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SEPTEMBER, 1881.

THE SAGUENAY AND LAKE ST. JOHN.

BY WILLIAM KINGSFORD, C.E., OTTAWA.

MR. BUIES has performed a good service by giving us the history of the Saguenay. Written in French, it is more especially intended for the political meridian of Quebec, and the ancient Province. But it has an interest for all whose fate is bound up in the welfare of the Dominion. We have, in these pages,* the means of knowing the capabilities of the country, and the policy suggested for its development, and we learn a great deal which we did not know before. The district, however, labours under the disadvantages which affect the whole eastern section of this continent. It may be stated in a sentence; it is no field for the adventurer. In New England and in our Maritime Provinces, the new comers turn to the cities, and if fate be adverse, they push their fortunes westward. There is no influence to keep within the circle of New England or Nova Scotia any one who has failed to better his fortunes. By some effort or another such an one manages to work his way to a more tempting spot, and advances often until he has reached a longitude whose further progress is impossible. He has there to face the situation and turn to what field he can find. He must live, and take the bread where it can be had, whether the effort to gain it be palatable or not. So the West advances while the East remains stationary. There is always a farther west being created, and hence the arena with its stimulus to action is still being widened.

Mr. Buies himself, from writing in French, is known in Ontario only to those who follow with interest what is taking place in the Eastern Province. The newspapers give a synopsis of the political issues day by day, and, as a rule, they are forgotten as soon as read, excepting when they have some bearing on Dominion politics. Most of the people look on the

* *Le Saguenay et la Vallée du Lac St. Jean.* Etude historique, géographique, industrielle et agricole, &c., &c. Par Arthur Buies. Quebec: A. Coté et Cie, 1880.

difficulties which crop out in the Legislative Chambers at Quebec, much as one parish regards the petty squabbles of a parish a few miles distant. But important principles are often determined there. The removal of Mr. Letellier is a remarkable case in point. Nevertheless, few in Ontario felt more than a passing interest in the issue, and possibly no limited number may turn over these pages with a similar disregard. As the Saguenay is familiar to them as a river visited by tourists, up which they themselves have made a pleasant trip, or it may be one of those spots, which, 'when the ship comes home,' they will 'do.' The question raised by Mr. Buies is not of this character. His book is not an advertisement for enterprising steamboat firms. His object is to discuss the capacity for settlement of the Saguenay district, with the hope of turning public attention to the consideration, whether any part of the numerous French Canadian population yearly leaving the Province can be induced to give their strength and effort to the cultivation of a district favoured by soil and climate. We shall consider this subject hereafter, when we have examined the capabilities of the territory which Mr. Buies' pleasantly-written book enables us to describe.

The name Saguenay has always existed as that of the river, but the district was known originally as *Domaine du Roi*, forming part of the possessions of the *Fermes Reunies de France*, conceded to a Company—known as *Compagnie des Postes du Roi.* It was explored to some extent under the intendant Hocquart in 1733, and its boundaries established. Its limits were defined as bounded on the east by the Seigneury of Les Eboulements, opposite the north-east of Ile Aux Coudres to Cape Comoron to the west, extending to 47° 15′ of north latitude, to the height of land where the portage to the waters running into Lake St. John is met. The frontage on the St. Lawrence extends over 300 miles, and the territory runs back to Hudson's Bay. At this period, the district was held to be one of the best fishing and hunting grounds in North America, and the advantages of its possession was held to lie entirely in that direction. There was no attempt to colonise the territory ; the system was, doubtless, profitable to those who held the concession who appear to have been perfectly willing that the country should remain a wilderness provided that their own households profited by its condition. At that day, under different masters, the Saguenay exemplified all the peculiarities of rule which were existent in the North-West under the Hudson's Bay Company. Every one but those interested were excluded, and the most repellent accounts of the country given to the outside world. Every influence was directed to keep the district under the control of those who possessed it. The fate of the Saguenay territory, whoever its owner, may be judged by what took place west of Lake Superior. Hospitable and open-hearted, the leading Hudson's Bay officials, while impressing the stray visitors by their frank kindness, instilled the poison of false information and misrepresented the resources and character of the country. Captain Palliser is a notable instance of this policy. His report, dated 1863, gave the most unfavourable account of the country between Lake Superior and the Red River, and virtually represented that a railway between Lake Superior and Winnipeg was an impossibility. Had his suggestion been acted upon—with the power of the Company to exclude 'foreigners'—the country would still have been a wilderness to day.

The Conquest made no difference in the condition of the Saguenay, it was farmed out as a wilderness to a new lot of men. There were some scattered trading posts established where expedient, and the district was left in undisturbed possession of the Indian and trapper. Some few

acres were eventually put under cultivation at Lake St. John, otherwise agriculture was unknown, and there was the fixed policy to keep out the stranger. What knowledge the generation of the conquest possessed soon died out —indeed this was the case with much of French Canada. At that day, most of the French of high birth, the officers of the army, and the officials, left the country. Among this number, some few must have known the Saguenay well. The Jesuit fathers had then discontinued their missions, or visited the the country only at rare intervals. But the knowledge of the territory was by no means narrow. As early as 1672, Père Albanel had reached Hudson's Bay, following the streams and crossing the water-shed ; and a map of remarkable correctness was given by Charlevoix. But from the conquest to 1825, the district continued without notice and with scarcely any thought concerning it.

It was not, however, always so unconsidered, and we are tempted to ask ourselves of this territory, known certainly for nearly three centuries, and making no progress in the period, why so little was done to populate it. Men of ability and practical writers can give glowing descriptions of what they have to represent. After all, it is the every-day life of men who here live on the soil and by the soil, which has to determine its true character. The first explorers of the country abandoned it to the fur trader. The Jesuit fathers knew it well; nevertheless, civilization obtained no footing here—was there any feeling that it was not favourable to settlement? The information they obtained in a 'few generations was lost.' The population of French Canada at that date was limited, it is true ; but the fact is undoubted, no portion of it was directed to this district of Canada—the earliest known.

Tadoussac,* at the foot of the Saguenay, now coming into some prominence as a watering place in the hot summer months, was early known. Champlain, the founder of Canada, arrived there in 1608, and left Pontgrave to trade with the Indians, while he himself explored the St. Lawrence. Tadoussac was then, it may be said, the portal of Canada. Roberval and Cartier had both visited it. The latter, however, must have felt little inducement to remain there, for he pushed on to Quebec, only to abandon Canada in 1540, never to return. Sixty years later, Chauvin and Pontgrave, the latter better known by his relationship to Champlain, established a colony at Tadoussac, but it did not prosper, and Chauvin's death led to a temporary depression in the efforts of colonization from the mother country. The settlers, we are told, both from insufficient clothing and want of provisions, suffered greatly. When Champlain arrived in 1603, it seems certain from his narrative, that all trace of this effort at colonization had vanished. He speaks of the savages in their canoes. No mention is made of the white colonist. Establishing a trading post, Champlain left Tadoussac behind him and founded Quebec, and we must say that these facts strike us as somewhat suggestive as to the value he attached to Tadoussac. It was not until 1632 that the Jesuits commenced the series of missions which lasted for half a century. These missions appear to have been thoroughly established four years later, under Père de Quen. From that date to 1782, the history of Tadoussac, the most ancient locality of Canada known in Europe, was simply the history of missions, and such it remained up to the last forty years. The word it seems, in Indian, means the rounded bosom—*mamelon*, having reference to the contour of the hills which rise up around it.

In 1642, Père de Quen took more

*Tadoussac is spelt with two *ss*. It is the form given by Mr. Buies. I learn from Mr. Sulte, that some question arose on this point, and it has been determined in this form. It is not invariably observed, but it is adopted by those who are authorities on such subjects.

decided steps to make the mission permanent. With bricks imported from France, he built a house and appurtenances, and no less a person then Madame de la Peltrie visited the station. That fanciful lady was at the period devoting her life to the Ursuline Convent at Quebec, to which, although not herself a *réligieuse*, she transferred much of her property. A few months later, she abandoned Quebec for Montreal, taking with her the furniture she possessed, and greatly inconveniencing the Quebec Convent. Montreal, however, did not content her, in spite of the theatrical display with which she was treated, having received the sacrament on the top of the mountain, where, as the Père Vimont tells us, and 'Monsieur de Chomedey de Maisonneuve,' in accordance with his vow planted a cross there, with some ceremony. Montreal became insipid, and the lady was seized with a desire to visit the Huron country—and was only restrained by the strong remonstrance of a Jesuit father who had not long before returned and knew the difficulties to be encountered. When she visited Tadoussac, a few years earlier, the place was under the protection of Quebec, and it is by no means improbable, as we view the visit by the light of her subsequent life, that she may then have intended to have constituted herself a missionary among the Indians to the north, but was dissuaded from her intention. As late as 1648, the church was merely a bark cabin, but the year previous a bell had been placed there. Shortly after, a frame building was constructed. For twenty years, matters continued without much change. Bishop Laval visited the place, and gave an impetus to religious feeling; but the region remained a wilderness and the only proselyte was the savage.

No change took place after the conquest. The Company which derived profit from the land may have varied; but the land itself was unmarked by improvement. It continued the preserve of the fur trader. Eventually it passed into the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, who held it by a lease from the Government, certainly for their own profit and emolument; and for the first sixty years of English rule, the territory remained without notice or attention. Indeed as we consider the events of that period, it was scarcely possibly it could be otherwise.

In 1820, the subject of the Saguenay attracted considerable interest, and Mr. Pascal Taché, who had carried on the trade for years, came before a committee of the House of Assembly and bore testimony to its resources, and the fertility of the soil, which consisted of rich loam, with a temperate climate, with forests of pine, cedar, poplar, aspens and spruce. It seems it is not in human nature to avoid exaggeration. Mr. Taché tells us, 'Les patates et les choux récoltés à Chicoutimi sonts tels que ceux que l'on cultive à Quebec ne paraissent en comparaison que comme des choux nains.' We fear that sixty years have destroyed this good report. Now-a-days, we hear the same stories of Manitoba.

In 1826, Mr. Andrew Stuart brought the subject before the Legislative Assembly, and £500 had been voted for the exploration of the territory, known as 'The King's Posts.' The Royal sanction was not obtained until August, 1827: it was then too late that year to fit out an expedition. Lord Dalhousie was Governor-General. He was one of those military governors of the time, who were held to be the only officers available for the Government of Canada. In one sense this was true, for the emoluments of office had little to tempt any one who had made his mark in political life at home, and who had a future before him. To say nothing of saving money, the emoluments were barely sufficient to meet the expenditure inseparable from the duty, and it was a fortunate result if the governor escaped pecuniary embarrassment. Many charges were made by

what was called and what was in fact the French Canadian party against the military governors of that date, but meanness and want of hospitality were never among them. It remained for the last days of the old Province of Canada, and the first decade of the Dominion to see this painful impression entertained. But the political difficulties of the hour were too complicated for the inexperience in political life which, as a rule, marked governor after governor for half a century. Bad advisers, an irresponsible clique intent on their own interest, an unhealthy, social affectation of position—all worked their influence. But the difficulty really was, that, while all felt that the system was bad and a failure, no one saw and picked up the key by which the portal to quiet times could be entered. Never were so impracticable a class as the French Canadian politicians of that hour. That they were calumniated, misrepresented and received ill-treatment is only too true. They managed always to put themselves in the wrong —and it is a striking condemnation that Lower Canada became divided into camps — British and French Canadian. The British settler required good government, equally as much as his French-speaking *confrère*, but he was driven into a distinct opposition, based on national prejudices, where better tact would have established twenty years earlier the order of things which both accepted.

The true text-book of Canadian liberty is Lord Durham's Report. Since its recommendations were adopted, there have been struggles and difficulties, but they all have passed away and been accommodated. But in those days there was a continual contest, into which the governor was drawn, and in which really he had no part. Every Canadian Governor, if we except the jack-puddingism and outré airs of Sir Francis Head—acted with dignity and with honour. The blame was not personal in any case. Each governor found a system with a knot of officials able in their way, but subservient and pliant; and he was taught that the opponents of these men were traitors and anxious for independence or annexation which was the last thought of the French Canadians. Lord Dalhousie, than whom a more noble and generous nature rarely ever existed, accordingly, found his governorship anything but a bed of roses. Mr. Christie, who knew him well, tells us that he frequently regretted the want of success of his government, for he himself felt that he was actuated by the most patriotic motives. If the French Canadians had had a leader worth his salt at that date, Lord Dalhousie was the man he would have conciliated. But the conduct of the French Canadian party was arrogantly offensive. Lord Dalhousie gladly welcomed his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of India, after the retirement of Lord Combermere. He was succeeded by Sir James Kempt, and his last act in Canada, on the morning of his departure, was to place the cap on the monument erected under his auspices to Wolfe and Montcalm, which stands in the Governor's Garden, Quebec.

We have mentioned Lord Dalhousie's name with the respect that it merits—and we venture to think it is the epitaph history will write for him, because it was during his government that the organization was made for the examination of the Saguenay district. This survey was commenced in 1828—one party, under the well-known Joseph Bouchette, ascended the St. Maurice about 150 miles, and taking the tributary La Tuque—crossed to the lakes which empty into Lake St. John, about four leagues above the old Jesuit post of Metobitshuan. They found at this spot the party which had left Quebec and ascended the Saguenay with one Andrew Stuart, who, from the part he had taken in obtaining the appropriation from the Legislature, was named Commissioner. Mr. Bouchette commenced his exploration of the country on the south-west of the Lake to Chicoutimi, and Mr. Stuart returned to

Quebec. Two land surveyors, Messrs. Hamel and Proulx, accompanied the expedition, and Mr. Baudiet Wagner, a Quebec timber merchant, had joined it to examine the character of the timber, and the means available to float it to market. The scientific part of the expedition seems to have been under the direction of Mr. Baddeley of the Royal Engineers, while the additional assistance of two young officers of the 66th Regiment was obtained. These several reports appear in the journals of the Assembly for 1829. It may be briefly stated here that the reports set forth, that the results had been more satisfactory than could have been anticipated, 'that much remained undone owing to the smallness of the means at their disposal,' that the territory could afford habitation and subsistence to vast numbers of men! When we think that this result was accomplished for $2,000, we certainly must recognise the economy which marked it. The reports were referred to a Committee of the House consisting of Messrs. Andrew Stuart, John Neelom, and P. De S. La Terrière. They reported on the 17th February, 1829, giving a synopsis of the operations, adding that it was established 'that there is a vast extent of cultivable land . . . . upon which it would be desirable to effect settlements,' and suggested the expediency of voting an additional sum to obtain the required information.

The result was that a portion of the northern shores of the Ottawa was explored in the summer of 1829 by a party under Lieut. Ingall, assisted by Mr. Adams. They ascended one of the streams above Grenville to its source, and thence passed to the head waters of the Saint Maurice.

The leases which had been previously granted expired at this period. They were not renewed, so that the main impediment to settlement was removed, and population gradually turned towards Lake St. John, which increased as the lumbering operations were enlarged. The lower part of the ancient domain is now the County of Charlevoix. The upper, the County of Chicoutimi, S. Saguenay. The number of voters in the former is named at 2,286 —with a population of 13,434. In the latter the number of voters is 3,103 with a population of 19,344.

On passing down the St. Lawrence below Tadoussac the country is thickly settled to the township of Iberville, about forty miles or so—after which there is little trace of culture—we meet only fishery stations and mining locations. The River Betsiamites once a year shews some signs of activity, for, at its mouth, on the 15th August, the several Indians of the interior annually meet here. There is a mission of the Oblat Fathers, established here 27 years ago. The soil is sandy, and the mission, by its description, is any anything but a paradise. There is a chapel—'chargé de decors pittoresque, d'images à profusion, peintes dans les couleurs les plus chatoyantes.' The Fathers have also gathered a museum of natural history of the flora and fauna of the district, arranged with patience and careful industry. It is continually being increased, and is now of great value, it is said, and its importance will yearly increase. It is the Fathers who attend to the religious ministrations below Tadoussac. According to their account, they meet the Indian tribe of the Montagnais, the descendants of the Indians who received the French that first arrived under Chauvin and Champlain.

Beyond this *local* we have but little settlement. There are some 'salmon rivers' among which the Godbout is highly spoken of by the lovers of sport who are indifferent to the summer mosquito and similar pests. There is also the River Moisié which has attracted attention by the sand being thickly interspersed with magnetic iron. Large sums have been expended here in experiments. Iron can be successfully enough manufactured, but the cost of making it available,

and the expense of bringing it into the market have hitherto acted as a bar to operations.

The river Saguenay itself runs almost at right angles to the Saint Lawrence, on a generally straight course from Lake St. John, flowing to the south-east. The country is rugged from the St. Lawrence, until Ha-Ha-Bay is reached. Mr. Buies gives a detail of the several townships. It was on the north shore, on the banks of the river Saint Margaret, that the first modern settlement was made in 1840, and as the land above Ha-Ha-Bay is good, settlement turned in that direction. It does not, however, seem to have been carried to any extent above the junction of Lake St. John with the river. Indeed, the north shores of the lake have not been surveyed. The soil there is highly spoken of. But the land has generally been taken up in the townships on the front to this extent. On the south shore the country is cultivated some distance beyond the village of Chicoutimi, the number of inhabitants gradually decreasing as the lake is reached.

The ancient name of the Saguenay was Pitchitanichetz. The tide ascends for about eighty-four miles above the mouth of the river to the foot of a series of rapids, one hundred and five miles, or so, from the discharge of the waters of the lake. The first part of the river is sufficiently striking. It cuts the main ridge of the range of Laurentides, which give a majestic appearance to the scenery of the north shore of the Saint Lawrence. From Lake St. John to Chicoutimi, the river runs with the strata, whence it turns to traverse the parallel ridge of hills and mountains which are met between that place and the Saint Lawrence. These hills, worn by glacial action into harmonious outline—what geologists call of 'a mammelated' character—one clothed with evergreens, consisting of pine and spruce. Hardwood is met on the lower elevations and in the valleys. Even therefore, in their savage loneliness, the scene is constantly striking—for it is ever changing as it is differently viewed. Two of the highest of these peaks have been christened Cape Eternity and Cape Trinity, and are from fifteen to eighteen hundred feet high. They are bold, abrupt precipices, and form the most striking feature of the river; their outline is even assisted by the comparative narrow flow of the stream below them; and with their marked outline, the scattered foliage and the clear rock escarpment, having frequently the appearance of having been obtained by artificial means, there are few more striking views in Canada than the first few miles of the Saguenay, as seen from the Saint Lawrence.

We have now arrived at a date within a quarter of a century of the present day. The river was by this time better known, and the landscape was more a matter of fame. Moreover, its capabilities as a place of business commenced to be considered as a field for enterprise. In 1837, the '*Societé des vingt-et-un Associés*,' was formed, under the auspices of Mr. Alexis Tremblay, and in 1838, an attempt was made at the colonization of la Grande Baie. But the settlers seem to have been easily discouraged. Mr. Buies' words are worth preserving. Do they point to the indifferent success which seems to attend French Canadian attempts at colonization? There cannot be a doubt but there is little tendency among the modern French Canadians to seek fresh localities, strikingly at variance with the bold enterprise of their sires, and that it is no want of a field for settlement, which leads so many to seek their fortunes elsewhere. Men, who go into the bush, cannot look for that social element of life which constitutes one of its chief charms. But there is gained what is a higher and a nobler inspiration—independence. There is no feeling equal to the sense of manhood, which leads the owner of his homestead, be it what it may, to say

'this is mine.' There is no veiling the bonnet to the employer, be he good or bad, no acting the henchman to the behests of the tricky unscrupulous low-bred politician—perhaps only to be deceived, and certainly to be disdained; no waiting for the generosity of the friend who means us well, but cannot always aid us. Nature, as we live in communion with her, extends to us her own freshness. In seeking her, we may leave behind much that we love. But we gain that, which, if we wisely think, will soon supply its loss. It is not every man who is possessed of what Carlyle calls 'cheery stoicism.' But we all, more or less, have an imgrained self-respect, which we cannot outrage without a twinge of conscience. In our own Province we see men daily breaking off from old associations to face the solitude and privation of their new life. Such men do not give themselves over to *l'amertume des souvenirs.* With Coriolanus, they have felt that 'there is a world without,' and they turn to their new life unappalled by a difficulty, and sustained by their own determination to succeed, Mr. Buies tell us.

Les jours de travail passaient rapidement, tant les pionniers mettaient d'ardeur dans leur enterprise, et l'ennui ne venait guère les tourmenter alors qu'ils avaient la hache à la main. Mais les jours où cessent les labeurs et qui sont consacrés à Dieu avaient perdu pour eux tous leurs charmes. Les dimanches se levaient tristement et finissaient dans l'amertume des souvenirs : ils passaient lentement, sans apporter aucune de ces heures où les loisirs sont si bien remplis dans nos paroisses de vielle fondation. Pas de voisins à visiter ; pas de réunion le soir chez quelque bonne famille amie ; le foyer était déserté là bas de même qu'on était isolé ici, entouré par l'implacable et sombre muraille des forêts qui mettait une distance de vingt-cinq lieues entre le village où l'on avait vu le jour, où l'on avait grandi, et le chantier morne dont les bruits maintenant se taisaient, dont tous les échos s'etaient subitement enfuis.

Puis la mort vint : elle frappa deux victimes qui expirèrent sans qu'aucun des secours de la religion ne vint consoler ou sanctifier leurs derniers instants. Elles s'en allèrent de ce monde, avec l'espérance, sans doute, mais sans rien qui la confirmât, sans cette benediction suprême du prêtre qui conduit jusqu'au seuil de l'éternité.

The Society failed and the shares passed into the hands of Mr. William Price, of Quebec. Mr. Buies tells a story of Mr. Price dining Mr. Tremblay—*le pecoté.* The latter had never seen a waiter at table, and his benevolence, based on his shanty life, received a shock as he sat tranquil, while he was being attended to. He at once suggested that they should be asked to sit down. '*Mais ils ne veulent pas s'asseoir ces pauvres messieurs, ça ne fait que trotter tout le temps.*'

Mr. Price is said to be the first who systematically carried on the lumber trade, as it is now called in the Ottawa and Saint Maurice, when he extended his operations to the Saguenay. He commenced at Tadoussac, where he constructed his first mill ; he ascended the river step by step as emergency dictated, till he reached Chicoutimi, of which he was the founder, the mills and stores he first built being the nucleus of the present village. The pine of this region was, at that period, among the best in the world. Of a hundred sticks, seventy were free from knots. These pine groves have disappeared ; but few remain. They have been destroyed by fire, and spruce has taken its place. Until Mr. Price's day, the trade was carried on in small vessels of 300 tons burthen, which ascended the river, and when the wind was contrary or some capes, difficult to double, were met, horse power was used. Mr. Price at once introduced a tug, and brought into use larger vessels. His operations, however, did not extend much beyond the rapids above Chicoutimi, for it was difficult to bring timber down from Lake St. John, owing to the absence of the necessary slides. These necessary slides were constructed in 1855-6, when the trade became sufficiently profitable to be pushed beyond the lake, and business is now in full operation on its shores.

Mr. Price met with great opposition from the Hudson's Bay Company, a monopoly which we may congratulate ourselves is extinct, except in the harmless

form in which it now exists. It is at this date brought thoroughly under public opinion,—a power yearly increasing in intelligence and force, which we look forward to exert the healthiest influences on our public life and our private code of honour. In those days it had little force. What passed for it was systematically misdirected, and bewildered with false theories. It was cheated by a calculated calumny of all opponents to the order of things, and by the cunning introduction of issues having no bearing on the particular controversy which arose. We have not yet done with this detestable intrigue and falsehood. But we can trace the development of a healthier condition of thought, in which public morality is educating itself to be controlled by purer and more unselfish motives, eventually we trust to assume that genuine tone which is the only guarantee of good government, as it is the dread of the tricky and corrupt politician. In those days the Hudson's Bay Company was perfectly irresponsible, except to the duty of getting good dividends. Impediments were accordingly thrown in the way of every enterprise which was believed to be at variance with this object. It was not their privileges as fur traders which were interfered with. But the Company saw in the lumber trade, and in settlement, and in agriculture, the death-blow to their monopoly. We do not know if it is a joke, but it is said that they claimed the sole right of dealing not only in *fur* but in *fir*, so that Mr. Price was shut out, literally from every field of effort. Tradition records the stand-up fights between Mr. Price's men and those of the Hudson's Bay, and Mr. Buies tells us that a party of the Hudson's Bay people destroyed a large amount of timber at the Betsiomites and Black River. These people were drunk at the time, but it is scarcely possible that they acted without inspiration. Mr. Price eventually purchased peace by the payment of $7,000, '*pour qu'elle* [the Company] *voulut bien reconnaitre son droit.*' A heavy fine for the recognition of an acknowledged right.

Mr. Buies gives an account of one Peter McLeod, a Scotch half-breed. He appears to have been a man of marked character, without education, with strong passions, and of a most violent temper, but kindly and generous when not crossed. Such men are the out-crop of a life spent without the pale of civilization. With many good qualities, they are a nuisance to the neighbourhood where their lot is cast. When to this bent of mind they add that of periodic, furious drunkenness, we know few things less offensive than a bully of this sort. These men are fearless, and there is a trait in their character, in the shape of manhood and dare-devilism, which may attract, especially when directed by good impulses. But the difficulty lies precisely in this direction. Their strength and their freedom from the restraint of law gives them an extraordinary idea of their own power and importance, and one of Mr. McLeod's peculiarities was to refuse payment of his men's wages on the most futile pretexts, although, when it suited his whim, he was lavish of his money. On one occasion he caught a Tartar. He insulted a French Canadian of gigantic strength, who faced him and put him on his back. In the morning he sent for his chastiser and gave him a couple of hundred dollars, telling him to go at once, as he could allow no one to remain who was his master. The man pocketed his money, and said no, he would never leave Peter, and, we presume, remained. Mr. McLeod, like potentates of his class, had ten or twelve acknowledged wives. A great many other ladies recognised his virtues—as Mr. Buies puts it, '*auxquelles il émiettait en passant ses redoutables fureurs.*' One of the feats of his supple strength is recorded. He could jump eighteen feet or so into a bark canoe, disturbing it so little that it

simply, as it were, quivered. This personage lived here nine years, conducting his enterprises ably and profitably. During this period he was not three months sober—a slave to appetite during his life, his death was hastened by his habits. He is yet spoken of with a singular mixture of hate and admiration.

From this date, the progress of the district has gone on with little incident. Settlement has not increased in any remarkable degree, and it is asserted that no better back country can be found. The reason assigned is that the difficulty of bringing produce to market materially lessens its value, and that the life of a settler, in an outpost of civilization like this district, is accompanied by so much hardship and privation that the mass of men are repelled from accepting it. It has, therefore, been urged that all that is required is the railway to be in operation to Lake St. John for the country rapidly to fill up. No one can deny the general proposition that a railway will have a powerful influence on the future of any locality, but that it will secure all the results predicted does not appear so positive. Except in the old and more prosperous Concessions, the extreme poverty which is witnessed in the agricultural districts of Lower Canada is a problem somewhat difficult to explain. We may awaken national susceptibilities by what we say, though we have no desire to do so. On the contrary, we retain the kindest recollections of the Province of Quebec, and number there many friends. But to the mind of the writer, the question is not to be evaded, and it is the duty of every French-Canadian gentleman to look it honestly in the face. A more intelligent people than the French-Canadians never existed. They have courage, sentiment, and industry. Few people come more under their own word, *aimable*—the right English translation of which is lovable. Like the English Canadians, however, they are not free from fault, and we have to ask ourselves in what direction the shortcoming appears. If we take a Canadian *voyageur*, and give him a paddle, put him in a position where he knows his strength, no man has more cool self-reliance and determination. The writer's experience as an engineer on work has fully established their value in operations calling for judgment, sense, and readiness. No man can excel a French Canadian workman in making a crib and placing it in position, if he be properly dealt with, and it is not always easy on a tidal river to sink a crib where it is to be put. In road-making they are excellent. As axemen on a survey they are unsurpassed. They are good masons, good carpenters and blacksmiths, and who can drive a horse better than a French-Canadian, from a priest downwards? With kind words and courteous treatment, they are easily managed. How is it that in the back concessions, distant from the towns, they make such indifferent farmers, and hesitate to better their condition by 'going back' to virgin soil? In the neighbourhood of the large cities, the criticism cannot be applied. We find wealthy *habitans* in many localities whose farms are marked by plenty, and its attendant comfort. We will venture the statement, however, that in the majority of cases in the Province of Quebec, the implements of agriculture in use, and the knowleege of agriculture itself, have remained precisely as they were 200 years ago. No attempt has been made in the direction of change or improvement since the days of Colbert. Within the last twenty-four years a certain number of well-to-do *habitans* have purchased modern implements, and, as their farms show, are making good use of them. But the bulk of the population around them look upon these introductions with suspicion, considering that they are only fit to be brought into use by men with plenty of money. It has been suggested that the introduction into the parishes of

well-trained farmers, speaking French, and identified with the population, would have the results of showing what science can do, and so lead to improvement. Such men, however, must work their own farms, and live as they do, for the example to be effective, and lead to good, otherwise the old suspicion would arise that they were helped by Government, and it was the mere success of money. It is this feeling which has neutralised the benefits obtainable from agricultural societies. Nor would it answer if these farmer instructors were English-speaking men. For the first condition of success is to obtain the confidence of the *habitant*, and we question if it would be given in this case to any but to one of themselves.

Independently of this technical teaching, it is essential, in our humble judgment, that the education of the *habitant* be placed, we will not say on a different basis, but in a category having in view wider and more satisfactory results : nothing can be more depressing than its present condition. To the majority of the farming population of Quebec, the world is their parish. They are taught that there, all their aspirations should tend, or if a wider range be given, it is, that some profitable time may be spent during the summer as a boatman or a *voyageur*, with the certain prospect of passing *dolce far niente* winter with the family; and the affectionate character of the people ever extends a welcome in the family home, be it what it may. Literally, there are no prizes in life for the Canadian agriculturist, and he never recovers the disadvantage with which he starts, for he rarely receives any education by which his condition can be bettered. The smallness of the number of those who can write in the agricultural population is surprising. The *habitant* family in Lower Canada gives an education to one or two, or more members of the family, according to its means. The future priest, or doctor, or notary, or advocate, obtain all the advantages which the college offer. Those intended for agricultural life are, as a rule, without education. To the mind of the writer, the whole difficulty lies here. The education for the professions has raised the mind of those who have received it above the labour of the farm. Any thing is preferable, the lowest *fange* of political subserviency—the meanest of careers in default of professional success—in the hope of a situation under government, to be the tool for the dirty work of some knave pitchforked into political prominence. If the French Canadians are to become settlers, you have to give them education, and, with this education, resources for their leisure. Men who have nothing to fall back upon, are destroyed when alone by what Coleridge calls the passion of melancholy thoughts, or as Mr. Buies says, *dans l'amertume des souvenirs.* There is no reason why the French Canadian should not go into the back country as in Ontario. But we fear the truth is indisputable, that he dreads the dulness of monotony, and the absence of all his old amusements. We attribute this feeling to the absence of resources, owing to his early training, not to want of the qualities which such a situation call for.

Patriotic French Canadians will do well to consider what is said here, and not be offended with the writer for stating it plainly. No one desires more the prosperity of the Province of Quebec than he does, for many of the most agreeable associations of his life are connected with Quebec. We therefore think that in this direction reform should be intstituted, and that it is as indispensable as the proposed railway from which such extraordinary results are foretold. Those who are indulging in those hopeful anticipations, would do well to examine into the general results on the population affected by the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway, and it has been in operation nearly thirty years.

It is to show the advantages of this railway, and the character of the country it is proposed to develop, that Mr. Buies' book has been written. It is a careful and satisfactory production and will always command a place in a library from the information it contains, and its careful elaboration of the subject it sets forth. Being in French, it is a sealed volume to many. It seems to us it might advantageously be translated. Its possession would be sought for by many: whether it would be a sound commercial speculation to bring out an English edition or not we will not pretend to divine; but we think that it would not be wholly unprofitable to the Province of Quebec Government if they disseminated in Ontario several hundred copies, so that attention could be drawn to this district. The work is, in all respects, highly creditable to its author. The statistics and facts tell any practised writer the patient labour it has taken to gather them, and they are clothed, like all Mr. Buies writes, in the most pleasant possible garb.

Nowhere does Mr. Buies appear to greater advantage than in the chapter 'Hypothèse du Cataclysme'—the theory of the deluge. His description is marked by scientific knowledge, and in rare poetry of language he describes the convulsion of nature, by which the Saguenay reached the St. Lawrence. The river, as it has been said, does not flow in a valley to follow the sides of disjointed elevations, having slowly, in long geological epochs, cut its way downwards; but it runs now, tranquilly enough, between high ranges of mountains violently cut in two—

'Cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat nor frost nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.'

The present Lake of St. John is about 36 miles long and 27 miles wide—of an oval trend. The theory is that it is the remains of a former immense body of water, similar in character to Lake Ontario, at a higher level, submerging much of the country which is now exposed. Its original circumference is estimated at 300 miles, and it doubtless formed a body of water much of the character of Lake Huron. The height of the latter is 565 feet above the sea; the present level of Lake St. John being 300 feet. The ancient lake to retain its waters over this extent of surface must have been bounded by marked limits of adamant, and it could only have been by a violent convulsion of nature, by an upheaval and disruption of the gigantic landmarks, that the torrent was turned through the fissure of the Saguenay. That the interior forces of nature can accomplish these immense revolutions, as suddenly as they are effectually determined, can be traced throughout our globe. Not only was the lake brought to its present level with its actual limits, but its very outlet, it seems certain, was changed. There is every indication that the ancient lake discharged itself into the Saint Maurice by the Rivière Croche or Crooked River, and that the deluge of its overflow, when the barriers were removed, followed a new channel by the River Saguenay.

The early existent mass of water is supposed to have extended to Ha-Ha Bay, and to the lofty mountains between which the tributary Saint Marjoret now flows. As one looks at the map, it can be readily conceived how the boundary ran by Ha-Ha Bay to Lake Kanogarin, which yet remains as it were a monument of departed grandeur. It is not impossible that there was then a discharge from the lake to the St. Lawrence by a stream, the place of which has been taken by the St. Marjoret. The whole region is to be made a subject of exploration by the geological suryey, and when the facts obtained are placed side by side and generalized, the value of the theory propounded can be attested.

We have yet a few words to say of the proposed railway to Lake St. John,

and we have delayed to make the few comments we have to offer, until we had alluded to the convulsion of nature by which the gigantic physical efforts were produced to change the whole face of the country. With the remarks we have made on this point, it can easily be conceived, that the country immediately north of Quebec, to some extent, is exceedingly rugged, and that the difficulty of obtaining a good line northwards is great. From this course the line from Quebec was to pass to the east, as it can best find a way to the village of the Batiscon, which it follows to its source, to take the valley of the Metabetchouane, which discharges into Lake St. John. The length of the line is 175 miles; and the work is heavy in parts with heavy grades. But the country in the valley of St. Maurice, above the Piles, was so little affected by the geological convulsions which changed the face of nature to the east, that it is claimed that a line can directly be taken to the head waters of the Metabetchouane, followed by the Quebec line with easy grades and little work, in a distance of 123 miles. But there is this important difference, that the line connects at Piles with the Three Rivers Branch now in operation, and the trade becomes tributary to that place and not to Quebec. Both schemes are claiming subsidies of land from the Provincial Government of Quebec. We will content ourselves with stating the issue as it has been raised. The subject is attracting some attention, and has its advocates on both sides. It certainly seems a strange *denouement* of history, that when for three centuries Lake St. John has remained without notice or thought, two cities should be battling for the privilege of a railway connection with this hitherto neglected locality.

A SEA-SIDE WAIF.

Written for an Album.

BY C. E. M., MONTREAL.

YON wave that bursts in brilliance on the shore,
Resolved in primal dew is lost to sight;
No mortal then divines its ancient might,
None hears a murmur of its ancient roar.

The grandest life is but the sum of deeds
Which duty bringeth every rising morn;
Not one day's toil—some brighter page out-torn
From Fate's dark book and craving highest meeds.

These passing hours are full of rich presage,
Used well e'er they irrevocably flee;
Learn that a soul heroic, happy, free,
Is Time's and not a moment's heritage.

A PAGE OF ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY.

BY THE REV. JAMES S. STONE, B.D., TORONTO.

I HAVE entitled the present paper, 'a Page of English Church History,' because it is, in a very marked sense, merely fragmentary. It purposes to give some of the prominent causes which led to the rise of Lollardism, without entering into either the origin, progress, or decay of that movement. I am conscious that I am going over ground well known to many, and that I have nothing new to say on the subject; yet I am not without hope that even this resetting of an old story will have some interest.

First let me give what may either be taken as a word of caution, or as indicating the spirit in which I have tried to study this question. Probably the darkest days the Church of England has ever known befell her in the latter part of the fourteenth and earlier part of the fifteenth, and in the eighteenth centuries. As the earlier of these periods came before the Reformation, when the Anglican Church was in full communion with Rome, and the other after that event, when it had become Protestant, it is evident that neither system is to be exalted above the other, as free from the tendency to spiritual and moral degeneracy. Nor may either system be charged with the disinclination or inability to cast off or reform its abuses. If Methodism became the regenerating influence in the eighteenth, so were there similar agencies in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that had fully as great success. These efforts came from the Church itself; their purpose served, their usefulness came to an end, and they passed away or assumed some other character. If, therefore, the age we are considering is full of things that almost make one shudder, it is not fair that we should lay the cause of them at any one's door, and then, as so many do, congratulate ourselves that we, or the system we follow, are incapable of abuse. It is impossible to understand the Church and men of that day, unless we take up this position of impartiality, and, divesting ourselves of favourite notions, seek to enter kindly into their spirit, so that without overlooking their faults, we can linger lovingly upon their virtues.

The Middle Age is the age of magnificence and splendour. In nothing is this more manifest than in the superb buildings, the cathedrals, churches and abbeys, which adorn the motherland. The grandeur of their conception, their marvellous beauty, vast size and evident costliness, fill us with wonder. They rise before us as an everliving song in stone. What is more majestic than the cathedral at Durham, the noblest Norman edifice in all England, standing so proudly on the heights above the Weir? What more graceful than Lichfield or Salisbury, or more perfectly beautiful than Canterbury, or the tower of Winchester? Yet these are but a few out of many, each one of which is in itself a distinct creation, with its own peculiar features. Even the ruins partake of the same glory. Crowland, in the Fens; Fountains, in Yorkshire; and Ferness, in Lancashire, stir the deepest emotions in one's soul. With all our skill and knowledge, we can raise no such buildings now. We may imitate; the art itself is lost.

These structures were the expression of a deep religious feeling. They were the offerings of a grateful people to God. They were the offerings of a people who were taught, and who believed, that no temple could be too beautiful or costly for the worship of the Lord of nations. The adornments of choir and nave, and aisle, were in the same style, and displayed the same spirit, as the exterior of the building. Rich stained-glass windows, costly shrines, altars bedecked with jewels, gold and precious woods, images and pictures of wondrous workmanship, met the eye on entering the sacred walls. Scripture scenes were depicted here and there; monuments and effigies, to the memory of the great and good were raised in chapels within or adjoining the church. Nothing was left undone, no cost or labour was spared that was calculated to move the spirit of devotion, or show honour to God. Earth had nothing too valuable for this purpose. Princes and barons gladly gave of the abundance of their wealth; yeomen and serfs contributed according to their substance.

