

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couvertures restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

THE
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. I.]

FEBRUARY, 1872.

[No. 2.

THE CANADIAN CENSUS OF 1871.

BY ARTHUR HARVEY, F.S.S.

THE census of 1861 gave to Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, about three million souls, and if these Provinces had continued to increase until 1871, as fast as they were said to have done for the ten preceding years, they would now have numbered four millions and a quarter, instead of under three millions and a half.* The difference between the anticipated figures and the actual statement is grave and the public are as steadily denying the accuracy of the recent census, as the officials are upholding it. It does not follow from the fact that the general expectation has been disappointed, that the officials are mistaken.

The previous census, both of 1851 and 1861, or either of them, may have been wrong, and the difference thus be easily accounted for. Still, the system of enumeration adopted in 1871 is more likely to have brought about an under than an over statement of numbers, and critical examination should, in the first place, be pointed in this direction.

The census of 1861 was taken in one day; and the *de facto* population, that is, the population actually there, was assigned to each house, village, county, city. The census of 1871 was intended to assign to each Province its *de jure* population, or the population that should of right have been there,

* The last two census compilations shew the following results:—

	1861.	1871.	Increase.	In. pr. cent.
Ontario	1,396,091	1,620,842	224,751	16.10
Quebec	1,111,566	1,190,505	78,939	7.11
New Brunswick.....	252,047	285,777	33,730	13.38
Nova Scotia	330,857	387,800	56,943	17.21
	3,090,561	3,484,924	394,363	12.76

Entered according to Act the of Parliament of Canada in the year 1872, by Adam, Stevenson & Co., in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

and the necessity for taking it in one day no longer existed, though all enquiries had reference to the same hour. The *de facto* principle gives to each locality the transient residents who may be in it on the census day. The *de jure* principle gives to each the persons who make it their permanent domicile, contribute to its taxation, pay customs and excise duties in it, take back the fruits of their wanderings to it, vote in it. The *de facto* principle obtains in the census systems of northern Europe; the *de jure* principle among the Latin peoples of the Mediterranean basin. Where the Teuton, with his Common Law ideas rules, and whatever is most practical is best, the census *de facto* is in favour. Where the descendants of the Roman, and inheritors of the Roman Law are dominant, and whatever is logical and theoretically right is sought to be carried out, the census *de jure* is thought preferable. In Canada, the Minister who is responsible for the recent census is a lawyer of the Province of Quebec, learned in the Roman jurisprudence, which there mystifies the unwary litigant. The Deputy-Head of his Department, who aided him, is a French Canadian, *pur sang*. It is not unlikely that the disappointment felt in Ontario and New Brunswick at the results arrived at, may lead to a greater dislike to the system than it deserves. But there is no reason why the enumeration should not be taken both of the *de facto* and the *de jure* populations, at the same time, and the one would be a useful check upon the other.

One of the evils of the length of time which is now allowed to elapse between the census-taking and the publication of results, is the difficulty of testing their accuracy when impugned. Some of the most active of our cities, towns and villages, surprised at the smallness of the figures given them, are repudiating them with indignation. If they had been announced a month after the census, as they might have been, at least approximately, by a simple change of method, steps

to prove or disprove them could have been at once taken. But now, a year has well-nigh elapsed, and the value of the comparison given by partial checks is lessened. Most of the checks, however, which have been applied have shewn the census figures to be an understatement, as indeed from the nature of the *de jure* principle applied by untrained men, they are pretty sure to be. To what extent, it is hard to say. As the system is foreign to the genius of the people of Ontario, while it is cognate to that of the people of Quebec, as moreover the care with which Ontario enumerators do their work is always less than that bestowed by those of the sister Province, it is probable that Ontario suffers most: possibly to the extent of 7 or 8 per cent. Quebec, however, must also suffer. But it seems scarcely possible that any greater proportion than six or seven per cent. of the grand total can have been left uncounted, and it is certainly untrue that designed injustice has been done to any Province, the moral character of the officials concerned is too high; so that, if there has been any sectional inequality in the application of the *de jure* principle, it follows from casual circumstances, rather than from intention. We will instance one: Nova Scotia has had a registration system in operation for some years, more or less efficiently, and the gentleman who has had charge of it has been attached to the census staff. Hence, that Province has in all likelihood the most complete enumeration, and consequently gains. The other Provinces have not had this great advantage. It is, however, the smallness of the total rather than the relative proportion of the parts which is disappointing to the true patriot, and if five per cent. of the population of Quebec has been omitted, and eight of that of New Brunswick and Ontario, the additional three hundred thousand, which it is thought a correct enumeration would allot to us, would make this total more respectable.

Correct or incorrect, however, the census figures give some useful indications of social

movements to which we should be awake. First, we may observe that the population is fast crowding into cities and towns, and, while the establishment of railways is one great cause of this, it is also the mark of a transition period, during which manufacturing industries are becoming of importance. The cities of Ontario have increased from 103,884 to 132,586.* Those of Quebec from 151,185 to 179,084†. Those of the Lower Provinces from 57,995 to 77,096‡. The towns show even a more remarkable increase—Brockville, in Ontario, and Levis, in Quebec, have risen to the rank of cities (placing at 10,000 the population which should confer this rank)—while Brantford, St. Catharines, Belleville, and several others are fast following suit. The city and town population may be set down at half a million, to which it has increased from four hundred thousand in 1861, an increase of 25 per cent. The rest of the population has only increased 11 per cent. In this connection we should consider that if the *de jure* system works unjustice anywhere it is in the towns and cities. The travellers staying at hotels, the young lads at schools and boarding houses, the servants in families—all these are referred to their homes, which are chiefly in the country, while foreigners passing through the Dominion who are not enumerated at all, are almost altogether in cities and towns.

	1861	1871
*Toronto.....	44,821	56,092
Hamilton.....	19,096	26,716
Ottawa.....	14,669	21,545
London.....	11,555	15,826
Kingston.....	13,743	12,407
	1861	1871
†Montreal.....	90,323	107,225
Quebec.....	51,109	59,699
Three Rivers.....	6,058	8,414
St. Hyacinthe.....	3,695	3,746
	1861.	1871.
‡St. Johns, N.B. (and Portland).....	27,317	41,508
Halifax.....	25,026	29,582
Fredericton.....	5,652	6,006

The next thing to be remarked is that the old settled counties are the most stationary. This was to be expected, but if the census figures in 1861 and 1871 are both correct, many of them are actually retrograding. We may with instructive results subdivide Ontario into the following heads:—Front, or old settled counties on the rivers and lower lakes; Central counties, or those early settled, though not on the great water-ways; and New counties, which group themselves into two parts, the counties on the upper lakes, and the back counties, or those in rear of the old settled districts, almost all northward from them. Following out this view, we have:—

1. Front counties:—

	1861.	1871.
Glengarry.....	21,187	20,524
Stormont.....	18,129	18,987
Dundas.....	18,777	18,777
Leeds and Grenville.....	59,941	57,918
Frontenac, Lennox, and Addington.....	55,349	54,018
Hastings.....	44,970	48,364
Prince Edward.....	20,869	20,336
Northumberland.....	40,592	39,085
Durham.....	39,115	37,381
Ontario.....	41,604	45,890
York.....	59,674	59,882
Peel and Cardwell.....	33,608	32,869
Halton.....	22,794	22,606
Wentworth.....	31,832	30,883
Haldimand, Welland, Monck and Lincoln... ..	76,321	80,759
Norfolk.....	28,590	30,763
Elgin.....	32,050	33,666
	645,402	652,108

2. Central or interior counties, midway between old and new ones:—

	1861.	1871.
Oxford.....	46,226	48,237
Perth.....	38,083	46,522
Waterloo.....	38,750	40,251
Wellington.....	49,200	63,290
Brant.....	30,338	32,259
Lanark.....	31,639	33,020
Prescott.....	15,499	17,647
	249,735	281,226

3. New counties:—

A. Counties on the Upper Lakes:—

	1861.	1871.
Essex	25,211	32,697
Kent, Bothwell, and Lamb- ton	56,099	79,531
Middlesex*	48,736	66,769
Huron	51,954	66,165
Bruce	27,499	48,515
Grey	37,750	59,395
	247,249	353,072

B. Back Counties:—

	1861.	1871.
Simcoe	38,352	57,390
Victoria	23,039	30,200
Peterboro'	24,651	30,475
Russell and Carleton	36,444	40,083
Renfrew	20,325	27,974
Nipissing and sundries	7,010	15,728
	149,821	201,850

The increase in these four sub-divisions is respectively *one, thirteen, forty-three, thirty-five* per cent. There seems to be a point at which population in the old counties stops, and it is probably reached when there are as many people farming the land as can profitably do so by their own labour, and without employing capital in under-draining, subsoil ploughing, or artificial manures. In the present state of the continent, with new lands still within easy reach, it possibly pays the farmer better to send his sons away to seek them than to strive to increase his crops by applying science and capital to the old farm. That it does so has evidently become the prevailing belief. Nothing could be more useful to the country than to reason out this point, for if it is better to apply capital and labour to old farms than to new ones, the great surplus of Ontario had better be employed, at a low rate of interest, to help the proprietors to underdrain their land, in the way that government funds are employed in Britain. If, on the contrary, it is better to open out the new

* Middlesex, though not actually on the lakes, belongs naturally to this group.

lands to the north and north-west, the actual policy of helping to build railroads into the interior is correct.

The same features obtain in Quebec. The list is long, but the point is so important that, at the risk of being tedious, we here also subdivide the counties as follows:—1. The group of counties on the South Shore between Quebec and Montreal and the old-settled counties around the latter city. 2. The counties on the north shore of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, all of which have back ranges. 3. The new English counties of the townships. 4. The counties on the south shore, east of Quebec, all of which have new lands in the back concessions.

1. Old settled counties on the south shore, between Quebec and Montreal, and around Montreal:—

	1861.	1871.
Levis*	12,383	11,810
Lotbinière	20,018	20,606
Nicolet	21,563	23,262
Yamaska	16,045	16,317
Richelieu	19,070	20,048
St. Hyacinthe	18,877	18,310
Bagot	18,841	19,491
Rouville	18,227	17,634
Iberville	16,891	15,413
Verchères	15,485	12,717
St. John's	14,853	12,122
Chambly	13,132	10,498
Laprairie	14,475	11,861
Missisquoi	18,608	16,922
Napierville	14,513	11,688
Beauharnois	15,742	14,757
Chateauguay	17,837	16,166
Huntingdon	17,491	16,304
Jacques Cartier	11,218	11,179
Laval	10,507	9,472
Soulanges	12,221	10,808
Vaudreuil	12,282	11,003
Two Mountains	18,408	15,615
Terrebonne	19,460	19,591
Argenteuil	12,897	12,806
L'Assomption	17,555	15,473
Montcalm	14,758	12,742
	*433,157	404,615

* Levis, town, is deducted from the county and Hochelaga is omitted because its increase from 16,474 to 25,640 is due to the overflow from Montreal.

