant seems to be making a new record, and one no less creditable to himself than some more noted victories. He has long had the name of being a free drinker ; but now, a writer in the *United Presbyterian* says that 'while in San Francisco, Gen. Grant, at a banquet where the finest of California's far-famed wines were on the table, *refused even to taste*, stating at the same time that on leaving Philadelphia, two years and more ago, for this protracted tour, he had formed a purpose not to taste wine or strong drink, *and to that purpose he had strenuously adhered.*' He is also reported to have administered a public rebuke to an army officer, for profanity, stating that he made it a point never to swear.

The Baltimore *Presbyterian* says :—Hugh Miller, hewing granite—Ferguson, the astronomer, viewing the stars while attending his flock—Faraday, searching out mysteries as a book-binder—Franklin, solving problems at the case and in his gloomy sanctum—these and many such as these, out of their gloomy surroundings, poor and unknown, have wrought many noble and grand results that have left their impress on the ages, and placed their authors among the world's great teachers. They are lowly born, but endowed by the great Author of all degrees with minds, and hearts, and wills that in the end placed them high above the commonalty of men.

A lady who had much experience in teaching both boys and girls, speaking of the extraordinary obtuseness of a certain pupil, said : In a physiology class, this young lady of fifteen inquired with languid surprise, "*Is* there not a straight passage through the head from one ear to the other ?" "A somewhat natural conclusion," the teacher commented dryly, "if she had ever watched the processes of her own mind." "Which would you prefer teaching," asked a visitor, "boys or girls ?" "Boys, infinitely," was the prompt reply. "No boy, for instance, would ever have asked such a question as *that*. He would long before have investigated the subject with a lead-pencil. Not, probably, in his own ears," she added, meditatively, "but in his younger brother's."

Mr. Trestrail's last meeting with Guthrie was in Amsterdam, in 1867, at the Evangelical Alliance Congress in that city. The Doctor gave an account of his Ragged Schools to a vast audience, chiefly composed of foreigners. Many were able to follow him, though he spoke in English, and their astonishment was indeed great. Even the undemonstrative Dutch were aroused by his stirring appeals, and their enthusiasm rose to a high pitch when he closed by saying, 'Now, if you mean to take this work in hand, and try and rescue these forsaken ones, mind that ye provide plenty of soap and water. Begin by washing and scrubbing them well, that they may know, it may be for the first time in their lives, the feeling of being clean. Then feed them with a bountiful meal of milk and porridge ; and *then* prayers ! Porridge first, mind ; prayer afterwards.' The people fairly shouted as they listened to this quaint but sensible advice from the eloquent Scotchman.

Two sailors, the one Irish and the other English, agreed reciprocally to take care of each other, in case of either being wounded in an action then about to commence. It was not long before the Englishman's leg was shot off by a cannon-ball ; and on asking Paddy to carry him to the doctor, according to the agreement, the other very readily complied, but had scarcely got his wounded companion on his back when a second ball struck of the poor fellow's head. Paddy, through the noise and bustle, had not perceived his friend's last misfortune, but continued to make the best of his way to the surgeon. An officer observing him with a headless trunk, asked him where he was going ? "To the doctor," says Paddy. "The doctor !" says the officer ; "why, blockhead, the man has lost his head !" On hearing this, he flung the body from his shoulders, and looking at it very attentively, "By my own soul," says he, "he told me it was his leg ; but I was a fool to believe him, for he always was a great liar."