The same magnificence extended itself to the services. These were, indeed, in Latin, but considering the many and varying dialects, the influx of Norman-French, and the transitory state of the native tongue, this was rather an advantage than otherwise. The ecclesiastical language was not so strange as the speech of a neighbouring county might be. Certain significant ceremonies, familiar to the people, marked the progress of the mass, and made every part of it, and its entire meaning well known to them. The tolling of a bell here, or a genuflection there, the mumbling of the priest at this point, or the swinging of the censer at that, were understood as well as the plainest words could have been. No rite or ordinance was difficult of comprehension in days when men believed in the reality of religion and loved ornate display. The people of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries may have gazed with fear and awe upon the mystic sanctuary, where, amid the clouds of incense, the white-robed choir, and the blaze of candles, the priest arrayed in gorgeous vestments consecrated the sacred host; but they were in hearty sympathy and doubted nothing. They bowed with deepest reverence as the procession of priests and monks and singers, bearing cross and banner, holy relic or mysterious sacrament, passed by. The slow and solemn music of the organ pealing through the aisles, the hallowed chant and well-sung anthem, moved and softened the roughest nature. There was no idle ritualism about this, no mere æsthetic admiration. Grand and beautiful, it was also spiritual and earnest. We err if we think that the modern movement in the Church of England is in any sense reproducing that age; it lacks its very first principle, its intense, all-engrossing, sublime religious spirit. Nor were these services rare things. They came daily, and many times a day. The churches were ever open, the lamp before the altar ever burning. In the monasteries the twenty-four hours were one round of devotion. Lauds, prime, tierce, sext, nones and compline were sung in every religious house in the land. At daybreak the matin-bell, at sunset the evening song, brought rough hind and belted knight, rustic maiden and titled lady to their beads and prayers. Though the Sundays and oft-recurring holy days had their own peculiar duties, no day was allowed to pass without, if possible, attending mass and bowing before the shrine of the patron saint. The actual worship of God was as ever-present a reality, as the sumptuous places in which it was performed.

The duties of the clergy did not end with conducting the services of the church. Their large numbers and thorough discrimination of ministerial gifts, enabled them to do work among the people for which we seldom give them credit. They taught them the

primary truths of Christianity, and tried to check and reprove their morals. By the constitutions of Archbishop Peckham, the parochial clergy were to preach, at least once a quarter, and to expound in a simple and popular manner the creed and commandments. If much that they taught was erroneous and superstitious, we can but feel that they believed it themselves. If the adoration of the Virgin and saints and relics was inculcated, the priests practised that which they proclaimed. As a class they laboured, according to the light they had, earnestly and faithfully for the salvation of their people, the extension of the Church and the general good of the nation. Judged by the age in which they lived, even after admitting that they sadly misunderstood the truth, it may be fairly said that they did the best they could. The result was that the people were as familiar as it was possible for them to be with the stories of Scripture, and oftentimes with even more. The Bible was not withheld from those who could read, nor did the clergy refrain from teaching that accomplishment to any who wished to learn. More than this, while the king and barons sought to keep down the lower classes, they took their part and defended their rights. In a period strongly marked by caste, they moved between the court and the cabin, from the mansion of the peer to the mud-hut of the peasant, and sought to soften the pride of the one and to better the hard lot of the other, and to bind all together in a true Christian brotherhood. We may confidently affirm that the priests, though feared by the laity for their supposed supernatural powers, were also loved by them, and regarded as the friends and protectors of the wronged, and the gentle and loving reprovers of the erring.

But by the accession of Richard the Second, a great change had come over the relations of the clergy to the people. The same gloom which rested so heavily upon the political world affected also the religious. The priests and monks were no longer the men they had been. The laity no longer looked up to them with the unqualified reverence of former ages. Their wealth, luxury, abuse of privileges, and interference in matters of state, had made them, more especially in the towns, unpopular among the masses. One-third of all the land in the kingdom belonged to them. They were, to all intents and purposes, under a different law and administration from the rest of the king's subjects. If a man entered their Order he immediately became possessed of great rights. He was no more a serf or liable to military service. His lot was cast in pleasant places. At court the bishops possessed great influence and held the highest offices in the government. These things were not, under the circumstances of the times, or even in themselves, wrong. The land had been acquired honestly. The early ecclesiastics had gone out into the wilderness and barren places, far away from the haunts of men, where they might worship God in peace, and there had made their home. They had toiled and struggled on till they had converted the desert into a fruitful paradise. The richest and most beautiful of abbey lands had originally been desolate, uninhabited and worthless. In some deep sequestered glen, the home of the wild boar, the bittern and the crane, or beside the waters of some almost unknown stream, or by the shore of the great, lonely ocean itself, they built their house and sanctuary, and lived roughly and rudely by the labours of their hands. Here they gradually gathered around them a village of artizans and labourers, who depended upon them for support and protection. The most liberal hospitality was given to all who needed it. The good fathers cared for the poor and sick, and administered justice and kept good order on their estate. In after times, they let out to tenants the lands they thus rescued from the rudeness of nature, and the rents,

paid in kind or in service, maintained the establishment. Such farms were ever eagerly sought after, for the monks were good landlords, the rents were low and the land the best in the kingdom. No other was indeed worth anything, for the barons were always quarrelling, their estates were liable at any moment to devastation, and they demanded heavy service from their tenants. Moreover, families became extinct, and their property passed into other hands, but the Church was a perpetual corporation, it never died and never lost its possessions. Her wealth, thus accumulating, necessarily became very great. It was, however, used not only for the support of the thousands of churchmen and the worship and maintenance of the churches, schools and convents, but was freely held at the service of the state. Nor was the fact that the clergy were tried by the ecclesiastical rather than by the royal authority without excuse. In times when might was right, and learning was thought unbecoming in a prince or nobleman, the only place where justice was likely to be administered was in the bishop's court. The clergy were simply defenceless in the hands of the barons. Their profession and occupation unfitted them to contend with men who deemed a strong arm better than the finest argument. Besides, by the term 'clergy' was not only understood those who were actually in holy orders, or even the monks, but all who could read and write. Lawyers and physicians had the benefit of clergy, as well as priests and bishops. It was, therefore, in spite of its liability to abuse, a most merciful and salutary provision. As to bishops holding offices of state it was inevitable. They alone had the scholarship needed for the most important positions. Their wealth and influence also added to their fitness. As a rule, they were most faithful, honest, and painstaking servants, and deserved all the honour that was given them.

It is, however, evident, at least history has made it so, that such wealth, privileges and powers as the mediæval clergy possessed, when held exclusively by any single class, are sure to lead to serious difficulties. One might well question if they are not more injurious to their holders than to those outside. In this case we know their effect was most disastrous to the Church. They led to the confiscation of the greater part of the Church estates, and to the subjugation of the clergy in matters of religion to the Crown. They brought about her humiliation till, though styled an Establishment she became little better than the ecclesiastical branch of the civil service, her freedom of action gone, her support such as the state allowed her to receive from her own endowments.

The corruption affected all ranks and classes of churchmen. The bishops had long since left their primitive simplicity and assumed a state even exceeding that of the greatest of the lay lords. Their households and equipages were on the most extensive scale. Clerks, and servitors, and armed men attended them in large numbers. Their mansions were most sumptuous; their tables replenished with a lavishness known only in the king's palace; their hospitality without restraint. Pride took the place of humility; general wordliness the place of devotion and piety. Their spiritual functions were too often neglected; their dioceses seldom visited. Their position as statesmen exposed them to the censure, sometimes to the contempt, of the people. Men forgot that they were bishops and thought of them simply as politicians. In 1450, when Bishop Moleyns, of Chichester, was paying the soldiers and sailors at Portsmouth, on his attempt to reduce their wages, the sailors rose up and murdered him. The same year, Ascough, bishop of Salisbury, suffered a similar fate. All respect for the rulers of the Church seems to have been lost. Of course there were exceptions, men

who like William of Wykeham, stand out pre-eminent for their virtues and the true discharge of their duties; but these exceptions were few, and show how marked was the negligence of the greater number of the bishops.

The life of the bishops was reflected in the lives of their parochial clergy. Free from the fear of episcopal visitation or reprimand, the clergy gave themselves up to that which best pleased them. They became largely non-resident, 'strawberries,' as Latimer called them, a century-and a.half later, visiting their cures but once a year. These spent their time in London or in the gay houses of lords and ladies, sometimes holding positions as stewards. Their people were left unshriven, unprayed for, untaught. Not even Lent brought them home. Others who remained in their parishes were a scandal and a disgrace. Ignorant and worldly, they had no interest in the things of the altar. They reeled from the tavern-table to the mass, and from the mass back again to their cards and beer. They knew the sports and games of the village green, the customs and dangers of the chase, better than their breviary or canons. The coarse oath and lewd jest too often fell from lips that were consecrated to utter holy things. Nor were these vices all. There yet remained the foulest blot of a celibate clergy, so deep and dark, as to excite, even in that grossly immoral age, the astonishment of the simple villagers. Still there were again exceptions to this sad condition of affairs. Chaucer's well-known and beautiful description of a poor parson rises up like a bright column of light out of the black gloom. There we see one who taught the Gospel truly and faithfully ; who would rather lose his tithes than oppress any who could not pay them ; a holy and virtuous man, a shepherd and no mercenary ; who, though his parish was wide and the houses far asunder, cared neither for storm nor rain, but in sickness and danger, travelled with staff in hand and visited the needy one, were he great or small. Doubtless, among the thousands of parish priests in England, even if, as the great poet assures us, there were none better than his ideal, there were many who for earnestness and godliness approached very nearly that perfect pattern.

But bad as the great mass of the secular clergy were, they were no worse than the monks or regulars. With the probable exception of the greater monasteries, such as Glastonbury and Westminster, where discipline was better administered, the abbey and convents had become the nests of vice, and the hot-beds of corruption. Their original object had long been lost sight of. Luxury, idleness and pride had destroyed the glory that had once shone so brightly from these establishments. Vowed to personal poverty, the corporate wealth of the monks was immense. Vowed to self-denial and abstemiousness, they cultivated and indulged in the pleasures of the table, so that princes were glad to become the guests of the good-living brethren. The choicest wines from the vineyards of France, the richest venison from the neighbouring forest, fish from the 'stewe,' and fruits from the well-kept garden were placed before my lord abbot and his guests. There was no stint, no lack of variety. The three courses embraced every luxury that could be procured, from cream of almonds and fruit jelly, by way of swans, capons, herons, peacock, rabbits, turbot, eel, and porpoise, down to the richest baked meats. At the end of each course every man's huge cup was filled with the foaming ale or blood-red wine, and emptied as none but the men of the olden time could have emptied it. With these accomplishments the monk's usefulness came to an end. In former ages they had helped the secular clergy in their parishes, and had done much towards evangelizing the country, but all that was over now. There was no attempt made to shake off the spiritual lethargy

which had seized upon them. They were rich and powerful, and they cared for nothing nor no one. From the benefactors they had come to be the oppressors of their dependents. They who had once loved them had now learned to hate and despise them. The terrible vengeance which befell the abbots and monks of St. Edmundsbury and St. Albans, in the peasant rising of 1381, is proof enough of this. Nothing, perhaps, is more sad than this degeneracy of the monks, and the conversion of their houses, hallowed as they were by the memories of holy men, into banqueting chambers and refuges of sin and pride.

The friars had for a time supplied the defects of the monks and secular clergy. They were divided into four Orders: the Eremite or Austin, the Carmelite or White, the Dominican or Black, and the Franciscan, Minor or Grey. Though rival Orders, and frequently warring against each other, they had yet this in common, thorough earnestness and devotion. They took a vow to hold no property but to live by the alms, the meal, salt, figs and apples, stale beer and milk, they could collect from the people. They built their houses, plain, unpretentious edifices, in the very slums and neglected parts of the towns and cities, by market or swamp, regardless of fever or plague. No decorations or display of any kind were allowed. Their intention was to bring the Church down to the very poor, a work which the monks and parish priests were too proud to undertake. They became the confessors and preachers, going about everywhere, negligent of episcopal or parochial authority, denouncing the vices of the clergy, and holding up in a popular manner the great truths of the Gospel. Ere long they became the scholars of the age. The friar Adam Marsh, the chosen adviser of Earl Simon, and the friar Roger Bacon, are names well known for great learning. But by the time we have to do with, the friars had gone the way of the men they attempted to reform, and had indeed sunk into lower depths of degradation. Chaucer and Langley give us vivid and painful pictures of their abandoned and depraved condition. They became the very pests of the land, lying miracle-mongers, confirmed beggars, lewd, idle, drunken impostors. Instead of the Gospel, they vended relics and charms, seeking rather the people's money than their souls. The monks may have been bad, but the friars became superlatively wicked. Their iniquity baffles description. They were wholly steeped in hypocrisy and filthiness.

The religious orders having thus fallen away, it was impossible to have anything like doctrinal purity. Whether the great dogmas which peculiarly distinguished the Mediæval Church, such as transubstantiation, purgatory, the worship of the Virgin, and of relics, were true or not—and it is not our province here to affirm anything concerning them one way or the other—they were certainly productive of much abuse, and made the means of gross extortion and oppression. The consecrated host had wonder-working powers ascribed to it—powers to heal the sick and save the dying. Purgatory, merciful though the conception had originally been, was one of the most fruitful sources of revenue to the Church, and a very scourge over the laity. The worship of the Virgin, so poetical and, as some think, so natural, was a prominent feature in English Catholicism. A very large proportion of the churches, chapels and altars in the kingdom were dedicated to her. She became part and parcel of the life of our fathers, so much so, that, while Ireland was called the 'Island of Saints,' England was styled 'Our Lady's Dowry.' The relics, however, admitted of the greatest imposition. Friars wandered about with the brain-pan of St. Michael, the French hood of the Virgin, the great toe of the Holy Trinity, or a piece of the sail of St. Peter's boat. One had

a feather from the Holy Ghost, evidently supposing the Ever-Blessed Spirit to be a real pigeon. The wood of the true cross was in abundance. Bottles containing portions of the milk of the Virgin or the blood of Christ, or even his breath, were occasionally exhibited. At Bury St. Edmunds were the coals upon which St. Lawrence was toasted, the parings of St. Edmund's nails, the penknife and boots of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Other places had things no less interesting. The people were taught to believe these relics to be genuine, audacity meeting any charge of imposition that might arise. If two places had each a skull of St. John the Baptist, in one place it was his skull when a young man, in the other when advanced in years. If St. Philip had three feet, or St. Sebastian four bodies, or the ass on which the Saviour rode into Jerusalem half-a-dozen jaw bones, had not these precious relics the means of reproduction? Were they not wonders, and could they not multiply themselves? None but the unbelieving could question, and for the unbelieving were reserved the awful pains of the eternal hell. So the masses bowed and worshipped, and gave their gold and silver to the monks and friars, and made their pilgrimages to popular shrines, and thought they had saved their souls. Thus the people were blinded, and prepared for that scepticism, or at least revulsion of feeling, which must inevitably follow when the faith has been directed to a false object.

Nor was this all. The clergy, in the laudable desire to further and control the amusements of the people, had made, what I conceive, the fatal mistake of introducing religious subjects as the basis of the drama. Under the name of mystery plays, the prominent events of Scripture, from the Creation of the World down to the Last Judgment, were exhibited on stages often erected in the churches themselves, and as often acted by ecclesiastics. The comic and the serious were thus curiously blended together. The most singular jests would be thrown into the most solemn scene; the pun made upon the holiest person. The actors wore costumes according to the character they represented; divine and saintly individuals being distinguished by gilt hair and beard, demons by hideous heads, angels by gold skin and wings, and souls by white and black coats, according to their kind. What Scripture lacked legend supplied, as, for example, in that famous play in the Townley mysteries of Noah and the Flood, where the old patriarch's wife was adopted as the type of the shrew. She quarrels and fights with her husband when he is working at the ark, laughs at it when finished, and refuses to go in until, frightened at the rising waters, she jumps in of her own accord, and immediately begins another dispute. This was, perhaps, one of the most popular of the mysteries. The effect was to destroy the spirit of reverence which preceding generations had so successfully inculcated. And when the clergy allowed the most sacred rites of the Church to be acted over, even the mass at the high altar itself, by fun-loving and often half-drunken laymen, the last hold seemed broken, and men talked, and treated the grand and beautiful edifices that their fathers had raised, and the holy services that good men of old had devised, with that lightness and carelessness which could be the only result of such a treatment of religion.

So that from these causes alone, to say nothing of others which we have not space to mention, the period of which we are writing witnessed a mixture of superstition, irreligion and unbelief very common among the people of England. The Church had really lost its hold upon them, though, of course, in the remote country places this was less apparent than in the towns. With all this, immorality in its grossest forms abounded, and while

few, even of the priests and monks, to say nothing of the ignorant laity, understood intelligently the simplest truths of Christianity, thousands could have told all about witches and ghosts and dreams. What wonder if Wycliffe and the Lollards became England's first Protestants!

A KNIGHT-ERRANT.

BY KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN.

THE gladness of a hundred Junes
Seems poured into thy sylvan breast,
Small cavalier with lance in rest
Careering under August noons,
Blowing thy reedy bugle tunes
In gay pursuit of knightly quest.
When winds blow east or winds blow west
Thy scarlet greaves and golden vest
Still flash and clash in challenge gay:—
Whole fields of lances daunt thee not,
Thy good blade shines as keen as they,
Thine armour is of proof I wot;
And ever for some venturous fray,—
Some castle fenced with bulrush spears,
And flags of water-buccaneers—
Some robber chieftain's dungeon hold,
Thy bugle sounds to horse, away!
Nor fifer-gnat, nor humble-bee,
A phalanx of brown bombardiers,
Nor wasp in steel-blue corselet bold
Dare match, gay cavalier, with thee,
Who com'st with nimble caracole
And shrilly-winding trumpet roll,
And lightly fling'st thy gauntlet down
To all the horde of robber-town.

I would I had thy heart, Sir Knight,
So gay, so bold, so confident,
To run a tilt with shams, and face
The scorn that blackens true intent,—
To set the wronged and suffering right,
And in however small a space,
To make this world a sunnier place,
My summer-day philosopher,
My friend and neighbour, grasshopper.

THE COURSE OF UNTRUE LOVE.

BY AGNES E. WETHERALD, FENWICK.

I.

JUNE 1st, 1880.

DEAR DAN, — Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend, for the books which thou hast sent, albeit I have scarcely more than looked at them. It is the kind intentions which these volumes represent that I am thankful for, and not for the books themselves. What kind of an opinion do you expect me to form of your good taste and judgment, when I see this melancholy waste of scientific works and historical literature relieved by only one solitary novel? And that novel is—wait a moment till I see *what* it is — David Elginbrod! I believe that book to be one of the best MacDonald has produced, but it has one glaring fault—it is not written in the English language. I like Scotch ideas and Scotch people pretty well, but to tell the truth, I can't stand Scotch spelling. It is to the credit of (permit the well-worn phrase) 'this Canada of ours,' that the children of Scottish parents are early taught that wi and an apostrophe does not spell 'with,' and that to deprive 'eye' of its central vowel, is to inflict lasting injury upon that unoffending word.

Of my health, about which you are so good as to inquire, I can say nothing very favourable. I don't doubt that, as you say, I might get well if I only cared to; but the difficulty remains that I don't care to. I don't care for anything except for the girl who has cast me aside with apparently as little concern as if I were an old-fashioned coat. I can't say that I am broken-hearted, but I feel somehow broken spirited—very much as a man might be, who on waking in the morning finds that yesterday's ache still remains in his bones. Well, I have awoke at last—a bitter waking on a gray and comfortless morning—and I fear that the weight of yesterday's burden will go with me all the days of my life.

Oh, what a sentimental strain! But you see, my dear fellow, in 'the innermost fold of my spirit,' I am firmly determined to triumph over this disappointment, to subjugate it, to be made more and not less of a man for having suffered it; and so, as the mood takes me, I sentimentalize it and then laugh at myself, make a mock of it, or else grotesquely exaggerate its present and future fearful consequences. And then, after I have attained unto a state of artificial peace, if I should happen to lie down under the trees in the orchard (my favourite resting place), my quiet is sure to be molested by some harmful unnecessary bird in the branch above me. You may say this is nothing, but I tell you it is everything; for this bird never fails to have a voice and manner, a turn of the head and a general style about it that reminds me terribly and tormentingly of *her*. So much for the success of my efforts. I believe it was you who reminded me that old Father Time was the great healer, but I find him like other so-called healers, unconscionably slow, and altogether too prone to supplying one with things that may do one no harm, and are sure to do one no good.

No; if I am to be cured at all, it will be as the fashionable medical ad-

vertisements say by absorption. I am absorbing the sweet June air, the scent of a million clover blossoms, and the wholesome humdrum influences of a secluded country life. I am a person of very little importance here. Money, business, influence, work, all the great facts and inspirations of other men's lives are mere shadows; there is only one reality on earth, and that is a permanent sense of deep and irrevocable loss. The people here always speak of me as 'the boarder,' and there is something peculiarly belittling in the phrase. I think I would as lief be called a board as a boarder. They are alike soulless and senseless, and of no particular good to any one.

Nevertheless, life *is* worth living; not because it is rich and full, and absorbing, and satisfying, for it frequently fails in these particulars; but because it is always and under every conceivable circumstance interesting. My own life does not interest me greatly at present, so of course other people's lives are the more entertaining. Take the family, for instance, in whose house I occupy the humiliating position of boarder. There is Mr. and Mrs. Shrimp, their grown-up sons and a daughter; Miss Shrimp interests me a good deal, but you need not infer from this remark that she is likely to 'pluck from my memory a rooted sorrow.' She is completely wrapped up in her attire —mentally I mean, as well as physically—and when the pleasure of patting out the trimming on her gown, or trifling with some ornamental appendage palls upon her, she never tires of arranging her hands in becoming positions, and looking at her feet sideways. Her feet are certainly admirable, looked at in any position, and they are noticeably small, nearly as much so as the regard I feel for their owner.

June 2nd.—Chief among the immunities or the privileges of a chronic convalescent, is that of pouring all the trivialities which make up his unimportant day into the ear of some steadfast friend. I confess that in the light of my ardent liking for idle talk, and of the lack under which I suffer at present, of some congenial soul to indulge it with, I am likely to set a higher value upon the inestimable boon of your friendship than I ever did before.

But to the trivialities. We have just finished breakfast. It was rather a baddish breakfast, consequently no one enjoyed it except your dyspeptic correspondent, and his enjoyment is distinctly traceable to two sources: first, he went without supper last night; second, the graham gems and canned quinces, which made a part of the family's repast at that time, constituted the whole of his morning meal. Perhaps after all, universal health and happiness would not result from a general disposition on the part of mankind to dispense with supper and eat a great deal of fruit for breakfast, but—but I know you have small patience with my hygienic theories, so I will forbear expatiating upon them. The other boarder, Miss Bell, whom I mentioned in my last, is one of those fortunate souls who it is said can eat anything. This is the only fact I have been able to discover, concerning her, notwithstanding we have been under the same roof for a fortnight. Mrs. Shrimp told me that she came from a distance, but as she did not specify whether the distance was great or short, my curiosity was no better satisfied than before. With the blushless effrontery of a boarder who has sunk to the level of his name, I made answer that I knew, of course, she must come from a distance, because she had such a distant way with her.

But a truce to this strain. Those who are suffering most are most likely to be light-headed, which may account for my lapses from the formally correct and edifying style of letter-writing approved by custom.

Yours in truth,

ALFRED LEIGH.

P. S.—Miss Bell is a blonde. One of the handsomest blondes I have ever seen.

II.

JUNE 12th.

MY DEAR DAN,—Your post card bristling with marks of interrogation, and breathing out threatening and slaughter just received. Calm yourself, my boy, and be willing to listen to reason—or rather be willing to listen to unreason. How can I possibly tell you why I came to this out of the way spot, when I myself do not know. You may, however, accept this hypothesis. For several years past, being impelled thereto by the fierce heats of the city, it has been the custom of Mrs. Arden and her daughter Lulu, to court retirement in these sylvan shades. I regret to say, that it has also been my custom to court the aforesaid daughter in the same shades. This place you must know was once quite a favourite resort of summer visitors. It is now a little off colour, like a faded beauty, but I like it none the less on that account. The two ladies, I believe, are domiciled within a mile of where I write, though I have seen nothing of either since the silly lovers' quarrel, which terminated in a frosty little note, giving me my liberty. Liberty is a fine thing in the mouth of orators, but I wouldn't take it as a gift—if I could help myself. Of course, I do not expect you to understand the feeling which has drawn me here.

And certainly I fail to understand the feeling which keeps me here, unless it is that I am half in love with Miss Bell. Maidie Bell, her name is. It has a sweet, clear, maidenly sound that I like. There are several other things about her that I like, but to condense them all into one sentence: She is the most self-forgetful, self-unconscious girl alive. Hitherto, like yourself, and scores of other young men, I have firmly believed that every woman was at heart an actress, and the better actress the more attractive the woman. But Miss Bell upsets this theory. She has no more idea of making an effect than a young apple tree has when it is coming into blossom, and she is just so wholesome and sweet —and just *about* as talkative.

Don't you think that idleness a troubled spirit, and six weeks of early summer weather spent in the presence of a tender-hearted, noble natured girl, are sufficient to tempt a jilted lover to a repetition of his folly? But you need not fear for me, and, what is perhaps more to the point, you need not laugh at me.

Midnight. It is not precisely twelve of the clock, but five minutes after eleven sounds too mathematically exact to suit these romantic pages. Well, Dan, I have just discovered the greatest fact of my existence, though I have been blindly conscious of it ever since I first saw her. I am in love—desperately in love with Miss Bell. Two hours ago we sat together on the little upper balcony; she looking at the heavenly bodies in the sky—I looking at the heavenly body beside me. No wonder she tired of her occupation first. She yawned a little, rose from her seat, and made as if she would stretch her arms above her head, when she suddenly remembered my presence. She has a most unflattering way of forgetting all about a fellow. A climbing rose on a vine just out of reach caught her eye, and she leaned over to get it. 'Take care, Miss Maidie,' I cried, as she stretched further still. She swayed a little, and in my excited fancy, I saw her white dress and pale hair lying crushed on the stones below. Then I seized her arm and drew her forcibly to me. 'You foolish child,' I began sternly, but there stopped, for her own cheeks were colourless and her lips trembling. A sickening sense of the danger and horror from which she had escaped rushed over me. I don't know what I said, but I talked very fast and very earnestly. She listened quietly with one

hand shading her face, and then said, that no doubt the moonlight and my imagination had misled me in this way, that in a few days I would join in laughing at the delusion, and that she thought she would go now. I held the hand that she extended with a friendly good-night, and protested my love and my sincerity. She was very gentle and very brutal. She would allow what she was pleased to call my 'fancy' a month in which to die a natural death; if, in spite of her belief, it persisted in living and growing, she would then give me an impartial hearing.

You may think this business-like arrangement and apparent coolness tells against me, but Maidie cannot be judged by the petty standard we apply to ordinary girls. She has such a very superior mind that I should be afraid of her, if she had not with it the eyes and mouth of a little child. I joy in the fact that at least she has not refused me. Ah, I am a lucky fellow!

Two days later.—No, I am an unlucky fellow—the unluckiest fellow on the face of the earth. What have I done, Dan, what crime have I committed, what tremendous call of duty have I turned a deaf ear to, that all this misery should fall upon me? Was there ever such a diabolical entanglement—but wait, I must tell you all about it.

Yesterday, as I sat talking on the porch with Maidie, and rejoicing in the discovery that some utterances of mine were bringing a very delicate pink flush to her cheek, I received a note from—whom do you think? Miss Lulu Arden! The familiar elegant scrawl on the envelope stunned me, but the sweet rueful little note it contained—the contrite remorseful little note—gave me more new and different emotions than I had ever entertained in any previous moment of my existence. Fancy what a delicious morsel that letter was to my half-starved vanity! Imagine the consternation that filled my heart when I glanced at the sweetly unconscious Maidie, and reflected that though we had exchanged no vows, I was certainly her pledged lover; and believe that under it all my heart was exclaiming—'She has come back to me, my little one, my own, she has come back to me!' It seemed as if the words must be audible to Miss Bell also, but she looked like a beautiful statue of indifference, as she sat there with the huge dull old book which she is always carrying about with her. My emotions, like evil spirits, took possession of me, and drove me out from her presence. I walked till I was utterly jaded, but my thoughts travelled farther than my feet. The only right course left for me to pursue was to go to one or the other of these two girls confess all, and abide by the result. But what was this 'all,' that I had to confess, and which one was to be my chosen confidant and rejected love? Certainly not my impulsive, wayward, repentant little Lulu, who still cared so much for her old lover, that she was willing to confess herself in the wrong in their little difference. No, I must go to Maidie, explain that the undying vows made the night before were caused by an attack of emotional insanity; and that I was now myself again. There was only one reason why I should not follow this course: I loved her. I wished with all my heart that Lulu had not written that letter, and yet—and yet—

Without knowing whither my steps tended, I found myself near the pretty domicile where the Ardens are established for the summer. I went in, of course. After the letter I had received, that was what the commonest courtesy demanded. I decided that I would be, to speak brutally, kind but firm. I might be gentle, even affectionate in manner, but she should see that it was not the same kind of gentle affectionateness. There would be an unmistakeable something in my conduct which should convey to her mind, ever so tenderly, the fact that some

things once broken can never be mended again. Strengthened and encouraged by these and similar reflections, I strode up the old familiar walk, and was about to sound a warning of my approach, when the door was flung open, and Lulu stood before me. 'Oh, Alf, dearest,' she exclaimed, 'I knew you would come,' and then she was clinging about my neck and actually shedding a few tears upon it. Well, if ever any unfortunate wretch needed to have an angel weep over him, it was the present writer at that moment. I suppose the gathering twilight obscured the kindness and firmness in my face; at any rate it all melted out of my heart, and left instead an aching sense of tenderness for the girl I was so villainously wronging. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to walk with my arm around her waist to that corner of the sofa which is situated farthest from the vine-clad window, but once established there I felt scared and ashamed and sick. The wages of sin is death, and I felt then, and feel now, that it would be a blessing to me if my wages could be paid up in a hurry.

Yours, in the depths of despair,
ALFRED LEIGH.

III.

JUNE 19th.

MY DEAR FELLOW—I haven't taken your advice—I couldn't do it, somehow. I can't go to Lulu and say: 'Much obliged for your regard, but the fact is my affections are fixed elsewhere at present, and the less we see of each other the better for us both.' You express it in a more elegant and honeyed way, but it has a like barbarous effect. You say the whole thing is as plain as need be. True enough; it is plain to the point of ugliness. Indeed, everything has an uncommonly ugly look at present. Lulu is as confiding and affectionate as ever, and though she never alludes to my altered behaviour (for I have not sunk so low as to act quite the same as I did in years gone by), still I have noticed a shadow on her sensitive little face—a shadow that I do not dare to kiss away. She is stiffly reserved and eagerly warm by turns, and sometimes she gives me a yearning half-tragic look, that cuts me to the heart. And she used to be overflowing with the joy of life—more like a bird than a girl. And you think it possible that I should let her go the rest of her days—

> 'wounded in the wing
> And wounded in the breast,'

to gratify my own selfish desire? *No, sir!* I'll marry her first, and do all the suffering myself.

But in that case should I suffer much after all? Upon my word it is a delicate question. I care for her in a brotherly, chivalrous sort of way very much. I felt a joy when she came back to me that could not altogether be ascribed to gratified vanity. If I had married her before meeting with Miss Bell, I daresay we should have lived happily enough together. But as it is, she does not shame me with a sense of her superiority, nor stimulate me with a profound remark, nor anger me with her indifference, as Maidie sometimes does; neither does she—nor did she ever—inspire me with a lofty sense of the real worth of life, and time, and manhood, as Maidie always does. She (M. B), is the farthest removed from everything that is small, and fussy, and fretful, and tiresome. Spending half an-hour in her presence, is like spending half-a year among the mountains. I usually talk with her a good deal through the day, then call on Lulu Arden in the evening. Oh, I wonder at you, Dan, for stooping to correspond with such a scoundrel as I am turning out to be. I feel a sort of benumbed resignation at the way things are going, but I am powerless to change them. Sometimes I have a terrible suspicion

that one or both of these girls knows all about the other. Just as I penned that sentence, Maidie looked up from the volume of Carlyle she is reading across the table, and our eyes met in a long earnest inquiring glance. My face is burning; I feel exquisitely contemptible.

IV

JUNE 21st.

THIS is the longest day of the year, my friend, but if it was as long as a lifetime, it could not contain all my happiness. There has been a miraculous change for the better since I dropped my pen. I came out of my dilemma as unexpectedly as I got in, and it happened in this way:

Last evening a gentleman called on me. This gentleman was really a heavenly visitant, but as my eyes were not then opened, I only perceived that he was a good-looking young fellow, with a charmingly decided way of speaking his mind.

'I have a long story to tell you,' he said, as I placed a chair, 'but I can give it to you in a few words. You are Miss Arden's lover, I believe.'

I bowed. I was too much staggered to speak.

'Well, so am I. She has been engaged to you longer than to me, but she *loves* me.'

'She does!' I cried, sinking into a chair, and beginning to feel lightheaded.

'I have her own words for it. We became engaged shortly after she broke with you. Then, through a foolish misunderstanding, we were separated for a time, during which you were recalled, for the purpose, I suppose, of showing me the worth of what I had lost. However, that may be, she is in tears and tribulation now, and says, that though she loves me, she will marry nobody but you, because she has given her promise.'

'And thus ruin both our lives.'

'Exactly;' said the youth, looking much encouraged. 'She says she will not wrong you again. I say she can do you no greater wrong than by giving you a wife who does not love you. She is very miserable. She says she feels like a criminal.'

'Ah! there is more than one criminal,' I exclaimed. 'Tell Miss Arden I am just as wicked as she is. I went back to her with only half a heart to place at her feet. She is quite right to choose you. I am sure will make you happy. I am sure you will be good to her.'

We both rose and shook hands in the most cordial way imaginable, and then my visitor, looking a little dazed and very much overjoyed, took his departure, and I went in search of Maidie. I found her in a misty white gown among the climbing roses. She had just returned from a long walk, and the little touch of weariness in her attitude made her enchanting. She gave a brilliant glance and a welcoming smile.

'You look very much excited over something,' she exclaimed. 'What is the matter.'

'Only that I am being gradually consumed with impatience. I can endure to wait, Maidie, but give me something to wait for. Don't keep me on the rack of suspense any longer.'

That is enough, old fellow. The rest of the story is suited only to the delicate ear of a climbing rose. Of course I related the whole history of my sin and suffering, and although she had not suspected a syllable, she was everything that is sympathetic and generous. She is a grand girl, Dan, I cannot believe in my good fortune. We had our first disagreement a few minutes ago, and she began it.

'I should like to see Miss Arden's future husband,' she said. 'He has done me such a good turn, I should be half inclined to fall in love with him.

'No, Maidie,' I said decidedly, 'it is to me he has done the good turn. *I* am the one that is in love with the husband!'

Ever yours, A. L.

REMINISCENCES OF A CANADIAN PIONEER.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY SAMUEL THOMPSON, TORONTO.

(II.)

CHAPTER XII.

LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS.

WE had selected, on the advice of our guide, a tolerably good hard-wood lot in the centre of the Township of Sunnidale, part of which is now the site of the village of New Lowell, on the Northern Railway. To engage a young Scotch axeman from the County of Lanark, on the Ottawa river; to try our virgin axes upon the splendid maples and beeches which it seemed almost a profanation to destroy; to fell half an acre of trees; to build a bark wigwam for our night's lodging; and in time to put up a substantial log shanty, roofed with wooden troughs and 'chinked' with slats and moss—these things were to us more than mortal felicity. Our mansion was twenty-five feet long and eighteen wide. At one end an open fire-place, at the other sumptuous beds laid on flatted logs, cushioned with soft hemlock twigs, redolent of turpentine and health. For our provisions, cakes made of flour; salt pork of the best; tea and coffee without milk; with the occasional luxury of a few partridges and pigeons, and even a haunch of venison of our own shooting; also some potatoes. We wanted no more. There were no other settlers within many miles, and those as raw as ourselves; so we mended our own clothes, did our own cooking, and washed our own linen.

Owing to the tedious length of our sea voyage, there was no time for getting in crops that year; not even fall-wheat; so we had plenty of leisure to make ourselves comfortable for the winter. And we were by no means without visitors. Sometimes a surveyor's party sought shelter for the night on their way to the strangely-named townships of Alta and Zero—now Collingwood and St. Vincent. Among these were Charles Rankin, Esq., now of London; his brother, Arthur Rankin, since M.P. for Essex; a young gentleman from New Orleans, now Dr. Barrett, of Upper Canada College. By-and-by came some Chippawa Indians, *en route* to or from the Christian Islands of Lake Huron; we were great friends with them. I had made a sort of harp or zittern, and they were charmed with its simple music. Their mode of counting money on their fingers was highly comical—'one cop, one cop, one cop, three cop!' and so on up to twenty, which was the largest sum they could accomplish. At night, they wrapped their blankets round them, lay down on the bare earthen floor near the fire, and slept quietly till day-break, when they would start on their way with many smiles and hand-shakings. In fact, our shanty, being the only comfortable shelter between Barrie and

the Georgian Bay, became a sort of half-way house, at which travellers looked for a night's lodging; and we were not sorry when the opening of a log-tavern, a mile off, by an old Scotchwoman, ycleped Mother McNeil, enabled us to select our visitors. This tavern was a curiosity in its way, built of the roughest logs, with no floor, but —the soil being swaley or wet—a mud-hole yawned just inside the door, where bull-frogs not unfrequently saluted the wayfarer with their deepest diapason notes.

I must record my own experiences with their congeners, the toads. We were annoyed by flies, and I noticed an old toad creep stealthily from under the house logs, wait patiently near a patch of sunshine on the floor, and as soon as two or three flies, attracted by the sun's warmth, drew near its post, dart out its long slender tongue, and so catch them all one after another. Improving upon the hint, we afterwards regularly scattered a few grains of sugar, to attract more flies within the old fellow's reach, and thus kept the shanty comparatively clear of those winged nuisances, and secured quiet repose for ourselves in the early mornings. Another toad soon joined the first one, and they became so much at home as to allow us to scratch their backs gently with a stick, when they would heave up their puffed sides to be scrubbed. These toads swallow mice and young ducks, and in their turn fall victims to garter and other snakes.

During the following year, 1834, the Government opened up a settlement on the Sunnidale road, employing the new immigrants in road making, chopping and clearing, and putting up log shanties; and gave them the land so cleared to live on, but without power of sale. In this way, two or three hundred settlers, English, Irish, and Highland Scotch, chiefly the latter, were located in Sunnidale. A Scottish gentleman, a Mr. H. C. Young, was appointed local immigrant agent, and spent some time with us. Eventually it was found that the land was too aguish for settlement, being close to a large cedar swamp extending several miles to the Nottawasaga river; and on the representation of the agent, it was in 1835 determined to transfer operations to the adjoining township of Nottawasaga, in which the town of Collingwood is now situated.

It was about this time that the prospect of a railway from Toronto to the Georgian Bay was first mooted, the mouth of the Nottawasaga River being the expected terminus. A talented Toronto engineer, whose name I think was Lynn, published a pamphlet containing an outline route for the railroad, which was extended through to the North-West. To him, doubtless, is due the first practical suggestion of a Canadian Pacific Railway. We, in Sunnidale, were confidently assured that the line would pass directly through our own land, and many a weary sigh at hope deferred did the delusion cost us.