2. North Shore counties, having "back ranges" of new lands:—

	1861.	1871.
Pontiac	14,125	15,791
Ottawa	27,757	38,597
Joliette	21,198	23,075
Berthier	19,608	19,804
Maskinongé	14,700	15,079
St. Maurice	11,100	11,124
Champlain	20,008	22,052
Portneuf	21,291	22,569
Quebec*	27,893	19,607
Montmorenci	11,136	12,085
Charlevoix	15,223	15,611
Chicoutimi	10,478	17,493
Saguenay and Labrador†.	6,101	5,487
	220,708	238,374

3. Counties in the Townships, comparatively new and chiefly peopled by English speaking folk:—

	1861.	1871.
Brome	12,732	13,757
Stanstead	12,258	13,138
Richmond	8,884	11,214
Wolfe	6,548	8,823
Shefford	17,779	19,077
Drummond	12,356	14,281
Compton	10,210	13,665
Arthabaska‡	13,473	17,611
Megantic	17,889	18,879
	112,129	130,445

4. Counties on the South Shore of the St. Lawrence, East of Quebec, peopled chiefly by French speaking inhabitants, all having "back ranges":—

	1861.	1871.
Beauce	20,416	27,253
Dorchester	16,195	16,779
Bellechasse	16,062	17,637
Montmagny	13,386	13,555
L'Islet	12,300	13,517
Kamouraska	21,058	21,254
Temiscouata	18,561	22,491
Rimouski	20,854	27,418

* The writer cannot understand this; there is possibly a new subdivision, of which he is not aware.

† Suffer from the *de jure* comparison.

‡ Arthabaska, though a French county, seems to belong to this group. So also does Drummond which is also in great part French.

	1861.	1871.
Gaspé	14,077	18,729
Bonaventure	13,092	15,923
	166,001	194,556

The old counties thus appear to have suffered a decrease of nearly seven per cent.; the other groups have increased respectively eight, sixteen and seventeen per cent.

This result is far more surprising than the stationary condition of the old settled districts of Ontario. Among these French counties are some which were cultivated generations before Ontario was, and have been steadily increasing census after census, without the aid of immigration and simply by natural increase, at the rate of about two *per cent.* per annum, besides sending off swarms of young men to take up farms elsewhere. Why should they now first exhibit a decline? Why is the decline so uniform? We have heard that during the war, the French Canadians sent a numerous contingent to the armies of the North, but even if they furnished 40,000 men, as has been asserted—a number which must be grossly exaggerated—40,000 could be all killed off and the loss be hardly felt from a population of such fecundity as that of Quebec, where every village, almost every house, looks like a rabbit warren, for young. A similar remark might be made about the French Canadian factory hands employed in the New England States. Have the farming lands been too much subdivided?—and is a clearing out process commencing naturally, like that which was carried out forcibly in the Scottish Highlands, where in order to get the best returns, the landlords made the cotters leave their small farms and seek new ones in another country? If it has—and if the limit of population has been reached, that can by the system of farming in vogue in Quebec and Ontario be well supported, it is quite clear whither the surplus population of both Provinces must flow. It will go northward only by degrees, though

when it does pass the Laurentian ridges, and get established on the clay soils north of them, it may fill up another tier of counties yet. It will not go southward. It will keep, if not on the same parallel of latitude, as near to it as possible; emigration movements always do. It will keep on the zone of similar vegetation. It may, for aught we know, have already largely swelled the population of Minnesota, Wisconsin and part of Michigan. Some of it may have been seduced to Illinois and Iowa, but the Canadian seldom stays there long. It will, if facilities are provided, rather remain under the old institutions, and we shall find that when a railway is constructed it will seek the North Western Territories—and probably get as far westward as it can on the Assiniboine and the south Saskatchewan to escape the extreme cold of the Red River country. Another consideration, if possible, more vital than the above, also forces itself upon the mind. Although much disputed, the weight of testimony leads to the belief that in the United States the purely American families tend steadily towards extinction. Numerous are the childless homes across the border, and numerous the families in which but one or two children are born or survive. It has been the hope of the writer that this infertility or this curious cropping up of the Malthusian laws under circumstances in which it was not foreseen they would apply, which was first observed in the Southern States, and is not so clearly traced into the Central and Northern, would not occur on this side of the St. Lawrence. The example of the French in Quebec, multiplying throughout a couple of centuries, seemed to encourage such a hope. But must it be given up for the Anglo-Canadian? Must it be given up even as regards the population of the whole Dominion? Is our progress to be fundamentally dependent upon immigration? Without a steady influx from Europe or Asia, are we like the old temple and mound builders, our pre-

decessors on this continent, doomed to ultimate extinction?

If the percentage omitted be greater than that estimated at the commencement of this article this census is an imposture; if less it is a revelation. If it be true that the population has only increased twelve per cent. during the past decade, or only one per cent. a year, many an aspiration for political independence must be checked, many a hopeful anticipation as to our national progress moderated. For, at this rate, instead of becoming in a few years a respectable rival to the United States, aiding by our friendly rivalry the cause of true freedom on this continent, we must remain a mere pigmy beside a giant, and it will be fifty instead of a dozen years before we can safely go out of leading strings. If it be true that we have but three and a half millions now, instead of over four, as we expected, and have become a comparatively stationary instead of a rapidly progressive country, the principal hope for the Dominion must be in the wild lands and new territories of the North West; and, until they become able to contribute to the cost of government, many a financial budget must be carefully pruned, and we must anxiously consider whether we have not been incurring debts and rushing into engagements at too rapid a rate for safety. So important is this, that it would appear desirable, if the 51st section* of the Union Act will admit of it, to

* The Union Act, sec. 51, reads as follows:—

“On the completion of the census in the year 1871, and of each subsequent decennial census, the representation of the four Provinces shall be re-adjusted by such authority, in such manner, and from such time, as the Parliament of Canada from time to time prescribes, subject and according to the following rules:—

“(1.) Quebec shall have the fixed number of 65 members.

“2. There shall be assigned to each of the other Provinces such a number of members as will bear the same proportion to the number of its population (ascertained at such census) as the number 65 bear

declare the census incomplete until a general check has been applied, and to take this check census of the numbers only by a schedule combining the *de facto* and the *de jure* plans, under the charge of special commissioners for each Province. If Mr. Wood, the late Treasurer of Ontario, Dr. Taché, the present Deputy Head of the Census Bureau, Mr. Costley for Nova Scotia, and some good man for New Brunswick could be appointed to give joint supervision to this check, the work would be done expeditiously and cheaply, and the country would be satisfied; whereas, without it there will be political agitations, commercial and financial uncertainty, and a tendency to relapse from the healthy national bearing we have been hopefully assuming into the old, dead, inglorious, Colonial listlessness.

Unless such a course be taken Canada will not believe that the census figures accurately state the population. The officials set their belief against the general opinion of the country, and no doubt honestly; but what can the officials know? They depend,

to the number of the population of Quebec, so ascertained.

"3. In the computation of the number of members for a Province, a fractional part not exceeding one half of the whole number requisite for entitling the Province to a member shall be disregarded; but a fractional part exceeding one half of that number shall be equivalent to the whole number.

"4. On any such re-adjustment the number of members for a Province shall not be reduced unless the proportion which the number of the population of the Province bore to the number of the aggregate population of Canada at the then last preceding re-adjustment of the number of members for the Province, is ascertained at the then latest census to be diminished by one-twentieth part or upwards.

"5. Such re-adjustment shall not take effect until the termination of the then existing Parliament."

Thus, each lot of 18,315 souls entitles Ontario, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia to a member. Ontario will have 88 instead of 82, and 9,122 to spare. Thirty-five more would have given her an extra representative. New Brunswick will have 16 instead of 15; Nova Scotia 21 instead of 19.

of course, upon subordinates, and what subordinate will confess to being guilty of sins of omission or commission? An enumerator may, when too late, remember having left out this family, that manufacturing establishment, but he will not tell of it. On the other hand, almost every one of us knows of some persons omitted from the census; some boarding-house, hotel, public office, or factory passed by, and thus a sort of public consciousness that the total is unfairly low has grown up among the people. We have heard but little of it yet, but we predict that when the subject comes to be discussed in the Legislature, there will be found a most singular unanimity in mistrusting the statements made, and a deep-seated feeling which will lead to acrimonious debates.

A radical fault underlies the whole system of census taking in America: those in charge of it attempt too much. We indulge in the expensive luxury of enumeration but once in every ten years, and from the very nature of things the people who conduct the operations are new to it, each recurring decade. For, by nothing short of a miracle, can the same official be in charge of two successive censuses; most of the subordinate officers, clerks, commissioners, enumerators, must have changed positions, if not died, in such an interval; and duties, which of all others require most training and most special study, are thus of necessity placed in the hands of unskilled, untried and hastily appointed persons. At the other end, the like difficulties occur. It does not fall to many of us to fill up census papers at all similarly. The boy of to-day may, in this social atmosphere, be the father of a family in 1881; the clerk will certainly be a merchant; the artisan, perhaps, an independent manufacturer. If any of us then remember, ten years hence, how we have supplied the information lately asked of us, that recollection will probably be useless; we shall again make mistakes and commit errors of omission. Nor is the decennial system at all calcu-

lated to remove the prejudices which men of all stations feel against revealing their private affairs. An annual assault upon them might be successful in the end, but a slight stirring of the mud every ten years only, invariably shows them as inveterate as ever. The usual rule in statistical enquiries is to obtain details, because details can be grouped into general heads, whereas general heads cannot be expanded, but in the taking of the census this excellent maxim is stretched too far; special circumstances mark at a given place the limits of the practicable. By attempting too much detail the whole work is rendered costly where it might be cheap, difficult where it might be easy, cumbrous where it should be simple, tardy where it should be rapid, and above all unreliable where it ought to be accurate.