CHAPTER XIII.

SOME GATHERINGS FROM NATURAL HISTORY.

I NEED not weary the reader with details of our farming proceedings, which differed in no respect from the now well-known routine of bush life. I will, however, add one or two notices of occurrences which may be thought worth relating. We were not without wild animals in our bush. Bears, wolves, foxes, racoons, skunks, mink and ermine among beasts; eagles, jays, many kinds of hawks, wook-peckers, loons, partridges and pigeons, besides a host of other birds, were common enough. Bears' nests abounded, consisting of a kind of arbour which the bear makes for himself in the top of the loftiest beech trees, by dragging towards him all the branches laden with their wealth of nuts, upon which he feasts at leisure. The marks

of his formidable claws are plainly visible the whole length of the trunks of most large beech-trees. In Canada West the bear is seldom dangerous. One old gentleman, which we often encountered, haunted a favourite raspberry patch on the road-side; when anybody passed near him he would scamper off in such haste that I have seen him dash himself violently against any tree or fallen branch that might be in his way. Once we saw a bear roll himself headlong from the forks of a tree fully forty feet from the ground, tumbling over and over, but alighting safely, and 'making tracks' with the utmost expedition.

Wolves often disturbed us with their hideous howlings. We had a beautiful liver and-white English setter, called Dash, with her two pups. One night in winter, poor Dash, whom we kept within doors, was excited by the yelping of her pups outside, which appeared to be alarmed by some intruder about the premises. A wolf had been seen prowling near, so we got out our guns and whatever weapon was handy, but incautiously opened the door and let out the slut before we were ourselves quite dressed. She rushed out in eager haste, and in a few seconds we heard the wolf and dog fighting, with the most frightful discord of yells and howls that ever deafened the human ear. The noise ceased as suddenly as it had begun. We followed as fast as we could to the scene of the struggle, but found nothing there except a trampled space in the snow stained with blood, the dog having evidently been killed and dragged away. Next morning we followed the track further, and found at no great distance another similar spot, where the wolf had devoured its victim so utterly, that not a hair, bone, nor anything else was left, save the poor animal's heart, which had been flung away to a little distance in the snow. Beyond this were no signs of blood. We set a trap for the wolf, and traced it for miles in the hope of avenging poor Dash, but without effect. This same wolf, we heard afterwards, was killed by a settler with a handspike, to our great satisfaction.

Among our neighbours of the Sunnidale settlement was a married couple from England, named Sewell, very well-conducted and industrious. They had a fair little child under two years old, named Hetty, whom we often stopped to admire for her prettiness and engaging simplicity. They also possessed, and were very proud of, several broods of newly-hatched chickens, some of which had been carried off by an immense falcon, which would swoop down from the lofty elm-trees, still left standing in the half-chopped clearing, too suddenly to be easily shot. One day Hetty was feeding the young chickens when the hawk pounced upon the old hen, which struggled desperately; whereupon little Hetty bravely joined in the battle, seized the intruder by the wings from behind, and held him fast, crying out loudly, 'I've got him, mother!' It turned out, after the hawk was killed, that it had been blind of one eye.

It was one night in November, 1834, when our axeman, William Whitelaw, who had gone off after eleven o'clock to fetch a new log for the fire, shouted to us to come out and see a strange sight. Lazily we complied, expecting nothing extraordinary; but, on getting into the cold frosty air outside, we were transfixed with astonishment and admiration. Our clearing being small, and the timber partly hemlock, we seemed to be environed with a dense black wall the height of the forest trees, while over all, in dazzling splendour, shone a canopy of the most brilliant meteors, radiating in all directions from a single point in the heavens, nearly over-head, but slightly to the north-west. I have since read all the descriptions of meteoric showers I could find in our scientific annals, and watched year after year for a return of the same wonderful vision, but neither in the records of history nor

since that night have I heard of or seen anything so marvellously beautiful. Hour after hour we gazed in wonder and awe, as the radiant messengers streamed on their courses, sometimes singly, sometimes in starry cohorts of thousands, appearing to descend amongst the trees close beside us, but in reality shooting far beyond the horizon. Those who have looked upwards during a fall of snow will remember how the large flakes seem to radiate from a centre. Thus I believe astronomers account for the appearance of these showers of stars, by the circumstance that they meet the earth full in its orbit, and so dart past it from an opposite point, like a flight of birds confronting a locomotive, or a storm of hail directly facing a vessel under full steam. No description I have read has given even a faint idea of the reality as I saw it on that memorable night. From eleven p.m. to three in the morning, the majestic spectacle continued in full glory, gradually fading away before the approach of daybreak.

We often had knotty and not very logical discussions about the origin of seeds, and the cause of the thick growth of new varieties of plants and trees wherever the forest had been burnt over. On our land, and everywhere in the immediate neighbourhood, the process of clearing by fire was sure to be followed by a spontaneous growth, first of fire-weed or wild lettuce, and secondly by a crop of young cherry-trees, so thick as to choke one another. At other spots, where pine-trees had stood for a century, the out-come of their destruction by fire was invariably a thick growth of raspberries, with poplars of the aspen variety. Our Celtic friends, most of whom were pious Presbyterians, insisted that a new creation of plants must be constantly going on to account for such miraculous growth. To test the matter, I scooped up a handful of black soil from our clearing, washed it, and got a small tea-cupful of cherry-stones, exactly similar to those growing in the forest. The cause of this surprising accumulation of seed was not far to find. A few miles distant was a pigeon-roost. In spring, the birds would come flying round the east shore of Lake Huron, skirting the Georgian Bay, in such vast clouds as to darken the sun; and so swiftly that swan-shot failed to bring them down unless striking them in rear; and, even then, we rarely got them, as the velocity of their flight impelled them far into the thicket before falling. These beautiful creatures attacked our crops with serious results, and devoured all our young peas. I have known twenty-five pigeons killed at a single shot; and have myself got a dozen by firing at random into a maple-tree on which they had alighted, but where not one had been visible.

The pigeon-roost itself was a marvel. Men, women and children went by the hundred, some with guns, but the majority with baskets, to pick up the countless birds that had been disabled by the fall of great branches of trees broken off by the weight of their roosting comrades overhead. The women skinned the birds, cut off their plump breasts, throwing the remainder away, and packed them in barrels with salt, for keeping. To these pigeons we were, doubtless, indebted for our crop of young cherry-trees.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR REMOVAL TO NOTTAWASAGA.

IN the autumn of 1835, we were favoured with a visit from Mr. A. B. Hawke, chief emigrant agent for Upper Canada, and a gentleman held in general esteem, as a friend to emigrants, and a kind-hearted man. He slept, or rather tried to sleep, at our shanty. It was very hot weather, the mosquitoes were in full vigour, and the tortures they inflicted on the poor man were truly pitiable. We being acclimatised, could cover our heads, and

lie *perdu*, sleeping in spite of the humming hosts outside. But our visitor had learnt no such philosophy. He threw off the bedclothes on account of the heat; slapped his face and hands to kill his tormentors; and actually roared with pain and anger, relieving himself now and then by objurgations mingled with expletives not a little profane. It was impossible to resist laughing at the desperate emphasis of his protests, although our mirth did not help much to soothe the annoyance, at which, however, he could not help laughing in turn.

Mosquitoes do not plague all night, and our friend got a little repose in the cool of the morning, but vowed, most solemnly, that nothing should induce him to pass another night in Sunnidale.

To this circumstance, perhaps, were we indebted for the permission we soon afterwards obtained, to exchange our Sunnidale lot for one in Nottawasaga, where some clearing had been done by the new settlers, on what was called the Scotch line; and gladly we quitted our first location for land decidedly more eligible for farm purposes, although seventeen miles further distant from Barrie, which was still the only village within reasonably easy access.

We had obtained small government contracts for corduroying, or causewaying, the many swampy spots on the Sunnidale road, which enabled us to employ a number of axemen, and to live a little more comfortably. And about this time, Mr. Young being in weak health, and quite unequal to the hardships of bush life, resigned his agency, and got my brother Thomas appointed temporarily as his successor; so we had the benefit of a good log-house he had built on the Nottawasaga road, near the Batteau creek, on which is now situated the Batteau station of the Northern Railway. We abode there until we found time to cut a road to our land, and afterwards to erect a comfortable cedar-log house thereon.

Here, with a large open clearing around us, plenty of neighbours, and a sawmill at no great distance, we were able to make our home nearly as comfortable as are the majority of Canadian farm-houses of to day. We had a neat picket-fenced garden, a large double-log barn, a yoke of oxen, and plenty of poultry. The house stood on a handsome rising eminence, and commanded a noble prospect, which included the Georgian Bay, visible at a distance of six miles, and the Christian islands, twenty miles further north. The land was productive, and the air highly salubrious.

Would some of my readers like to know how to raise a log-barn? I shall try to teach them. For such an undertaking much previous labour and foresight are required. In our case, fortunately, there was a small cedar swamp within a hundred paces of the site we had chosen for our barn, which was picturesquely separated from the house by a small ravine some thirty feet deep, with a clear spring of the sweetest and coldest water flowing between. The barn was to consist of two large bays, each thirty feet square and eight logs high, with a threshing floor twelve feet wide between, the whole combined into one by an upper story or loft, twenty by seventy-two feet, and four logs high, including the roof-plates.

It will be seen, then, that to build such a barn would require sixty-four logs of thirty feet each for the lower story; and sixteen more of the same length as well as eight of seventy two feet each for the loft. Our handy swamp provided all these, not from standing trees only, but from many fallen patriarchs buried four or five feet under the surface in black muck, and perfectly sound. To get them out of the mud required both skill and patience. All the branches having been cleared off as thoroughly as possible, the entire tree was drawn out by those most patient of all patient drudges, the oxen, and when on solid

ground, sawn to the required length. A number of skids were also provided, of the size and kind already described, and plenty of handspikes.

Having got these prime essentials ready, the next business was to summon our good neighbours to a 'raising bee.' On the day named, accordingly, we had about thirty practised axemen on the ground by day-break, all in the best of spirits, and confident in their powers for work. Eight of the heaviest logs, about two feet thick, had been placed in position as sleepers or foundation logs, duly saddled at the corners. Parallel with these at a distance of twenty feet were ranged in order all the logs required to complete the building on either side.

Well, now we begin. Eight of the smartest men jump at once on the eight corners. In a few minutes each of the four men in front has his saddle ready —that is, he has chopped his end of the first log into an angular shape, thus Λ. The four men in rear have done the same thing no less expeditiously, and all are waiting for the next log. Meanwhile, at the ends of both bays, four several parties of three men each, stationed below, have placed their skids in a sloping position—the upper end on the rising wall and the lower on the ground—and up these skids they roll additional logs transversely to those already in position. These are received by the corner-men above, and carefully adjusted in their places according to their 'natural lie,' that is, so that they will be least likely to make the wall unsteady; then turned half-back to receive the undercut, which should be exactly an inverse counterpart of the saddle. A skilful hand will make this undercut with unerring certainty, so that the log when turned forward again, will fit down upon its two saddles without further adjustment. Now for more logs back and front; then others at the ends, and so on, every log fitted as before, and each one somewhat lighter than its predecessor. All this time the oxen have been busily employed in drawing more logs where needed. The skids have to be re-adjusted for every successive log, and a supply of new logs rolled up as fast as wanted. The quick strokes of eight axes wielded by active fellows perched on the still rising walls, and balancing themselves dexterously and even gracefully as they work, the constant demand for 'another log,' and the merry voices and rough jokes of the workers, altogether form as lively and exciting a picture as is often witnessed. Add to these a bright sky and a fresh breeze, with the beautiful green back-ground of the noble hardwood trees around—and I know of no mere pleasure party that I would rather join.

Breakfast and dinner form welcome interludes. Ample stores of provender, meat, bread, potatoes, puddings various, tea and coffee, have been prepared and are thoroughly enjoyed, inasmuch as they are rare luxuries to many of the guests. Then again to work, until the last crowning effort of all—the raising of the seventy-two-foot logs—has to be encountered. Great care is necessary here, as accidents are not infrequent. The best skids, the stoutest handspikes, the strongest and hardiest men, must be selected. Our logs being cedar and therefore light, there was comparatively little danger; and they were all successfully raised, and well secured by cross-girders before sundown.

Then, and not till then, after supper, a little whiskey was allowed. Teetotalism had not made its way into our backwoods; and we were considered very straightlaced indeed, to set our faces as we did against all excess. Our Highland and Irish neighbours looked upon the weak stuff sold in Canada with supreme contempt; and recollecting our Galway experience, we felt no surprise thereat.

The roofing such a building is a subsequent operation, for which no 'bee' is required. Shingles four feet long, on round rafters, are generally used for log barns, to be replaced at some future

day by more perfect roofing. A well-made cedar barn will stand for forty years with proper care, by which time there should be no difficulty in replacing it by a good substantial, roomy frame building.

CHAPTER XV.

SOCIETY IN THE BACKWOODS.

SIR JOHN COLBORNE, as has been mentioned already, did all in his power to induce well-to do immigrants, and particularly military men, to settle on lands west and north of Lake Simcoe. Some of these gentlemen were entitled, in those days, to draw from three to twelve hundred acres of land in their own right; but the privilege was of very doubtful value. Take an example. Captain Workman, with his wife, highly educated and thoroughly estimable people, were persuaded to select their land on the Georgian Bay, near the site of the present village of Meaford. A small rivulet which enters the bay there, is still called "the Captain's creek." To get there, they had to go to Penetanguishene, then a military station, now the seat of a Reformatory for boys. From thence they embarked on scows, with their servants, furniture, cows, farm implements and provisions. Rough weather obliged them to land on one of the Christian Islands, very bleak spots outside of Penetanguishene harbour, occupied only by a few Chippewa Indians. After nearly two weeks' delay and severe privation, they at length reached their destination, and had then to camp out until a roof could be put up to shelter them from the storms, not uncommon on that exposed coast.

We had ourselves, along with others, taken up additional land on what was called 'the Blue Mountains,' which are considered to be a spur of the Alleghanies, extending northerly across by Niagara, from the State of New York. The then newly-surveyed townships of St. Vincent and Euphrasia were attracting settlers, and amongst them our axeman, Whitelaw, and many more of the like class. To reach this land, we had bought a smart sail-boat, and in her enjoyed ourselves by coasting from the Nottawasaga river north-westerly along the bay. In this way we happened one evening to put in at the little harbour where Capt. Workman had chosen his location. It was early in the spring. The snows from the uplands had swollen the rivulet into a rushing torrent. The garden, prettily laid out, was converted into an island, the water whirling and eddying close to the house both in front and rear, and altogether presenting a scene of wild confusion. We found the captain highly excited, but bravely contending with his watery adversary; the lady of the house in a state of alarmed perplexity; the servants at their wits' end, hurrying here and there with little effect. Fortunately, when we got there the actual danger was past, the waters subsiding rapidly during the night. But it struck us as a most cruel and inconsiderate act on the part of the Government, to expose tenderly reared families to hazards which even the rudest of rough pioneers would not care to encounter.

After enduring several years of severe hardship, and expending a considerable income in this out-of-the-world spot, Captain Workman and his family removed to Toronto, and afterwards to England, wiser, perhaps, but no richer certainly, than when they left the old country.

A couple of miles along the shore, we found another military settler, Lieutenant Waddell, who had served as brigade-major at the Battle of Waterloo; with him were his wife, two sons, and two daughters. On landing, the first person we encountered was the eldest son, John—a youth of twenty years—six feet in stature at

least, and bearing on his shoulder, sustained by a stick thrust through its gills, a sturgeon, so large that its tail trailed on the ground behind him. He had just caught it with a floating line. Here again the same melancholy story: Ladies delicately nurtured, exposed to rough labour, and deprived of all the comforts of civilized life, exhausting themselves in weary struggle with the elements. Brave soldiers in the decline of life, condemned to tasks only adapted to hinds and navvies. What worse fate can be reserved for Siberian exiles! This family also soon removed to Toronto, and afterwards to Niagara, where the kindly, excellent old soldier is well remembered; then to Chatham, where he became barrack-master, and died there. His son, John Waddell, married into the Eberts family, and prospered; later he was member for Kent; and ultimately met his death by drowning on a lumbering excursion in the Georgian Bay. Other members of the family now reside at Goderich.

Along the west shore of Lake Simcoe, several other military and naval officers, with their households, were scattered. Some, whose names I shall not record, had left their families at home, and brought out with them female companions of questionable position, whom, nevertheless, they introduced as their wives. The appearance of the true wives rid the county of the scandal and its actors.

Conspicuous among the best class of gentlemen settlers was the late Col. E. G. O'Brien, of Shanty Bay, near Barrie, of whom I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. Capt. St. John, of Lake Couchiching, was equally respected. The Messrs. Lally, of Medonte; Walker, of Tecumseth and Barrie; Sibbald, of Kempenfeldt Bay; are all names well known in those days, as are also many others of the like class. But where are the results of the policy which sent them there? What did they gain—what have their families and descendants gained—by the ruinous outlay to which they were subjected? With one or two exceptions, absolutely nothing but wasted means and saddest memories.

It is pleasant to turn to a different class of settlers—the hardy Scots, Irish, English, and Germans, to whom the counties of Simcoe and Grey stand indebted for their present state of prosperity. The Sunnidale settlement was ill-chosen, and therefore a failure. But in the north of that township, much better land and a healthier situation are found, and there, as well as in Nottawasaga adjoining, the true conditions of rational colonization, and the practical development of those conditions, are plainly to be seen.

The system of clearing five acre lots, and erecting log shanties thereon, to be given to immigrants without power of sale, which was commenced in Sunnidale, was continued in Nottawasaga. The settlement was called the Scotch line, nearly all the people being from the islands of Arran and Islay, lying off Argyleshire, in Scotland. Very few of them knew a word of English. There were Campbells, McGillivrays, Livingstons, McDiarmids, McAlmons, McNees, Jardines, and other characteristic names. The chief man among them was Angus Campbell, who had been a tradesman of some kind in the old country, and exercised a beneficial influence over the rest. He was well informed, sternly Presbyterian, and often reminded us of douce Davie Deans in the 'Heart of Midlothian.' One of the Livingstons was a schoolmaster. They were, one and all, hardy and industrious folk. Day after day, month after month, year after year, added to their wealth and comfort. Cows were purchased, and soon became common. There were a few oxen and horses before long. When I visited the township of Nottawasaga some years since, I found Angus Campbell, postmaster and justice of the peace; Andrew Jardine, township clerk or treasurer; and McDiarmids, Livingstons, Shaws, &c., spread all over the surrounding country, pos-

sessing large farms richly stocked, good barns well filled, and even commodious frame houses comfortably furnished. They ride to church or market in handsome buggies well horsed; have their temperance meetings and political gatherings of the most zealous sort, and altogether present a model specimen of a prosperous farming community. What has been said of the Scotch, is no less applicable to the Irish, Germans and English, who formed the minority in that township. I hear of their sons, and their sons' sons, as thriving farmers and storekeepers, all over Ontario.

Our axeman, Whitelaw, was of Scottish parentage, but a Canadian by birth, and won his way with the rest. He settled in St. Vincent, married a smart and pretty Irish lass, had sons and daughters, acquired a farm of five hundred acres, of which he cleared and cultivated a large portion almost single-handed, and in time became able to build the finest frame house in the township; served as reeve, was a justice of peace, and even a candidate for parliament, in which, well for himself, he failed. His excessive labours, however, brought on asthma, of which he died not long since, leaving several families of descendants to represent him.

I could go on with the list of prosperous settlers of this class, to fill a volume. Some of the young men entered the ministry, and I recognise their names occasionally at Presbyterian and Wesleyan conventions. Some, less fortunate, wandered away to Iowa and Illinois, and there died victims to ague and heat.

But if we 'look on this picture and on that;' if we compare the results of the settlement of educated people and of the labouring classes, the former withering away and leaving no sign behind—the latter growing in numbers and advancing in wealth and position until they fill the whole land, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion, that except as leaders and teachers of their companions, gentlefolk of refined tastes and of superior education, have no place in the bush, and should shun it as a wild delusion and a cruel snare.

CHAPTER XVI.

MORE ABOUT NOTTAWASAGA AND ITS PEOPLE.

AMONG the duties handed over to my brother Thomas, by his predecessor in the emigrant agency, was the care of a large medicine chest full of quinine, rhubarb, jalap, and a host of other drugs, strong enough for horses as well as men, including a long catalogue of poisons, such as arsenic, belladonna, vitriol, &c. To assist in the distribution of this rather formidable charge, a copy of 'Buchan's Domestic Medicine' was added. My brother had no taste for drugs, and therefore deputed the care of the medicine chest to me. So I studied 'Buchan' zealously, and was fortunate to secure the aid of an old army serjeant, an Irishman who had been accustomed to camp hospital life, and knew how to bleed, and treat wounds. Time and practice gave me courage to dispense the medicines, which I did cautiously and so successfully as to earn the soubriquet of 'Doctor,' and to be sought after in cases both dangerous and difficult. As, however, about this time, a clever, licensed practitioner had established himself at Barrie, thirty-four miles distant, I declined to prescribe in serious cases, except in one or two of great urgency. A Prussian soldier named Murtz, had received a gun-shot wound in the chest at Quatre Bras, and had frequently suffered therefrom. One day in winter, when the thermometer ranged far below zero, this man had been threshing in our barn, when he was seized with inflammation of the chest, and forced to return home. As it appeared

to be a case of life and death, I acted boldly, ordered bleeding, a blister on the chest, and poultices to the feet —in fact, everything that Buchan directed. My brave serjeant took charge of the patient; and between us, or perhaps in spite of us, the man got over the attack. The singular part of the case was, that the bullet wound never troubled him afterwards, and he looked upon me as the first of living physicians.

In 1836, a party of Pottewatomie Indians, preferring allegiance to the Queen, was allowed to leave the State of Michigan and settle in Canada. They travelled from Sarnia through the woods, along the eastern shore of Lake Huron, and passed through Nottawasaga, on their way to Penetanguishene. Between the Scotch line and Sunnidale, near the present village of Stayner, lived an old Highland piper named Campbell, very partial to whiskey and dirt. There were two or three small clearings grouped together, and the principal crop was potatoes, nearly full grown. The old man was sitting sunning himself at his shanty-door. The young men were all absent at mill or elsewhere, and none but women and children about, when a party of Indians, men and squaws with their papooses, came stealing from the woods, and very quietly began to dig the potatoes with their fingers and fill their bags with the spoil. The poor old piper was horribly frightened and perplexed; and in his agitation could think of nothing but climbing on to his shanty roof, which was covered with earth, and there playing with all his might upon his Highland pipes, partly as a summons for assistance from his friends, partly to terrify the enemy. But the enemy were not at all terrified. They gathered in a ring round the shanty, laughed, danced, and enjoyed the fun immensely; nor would they pass on until the return of some of the younger settlers relieved the old piper from his elevated post. In the meantime, the presence and efforts of the women of the settlement sufficed to rescue their potato crop.

CHAPTER XVII.

A RUDE WINTER EXPERIENCE.

THE chief inconvenience we sustained in Nottawasaga arose from the depth of snow in winter, which was generally four feet, and sometimes more. We had got our large log barn well filled with grain and hay. Two feet of snow had fallen during the day, and continued through the night. Next morning, to our great tribulation, neither roof nor snow was to be seen on the barn, the whole having fallen inside. No time was to be lost. My share of the work was to hurry to the Scotch line, there to warn every settler to send at least one stout hand to assist in re-raising the roof. None but those who have suffered can imagine what it is to have to walk at speed through several feet of soft snow. The sinews of the knees very soon begin to be painfully affected, and finally to feel as if they were being cut with a sharp knife. This is what Indians call 'snow-evil, their cure for which is to apply a hot coal to the spot, thus raising a blister. I toiled on, however, and once in the settlement, walked with comparative ease. Everybody was ready and eager to help, and so we had plenty of assistance at our need, and before night got our barn roof restored.

The practice of exchanging work is universal in new settlements; and, indeed, without it nothing of importance can be effected. Each man gives a day's work to his neighbour, for a logging or raising bee; and looks for the same help when he is ready for it. Thus, as many as twenty or forty able axemen can be relied upon at an emergency.

At a later time, some of us became expert in the use of snow-shoes, and

took long journeys through the woods, not merely with ease but with a great deal of pleasure. As a rule, snow is far from being considered an evil in the backwoods, on account of the very great facility it affords for travelling and teaming, both for business and pleasure, as well as for the aid it gives to the hunter or trapper.

My own feelings on the subject, I found leisure to embody in the following verses :—

THE TRAPPER.

Away, away ! my dog and I !
The woodland boughs are bare,
The radiant sun shines warm and high,
The frost-flake* gems the air.

Away, away ! thro' forests wide
Our course is swift and free ;
Warm 'neath the snow the saplings hide—
Its ice-crust firm pace we.

The partridge † with expanded crest
Struts proudly by his mate ;
The squirrel trims its glossy vest,
Or eats its nut in state.

Quick echoes answer, shrill and short,
The woodcock's frequent cry ;
We heed them not—a keener sport
We seek—my dog and I.

Far in the woods our traps are set
In loneliest, thickest glade,
Where summer's soil is soft and wet,
And dark firs lend their shade.

Hurrah ! a gallant spoil is here
To glad a trapper's sight—
The warm-clad marten, sleek and fair,
The ermine soft and white ;
Or mink, or fox—a welcome prize—
Or useful squirrel grey,
Or wild-cat fierce with flaming eyes,
Or fisher,‡ meaner prey.

On, on ! the cautious toils once more
Are set—the task is done ;
Our pleasant morning's labour o'er,
Our pastime but begun.

Away, away ! till fall of eve,
The deer-track be our guide,
The antler'd stag our quarry brave,
Our park the forest wide.

At night, the bright fire at our feet,
Our couch the wigwam dry—
No laggard tastes a rest so sweet
As thou, good dog, and I.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FOREST WEALTH OF CANADA.

HAVING been accustomed to gardening all my life, I have taken great pleasure in roaming the bush in search of botanical treasures of all kinds, and have often thought that it would be easy to fill a large and showy garden with the native plants of Canada alone.

But of course, her main vegetable wealth consists in the forests with which the whole of the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario were formerly clothed. In the country around the Georgian Bay, especially, abound the very finest specimens of hardwood timber. Standing on a hill overlooking the river Saugeen at the village of Durham, one sees for twenty miles round scarcely a single pine tree in the whole prospect. The townships of Arran and Derby when first sur-

* On a fine, bright winter morning, when the slight feathery crystals formed from the congealed dew, which have silently settled on the trees during the night, are wafted thence by the morning breeze, filling the translucent atmosphere with innumerable minute, sparkling stars ; when the thick, strong coat of ice on the four-foot deep snow is slightly covered by the same fine, white dust, betraying the footprint of the smallest wild animal—on such a morning the hardy trapper is best able to follow his solitary pursuits. In the glorious winters of Canada, he will sometimes remain from home for days, or even weeks, with no companions but his dog and rifle, and no other shelter than such as his own hands can procure—carried away by his ardour for the sport, and the hope of the rich booty which usually rewards his perseverance.

† The partridge of Canada—a grey variety of grouse—not only displays a handsome black-barred tail like that of the turkey, but has the power of erecting his head-feathers, as well as of spreading a black fan-like tuft placed on either side of his neck. Although timid when alarmed, he is not naturally shy, but at times may be approached near enough to observe his very graceful and playful habits—a facility of access for which the poor bird commonly pays with his life.

‡ Dr. Johnson, in one of his peculiar moods, has described the *fitchew* or *fitchat*, which is here called the 'fisher,' as '*a stinking little beast that robs the hen-roost and warren*'—a very ungrateful libel upon an animal that supplies exceedingly useful fur for common purposes.

veyed, were wonderfully studded with noble trees. Oak, elm, beech, butternut, ash and maple, seemed to vie with each other in the size of their stems and the spread of their branches. In our own clearing in St. Vincent, the axemen considered that five of these great forest kings would occupy an acre of ground, leaving little space for younger trees or underbrush.

I once saw a white or wainscoat oak that measured fully twelve feet in circumference at the butt, and eighty feet clear of branches. This noble tree must have contained somewhere about seven thousand square feet of inch boarding, and would represent a value approaching one hundred and thirty pounds sterling in the English market. White and black ash, black birch, red beech, maple and even basswood or lime, are of little, if any, less intrinsic worth. Rock elm is very valuable, competing as it does with hickory for many purposes.

When residing in the City of Quebec, in the year 1859-60, I published a series of articles in the Quebec *Advertiser*, descriptive of the hardwoods of Ontario. The lumber merchants of that city held then, that their correspondents in Liverpool were so wedded to old-fashioned ideas, that they would not so much as look at any price-list except for pine and the few other woods for which there was an assured demand. But I know that my papers were transmitted home, and they may possibly have converted some few readers, as, since then, our rock elm, our white ash, and the black birch of Lower Canada, have been in increased demand, and are regularly quoted at London and Liverpool. But even though old country dealers should make light of our products, that is no reason why we should undervalue them ourselves.

Not merely is our larger timber improvidently wasted, but the smaller kinds, such as blue beech, ironwood or hornbeam, buttonwood or plane tree, and red and white cedar, are swept away without a thought of their great marketable value in the Old World.*

It seems absolute fatuity to allow this waste of our natural wealth to go on unheeded? We send our pine across the Atlantic, as if it were the most valuable wood that we have, instead of being, as it really is, amongst the most inferior. From our eastern seaports white oak is shipped in the form of staves chiefly, also some ash, birch and elm. So far well. But what about the millions of tons of hardwood of all kinds which we destroy annually for fuel, and which ought to realize, if exported, four times as many millions of dollars?

Besides the plain, straight-grained timber which we burn up to get it out of the way, there are our ornamental woods—our beautiful curled and bird's eye maple, our waved ash, our serviceable butternut or yellow walnut, our comely cherry, and even our exquisite black walnut, all doomed to the same perdition. Little of this waste would occur if once the owners of land felt that a market could be got for their timber. Cheese and butter factories for export, have already spread over the land—why not furniture factories also? Why not warm ourselves with the coal of Nova Scotia, of Manitoba, and, by-and-by, of the Saskatchewan, and spare our forest treasures for nobler uses? Would not this whole question be a fitting subject for the appointment of a competent parliamentary commission?

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* I have myself sold red cedar in London at sixpence sterling per square foot, inch thick. Lime (or basswood) was sold at twopence, and ash and beech at about the same price. White or yellow pine was then worth one penny, or just half the value of basswood. These are retail prices. On referring to the London wholesale quotations for July. 1881, I find these statements fully borne out. It will be news to most of my readers, that Canadian black birch has been proved by test, under the authority of the British Admiralty, to be of greater specific gravity than English oak, and therefore better fitted for ships' flooring, for which purpose it is now extensively used. Also for staircases in large mansions.

To me these reflections are not the birth of to-day, but date from my bush residence in the township of Nottawasaga. If I should succeed now in bringing them effectively before my fellow Canadians ere it is too late, I shall feel that I have neither thought nor written in vain.

CHAPTER XIX.

FAREWELL TO THE BACKWOODS.

FOR nearly three years we continued to work contentedly our bush farm. At the end of that time, two of our sisters unexpectedly joined us, fresh from the county of Surrey, and all the comforts of English life. Their consternation at the rudeness of the accommodations which we had considered rather luxurious than otherwise, dispelled all our illusions, and made us think seriously of moving nearer to Toronto. I was the first to feel the need of change, and as I had occasionally walked ninety miles to the city, and the same distance back again, to draw money for our road contracts, and had gained some friends there, it took me very little time to make up my mind. My brothers and sisters remained throughout the following winter, and then removed to Bradford.

Not that the bush has ever lost its charms for me. I still delight to escape thither, to roam at large, admiring the stately trees with their graceful outlines of varied foliage, seeking in their delicious shade for ferns and all kinds of wild plants, forgetting the turmoil and anxieties of the business world, and wishing I could leave it behind for ever and aye. In some such mood it was that I wrote—

'COME TO THE WOODS.'*

Come to the woods—the dark old woods,
  Where our life is blithe and free ;
No thought of sorrow or strife intrudes
  Beneath the wild woodland tree.

Our wigwam is raised with skill and care,
  In some quiet forest nook ;
Our heathful fare is of ven'son rare,
  Our draught from the crystal brook.

In summer we trap the beaver shy,
  In winter we chase the deer,
And, summer or winter, our days pass by
  In honest and hearty cheer.

And when at the last we fall asleep
  On mother earth's ancient breast,
The forest-dirge deep shall o'er us sweep,
  And lull us to peaceful rest.

* These lines were set to music by the late J. P. Clarke, Mus. Bac. of Toronto University, in his 'Songs of Canada.'

THE RAINBOW AND THE ROCK.

BY T. C. JEFFERS, TORONTO.

Not long ago
I stood beside a broad and eager river
That, with silver locks thrown back, rushed on
And rolled its solemn thunder o'er the brink
Of a dread precipice, through dizzy space
To fearful depths below—thence sweeping on
In dark-grey majesty to the great sea.

Long lingered I, with tumult filled, to view
The river's passion, and the agony
With which it vainly struggled on the brink—
Then hurled its strength in one, grand, massy curve
Upon the rocks beneath. But soon I spied,
Far down, without the falling waters' verge,
A mighty crag, that figured to the eye
Great Milton's *Satan*, for it erst had poise
Amid the chafing surf above, but now,
O'erthrown by mightier powers, it lay below,
A kingly ruin, mocked by wind and wave.
Ah me, what years of pain were written there!
O'er its vast forehead cruel scars were traced,
Deep-furrowed in the sombre red, and these
Glowed through the streaming wet with strangest lustre
Upward to the Heav'ns. The dashing spray,
Chief cause of these sad wounds, beat ceaselessly
On its defenceless breast, and harrowed up
New torments; till, from every gleaming point
And crevice in its seamèd front, looked up
The very Genius of despairing woe!
The Sun had gathered up his glory-robes
And hid him in a cloud. Chilly and dark
Seemed everything, and gazing downward still
Strong pity shook my soul. 'Poor stone,' I sighed,
'Poor chainèd Rock, no cheering influence
Or kindly aid can reach thee where thou liest
Far below. Eternal anguish thine!
Nor peace nor hope! the while remorseless thunders
Pour through this grim vale, and shake thy couch
With prophecies of doom.' More had I said
But presently out glanced the noon-day Sun,
And flooded all the world with light and joy!
Breathlessly I turned my gaze upon the rock,
And lo! the sunbeams, gliding from on high,
Had wedded with the floating spray, and now
An infant rainbow—fairest, softest birth!—
In trembling beauty overhung the stone,
And nestled on its breast, while blessed tears
O'er its illumined surface shining crept
And, mingling with the joyous tide, strayed on
I know not where, but when I turned to go
I found them swiftly rolling down my cheek.

SIX DAYS OF RURAL FELICITY.

A SUMMER ID(LE)YL IN PROSE.

BY T. H. F.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH IS A SHORT CHAPTER OF EARLY AUTOBIOGRAPHY ESSENTIAL TO THE READER'S PROPER UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT FOLLOWS.

I AM a bachelor. I will not say an old one—a point upon which I am particularly sensitive—for my age is supposed to range anywhere between thirty-five and forty, and I stoutly deny that he who has not fully attained to that latter period in his existence can be properly called an *old* bachelor.

I am employed, in a clerical capacity, in one of the largest banking-houses in London ; largest I mean in respect to the amount of daily business transacted, and not the number of square feet contained within the four walls of the establishment, which is in fact one of the smallest, darkest, and dingiest in one of the oldest and gloomiest quarters of the city.

An excessive bashfulness, combined with a fervent imagination and a highly poetic temperament, are my chief natural characteristics, to which latter I attribute the fact of having been afflicted through my youth, and a considerable portion of my early manhood, with that unhappy complaint, sometimes known as *cacoethes scribendi.* What time I could snatch from my regular school duties I would furtively apply to the study of the works of Byron and Moore, selecting the former as the model, after which I should mould and develop my own budding genius. Afterwards, if a doubt ever arose in my mind with respect to the compatibility between lofty poetical aspirations and the dull prosaic fact by which I was confronted, of one eternal round of figures, with which indeed my whole daily existance seemed identified, I instantly dismissed it ; for had I not before me the illustrious precedent afforded by the banker-poet Rogers, proving that business pursuits were not incompatible with a successful cultivation of the literary art. And was there not Charles Lamb, and —— Dr. Benjamin Bolus? though they hardly fitted my case exactly as the former.

I flattered myself that I possessed all the distinguishing eccentricities of genius. Was not Dr. Johnson in the habit of tonching with his finger all the street posts by which he passed ; and did not Lord Byron once pound a costly marble-table to pieces with a hammer, because he happened to stumble over it in the dark, and at another time hurl an inkstand through an open window, because it overflowed when he dipped his pen in it? and I felt sure that I had done things equally unreasonable and absurd. The first rude shock this pleasing idea received was once when a friend, whose

candour I could not sufficiently admire, and in whose kind intentions and general soundness of judgment I placed the most implicit confidence, told me I certainly did possess all the distinguishing eccentricities—without the genius. I did, however, long entertain the hope that if the name of Edward Hastings was not destined to be added to the imperishable roll of names not born to die, I might at least come in time to be regarded, in a more humble and modest way, as a man of letters ; but alas ! for the vanity of all my literary aspirations ! I have long since settled into the conviction that the only letters in which I may ever reasonably hope to attain any marked distinction are L. S. D., a long familiarity with which has, in my case, bred more than contempt.

Of course I had my *affaire du cœur*; but outwardly it was a most tame and inconsequential affair. I could not help comparing myself to a slumbering volcano, presenting a calm exterior, but inwardly full of smouldering and consuming fire ; and here the likeness ended. Volcanoes sometimes burst forth ; but I never did.

Helen Mowbray, the sister of my early school-fellow and most cherished friend, was the radiant object of this secret adoration, the fair inspirer of all these hidden emotions and tender thoughts ; the subject of pleasing reveries by day and balmy dreams by night. We had played together as children, light-hearted and happy until, advancing toward womanhood, Helen began to assume a new and strange interest for me. Was it that time had begun to develop and to perfect those charms which had hitherto been unnoticed by me ? Was I already becoming a hopeless captive to a brilliantly dark eye, a wealth of lustrous black hair, a rosy cheek, a cherry lip, and two rows of pearly teeth, and a figure of faultless symmetry ? If it were so, how could I have been so long unobservant of all this ? Could it be too, that there was a softer, richer, a more musical tone in her voice, whose slightest accent possessed for me a strange charm unknown before ? and a new magnetism in the lightest touch of her hand that thrilled through every vein and nerve in my body with a strangely delicious sensation. In other words, was I just fully awakening to the consciousness that I was desperately, madly in love ? No need to ask myself that question. It had full confirmation in the slightest thought or emotion of which she was the inspiration.

If my feelings towards my early play-fellow were thus changed, my manner towards her was not less so. I felt a degree of diffidence and constraint in her presence which could hardly have escaped her notice or that of others. And if so, could she ever have divined their cause ? Sometimes I thought, that with a woman's natural intuition in such matters, she had not only discovered my secret but that she was disposed to encourage, within the limits of a proper maidenly modesty, so bashful a lover. A look, even a glance, may sometimes convey a meaning far more eloquently than words, and even in a word there may be at times volumes of meaning ; but for a person who suffered in such an inordinate degree from bashfulness as I did, a whole volume of words and looks would have been equally futile. If she ever did manifest any reciprocation of my feelings in such a way, they were certainly wasted on me.

I have said that the flame which was inwardly consuming me found no outward expression, unless the disquieting effects just mentioned may be taken as such. But it did, however, in another way ; and in a visible, tangible form. In sundry stray verses, bearing respectively such titles as—'To Helen ;' 'Young Love's First Awakening ;' 'Stanzas Addressed to a Young Lady ;' 'To My Fair Enslaver,' &c. Of course, none of these effusions were ever intended for the eye of their fair subject. The idea of

presenting her even with a couplet in praise of so fractional and unimportant a part of her as one of her eyebrows—if, indeed, anything pertaining to the object of one's adoration can be unimportant—would have greatly shocked my sense of modesty. Once, indeed, I was thrown into a perfect fever of disquietude and alarm by a friend of mine, who was, by the way, a most incorrigible wag and practical joker, professing to have discovered the secret of my altered looks and distrait manner. He slyly intimated to me that one of my stray love pieces had accidentally come into his possession, and that he intended to present it to Miss Mowbray with my compliments, inasmuch as a very proper and becoming sense of modesty would naturally prevent me from doing so. As I had lost or mislaid one of these little effusions—which I had been always careful to keep safely under lock and key before this unlucky mishap—I feared that he spoke but the truth. But that the nature of my feelings upon the matter may be fully appreciated, I transcribe it below:

'ONE LITTLE WORD,

'ADDRESSED TO MY HEART'S IDOL.

'Sweet Helen, in that eye of thine
  There lurks a wondrous spell;
It sparkles with a fire divine,
  I know its magic well.
Thine are the lips of ruby red,
  The teeth of pearly white,
The lily hand, the faultless head;
  Thou, Queen of Love by right.

'Of auburn tresses, rich and rare,
  Let other poets sing;
With thy dark locks nought can compare
  Except the raven's wing.
Thy form is shaped in beauty's mould,
  Befitting such a face,
Whose every movement doth unfold
  An ever-living grace.

'With but a word thou can'st assuage
  This tempest of the heart;
Then wilt thou calm its passions' rage,
  And peace and joy impart?
One little word—would'st thou it hear?
  For fear you'd vainly guess—
Dear girl, I'll whisper in thine ear,
  That little word is—"Yes!"'

Now, as it was hardly probable that Helen could construe this otherwise than as a direct offer of marriage, can it be wondered at that I remained in a very agony of doubt and apprehension until the end of two weeks, when my friend returned me the piece, saying he had picked it up outside my door on his last visit to my room, and had only kept it to scare me a little. He had, in fact, succeeded in scaring me a good deal.

Harry Mowbray had entered college, and after graduating, had gone to Paris, where he married and settled in business. Two years after his departure, the family followed him, and a year later, upon the death of his father, he retired from business, and went to reside permanently at his country seat in the south of France, which had first come into possession of the family, through purchase, by his grandfather.

Thus the years had slipped by. Helen had developed into a beautiful woman of twenty-two; and all this time, what had I been doing? Declaring my love; proffering vows of eternal devotion and fidelity, and prospering in my suit? Not a bit of it. I was pondering wearily over musty ledgers; becoming hopelessly entangled among intricate accounts and perplexing calculations; going home of evenings to my cheerless lodgings, moody and dispirited; for even had not my unconquerable bashfulness kept me tongue-tied, I felt it would have been the very madness of presumption to have aspired to the hand of the rich heiress; I, the dull, plodding clerk, subsisting upon the bare sufficiency of a small salary.

I visited occasionally at my friend's house, and then but briefly, for I was now fully alive to the necessity of breaking the chains which had so long bound me a silent, passive, suffering captive. If I were ever again to know a moment's peace, I must free myself, at whatever cost, from the unhappy passion that had so long, and so hope-

lessly, possessed me. But like the poor moth that flutters about the flame that singes its wings, and often destroys it, I was attracted towards Helen by a power I could not resist, and I still derived a melancholy pleasure from these brief visits, which were so soon to end. The time had come, and she had departed, and the word which would have either raised me to the topmost pinacle of happiness, or plunged me into the deepest abyss of misery, remained unuttered. Even the satisfaction of knowing my fate, melancholy as it might have been, was denied me.

Ten years had now elapsed since her departure, during which time I had constantly corresponded with her brother, for absence had not diminished the fervour of our early friendship. His letters were always charged with the kindest remembrances to me from his sister, and I certainly never forgot to remember her in mine. It is said that absence conquers love, and I suppose I should have been more than human had it been otherwise in my case. At first I had tried to bury my sorrows in a closer and more absorbing devotion to my daily duties, and after a time the fervour of my early love gave place to a tender memory, which threw a not unpleasing tinge of soft and sober melancholy over my subsequent life. My worldly affairs had prospered, for one morning I received from the senior member of our firm the pleasing information, that, in consideration of my long and faithful services and devotion to the interests of the house, I was to receive promotion, with a proportionate increase of salary, upon the first of the following year ; and it is now three years since I became invested with the full duties, responsibilities, and dignities of first assistant to the head-bookkeeper.

CHAPTER II.

ANTICIPATION.

I RECEIVED one morning by early post the following letter :—

'BELMONT,

'August 10, 1878.

'MY DEAR HASTINGS,—Although you have in years past repeatedly declined all my invitations to make us a visit, I herewith send you another, and this time I shall accept no excuse, for you have now certainly earned the right to a good long vacation. I want you to come over and stay just as long as you please. I promise you a nice quiet time in the country, where you can fish, ride, and stroll about to your heart's content, with no one to molest or make you afraid. I know that you dislike noise and confusion, and I am sure that the murmuring of brooks, the rustling of leaves, and the melodies of birds will be the sweetest of sounds for a man of your quiet ways and poetic turn of mind. In the charms of a bright and ever varying landscape of waving woods, majestic mountains, blue skies, and gorgeous sunsets—in all which scenes you know the south of France is rich to repletion—you will be sure to find an unfailing source of delight. Need I say more? Helen will be delighted to see her *old playfellow* again, and so indeed shall we all. Now be sure to come and make us a good long visit, and thus atone for all past delinquencies in this respect.

'Ever truly yours,

'HARRY.'

Be sure to come? Of course I would. This had been one of the day-dreams of my life. My few rural excursions had been confined to Kew Gardens, Hampton Court, Greenwich, and other river side resorts within easy distance of the city. But I did not think of those places as being in the country. In my poetical musings on the subject, I had always regarded it as a limitless ex-

panse of waving trees, emerald verdure and cloudless skies, where picturesque little cottages, with moss-thatched roofs, and windows peeping out from between hanging clusters of fragrant roses and odorous woodbine, were occasionally to be met with; and where, in place of the hard pavements and rough roadways of the city, nature provided for one's feet pathways over soft turf —compared with which the choicest carpets of Brussels, Axminster or Turkey would be hard and gritty—and among fragrant beds of perennially blooming flowers, where the streams, free from aught that could defile, sparkled pure and joyous in the glad sunlight, and where the woods were ever musical with the songs of their myriads of feathered inhabitants.

Its pleasures and pursuits I imagined, consisted in rising early and meeting the sun upon the upland lawn; then to return with sharpened appetite to breakfast, the chief charm of which should consist of newly-laid eggs, sweet butter and cream, and milk free from any aqueous element; and afterwards to take a stroll into the farm-yard, and examine your friend's different varieties of stock; then continue your walk to the dairy, praise its neatness and order, and if you are so inclined, indulge in a sly chat with a tidy, pretty, dimple-cheeked little divinity, who presides over the spot. Then to ramble over to the rustic little bridge which spans one of the clearest and most musical of brooks, and gaze dreamily down upon its tiny, babbling waves, or watch the leaves and twigs of the trees and bushes which prettily fringe its banks, now flutter merrily for a moment in the air, and then falling upon the water, hurry away for ever upon its eternal flow, whirling gaily round and round in a perfect delirium of merriment, which almost makes you dizzy to look at.

Then, as the warmth of the day increases, to seek out some sequestered spot. Perhaps some lovely grot or leafy arbour may invite your only too willing footsteps into its grateful shelter; or perhaps the cool, refreshing shade of some widely-spreading tree may entice you to repose at full length beneath it, and idly dream away the midsummer hours in true *dolce far niente* style. Then late in the afternoon to take a walk or drive through the woods and by the open fields, and drink in the beauties of nature presented by the ever-varying aspects of the landscape; and then later on—which would be the crowning glory of the day—to sit on the piazza and feast your eyes in quiet rapture upon the gold, crimson and purple of the sunset—the gorgeous colouring of those cloud draperies with which the mournful but adoring day delights to enrobe the glowing form of her declining god; and afterwards to pass the hours before bed-time in quiet and delightful intercourse with the members of your host's family. Or if again the beauty of the evening tempts you forth, to take an after-supper ramble among the woods, or muse along under the twilight shadows of some quiet-and sequestered by-path, with your ever-fragrant and never-failing companion, a cigar. Then, at not too late an hour, to refreshing slumbers and sweet dreams.

Fancy weaves in gaudy colours, and touches with an old-time Master's hand the canvas whereon it delights her to portray her glowing ideals of the beautiful and sublime. Were these day-dreams destined to fade, one by one, away, or was the reality to equal the ideal? The question I then asked myself, I must leave to the following pages to answer.

The pleasure, too, of once more seeing Helen formed no small ingredient in the sum total of the happiness I anticipated from my visit. She was still unmarried, and there could be no impropriety in the renewal of those old-time feelings of early friendship and kindly regard which we had entertained for each other before my unhappy passion had taken possession of me. But did I ever fear it to be pos-

sible that it might revive within me? No. With an increase of years, I hoped an increase of wisdom had come to me. Time had completely quenched my youthful love, and I should simply regard her as one might an old and dear friend; but with no warmer emotion. I was too old now, I flattered myself, for any romantic attachment. I had got bravely over all that nonsense, incident only to inexperienced youth, when everything looks bright with those roseate hues which life then wears for us, but over which a subsequent experience of the sober realities of existence soon throws a far more sombre colouring. No; all that was forever over with me. Had I seriously thought otherwise, I doubt if I should have accepted my friend's invitation.

CHAPTER III.

BEGINNING TO REALIZE.

THE stormiest of weather and roughest seas; decks flooded from one end to the other with water ankle deep; a wind that swept furiously over them, and dashed the spray with a fierce and blinding violence into the faces of shivering men and women; desperate and not always successful efforts to maintain a foothold upon the sharply inclined plane under them; frantic clutchings at posts, rails and masts while moving from one place to another; general discomfort, general disorder and confusion, and universal nausea—these were a few of the distressing incidents attendant upon the passage of the steamer from Folkstone to Boulogne, upon the morning of the seventeenth of August, 1878; on which I had, with many others, the misfortune to be a passenger.

I had at first sought shelter in the cabin, but its close, unwholesome atmosphere soon drove me back into the open air. And this I found far less disagreeable, despite the discomforts already mentioned, even when supplemented by violent collisions between myself and flying stewards bearing large basins in their hands (in fact everybody seemed to be in somebody else's way), by the frequency with which I was sent sprawling at the feet of some young lady, or dropped before her upon my knees in the attitude of a devout but humble suitor for her hand and heart, and by the persistency with which I sat down unceremoniously in the laps of old ladies and trod upon the corns of irascible old gentlemen. And to these trials were superadded the loss of my hat, my breakfast and my temper.

When the panting, heaving steam monster at last rested, it disgorged me upon the land drenched to the skin, weak from excessive retching, and feeling thoroughly miserable. I sank feebly down in the nearest corner of the first railway carriage I reached, opposite a gentleman who was closely wrapped up and appeared to be as dry and comfortable and as snugly fixed in his corner, as I was the exact reverse of either. How he had managed it I couldn't imagine. He was one of those old travellers, perhaps, who best know how to adapt themselves to every emergency, and to preserve both their comfort and equanimity under the most trying circumstances.

'Why, Hastings, old fellow,' suddenly exclaimed a voice with a slightly foreign accent, 'I didn't expect to see you here.'

'I'm confoundedly sorry you do,' I feebly articulated, looking up and perceiving my opposite fellow traveller to be, as his voice had informed me, a Monsieur de Villefort, a resident of London and an old friend of mine, but whom I had not seen for several years.

'Sea air don't seem to agree with you,' he observed, slyly, eyeing me with a rather amused visage.

'The air's all right; it's the confounded water. Nobody but an idiot would venture across in such weather.'

I said this with all the savage emphasis of which I was capable in my enfeebled condition. 'But, how did you manage to keep so comfortable?' I asked.

'Why, you see, I had a convenient friend in the engineer,' he replied, and he gave me the free *entrée* of his apartment. I have crossed with him before, and it is not the first time I have been so favoured.'

'Why didn't I find you out at first?' I exclaimed, enviously, 'and throw myself upon your tender compassion for so snug a berth, too. But wasn't it contrary to the rules of the company?'

'Ah! my young voyageur,' said my friend, 'it is evident you haven't travelled much, or you wouldn't ask so ridiculous a question. You have yet to learn that the rigour of many such rules and regulations will generally relax under the seductive influence of a suitable douceur. Make a note of that, and profit by it accordingly in the future.'

I didn't know what a doo-cer was, but I looked as if I did. It may here be remarked that about the only French words I then understood were *oui* and *non*: I have now, however, a much better acquaintance with the language.

'Never mind, old fellow,' said my friend, thumping me violently upon the back, as if by that means to raise my spirits and diffuse some warmth through my shivering frame; 'I will take good care of you for the rest of the way, for I more than suspect that we are both bound to the same destination.'

I now learned from Monsieur de Villefort that he, too, had received an invitation from our mutual friend Mowbray to make one of a small party that was to assemble at his house to-morrow. I would soon forget all the discomforts of the journey, he assured me, in the round of pleasures that awaited us. And herewith Monsieur de Villefort, no doubt with the kindest intentions, and for my especial delectation and encouragement, enthusiastically launched forth into a somewhat detailed description. Guns, fishing-rods, horses, and every other means of enjoyment and diversion pertaining to a well-ordered country establishment, our friend possessed in abundance. There was everything, in fact, to gratify the most varied tastes, and it would be my own fault, he assured me, if I felt a single moment hang heavily on my hands. He had recently visited him, and was well qualified to speak of the grand style in which our friend lived; of his *recherché* dinners; the excellence of his wines; the rarity of his paintings and books; and the general sumptuousness that pervaded the *tout ensemble* (whenever he aired his native tongue I always looked more than usually wise) of his establishment, his mansion itself, indeed, being little smaller than a castle.

And then his stables, and the magnificent thoroughbreds that they contained; his retinue of men-servants and women-servants; the well-stocked fish ponds and game preserves that were profusely scattered over his broad ancestral acres; and then lastly, but by no means least, his charming wife and fascinating sister (this latter word with a sly twinkle of the eye upon the part of the speaker, and a visible increase of redness in the face upon the part of the hearer, showing that he had not, at all events, yet forgotten how to blush at the mention of her in his presence), from whom he promised me I would be sure to receive a most cordial welcome.

It may, perhaps, be as well to mention here, that Monsieur de Villefort was the person who had occasioned me the dreadful fright about that little piece of poetry before alluded to, and I felt sure that my early feelings toward Helen were at least no secret to him, and which at the time I must confess was a source of no little annoyance, as his continued jokes on

the subject had been no less disagreeable to me, in the old days.

Now this glowing description of the splendours of Belmont instead of raising my spirits served to cast a damper over all my bright anticipations. I detested a crowd, and above all a crowd of jabbering, gesticulating Frenchmen, who would I felt sure, from their native politeness, bore me to death with their well-meant but confounded attentions. They were all, doubtlessly, hard riders, skilful sportsmen and expert anglers, and were to meet at my friend's house for the purpose of indulging in those delectable pastimes. That small party already began to assume terribly huge proportions in my mind's eye. Now Harry had hinted at nothing of this in his letter. He was well aware of my shy, retiring habits, and how distasteful such surroundings would be to me. A nice, quiet time indeed! freedom from noise and confusion! and in a house full of men, women and children, and all of them French at that; the idea was preposterous. I was beginning to feel that I had been inveigled over under the most grossly false inducements.

I derived some comfort, however, from the hope that in their very commendable disgust for *le pauvre Anglais* who could neither hunt, fish, ride on horseback, nor play a game at cards or billiards; who was in fact totally ignorant of all those gentlemanly sports and polite diversions; they would leave me severely alone. Otherwise what was to become of those quiet morning rambles to the farmyard, the dairy, and that rustic little bridge; those noonday reveries in that charming little grot or leafy arbour, or under the widely-spreading branches of that gigantic tree? And then those tranquil evening enjoyments in the familiar society of my host and his charming family,or those quiet after-supper rambles?—which I had promised myself.

If my day-dreams were to be vio-

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lently interrupted at any moment by the discharge of a gun almost into my very ear, or by the shouts and cries of a set of excited frog-eaters, all mounted on tearing, plunging, scrambling horses, and preceded by a pack of howling, bellowing dogs, and all engaged in the noble diversion of pursuing some poor unoffending little devil of a fox to death; if my days were to be thus disturbed and my nights made hideous by the noisy carousals of these *bons vivants*, to what purpose had I accepted my friend's invitation? However, there could be no turning back now, and I must put as good a face as possible upon the matter. But I felt that Harry had really played me a very shabby trick.

CHAPTER IV.

A LATE DINNER FOLLOWED BY A GAME OF BILLIARDS.

THE short time allowed us in Paris before the train started for Clermont, I employed in the purchase of a hat and umbrella and a bran new suit of outer garments. My old hat and I had abruptly parted company when about half-way across the channel, and my umbrella upon landing had consisted of a few shreds of blue cotton barely adhering to a bundle of sticks. I wondered not that De Villefort, as he assisted me to alight, laughed until the tears streamed down his cheeks; for with my handkerchief tied about my head (and which by the way, as I had caught a severe cold, I was compelled to remove and blow my nose upon about every ten minutes—De Villefort had offered me his, but as he was addicted to the vile habit of taking snuff I had politely declined the offer); my garments hanging limp and wrinkled about me; my valise in one hand and the melancholy wreck already mentioned in the other, I must have presented, for a person

bent upon the pursuit of pleasure, a woful spectacle indeed.

As I did not desire to appear in the least respect *outré* among the polite assemblage to whom it was now inevitable that I must be duly presented, I had purchased my suit of the costliest material and most fashionable style, which, not having had time to try on, I had selected upon the assurances of the salesman that it was exactly my fit, that it could not indeed have suited me better, had it been expressly made for me, etc., etc.

Three hours later, from my comfortable corner in a first-class compartment of the through night express, I was enviously regarding with wide open eyes, the form of De Villefort, who was peacefully snoring in his corner by the other door, his feet resting upon the seat before him, and his cap drawn down over his eyes. But for me sleep was, from the novelty of my situation, an impossibility. The storm was over, though the moon was at times hidden by heavy masses of cloud. The fleeting shapes of trees, houses, bridges, towns; the walls of old châteaux, tall and spectral looking in the wan moonlight, and at times the dark mass of some venerable cathedral; all shadowy and indistinct, appearing for a moment and then vanishing into darkness, had, at first, diverted my attention. Then my thoughts would revert with a painful persistency to the dreadful ordeal that awaited me on the morrow. Already the pleasing images I had conjured up were fast losing form and substance, and were fleeing from me, as vague and unreal as the objects in the outer darkness by which we sped. And so on through the night, sleepless, restless and weary.

A hasty breakfast in the station at Clermont, another railway journey, a short delay at Toulouse after leaving the train, and then towards six o'clock in the afternoon, after a two miles' drive, we were rolling along the broad avenue leading to Belmont, under the branches of grand old trees, and at times by the margin of a beautiful expanse of water. Harry was on the steps to welcome us, which he did in a right royal manner. He saluted me in true French style, upon both cheeks, and turning, presented me to his wife, who, at that moment, came forward followed by Helen. The latter's welcome was indeed little less warm than that of her brother's, putting me at once entirely at my ease; and after a few further words expressive of our mutual pleasure at this happy meeting, after so long a separation, I was conducted up a grand staircase, along several lofty corridors and into my chamber, to prepare for dinner.

'No,' I said to myself decisively, as I drew a chair to the window, and sat down—'No,' I repeated in a still firmer tone, as if I defied contradiction either from myself or some imaginary auditor, 'She is not the Helen of ten years ago. Time has certainly dealt very gently with her, but yet ——;' but yet *what?* That was precisely the the question I asked of myself without being able to obtain any satisfactory answer. But yet what? Grey hairs among the black; less sparkle in the dark expressive eye; less grace or symmetry of form, or less charm of manner? Certainly none of these. And yet ten years must make some change, I reasoned—but where was it? Not the Helen of ten years ago? Certainly not in years; but in what other respect? Well, what mattered it to me after all, further than the pleasure—a most natural feeling—that I should derive from perceiving how little my old friend *was* changed. Yes, I had to acknowledge to myself, she was still sufficiently like the Helen of that not so very remote period to make it perhaps a little unsafe for me to allow my thoughts to dwell too much upon the fact. But as for any possibility of the return of the old feeling; bah! the idea was ridiculous!

Only fifteen minutes left me to dress, and my valise not yet opened. I applied myself forthwith to my toilet,

and made satisfactory progress until I took my new trousers in hand and then perceived, for the first time, to what an extent I had been made the victim of misplaced confidence. After the most frantic efforts, and being compelled to sit down several times from sheer exhaustion, I finally succeeded in squeezing myself into them ; and then I felt that I should ever after live and die with those trousers on me, for by no possibility could I conceive of any means of extricating myself from them.

At last, thus arrayed in the latest Parisian mode, and feeling more thoroughly uncomfortable than I ever did in my life before, I descended the stairs, harrassed by the fear that the slightest deviation from the severely perpendicular might be followed by the most disastrous consequences. No wretched victim was ever conducted to the torture chamber with a livelier apprehension of the torments that awaited him, than had I as I approached the dining-room, and had any means of escape been possible at the moment, I think I should have beat an ignominious retreat in the very face of the enemy.

As I had anticipated, the dining-room was full of ladies and gentlemen, who were only awaiting my arrival to sit down. I have a shadowy recollection of having been forthwith presented ; of having bowed my acknowledgments of their cordial salutations with a stiffness that would have frozen all the geniality in the blood of any one but a Frenchman ; and then of dropping into my seat at table under a vague impression that my trousers had parted at both knees.

As an old and valued friend, I was accorded the seat at Harry's left hand, while upon his right, opposite to me, sat a portly French woman, of rather coarse features, and, as I afterwards thought, of exceedingly vulgar manners. Next to her was seated a Monsieur Bontemps, whose nature certainly did not belie his name, as he was assuredly the liveliest and apparently the wittiest and most entertaining of the company. He would frequently set the whole table in a roar by some sally, in which I joined with as clever a pretence of comprehending what was said as I could assume ; and occasionally, when he addressed himself directly to me, I would endeavour to conceal my embarrassment by nodding my head in a highly appreciative manner and remarking 'oui,' and also by laughing heartily, as I imagined he couldn't say anything that wasn't funny. I fear that once the laugh and the 'oui' must have come in at the wrong place, for after a few remarks levelled directly at myself, he regarded me with a look of such blank astonishment that I was about assume a most serious expression and substitute 'non' for my unlucky mistake, when, at the sudden dictate of discretion I wisely remained silent, fearing I might make another, and perhaps worse, *faux pas*, and immediately became closely interested in examining the contents of the dish before me.

I would occasionally upon a word to Harry ; occasionally I say, for his attention was almost wholly engrossed by the person upon his right before mentioned, who discharged at him, almost without a moment's cessation, volley after volley of the most voluble French I ever listened to. None of her shots ever came my way, as she evidently regarded me as entirely beneath her notice ; at which I was just as well pleased, as I regarded her with feelings of the most intense disgust and aversion.

Helen and Mrs. Mowbray sat at the other end of the table, so that I was effectually debarred from any conversation with them. A rather pale, but quite pretty-looking young lady sat at my right hand, but, bashful perhaps like myself, she was as dumb as an oyster, and hardly ever lifted her eyes from her plate. Once, in sheer desperation, I turned towards

her to hazard a word or two in English, when she looked so frightened, and, as I imagined, indignant, that, quite abashed and scared myself at the presumption of which I had been unwittingly guilty, I immediately withdrew into my own shell, and abandoned all attempts at sociability in that quarter.

But a word or two as to the dinner itself? Such delicate fricasees and ragoûts; such choice entremets, and superb rotis; such rare wines; and such general excellence in the appointments and service! Such rattling of knives, forks, plates and glasses; such gabbering and gesticulating; such flying here and there upon the part of the attendants! No wonder that all was noise, jollity, enjoyment and good humour.

The person (I can never speak with the slightest respect of this creature) who sat at Harry's right—and I could never understand why she had been accorded that honour; for that he really enjoyed her conversation I could not for a moment suppose—having made a pause of some few moments' duration, I seized the opportunity to remark, in a tone bordering almost upon desperation—

'I hope, Harry, old fellow, you haven't become so Gallic in your tastes and habits as to have quite outgrown all your old English ways, and all your memories of old friends and the good times we used to have together, but can take a cup o' kindness yet for auld lang syne.'

'No, indeed!' exclaimed Harry, gaily; 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to min'? Never fear I shall forget dear old England. In fact I have just been telling Madame McMahon what a particular friend of mine you are, and of those very same happy old days. But unfortunately,' turning with a laugh to that individual, 'she shares the prejudices of some of her fellow-countrymen, and thinks that no good thing can come out of Nazareth. You take the application. But in justice to herself, I must say she does not consider me an Englishman but as thoroughly French in all respects as one native and to the manner born. The accident of my having been born on the wrong side of the channel she simply regards as a misfortune in which she graciously acquits me of all complicity or responsibility. I am sure, however, that when you become better acquainted, she will be compelled to admit how really clever a genuine, old-fashioned Englishman can sometimes be.'

During this speech the face of Madame McMahon wore as immovable an aspect as if she had comprehended not one word of its purport. That she had, however, I was certain; as we had been mutually addressed. But if Harry supposed that by this means I was to be inveigled into a conversation with this coarse and disgusting creature, he was wofully mistaken.

In my excessive embarrassment, I gave a feeble laugh and said, 'If you expect to prove it by me I am afraid that—that;' what I might further have said I have no idea, for this hesitation proved for me a most unlucky pause, as the enemy immediately entered the breach, and I was ignominiously routed, not only in regard to speech but every available idea that might have suggested itself. For not deigning to honour me with either word or look, she renewed her conversational assaults upon Harry with increased vigour.

Added to the keen sense of embarrassment and humiliation produced by this impolite treatment, was a feeling of such uncontrollable indignation not only at the direct cause of it, but at my general surroundings, amid which I was forced to be a mere spectator, and from which I alone derived no pleasure or enjoyment—that I could at that moment, with the most infinite gusto, have choked Madame McMahon on the spot, scalped Monsieur Bontemps with one of my host's carving-knives, and made an indiscriminate

assault upon the rest of the guests. Nay, I felt—strange contrariety of feeling to be sure—that I could have thrown myself at Helen's feet and made desperate love to her; something, *anything* for a vent to my pent-up feelings.

Whatever promised relief from such turbulent emotions, I ought surely to have gladly welcomed, but this now came in a manner so sudden, and was of a character so peculiarly distressing—consisting in short of a most ominous sensation in the region of my knees—that I doubt if this new cause for disquiet was not rather worse than that to which it had succeeded. Yes, they certainly were giving way this time, was the horrible thought that flashed through my brain. Involuntarily I darted out my feet to such a length that they came in violent contact with those of Madame McMahon. Had such a thing occurred under any ordinary circumstances, I would gladly have sunk through the floor, had any opening therein conveniently presented itself for the purpose. In the present rather exceptional state of my feelings, I assumed a total unconsciousness of having done anything in the least indecorous; for, besides, I couldn't have apologized had I wanted to, as assuming that she did not understand English—an idea I found quite agreeable to my purpose—the thought of getting Harry to act as interpreter between us, and translating my apology to her, was too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment. In fact, I rather derived a secret satisfaction from my involuntary assault, only coupled with a regret that it had not been more violent and could not be followed up. I looked unconcernedly away, and only once did I feel conscious that her eye had been fixed upon me, and but for a moment, though with a deadly, penetrating, Gorgon-like stare, intended, no doubt, to be equally petrifying in its effect. But what she really may have thought of such extraordinary behaviour I cared not.

I was restored to a tolerable degree of composure upon ascertaining that my alarm was groundless; but I remained for the rest of the time silent and moody, until I arose, with an overpowering sense of relief, from the table. I shall not be missed, I thought, as I followed the others towards the parlour, and I will just say a word to Harry, and then be off for a walk. But to perform the first part of my intention, I perceived, upon reaching the parlour door, would necessitate walking to the further end of the long room, where Harry was at the moment engaged in showing a collection of prints to several of his guests, among whom was Madame McMahon, still volubly conversing with her host, and eyeing at the same time a print she held in her hand with a severely critical air; probably one of Hogarth's or Gilray's; if, indeed, she considered any of those, being the works of Englishmen, worthy of her notice at all.

To run the gauntlet of so many eyes was simply out of the question. So I turned towards the hall, and at the moment caught Harry's eye. He started towards me, divining my purpose, perhaps, and with the intention of preventing my escape. To snatch up my hat, hurry towards the front door, softly open and close it behind me, was the work of a moment. To start away down the broad gravel walk, rejoicing in my newly-acquired liberty, was the work of another, but in the next I heard Harry's voice hailing me.

'Aha, Hastings,' he exclaimed, 'taking French leave in that manner? Come back instanter, for I want you for something particular. You can see the grounds to-morrow.'

'I was going to the garden; you know I am so fond of flowers,' I replied, sheepishly, though I was not aware that he knew anything of the kind, or, indeed, that I did myself; but being detected in the act, I snatched at anything as an excuse for absconding in so disgraceful a manner.

'Plenty of time for that to-morrow, old fellow,' said Harry. 'We want to make up four sets at whist, and as we are just one short, you are the man we want.'

'You can get some one else,' I suggested.

'No,' replied Harry, 'all the others are determined upon billiards, so you are just the man for the occasion.'

'But I don't play,' I said. 'You know very well I don't.'

'Oh, yes you do,' he replied, 'and I'll insure you a good partner, and that will help you along amazingly. Madame McMahon is a capital player, and as you were almost next-door neighbours at dinner, it is quite apropos that you should be partners at the whist table. So come along and help us out.'

I verily believe that had I, with all my old childish faith in juvenile story books revived within me, actually regarded Madame McMahon as a veritable ogress, ready not only to exclaim—

> 'Fe, fi, fo, fum!
> I smell the blood of an Englishman.
> Be he alive, or be he dead,
> I'll grind his bones to make me bread,'

but fully prepared to put her benevolent intentions in that respect into immediate execution, I could not have heard this proposition with more dire dismay.

'No!' I exclaimed in a tone of more unalterable determination than I ever thought myself capable of; 'you must excuse me. You must find some one else; for really I know nothing about the game.'

'Pshaw!' laughed Harry. 'You are still the same diffident bashful old fellow you always were. I thought you had got over all your nonsensical objections to cards, and such other fashionable frivolities, as you used to call them, long ago.'

'I don't know why you should have thought so.' I said, almost angrily. 'No; really you must excuse me this time. Indeed you must.'

'Well, as you will,' said Harry. 'Perhaps you would like a quiet hour or two in the library.'

'The very place,' I replied; 'many thanks for the suggestion.' Harry accordingly conducted me to that apartment, which fortunately I found empty, and after directing my attention to several rare old volumes which he thought might especially interest me, left me to myself.

I took a seat by a small table in one corner, and picked up a copy of Tennyson, which I perused for a little while and then laid aside.

Now, how pleasant it would be, I ruminated within myself, as my eye fell upon a certain crayon portrait upon the wall near the door, if Helen would only happen in alone. How dearly I should like a talk about the old time, and how fortunate is it for me that I can regard her simply with the feelings of an old and dear friend. But did I really believe this? Whether I did or not, I could not then determine, for all further psychological research into the true nature of my feelings upon the subject was interrupted by the entrance of a lady, accompanied by one much younger, and evidently, from the strong resemblance between them, her daughter. The former smiled graciously upon me and then addressed me in the politest manner, and after an uninterrupted discourse—not one word of which I understood—of some five minutes' length paused, and regarded me with an expression which was unmistakably indicative of the unpleasant fact, that a reply upon my part was expected.

I arose awkwardly enough and bowed; turned alternately red and white, perplexed myself with fruitless speculations as to what the possible consequences might be should I hazard the reply of either *Oui* or *Non*; stammered, hesitated, and was looking as intensely foolish as possible, when to my great relief Helen entered the room, and taking in the situation at a glance, spoke a few words to this lady

who again turning towards me, said in an apologetic tone :

'Ah ! pardon ; but I did not know zat Mistaire Hasting did not speak ze French language ; but vould he be so kind as to play vun leetle game of billyard with her?'

Mercy on me! Had it taken that length of time to prefer so simple a request. What would not that woman's tongue be capable of when upon some other rather more important and profound topic, I thought?

'I have,' pursued this lady, 'been informed by Monsieur de Villefort, zat Mistaire Hasting is vun famous player of ze billyards, and I desire ze honour of to match myself with him for vun leetle game.' She further went on to say that she was accustomed to regard herself as a very fair player, but would consider it no disgrace to be beaten by a player of Mistaire Hasting's transcendent abilities.

I politely informed her that what Monsieur de Villefort had told her was simply one of that gentleman's little pleasantries, of which I had before been made the victim ; and that I really knew nothing about billiards whatever; absolutely nothing. That I had never played, or had hardly ever seen a game played in my life.

'Ah, no,' she said, with a knowing look and a sly twinkle of the eye, 'she would not allow Monsieur, from any polite considerations for herself to decline the wager of battle she had thrown down to him. In spite of his generous disinclination to take so great an advantage over her, as the immense disparity between the respective abilities would give him—and although she well knew she would be vanquished, she must nevertheless insist upon his acceptance of her challenge.

My situation was becoming desperate. I appealed to Helen for confirmation of the truth of my words ; but all she could say was that she had often heard me declare that I cared nothing about billiards and that I had never played a game ; but whether I had acquired the art within the last ten years, of course I knew best. But Madame was persistent ; declaring that it was my sense of politeness, my complaisance alone which deterred me from matching myself with her.

Despite the prevalent notion that although a naturally impudent man may counterfeit modesty, it is not possible for a bashful man to successfully counterfeit impudence, it is nevertheless astonishing of what unblushing assurance a truly modest man may sometimes be guilty. From the very desperation of my position, a brilliant idea, like one of those bright inspirations which sometimes flash upon us in time of our sorest need, came to my relief ; and like a wary general, who instead of boldly confronting the foe upon the open field, resorts to some brilliant strategic movement, hoping thereby to utterly overwhelm him, I now adopted a new line of defence.

I consequently proceeded to intimate, assuming a somewhat sly manner, and peculiarly significant smile, that perhaps what Monsieur de Villefort had told her was not so very far from the truth after all ; and that it might possibly behoove her to look to her laurels. That I had in fact, upon various occasions, successfully laid out all the champion players of England ; and that it was no unusual thing for me to make a single run of five hundred points ; and that consequently I must insist, simply as a matter of fairness, to herself, upon allowing her seventy-five points to start with, in a game of a hundred. If some blushes did irresistibly mantle my cheeks at these atrocious falsehoods, I felt safe that they would be accepted as a very becoming expression of the modesty I would naturally feel at the mention of such superhuman achievements. I felt equally sure that she would immediately abandon all idea of contesting a game with one who had such confidence in his own powers as to allow his opponent seventy-five points to

begin with. It *was* a brilliant conception; but practically, a wretched failure.

With a despairing glance at Helen, I followed Madame de Clerval (the name of this aggravating creature) to the billiard-room, which was located at the end of a long corridor, upon the second storey. As the challenger, she politely left to me the choice of tables. I told her that with my old-fashioned English notions, I would prefer a game upon a table with pockets; there being one of that kind in the room; a carom game, I calculated, required at least some little skill, but there was some probability that I might, by sheer brute force, put a ball into one of the pockets and so count something.

The room was brilliantly lighted; there was some ten or a dozen ladies and gentlemen present, and two tables were already occupied by De Villefort, Bontemps and a couple of ladies whose names I did not know. As Madame de Clerval and I took our positions at the other table, the chairs in its immediate vicinity were immediately occupied by several of the company, thereby dispelling the hope I had encouraged that the spectators would considerately devote their attention to the other players. They evidently expected to witness some extraordinary playing, as my opponent's reputation was doubtlessly well established, and of my performances it was quite natural, under the circumstances, that they should have entertained equally great expectations. Indeed, so far as I was concerned, I felt that their expectations would be gratified. I entertained, in fact, an irresistible conviction that it would be the most extraordinary playing that they had ever had the good fortune to behold. We began; but in mercy to myself let me draw a veil over all that followed, but if I must speak of it at all, let the briefest possible mention suffice.

Of the number of times I made the balls hit each other, but never the right ones; of the frequency with which my ball described, with the most charming geometrical precision, a straight line from the end of my cue into the nearest pocket; of the persistency with which I would play with my opponent's ball instead of my own; of the frantic efforts I made to reach the latter when it had rolled away from me, which I could have done with perfect ease by going round to that side of the table to which it was nearest, and as a result the frightful rent that my new coat sustained from collar to skirt, and the complete wreck of my trousers; of the astonishment depicted upon the faces of the spectators; of the quiet, though intense, enjoyment that it seemed to afford De Villefort—of all these I would gladly efface the memory, were it possible.

In the solitude of my room that night my thoughts were bitter indeed. Did I endeavour to delude myself with the idea that I must have fallen asleep here in my chamber upon entering it, and dreamed it all; and that those melancholy remnants upon the chair by my bed, could by no possibility belong to me, but must be the identical suit worn by—

> 'The man all tattered and torn,'
> Who kissed the maiden all forlorn,'

and which had, in some mysterious manner, found its way into my room, it was all in vain. For once my powers of imagination utterly failed me. Did I seek forgetfulness in sleep; I dreamed that I was the victim of that particularly distressing feature of indigestion —a feeling as if a piece of lead or unbaked dough were sticking in my gullet, which had been induced by a too rapid and voracious swallowing of my food at some grand dinner to which I had been invited, and that my doctor had finally succeeded, by some mysterious process known only to himself, in dislodging an immense billiard ball from my throat. And was all this alas! but a foretaste of the kind of rural enjoyment I was to expect?

CHAPTER V.

A FISHING EXCURSION INVOLVING A SERIOUS MISTAKE, FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER DINNER, INVOLVING A STILL MORE SERIOUS ONE.

As I awoke early the next morning, the words of a song trolled forth in a rich manly voice, near my window, fell pleasantly on my ear. A love ditty, I imagined, from the frequent recurrence of the word *aimer*, which alone I understood. Then followed a lively air from the opera of 'La Belle Hélène.' Absurd association of ideas to be sure; but could one of those rascally Frenchmen—yes, the idea certainly *was* absurd, though, perhaps, excusable enough, had I been a lover whose jealous fears were prone to take alarm at the veriest trifle—*could* one of those rascally Frenchmen be serenading Helen?