We need not go far to establish the truth of the above. Mr. Hutton, in his report on the Canadian census of 1851, speaks feelingly of the "gross negligence" of the enumerators. The census of 1861 has long been known to be a "monument of incapacity." Even a statistical chain cannot be much stronger than its weakest links. And a singular example of the futility of endeavouring to get by a census, anywhere, accurate particulars of anything beyond the number of the population, is given in the foolish attempt made in the United States to ascertain the months in which most deaths occurred. While the exact and accurate State registrations show September to be the most deadly, the United States enumerators made it May; and the reason is that the census was taken on the first of June, that people best remembered the deaths of the preceding month, but forgot them more and more as the months receded. Grouping the year into quarters, the census made the deaths most numerous in the quarter when they

really were least frequent, and fewest when they really were most numerous.* Again, though nothing is steadier than the annual rate of mortality, the census of 1850 only made 16 per cent of the deaths of a year occur under one year of age; while that of 1860 increased the proportion to 20 per cent. So well indeed is the inaccuracy of the subsidiary results of the census known to the initiated, that no actuary thinks of consulting American census tables to obtain vital statistics, no statesman bases revenue calculations on the information respecting manufactures the census pretends to give. To conclude, when we abandon the attempt to do by means of a census what should be done by means of an effective system of registration, and give over asking about births, deaths, ages and perhaps religions, we shall be more likely to have a reliable statement of the numbers and occupations of our people, and, if wanted, of their national descent. Not until we delegate to commissioners, or specially qualified officials, periodical investigations into the state of our mining, manufacturing or agricultural industries, shall we have reliable accounts of these. The union of the whole into one decennial enquiry, miscalled a census, periodically fixes the ambition of a Minister, and then destroys his reputation—and gives to our Bureau a labour which we regret to believe as futile as we know it to be arduous.

* The numbers stated in the census, 1860, were 40,741 for May, and only 27,546 for the preceding June! The percentage in each quarter, compared with the State registry, is as follows—

	Census.	State Registry.
June, July, August.	23.65	.. 25.81
September, October, November	22.65	.. 27.66
December, January, February.....	24.29	.. 23.29
March, April, May.....	29.70	.. 23.24

MARCHING IN.

ON THE OCCUPATION OF THE CITADEL BY THE FIRST CANADIAN GARRISON.

OLD England's music timed the march,
 Old England's banner flew
 Above our ranks, as towards the Fort
 Of England's power we drew,

And the portal never crossed by foe
 Flew wide to welcome in
 Old England's younger self, and bid
 A nation's life begin.

There stood a figure by the gate,
 Stalwart and stern of mien,
 Such as the soldier's form should be—
 Such as has oft been seen

Against the sunset on the hill,
 When the day went down in blood,
 And the shattered hosts of the baffled foe
 Rolled back their ebbing flood.

As still and passionless it seemed
 As the fort's granite wall,
 Yet could it wake to fiery life
 At England's trumpet-call.

Medals it wore, the noble meed
 Of many a field of fame,
 From yonder Heights to Egypt's strand
 And India's skies of flame ;

But nobler was the heart beneath
 Still ruled by Duty's power,
 Alike in triumph's time of pride
 And dark disaster's hour.

The heart that fought for Honour's sake,
 When fortune's prize was lost,
 Like the flag that bears the red cross still
 Shot-torn and tempest-tost.

As past that form we marched, we seemed
To hear in the music's swell :
"Old England well hath kept the post,
Keep ye the post as well.

"Rich is the store she leaves her heir
In mine, in farm, in fold,
But she leaves a treasure richer far
Than corn, or mine, or gold.

"Proud will she be to see you grow
In wealth by land and main,
But prouder when misfortune's power
Is met and leaves no stain.

"This Fort that yesterday was ours,
That is your trust to-day,
Stands where, while 'Victory' rent the sky,
Wolfe's spirit left its clay.

"Swear that if e'er by fortune's spite
To yonder foe it fall,
He shall enter not through the trait'rous gate
But over the ruined wall.

"That flag ye bear and we have borne,
On the unconquered rock
Gleamed through the gathering mists of death
Upon the eyes of Brock.

"Swear, if again the invader come
Vaunting, as then he came,
Defeat perchance that flag may know,
But never shall know shame."

The halt is called, the guard relieved,
Old England's work is done :
As the new warder took his post,
A nation's life begun.

YORK.

MARGUERITE KNELLER, ARTIST AND WOMAN.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

CHAPTER IV.

MARGUERITE AND HER FATHER.

CHRISTIAN Kneller was of German parentage, but he had lived nearly all his life in Paris and, for many years, was well known there as a rich and enterprising print-seller and publisher. One day a pale delicate looking Englishman entered his shop and offered some very clever sketches for sale at a price much below their value. On enquiry Christian Kneller found that the stranger was an artist of great, though peculiar and fantastic, genius who had come to Paris in the hope that his works might meet more appreciation there than they had received in London. Proud, sensitive, shy, he was altogether unfitted to contend with the difficulties which always lie in the way of those who have to create the taste to which their works appeal. One disappointment after another crushed his hopes and energies and weakened his health. In despair he gave up the struggle, and was now dying of consumption brought on by anxiety and privation: compelled at last to sell the sketches and designs on which he had built his hopes of fame for whatever scanty sum the picture-dealers and print-sellers chose to give for them, or to see his wife and child perish with hunger. Christian Kneller's interest was excited by this sad story, and still more by the dying painter's faithfulness to his ideal of art in spite of the *ignis fatuus* it had proved to him. He bought the sketches at the price they really deserved, not that which the artist's necessities had set upon them, and made every effort in his power to serve him. He found purchasers for the works lying neglected in

the wretched lodging to which the poor artist had been driven, and would have got him fresh commissions had he been able to execute them. But nothing could now restore Edward Hervey's failing strength; he sank rapidly, and died in a few weeks, comforted by the thought that his wife's last days—for she, too, was dying,—would be cared for as his had been, and his child adopted as a daughter by their kind and generous benefactor.

Before many days Christian Kneller laid Madame Hervey beside her husband. He had now to provide a home for the little one thrown on his protection, and her nurse Monica, a simple, affectionate Norman woman, who had taken care of the child from her birth, and would have endured any hardship rather than be separated from her darling.

"Oh, be kind to Monica," said Madame Hervey, the last time she saw Christian Kneller, "be kind to her, and never part her and the child. She has been a good angel to me and mine, and though God will reward her whether man does or not, you to whom He has given so many gifts and, above all, the will to use them nobly, must let Monica also feel your goodness."

"*Ah, le bon Dieu!* I want nothing," exclaimed Monica, "except to be always near the little one. I would have worked my fingers to the bone, before she should have known want, but she has found a better friend than I could ever be, and all I ask now is leave to stay with her."

"Do you think I could be so cruel as to deprive her of her second mother?" said Christian Kneller. "Certainly, you shall stay with her and, as far as it rests with me, you shall never be separated."

So after Madame Hervey's death Christian Kneller sent Monica and her young charge to board at a convent where, for ten years, they lived a peaceful and happy life, only varied by visits from their kind benefactor. The lovely child of six had then grown into a beautiful young woman, and the Lady-Superior of the convent had already dropped many hints as to the future destiny of Mademoiselle Hervey; at last seriously assuring Monsieur Kneller that it was time to provide her with a suitable *fiancé*, if he was determined not to allow her to adopt a religious life, for which the piety and sweetness of her disposition so well fitted her. This last suggestion thoroughly roused and frightened Christian Kneller. Though a Catholic, he was a cool and philosophical one, and he would as soon have permitted this young girl to be shut up in a prison as in a convent. To take her from thence before a husband was provided for her would, in the Superior's eyes, have been a heinous offence against the *convenances* of society; and where was a husband to whom he could fearlessly trust her fate to be found? Resolutely putting aside, as he believed, every consideration but the true welfare of his *protégée*, and the way in which that could be best secured, after days of anxious thought, he at last—with a degree of hesitation and uncertainty of manner so different from his usual straight-forward self-possession as almost terrified Mademoiselle Hervey out of her wits—asked her to be his wife. Under the circumstances, he scarcely expected to meet with a refusal, but his surprise was almost as great as his joy when he found that to her loving and grateful heart all the happiness of earth seemed combined in the position he had offered her. Taught by the good Monica to reverence him as the noblest and best of men, full of gratitude for his kindness to her parents, and the great debt she herself owed him, the affectionate and enthusiastic girl loved him with a depth and sincerity which could hardly have been greater. Her simple, sin-

cere nature understood and appreciated all his good and admirable qualities, and scarcely could a young knight of romance have been better loved by his fair lady than this homely tradesman, nearly fifty years old, by this beautiful girl of sixteen.

This pure spontaneous love, so freely and artlessly given to him, brightened and beautified Christian Kneller's whole life which till now had been, though a prosperous, a somewhat joyless one. All the tenderness of his nature which, from want of a fitting object to draw it forth, had hitherto lain latent, was now called out. Now he had found some one whom he could make happy, and whose sweet and gentle disposition at once twined itself round his, insensibly softening and charming away all that was harsh and rugged in his character, till their lives were inseparably blended in a union of perfect and unbroken harmony. Proud that his young wife was an Englishwoman, and anxious to surround her with the comforts of an English home, he bought the house and garden where Maurice Valazé had visited him, and furnished it as much as possible in the English fashion. To this house he brought her, as fair and as happy a bride as ever entered a good man's dwelling; here she lived for fifteen years a happy wife and mother; here she died after a short and almost painless illness, and with her died all the sunshine of Christian Kneller's life. Grief for her loss weakened his mental and bodily energies; he neglected his business, lost his customers and gradually suffered his affairs to fall into hopeless confusion. A paralytic stroke, which, for a time, affected his intellect brought matters to a crisis. His creditors becoming urgent, two or three of his friends undertook to arrange his affairs, and when all claims on his property had been satisfied, placed the small remainder in the funds, thus securing him a small yearly income for life.

Contrary to all expectations, he grew better, and when he was sufficiently recovered to bear the intelligence, his daughter Mar-

guerite, as gently and considerately as possible told him of his altered circumstances. The shock was not as great to him as she had feared it would be ; for long before his illness he had known his impending fate. Looking sadly and steadfastly at Marguerite, he put out his left hand, for his right was powerless, and drew her towards him.

"Three years ago," he said, "I had health and strength, and my life was full of joy in the present, and hope for the future ; then the one great blessing that brightened all the rest was taken from me : your mother died, and all the zest and flavour of life for me died with her. I wasted my days in selfish grief and idleness ; I forgot I had children ; and it is only fit that I should pay the penalty. Now I am lying here helpless and poor, to see my children beggared, and to be a burden to them instead of their support and protector."

"Oh, no, dear father," cried Marguerite, clinging to him, "there can be no burden where there is so much love. If you will not grieve we shall be perfectly happy now you are restored to us again. Claire is too young to care about being poor, and as for me, I am almost glad that we are no longer rich, for you know you have often told me I was born to be a painter, and now perhaps I shall fulfil my destiny."

"You are a good child, Marguerite, and a clever girl," said her father, "but you do not know what poverty is."

"Oh, yes, father, I do," said Marguerite earnestly. "Mamma has often told me how her father and mother suffered before they knew you, and she has often taken me to see poor people. She said I ought to know about such things that I might learn to pity and help those that were in want. Now you shall see her lessons have not been thrown away upon me."

"May God bless thee, my child," said her father, tenderly kissing her, "I know not whose head thou hast got, but I know thou hast thy mother's heart."

At first Christian Kneller proposed that they should sell their house and garden and take a cheap lodging, but to this Marguerite would not consent. She knew how great a sacrifice it would be to her father to leave the home which her mother had so much loved, and where every object was tenderly associated with her memory ; and besides, in his state of health, the garden where he might daily enjoy the open air, seemed absolutely necessary to his existence. She thought that by letting the upper apartments and selling fruit and vegetables from the garden, with his small yearly income to insure her father such comforts as he required, their little household could be provided with all that was necessary in the quiet and simple mode of life she had planned. Her father was easily induced to consent that a trial should be made, and henceforth this young girl of seventeen took upon her all the cares and responsibilities of the family. She had an invaluable assistant in the faithful Monica (whom they always called *Mère Monica*) and, besides teaching Claire and waiting on her father, she found time to earn money by copying pictures for a picture-dealer, who was an old friend of her father's, and who, though he had not sufficient taste and judgment to appreciate Marguerite's genius, had the highest admiration for her industry, good sense and affectionate devotion to her father.

Thus four years passed. Christian Kneller's right side was still helpless, but his mind had recovered its strength, and he was always cheerful and contented. Thanks to Marguerite's good management, their means were sufficient for all their simple wants and nothing disturbed the peaceful tenor of their existence. But Marguerite never forgot her resolve to be a great painter and by patient study, by earnest thought and constant labour, she strove to draw nearer day by day to that haunting ideal which, in her waking and sleeping dreams, seemed ever beckoning her towards its shining goal.

CHAPTER V.

PROMETHEUS.

MAURICE Valazé was so much pleased with his visit to Marguerite and her father that, from that evening, he seldom let a day pass without spending part of it with his new friends; and very soon they learnt to expect these daily visits, and to welcome him as if he had been all his life one of the family. Though his nature was somewhat restless and changeable, with an intense love of pleasure and excitement, and his feelings easily swayed by every impulse, there was so much that was good, gentle and affectionate in his disposition, that he found a sweet and tranquillizing charm in the simple domestic life into which he had been so frankly admitted. The homely good sense and benevolence of Christian Kneller, the lively chatter of Claire, even the harmless gossip of Mère Monica, were a relief to him after the hackneyed cant and factitious enthusiasm of amateurs full of silly pretension, and artists who had no higher aims than wealth and praise; or the reckless mirth and revelry which filled up his fellow-students' hours of relaxation; and of such the only society to which he had access in Paris was composed. But the chief charm which drew him to the house of Christian Kneller lay in Marguerite. He had recognized genius in her work even before it had been stamped with the approval of the great master, from whose judgment few in Paris would have been daring enough to dissent; but on being admitted to her *atelier*, and seeing her drawings, sketches and designs, all of the highest merit, his enthusiasm of admiration was unbounded. Her utter freedom from vanity and pretension, joined to so much genius and artistic power, puzzled and excited his curiosity and interest; and still more, her calm, gentle, undemonstrative manner, contrasted with the depths of thought and feeling that seemed to lie behind her noble

forehead and radiant eyes. Then her simple frankness had a wonderful and never ceasing charm. It was new to him to see a woman without coquetry or affectation, and he felt a pleasant sense of rest and tranquillity in watching her serene and candid countenance, and the quiet simplicity of her demeanour, and in comparing them with the restless glances and petty affectations which, in the women he was accustomed to meet, betrayed the effort after admiration and applause. Her opinions and taste very nearly coincided with his own. They had similar ideas about the grandeur and glory of art and the noble aims to which genius ought to be devoted. Though Maurice had had many good friends and faithful comrades, he had never before found any one who could thoroughly sympathize with those highest and deepest thoughts and emotions which it is impossible to reveal except to one who can truly understand and respond to them. It was a delight greater than he had ever felt before to pour forth all his hopes and dreams to a listener from whom no supercilious coldness, no vapid commonplaces, or flippant mockery ever checked his enthusiasm, whose answering sympathy was always ready, and from whom no shadow of jealousy or possible rivalry was to be apprehended. And he found it almost as pleasant to read the hidden leaves in the fair volume of Marguerite's mind which had never been opened to mortal till they were unclosed for him. He showed her his sketches and described to her the pictures he intended to paint, and the studies he meant to pursue in Italy, while she listened with eager and delighted attention, entered into all his projects, shared all his hopes, and strengthened his high resolves with eloquent words flowing from a heart rich in impassioned feeling, and an imagination filled with visions of the beautiful and good. Every day Maurice's affection for this young girl grew stronger, till at last he ceased to remember or regret that one so richly gifted in every other way,

was not endowed with the crowning charm of beauty.

One evening, coming to the house at his usual hour, Maurice found Christian Kneller sitting in his favourite seat by the ivy-wreathed window, and looking at a sketch in one of Marguerite's portfolios.

"Come here, Maurice," he said, on seeing the young man, "here is the last thing Marguerite has done." And he showed him a design from the Prometheus which Maurice had not seen before. It represented the hero vainly exhorted by Hermes to make peace with Zeus, while the Oceanides were mournfully grouped around and the vulture hovered behind, as if waiting to resume his horrid feast when the mission of Hermes should be ended. The drear and barren rocks of Mount Caucasus, without any living tree or plant to soften their austerity, were forcibly drawn; the figure of Prometheus, though half prostrate and manacled, was full of grandeur and majesty; his brow had all the power and might of a god, and Hermes appeared to shrink abashed from the lightning flash of his large, indignant eyes, and the withering scorn of his lip, which seemed uttering the sublime words the poet has given him: "Wherefore let the doubly pointed wrath of his fire be hurled at me, and Ether be torn piecemeal by thunder and spasm of savage blasts, and let the wind rock earth from her base, roots and all, and with stormy surge, mingle in rough tide the billows of the deep and the paths of the stars, and fling my body into black Tartarus, with a whirl in the stern eddies of necessity, —yet by no possible means shall he visit me with Death."

At the feet of Prometheus reclined the Oceanides, three beautiful nymphs, and in their forms, attitudes and faces, the young artist had shown as much tenderness and grace as she had displayed strength and power in Prometheus. One nymph, her hand supporting her head, was weeping quietly and softly; another was shrinking back from

Hermes and towards Prometheus, but that her fear was for Prometheus and not for herself, was marked by the way her form was thrown as if to shield the object of her devotion; the third nymph, kneeling close beside the tortured Titan, was gazing on him with a passionate intensity of love and admiration which seemed to absorb her whole being in his.

"That is not much like woman's work, is it?" asked Christian Kneller, watching Maurice's looks.

"It is admirable, wonderful!" exclaimed Maurice warmly.

"Yes, in the design, but there are plenty of faults in the execution." And Christian Kneller, who was an excellent critic, pointed out some of them.

"All these can be remedied," said Maurice. "The sublime power and majesty of Prometheus, the cowering meanness of Hermes, the grace and beauty of the nymphs are perfect. I know nothing superior to them."

"Softly, softly," my good friend," said Christian Kneller, "rein in those swift steeds which are always so ready to run away with your imagination. Marguerite is not quite equal to Michael Angelo in power yet, or to Raphael in grace! Yet she is a wonderful girl. My friends tell me it is time for me to get her well married, but I doubt if there is any man in Paris she would accept as a husband. Pierre Lacoste, the picture-dealer, wished to have her for a daughter-in-law, and his son is neither ugly nor stupid, I can tell you, but she would not hear of such a thing. She says she will never leave me, and when I asked her what she will do when I am gone, she says her art will be her best friend then, and she will not want any other."

"Is she like her mother?" asked Maurice, trying to make the old man talk more of Marguerite.

"No,—her mother was an angel of goodness, but Marguerite has a stronger and

more heroic mind. She is like one of Schiller's heroines, or the noble women of Shakespeare. Perhaps it was from her mother's father she inherited her genius, but she has courage, and strength which he never possessed, and depths of thought and feeling which lie beyond common reach; yet at the same time, she is simple, unselfish and free from vanity or display as a saint. No; she is not like her mother. Her mother was beautiful, and Marguerite is far from that."

"Yes, sometimes she is beautiful," said Maurice; "when some noble or tender emotion stirs the hidden power of the soul within and makes it flash forth in all its brightness: then she is more than beautiful—she is divine."

"Well, well—I will not quarrel with thee for praising my Marguerite, but if thou hadst seen her mother. See here; this is what she was like." And taking a miniature from his breast, Christian Kneller handed it to Maurice.

It was the portrait of a most lovely girl. The face was a pure oval in shape, every feature exquisitely formed, the skin of a snowy fairness, a faint, delicate bloom warming it into life, tinting the cheeks with the softest hue of the rose and deepening into a richer red on the tender sensitive mouth; the eyes were of the deepest and purest blue, half-veiled by long dark lashes; the hair of a rich golden brown, hanging in curls on her neck and shoulders; the whole face expressive of the most enchanting sweetness, purity and ideal grace.

"It is beautiful indeed," exclaimed Maurice, with all an artist's delight in loveliness.

"Hadst thou seen her living thou mightest well have said so. That picture is only the poorest shadow of what she was."

Taking it from Maurice, Christian Kneller gazed at it steadfastly for a minute or two. "Claire looks like her sometimes," he said. "When she was an infant she was

her mother's image, and I think she is beginning to grow like her again."

Claire—the pale, ugly Claire—like that vision of grace and perfect loveliness! Such an idea seemed ridiculous to Maurice, and as the door opened the next instant and she entered the room, she had never seemed so plain in his eyes.

"Oh, is that mamma?" cried Claire, running up to her father and kissing the miniature he held in his hand.

"Dear beautiful mamma! I wish I were half as pretty."

"Or half as good either, little one; that would be a better wish. But you never will, so don't hope it."

Claire tossed her head, with a glance of coquettish defiance at Maurice.