Five o'clock in the morning was, to be sure, rather an early hour to tender such a compliment; though, how did I know but that these people, with their queer ways and odd notions, might not consider that a proper time for such a performance? And if it were so, I being no lover, what business was it of mine. I felt so strongly inclined, however, to make it my business, that I sprang from bed, and strode wrathfully to the window. Though the offender, whoever he might be, was not visible, the prospect that was, in all its glowing beauty, was certainly enough to have calmed the most perturbed spirits.

My window looked directly over the garden, which was a combination of trim gravel walks, closely-clipped hedges and trees, smooth lawns, bordered by flowers and shrubbery; terraces, with balustrades, fountains, and statues; all thoroughly French in character and appearance. The mansion itself was an old chateau, now somewhat modernized, and certainly large enough to have held a small army. Harry Mowbray's grandfather had purchased it from the agent of some French baron or marquis, about the time of the great revolution. The owner, it is said, took French leave one fine morning, carrying with him most of his portable property. Some said that the uncompromising old aristocrat had become so disgusted at the spread of those ideas, embodied in the three words, 'liberté, fraternité, egalité,' that he had sought out a more congenial form of government under which to pass his remaining days. Others had hinted, and probably with more truth, that the uncongeniality of his native land, and his somewhat hasty departure therefrom, were owing to the not altogether unreasonable apprehension of receiving, some fine morning, a polite request from Robespierre for his head. However that may have been, and by whatever happy stroke of good luck the property had originally come into possession of his family, certain it was that Harry Mowbray was now the fortunate owner of one of the finest estates in the south of France.

The prospect, stretching away to the far Pyrenees, bright and glowing in the early beams of the newly-risen sun, was inexpressibly lovely, and I stood gazing at it with mingled emotions of admiration and delight. Suddenly I heard my name pronounced directly under my window, and, looking down, I perceived a Monsieur Mallet, a short, dapper little man, whose eccentricities of manner had attracted my notice the evening before. He waved his hand pleasantly towards me, saying,

'Bonjour, Monsieur Hasting;" but, perhaps thinking I might not understand French, he continued: 'Ze early valk is good for ze appetite, and it is ze early bird, you know, vot catches ze vorm.'

I nodded my head pleasantly in confirmation of the truth of the proverb, which, as I observed he carried a spade in his hand, I was half inclined

to construe literally; but what in the name of reason, I could not help thinking, does he want to catch, or rather dig, worms for?

'I always prefare to dig for them myself,' he continued; 'and, besides, ze exercise, too, is good for ze appetite, and it is vary pleasant to me, ze smell of ze fresh airth.'

He sauntered jauntily on, humming to himself some air, and was soon out of sight.

'Digging worms for an appetite,' I exclaimed, with a laugh. 'I should have thought that a short turn about the grounds on horseback would have answered the purpose quite as well, besides being a much more agreeable occupation. These French certainly *are* queer people.'

As I closed the window, some one rapped at my door. I opened it to Harry, who excused his early intrusion upon me by saying that he wanted to have a chat with me about the good old times, which he regretted not having been able to do before. After an hour's pleasant talk about our old school days and old friends, recalling many delightful memories of our youthful years (and surely life can afford no truer or more unalloyed pleasure than the renewal in after years of such recollections with some old friend of our early days), he turned to leave me, when I could not help saying, half reproachfully, 'Harry, old fellow, how was it that you didn't say anything about the other guests you expected. I should have cut a pretty figure here in my old clothes, when presented, hadn't it been for DeVillefort's information; and, as it is,' I added, with a laugh, 'I shall have to come to them now, unless you have a tailor within convenient distance.'

'Never mind those rags,' said Harry, with an amused look at the remnants of my Parisian finery. 'We'll take you to Toulouse and fit you out anew, if you choose. But I certainly do owe you an apology; but the fact is, my dear fellow, they more than half invited themselves, and I did rather hope you would not come until after their departure, as I was afraid you would not like it. But in a week they will all be gone, and I shall then devote myself exclusively to you.'

Half an hour after, dressed in the extra suit I had brought with me, I descended the stairs, and perceived Monsieur Mallet at the upper end of the hall, arranging some fishing tackle; and in a moment the mystery was explained. He looked up, spoke pleasantly, and presented a handsome rod for my inspection, which he informed me he had recently purchased. I soon discovered that he was an enthusiast upon the subject of fishing; and, evidently deeming me an appreciative disciple of old Izaac Walton, he immediately launched forth upon an enthusiastic and highly scientific discourse upon the piscatory art. And after boring me nearly to death with a minute description of various kinds of flies; of the times of year when each should be used, and for what particular kind of fish, he concluded by informing me that Monsieur de Clerval and he were going trout fishing after breakfast, and that he would be happy to have me accompany them. He added, that unfortunately he had forgotten to bring his book of flies with him, but doubted not they wonld do just as well with worms.

I thanked him, but replied that as I knew nothing about fishing, I would have to be excused. He shrugged his shoulders and observed that of course Monsieur must do as he pleased, but that he who never fished for trout, was ignorant of one of the greatest enjoyments of life.

The truth was that I had resolved to devote this morning to my first visit to the farmyard, the dairy and that rustic little bridge. So consequently I had also to decline invitations to ride, walk, shoot at a target, and several other polite pastimes, with which the company usually gratified their respective tastes during the morning hours.

Breakfast passed off tolerably enough (for I remained unmolested by any one, Madame McMahon as usual entirely ignoring my presence), and was of course, in respect to the quantity and quality of the viands, irreproachable. Monsieur Bontemps, too, to my infinite relief, deigned not to address me a single word, having probably discovered that I was not quite so appreciative a listener as he had supposed; and with Harry I was content to exchange a word occasionally. I avoided Madame de Clerval's eye from very shame; for I felt that I had not only made a painful exhibition of my own incompetency, but I had a guilty consciousness of having brought the fair fame of the whole billiard fraternity of my native land into serious disrepute, for if its champions had been vanquished by me, what sort of an opinion could she have entertained of the far larger body of non-professional players?

I had equipped myself for my walk, and was about to start forth, when Madamoiselle de Clerval approached me with a most captivating smile, and asked me if I sang; to which I truthfully, but incautiously, replied that I did sometimes—for my own pleasure.

'Then Monsieur Hasting,' she said, 'will not, I am sure, refuse to join our little musical party in the parlour.' She added with an insinuating smile that she knew I sang because Monsieur de Villefort had told her so. There were several very fine voices among the company, and they were arranging to sing the grand second finale from Lucia de Lammermoor, and upon Monsieur de Villefort's assurances of the really superb tenor voice that I possessed, I had been selected to sustain the part of Edgardo. In the event of my knowing neither Italian nor French, he had suggested that I could just as well sing the words in English, If I objected to this as a little incongruous, she could assure me there were ample precedents for it. That she herself had heard different parts of the same opera sung in both Italian and German at the same time. And they were going to have their first rehearsal at eleven o'clock.

The idea of my figuring in the rôle of the impassioned and hapless Edgardo—I, who knew neither a single note of music nor a word of Italian, was so supremely ridiculous that I could not refrain from a hearty laugh.

I told her that Monsieur de Villefort's information was just as true in this respect (it was a very painful matter to allude to, and brought the blushes to my cheeks) as it had been in regard to my abilities as a billiard player, and of those she had had the opportunity of forming her own opinion.

Oh, no! (with an arch smile) Mr. Hastings could not excuse himself upon that ground. Both her mamma and herself had clearly detected the little ruse; the charming little bit of pleasantry he had practised on her, and they were not to be deceived. It was only his complaisance, his exquisite sense of politeness, and his charming gallantry to the fair sex that caused him to play as he did, and allow her so easy a victory over him; and she fully appreciated his most kind consideration for her.

This put quite a new face upon the matter. Possibly one more experienced in the wiles of French coquetry than I, would not have felt quite so highly elated at these words or quite so confident of their truthfulness. But so delighted was I at the thought that possibly she really believed what she said, that assuming a self-important air, and giving a smile of peculiar significance, I observed that inasmuch as my little trick *had* been detected by Madame de Clerval, I supposed I might as well own up to and confess it. I begged to assure her though that I considered her mother a really capital player, and I should have felt it no disgrace even had I been *fairly* beaten by her. It was indeed no small honour in itself to have so skilful an antagonist. Gallantry to the fair sex

was perhaps—though I blush to own it, as well I might— my distinguishing trait, but I really feared she overrated my virtues in that respect.

No; that was impossible; she was sure she had not. And inasmuch, I thought, as I had gone so far as to rend my garments in so worthy a cause she was—in her own opinion—doubtlessly quite right.

Was this the timid, bashful Edward Hastings who was conversing in this over-confident style of easy gallantry? Yes, truly; and had he but known it, as sorry a dupe to the seductive wiles of female artifice, as ever had occasion to reproach his blindness of self pride as the cause of it, after his eyes had been opened.

I suddenly remembered, however, that I had made an engagement to go fishing with her father and Monsieur Mallet, which I regretted, would of course deprive me of the pleasure of joining the musical party.

That being the case, she must excuse me, she supposed; but upon the next occasion of the kind, she should assert her claim, which fact I was to duly bear in mind.

Of course, after this, there was nothing to do but to hunt up Monsieur Mallet, and tell him that I had changed my mind and would go with them. At this the little man appeared much pleased, and promised me some rare sport.

Harry kindly equipped me with his own rod, a brand new one which had never been used, some lines and hooks, and a creel.

'By the way, Hastings,' he remarked, as thus prepared, I was about to join the others, 'I promised to take you to dine with Jack Morley (Harry's brother-in-law) this evening. I know you will like them. His mother and sister are plain old-fashioned people, and Jack himself is one of the best fellows alive. He lives in a quiet, snug way; has an excellent library, and is like yourself, a passionate admirer of Byron; and I can promise you a nice quiet time of it. I have to go to Toulouse on business to-day, and should I not be able to return until late, I will try to meet you at his gate at six o'clock. But if I am not there at that hour, don't wait for me but go in and make yourself perfectly at home. They will expect you. Now don't fail me.'

The prospect of having a nice, quiet time anywhere and with anybody, was so delightful, that I gladly assented to his proposal; and after receiving directions as to finding the house, I joined my two companions.

We were driven to a distant part of the grounds; and after alighting, followed our respective courses along the margin of a stream which ran through some pretty woods. Monsieur de Clerval started in an opposite direction from that taken by Monsieur Mallet and myself, by whom I was followed at a short distance. At the first toss of my line I threw it, not upon the water, but in among the bushes upon the opposite side; and when, after shortening it some six feet, I did succeed in throwing my hook fairly upon the stream, it was accompanied in its descent by such a shower of leaves, twigs and bits of broken branches, that any trout which might have been unsuspiciously lurking within fifty feet of me, must have been instantly put to flight.

I fished along for half an hour without a nibble, when I came to a deep pool. There was a large rock at the bottom upon the other side, and under that I was sure there were hiding numerous speckled beauties, so I dropped my hook down temptingly near to the crevice. I was probably not aware that trout did not nibble, otherwise I should hardly have allowed the splendid fellow who suddenly darted out and disappeared for a moment with the worm, to go tearing madly about in the water, now turning somersaults in the air, and then diving down deep into the pool, and bending my rod like a bit of whale-

bone. I had always understood it was the correct thing in fishing never to pull up at the first bite, but to let your fish get firmly hooked. Thinking I might now secure him, I concentrated all my strength in one tremendous effort, and threw my quivering victim high in the air; leaving him dangling, far out of reach, from an overhanging bough. In quiet despair, I contemplated his mid-air antics. I knew if he dropped he was gone. But how to prevent such a catastrophe? The tree must be climbed; or should I wade into the middle of the stream and, extending my hat aloft in my hands, wait until such time as it pleased him to tumble into it? Neither of these devices for securing my prize appeared agreeable, if practicable. But something must be done, and quickly. So, throwing off my coat, I adopted the only alternative, and scrambled up the tree, in a few minutes reaching the branch from which he still dangled. At that moment the frail limb upon which my feet rested gave way, and I only saved myself from falling by clinging on to the branch above me. I shook it with such violence that it snapped the line, and the fish immediately fell into the stream and was gone. Happy trout!

Had I been addicted to the use of strong expletives, the occasion would doubtless have justified language more forcible than elegant. The rascal would go about with a sore mouth for some time to come at all events, and that afforded me some satisfaction. I descended the tree, but made no effort to detach the remnant of my line, leaving it suspended from the branch as a melancholy warning to all other amateur disciples of old Izaak Walton who might come after me to temper their zeal with a little discretion when landing their first trout.

The persistency with which my hook would affix itself to every log and stump that happened to lie in my path; the number of times the end of my rod would become entangled among the branches above my head, and my line catch in some snag at the bottom of the brook, and defy all my efforts to detach it; the upsetting of my bait-box into the water, when I had the pleasure of beholding swarms of lusty trout dart from their hiding-places to fatten on the feast so munificently provided for them; the tearing of clothes and lacerating of flesh—all these were sufficiently exasperating; but when I sat down in the middle of the stream, then it was that the iron entered into my soul; then it was that patience ceased any longer to be a virtue; that was the last straw that broke the back of my long suffering humanity—for then it was that I launched forth into soliloquies, which if free, unlike Hamlet's, from suicidal intimations, yet breathed forth slaughter and destruction to the whole fish tribe. In the gall and wormwood of my spirit, I felt sure that had a course of trout fishing upon one of the narrowest, crookedest and shadiest of brooks been prescribed as a test of Job's patience boils would have been a highly unnecessary and ridiculous superfluity.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

BY ALICE HORTON.

I COME to-night from a strange sanctuary,
Where God was, and the preacher, and two more;
No bells announced the solemn service hour,
No organ pealed a sounding voluntary.

The church was of no beauteous conformation,
No painted windows cast their varying dyes
Athwart proud columns and quaint traceries;—
I and one other formed the congregation.

The pulpit was an old bedstead, the preacher
A bedridden old woman, poor and dying,—
Whose numbered moments were so quickly flying
That very soon no human care would reach her.

The bearing of the ills of life and breath
For seventy years had worn her strength away;
Well had she borne the burden of the day
And now she shrank not face to face with death.

She seemed to watch the slowly setting sun,
Whose rays upon her ivied lattice fell,
As if his course and hers were parallel,
As if she felt that both their sands were run.

We saw her thin lips move, and heard her say,
Clasping her trembling, shrunken hands above her,
'My God, I thank Thee that the trial's over!'
And then she made a sign to us to pray.

After, to show us in what faith she died,
With trembling voice she sought aloud to read
The Church's oldest, kindliest, simplest creed,
But could not get beyond, 'was crucified.'

Then we, who watched her, saw her brow o'ercast
And her eyes fix with great solemnity,
As if their gaze would pierce eternity;
And then—the momentary shade was past.

There was a sudden clearing of the brow
As the freed spirit passed with scarce a sigh,
From the poor prison of mortality;
And shades of doubt and pain are over now!

Despite worn face and tresses silver-grey,
Despite the battle-marks of life she bore,
She looked triumphant as a conqueror,
She was most beautiful as there she lay.

We covered not her face, but left the ray
Of the expiring sun to glorify
Her features, who had taught us how to die;
Only we closed her eyes and went our way.

And walking homeward through the accustomed street
It struck me strangely to behold again
The usual life of busy working-men,—
To hear again the work-day tramp of feet.

To find the old, diurnal course of things,
The creaking carts, the common sounds and cries,—
The swallows skimming the canal for flies;—
So near the passing of the King of Kings!

ONTARIO FIFTY YEARS AGO AND NOW.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT, TORONTO.

III.

IT is a very great pity that a systematic effort had not been made years ago to collect interesting incidents connected with the early settlement of the Province. A vast amount of information that would be invaluable to the future compiler of the history of this part of the Dominion has been irretrievably lost. The actors who were present at the birth of the Province are gone, and many of the records have perished. But even now, if the Government would interest itself, much valuable material, scattered through the country, might be reçovered. The Americans have been always alive to this subject, and are constantly gathering up all they can procure relating to the early days of their country, and more than that, they are securing early records and rare books on Canada wherever they can find them. Any one who has had occasion to hunt up information respecting this Province, even fifty years ago, knows the difficulty and even impossibility, in some cases, of procuring what one wants. It is hardly credible that the important and enterprising capital city of Toronto, with its numerous educational and professional institutions, is without a free public library in keeping with its other advantages. This is a serious want to the well-being of our intellectual and moral nature. The benefits conferred by free access to a large collection of standard books is incalculable, and certainly every

Canadian would take pride in as complete a list of works and papers relating to the land of his birth as could be got together. There are hundreds of men, both old and young, in this city to-day whose leisure hours are worse than wasted, and whose lives might be turned to better account if this boon were granted them. The policy hitherto of our Government has been in most respects a liberal one. It has placed our educational institutions on a footing that is not surpassed by any other country. It has provided asylums for the insane and imbecile; institutes for the deaf and blind; reformatories, etc., and all on a scale of great liberality. It has founded an agricultural college, and has encouraged the establishment of mechanics' institutes by annual grants. Why not endow a free library which will be a credit to the Province? Could it do a better or more popular thing?

The publishing interests of the Province were very small in 1830. All the school and miscellaneous books were imported from the United States, and there was but little alteration in this respect for fifteen years afterwards. But from the union of the Provinces, and the inauguration of the new school system, an end was put to the use of American school books. This gave an impetus to publishing, which has gone on increasing until nearly all the books used in our schools are not only printed at home, but many of them are the work of our own writers. I am not prepared to say when, or by whom, the first book in the Province was published. The earliest that I remember to have seen, except the Statutes and Journals of the House of Assembly, are now lying before me. The one a law book in two volumes, full calf, entitled 'Reports of Cases, &c., in the Court of King's Bench, in York, U. C., by Thos. Taylor, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. York, U.C. Printed by John Carey, King Street, 1828.' The other, a volume also in calf binding, is 'The Life of Lord Byron, by Mr. Galt. First Canadian Edition. Henry Chapman, publisher, Niagara, 1831.' This book is noticeable for its neat typography and binding.

Our publishers have by no means confined themselves to school books. During the last few years a larger number of miscellaneous books, by Canadian authors, and reprints of foreign works, have been produced, equal in every respect either to English or American issues. The want of an international copyright law has enabled American publishing houses, for the last half century, to amass fortunes out of the brain-work of English writers. Our publishers have been taking a leaf from their book, and have been reproducing popular American books at greatly reduced prices. So long as the American publisher could pirate from the world with impunity, he did not want any, protection, but now, with the rapidly increasing number of popular writers at home, he finds himself placed on the horns of a dilemma. The old Adam having a tight grip of his acquisitiveness, he is rather puzzled how to steer his course, so that he can be protected on one hand, and continue his piracies as of old on the other. Men who have grown fat by illegitimate practices, as a rule, do not submit with a good grace when the tables are turned on them, and since our Canadian publishers have been taking a hand in the game, the light is begining to dawn upon our friends across the line, and this bit of side play, which has been going on in Canada, may be the means, after a while, of bringing about a settlement of this much-discussed question. Not long since, while in one of our book-stores, an American came in and asked for a Canadian copy of 'Betsy Bobbits,' remarking that many American books could be had over here for almost a quarter the price they were sold at in the States, and I am glad of it, said he, and hope you Canadians will keep at it, for we have been stealing books for more than forty years, and if there

is such a thing as retributive justice, it's about time it showed its hand.

The first printing office in the Province was established by Louis Roy, in April, 1793,* at Newark (Niagara), and from it was issued the *Upper Canada Gazette, or American Oracle,*'† a formidable name for a sheet 15 by 9'. It was an official organ and newspaper combined, and when a weekly journal of this size could furnish the current news of the day, and the Government notices as well, one, looking at it by the light of the present day, cannot help thinking that publishing a paper was up hill work. Other journals were started, and after running a brief course, expired; and when one remembers the tedious means of communication in a country almost without roads, the difficulty of getting items of news, it does not seem strange that those early adventures were short lived. But as time wore on, one after another succeeded in getting a foot-hold, and found their way into the homes of the settler. They were invariably small, and printed on coarse paper. Sometimes even this gave out, and the printer had to resort to blue wrapping paper to enable him to present his readers with the weekly literary feast. In 1830, the number had increased from the humble beginning in the then capital of Upper Canada, to twenty papers, and of these the following still survive:—The *Chronicle and News*, of Kingston, established 1810; Brockville *Recorder*, 1820; St. Catharine's *Journal*, 1824; *Christian Guardian*, 1829. There are now in Ontario 37 daily papers, 4 semi-weekly, 1 tri-weekly, 282 weeklies, 27 monthlies, and 2 semi-monthlies, making a total of 353. The honour of establishing the first daily paper belongs to the late Dr. Barker, of Kingston, founder of the *British Whig*, in 1834.

There is, perhaps, nothing that can give us a better idea of the progress the Province has made than a comparison of the papers published now with those of 1830. The smallness of the sheets, and the meagreness of reading matter, the absence of advertisements, except in a very limited way, and the typographical work, make us think that our fathers were a good-natured, easy-going, kind of people, or they would never have put up with such apologies for newspapers. Dr. Scadding, in 'Toronto of Old,' gives a number of interesting and amusing items respecting the 'Early Press.' He states that the whole of the editorial matter of the *Gazette and Oracle*, on the 2nd of January, 1802, is the following:—'The Printer presents his congratulatory compliments to his customers on the new year.' If brevity is the soul of wit, this is a *chef d'œuvre.* On another occasion, the publisher apologises for the non-appearance of his paper, by saying, 'The Printer having been called to York last week upon business, is humbly tendered to his readers as an apology for the *Gazette's* not appearing.' This was another entire editorial, and it certainly could not have taken the readers long to get at the pith of it. What would be said over such an announcement in these days?

We have every reason to feel proud of the advance the Press has made, both in number and influence, in Ontario. The leading papers are ably conducted, liberally supported, and will compare favourably with those of any country. Various causes have led to this result. The prosperous condition of the people, the increase of immigration, the springing up of railway communication, the extension and perfecting of telegraphy, and, more than all, the completeness and efficiency of our school system throughout the Province, have worked changes not to be mistaken. These are the sure indices of our progress and enlightenment, the unerring registers that mark our advancement as a people now, and

* Mr. Bourinot, in the February CANADIAN MONTHLY, says this was in 1763, no doubt a typographical error.

† 'Toronto of Old.'

will likely continue to do so in the future.

The only bank in the Province, in 1830, was that of the Bank of Upper Canada, with a capital of £100,000. There are now nine chartered banks owned in Ontario, with a capital of $17,000,000, and there are seven banks owned, with one exception, in the Province of Quebec, having offices in all the principal towns. There are also numbers of private banks and loan companies, the latter representing a capital of over $20,000,000. This is a prolific growth in half a century, and a satisfactory evidence of material success.

Insurance has been the growth of the last fifty years. During the session of the House of Assembly, in 1830, a bill was introduced to make some provision against accidents by fire. Since then the business has grown to immense proportions. According to the returns of the Dominion Government, for the 31st December, 1879, the assets of Canadian Life, Fire, Marine, Accident, and Guarantee Companies were $10,346,587. British, doing business in Canada, $6,838,309. American, ditto, $1,685,599. Of Mutual Companies, there are 94 in Ontario, with a total income for 1879 of $485,579, and an expenditure of $455,861.*

Fifty years ago the revenue of Upper Canada was £112,166 13s. 4d.; the amount of duty collected £9,283 19s. The exports amounted to £1,-555,404, and the imports to £1,502,914. There were twenty-seven ports of entry and thirty-one collectors of customs. From the last published official reports we learn that the revenue for Ontario in 1879 was $4,018,287. That for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1880, the exports were $28,063,980, and imports $27,869,444; amount of duty collected, $5,086,579; also that there are fifty-six ports of entry and thirty-eight outposts, with seventy-three collectors.*

One of the most interesting features in the progress of Canada is the rapid growth of its marine. It is correctly stated to rank fourth as to tonnage in the maritime powers of the world. The United States, with its fifty-four millions of people, and immense coast line exceeds us but by a very little, while in ocean steamers we are ahead. In fact, the Allan Line is one of the first in the world. This is something for a country with a population of only five-and-a-half millions to boast of, and it is not by any means the only thing. We have been spoken of as a people wanting enterprise—a good-natured, phlegmatic set—but it is a libel disproved by half a century's progress. We have successfully carried out some of the grandest enterprises on this Continent. At Montreal we have the finest docks in America; our canals are unequalled; our country is intersected by railroads; every town and village in the land is linked together by telegraph wires, and we have probably more miles of both, according to population, than any other people. The inland position of the Province of Ontario, although having the chain of great lakes lying along its southern border, never fostered a love for a sea-faring life. This is easily accounted for by the pursuits of the people, who were nearly all agriculturists. But the produce had to be moved, and the means were forthcoming to meet the necessities of the case. The great water course which led to the seaports of Montreal and Quebec, owing to the rapids of the St. Lawrence, could only be navigated by the batteaux and Durham boats, and the navigator, after overcoming these difficulties and laying his course through the noble lake from which our Province takes its name encountered

* Inspector of Insurance Report, 1880.

* Canniff.

the Falls of Niagara. This was a huge barrier across his path which he had no possible means of surmounting. When the Town of Niagara was reached vessels had to be discharged and the freight carted round the Falls to Chippawa. This was a tedious matter, and a great drawback to settlement in the western part of the Province. Early in the century, the Hon. Hamilton Merritt conceived the plan of connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario by a canal, and succeeded in getting the Government to assume the project in 1824. It was a great work for a young country to undertake, but it was pushed on, and completed in 1830. From that time to this vessels have been enabled to pass from one lake to the other. This, with the Sault Ste Marie canal, and those of the St. Lawrence, enables a vessel to pass from the head of Lake Superior to the ocean. The Rideau Canal, undertaken about the same time as the Welland Canal, was also completed in the same year. It was constructed principally for military purposes, though at one time quite a large amount of freight came up the Ottawa and thence by this canal to Kingston. The St. Lawrence was the only channel for freight going east. All the rapids were navigable with the batteaux except the Lachine, and up to 1830 there was a line of these boats running from Belleville to Montreal.* Our canal system was completed fifty years ago, and all that has been done since is the enlarging and keeping them in repair. The total number of miles of canals in the Province are 136.

The number of vessels composing our marine in 1830 is as follows: 12 steamers and 110 sailing vessels, with a tonnage of 14,300; and it is worthy of remark that at this date the tonnage on the lakes was about equal to that of the United States. The number of steam vessels now owned by the Province is 385, with 657* sailing vessels, having a total tonnage of 137,481, which at $30 per ton would make our shipping interest amount to $4,124,430.

A great deal has been done these last few years to protect the sailor from disaster and loss. Independant of marine charts that give the soundings of all navigable waters, buoys mark the shoals and obstructions to the entrance of harbours or the windings of intricate channels; and from dangerous rocks and bold headlands, jutting out in the course of vessels, flash out through the storm and darkness of the long dreary night the brilliant light from the dome of the lighthouse, warning the sailor to keep away. By a system of revolving and parti-coloured lights the mariner is enabled to tell where he is and to lay his course so as to avoid the disaster that might otherwise overtake him. There are now 149† lighthouses in the Ontario division: in 1830 there were only four. Another great boon to the mariner of the present day is the meteorological service, by which he is warned of approaching storms. It is only by the aid of telegraphy that this discovery has been made practically available; and the system has been so perfected that weather changes can be told twenty four hours in ad-

* The reader may be interested in learning the amount of produce shipped from the Province in 1830, via the St. Lawrence, and the mode of its conveyance. It is certainly a marked contrast, not only to the present facilities for carrying freight, but to the amount of produce, etc., going east and coming west. Statement of produce imported into Lower Canada through the Port of Coteau du Lac, to December 30th, 1830, in 584 Durham boats and 731 batteaux: 133,141 bls. flour; 26,084 bls. ashes; 14,116 bls. pork; 1,627 bls. beef; 4,881 bus. corn and rye; 280,322 bus. wheat; 1,875 bls. corn meal; 245 bls. and 955 kegs, lard; 27 bls. and 858 kegs, butter; 263 bls. and 29 hds, tallow; 625 bls. apples; 216 bls. raw hides; 148 hds. and 361 kegs, tobacco; 1,021 casks and 3 hds. whiskey and spirits; 2,636 hogs. Quantity of merchandise brought to Upper Canada in the same year, 8,244 tons.—*Journal of the House of Assembly*, 1831.

* Report Marine and Fisheries, 1880.

† Ibid.

vance, with almost positive certainty. We have fourteen drum stations, eight of which are on Lake Ontario, four on Lake Huron, and two on the Georgian Bay.

The Montreal Telegraph Company, the first in Canada, was organized in 1847. It has 1,647 offices in the Dominion, 12,703 miles of poles, and 21,568 of wire. Number of messages for current year, 2,112,161 ; earnings, $550,840. The Dominion Company reports 608 offices, 5,112 miles of poles, and 11,501 of wire. Number of messages, 734,522 ; gross earnings, $229,994. This gives a total of 17,845 miles of telegraph, 2,282 offices, 2,846,623 messages, and gross earnings amounting to $780,834.*

The administration of justice cost the Province, in 1830, $23,600, and according to the latest official returns $274,013—a very striking proof that our propensity to litigate has kept pace with the increase of wealth and numbers. There were four Superior Judges, of whom the Hon. John Beverley Robinson was made Chief-Justice in 1830, at a salary of $6,000 ; the remaining judges received $3,600 each. Besides these there were eleven District Judges, and in consequence of the extent of country embraced in these sections, and the distance jurors and others had to travel, the Court of Sessions was held frequently in alternate places in the district. In the Midland District, this court was held in Kingston and Adolphustown. The latter place had been laid out for a town by some far-seeing individual, but it never even attained to the dignity of a village. There was, besides the court-house, a tavern, a foundry, a Church of England—one of the first in the Province —the old homestead of the Hagermans, near the wharf ; a small building occupied for a time by the father of Sir John A. Macdonald as a store, and where the future statesman romped in his youth, and four private residences close at hand. When the court was held there, which often lasted a week or more, judge jury, lawyers and litigants had to be billeted around the neighbourhood. As a rule, they fared pretty well, for the people in that section were well off, and there was rarely any charge for board. The courts comprised the Court of King's Bench, the Quarter Sessions, and Court of Requests. The latter was similar to our Division Court, and was presided over by a commissioner or resident magistrate. The Quarter Sessions had control of nearly all municipal affairs, but when the Municipal Law came into force, these matters passed into the hands of the County Councils. The machinery in connection with the administration of justice has been largely augmented, for, beside the additional courts, we have six Superior Court Judges, one Chancellor, two Vice-Chancellors, one Chief-Justice, three Queen's Bench, three Common Pleas, three Court of Appeal Judges, and thirty-eight County Court Judges.

The manufacturing interests of the Province in 1830 were very small indeed. I have been unable to put my hand on any reliable information respecting this matter at that time, but from my own recollection at a somewhat later period, I know that very little had been done to supply the people with even the most common articles in use. Everything was imported save those things that were made at home. From the first grist mill, built below Kingston by the Government for the settlers—and to which my grandfather carried his first few bushels of wheat in a canoe down the Bay of Quinte, a distance of thirty-five miles—the mills at length increased to 303. They were small, and the great proportion had but a single run of stones. The constant demand for lumber for building purposes in every settlement, necessitated the building of saw-mills, and in each

* Annual Report of Montreal and Dominion Telegraph Companies, 1881.

township, wherever there was a creek or stream upon which a sufficient head of water could be procured to give power, there was a rude mill, with its single upright saw. Getting out logs in the winter was a part of the regular programme of every farmer who had pine timber, and in spring, for a short time, the mill was kept going, and the lumber taken home. According to the returns made to the Government, there were 429 of these mills in the Province at that time.* There were also foundries where ploughs were made, and other implements, and a few Fulling mills, where the home-made flannel was converted into the thick coarse cloth known as full cloth, a warm and serviceable article, as many no doubt remember. Carding machines, which had pretty much entirely relieved the housewife from using hand cards in making rolls also were in existence. There were also breweries and distilleries, and a paper mill, on the Don, at York. This was about the sum total of our manufacturing enterprises at that date.

There are now 508 grist and flour mills, not quite double the number, but owing to the great improvement in machinery, the producing capacity has largely increased. Very few mills at the present time have less than two run of stones, and a great many have four and even more, and the same may be said of the saw mills, of which there are 853. There are many in the Province capable of turning out nearly as much lumber in twelve months as all the mills did fifty years ago. It is only within a few years that we have made much progress in manufactures of any kind. Whatever the hindrances were, judging from the numerous factories that are springing into existence all over the Dominion, they seem to have been removed, and capitalists are embarking their money in all kinds of manufacturing enterprises. There is no way, so far as I know, of getting at the value, annually, produced by our mills and factories, except from the Trade and Navigation Returns for 1880, and this only gives the exports, which are but a fraction of the grand total. Our woollen mills turned out last year upwards of $4,000,000,† of which we exported $222,425. This does not include the produce of what are called custom mills. There are 224 foundries, 285 tanneries, 164 woollen mills, 74 carding and fulling mills, 137 cheese factories, 127 agricultural and implement factories, 92 breweries, 8 boot and shoe factories, 5 button factories, 1 barley mill, 2 carpet factories, 4 chemical works, 9 rope and twine factories, 9 cotton mills, 3 crockery kilns, 11 flax mills, 4 glass works, 11 glove factories, 7 glue factories, 9 hat factories, 12 knitting factories, 9 oatmeal mills, 9 organ factories, 10 piano factories, 25 paper mills, 4 rubber factories, 6 shoddy mills, 3 sugar refineries, making, with the flour and saw mills, 2,642. Besides these, there are carriage, cabinet, and other factories and shops, to the number of 3,848. The value of flour exported was $1,547,910; of sawn lumber, $4,137,062; of cheese, $1,199,973; of flax, $95,292; of oatmeal, $215,131, and of other manufactures, $1,100,605.

We may further illustrate the progress we have made by giving the estimated value of the trade of Toronto in 1880, taken from an interesting article on this subject, which appeared in the *Globe* last January. The wholesale trade is placed at $30,650,000; produce, $23,000,000; a few leading factories, $1,770,000; live stock, local timber trade, distilling and brewing, and coal, $8,910,000; in all, $64,330,000,—a gross sum more than ten times greater than the value of the trade of the whole Province fifty years ago.

Another interesting feature in our growth is the rapid increase in the cities and towns. Some of these were

* Journals, House of Assembly, 1831.

† *Monetary Times*, December, 17, 18

not even laid out in 1830, and others hardly deserved the humble distinction of a village. The difference will be more apparent by giving the population, as far as possible, then and now, of a number of the principal places:—

	1830.	1881.
Toronto	2,860	86,445
Kingston	3,587	14,093
Hamilton, including township	2,013	35,965
London, including township	2,415	——
Brantford, laid out in 1830	——	9,626
Guelph, including township	778	9,890
St. Catharines, population in 1845, 3,500	——	——
Ottawa, contained 150 houses	——	——
Belleville, incorporated 1835	——	9,516
Brockville	1,130	7,608
Napanee, population in 1845, 500	——	3,681
Cobourg	——	4,957
Port Hope	——	5,888
Peterboro', laid out in 1826	——	6,815
Lindsay, " 1833	——	5,081
Barrie, " 1832	——	——
Ingersoll " 1831	——	4,322
Woodstock, population in 1845, 1,085	——	5,373
Chatham, settled in 1830	——	7,881
Stratford, laid out in 1833	——	8,240
Sarnia, laid out in 1833	——	3,874

I have largely exceeded the limit of my contribution, and must bring it to a close. The subject is one of more than ordinary interest to every Canadian, and I hope the humble effort I have made to show what we have done during the fifty years that are gone will induce some one better qualified to go over the same ground, and put it in a more attractive and effective shape. It is a period in our history which must ever demand attention, and although our Province had been settled for nearly half a century prior to 1830, it was not until after that, that men of intelligence began to look around them, and take an active interest in shaping the future of their country. There were many failures, but the practical sense of the people surmounted them, and pushed on. All were awake to the value of their heritage, and contributed their share to extend its influence; and so we have gone on breasting manfully political, commercial, and other difficulties, but always advancing; and whatever may be said about the growth of other parts of America, figures will show that Canada is to the front. At the Provincial Exhibition in Ottawa, 1879, the Governor of Vermont, in his address, stated (what we already knew), that Canada had outstripped the United States in rapidity of growth and development, during recent years, and the Governors of Ohio and Maine endorsed the statement. We have a grand country, and I believe a grand future.

'Fair land of peace! to Britain's rule and throne
Adherent still, yet happier than alone,
And free as happy, and as brave as free,
Proud are thy children, justly proud of thee.
Few are the years that have sufficed to change
This whole broad land by transformation strange.
Once far and wide the unbroken forest spread
Their lonely waste, mysterious and dread—
Forest, whose echoes never had been stirred
By the sweet music of an English word,
Where only rang the red-browed hunter's yell,
And the wolf's howl, through the dark sunless dell,
Now fruitful field and waving orchard trees
Spread their rich treasures to the summer breeze.
Yonder, in queenly pride, a city stands,
Whence stately vessels speed to distant lands;
Here smiles a hamlet through embow'ring green,
And there the statelier village spires are seen;
Here by the brook-side clacks the noisy mill,
There the white homestead nestles on the hill:
The modest school-house here flings wide its door
To smiling crowds that seek its simple lore;
There Learning's statelier fane of massive walls
Woos the young aspirant to classic halls.
And bids him in her hoarded treasures find
The gathered wealth of all earth's gifted minds.'—*Pamelia S. Vining.*

Since writing the foregoing, I accidentally came across 'The Canadas, &c.,' by Andrew Picken, published in London, 1832, a work which I had never previously met with. It is written principally for the benefit of persons intending to emigrate to Canada, and contains notices of the most important places in both Provinces. I have made the following extracts, thinking that they would prove interesting to those of my readers who wish to get a correct idea of our towns and villages fifty years ago.

'The largest and most populous of the towns in Upper Canada, and called the key to the Province, is Kingston, advantageously situated at the head of the St. Lawrence and at the entrance of the great Lake Ontario. Its population is now about 5,500 souls; it is a military post of importance, as well as a naval depôt, and from local position and advantages is well susceptible of fortification. It contains noble dock-yards and conveniences for ship-building. Its bay affords, says Howinson, so fine a harbour, that a vessel of an hundred and twenty guns can lie close to the quay, and the mercantile importance it has now attained, as a commercial entrepot between Montreal below and the western settlements on the lakes above, may be inferred, among other things, from the wharfs on the river and the many spacious and well-filled warehouses behind them, as well as the numerous stores and mercantile employés within the town. The streets are regularly formed upon the right-angular plan, which is the favourite in new settlements, but they are not paved; and though the houses are mostly built of limestone, inexhaustible quarries of which lie in the immediate vicinity of the town, and are of the greatest importance to it and the surrounding neighbourhood, there is nothing in the least degree remarkable or interesting in the appearance of either the streets or the buildings. The opening of the Rideau Canal here, which, with the intermediate lakes, forms a junction between the Ontario and other lakes above, the St. Lawrence below, and the Ottawa, opposite Hull, in its rear, with all the intervening districts and townships, will immensely increase the importance of this place; and its convenient hotels already afford comfortable accommodation to the host of travellers that are continually passing between the Upper and Lower Provinces, as well as to and from the States on the opposite side of the river.