"I shall never be as good, that is certain," she said, "but I am not so sure about never being as pretty. You know, papa, you sometimes tell me I am like her."

"So I do, little vanity," and pulling her towards him, her father took off the green net which confined her hair, and let the long silky masses fall on her shoulders. "Now there is a little likeness," he said.

For the first time, Maurice noticed what a quantity of hair she had, and how beautiful its texture was. He thought she looked all the better for the loss of her net, but he could not see the likeness her father discovered, and he said so.

"Maurice thinks me so ugly," said Claire, putting up her lip with an air of disdain, "but it is just because my hair is fair. He likes black hair better." And she shot another saucy glance at Maurice.

"You are quite right, Mademoiselle Claire," said Maurice, laughing.

"That depends," said Christian Kneller, "black to-day, brown to-morrow, golden the day after—is it not so, Maurice, my friend? Now, Claire, I will go into the garden. Call Marguerite."

Claire called her sister, and then coming back, and looking at Maurice, while she

gathered her rich tresses into the net from which they had seemed so ready to escape, she said, "There's one thing I know, and that is that I shall be handsome by the time Maurice comes back from Italy. Mère Monica says I am at the ugly age now, and that I shall be sure to improve, and I mean to grow handsome if it were only to astonish Monsieur Maurice. Do you hear me, Marguerite?" she asked as her sister entered.

"What is it, Claire?"

"I am determined that Maurice shall find me beautiful when he returns from Italy."

"Nothing will seem beautiful to Maurice after he comes from the Land of Beauty," said Marguerite, with rather a forced smile.

"On the contrary," said Maurice, "I know I shall find nothing there as worthy of admiration as I have found here."

He spoke with some agitation and looked at Marguerite, but she was helping her father to put on his cloak, and he was not sure that she had heard him. He hoped she had not taken his words as one of those commonplace gallantries, which he had soon learned to feel were unworthy of her; but her quiet manner gave no indication, and her face was hidden.

"There, Marguerite," said her father, "that cloak will do admirably. You are as careful in arranging the folds as if you were going to pose me for a *tableau*. Now, Maurice, I am ready; come and wheel me along. Children, you ought to make much of Maurice while you have him, for I don't know what we shall all do when he is gone.

"But I mean to come back again," said Maurice.

"Like a prince in a fairy tale," said Claire. "But sometimes the princes do not come back, you know. They make new friends, and forget the old ones; and I dare say that's what you will do. I said so to Marguerite last night."

"And what did she say?"

"Oh, she said she thought it was very likely."

"Marguerite, how could you?" he exclaimed, quickly turning towards her.

But Marguerite's candid eyes answered him even before she could reply in words that Claire was only in jest, and he ought to have known it; while Claire's mocking laugh rang gaily through the garden.

CHAPTER VI.

UNDER THE RED AND WHITE ROSES.

A LITTLE later the same evening, when Christian Knellersat smoking his pipe in front of the summer-house, and Claire, seated on the grass at his feet, was stringing beads for a neck-chain, Maurice stood watching Marguerite somewhat impatiently, as she tied up some flowers which a rain shower that morning had broken down.

"Marguerite," he said, when she had finished her task, "let us go down the long walk and sit in the alcove. I want to talk to you."

This long walk was bounded on one side by the garden wall, and on the other by a hedge of clipped laurels, and at the end was an alcove, with an antique, carved stone bench, over which the most luxuriant white and red roses hung their blossoms.

The sun was near his setting when Maurice and Marguerite seated themselves on the old stone bench; the garden was flooded with rosy light, the shadows of the peach-trees trained against the wall lay on the gravel walk, and two or three soft wavy crimson cloudlets floated so high above the western horizon, that they could see them from where they sat.

"I wonder if the sky of Italy can have a richer or softer light than that we are looking at now," said Maurice. "I am sure her

roses cannot be sweeter than these." And shaking the graceful canopy above their heads, the white and crimson rose leaves came showering down about them.

"Perhaps some time I shall see an Italian sunset on your canvass," said Marguerite; "Sunset on the Val d'Arno, or in the Campagna, or on the Bay of Naples will be something very different from sunset in this little garden."

The words, "It will be a sunset without the sun if you are not there," rose to Maurice's lips, but the gentle quietude of Marguerite's manner checked him, and gathering up the rose leaves he crushed them between his fingers.

"Perhaps I shall not go to Italy," he said, after a pause. "At least not just yet—I hope not."

"Not go to Italy!" exclaimed Marguerite. "You hope not? Why, Maurice, I thought it was the most cherished hope you had in the world."

"Once it was. It used to be my thought by day and my dream by night. But I think of something else now;—now I have other dreams, other hopes."

"What hope, what dream can be as dear to a painter as Italy? Maurice, tell me what you mean."

She looked anxiously up at him as she spoke. He was looking as anxiously down at her, and, bright as his eyes always were, she had never seen them flash as bright a light as shone in them now.

"Marguerite, has it never occurred to you that if I go to Italy I must leave *you*? Is it nothing to you that we shall be parted for years, perhaps never see each other again?"

She did not immediately answer, but bent her head among the roses, so that he could not see her face.

"Is it nothing to you, Marguerite?" he repeated.

"Oh, yes, Maurice," she said, with an effort, "I shall be very sorry, we shall all be very sorry to lose you, but I will hope, in

spite of Claire's nonsense," she added, smiling a little wistfully, "that you will not forget us while you are away, and that when you come back, a great painter, you will not disdain your old friends."

"How quietly you say it, Marguerite; how calm and indifferent you are. But I am not so indifferent; I am not so calm. It is agony, it is death to me to think of leaving you—because I love you." He bent eagerly towards her, but she was silent, and her head drooped lower than before.

"Marguerite, Marguerite," he repeated, passionately, "don't you know that I love you? Speak to me, look at me, my Marguerite!"

She was still silent and trembling from surprise and agitation, but she raised her face to meet his eager glance. It was enough, and drawing her towards him, Maurice said, softly, "Marguerite loves me, too, a little; does she not?"

And though Marguerite could only murmur one or two words, Maurice knew that her heart was all his own.

At that moment Claire came running towards them. "Marguerite, Marguerite," she called out, "I want you to get me a clasp for my necklace."

"Go away, Claire," said Maurice; "Marguerite cannot go with you now."

"I suppose she may come if she chooses without asking your permission, Monsieur Maurice," cried Claire. "Come along, Marguerite. Why can't you come? What are you doing?"

"Talking about Italy," said Maurice.

"You are always talking about Italy, or something just as stupid," said Claire. "I wonder you are not tired of each other; but I daresay you often are, if the truth were known." And with a vague consciousness that she had suddenly intruded on an atmosphere filled with some emotion, intense, but to her incomprehensible—half-frightened, too, like one who had stepped unwittingly within some charmed circle, she ran back to her father.

"And now can you still be cruel enough to wish me to go to Rome?" asked Maurice, some little time after Claire had disappeared.

"Oh, Maurice, indeed you must go. Think of all the glorious visions the very name of Rome can conjure up—Rome, where the statues seem to bring the gods themselves to dwell with us, and the paintings lift us in spirit to heaven! How often have you told me that you felt your soul grow larger, and all your powers expand at the mere thought of beholding her treasures; and what would the reality be? Oh, yes, Maurice, you must go to Rome."

"And leave you?"

"My heart will be with you, Maurice, and you will know that it shares in all your labours and all your triumphs.

"Marguerite," said Maurice, "listen to me. If you would consent to marry me at once, and we were both to work hard and save money, in a year we might go to Rome together! Would not that be delightful? Does not your heart beat with joy at the very thought? Oh, Marguerite, say yes—say that it shall be so!"

To visit Italy, that fairy land of the earth, to feast her eyes and her soul on its treasures of art, and to visit it with Maurice—to share his thoughts, to lighten his labours by her love, to work by his side; to live that life of bliss. "rounded, complete, full-orbed," which the perfect union of two hearts and minds can give, and to live it beneath Italian skies—was indeed a tempting vision. Her soul seemed to spring toward that sunny clime as a bird soars to its native land, and in fancy she stood already in the Vatican with Maurice beside her, gazing on the marvellous works of the greatest of all those

"Who charged cloth-threads with fire of souls electrical—"

till their beauties sank into her satisfied soul, "a joy for ever!" But the next minute, she awoke to reality, and giving a sigh to

the memory of her vanished vision, she looked up at Maurice and said, "It is a beautiful dream, but an impossible one."

"Impossible—why impossible?"

"Because you must carry out the plan of study and travel you have laid down, untrammelled by any ties that could interfere with it. You must have no responsibilities or duties that could prevent you from wholly devoting yourself to your art, and becoming a great painter."

"And would not that be easier to me if you were always with me, my Marguerite? Your nature is nobler than mine, your ambition far loftier and purer—"

"Maurice!" exclaimed Marguerite, looking at him with her earnest eyes, "no one but you would say so, and you must never say it again."

"But why not, my Marguerite—you are my muse, my inspiration; with your smile to encourage me, your praise to reward me, no difficulty could daunt me, no failure make me despair, no triumphs seem too mighty for me to achieve."

"Maurice, all my thoughts, all my hopes, will be with you; my love will be always yours, my spirit always beside you; and when you come back, I will crown you with my praise, and fancy that I am indeed the muse you have called me. But Fame will have crowned you long before."

"Your praise must always be the sweetest, my Marguerite, and think, if I go to Rome, how long it will be till I can read it in your eyes! How can you bear to have me away from you all those long years?"

"I shall have your letters to live on; and you know what Thekla says:—

"The game of life
Looks cheerful when we carry in our hearts
The inalienable treasure—"

You gave me that treasure when you gave me your love."

"Oh, my Marguerite, it is *your* love that is the priceless treasure. But I want *you* as

well as your love. I am not patient, and four years is a long time to wait."

And again he pleaded, as only lovers plead, that she would consent to marry him at once.

"Dear Maurice," said Marguerite, "do not tempt me any more. If there were nothing else to prevent it, I could never leave my father."

"I wish I had never determined to go to Italy," said Maurice, gloomily.

But after a while he brightened at the picture Marguerite drew of his successful career abroad, and his triumphant return, and grew sanguine and happy as before; while Marguerite stifled her own regrets, and thought only of cheering and encouraging her lover.

"And you are not a bit afraid that I shall forget you among the beautiful Italian signorinas?" asked Maurice, gaily.

"Not a bit, Maurice," and Marguerite smiled brightly. "I am yours now, and you are mine, and I know we shall always belong to each other: though I must wonder all my life how your fastidious taste could pardon your poor Marguerite her want of beauty!"