'York is well situated on the north side of an excellent harbour on the lake. It contains the public buildings of the Province, viz., the House of Assembly, where the Provincial Parliament generally holds its sittings; the Government House; the Provincial Bank; a College; a Court-House; a hall for the Law Society; a gaol; an Episcopal Church; a Baptist Chapel (Methodist); a Scots' Kirk; a Garrison near the town, with barracks for the troops usually stationed here, and a battery which protects the entrance of the harbour. Regularly laid out under survey, as usual, the streets of the town are spacious, the houses mostly built of wood, but many of them of brick and stone. The population amounts now to between four and five thousand.

'By-Town, situated on the southern bank of the Ottawa, a little below the Chaudiere Falls and opposite to the flourishing Village of Hull, in Lower Canada, stands upon a bold eminence, surrounding a bay of the grand river, and occupies both banks of the canal, which here meets it. Laid out in the usual manner, with streets crossing at right angles, the number of houses are already about 150, most of which are wood, and many built with much taste. Three stone barracks and a large and commodious hospital, built also of stone, stand conspicuous on the elevated banks of the bay; and the elegant residence of Colonel By, the commanding Royal Engineer of that station.

'The town-plot of Peterborough is in the north-east angle of the Township of Monaghan. It is laid out in half-acres, the streets nearly at right-angles with the river; park lots of nine acres each are reserved near the town. The patent fee on each is £8, provincial currency, and office fees and agency will increase it 15s. or 20s. more.

'The settlement commenced in 1825, at which time it formed a depôt of the emigration under the Hon. P. Robin-

son. The situation is most favourable, being an elevated sandy plain, watered by a creek, which discharges into the river below the turn. The country round is fertile, and there is great water-power in the town-plot, on which mills are now being built by Government. These mills are on an extensive scale, being calculated to pack forty barrels of flour, and the saw-mill to cut 3,000 feet of boards, per diem.

'The situation of Cobourg is healthy and pleasant. It stands immediately on the shore of Lake Ontario. In 1812, it had only one house; it now contains upwards of forty houses, an Episcopal church, a Methodist chapel, two good inns, four stores, a distillery, an extensive grist mill; and the population may be estimated at about 350 souls.

'The two projected towns of most consideration in this district (London district), however, are London-on-the-Thames, further inland, and Goderich, recently founded by the Canada Company, on Lake Huron. London is yet but inconsiderable, but from its position, in the heart of a fertile country, is likely to become of some importance hereafter, when the extreme wilds become more settled. The town is quite new, not containing above forty or fifty houses, all of bright boards and shingles. The streets and gardens full of black stumps, &c. They were building a church, and had finished a handsome Gothic court-house, which must have been a costly work.

'Guelph—Much of this tract belongs to the Canada Company, who have built, nearly in its centre, the town of Guelph, upon a small river, called the Speed, a remote branch of the Ouse, or Grand River. This important and rapidly rising town, which is likely to become the capital of the district, was founded by Mr. Galt, for the Company, on St. George's day, 1827, and already contains between 100 and 200 houses, several shops, a handsome market-house, near the centre, a school-house, a printing office, and 700 or 800 inhabitants.

'The Bay of Quinte settlement is the oldest in Upper Canada, and was begun at the close of the revolutionary war. We crossed over the mouth of the river Trent, which flows from the Rice Lake, and is said can be made practicable for steamboats, though at much expense, thence to Belleville, a neat village of recent date, but evidently addicted too much to lumbering.

'Brockville, a most thriving new town, with several handsome stone houses, churches, court-house, &c., and about 1,500 souls.'

NOTE.—In the continuation of my paper on 'Ontario Fifty Years Ago,' &c., in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for June, page 556, owing to the absence of a word or two which escaped my notice, Louis XIV. is made to appear as the originator of the Edict of Nantes. Every student of history knows that this celebrated Edict, which secured religious liberty to the French Protestants, was promulgated by Henry IV., in 1598, and that Nantes became their head quarters, and on the revocation of the Edict by Louis XIV., 1665—the period referred to—vast multitudes of the Huguenots left their country for ever. C. H.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY GEORGE GERRARD, MONTREAL.

O TIME! O ruthless Time! How swift you flee,
Forever onward on a changeless way;
So that thy great results we scarce can see,
Before they vanish like the dying day.

Youth lifts the babe into a higher sphere,
  And manhood's glories brighter bloom ;
But age progresses with each flying year,
  In fated courses to the silent tomb.

O sin ! O cursed sin ! Thy settled blight
  Shall fade beneath a rising morn,
When clouds roll back, and life and light,
  Announce the world immortal born.

O Death ! Thou only conquerest the dust,
  Thou hast no power upon the mind,
Thy sway is short, and even here, thou must
  Thyself die out, and rest resigned.

Thine inmost nature doth betoken end ;
  Thine icy fingers and relentless grasp
Bear the imprint of change, and quickly lend
  A deeper loathing to thy cruel clasp.

Wreak then the worst on unresisting clay,
  And in thy charnel-house consume the fair,
Lead genius, beauty, honour to decay,
  And soon thou'lt know thine own despair.

When touched with keenest grief the struggling heart
  First feels the anguish of a sudden woe,
And all the life-threads of our love must part,
  Forever scattered 'neath the fatal blow ;

When 'mid the confines of some well-known place,
  Where every corner speaks to memory,
Moves not the hand, nor smiles the cheerful face,
  But all is dreary as the mist-bound sea ;

When all around seems as it used to be,
  And one can almost wait to hear
The footstep's light approach, and phantasy
  Brings a voice upon the listening ear ;

When all is changed, and all we knew has gone,
  Then Death, thou hast thy triumph here ;
When days appear, and selfish man moves on,
  Without one pause, one sympathetic tear.

But Death, thy victory is scarcely won.
  When thou dost yield the fruits of toil ;
Thou only hast the sin-wrought tie undone,
  And freed the spirit from an earthy soil.

Temptation past, dark time of trouble o'er,
  The soul ascends in boundless flight,
Learns wondrous knowledge on a newer shore,
  And basks amid resplendent light.

Still, there is left the lingering sense of pain,
The mournful numbness of unspoken woe,
We see the sleeping face, and dare in fear again,
With fondest hope, to trace the living glow;

For Death has conquered, and the grave,
Is witness to the triumph of his power,
But that shall fall, oblivion's sullen wave
Shall cease to flow, from Resurrection's hour.

CANADA AND THE EMPIRE.

A REPLY.

BY THOMAS CROSS, OTTAWA.

IN the *Contemporary Review* for the months of September and November, 1880, two writers, Mr. George Anderson, M.P., and Mr. William Clarke, stated their views respecting the present position, the requirements, and the prospects of the Canadian Dominion. Both gentlemen think that the present relations between the 'premier colony' and the Empire cannot be maintained much longer. Both see, or think they see, dangers ahead calling for early action in the direction of placing Canada safely under the wing of one of the great powers occupying this continent. One gives his voice for one power, and one for the other. According to Mr. Anderson, our salvation lies in a closer union with the Empire; Mr. Clarke sees nothing for us but annexation to the United States. In making out these very different cases, both writers illustrate the difficulty of speaking correctly concerning the domestic needs, and the position of a people three thousand miles away; and the public opinion of England being a vital matter to us, we cannot allow it to be formed wholly upon the statements of those who do not know us. Let us state our own case, and it may be that the perils which, according to our English critics, menace our near future, will recede, if they do not vanish altogether; and the need of changing our political *status quo* may prove to be, so far, not very apparent.

Mr. Anderson's article, though professedly written with a view to the solution of Canada's alleged difficulties, and an escape from dangers which do not frighten Canadians from their propriety, contains so many libellous misstatements, that it can only be regarded as an elaborate attempt to injure Canada in English opinion. The article begins with the well-worn statement of the contrast between Canada and the United States, observed by

the traveller on crossing the Niagara river, or any other point on the border; and it proceeds to demonstrate, by means which I shall show to be most unfair, that the difference in favour of the American side is owing to some fault in the people of Canada, or their political conditions. Mr. Anderson says:

'Even if the traveller comes to the conclusion, as he probably would, that the difference of political system is sufficient to account for the difference of development of national life in the two countries, at least up to the period of Confederation, it remains to be considered how far that change may affect the question, and whether it will be sufficient, within any reasonable time, of itself to bring about the needful remedy.'

I shall deal in the first place with Mr. Anderson's assumption that the difference of the political systems of the two countries is sufficient to account for the different development of their material life.

There can be no doubt that, upon the close of the War of Independence, the political system and the political status of the United States had much to do with their rapid advance. The spectacle of an heroic and successful assertion of rights have secured the sympathies of the populations of Europe, especially of the oppressed millions of Germany and Ireland. The words 'Liberty' and 'Equality,' were then fresh from the West, and no wonder they sounded sweet to the ears of the two great emigrating peoples, who hastened to profit by a policy now as it was then wise and generous, and which offered them blessings that no other country in the world then had to bestow. Thus, during a period when Canada had nothing to offer, Germany and Ireland established with the Republic those ties which have gained strength from that day to this. Willing hands and ready brains have never been wanting to make the most of the matchless resources at their disposal, and the first century of the country's existence showed the results of its policy in the development which amazed mankind at the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876.

But the political differences of the two countries are growing less and less, and we must look to other causes for the comparative backwardness of Canada. These are not far to seek. The United States had the start of us by a century, and began life with unparalleled advantages. A population of four millions, led by the most sagacious men of the age, and full of the energy born of a successful struggle, in which they had enjoyed the moral support of mankind, possessing a social and political organization adapted to their peculiar and happy situation; territory embracing latitudes affording all varieties of climate; the results of a century and a half of colonization; the admiration and good-will of the world. Never before did promise so fair, or gifts so precious, attend a nation's birth. What, on the other hand, was Canada at the same time?

At the close of the War of Independence, the settlements of what was then Canada were confined to the Province of Quebec. Ontario, now the first and the mainstay of the Dominion, was a wilderness of the most stubborn sort, a forest wilderness. At the date of the conquest, twenty-three years before, the Province of Quebec contained some sixty thousand people of French origin, living under the grinding tyranny of a feudal system which was the worst possible form of polity for colonial progress. De Tocqueville, indeed, cites New France as the country affording the worst example of the evils of the *ancien régime*. They had in the very first days of their colonial history plunged into a war with the Iroquois, which lasted nearly a century, and they had during that time eaten their bread, when they had any to eat, in fear and trembling. Owing to the uncertainty

of their position, their susceptibility to the charms of the wilderness and to the profitable nature of the fur trade, which was in those days the chief support of the colony, they had to a great extent, and in spite of severe penal laws, forsaken the pursuits of a progressive people in favour of life in the woods with their Algonquin allies.

From a beginning so meagre and unpromising, within a hundred years in the case of Ontario, and within a hundred and twenty years in that of Quebec, those provinces have become what they are to-day. Ontario, with its population of some two millions, challenges the world to show a people blessed with greater happiness and well-being, or more industrious, more moral, or having better provision for education, or a more faithful administration of justice. In Quebec, the sixty thousand French have become a million, or thereabouts, of loyal and contented British subjects, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the institutions under which they have increased and prospered, holding their own well with the rest of our people in literature, in commerce, and in the learned professions, and perhaps a little more than their own in public affairs and in the civil service. Here is surely proof enough of the suitability to these colonies of British institutions as hitherto administered.

To his question as to whether Confederation is likely to meet the needs of Canada, Mr. Anderson himself finds a reply :

'Up to the present time, it must be admitted that the signs of improvement are rather meagre. The Confederation was brought about with some difficulty. . . . The Confederation has hardly reached union.'

It is quite true that difficulties were encountered in uniting these provinces, but when was a union so important so easily brought about? It is not true that the Confederation has at this day hardly reached union, and as to the first sentence I have quoted, a more astounding statement was never made, and I shall reply to it by giving a few figures from the blue books of the first thirteen years during which Confederation has been tried.

	30th June, 1868.	30th June, 1880.
Imports..........	$57,805,013	$86,489,747
Exports..........	47,499,876	87,911,458
Capital of Banks.	30,289,048	60,584,789
Circulati'n of B'ks	8,307,079	20,186,176
Assets of Banks..	71,697,748	181,741,074
Miles of Railway.	2,522	7,043
Earnings of Railways	11,906,116	23,561,447
Deposits in Savings Banks.....	1,422,046	11,052,956
Number of Letters Posted	18,100,000	45,800,000
Postage on Letters	1,024,710	1,648,017

During the year ending the 30th June, 1881, the bank circulation increased by $5,916,192, or twenty-nine per cent., and the assets by $17,253,204, or over nine per cent. The returns of the Post Office Savings Banks for the same period are still more satisfactory, the deposits having increased in the single year, by $2,262,557, or *fifty-seven per cent.* This speaks volumes for the prosperity of the country and the frugality of the people. The imports and exports for the last fiscal year are not yet published, but everything indicates that when they appear they will not disappoint any reasonable expectation.

The Census returns just issued show an increase of population during the last decade of 664,337, or 18.02 per cent. In comparing this increase with the 30 per cent. of the United States during the same period, it must be remembered that it is almost wholly due to our own unaided efforts, and not, as in our neighbours' case, to immigration. Deprive them of outside assistance, and they will not equal us in this important business ; for I am told by the Rev. Abbé Tanguay that, while the average number of children in American families is only three and a fraction, Canadian wives, taken all round, present their lords with a mean

number, if it can be so called, of six pledges of affection. No wonder the crowds of chubby faces in the windows attracted the attention of Lord Dufferin. It should be remembered, too that five out of the ten years in which this was accomplished were passed in a state of depression without example in the history of the colony, and that during these five years very many of our people sought, however vainly, to improve their fortunes in the Republic. The attractions of our North-West, again, are scarce as yet placed fairly within the immigrants' reach, or brought to his notice; and fast as the settlements are already dotting the Great Lone Land, the work of colonization must proceed much more rapidly now that the plan of the Pacific Railway is decided upon, and the work fairly under way.

Mr. Anderson remarks that our imports decreased during four consecutive years. So did other people's. We had our hard times like the rest, and we were economical and we suffered less than either England or the United States. Had Mr. Anderson been in possession of the figures of our fiscal year, he would have seen that our imports, notwithstanding our 'hostile' tariff, had increased by $5,000,000 or nearly so, and, what is vastly more important to us, our exports went up by $16,500,000, exceeding our imports for the first time in many years.

Again, to quote Mr. Anderson:

'It is urged that, so long as this system continues, Confederation only enlarges the scale of what was, and continues to be, local and parochial.'

The work of our statesmen in giving direction to the destinies of half the American continent can hardly be called 'local' or 'parochial;' and the part which Canada seems likely soon to take in the concerns of the Empire may deserve to be styled, not local or parochial, but Imperial. Of this more hereafter.

The next paragraph of Mr. Anderson's article to which I shall call attention expresses the views of perhaps the majority of Englishmen as to the use of colonies:

'What is the value of any colony to Great Britain except in the prospect of a profitable trade? as mere outlets for surplus population their value is certainly not considerable, as is proved by the fact that the United States serve that purpose for us far better than do all the colonies put together. Unfortunately all take away, not the classes we want to get quit of, our pauper and criminal population, but the very marrow of our working classes.'

Such are the views which have hitherto prevailed in the nation of shopkeepers with regard to her colonies, with results far from pleasant to contemplate. Thanks to her home and colonial policy, England has now, in the United States, some five millions of the bitterest and most implacable enemies our country had, Irishmen and descendants of Irishmen, and others too, who might just as well have been loyal and contented subjects in her colonies. But like Mr. Anderson, his countrymen thought it 'far better' that they should go to swell the power of the Republic, and swear to fight her battles against all princes and rulers, *especially the Queen of England.*' Those words are conspicuous in the naturalization oath, and they will certainly not be forgotten. There is a certain dismal *naïveté* in Mr. Anderson's complaint in the above paragraph. Of course the paupers and criminals of England will not go where they would have to work. They have fat prey at home, and not much conscience about making the most of it. And those among the working classes who have energy and ambition and self respect are not likely to remain any longer than they can help under the existing social conditions of England. The marrow of the working class is in its element here, the paupers and criminals would be uncomfortable. The reverse, alas, appears to be the case in England.

The change in our tariff which marked the accession to power of the present ministry was very unfavourably received at home; but the immediate reason for it was the necessity of providing for current expenditure, and our critics have so far omitted to say how we could have done so otherwise. Our Government were also desirous of increasing our trade with Britain at the expense of that with the United States, and this our blue books show to have been done. Mr. Anderson therefore, in attributing our new fiscal arrangements to 'American example or American influence,' forgets that they were objected to, both in England and in Canada, on the ground that they would be distasteful to the Americans. The Americans, however, unlike Mr. John Bright, never questioned our right to suit our fiscal policy to our circumstances. The internal results of the tariff have been, to give us a surplus after many years of deficits, and to place us in a position to complete our Pacific Railway, had it been necessary to do so, without external aid.

About the time when the printer was 'setting up' Mr. Anderson's article, our leading statesmen were in London. Their mission, said Mr. Anderson, 'was likely to fail,' because it 'ought to fail.' However, under their management, the danger he saw of our hypothecating our prairie estate to the United States for money to build our great highway was even then quietly passing away, if it ever existed, which few besides Mr. Anderson ever believed it did. It follows that all danger of a practical illustration of the Monroe doctrine, as a consequence of such hypothecation, has passed away too.

Mr. Anderson attaches much importance to certain letters written by a Mr. Barker, of Philadelphia, to General Garfield and the late Senator Brown, of Toronto. These letters suggest the bringing about of a fiscal union of Canada with the United States, by means of which, and by a system of 'judicious sap and mine,' applied to the British sentiment and the monarchical principles of Canadians, the Dominion will eventually fall, like a ripe apple into the lap of the Republic. For this fate, says Mr. Barker, Canada is 'ready,' and his reason for saying so is, that 'she,' when told that her tariff would imperil the British connection, said—'So much the worse for the connection.' 'She' never said any such thing. Those words were never spoken by a single Canadian, and have never been echoed by any other Canadian. An American's wish may not unnaturally be father to his thought here, but our own kith and kin should not be so ready to condemn us.

I now come to a number of statements so scandalously untrue, that it is hard to read them with any degree of temper:

'It must be admitted that hitherto advances to Canada, whether in the form of a loan or guarantee or investment, and whether made by Government or by private investors, have not been at all satisfactory.'

'We lent her £50,000 for the Welland Canal, and £20,000 for the Shubenacadie Canal; but small as these sums are, they have never been repaid, and we have at last written them off as bad debts. Nor have larger amounts been any more fortunate. In 1867, we guaranteed her three millions for making the railway from Rivière du Loup, Quebec, to Truro, Nova Scotia, no part of which has been redeemed. In 1869, there was a trifle of £300,000 for the purchase of some rights in Rupert's Land from the Hudson's Bay Company, and in 1873, we guaranteed other three millions, partly for the Pacific Railway, and partly for improvements in canals; but these sums also have been left outstanding.'

For the truth about these and other financial matters affecting Canada, and for testimony as to her invariable punctuality in meeting her engage-

ments, I might refer Mr. Anderson to our financial agents in London, Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co., and Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co. I shall here reply to the above misstatements *seriatim.*

The £50,000 for the Welland Canal was a loan to a private company, and not, as Mr. Anderson states, to 'her,' meaning Canada. The £20,000 for the Shubenacadie canal was advanced by the Imperial Government to a private company, on the security of a mortgage, which was foreclosed in due course, the canal being then sold under the mortgage, and purchased by the Government of Nova Scotia. In the case of each of the larger amounts mentioned, the interest and sinking fund have been punctually met. It is not customary, as Sir Francis Hincks remarked, in a late number of the *Fortnightly*, to pay loans before they are due, and in the case of these the lenders would certainly decline prepayment, as they command more than par in the market. Should Mr. Anderson survive the years 1903, 1910 and 1913, when these loans mature, he will see how they fare.

In his determination to make out the worst case possible against poor Canada, Mr. Anderson debits her with the whole cost of England's wars with France between the years 1755 and 1762. This amounted to £80,000,000, and this sum, if left lying at compound interest from that time to this, would have become £2,967,741,628! *Ergo*, Canada's first cost to England was close upon *three thousand millions!* It is needless to say much in reply to talk like this. England did not go into that war for the sake of Madame de Pompadour's *quelques arpens de neige en Canada*, neither do public moneys usually lie at compound interest for a hundred and twenty years. What figures we should roll up if we applied this method to the cost of the Peninsular War, and all other questionable enterprises in which England has been engaged. For the cost of Canada, England has something to show, and something which her better and more generous minds are beginning to appreciate, as her social problems cry louder and louder for solution. This brings me to a passage in Mr. Anderson's article which deserves to be commended to the best attention of England's statesmen and people:

'So far, we have not taken advantage of her immense resources as we might have done, and as it was, both to ourselves and to her, our duty to do. The boundless outlet of the west has been to the States, not only an incentive to enterprise and a stimulus to their national life, but it has solved for them some of those social problems which perplex us and which our limited space and crowded population almost preclude our solving at home. Yet all this time we have had the means of solution in those vast transatlantic territories of ours, but have taken small pains to learn their value or to turn them to profitable account, either for ourselves or for our colonists.'

Here Mr. Anderson shows that after all he has a pretty clear idea of the grand uses of colonies. A little way back he said they were of no value except 'in view of a profitable trade.' Make a worthy use of the colonies, and the profitable trade will be added. Neglect to do so, and you lose your national salvation and your profitable trade too. Hitherto England and America have presented the most striking contrast in the management of their business on this continent, the difference being altogether in favour of America. We have at various times, by our treaties, given away empires to our neighbours, because at the time when we gave them away they contained only possibilities which our stupid eyes did not see, but which our astute cousins soon turned into enviable realities. But at last, under the pressure of social troubles at home, all this is to be changed.

Had a wise and liberal colonial policy prevailed years ago, the problems which so perplex the statesmen of England might never have arisen, a much sounder state of things might have existed at home, and the development of the colonies would certainly have been vastly more advanced than it is. This, at last, seems to be dawning upon the English mind, and the importance of Canada as a means of deliverance from internal troubles must become apparent.

Notwithstanding the vast amount of discussion upon the land question, which the evils of the existing state of the landed interest have evoked, the many advantages attending an extensive and intelligently conducted emigration to Canada, have never yet been fairly stated. A remedy has been hitherto sought in home legislation, and from what we have seen so far, statesman after statesman may wear out his best powers, and ministry after ministry may fall, and the result, if any at all, may be a putting of new cloth into an old garment. But here is a remedy with which no legislative body can interfere, and from which other remedies, if needed, must follow. Let an extensive emigration of English and Irish tenant farmers set in, and the congestion at home will be relieved. The very class now most opposed to change in the land laws will be compelled to seek it, and if they are to exist at all in their present relations to the land, it must be under the condition of a different treatment of their remaining tenantry. The advantage to the out-going farmer may be briefly stated. Instead of farming hundreds of acres as a tenant, he may with his capital, farm thousands of acres as a proprietor, besides reaping the benefit of an inevitable and rapid advance in the value of his property. In Canada, where he has a fair field and no *dis*favour, the Irishman is a good subject, and a peaceable, thriving, happy man, as a man usually is when he has a couple of hundred good acres of his own, and nobody to hinder him from making the best of them. Nor would the benefit be less which would accrue to the manufacturing population of England. Although Mr. Anderson has said that the United States are of greater value as an outlet for surplus population, I would remind him that every man who settles in Canada consumes five times as much of British goods as he would if he settled south of the border. Mr. Anderson might, without a pang, see his countrymen flocking to a foreign country and becoming alien and hostile, but here is a consideration which may possibly appeal to him.

The great importance of Canada lies in the resources of the North-West, of which the grand feature which first meets the eye is the 600,000,000 acres of the Fertile Belt. It is not yet generally known in England that beneath these rich and virgin acres lie fields of coal and lignite covering hundreds of miles, that the wives of Hudson Bay officers are often possessed of little bags of gold nuggets picked up without much looking for in the streams, and that iron and copper are plentiful too. The progress of this region in the ten years or so during which we have possessed it has exceeded all expectation. The City of Winnipeg, ten years ago a scattered hamlet dotted irregularly over the prairie, is now a well-built, handsome town of some 12,000 inhabitants, whose condition may be estimated by the fact that they have, within the last year, expended over a million dollars on public buildings. Scattered abroad over the vast expanse of the fruitful plains are numerous flourishing settlements, homes of plenty and pledges of a cheering future. All these young communities are distinguished by a good order and security so often wanting in outlying settlements over the border. This progress has been achieved under difficulties which will very shortly disappear. The way to the North-West has so far lain through American territory, and

the emigrant has had to run the gauntlet of the emissaries of Uncle Sam, who leave no stone unturned to persuade him to tarry in the Republic. Within two years we shall have a summer route through our own country, reaching far out over the prairies, and within ten years the completion of our trans-continental highway will render us independent in the matter of transport all the year round. But though the North-West will be the grand field for future enterprise, the English tenant farmer will probably find himself more comfortable in the older provinces. In the best parts of Ontario, in that Western Peninsula which has been happily named 'Canada Felix,' improved farms are to be had at reasonable rates, where he will find himself in circumstances more congenial to his habits than in the new North-West, and the Canadian farmer whom he displaces will, no doubt, prove much the better man for the work of pioneering.

The dangers apprehended by Mr. Anderson are from internal collapse and American hostility. As to the former, I think I have shown that we are getting on pretty well. Indeed, though the achievements of fifty millions of people must necessarily be more conspicuous than those of four millions, the progress of Canada, even from the few figures I have given, is, relatively, at any rate equal to that of her great neighbour. As to the second danger under consideration, it has, since the close of the Civil War, grown more and more remote to Canadian eyes. The annexation party in the United States are careful to declare that force or coercion forms no part of their scheme. There is surely room enough on this vast Continent for two nations to find plenty to do without quarrelling, and even should the danger exist, how is it lessened by the means suggested by Mr. Anderson, whose propositions, I must admit, are put forward with becoming modesty and a sense of the difficulty of effecting any beneficial change? The difficulties attending the proposed changes in our relations to the Empire are lucidly stated in Mr. Clarke's article advocating annexation. But while Canadians will agree with Mr. Clarke in questioning the advantages of Mr. Anderson's plan, they will be in no hurry to accept the alternative of annexation. The life of the Republic passes on under their eyes, with much that is admirable, which we may adopt under our existing political conditions, but much to avoid, which we could not escape did we cast in our lot with our neighbours. 'The kings are going, and, with them, the poets,' wrote a great German author; and we see enough across the border to convince us that the poets are not the only good things that go with the kings.

All we ask of England is that she will send us as many as she can of that redundant population whose presence within her narrow confines perplexes her statesmen and philanthropists. The position has often enough been stated. There are men wanting acres, here are acres wanting men. And the peasant and the artizan are not the only classes for whom we can find work and room. No one can visit England without noticing the immense amount of money and energy wasted by the ever-increasing class of gentlemen upon pursuits comparatively frivolous and contemptible. Thousands of young Englishmen develop their matchless physique and social graces with apparently no object *but* development. Why should not these lead wholesome, useful, manly lives in the West, where they might build up a society as truly refined as that they leave behind, and on a sounder basis? Why spend their time and energies in galloping after foxes, slaughtering pigeons let loose from a trap, and other things of equally little use? The care of a thousand head of cattle on a prairie ranche will give a man all the galloping he wants, and he can gallop there for the benefit of mankind. The early settlements

of New England, Virginia, and French Canada, proved the compatibility of refinement and elevation of life with conditions simpler than those of old lands, and in later times the want of the gentleman element in new settlements has been widely felt.

There are signs of a change in England's attitude of scornful and fatuous indifference towards her 'premier colony.' All Canada asks is a calm, judicious study of the means by which her resources may be made available for the relief of the mother country, and for her own development. These objects are inseparable. To achieve one is to achieve the other. Let England do what Mr. Anderson has himself admitted to be her duty to her great dependency, and all the rest will follow. Hope will come to thousands now hopeless, and comfort to thousands now comfortless. The perplexities of statesmen at home will be materially relieved, and the sorely-needed reädjustment of classes facilitated. Lastly, Mr. Anderson will get his 'profitable trade' with a people well able to give him good value for all he may send them.

What Canada wants is to build up a nation on the British plan, with such modifications as experience may suggest as suited to her needs. To do this no change is required in her political relations to the Empire. Only give her population, and, for all we can see to the contrary, she will grow to a stature and strength that will enable her to meet whatever the future may bring.

ON THE DEATH OF CARLYLE.

BY GOWAN LEA.

DUMB stands the world beside a new-made tomb,
 Unuttered even is the burial prayer,
 Yet not unhallowed is the silent air;
A grief too deep for tears or prayers—a gloom
World-wide; for earth has seen her richest bloom
 Fade—pass into that cold and vague 'somewhere'—
 That unknown sphere from which no traveller e'er
Returned to tell humanity its doom.
O mighty heart!—like to the changing sea,
 To fury lashed, and back with sudden awe
Subsiding; as if Eolus set free
 The tempests, and relenting, called them home—
To thee—as once upon the Mount—a law
 Of Truth was given from yon celestial dome.

THOMAS CARLYLE AND EDWARD IRVING.

BY LOUISA MURRAY, STAMFORD.

ALL readers of Carlyle's 'Miscellanies' will remember his eloquent and impassioned lament on the death of Edward Irving, and his fiery denunciation of the 'Mad Babylon,' whose foolish flattering and blind worship, followed by base and heartless scorn and derision, had broken Irving's heart, and left him, in his agony of failure and desolation, 'nothing to do but to die.' In what Carlyle says of his friend in his 'Reminiscences,' we see little of the so-called inspired preacher and modern apostle, and that little most sad and pitiable; but there is a memorable picture of Irving in his early years, in which Carlyle's vivid pen shows him to us as the most large-hearted, generous, and lovable of human beings, with the noblest nature, the finest gifts, and a general opulence of genius and power. And seldom can anything more interesting in life and literature be met with than the friendship of these two highly-gifted, nobly-aspiring young men, in whom there was such a genuine sympathy and real agreement, and yet at the same time such a wide and vital divergence. Irving was the most brilliant, fluent, and expansive; Carlyle, the deeper, stronger and better balanced. Both were filled with enthusiasm for truth, for knowledge, for all great and high things. Both (as Carlyle says of Irving) were of the antique, heroic sort, and thought themselves fitted to reform the world. 'If this thing is true, why not do it? You had better do it. There will be nothing but misery and ruin in not doing it.' This was their conviction, which both, in different ways, carried out to the end.

Their first introduction to each other, 'with its small passage of fence,' was characteristic of both the young men, but especially of Carlyle; 'shy of humour, proud enough and to spare,' and, in his poor and depressed circumstances, naturally a little suspicious of some assumption of superiority in his already 'distinguished' compatriot, who had been much 'betrumpeted' in his hearing, 'with some trace of malice to himself;'—'there was never such another between us in the world,' says Carlyle. At that time Carlyle was twenty-one; Irving a couple of years older. 'He did not want some due heat of temper,' Carlyle says, 'and there was a kind of joyous swagger traceable in his manner in this prosperous young time. But the basis of him at all times was fine manly sociality, and the richest, truest good nature. Very different from the new friend he was about picking up. No swagger in this latter, but a want of it, that was almost still worse. Not sanguine and diffusive he, but biliary and intense. Far too sarcastic for a young man, said several in the years now coming.'

The description of Irving's free, frank, brotherly kindness to Carlyle at Kirkcaldy, and of all his lovable qualities and irresistible attractions, to which the shy, proud, solitary stranger yielded, in spite of himself, with complete abandonment, has all the force and vividness of truth, all the charm and fascination of romance. Some months after their first brief meeting

in Edinburgh, at which the jar and check between them before alluded to had occurred, Carlyle had been offered an appointment as a sort of rival schoolmaster to Irving, and had nearly agreed to accept it; a circumstance which might, in meaner minds, have given rise to some bitterness and jealousy, especially on Irving's side, had not his friendliness, which, in a wide sphere, says Carlyle, might have been called chivalrous, put an end to such feelings for ever. They met for the second time by accident in Annan, and Irving, coming up to Carlyle, shook him heartily by the hand, as if he had been a valued old acquaintance, almost a brother. 'You are coming to Kirkcaldy to look about you in a month or two,' he said. 'You know I am there. My house, and all that I can do for you, is yours; two Annandale people must not be strangers in Fife.' 'The doubting Thomas,' Carlyle says, 'durst not quite believe all this, so chivalrous was it, but felt pleased and relieved by the fine and sincere tone of it, and thought to himself, "Well, it would be pretty."' But his doubtings, as far as Irving was concerned, soon vanished. Writing after the lapse of so many years, he still had brightly in mind, he says, 'how exuberantly kind good Irving was,' when he went to see him in Kirkcaldy. 'How he took me into his library, a rough, literary, but considerable collection—far beyond what I had—and said, cheerily, flinging out his arms, "Upon all these you have will and waygate," an expressive Annandale phrase of the completest welcome. . . . From the first we honestly liked one another, and grew intimate, nor was there ever, while we both lived, any cloud or grudge between us, or an interruption of our feelings for a day or hour. Blessed conquest of a friend in this world! That was mainly all the wealth I had for five or six years coming, and it made my life in Kirkcaldy a happy season in comparison and a genially useful.'

Irving, Carlyle says, was not, nor had been, much of a reader, 'but he had, with solid ingenuity and judgment, by some briefer process of his own, fished out correctly from many books the substance of what they handled, and what conclusions they came to. He delighted to hear me give accounts of my reading, which were often enough a theme between us, and to me, as well, a profitable and pleasant one. He had gathered, by national sagacity and insight, from conversation and inquiry, a great deal of practical knowledge and information on things extant round him, which was quite defective in me, the recluse. His wide, just sympathies, his native sagacities, honest-heartedness, and good humour, made him the most delightful of companions. Such colloquies, and such rovings about in bright scenes, in talk or in silence, I have never had since.' And in Carlyle's old age, all those bright scenes, those long tireless walks and talks, those holiday rovings by land and water were beautiful to him still in the far away. He recalls their long communings in the summer twilights as they walked up and down the beach at Kirkcaldy—a mile of smoothest sand with one long wave coming in gently, steadily, and breaking in harmless melodious white with a mane of foam; their strollings in the summer woods till all was dark. With vivid and picturesque power of words he describes their walking tours and boating excursions through the grand and lovely scenes of their native land, famous for ever in history and romance; or through lonely pastoral regions filled with the memories of old melodious songs and traditions, with 'no company but the rustle of the grass under foot, the tinkle of the brook, or the voices of innocent primæval things.' There dwelt the shepherds of the Cheviots (with whom they lodged at nights); 'canty, shrewd, and witty fellows, when you set them talking, with a great deal of human sense and unadul-

terated natural politeness; knew from their hill-tops every bit of country between Forth and Solway, and all the shepherd inhabitants within fifty miles, being a kind of confraternity of shepherds from father to son. No sort of peasant labourers I have ever come across seemed to me so happily situated, morally and physically well-developed, and deserving to be happy as those shepherds of the Cheviots. *O fortunatus nimium!* . . . . Moffat Dale, with its green holms and hill ranges, its pleasant groves and farmsteads, and voiceful, limpid waters rushing fast *for Annan* was very beautiful to us. But what I most remember was our arrival at Mainhill (there Carlyle's father lived) for tea.' There was 'mutual recognition' between Irving and Carlyle's father. This brave-hearted, high-minded peasant man 'charmed and astonished Irving, who, on his side, was equally unlike a common man, definitely true, intelligent, frankly courteous, faithful in whatever he spoke about.'

One scene, to him for ever memorable, Carlyle lingers over with mournful tenderness. In his mind's eye, he sees himself and Irving after a day's riding and walking, sitting by themselves under the bright silent skies, among the *peat-hags* of Drumclog, with a world all silent around them. 'These *peat-hags*,' he says, 'are still pictured in me; a flat wilderness of broken bog, of quagmire not to be trusted (probably wetter in old days, and wet still in rainy seasons); clearly a good place for Cameronian preaching, and dangerously difficult for Claverse and horse soldiery, if the suffering remnant had a few old muskets among them. Scott's novels had given the Claverse skirmish here, which all Scotland knew of already, a double interest in those days. I know not that we talked much of this; but we did of many things, perhaps more confidentially than ever before. A colloquy, the sum of which is still mournfully beautiful to me, though the details of it are gone. . . At last the declining sun said plainly, you must part.' [Irving for Glasgow, Carlyle for Muirkirk.] 'We sauntered into the Glasgow-Muirkirk highway. . . . We leant our backs against a dry stone fence . . . and looking into the western radiance, continued in talk yet awhile, loath both of us to go. It was just here, as the sun was sinking, Irving actually drew from me by degrees, in the softest manner, the confession that I did not think as he did of the Christian religion, and that it was vain for me to expect I ever could or should. This, if this was so, he had pre-engaged to take well of me like an elder brother, if I would be frank with him. And right loyally he did so, and to the end of his life we needed no concealments on that head, which was really a step gained.'

At this time, Carlyle and Irving had both given up 'schoolmastering' at Kirkcaldy. Irving had the honourable post of assistant to Dr. Chalmers in Glasgow, 'approved of, accepted by the great doctor and his congregation; preaching heartily, and labouring with the "visiting deacons" among the poor radical weavers and holding free communings with them as man with man . . . would pick a potato from their pot, and in eating it get at once into free and friendly terms.' While Irving was thus prospering, Carlyle was in the midst of what he calls his most miserable, dark, sick and heavy-laden years. He spent his winters in Edinburgh, supporting himself by some private teaching when he could get it, and 'aiming timorously towards literature;' conscious of his powers, but almost despairing of their ever finding recognition. 'Well do I remember those dreary evenings in Bristo Street!' he exclaims; 'Oh, what ghastly passages, and dismal successive spasms of attempt at literary enterprise!' . . . Once, an actual contribution to the 'Edinburgh Review' was hazarded,

but never was heard of more. Other efforts in other directions also vanished, without sign. 'Sometimes Dr. Brewster,' he says, 'turned me to account (on most frugal terms always) in wretched little translations, compilations, which were very welcome, too, though never other than dreary.' He spent his summers at his father's farm of Mainhill for cheapness and health; and then Irving's visits to his family in Arran (seven miles from Mainhill), brought the friends together, and were beautiful days to Carlyle, the only beautiful he had. 'Life,' he says, 'was all dreary,' eerie, 'tinged with the hues of imprisonment and impossibility; hope practically not there, only obstinacy, and a grim steadfastness to strive without hope as with. To all which Irving's advent was the pleasant (temporary) contradiction and reversal, like sunrising to night, or impenetrable fog and its spectralities. The time of his coming, the how and when of his movements and possibilities, were always known to me beforehand. On the set day I started forth, better dressed than usual, and strode along for Annan which lay pleasantly in sight all the way. In the woods of Mount Annan I would probably meet Irving strolling towards me; and then what a talk for the three miles down that bonny river's brink, no sound but our own voices amid the lullaby of waters, and the twittering of birds! We were sure to have several such walks, whether the first day or not.'

'Irving,' says Carlyle, 'was generally happy in those little Annandale "sunny islets" of his year; happier, perhaps, than ever elsewhere. All was quietly flourishing in this his natal element; father's house neat and contented; ditto, ditto; or, perhaps, blooming out a little farther than that of his sisters, all nestled close to it; a very prettily thriving group of things and objects in their limited, safe seclusion; and Irving was silently, but visibly, in the hearts of all, the flower and crowning jewel of it. He was quiet, cheerful, genial, soul unruffled, and clear as a mirror, honestly loving, and loved all round. Alas, and in so few years after, ruin's ploughshare had run through it all!'

In their talks and discussions, wandering wide over the world and its ways, and all manner of interesting objects and discoursings, and coming back to themselves and their personal concerns, Irving's voice was always one of blessedness and new hope to Carlyle. 'He would not hear of my gloomy prognostications; all nonsense that I never should get out of these gloomy obstructions and impossibilities. The real impossibility was that such a talent, etc., should not cut itself clear one day. . . . "You will see now," he would say, "one day we two will shake hands across the brook, you as first in literature, I as first in divinity, and people will say both these fellows are from Annandale. Where is Annandale?" Noble Irving! He was the faithful elder brother of my life in those years; generous, wise, beneficent, all his dealings and discoursings with me were. Well may I recollect as blessed things in my existence those Annan visits, and feel that, beyond all other men, he was helpful to me, when I most needed help.' 'But for Irving,' Carlyle says elsewhere, 'I had never known what the communion of man with man means.'

This communion ended when Irving went to London, having accepted the ministry of the Scotch Church, in Hatton Garden. This appointment promised him the means of realizing his highest aspirations. He had long desired a church of his own, in which he might make an attempt to carry out his great scheme of evangelization, and now the opportunity had come. Here was an opening, he said, in a letter to Mr. Martin, the minister of Kirkcaldy, afterwards his father-in-law, through which he might strive to demonstrate a higher state of Chris-

tianity, something more magnanimous, more heroical, than the age afforded. Yet the last evening he and Carlyle spent together in the hotel whence he started for London, in the early morning coach, he was, Carlyle says, 'more clouded with agitations, anxieties, perhaps with regrets also, than I had ever before seen the fine, habitual, solar light of him.' Carlyle, always of desponding mood, and with no such hopeful prospect as Irving's to cheer him, in parting with his friend, felt as if he were losing him for ever. 'Glad, as I was bound to be,' he says, 'and in a sense was; but very sorry I could not help being . . . . that night we did not laugh; laughter was not the mood of either of us.' Carlyle gave him a bundle of the best cigars he had ever possessed (a present to himself from a friend), for though Irving seldom smoked, it was agreed that as he was to travel night and day on the top of the coach, a cigar now and then might be of use; but, after all, Carlyle's gift was forgotten, left behind, as Carlyle learned months after, in the stall of the coffee room. They said farewell—'and I had in some sense,' says Carlyle, 'according to my worst anticipations, lost my friend's society (not my friend himself ever) from that time.'

In London, Irving was too deeply involved in business perplexities, and a life of constant strain and excitement, to write to the friend he had left behind. Their regular correspondence had here come to a *finis*, Carlyle says, and for a while it seemed as if his saddest previsions were to be fulfilled. 'I was not angry,' he says, 'How could I be? but was always sorry more or less, and regretted it as a great loss I had by ill luck undergone. . . . . In the first month Irving, no doubt, had intended much correspondence with me, were the business hurly burly done, but no sooner was it so, in some measure, than his flaming popularity had commenced, spreading, mounting, without limit, and instead of business hurly-burly, there was whirlwind of conflagration.'

But he soon had shining proof, as he calls it, that Irving had not forgotten him. Through the influence his success as a preacher had already given him, he obtained for Carlyle the tutorship of Charles Buller (whose early death cut short a career of extraordinary promise); then a lad of fifteen, and his brother, Arthur, two years younger, with a salary of two hundred pounds per annum. The two boys came to Edinburgh, and boarded with 'a good old Dr. Fleming, then a clergyman of mark;' Charles was entered at Edinburgh University, and Carlyle took entire charge of his pupils as their intellectual guide and guardian. 'I always should remember,' he says, 'that Irving did then write copiously enough to Dr. Fleming and other parties, and stood up in a gallant and grandiloquent manner for every claim and right of "his young literary friend," who had nothing to do but wait silently while everything was being adjusted to his wish, and beyond it.'

Tutor and pupils were mutually pleased with each other, and from the very first Charles was 'a bit of sunshine in Carlyle's dreary Edinburgh element. So all-intelligent, seizing everything you said to him with such a recognition; so loyal-hearted, chivalrous, guileless, so delighted (evidently) with me as I was with him. Arthur . . . also was a fine little fellow, honest, intelligent and kind.' Carlyle at once perceived he had entered on 'a fortunate didactic adventure, which it abundantly proved to be.'

Meanwhile, Irving's fame was rising higher and higher, making him, Carlyle says, 'the property of all the world rather than of his friends.' 'To me,' writes Carlyle, 'for many months back he had fallen totally silent, and this seemed as seal to its being a permanent silence. My love to Irving, now that I look at it across these temporary vapours, had not abated, never

did abate, but he seemed for the present flown (or mounted, if that was it) far away from me, and I could only say to myself, " well, well then, so it must be." '

Irving's love for Carlyle was in reality as little abated as Carlyle's for him. Two years after he had been made a minister of Hatton Garden church, in the autumn of 1823, he married Miss Martin, of Kirkcaldy, to whom he had been engaged for eleven years, and when he and his bride were on a wedding tour to the Highlands, ' the generous soul,' as Carlyle calls him, went round by Kinnaird, where Carlyle was then staying with the Buller family, that he might see his friend and induce him to accompany them on their journey. Carlyle had never liked Miss Martin, did not like her to the end, or think her worthy of being Irving's wife. His picture of her as a young girl is singularly unpleasing, and he believed that she had only succeeded in charming Irving through having the arena pretty much to herself. His real love seems to have been with Miss Welsh, afterwards Mrs. Carlyle, and with some hopes of winning her, if he were free, he made an attempt to gain a release from his engagement. But finding that no release would be given, he honourably resigned himself to his fate, and his letters and journals, published by Mrs. Oliphant, show that, as might have been expected from his noble and generous nature, he was the most loyal and devoted of husbands. 'Irving, on this his wedding jaunt,' says Carlyle, 'seemed superlatively happy, as if at the top of Fortune's wheel, and in a sense (a generous sense it must be owned, and not a tyrannous, in any measure) striking the stars with his sublime head. Mrs. I. was demure and quiet, though doubtless not less happy at heart, really comely in her behaviour. In the least beautiful she never could be, but Irving had loyally taken her, as the consummate flower of all his victory in this world—poor, good tragic woman—better probably than the fortune she had after all.'

Carlyle went with the newly married pair a day or two's journey, and parted with them at Taymouth, where his horse had been sent to wait for him. Irving and his wife went to dine with Lord Breadalbane, at Taymouth Castle; Carlyle rode on to Aberfeldy, where he fed and rested his horse at 'a kindly and polite, but very hugger-mugger cottage,' and refreshed himself with a fraction of a scrag of mutton and potatoes—'in strange contrast, had I thought of that, with Irving's nearly simultaneous dinner at my Lord's.'

Irving had much to tell about London; 'of its fine literary possibilities for a man, of its literary stars whom he had seen or knew of, Coleridge in particular. He seems to have urged Carlyle to come to him and try his fortune in London. 'He would not hear of ill-health being any hindrance; he had himself no experience in that sad province. All seemed possible to him; all was joyful and running on wheels.'

Some months later, Carlyle accepted his friend's invitation. He had some money in hand, received for his 'Life of Schiller' and translation of 'Wilhelm Meister,' so that he was free to look about him for a while, and see if those literary possibilities of which Irving had spoken really existed for him. But he first paid a visit to his betrothed—'my own little darling, now at rest and far away'—a visit in retrospect 'most beautiful, most sad!' Even after all those years he remembered the 'gimp bonnet' she wore. He sailed from Leith, and on a beautiful June morning entered London River—'scene very impressive to me, and very vivid still;' and soon after mid-day arrived at Irving's house in Myddleton Terrace, Islington, 'as appointed.' He was received by Irving with the old true friendliness; 'wife and household eager to imitate him; and for the next ten months, on and

off, he saw a good deal of his old friend, his affairs and posture.' To Carlyle's clear, shrewd eyes, 'Irving's London element and mode of existence had its questionable aspects from the first, and one could easily perceive, here as elsewhere, that the ideal of fancy and the actual of fact were two very different things. It was as the former that my friend, according to old habit, strove to represent it to himself and to *make it be*, and it was as the latter that it obstinately continued being. . . . He was inwardly, I could observe, nothing like so happy as in old days; inwardly confused, anxious, dissatisfied, though, as it were, denying it to himself, and striving, if not to talk big, which he hardly ever did, to *think* big upon all this. We had many strolls together; no doubt much dialogue, but it has nearly all gone from me; probably not so worthy of remembrance as our old communions were. Crowds of visitors came about him, and ten times, or a hundred times, as many would have come if allowed; well-dressed, decorous people, but, for the most part, tiresome, ignorant, weak, or even silly and absurd.' Neither did his preaching carry Carlyle captive, he tells us, nor inspire him with any complete or pleasing feelings. 'The force and weight of what he urged was undeniable; the potent faculty at work like that of a Samson heavily striding along with the gates of Gaza on his shoulders; but there was a want of spontaneity and simplicity, a something of strained and aggravated, of elaborately intentional, which kept gaining on the mind. One felt the bad element to be, and to have been, unwholesome to the honourable soul.' But all the time Carlyle recognised in him a beautiful piety and charity. 'Here was still the old true man, and his new element seemed so false and abominable. . . . He had endless patience with the mean people crowding about him and jostling his life to pieces; hoped always they were not so mean . . . took everything, wife, servants, guests, by the most favourable handle.' At this time he had a little baby-boy in whom, Carlyle says, 'he took infinite delight, dandling it, tick-ticking to it, laughing and playing with it; would turn seriously round then and say, "Ah, Carlyle, this little creature has been sent to me to soften my heart, which did need it."' The child died when fifteen months old, and Irving's grief for its loss was intense. 'The birth of other children,' Mrs. Oliphant says, 'and even their deaths, nearly as it touched him, never for a moment dimmed the little image of his first-born in his memory. He talked of this baby, wrote of him, dreamed of him for years afterwards.

Before Carlyle left London, he saw the foundation laid of the 'Caledonian Chapel' in Regent Square, the church in Hatton Garden not being able to hold half the immense audience attracted by Irving's preaching. 'Twenty years after,' he says, 'riding discursively towards Tottenham one summer evening, with the breath of the wind from northward, and London hanging to my right hand like a grim and vast sierra, I saw among the peaks, easily ascertainable, the high minarets of of that chapel, and thought with myself, "Ah, you fatal *tombstone* of my lost friend! and did a soul so strong and high avail only to build *you?*" And felt sad enough and rather angry in looking at the thing.'

After Carlyle's return to Scotland it was months before they met again. Then Carlyle rode from his farm at Hoddam Hill to Annan where Irving, on his way to London from Glasgow or Edinburgh, was to be for a few hours. When Carlyle arrived 'he was sitting in the snug little parlour, beside his father and mother beautifully domestic,' and Carlyle's thoughts contrasted 'the beautiful, affectionate safety here, and the wild, tempestuous hostilities and perils yonder,' in London, where his course was evidently beset with

pit-falls, barking dogs, and dangers and difficulties unwarned of. From his father's they stepped over to his brother-in law's, and sat there talking for an hour. 'He gave his blessing to each in a sad and solemn tone, with something of elaborate noticeable in it, too, which was painful and dreary to me. He had his little nieces placed on chairs, and laid his hand on their heads as he blessed them by name. A dreary visit altogether, though an unabatedly affectionate one on both sides.' 'In what a contrast,' thought I, 'to the old sunshiny visits when Glasgow was head quarters and every body was obscure, frank to his feelings and safe!'

Their next meeting was at Comely Bank, near Edinburgh, where Carlyle was living with his newly-married wife. Irving was then preaching and communing on Scripture prophecy in Edinburgh, and his visit to the Carlyle's was only for half an hour. 'He was very friendly, but had a look of trouble, of haste, and confused controversy and anxiety, sadly unlike his old good self. . . . He talked with an undeniable self-consciousness, and something which I could not but admit to be religious mannerism. . . . At parting he proposed to pray with us, and did, in standing posture, ignoring, or conscientiously defying, our pretty evident reluctance. "Farewell," he said soon after, "I must go then, and suffer persecution, as my fathers have done.'" Much painful contradiction he evidently had from the world about him, but also much jealous favour, and was going that same evening to a public dinner given in honour of him.

The Carlyles had a visit from him in Scotland once again, this time at their lonely moorland house of Craigenputtoch, where he stayed a night with them. 'This time,' Carlyle says, 'he was franker and happier than I had seen him for a long time. It was beautiful summer weather, pleasant to saunter with old friends in the safe green solitudes, no sound audible but that of our own voices, and of the birds and woods.' As he and Carlyle rode to meet the coach which was to take him away, he talked cheerfully of a beautiful six weeks' rest he was to have, to be spent on the Continent, Carlyle to go with him as *dragoman*, if nothing more. . . . The coach sooner than expected was announced. . . . . There was not a moment to be lost. Irving sprang hastily to the coach roof (no other seat left) and was at once bowled away, waving me his kind farewell, and vanishing among the woods.'

In the autumn of 1831, Carlyle and his wife removed to London for the winter. Before this, great changes had taken place in Irving's position, and the Caledonian Chapel, standing 'spacious and grand in Regent Square,' in which he now preached, was quite dissevered from Hatton Garden, and its concerns. Carlyle, on arriving in London, went to see him at his house near the new chapel, and found him sitting quiet and alone. He was brotherly as ever in his reception of his old friend, 'and our talk,' says Carlyle, 'was good and edifying.'

'He was by this time,' Carlyle writes, 'deep in prophecy and other aberrations, surrounded by weak people, mostly echoes of himself and his inaudible notions. . . . We were in fact hopelessly divided, to what tragical extent both of us might well feel! But something still remained, and this we (he at least, for I think in friendship he was the nobler of the two) were only the more anxious to retain and make good. I recollect breakfasting with him, a strange set of ignorant, conceited fanatics forming the body of the party and greatly spoiling it for me. Irving's own kindness was evidently in essence unabated; how sorrowful, at once provoking and pathetic, that I or he could henceforth get so little good of it!'

Irving's belief in new revelations, or rather the renewal of old revelations, to the Christian Church, was now becoming certain and fixed. He

had convinced himself that the second advent of Christ was so near that it might any day be expected; these were the 'last days,' and the promise that in the last days the Spirit should be poured out would certainly be fulfilled. Those miraculous gifts which the Church had once possessed, and which had only been suspended by the absence of faith and prayer, would now be restored. Such was his belief. 'His enthusiastic studies and preachings,' says Carlyle, 'were passing into the practically miraculous, to me the most doleful, of all phenomena. "The gift of tongues" had fairly broken out among the craziest and weakliest of his wholly rather dim and weakly flock. . . . Sorrow and disgust was naturally my own feeling. "How are the mighty fallen!" My own high Irving come to this by paltry popularities and cockney admirations muddling such a head!'

Though never now going to Irving's Church, Carlyle did once hear 'the tongues.' He and his wife had called at Irving's house one evening and were sitting alone with Irving in the drawing-room, Mrs. Irving having gone into another apartment with some fanatics, when suddenly through the open door 'there burst forth a shrieky hysterical "Lall, lall, lall!"—little or nothing but l's and a's continued for several minutes. Irving, with singular calmness, said only, "There, hear you, there are the tongues!" We, except by our looks, which probably were eloquent, answered him nothing, but soon came away, full of distress, provocation, and a kind of shame.'

Carlyle's explanation of his friend's miserable delusions seems the only reasonable one that could be given. He had gone to London in the very prime of his days, full of hope and vigour, determined, as he told Mr. Martin, to preach a higher and more heroic Christianity than this age had conceived, and in a moment, as it were, found himself in a blaze of glory. He was the lion of the day, and his Church of Hatton Garden the most famous place in London. The church could not hold half the crowds who besieged the doors, and entrance was only to be obtained by ticket. 'Rank, beauty and fashion, royal dukes and cabinet ministers were drawn into the vortex.' Such a combination of gifts in a preacher was, indeed, unique. Impassioned eloquence, prophetic conviction, a voice so powerful that it could be heard and understood at the distance of a quarter of a mile; and that could fall at will into the most touching and pathetic tones of tenderness and persuasion, a commanding figure six feet two in height, a noble head, long curling black hair, piercing eyes, made up such a presence, and such a power, magnetic in its influence, as rarely, if ever before, have been seen and heard in a pulpit. Men of commanding intellect and vain and trivial women alike listened to him for two and sometimes three hours at a time with rapt attention.

All this triumphant success and popularity seemed to Irving an assurance of his Divine Commission. 'Lady Jersey, sitting on the pulpit steps, Canning, Brougham, Mackintosh, etc., rushing to hear him week after week, listening as if to the message of salvation, were proofs of his apostleship. The noblest, the joyfullest thought had taken possession of his nobler, too sanguine, too trustful mind—that the Christian religion was to be a truth again, not a paltry form, and to rule the world, he unworthy, even he, the instrument, cruelly blasted all these hopes and dreams were, but Irving to the end of his life never could consent to give them up. This was the key to all his subsequent proceedings, extravagances, aberrations, wild struggles and clutchings towards the unattainable,' ending in 'miraculous prophecies, gifts of tongues and of healing, and other doleful phenomena.'

Once, before leaving London for Craigenputtoch, Carlyle, in his own house, had a serious and solemn inter-

view with Irving, Mrs. Carlyle being present, which none of the three ever could forget. He had privately determined that he must tell Irving plainly what he thought of his present course and conduct; and he thinks the meeting had been preconcerted by him and his wife for that purpose. He led the dialogue into that channel, he says, 'till, with all the delicacy, but also all the fidelity, possible to me, I put him fully in possession of what my real opinions was. To build such a tower as he was trying to build,' Carlyle said, 'pieces by pieces, till it soared far above all science and experience, and flatly contradicted them, on the narrow basis of a little text of writing in an ancient book was surely a course full of danger . . . Authentic writings of the Most High, were they found in old books only? They were in the stars, and on the rocks, and in the brain and heart of every mortal. And it did not beseem him, Edward Irving, to be hanging on the rearward of mankind, struggling still to chain them to old notions not now well tenable, but to be foremost in the van leading on by the light of the eternal stars across this hideous, delirious wilderness where we all were towards the promised lands that lay ahead.' Mrs. Carlyle said hardly anything, 'but her looks, and here and there a word, testified how deep her interest was, how complete her assent.' To all Carlyle said, Irving listened in silence, 'with head downcast, with face indicating great pain, but without the slightest word or sound from him' till Carlyle had ended; 'then made his apology and defence,' which did not, Carlyle says, 'do anything to convince me, but was in a style of modesty and friendly magnanimity no mortal could surpass, and which remains to me at this moment dear and memorable and worthy of all honour. Which done he went his way, no doubt with kindest farewell to us, and I remember nothing more . . . We had to go our way and he his, and his soon proved to be precipitous, full of chasms and plunges which rapidly led him to the close.'

For a couple of years the Carlyles were far away from Irving in their moorland home, and only heard of him and of his catastrophes from a distance. In Annan he had been formally expelled from the Scottish Kirk. 'A poor aggregate of reverend sticks in black gowns sitting in Presbytery to pass formal condemnation on a man and a cause which might have been tried in Patmos under presidency of St. John, without the right truth of it being got at!' He now had a new Irvingite church, established in Newman Street, Oxford Street, where he soon found he had to submit to the rules and regulations of certain Angels or authorities, so-called, perhaps as vexatious as those of his Presbytery of old.

In 1834, the Carlyles permanently settled in London, and Carlyle saw his friend again. 'How changed in the two years and two months since I had last seen him!' says Carlyle. 'In looks he was almost friendlier than ever, but he had suddenly become an old man. His head, which I had left raven-black was grown grey, on the temples, almost snow-white. The face was hollow, wrinkled, collapsed; the figure, still perfectly erect, seemed to have lost all its elasticity and strength. We walked some space slowly together, my heart smitten with various emotions; my speech, however, striving to be cheery and hopeful. . . . He admitted his weak health, but treated it as temporary; it seemed of small account to him. . . . He was to have a lodging at Bayswater, a stout horse to ride; summer, the doctors expected, would soon set him up again. His tone was not despondent, but it was low, pensive, full of silent sorrow.' Many difficulties and obstacles to Carlyle's seeing Irving again occurred, some of which Carlyle attributes to 'his poor, jealous, anxious, much-bewildered wife.' But at last

a day was fixed for the friends to dine together in Irving's house in Newman Street. 'The dinner,' Carlyle says, 'was among the pleasantest of dinners to me; Madam herself wearing nothing but smiles, and soon leaving us together to a fair hour or two of a free talk. . . . I went away gratified and for my own share glad, had not the out-looks on his side been so dubious and ominous. He was evidently growing weaker, not stronger; wearing himself down by spiritual agitations, which would kill him if not checked and ended. Could he but be got, I thought, to Switzerland, to Italy, to some pleasant country where the language was unknown to him and he would be *forced into silence*, the one salutary medicine for him in body and in soul! . . . I had to hear of his growing weaker and weaker, while there was nothing whatever that I could do.'

The last meeting on earth of these two friends took place at Carlyle's house, in Cheyne Row, late on the afternoon of a damp, dim, sunless October day. He was going to Scotland to pay visits among his friends, and if possible to take some rest. He sat with Carlyle and his wife about twenty minutes, and 'I well recollect,' Carlyle says, 'his fine chivalrous demeanour to her, and how he complimented her, as he well might, on the pretty little room she had made for her husband and self. "You are like an Eve," he said, smiling, "and make a little Paradise wherever you are." His manner was sincere, affectionate, yet with a great suppressed sadness in it, and as if with a feeling that he must not linger. . . . With a fine simplicity of lovingness he bade us farewell. I followed him to the door, held his bridle, doubtless, as he mounted, no groom being ever with him on such occasions, stood on the steps as he quietly walked or ambled up Cheyne Row, quietly turned the corner, and had vanished from my eyes for evermore. . . . He died at Glasgow on the December following, aged only forty-three, and, except weakness, no disease traceable.' Twice in his 'Reminiscences,' Carlyle tells us with natural, though most sorrowful and sad satisfaction, that before his death Irving said to Henry Drummond — 'I should have kept Thomas Carlyle closer to me; his counsel, blame, or praise was always faithful; and few have such eyes!' 'My ever generous, loving and noble Irving!' Carlyle exclaims, in his anguish of long-lost love and regret.

In the bitter outbreak of antagonistic feeling which Carlyle's 'Reminiscences' evoked, it was inevitable that his simple, realistic portrait of Irving, though in every line it bears the impress of candour and truth, has been pronounced in some quarters a wholly inadequate likeness of the great modern apostle, and founder of the so-called Apostolic Church, round whose name some halo of divine inspiration still lingers. It is said that his attitude of scepticism towards all miraculous revelations, and his predetermined belief that the alleged Gifts of Tongues and of Healing which had bewildered and intoxicated his friend's imagination was simply the offspring of hysterical excitement, if not of fanatical imposture, made him incapable of comprehending such a man as Edward Irving and the spiritual influences which swayed his being. He could not, Mrs. Oliphant says, understand the true meaning of the face he attempted to paint, and gives only glimpses of it of the silhouette kind, revealing nothing of the prophetic passion which inspired Irving, and which was antagonistic to Carlyle's own nature. We must, however, remember that Carlyle had said Mrs. Oliphant's 'Life of Irving' gave no delineation of Irving's features, environment, or life, recognisable to him, but was rather a pretty picture, more or less romantic, pictorial, and not like to one who knew his looks; it might, therefore, have been expected that in defence of her

own portrait Mrs. Oliphant should pronounce Carlyle unable to comprehend what a true portrait of Irving was. It is true that Carlyle touches but lightly on those so-called spiritual phenomena which were to him only the pitiable delusions of a great intellect led astray by lights which were baleful *ignes fatui*, not light from heaven. But he fully recognised the purity and greatness of Irving's dream of hope and aspiration that the Christian religion was again to become a reality dominating all hearts and minds, and the world to be transformed into an Eden thereby; to this dream he held, Carlyle says, through every opposing reality, and walked his stony course like an antique evangelist, the fixed thought of his heart at all times, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!' At any rate, most people not influenced by religious or other prejudices, will be apt to believe that one who had been Irving's closest and most beloved friend, and with whom he had communed as with his own soul—a man, too, all compact of poetry and high imaginations, and who has done more to maintain the spiritual theory of the universe against the material one than any of the great writers of our time—was quite as capable of understanding what manner of man his friend was, and of comprehending whatever passion or inspiration, prophetic or otherwise, moved him, as any popular novelist or clever writer of books who was necessarily without that personal knowledge of his subject so invaluable to a biographer, and which Carlyle so eminently possessed.

In effect, Carlyle says of him in his 'Reminiscences,' what he said of him years before in his magnificent prose-poem on 'The Death of the Rev. Edward Irving.' Truthful above all things, he did not disguise his conviction that it was the poison of popular applause—'the mad extremes of flattery, followed by madder contumely, indifference and neglect,'—which had destroyed the strength and insight of his friend's mind, and rendered him a prey to the futile and miserable delusions which were his ruin. 'By a fatal chance, Fashion cast her eye on him as on some impersonation of Novel-Cameronianism, some wild product of Nature from the wild mountains. Fashion crowded round him with her meteor lights and Bacchic dances; breathed her foul incense on him, intoxicating, poisonous. Syren songs as of a new moral reformation—sons of Mammon and high sons of Belial and Beelzebub, to become sons of God, and the gum-flowers of Almack's to be made living roses in a new Eden—sounded in the inexperienced ear and heart. Most seductive, most delusive! Fashion went her idle way to gaze on Egyptian Crocodiles, Iroquois Hunters, or what else there might be, forgot this man—who, unhappily, could not in his turn forget. The intoxicating poison had been swallowed; no force of natural health could cast it out. Unconsciously, for the most part in deep unconsciousness, there was now the impossibility to live neglected, to walk on the quiet paths where alone, it is well with us. Singularity must henceforth succeed singularity. O foulest circean draught, thou poison of popular applause! Madness is in thee and death, thy end is bedlam and the grave. For the last seven years of his life, Irving, forsaken by the world, strove either to recall it, or to forsake it; shut himself up in a lesser world of ideas and persons, and lived isolated there.' But through all his aberrations there remained in Carlyle's eyes, the unique greatness and lovable nature of this extraordinary man, 'one of the noblest natures—a man of antique heroic nature, in questionable modern garniture which he could not wear. . . . . His was the large heart with its large bounty, where wretchedness found solacement, and they that were wandering in darkness, the light as of a home . . . . .

he was so loving, full of hope, so simple-hearted, and made all that approached him his. . . . One may say, it was his own nobleness that forwarded his ruin ; the excess of his sociability and sympathy, of his value for the sympathies and suffrages of men.' 'Irving,' Carlyle says in the 'Reminiscences,' 'had a high opinion of men, and it always mortified him when he found it no longer tenable.'

He believed himself, Carlyle tells us, 'the Messenger of Truth in an age of shams ; appointed a Christian priest, he strove with all the force that was in him to be it. . . . If the Bible is the written Word of God, shall it not be the acted word too? A half-man could have passed on without answering, as whole man must answer. Hence prophecies of Millenniums, Gifts of Tongues, whereat Orthodoxy prims herself into decent wonder, and waves Avaunt! Irving clave to his belief as to his soul's soul, followed it whithersoever through earths or air it might lead, toiling as never man toiled to spread it, to gain the world's ear for it —in vain. Ever wilder waxed the confusion without and within. The misguided, noble-minded, had now nothing to do but die. He died the death of the true and brave. His last words, they say were : "In life and in death, I am the Lord's.'"

'THE NEW UTOPIA.'

BY D. LOUREY, M.B., BRANTFORD.

I LAUD not now, O peerless land!
With rainbow-wealth of beauty spanned,
Thy forests or thy streams ;
Thy landscapes sunning in the noon,
Thy valleys sleeping 'neath the moon
As fair as Poet's dreams,
Thy rolling prairies yet untamed,
Thy mountain fastnesses unnamed.

The storm that brawls o'er Arctic seas
Is tempered to a bracing breeze
Ere it encounters thee ;
The sun that smites the warmer zone
Is on thy cheek in kisses strown ;
Thou art of Liberty—
Forever chartered to conserve
The iron will, the dauntless nerve.

Here Freedom woke her witching song
That rippling southward reached ere long
The cabin of the slave ;
To thee he fled, the friendly night
Abetted and concealed his flight ;
Behind the sleuth-hounds rave
In vain ; when once he touched thy shore
The weary servitude was o'er.

To snow-clad lands thy fame has spread,
The fur-robed Icelander has read
Of fields with verdure clothed ;
Thy valleys stretching to the west
Have lured the Mennonite opprest
By laws his conscience loathed.
They come, they come, from jostling States,
And Freedom opes to them her gates !

Come Albion, 'tis thy child invites,
Come from wild Scotia's ancient heights
Where Covenanters knelt ;
Send forth from every emerald vale
Thy sons, O Erin ! here the Gael,
The Saxon and the Celt
Disjoined by centuries of feud
Are fused in one vast brotherhood.

A triple brotherhood ! nay ! nay !
The Norse shall meet, but not in fray,
With Teuton and with Sclave ;
No Rhine shall bar the glad advance
Of peaceful Germany to France
Mercurial and brave ;
Come from all climes with love, and trust
Your discord with your fathers' dust.

O noble land ! in Autumn days
When falls the Indian Summer haze
In pre-millenial calms ;
Thy maple tree with rapture burns,
And stately pine, and lowly ferns,
With all between in psalms
As grandly sweet as Angel songs
Foreshow the doom of hoary wrongs.

So the prediction of the trees !
'Good will to men' floats on the breeze
Like echo from afar ;
'Peace on the earth.' Go, virtuous land,
And mould a nation strong and grand
That hates intestine jar ;
Then, 'neath our shade the peaceful ages
Shall verify the dreams of Sages.

MOSAIC AND MOSAIC?

BY REV. JOHN BURTON, B.D., TORONTO.

THE question of the authorship of the Pentateuch has increased in general interest since a professor of the Free Church of Scotland has been deprived of the function of his chair for holding views thereon, not proved incorrect, but held to be revolutionary.* It cannot be said that the views presented by Mr. Robertson Smith are new to the student, yet in the popularized form in which he has given them, whilst holding a chair in a church whose attachment to the traditional views of Reformed Christendom is avowed and acknowledged, they may justly be called new in their present relation to the general public who, therefore, have an interest in the answer to two leading questions regarding them : Are they true? and if true, do they seriously affect the confidence we would repose in that part of the Scriptures of which those utterances treat as indeed the very truth of God?

This paper professes to be a fragment, yet a contribution to that aspect of the question indicated by the title : Is the Pentateuch a literary Mosaic? If proved to be mosaic in its construction, is it necessarily non-Mosaic in its authorship? The question of the date of composition may be incidentally touched upon, but will not be the subject of general treatment, and the parts considered will not be those parts chiefly dwelt upon in the Robertson-Smith controversy, viz., the Law, but principally those which, beginning with the records of Creation close with the history of the Exodus.

*Professor Blaikie thus writes in the *Catholic Presbyterian* justifying the Assembly in their final action. 'I am not saying the views are false, but they amount to a revolution.'

The reader of these lines needs scarcely be informed that an opinion has long been held by many Biblical critics that the (so-called) books of Moses are made up of different and earlier records, representing different periods if not different peoples, and originating in different schools of religious thought. One mark by which these records may be distinguished according to this theory, is the occurrence of the word Jehovah (LORD) or 'Elohim' (God), as the name of the Supreme Deity. We quote from the article 'Bible' in the present edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. 'That the way in which the two names are used can only be due to difference of authorship is now generally admitted, for the alternation corresponds with such important duplicates as the two accounts of creation, and is regularly accompanied through a great part of the book by unmistakable peculiarities of language and thought, so that it is still possible to reconstruct.' Peculiarities of language can only be distinguished at first hand by accomplished scholars, hence the general reader is very much at the mercy of the critics; yet in a matter of moment such as this, and when accomplished critics differ, the ordinary reader would desiderate, if possible, some means of intelligent and independent reasoning thereon. This Essay proposes to exemplify such means.

That Genesis i. 1, to ii. 3, gives a complete account of creation, yet different from that contained in ii. 4 to 25, is very evident; that in the first the name Elohim (God) is exclusively employed; that in the other as invariably we read Jehovah Elohim (LORD God) as the name of the Deity, is

equally apparent. Difference, however, it is important to notice, is not inconsistency; the two accounts do present each its own distinct characteristic, but they do not present contradictory statements. Plainly, too, the record of Abraham in Egypt denying the relation which really existed between him and Sarai, chap. xii., is Jehovistic as a similar record in chap. xx. is Elohistic, and that there did exist a real distinction in the Hebrew mind between the use of these two names seems proved by such a fact as this—Psalm xiv. is repeated in Psalm liii. apparently for no other reason than for the sake of this distinction in the Divine names. Were these two lines of early worship? The examples thus far given are, however, readily noted; there are other sections in which the names appear to be used very much as we would use them today, indiscriminately, or changed simply for the sake of emphasis. Such at first sight would seem to be the continuous narrative of the Flood, Gen. vi., vii., viii. Here, however, our critics declare they have no difficulty in distinguishing the two documents which some redactor has ingeniously but not wisely interwoven, as though some editor had taken the Gospels, say, of Luke and John, and had endeavoured to construct a continuous narrative therefrom. How far this view is founded upon fact the ordinary English reader may determine for himself by the following attempt at separation; and he may be interested in learning the mechanical *modus operandi*. A worn out copy of the English Bible was opened and a pair of scissors taken in hand, the Elohistic sections were cut out and pasted consecutively on a piece of paper; the pieces left were afterwards pasted together exactly in the order in which they had been left, with the result seen in the other column; no additional words have been added. There has been separation, but no transposition, no addition, no subtraction.

ELOHISTIC.*

AND it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they *were* fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose. There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare *children* to them, the same *became* mighty men which *were* of old, men of renown. These *are* the generations of Noah: Noah was a just man *and* perfect in his generations, *and* Noah walked with God. And Noah begat three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. The earth also was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence. And God looked upon the earth, and, behold, it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth. And God said unto Noah, the end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth. Make thee an ark of gopher wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch. And this *is the fashion* which thou shalt make it *of*: The length of the ark *shall be* three hundred cubits, the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits. A window shalt thou make to the ark, and in a cubit shalt thou finish it above; and the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof; *with* lower, second, and third *stories* shalt thou make it. And, behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein *is* the breath of life, from under heaven; *and* every thing that *is* in the earth shall die. But with thee will I establish my covenant; and thou shalt come into the ark, thou, and thy sons, and thy wife, thy sons' wives with thee. And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every *sort* shalt thou bring into the ark, to keep *them* alive with thee; they shall be male and female. Of fowls after their kind, and of cattle after their kind, of every creeping thing of the earth after his kind, two of every *sort* shall

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AND the Lord said, My spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh: yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years. And God saw that the wickedness of man *was* great in the earth, and *that* every imagination of the thoughts of his heart *was* only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth; both man, and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them. But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord. And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation. Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by sevens, the male and his female; and of beasts that *are* not clean by two, the male and his female. Of fowls also of the air by sevens, the male and the female; to keep seed alive upon the face of all the earth. For yet seven days, and I will cause it to rain upon the earth forty days and forty nights, and every living substance that I have made will I destroy from off the face of the earth. And Noah did according unto all that the Lord commanded him. And it came to pass after seven days, that the waters of the flood were upon the earth. And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights. And Noah went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him, into the ark, because of the waters of the flood. Of clean beasts, and of beasts that *are* not clean, and of fowls, and of every thing that creepeth upon the earth, There went in two and two unto Noah into the ark, the male and the female, as God [the Lord] had commanded Noah, and the Lord shut him in. And the flood was forty days upon the earth; and the waters increased, and bare up the ark, and it was lift up above the earth. And every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and the creep-

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come unto thee, to keep *them* alive. And take thou unto thee of all the food that is eaten, and thou shalt gather *it* to thee; and it shall be for food for thee, and for them. Thus did Noah; according to all that God commanded him, so did he. And Noah *was* six hundred years old when the flood of waters was upon the earth. In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened. In the self-same day entered Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japheth, the sons of Noah, and Noah's wife, and the three wives of his sons with them, into the ark; They, and every beast after his kind, and all the cattle after their kind, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind, and every fowl after his kind, every bird of every sort. And they went in unto Noah into the ark, two and two of all flesh, wherein *is* the breath of life. And they that went in, went in male and female of all flesh, as God had commanded him: And the waters prevailed, and were increased greatly upon the earth; and the ark went upon the face of the waters. And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth: and all the high hills that *were* under the whole heaven, were covered. Fifteen cubits upwards did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered. And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man: all in whose nostrils *was* the breath of life, of all that *was* in the dry *land*, died. And the waters prevailed upon the earth an hundred and fifty days. And God remembered Noah, and every living thing, and all the cattle that *was* with him in the ark; and God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters assuaged; The fountains also of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped, and after the end of the hundred and fifty days the

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ing things, and the fowl of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth: and Noah only remained *alive*, and they that were with him in the ark. And the waters returned from off the earth continually: and the rain from heaven was restrained; And the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat. And it came to pass at the end of forty days, that Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made: Also he sent forth a dove from him to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground; But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark, for the waters *were* on the face of the whole earth: then he put forth his hand, and took her, and pulled her in unto him into the ark. And he stayed yet other seven days; and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark; And the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth *was* an olive leaf pluckt off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth. And he stayed yet other seven days; and sent forth the dove; which returned not again unto him any more; and Noah removed the covering of the ark, and looked, and, behold, the face of the ground was dry. And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord; and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar. And the Lord smelled a sweet savour; and the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart *is* evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more every thing living, as I have done. While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.

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waters were abated. And the waters decreased continually until the tenth *month*, in the tenth month, on the first *day* of the month, were the tops of the mountains seen. And he sent forth a raven, which went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from off the earth: And it came to pass in the six hundredth and first year, in the first *month*, first *day* of the month, the waters were dried up from off the earth: And in the second month, on the seven and twentieth day of the month, was the earth dried. And God spake unto Noah, saying, Go forth of the ark, thou, and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee. Bring forth with thee every living thing that *is* with thee, of all flesh, *both* of fowl, and of cattle, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth; that they may breed abundantly in the earth, and be fruitful, and multiply upon the earth. And Noah went forth, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him: Every beast, every creeping thing, and every fowl, *and* whatsoever creepeth upon the earth, after their kinds, went forth out of the ark. And God blessed Noah and his sons, and said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth. And the fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth *upon* the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; unto your hands are they delivered. Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things. But flesh with the life thereof, *which is* the blood thereof, shall ye not eat. And surely your blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man: at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made he man. And you, be ye fruitful, and multiply; bring forth abundantly in the earth, and multiply therein.

That we have in these chapters two distinct accounts, distinct as the two accounts of the creation already referred to, will surely not be doubted by any who will take the trouble of comparing the above attempt at separation with an English Bible in their hands. Each record has its own characteristics; *e.g.* the peculiar use of the name of God already referred to, the distinction between clean and unclean beasts which is not found in the Elohistic document, the allusion to the 'fountains of the great deep' which is not in the Jehovistic, the recurrence of the number seven in various connexions in the last named. The covenant with Noah, also, as that with Abraham, Gen. xv. (as distinguished from xvii.) is Jehovistic. Much that is fanciful has doubtless been written concerning the 'fragment' theory; keen eyes have seen separate pieces of the Mosaic with an exactness denied to others; it were, therefore, easy to set up one critic to conclusively answer another, and in turn to quiet the answerer by the one that has been silenced; yet candour must acknowledge that the theory of different records out of which Genesis and the other books of the Pentateuch are composed, is not without foundation in fact, and is deserving of careful consideration. If the setting up of one from a school of criticism to answer another of the same school can conclusively falsify the general principles of that school, there is not a doctrine of Evangelical Christianity but in like manner may be proved false; and eager controversialists may do well to remember that some arguments are like a sword whose handle is a blade, the hand that wields and the body smitten are alike wounded, ofttimes the hand the more severely. We require hands of steel before we use such a weapon.