Maurice knew nothing of Emerson's "Hermione," or he might have remembered the opening lines of that exquisite little poem,—

"If it be, as they said, she was not fair,
Beauty's not beautiful to me—"

but he told her passionately that she was to him the ideal of all that was good and lovely on earth; and now as he gazed on her face, always so sweet, yet so noble in its expression, he beheld it radiant with the glow of happy love, and the light of that genius which in all moments of intense feeling shone through her features: it was little wonder that she seemed fair in his eyes. Others besides a lover might have thought her so.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT CHRISTIAN KNELLER SAID.

NOTHING could exceed Christian Kneller's surprise when he learned that Marguerite had promised to be Maurice Valazé's wife as soon as he returned from Rome. Never very observant, his perceptions in this case were blunted by his belief that Marguerite was unchangeably wedded to art and would never give any other bridegroom a claim on her devotion, and his silent conviction that the world did not contain any one worthy of her—if such a one might be found, Maurice Valazé was certainly not the man.

"My poor little Marguerite," he said, after the first surprise was over, "after all, thy heart is as soft as that of any other girl, and thou hast fallen in love with Maurice's handsome face and sweet words. But art thou sure thou dost really love him? He does not deserve it."

"Father, I thought you liked Maurice," exclaimed Marguerite.

"And so I do. He is a good fellow, a pleasant companion, full of fine fancies, and with a rare gift of words; but the firm will, the large intellect, the great soul, without which I used to think no attractions could win my Marguerite's proud heart, he possesses not. I'll tell thee what, he has the true soul of a troubadour, and he ought to have been a singer of songs, instead of a painter of pictures. Like the old Provençal trouvères, he is brave, gay, generous, ready of hand and word, frank, courteous, and gentle; but like them, too, he is light, weak, fickle—"

"Father, father," cried Marguerite, starting up as if an arrow had pierced her heart, "how can you say such cruel things?—how can you believe them? You do not know Maurice. He has the finest mind, the loftiest genius, the noblest aims in life that man could have. But you do not mean what you have said; you cannot have so misunderstood his glorious and beautiful nature."

"Enough, child, enough," said Christian Kneller, with a heavy sigh; "I see thou dost indeed love him. If he does not change his mind in Italy, let him be thy husband in God's name; and if he loves and prizes thee only half as much as thy old father, thou mayest not be unhappy after all."

"Oh, he does love me," exclaimed Marguerite, coming back to her father again and sitting down beside him; "he will love me and prize me even as much as you could wish, dear father." And persuading herself that it was his dread of losing her that had made the good old man for once in his life unjust, she

told him with her loving heart beaming in her happy eyes, that she would never leave him, and that Maurice had promised they should all live together in the dear old house, from which, and all its associations, she well knew her father could never have borne to be separated.

Christian Kneller said little in reply; but he smoked his pipe quietly, and let Marguerite weave her bright fancies of future bliss unchecked, and Marguerite was perfectly happy.

To be continued.

ON A HUMMING BIRD.

NOW poised to sip the happy flower
That hides its sweets for thee,
Now darting swift from bower to bower
A flash of radiant glee—

Soul of the soul of summer-tide,
Winged phantom of delight,
By thine own inward rapture dyed
With outward hues of light!

How deem thee made of earthly mould?
How think that primal clay,
Womb of these grosser things, could hold
The germ of life so gay?

Methinks when, in serenest mood,
The Maker smiled to see
That all creation's works were good,
His smile gave birth to thee.

What if no nightingale is here—
Who, having thee, would pine?
Hers is the music of the ear;
That of the eye is thine.

Nay, even if her note we miss,
Our craving does thee wrong :
Thy brooding hum of perfect bliss
Is sweet as sweetest song.

Yon tiny nest that gems the spray,
The mansion of thy love,
Might well on Beauty's natal day
Have hung in Eden's grove.

We, serfs fast-fettered to the soil,
Rejoice when thou dost bring
Thy sunshine to our home of toil,
Mourn when thou takest wing.

But thou, unbound by care or fear
Of want, dost lightly roam
To North or South as roams the year :
The Summer is thy home.

Could mortal sorrow look on thee
Without a pulse of joy ?
Could mortal mirth thy joyaunce see
Nor feel its own alloy ?

What art thou on this tear-stained earth,
Far from thy native sphere,
'Midst things of dark and doleful birth ?
What is thine errand here ?

Dost thou through clouds of doubt and woe,
That o'er our being lower,
The ever-brooding presence show
Of some benigner power—

Some power that suffers darkness now
To make a dawn divine
Of rapture, like thy bosom's glow—
Of beauty, such as thine ?

G. NEOT.

EARLY CHRISTIAN ART AND SYMBOLISM.

BY THE REV. W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE conditions, under which Christian art was cultivated in the early centuries, were eminently unfavourable to its highest development. It was not, like pagan art, the æsthetic exponent of a dominant religion; enjoying the patronage of the great and wealthy; adorning the numerous temples of the gods and the palaces and banquet chambers of emperors and senators; commemorating the virtues of patriots and heroes, and bodying forth the conceptions of poets and seers. There was no place in the Christian system for such representations as the glorious sun-god, Apollo, or the lovely Aphrodite, or the sublime majesty of Jove, which are still the unapproached *chefs d'œuvre* of the sculptor's skill. The beautiful myths of Homer and Hesiod were regarded with abhorrence; and the Christian converts from paganism shrank, as from sacrilege, from any representation of the supreme object of their worship.

Nevertheless the testimony of the catacombs gives evidence that art was not, as has frequently been asserted, entirely abjured by the primitive believers on account of its idolatrous employment by the pagans. They rather adopted and purified it for Christian purposes, just as they did the diverse elements of ancient civilization. It was not till the increasing power and growing opulence of the Church, led to the more lavish employment of art, that it called forth the condemnation of the Fathers of the third and fourth centuries.

The art of any age is an outgrowth and efflorescence of an internal living principle; and as is the tree so is its fruit. The iconography of the early centuries of Christianity is, therefore, a pictorial history of its devel-

opment and of the changes it has undergone. The corruptions of doctrine, the rise of dogmas, the strifes of heresiarchs and schismatics are all reflected therein. The frescoes of the catacombs are illustrations, inestimable in value, of the pure and lofty character of that primitive Christianity of which they were the offspring. The very intensity of that old Christian life under repression and persecution created a more imperious necessity for religious symbolism, as an expression of its deepest feelings, and as a common sign of the faith. Early Christian art, therefore, was not realistic and sensuous, but ideal and spiritual. Of the unknown artists of the catacombs, no less than those of the *Renaissance*, may it be said:

"They never moved their hand
Till they had steeped their inmost soul in prayer."

The decoration of these subterranean crypts is the first employment of art by the early Christians of which we have any remains. A universal instinct leads us to beautify the sepulchres of our departed. This is seen alike in the rude funereal totem of the American savage, in the massive mausolea of the Appian Way, and in the magnificent Moorish tombs of the Alhambra. It is not, therefore, remarkable that the primitive Christians adorned with religious paintings, expressive of their faith and hope, the graves of the dead, or in times of persecution traced upon the martyr's tomb the crown and palm, the emblems of victory, or the dove and olive branch, the beautiful symbol of peace.

It must not, however, be supposed that the first beginnings of Christian art were rude and formless essays, such as we see among barbarous tribes. The primitive be-

lievers had not so much to create the principles of art as to adapt an art already fully developed to the expression of Christian thought. Like the neophyte converts from heathenism, pagan art had to be baptized into the service of Christianity. "The germs of a new life," says Dr. Lübke, "were in embryo in the dying antique world. Ancient art was the garment in which the young and world-agitating ideas of Christianity were compelled to veil themselves."* Hence the earlier paintings are superior in execution, and manifest a richness, a vigour, and a freedom like those of the best specimens of the classic period. Their design is more correct, their ornamentation more chaste and elegant, and the accessories more graceful than in the later examples. These shared the gradual decline which characterized the art of the decaying empire, becoming more impoverished in conception, stiff in manner, and conventional and hieratic in type, till they sink into the barbarism of the Byzantine age.

The art of the catacombs thus sprang out of that which was pre-existing, selecting and adapting what was congenial in spirit, and rigorously rejecting whatever savoured of idolatry or of the sensual character of ancient heathen life. As Christianity was diametrically opposed to paganism in spirit, so its art was singularly free from pagan error. There were no wanton dances of nude figures like those upon the walls of that exhumed Roman Sodom, Pompeii, but chaste pictures with figures clothed from head to foot; or where historical accuracy required the representation of the undraped form, as in pictures of our first parents in the Garden of Eden, or of the story of Jonah, they were instinct with modesty and innocence. Pagan art, a genius with drooping wing and torch reversed, stood at the door of death but cast no light upon the world beyond. Christian

art, inspired with lofty faith, pierced through the veil of sense—beyond the shadows of time—and saw the pure spirit rising from the grave, "as essence from an alembic, in which all the grosser qualities of matter have remained." Hence only images of hope and tender joy are employed. There is no symptom of the despair of paganism, scarce even of natural sorrow.

Independent statues were, in the first ages, rarely if ever used. There seemed to be greater danger of falling into error by the imitation of these—the forms in which were most of the representations of the heathen deities—than in the employment of plastic art. The fabrication of these, therefore, was especially avoided; and in nothing is the contrast between ancient Christianity and the Roman Catholicism of later days more striking than in the profusion of "graven imagery" in the latter compared with its entire absence in the former. Indeed sculpture never became truly Christian, and even in the hands of an Angelo or a Thorwaldsen failed to produce triumphs of skill like those of Phidias or Praxiteles. Christian plastic art, however, in its noblest development, far surpassed even the grandest achievements, of which we have any account, of the school of Apelles and Zeuxis. Christianity is the glorification of the gentler graces, paganism of the sterner virtues. The former finds its best expression in painting, the latter in sculpture.

Primitive Christianity was eminently congenial to religious symbolism. Born in the East and in the bosom of Judaism, which had long been familiar with this universal Oriental language, it adopted types and emblems as its natural mode of expression.* They formed the warp and woof of the symbolic drapery of the tabernacle and temple service, pre-figuring the great truths of the Gospel. The Old Testament sparkles with

* History of Art, by Dr. Wilhelm Lübke, vol. i., p. 275. This admirable book is one of the most recent and authoritative works on this subject.

* Raoul Rochette. *Mémoire sur les Antiquités Chrétiennes des Catacombes*. (*Mém. de l'Acad. des Inscri.* XIII.)

mysterious imagery. In the sublime visions of Isaiah, Ezekiel and Daniel move strange fantastic creatures of monstrous form and prophetic significance. In the New Testament, the Divine Teacher conveys the loftiest lessons in parables of inimitable beauty. In the Apocalyptic visions of St. John, the language of imagery is exhausted to represent the overthrow of Satan, the triumph of Christ, and the glories of the New Jerusalem.

The primitive Christians, therefore, naturally adopted a similar mode of art expression for the purposes of religious instruction. They also, as a necessary precaution, in times of persecution, concealed from the profane gaze of their enemies the mysteries of the faith under a veil of symbolism, which yet revealed their profoundest truths to the hearts of the initiated. That such a disguise was not superfluous is shown by the recent discovery of a pagan caricature of the Crucifixion, on a wall beneath the Palatine, and the recorded desecration of the Eucharistic vessels by the apostate Julian.* To those who possessed the key to the "Christian hieroglyphs," as Raoul Rochette has called them, they spoke a language that the most unlettered as well as the learned could understand. What to the haughty heathen was an unmeaning scrawl, to the lowly believer was eloquent of loftiest truths and tenderest consolation.

Although occasionally fantastic and far-fetched, this symbolism is generally of a profoundly religious significance, and often of extreme poetic beauty. In its perpetual canticle of love, it finds resemblances of the Divine object of its devotion throughout all nature. It beholds, beyond the shadows of time, the eternal verities of the world to come. It is not of the earth, earthy, but is entirely super-

* When persecution ceased, this veil of mystery was thrown off and a less esoteric art employed; but even when Christianity came forth victorious from the catacombs, symbolical paintings celebrated its triumph upon the walls of the basilicas and baptisteries which rose in the great centres of population.

sensual in its character; and employs material forms only as suggestions of the unseen and spiritual. It addresses the inner vision of the soul, and not the mere outer sense. Its merit consists, therefore, not in artistic beauty of execution, but in appositeness of religious significance—a test lying far too deep for the apprehension of the uninitiated. It was, perhaps, also influenced, as Kügler remarks, in the avoidance of realistic representation, by the fear which pervaded the primitive church, of any approach to idolatry.

Some of the Christian symbols, indeed, were common also to pagan art, as the palm, the crown, the ship, and others; but they acquired, under Christian treatment, a profounder and nobler meaning than they ever possessed before. Moreover there are other and more striking examples of the adoption, when appropriate to Christian themes, of subjects from pagan art. Orpheus charming the wild beasts with his lyre is a frequently recurring figure in the catacombs, and is referred to by the early Fathers as a type of the influence of Christ in subduing the evil dispositions of the heart, and drawing all men unto him by the sweet persuasive power of his divine word. The victory of Our Lord over death and hell, and probably an ancient interpretation of his preaching to the spirits in prison*, may have found a sort of parallel in the beautiful legend of the faithful lover seeking in the under-world the lost Eurydice, bitten by a deadly serpent; while at the sound of his wondrous harp, gloomy Dis was soothed, Ixion's wheel stood still, Tantalus forgot his thirst, and the stone of Sisyphus hung poised in air.† The Orphic verses were also said by the Fathers to have

* I Peter, iii., 19.

† The Mediæval conception of Christ's "Harrowing of Hell," and delivery of our first parents, ruined through the guile of the serpent, is a striking analogue of this myth. Compare, also, Bacon's rather fantastic interpretations of this legend, by the principles of natural and moral philosophy. See his "Wisdom of the Ancients," chap. xi.

contained many true prophecies concerning Our Lord. These, however, like the testimony of the Sybils, were pious forgeries of post-Christian date.

Another fable of the pagan mythology reproduced in early Christian art is that of Ulysses and the Sirens. A sarcophagus from the catacombs represents the "much-planning" wanderer of Ithaca, bound to the mast, deaf to the blandishments of the rather harpy-like daughters of the sea, and so sailing safely by. Maximus of Turin, in the fifth century, explained the ship of Ulysses to be "a type of the Church, the mast being the cross by which the faithful are to be kept from the seductions of the senses." "Thus," he says, "shall we be neither held back by the pernicious hearing of the world's voice, nor swerve from our course to the better life and fall upon the rocks of voluptuousness."*

But Christian art did not servilely follow pagan types. It introduced new forms to express new ideas. It created a symbolical cycle of especially Christian significance. Great care must be observed, however, in the interpretation of this religious symbolism, not to strain it beyond its capacity or intention. An allegorizing mind, especially if it has any theological dogma to prove, will discover symbolical evidence in its support where it can be detected by no one else. This is strikingly manifested in the groundless interpretation by ecclesiastical writers of the imaginary signs of martyrdom, as well as of the so-called "Liturgical Painting," in which they find distinct allusion to most, if not all, of the "seven sacraments."

The range of this art is so extensive and varied that we have only space to indicate a few of its more important subjects. Most of these are derived from Holy Scripture, and indicate the remarkable familiarity of the Christians of pagan Rome with the sacred books, in painful contrast with the prevalent

ignorance of the Word of God of the inhabitants of the Rome of to-day. Not one of the subjects is derived from the apocryphal gospels which, with the later legends of the saints, have furnished the motives of so much of modern Roman Catholic art.

The rudely drawn figure of an anchor, in allusion to St. Paul's beautiful reference to the Christian's hope as an anchor of the soul,* is one of the most frequently recurring symbols of the catacombs. This allusion is made more apparent when it is observed how often it is found on the tombstones of those who bear the name of Hope in its Greek or Latin form, as *Elpis*, *Elpidius*, *Spes*, etc. There was a beautiful significance in this symbol to the tried and tempted Christian of the early ages. It assured him that his life-bark should outride the fiercest storm and wildest waves of persecution, and at last glide safely into the haven of everlasting rest.

Associated with this, in thought, is the symbol of a ship, alluded to by Clement of Alexandria,† and applied sometimes to an individual, and sometimes to the Church as a whole. The execution is often extremely rude, the design being evidently taken from the clumsy barges that navigated the Tiber.

The palm branch and the crown are figures that frequently occur. Although common also to Jewish and Pagan art, they have been clothed, in Christian symbolism, with a new and loftier significance. They call to mind the great multitude whom no man can number, whom John saw in apocalyptic vision, with whom Faith beholds the dear departed walk in white, bearing palms in their hands. They are the tokens of victory over the last enemy, the assurance that

"The struggle and grief are all past,
The glory and worth live on."

The crown is not the wreath of ivy or of laurel, of parsley or of bay, the coveted re-

* *Hon. I., De Cruce Domini.*

* Heb. vi., 19.

† *Ναὺς οὐρανοδρομοῦσα—Pædagogus lib. iii.*

ward of the ancient games ; nor the chaplet of earthly revelry, which, when placed upon the heated brow soon fell in withered garlands to the feet ; but the crown, starry and unwithering, which shall never fade away, the immortal wreath of glory which the Saints shall wear for ever at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

One of the most frequent and beautiful symbols of the catacombs is a dove generally with the olive branch in its mouth, the perpetual "herald of the peace of God." Sometimes doves are represented sipping at a vase or plucking grapes in order, as Di Rossi remarks, with considerable show of interesting evidence for which we have here no room, to indicate the soul released from its earthly cares, and entered into joy and peace.

Another exceedingly common symbol is that of the believers as sheep or lambs and Christ as the good Shepherd. Calling up the thought of that sweet Hebrew Idyl,* of which the world will never grow tired ; which, lisp'd by the pallid lips of the dying throughout the ages, has strengthened their hearts as they entered the dark valley ; and to which the Saviour lent a deeper pathos by his parable of the lost sheep : small wonder that this figure was a favorite type of the unwearying love† that sought the erring and brought them to his fold again. With reiterated and varied treatment, to which we can here only allude, the tender story is repeated over and over again, making the gloomy crypts bright with sweet pastoral scenes, and hallowed with sacred associations.

One of the most ancient and important symbols of this primitive cycle was the Fish. It was exceedingly common in the second and third centuries, but in the fourth gradually fell into disuse, and had almost, if not altogether, disappeared by the beginning of the fifth. The abandonment of this remark-

able symbol may be explained by its mystical and anagrammatic character. When the age of persecution passed away there was no longer need to use a *tessera* whose meaning was known only to the initiate, to express those religious truths which were openly proclaimed on every hand. This emblem derives its peculiar significance from the fact that the initial letters of the name and title of our Lord—'Ιησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτήρ, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour, make up the Greek word ἸΧΘΥΣ, fish. The same words also occur in certain Sibylline verses quoted by Eusebius and Augustine, which have been thought to be of Christian origin, and as such were chanted at Christmas in the Church of France. This symbol is first mentioned by Clement of Alexandria,* and probably had its origin in the allegorizing school of Christianity that there sprang up. It also contained an allusion to the ordinance of baptism. "The fish," says Tertullian, "seems a fit emblem of Him, whose spiritual children are, like the offspring of fishes, born in the waters of baptism."† This sacred fish is sometimes represented as bearing a basket of bread on its back, and sometimes a loaf in its mouth, which is probably a symbol of the bread of life which Christ breaks to his children, or possibly of the holy Eucharist.

But our space forbids the attempt to describe the whole range of sacred symbols, which for the most part point to the person and work of the Redeemer. Besides these there are others illustrating the character and duty of Christians ; as the stag drinking at the water brook, the emblem of the soul panting after the living God ; the hunted hare, the emblem of the persecutions of the saints ; and the cock, suggesting the duty of unsleeping vigilance. The olive tree indicates the fruitfulness in good works of the Christian character ; and the vine, the intimate union of the believer and Christ.

* Ps. xxiii.

† Compare the exquisite line of the *Dies Irae*,
Quærens me sedisti lassus.

* *Padag.*, lib. iii., c. xi.

† *De Baptism.* c. i.

Another class refers to the hopes of future blessedness: as the peacock, the emblem of immortality, and the phoenix of the resurrection.