From the examples given, and from others which a careful reader even of our English version may discover for himself, it would seem proved, as far as such a question is susceptible of proof, that parts of the Pentateuch are literary mosaics, the hand or hands that arranged the pieces may be utterly unknown; or in these earlier record, Moses may have done for them what Luke avowedly did in his gospel, 'having traced the course of all things accurately from the first, write in order concerning those things which have been fully established;' but that these are remains of earlier records incorporated into one appears to be a conclusion from which there is no escape.

This granted, is the Mosaic authorship thereby excluded from rational belief? Most emphatically not, and there are reasons that may be gathered from the records themselves why we should not hastily depart from the received opinion.

Revelation, in the theological sense of the term, did not begin with Moses. Leaving out of question antediluvian days, to Noah and to Abraham the word of God came; nor can we, on any orthodox ground, maintain Melchizadec to have been without a revelation from God. Whether these revelations were handed down traditionally, after the manner of primitive times, or in writing,* the results would be substantially the same. On the hypothesis that Moses wrote the Pentateuch substantially as it now stands, it is not thereby implied that he rewrote earlier revelations, which he resolved to incorporate with his own; it is quite competent to maintain, and it can be maintained successfully, that a Mosaic character does not carry with it even corroborative proof of a non-Mosaic authorship. Supposing the Elohistic and Jehovistic portions of Genesis and Exodus to have been two distinct lines of earlier revelation, Moses may well have gathered those (and others) together, making one completed whole. Would the authority of Paul over Evangelical Christendom be less had we a harmony of the synoptic gospels from his hand? Whe-

* We may be reminded that writing in Egypt was anterior to Abraham.

ther Moses did thus construct a harmony or compendium of earlier revelations is another question; our present position, arrived at, is this; there appear reasons for the belief that we have in the Pentateuch a gathering together of varied material; this proved has recorded nothing against the Mosaic authorship thereof, any more than the setting in order of things generally believed, by Luke, disproves his authorship of the gospel which bears his name. The record then may be both Mosaic and mosaic.

In further clearing the ground for the constructive argument regarding the authorship of these books, other considerations may be noted. Mr. Robertson Smith, in his published lectures on the 'Old Testament in the Jewish Church,' writes regarding the reply of orthodox commentators to alleged anachronisms, that there are, in the books of Moses, acknowledged additions by a later hand, presumably Ezra, the reputed establisher of the Old Testament Canon,—'As soon as we come to this point, we must apply the method consistently, and let internal evidence tell its own story. That as we shall soon see is a good deal more than those who raise this potent spirit are willing to hear.' If orthodox Christianity is not willing to hear any truthful spirit raised, so much the worse for orthodox Christianity. But has orthodox Christianity anything to fear from this spirit *soberly* uttering its secrets? Surely not. Let a few utterances be listened to. In the article on Hebrew Literature, vol. xi. *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Mr. Smith writes, 'It may fairly be made a question whether Moses left in writing any other laws than the commandments on the tables of stone.' This, it is to be supposed, is a conclusion arrived at principally, if not entirely, from internal evidence and comparative philology. Mr. R. S. Poole, no mean authority in oriental archæology, writes, A.D. 1879, thus: 'The Egyptian documents emphatically call for a reconsideration of the whole question of the date of the Pentateuch.* It is now certain that the narrative of the history of Joseph, and the sojourn and exodus of the Israelites, that is to say, the portion from Genesis xxxix. to Exodus xv., so far as it relates to Egypt, is substantially not much later than B. C. 1,300, in other words, was written while the memory of the events was fresh. The minute accuracy of the text is inconsistent with any later date. It is not merely that it shows knowledge of Egypt, but knowledge of Egypt under the Ramessides, and yet earlier. Confirmatory of this, the fact is noted that the Egypt of the Prophets, in whose days some critics would place the authorship of the Pentateuch is not the Egypt of the writer of Genesis and Exodus; and foreign Egyptologists are beginning uniformly to treat these—according to their opinion—contemporary records, as of equal historical authority with the Egyptian monuments.

Mr. Poole also gives the following note regarding the late Mr. E. Deutch in a conversation held with that distinguished scholar. Mr. Deutch remarked 'that he could not explain the origin of Deuteronomy on any other hypothesis than its original Mosaic authorship, redaction being enough to account for its peculiarities.'

There is one other point on which this essay may touch ere it closes. There has been an attempt to separate the two accounts of the deluge in our English Bible, with what success the reader must determine. Did the mixing together of the two accounts make the record more concise? and if not, is it reasonable to suppose that Moses, inspired by God, would have thus bungled the matter? The hypothesis still remains to the orthodox commentator that the school of the Scribes, through whom came our Hebrew text, may in their redaction have attempted the harmony. It is well known that

* Mr. Poole appears here to have in view the more modern theories of authorship.

the only Hebrew text known to scholars is that of the Masorah, and that text is of the Christian era. Where did it come from? Were there varying texts before? The answer to these questions can only be provisional in our present state of critical knowledge, and therefore must not detain us; but in concluding this fragment, we may be permitted to say that it has served its purpose if it has aided in making clear to any that we have not by any means seen the last of a rational maintainance of the Mosaic authorship of what Evangelical Christianity has been pleased to consider its most ancient records of revelation.

At any rate, in the discussions of these, not by any means unimportant, questions, let us remember that truth is not to be established by a majority vote, nor by an Ephesian rabble cry, but by calm, reverent study and prayerful determination. We know, or ought to know, that work honestly and lovingly done can alone bear the pressure of eternity or endure the searching presence of the God of truth and love.

MR. MALLOCK'S 'ROMANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.'

A REVIEW.

BY R. W. BOODLE, MONTREAL.

MR. MALLOCK is one of those writers who, for good or evil, have won the popular ear. Anything he writes is sure to attract attention, and with many people even his opinions have great weight. The causes of this are not far to seek. He chooses popular topics for his subjects, and has hitherto taken in these matters a decided stand. He is master of an attractive and forcible style, and his worst enemies would allow that there are few pages of his works lacking instances of happy turns of expression, or of apt and witty illustration. He reasons upon hard subjects in a manner that all can understand, or at least think that they can. Last, but not least, those who love to read about people with sounding names, those to whom the novels of the late Earl of Beaconsfield were especially charming, must find Mr. Mallock's late novel, as well as the dialogues that have appeared every now and then in the *Nineteenth Century*, especially 'precious.' But there are other qualities which, if not decidedly merits, always make the works of Mr. Mallock worth a passing thought. He is the *enfant terrible* of the nineteeth century in England. If we may not call him a fool, he entertains none of those fears that attend upon the treadings of angels. He speaks out his mind boldly, and is not overawed by the authority of weighty names. Hence he has appeared to many people a kind of *Athanasius contra mundum*. If he had turned Catholic, we should all concede him the merit of having the courage of his opinions. As he has not done so, we must look upon him as a kind of Hamlet of religious thought, and though Hamlet was

not a practical or pure-minded man, he had a turn for saying very clever things, that distinguishes him from Shakespeare's other creations.

In turning to the work at present before us, we must begin by conceding that it is not properly speaking a 'Romance' at all, except in the sense that Disraeli called his 'Contarini Fleming' a 'Psychological Romance.' There is very little action and business about the tale, and it is mostly concerned with the development of the characters of the two leading personages. Vernon and Cynthia Walters are attempts to dramatise the type of charracter which our author analysed so ably in 'Is Life Worth Living?' The tale, as a whole, has been subject to severe criticism. It has been called (by the *Pall Mall Budget*) 'tedious, pointless, silly and nasty.' Nasty it is, but, except as a mere novel, it is neither tedious, pointless nor silly. Few people would care to be the author of the book, but the book has been written and we must make the best of it. If it is inconclusive and vague in its lesson, it is like the age, or that phase of the age, of which it is a too faithful photograph. People do not like to be told unpleasant truths, and shrink from this unflattering picture of themselves, and this is one reason for the chorus of reprobation with which it has been received. We must all allow, too, that the book is one that Horace would have pronounced unfitted '*virginibus puerisque*,' but so is very much that has passed unchallenged by the reviews. Mr. Mallock has always been fair game for the critics, and the secret of the attacks that the book has called forth may be gathered from the following sentence from one of them: 'It is not uninstructive to see this tremendous thinker, this *malleus hæreticorum*, as he is, when he descends to amuse himself with the lighter forms of literature.' For our part, without attempting to defend the morals of the book, which, by-the-by, are not inculcated or defended, but held up for our avoidance, and willingly conceding that it is one with which few writers would care to have their name connected, it is our purpose to examine it as a work symptomatic of the present age and its modes of thought.

The first thing that must strike everybody who has read Mr. Mallock's former works, is that his point of view is somewhat changed. Many opinions before maintained by him are here controverted or modified. He is not quite so sure about the benefits of being a Catholic. 'I admire goodness and hate evil—you might realize how intensely if you only knew my history; and amongst my Catholic friends have been the best people I have known. But how, with their eyes open, they can swallow so much nonsense—I suppose there is some explanation, but I confess it is quite beyond me.' But we must remember that these words are put into the mouth of Miss Walters. Again, Mr. Mallock has maintained and shown forcibly the need of an external power or will to exercise a power of dispensation in the case of sin, in order to make repentance possible. But now Vernon shakes off his former self, when under the influence of strong excitement. 'His late conduct ceased to give him any uneasiness. The memory of it fell off him like a cloak, and seemed so little a part of himself that he needed no repentance to get rid of it.' Mr. Mallock formerly saw in firm religious faith the one thing needful, and constantly puts this idea in the mouth of his hero, 'Given religious faith, all the rest becomes simple. Things worthy of your self-devotion at once surround you on every side, and you welcome—you do not deplore your sacrifices.' But this is at once corrected by Stanley, the Catholic priest of the story. 'I think you are paying religion a somewhat misplaced compliment. It, no doubt, does bring us happiness, but it does not bring it to us ready-made out of a bandbox.' He adds what is practically a rebuke of

the whole tone of 'Is Life Worth Living?'—'One of the worst spiritual signs we can detect in ourselves is, that we are touched with the pathos of our own condition.' Formerly our author was disposed to make religion the basis of love, now he reverses this. 'To love another, is to affirm the external world; it is to create creation, it is to open the eyes to God,' and these words come from Stanley.

I have said that the book is inconclusive; this is part of its essence. Since his chief work, Mr. Mallock has been trying his hand at Platonic dialogues upon various subjects, some of the interlocutors in these appearing in the present work. In such dialogues the truth does not wholly lie with any individual speaker. Thus in the 'Protagoras' of Plato, sometimes Socrates, at other times Protagoras, his opponent, is clearly on the right side. Mr. Mallock has carried his method into the present work. Sometimes we feel that he is in sympathy with Stanley, sometimes with Vernon or Cynthia Walters, whose lives are doubtless meant to be examples of the results of the unsettlement of belief produced by Positivism. Under these circumstances, it would be rather too nice a question to determine how far the writer commits himself to their religious views when they are really serious. How far, for instance, are Vernon's passionate religious ravings (alternating with sceptical doubts) to be considered as merely dramatically appropriate to his diseased mind, or how far are they to be taken as autobiographical, and in a sense the reflection of the author's own mind. Take, for instance, the following passage* :—'Teach me to know myself; humble my pride, enlighten me. Oh, my God, I am not mocking Thee. What I ask of Thee is what my heart is crying for. And yet if indeed Thou hearest me, I must seem like one awaking; for Thou knowest how faith has failed me, and how bewildered and dark my mind is. For even whilst I am crying to Thee, whilst I am trying to open to Thee all my secret being, I know not, I am not sure, if you have any existence—you, the God I am crying to. Perhaps you are only a dream—an idea—a passing phenomenon in man's mental history. And yet surely, if Thou existeth,' &c. Whichever way we take this passage, whether as the true Vernon or the true Mallock, the conjunction of faith and scepticism is curious, and forcibly reminds us of the worshippers of Baal on Mount Carmel, only the suggestion 'peradventure he sleepeth,' comes from the mind of the devotee, and not from the prophet of the true God. And when we contrast the calm and reverential reliance of the Materialist or the Positivist, whom the Orthodox miscall Atheist, upon the unknown cause and upon the laws that rule the universe—with the gashings and mental lacerations of the orthodoxy revealed by such books as this 'Romance,' the similarity of circumstances to the worshippers of Baal and Jehovah becomes more striking.

The point of view from which we are disposed to look at such a work as the present, is curiously illustrated by a passage describing Vernon's own feelings:—'He felt as though two worlds had come into collision, and he was surrounded by the dissolving fragments of both of them. The world of prayer, of penitence, and of aspiration, where sin was the one calamity, and communion with God the one success worth striving for; the world, on the other hand, of balls and duchesses, of private theatricals, and the gossip of

* In quotations the handy 'Seaside Library' has been followed. I am uncertain, however, how far it is a correct reproduction of the English edition. English reviews are ordinarily very exact, and the above passage varies considerably from the same passage as quoted by the *Spectator*. Thus for 'I must seem like one *awaking*,' the *Spectator* reads 'mocking.' A few words also are inserted between the third and fourth sentences. On p. 43, some omission has occurred in the reprint.

Mayfair—these two worlds seemed to have struck and wrecked each other and each seemed equally unreal.'

Precisely so! Each *does* seem equally unreal to the toilers of the nineteenth century, and this is exactly why it seems so ridiculous to test the faith of the world by the lazy loungers of Monte Carlo, which even Lord Turbiton pronounces 'the moral sewer of Europe—a great drain's mouth, open at the foot of the hills.' And unreal as is the world of fashion in one way, equally unreal in another is the monastic type of religion which Mr. Mallock depicts. The one world at least exists, though one may be permitted to hope that the days are not distant when the Old World will learn a lesson from the New, and that the class of Mrs. Cranes and Vernons lounging at watering places will die out like the chivalrous laziness of the Middle Ages. But the world of unpractical religious longings and aspirations has long died out as reality among Protestants, and only lingers as an ideal of the past, to be pitted by reactionists against the ideal of the future. The real religion of the world is far different. It is practical, it is a matter of everyday life; it is careless of dogma and concerns itself mainly with fact. To such an extent is this the case, that what Mr. Mallock intends as a satire upon Herbert Spencer, is almost the truth: 'this our mental condition,' wrote Vernon, as his eye caught a volume of that philosopher's writings in his library, 'Over our sins or longings, over inward peace or agony, to the teachers of the present day what sickly trifles, what phantoms such things seem! or at best, what a storm in a saucer! To the prophets of humanity an unskilful bricklayer is a more tragic object than a ruined soul!' The 'ruined soul' in Vernon's case is the product of laziness, super-sentiment, and *ennui.*

There is another tendency in the popular religion of the present day which is illustrated by the 'Romance of the Nineteenth Century.' Reviewers complain and justly too, of the incongruous mixture of pietism and mysticism with erotics! Such a fusion it must be remembered is not confined to the present age. Sometimes even politics have gone hand in hand with the softer passion. The most superficial student of Horace needs only to be reminded of his famous ode, 'Integer vitæ,' which beginning with a strain of almost Christian exaltation of sentiment ends up with the giddy Lalage, and with this we may compare Montrose's exquisite 'My dear and only love, I pray,' and Lovelace's lyric, 'To Althea from Prison,' both of them a combination of Cavalier loyalty and love sentiment. But the fusion of the present age is somewhat different. I will quote in illustration a pretty poem from a volume of 'New Songs by the Cambridge Lotos Club.' The poem is entitled 'In Pace,' and may remind my readers of Matthew Arnold's 'Requiescat.' The facts appear to be the same, but the implied sensuousness of the one is kept out of sight in the other:—

When you are dead some day, my dear,
 Quite dead, and under ground,
Where you will never see or hear
 A summer sight or sound;
What shall become of you in death,
 When all our songs to you
Are silent as the bird whose breath
 Has sung the summer through?

I wonder, will you ever wake,
 And with tired eyes again,
Live for your old life's little sake
 An age of joy or pain?
Shall some stern destiny control
 That perfect form, wherein
I hardly see enough of soul
 To make your life a sin?

For we have heard for all things born
 One harvest-day prepares
Its golden garners for the corn,
 And fire to burn the tares;
But who shall gather into sheaves,
 Or turn aside to blame
The poppy's pucker'd helpless leaves,
 Blown bells of scarlet flame?

No hate so hard, no love so bold
 To seek your bliss or woe;
You are too sweet for hell to hold,
 And heaven would tire you so.

A little while your joy shall be,
And when you crave for rest,
The earth shall take you utterly
Again into her breast.

And we will find a quiet place
For your still sepulchre,
And lay the flowers upon your face,
Sweet as your kisses were;
And with hushed voices void of mirth,
Spread the light turf above,
Soft as the silk you loved on earth
As much as you could love.

To go a step further—with the excuse for doing so that the words of Scripture and the traditions of Christianity have given, the hymns of Moody and Sankey sing of Christ and a future world in the words and alluring strains of a love song! Any one who compares their hymns with those that date from fifty years ago, and before that, will be sensible of a difference both in sense and sound. The Church of the past has been a worship of sorrow, and a celebration of joy; it has been a Church militant and a Church triumphant; it has been monastic and ascetic; is the religion of the future to become erotic, a kind of occidental Islam?

The best of Mr. Mallock's books (and in the present case the worst, in a certain sense) is that they are very suggestive. Almost every page gives food for thought of one kind or another. But I cannot omit noticing a quiet skit he 'gets off' upon a poem that appeared last January in the *Fortnightly Review*, by Matthew Arnold. The name of the poem was 'Geist's Grave,' and its subject was the author's favourite dog. The style of the poem will be gathered from the following verses:—

That loving heart, that patient soul,
Had they indeed no longer span,
To run their course and reach their goal,
And read their homily to man?

. . . .

That steadfast, mournful strain consoled
By spirits gloriously gay,
And temper of heroic mould
What, was four years their whole short day?

. . . .

Stern law of every mortal lot!
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,
And builds himself I know not what
Of second life I know not where.

But thou, when struck thine hour to go,
On us who stood despondent by,
A meek last glance of love didst throw,
And humbly lay thee down to die.

Mr. Mallock has ridiculed this amusingly. Vernon, just after a serious fit of the blues, receives a letter, over 'the bold signature of the Duchess,' complaining that her 'very heart was broken, and only a clever young man like you can be of the least comfort to me. My poor little darling Skye terrier, Prinny—the one thing on this earth I have loved best and longest—was run over and killed the other day by a young man with a tandem. . . . And now you—if you will, I want you to write an epitaph for me. My angel is being embalmed by a very accomplished bird-stuffer, and is to have Christian burial when I get back to England.' Thus solicited, 'with a tired, sleepy smile,' Vernon scribbles the following verses:

Thou art gone to sleep, and we—
May we some day sleep like thee.
Prinny, were this heart of mine
Half so true, my dog, as thine,
I my weary watch should keep
For a something more than sleep!

Almost all writings but those of a purely historical nature are, to a certain extent, autobiographical, and I believe this volume to be no exception to the rule. I have called Mr. Mallock a *quasi*-Hamlet of religious thought; like Hamlet and Vernon he is fond of registering his conclusions upon his 'tables' ('Yes, I will put my thoughts into shameless black and white: they shall have a solid body that I cannot pretend eludes me'). And in conclusion I will quote the following suggestive sentences about the artistic temperament, which it will be well for us to bear in mind in judging of the volume before us. 'What marks the poetic temper is the intensity of its sympathy; what marks the artistic

is the versatility. The artist not only feels much, but he also feels many things; and in this way he always preserves his balance. Every one at the beginning has had the makings of several characters in him. The artist has the makings of an indefinite number. Most men, farther out of their possible characters, harden or settle down with one, but the artist never does; for character is nothing but prejudice grown permanent, and the artist has no character, just as the chameleon is said to have no colour. His only identity has reference to his inner-self. And thus, when vulgar critics say with reference to some artistic writer's creations—when they say as they do of me, for instance, "Here are his own feelings; he has drawn this man from himself; they are at once right and wrong. He has not only drawn *this* man from himself, but he has drawn all; for he becomes himself some new man to be drawn from, every time he suppresses some newly-combined nine-tenths of himself."'

BOOK REVIEWS.

Kant and his English Critics. A Comparison of Critical and Empirical Philosophy. By JOHN WATSON, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in Queen's University, Kingston, Ont. Glasgow: James Maclehose; New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1881.

NO English reader need now complain of being unable to obtain, at second-hand, a tolerably adequate knowledge of Kant's philosophy. The works of Prof. Caird, Prof. Monck, and Prof. Mahaffy, supplemented as they now are by the present treatise, afford abundant sources from which to obtain such a notion of the system of the great German thinker, as the average reader, who does not care to undertake the tough job of wading through the original works, may be well satisfied with. The volumes of Profs. Caird, Monck, and Mahaffy are expository; the present is in the main controversial, and will help very materially to a full knowledge of the various parts of Kant's system, by its criticism of the antagonistic doctrines and views of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Sidgwick, Dr. Sterling, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and the late Mr. Lewes. We have great pleasure in welcoming the volume, as being, we believe, the first important contribution to metaphysics ever made by one whom we may claim as a Canadian. It is extremely able, being evidently the work of one who has thoroughly mastered its subject-matter, and is intimately acquainted with the extensive literature bearing upon it. Its tone towards opponents is in the highest degree courteous; and its style, when the extreme abstruseness of most of the subjects discussed is taken into account, remarkably easy and lucid. The author's plan takes him over nearly the whole ground covered by Kant; though the bulk of the criticism is directed to the elucidation of the positive portion of the philosopher's system, as distinct from the negative. Of the twelve chapters of which the work consists, the first is devoted to the problem and method of the *Critique*, and to Mr. Balfour's criticism of the transcendental method; the second to the *a priori* conditions of perception, and Mr. Sidgwick's view of Kant's refutation of psychological Idealism; the third to the *a priori* conditions of know-

ledge, the categories, and the schemata ; the fourth to the relations of metaphysic and psychology, and to Mr. Lewes's theory of knowledge ; the fifth and sixth to the principles of judgment, and Dr. Sterling's view of them ; the seventh to Mr. Balfour's objections to Kant's proof of substantiality, and Dr. Sterling's view of the proof of causality ; the eighth to the metaphysic of Nature ; the ninth and tenth to Mr. Spencer's conceptions of Nature, and of Phenomena and Noumena ; and the last two chapters to an attempt to show that Kant's theory of knowledge, while right in principle, is wanting in unity and completeness. This is a wide territory, but our author traverses it with the ease of one who has made himself thoroughly familiar with the whole ground.

While our own attitude towards Prof. Watson's conclusions is, in the main, one of agreement, we feel compelled at the same time to dissent from some of his criticism, especially that directed against the views of Mr. Spencer, much of which appears to us to be founded on misapprehensions of that writer's meaning. Moreover, Prof. Watson shows a tendency to unduly emphasise the differences between the views of the two philosophers whose ideas he is contrasting. After all, Kant, though usually classed as an Idealist, was a Realist to the extent at least of believing in the actual existence of things in themselves : while, on the other hand, Mr. Spencer, though a Realist in the same sense, is an Idealist to the extent of believing that we cannot know things in themselves, and that our knowledge is only (to use Prof. Watson's own words as applied to Kant) of 'objects constructed out of impressions of sense, as brought under the forms of our perception' (p. 51). Where there is substantial harmony on two points of so fundamental a nature, it seems hardly worth while to lay very much stress upon mere minor differences.

It may be worth while here to enlarge a little on one or two points on which we are at odds with Prof. Watson, with respect to his strictures on Mr. Spencer's views. With regard, for instance, to Mr. Spencer's contention that an Unknowable Absolute exists, Prof. Watson objects : 'If there is no knowledge of the absolute, we have no right to predicate its existence' (p. 306). Why not? A man born blind may at some particular instant be conscious of something touching his hand. *What* it is he does not know. It may be a brick wall, or a piece of wood, or something held by another person. Because the blind man does not know *what* it is he feels, is he therefore precluded from predicating that *something* is touching him? By no means. The illustration is a rough and ready one, but it will serve our purpose. A change takes place at some particular instant in a human consciousness : the change must have a cause : something in consciousness proclaims that the change was not self-determined : therefore—and the inference would be irresistible to ninety-nine men out of every hundred, to all, probably, who are not metaphysicians—the change must have been produced by an external something, that is, a Noumenon or Absolute. What that something is we do not know ; all we know is, that of which we are conscious, namely, the sensation or representation, or, as Mr. Spencer would say, the symbol of the unknown reality. One of the conclusions which some Idealists appear to have reached is, that Reality cannot exist apart from Intelligence. On this point the metaphysical argument may be met by a physical one. Geologists tell us that a time was, at a remote period in the history of the earth, when neither man nor any other animal existed on it. Apart from revelation, then, and dealing with the subject not theologically, but philosophically, it may be confidently asserted that, at that time, no intelligence existed on the earth, or, for all we know, any where else in the universe. Does any one doubt that a noumenal universe existed then, although, so far as we know or can prove, no intelligence existed capable either of knowing a phenomenal universe, or of imagining an ideal one?

Mr. Spencer's argument, which also falls under Prof. Watson's strictures, respecting the existence and unknowability of the mind, as a thing in itself, is similar to the foregoing. Feeling or knowledge is experienced. But feeling and knowledge are not entities, suspended, naked and unadorned, *in vacuo*. It is impossible so to conceive them. The inference is irresistible that there must be something which feels or knows. What the nature of that something is, in other words, what is the nature of mind, we do not know. The mind being *the instrument* of knowledge, cannot be *an object* of knowlege. A knife cannot cut itself, nor can an eye see itself.

However, not to press objections which, after all, may possibly be invalid, we can cordially commend Prof. Watson's treatise to the careful study of the philosophic reader. Whether he agrees with or dissents from the conclusions sought to be established, he will find its acute criticisms marvellously stimulating.

The World: Round it and Over it. By CHESTER GLASS, of Osgoode Hall, Barrister-at-Law. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company, 1881.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

Wherever in his interesting travels Mr. Glass sojourned, he happily reproduces for his fellow-Canadians the spirit of the place :—

In the Cathedral at Barcelona.

'Service was in progress, the high altar was brilliantly illuminated, while small boys in carried white surplices many more lights, which all served to bring out the surrounding gloom in more striking contrast. The bishop, the priests and the acolytes formed in a solemn procession. which was followed by about thirty beggars, who were either maimed, halt or blind, and each bearing in his hand a lighted candle. This was, to my mind, a most beautiful part of the service. The unfortunate poor, who are usually practically excluded from swell religious services, are here not only admitted, but are paid special attention to, and are made happy by being allowed to take a personal part in, or closely observe, a beautiful, and, to its followers, a most comforting religious observance. The large church was filled at 11 a.m. with a miscellaneous crowd, consisting of the poor, in tattered garments, mixed with richly-attired senoras and fashionably-dressed gentlemen, who all, here at least, met on equal ground.'

At the Gaming-Tables of Monaco.

'The men are usually cool, or at least present that outward appearance, while the women are by all odds the more restless and excited, the more reckless and daring of the two. I saw one woman so entirely absorbed in her play that she quite forgot the presence of the other players, stood up excited y, placing her five-franc pieces on the wildest sort of combinations, all the while talking aloud in an incoherent way. She had lost a great deal, and was vainly trying to regain her ground. Many of the frequenters have strong faith in luck. One woman had a small pack of cards in her hands with a different number on the back of each. She would pick out a card at random and stake her money on the number drawn. This plan I do not think was as successful as it might have been, as she almost invariably was the loser, but still she clung to her idea with the tenacity of despair. Another woman, dressed very richly, did all her playing through the medium of her young son, who placed the money under her directions. Probably she thought that his innocence and youth might win the favours of the fickle Goddess of Fortune, and certainly the boy was wonderfully lucky. He staked high, and seldom lost. It was positively painful to watch the glistening eye, the fevered cheek, and the intense excitement of the mother, as she awaited the announcement of the fate of the tiny white ball.'

'At one of the roulette-tables I watched with interest the short career of an Englishman. He was a light-haired, delicate young fellow, apparently spending the winter in the south of France for his health. Evidently quite a stranger to the game, he modestly put down a five-franc piece on the red and won. Pleased at this, he again placed on the red, and lost. He then played several times, losing more than he won. Gradually the fatal passion laid hold of him ; he took a seat vacated by one of the players, and sat down trembling with suppressed excitement. Drawing from his purse six or seven napoleons, he changed them at the bank, and laid the silver before him. This sum lasted him for about half an hour. The game looks so simple, and the chances, as far as can be seen, being quite as much in favour of a player as the bank, makes it most alluring. Fresh players and even old gamesters are always buoyed up with the hope that the luck must soon turn in their favour. Anxious to retrieve his losses, the young Englishman pulled some bank notes from his pocket-book, changed them and again commenced. He played a simple game, and did not try any intricate combinations. Sometimes he would win a little, but the tide, either of luck or good play was against

him, and he finally changed and lost what was to all appearances, his last bank-note. In all, he probably lost two hundred and fifty or three hundred dollars, and looked about as down-hearted, broken-spirited a man as I ever saw.'

'Not long ago, a wealthy Hungarian nobleman came here, touched the *tapis vert*, played wildly, and lost nearly a million francs. In despair he attempted to commit suicide by hanging himself, but was discovered and cut down before life was extinct. The Monte Carlo authorities tried to hush the matter up, and gave the unfortunate man ten thousand francs to leave the place.'

Among the Ruins of the Colosseum.

'Now, as one stands where the highest colonnade once was, with ruins and utter loneliness on every hand, it is difficult to imagine what the scenes here must once have been—to people the countless seats with shadows of so-called Vestal Virgins; of haughty Roman patricians and warriors; and of ignorant, excitable and debased multitudes; to clothe the decaying brick walls and seats with their original raiment of costly marble; and to fill the naked and disfigured arena with gladiators, beasts of prey, and helpless Christian martyrs. I have often wandered through the Colosseum, but last night saw it by moonlight. I went with my friend, with whom I am travelling, and a Canadian gentleman who has resided in Rome for several years. A Neapolitan guide, bearing a torch, led the way up dark stairways and along gloomy corridors, until we stood on the lofty balcony erected during the *régime* of Pius IX. The softening silver light of the moon gave to the stupendous ruins a ghost-like, unreal appearance. Away in the distance, the gas-lamps of the city—not a cloud in the heavens, and the moon, almost full, shone right down into the arena.'

The Railway System of Greece.

'The railway system of Greece is admirably managed. All the trains are through trains. The traveller is not annoyed by the anxiety of having to change cars at a busy railway junction. There are no Bradshaw's time-tables to confuse one's mind and make life a burden. The times of arrival and departure of the trains are clearly and explicitly set down, so that the simplest inhabitant can understand. Accidents are unheard of. A Tay Bridge disaster would be impossible. There are no railway kings coining colossal fortunes out of the hard earnings of the people. In the whole kingdom of Greece there are exactly seven miles of railway, extending from Athens to Piræus. The one intermediate station is quite harmless. You can't change cars. There is no bustle or confusion, for the simple reason that there is no one but the station-master, a soldier, and a small boy to bustle. The trains run each way every hour, so no one ever dreams of looking at the small written time-table hung up in the station.'

A Dead Sea Promenade.

'Sixty-four miles to the north, the Sea of Galilee empties itself into the Jordan. This water is the sweetest and freshest in Palestine, but the moment it enters the Dead Sea it becomes the heaviest and deadliest of salt water. Woe to the fish that so far forgets itself as to approach this basin of death! We went in for a swim; I never experienced such a peculiar sensation. The specific gravity of the water is so great that it is a physical impossibility to sink. I walked out to the depth of my shoulders, but could sink no further. After that I simply walked in the water without the slightest effort; doubtless I could have taken a promenade for forty miles, the whole length of the lake, without ever using my hands.'

Two Views of the Egyptian Sphinx.

'With all these defects, there is still a majesty, almost a sublimity, about this pagan god rising out of the desert which must be seen to be appreciated. The enormous eyes have an expression of benignity and power, and stare into the far East with an expectant, mysterious look.'*

The Milk-pedlar of Benares.

'He had come to the city a poor and friendless boy. From a simple carter of milk he rose finally to be the sole proprietor of a cow. After many years of

* All travellers do not look upon the Sphinx with so deep and peculiar interest as we did. A short time ago, an American, writing from Cairo to a friend, summed up his criticism as follows: 'My dear Jim,—I have seen the Sphinx: it is the ugliest thing I ever saw, except Tom Jenkins, the druggist.'

hard work and privation to himself and family, he accumulated a fortune. It was only thirty rupees (equal to twelve American dollars) ; but it was enough to keep him comfortably for the rest of his days without toil. Before leaving the city he repaired to the Monkey temple with the rupees in his pocket to give thanks. Now, outside the temple is a large tank with trees surrounding it. The pedlar divested himself of his clothing in order to bathe before entering the holy shrine. A large monkey, perceiving the clothes lying on the stone steps, stealthily approached, seized the garments and hurried up a tree. The wretched pedlar turned around in time to see his hard earnings disappear amongst the branches in the clutch of a holy ape. He was in despair, prayed to the representative of Hanooman to give back the rupees just this once, and he would never ask any further odds of him. The monkey was quietly pulling on the trousers when he discovered the coins ; after some cogitation, he took one rupee and threw it far out into the water ; then he seized another in his paw and tossed it into the road. Thus he went on, alternately throwing one into the tank and another into the highway. The distracted pedlar picked up fifteen, but the other fifteen lay at the bottom of the water, and were lost. For many hours the poor man thought that Hanooman had been cruel, and dealt hardly with him ; but finally he saw that the god had acted justly. He therefore entered the sacred building, and at the altar confessed what had for many years been a secret in his own breast. He told the god that it had been his daily custom to dilute his milk with water in the exact proportion of half-and-half. He had always denied this fact to his patrons, but now in contrition of heart he saw that just retribution had fallen upon him. The god, with far-seeing wisdom, had handed over fifteen rupees to the water, where it properly belonged, and he restored the other fifteen, which were honest profit, to the pedlar.'

With this Hindoo apologue,—which, under the sharp stress of public duty we have reproduced for use against Canadian milk-pedlars,—we now, for lack of space, reluctantly take leave of our entertaining traveller. We should have liked to follow Mr. Glass while he tells his adventures in the heart of China ; among the far-off islands of Japan ; on his homeward journey through California and the Yosemite Valley, and the Nevada Desert to Virginia City,—that Plutonian realm of the three bonanza kings ; then away eastward to Salt Lake City and the " earthly paradise " of the Mormons ; still onwards through Nebraska to Omaha ; and then to Chicago, Detroit, and to his Canadian home at London. There, after his tour of 34,000 miles, and an absence of sixteen months, Mr. Glass must have excited among his fair friends much of the charming interest that Captain Cook and Commodore Anson excited among other Londoners, and in another century.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

If a boy gets on a wrong track it shows that his father's switch has not had a fair chance.

Wealth may not bring happiness, but it commands respect in a police officer.

There is generally thought to be a good deal more pleasure in bringing on the gout than in bearing it.

The world's idea of religion is explained by the adage, ' Be good and you'll be happy ; but you won't have a good time.'

A man who cannot command his temper, his attention, and his countenance, should not think of being a man of business.

Josh Billling says that ' a good doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more.'

Mrs. Pennell says that, her minister's sermons are ' a little obscure, but,' she adds, ' I do like to sit and watch the expression of his mouth.'

BY THE SEASIDE.

'I stood by her side when the tide came in,
With its creeping kiss and wailing moan;
I held her fast—was she mine to win?
Might I call her, some day, my own?

I looked in the depth of her hazel eyes;
Close to her feet crept the restless sea;
In the tender tones that fond hearts prize,
I told her how fair she was to me.

I praised the grace of her queenly head;
The flashing waves sung low and sweet;
The bright eyes shone at the words I said,
While the light foam nestled about her feet,

I praised the sheen of her chestnut hair,
Never a word she said to me,
But closer she crept to my side down there,
By the restless, tossing, moaning sea.

'Could she be mine?' As I held her fast
I asked the driver, he spoke me fair,
And said, 'He would sell me, first and last,
For a hundred dollars, the chestnut mare.'

A lad delivering milk, was asked what made it so warm. 'I don't know,' replied he, with much simplicity, 'unless they put in warm water instead of cold.'

A girl sued a man for breach of promise, and proved him such a scoundrel that the jury decided that she ought to pay him something for not marrying her.

We all think that the world will break up when we die, for who will there be to carry it on? But somehow it gets on just as well, if not better when we have left it.

'Are you going to the ocean?' 'No I am not going to the ocean; I detest the motion; but my sister has a notion of going to the ocean, by way of Goschen.'

A doctor, who was one of the corps of physicians appointed to vaccinate the policemen, remarked, 'What is the use of vaccinating these fellows? They never catch anything.'

Lord Beaconsfield said there were many people who would resolve to lead virtuous lives, on the principle that 'virtue is its own reward,' if they could only get the reward in advance.

'Tommy, did you hear your mother call you?' 'Corse I did.' 'Then, why don't you go to her at once?' 'Well yer see, she's nervous, and it'd shock her awfu 'fi should go too suddent.'

Sheridan, the first time he met Tom, his son, after the marriage of the latter, was very angry with him. He told him he had made his will, and had cut him off with a shilling. Tom said he was very sorry, and immediately added: 'You don't happen to have the shilling about you now, sir, do you?' Old S. burst out laughing, and they became friends again.

A youth was heard to remark to a fat Teutonian: 'Haven't I seen you before? Your face looks familiar.' 'Is dot so?' said Hans. 'When you get so old as me your face will look familiar, too.'

A Georgia editor says: 'Gold in thirty-three counties in this State, copper in thirteen, iron in forty-three, diamonds in twenty-six, whiskey in all of them, and the last gets away with all the rest.'

An auctioneer thus exalted the merits of a carpet: 'Gentlemen and ladies, some folks sell carpets for Brussels which are not Brussels; but I can most positively assure you that this elegant article was made by Mr. Brussels himself.'

Alphonse Karr, talking of food adulteration, remarked: 'It's very curious, isn't it? If I poison my grocer, the very lightest sentence would be hard labour for life. But if my grocer poisons me—oh, that is a different thing. He is fined a few dollars.

Strong-minded wife: 'Eh, James, you are well up in languages. What is the difference between exported and transported?' Submissive husband: 'Why, my dear, if you should go to America, you would be exported, and I—well I—should be transported.'

A lady, no longer young, was one day deploring to Douglas Jerrold the fact that grey hairs were multiplying on her head. 'I really believe,' said she, 'that the oil of lavender which I use produces them.' 'Do you not think, dear madam,' said Jerrold, 'that it is the oil of thyme.'

Mrs. General Sherman says that during thirty-one years of married life her husband has never stayed out later than twelve o'clock at night. This is a new revelation to us. We never supposed that a married man stayed out after half-past nine o'clock at night unless he was the editor of a paper.

An industrious tradesman having taken a new apprentice, awoke him at a very early hour on the first morning by calling out that the family were sitting down to table. 'Thank you,' said the boy, as he turned over in the bed to adjust himself for a new nap—'thank you, I never eat anything during the night.'