The cycle of Biblical paintings in the catacombs, comprising representations of the principal events in Scripture history, both in the Old Testament and the New, though of exceeding interest, is too vast a field to be here entered upon. It has been treated in detail by the present writer and copiously illustrated elsewhere.* We can only enumerate here some of its more striking characteristics. It is remarkable for the absence of those gross anthropomorphic representations of the Deity into which later art degenerated. All who are familiar with the subject will recall many painful examples of this offence against purity and good taste, to which not even the majestic genius of Michael Angelo can reconcile us. The writer remembers one picture in which the Almighty, in ecclesiastical garb, with a triple crown upon his head and a lantern in his hand, is extracting a rib from the sleeping form of Adam. In Germany, according to Didron, † the Supreme Being was generally represented as Emperor; in England and France as King, and in Italy as Pope. The daring artists of the middle ages even attempted to represent the incomprehensible mystery of the Trinity by a grotesque head with three faces joined together, somewhat after the manner of the three-headed image of Brahma in the Hindoo mythology. According to M. Emeric David, the French artists of the ninth century claim the "happy boldness" (*heureuse hardiesse*) of first representing the Almighty under human form. We find nothing of this in the catacombs. ‡

* In a volume now in course of preparation by Messrs. Carlton & Lenahan, New York, entitled "The Catacombs of Rome, and their Testimony Relative to Primitive Christianity."

† *Iconographie Chrétienne*, pp. 216-227.

‡ A single apparent exception is examined in *Witton's Catacombs*, Book ii., chap. v.

The nearest approach thereto is a single hand stretched out to arrest the knife of Abraham about to offer up Isaac; and a hand encircled with clouds, as if more strongly to signify its symbolic character, giving the tables of the law.

The entire absence of the slightest approach to anything indicative of the *cultus* of the Virgin is a striking characteristic of this early art. The Virgin Mary nowhere appears other than as an accessory to the Divine Infant, generally in paintings of the adoration of the Magi.*

Another of the most striking circumstances which impresses the observer in traversing these silent chambers of the dead, is the complete avoidance of all those images of suffering and sorrow, or of tragic awfulness, such as abound in sacred art above ground. There are no representations of the seven-fold sorrows of the *Mater Dolorosa*, or cadaverous Magdalens accompanied by eyeless skulls—a perpetual *memento mori*. There are no pictures of Christ's agony and bloody sweat, of his cross and passion, his death and burial, nor of the flagellations, tortures and fiery pangs of martyrdom, such as those that harrow the soul in many of the churches and galleries of Rome. Only images of joy and peace abound on every side. These gloomy crypts are a school of Christian love, of gentle charity, of ennobling thoughts, and elevating impulses. "To look at the catacombs alone," says Raoul Rochette, † "it might be supposed that persecution had no victims, since Christianity has made no allusion to suffering." There are no sinister symbols, no appeals to the morbid sympathies of the soul, nothing that could cause vindictive feelings even towards the persecutors of the church, only sweet pastoral scenes, fruits, flowers, lambs and doves; nothing but what suggests feelings of innocence and joy.

* The development of the *cultus* of Mary is traced in the book last cited. Book ii., chap. 3.

† *Tableau des Catacombes*, 194.

With the age of persecution, this child-like and touching simplicity of Christian art ceased. Called from the gloomy vaults of the catacombs to adorn the churches erected by Constantine and his successors, it gradually developed to the many coloured splendour of the magnificent frescoes and mosaics of the basilicas. It became more and more personal and historical, and less abstract and doctrinal. The technical manipulation became less understood, and the artistic conception of form more and more feeble, till it gradually stiffened into the formal and immobile types which characterize Byzantine art. It is of importance, however, as enabling us to trace the development of religious ideas, and the introduction of additions to primitive belief, and as showing the slow progress toward the veneration of images. It demonstrates the non-apostolicity of certain doctrines, the beginnings of which can be here detected. It utters its voiceless protest against certain others which are sought for in vain in the place where, according to mediæval theory, they should certainly be found. It is to this period that most of the condemnations of art, or rather of its abuse, in the writings of the primitive Fathers, must be referred. Towards the close of the fourth century, Augustine inveighs against the superstitious reverence for pic-

tures, as well as the growing devotion to the sepulchres, which he says the church condemned and endeavored to correct.* In the beginning of the century the Council of Elvira, as if with prescience of the evil consequences that would follow their toleration, prohibited the use of pictures in the churches, "lest that which is worshipped and adored should be painted on the walls."†

Where still employed in the catacombs, art shared the corruption and degradation above described, which became all the deeper with the progressive debasement of the later empire. Amid the gathering shadows of the dark ages, it became more sombre and austere, filling the mind of the spectator with gloom and terror. Thus art, which is the daughter of Paganism, relapsing into the service of superstition, has corrupted and often paganized Christianity, as Solomon's heathen wives turned his heart from the worship of the true God to the practice of idolatry. Lecky attributes this degradation of art to the latent Manicheanism of the dark ages, to the monkish fear of beauty as a deadly temptation, and, later, to the terrible pictures of Dante, which opened up such an abyss of horror to their imagination.

* Aug. *de Morib. Cathol.*, lib. i., c. 34.

† *Concil. Elib.* c. 36.

FEBRUARY.

“AND lastly came cold February, sitting
 In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
 Drawne of two fishes for the season fitting,
 Which through the flood before did softly slyde
 And swim away; yet had he by his side
 His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
 And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
 Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round.”—

So runs sweet Spenser's ancient rhyme,
 So limns he February cold;
 Not so in this young Western clime
 Would we the merry month behold.

It brings blythe sounds of winter-time:
 The cheery whirl of skater's steel,
 The tiny bells in hoof-struck chime,
 The ice-boat's rush and sudden wheel.

All-housed are husbandry's bright tools,—
 Save such as furnish forth the flames,
 Eve-flickering o'er the close-drawn stools
 Of children, reddening at their games.

The long nights full of mirth it brings,
 While crisp earth crackles to the tread
 'Neath sky-hung change of Northern rings
 And keen stars brightening, overhead.

Thou largely-loving old and young,—
 From vanished years, good Valentine,
 Inspire with true love heart and tongue,—
 Love's martyr, all the month is thine!

B.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY,
 TORONTO.

MODERN DRESS.

BY MRS. C. R. CORSON.

IT has often been said that the style is the man; we might also venture to add that the dress is the woman and, in many lamentable instances, that the woman is the dress and nothing more. Without entering upon any intricate discussion about the expediciencies, proprieties or improprieties of fashion, or prophesying that better future, when every one shall be a fashion to himself, we would venture a few remarks on the prevailing mode of dressing, and its moral effects on the rising generation.

It were hard to determine what is absolutely beautiful and absolutely ugly; the significance of these terms being altogether relative; but it were well to study when a thing is ugly and when it is beautiful, and apply the rule to our style of dress:

Accidents in nature are very often beauties. A deformed weather-beaten tree in an otherwise pleasing landscape may prove a necessary discord in its harmony, and hence pass for a beauty; but discords and concords have their established laws, their *raison d'être*, and as the world is supposed to travel towards an æsthetic as well as moral excellence, we would fain maintain that dress, considered in the light of art, becomes a vital question the moment it affects the education of taste.

Our own moral rectitude and innate sense of the beautiful, in a great measure, regulate our taste; yet in new countries where art is still in its infancy, and the public mind still unschooled in that direction, the eye takes in all forms and shapes with but little discrimination; and the extravagance of dress, the Bohemian taste of a certain class of women whose very irregularities of life have often dictated a fashion, are thus intro-

duced into otherwise pure-minded communities; and, like the sensation novel, prove as subtle a poison in corrupting their sense of the beautiful, as the former their minds and hearts.

Our fashions, with a few exceptions, come from France. Every country has its speciality. The natural good taste of the French, their tact, their quick sense of appropriateness have given their styles the grace, the fitness and the usefulness society admires in them. Germany, with all its profundity, and with all its solidity and honesty of character, could not turn out a graceful hat—such a moral, philosophical, scientific, literary hat for example, as used to be found at the Paris Emporium of "*Vital, successeur de Finot, fabricant de chapeaux.*" This illustrious hatter, by giving certain inflections to certain lines, formed from the same model an infinity of variations, which became, as occasion required, physicians', grocers', dandies', artists', fat men's, lean men's hats. He once followed up a man's political career in the modifications he made in his hat, and when the former had reached the desired position, he presented him with a hat, in every way expressive of the *juste-milieu* of his sentiments.

The Berlin costume "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null," is "dead perfection, nothing more"; it lacks the life, the (to use a very pedantic word, and seemingly out of place here) spontaneousness which characterizes all French workmanship from the simplest to the most elaborate. Berlin may claim the goddess—the Venus perfection of every limb—but France is in possession of the girdle—and it is by the *puissance* of this girdle that she rules the will

of the civilized world, in respect to dress. Long may she! For, despite the extravagance of her fashion-plates, and the absurdity of the model hats she sends to the American milliners, common sense and reason, have ever been the basis of her own home-fashions. She provides graciously for all conditions of life, and so practical are the laws she lays down for her light-headed children, so adapted her patterns to their various wants, that all instinctively submit to that higher wisdom, glad to be saved the trouble of studying colour and form, and fully convinced that they could never invent a more suitable garment than the one she has always in readiness for every demand and every occasion.

The main point lies in the proper discipline of all these shapes and folds, their right employment. We need hyperbole even in dress, witness the accusation brought against the renowned actress, Mademoiselle Favart, whose correct taste prevents her from finding the key-note to her stage attire—her costume, *simplex munditiis*, lacks character. The thing needed then adaptation. A most difficult thing, however, it will prove, to show how to adapt to a reasonable head that semblance of a hat, that meaningless little nut-shell outrageously decked with bunches of ribbons, flowers, feathers, which gives at present to our wives and daughters so alarming a look of insanity. What are its claims?—lightness, airiness? A great mass of hair is required to give it a basis, and the load of it on the head lies anything but lightly. The times have changed since fair Belinda's two precious locks were clipped; men are not so susceptible to capillary attraction as they once were, and it takes more than "a single hair" now-a-days, to ensnare "man's imperial race." An obvious purpose of a hat or bonnet is a protection to the head; and, in addition to this strictly physical purpose, a moral purpose is superadded—that seemly covering enjoined upon women by the Apostle Paul.

It would lead us quite astray from our present purpose, to trace the mazy labyrinths of influences (if indeed that were possible) that resulted in the negation of hats and bonnets which characterizes the present mode. In looking back a number of years, we see it come in, hand in hand, as it were, with the grand idea of the emancipation of women, and it is certainly a matter to be regretted that so noble an idea should present itself so ridiculously symbolized. In searching, however, with a little good will, we might even here find a redeeming feature in the case, namely, that all through history, great purposes have often borrowed the fool's cap and bells, to conceal their mighty interests. Brutus, planning the Tarquins' overthrow, plays the fool; Hamlet, to probe the soul of his murderous uncle-father, puts on the garb of insanity; the whole French nation, breaking the shell of tyranny, hides its conceptions of freedom under a red cap! What woman may have in store for us in the way of reasonableness, gentle forbearance, true companionship, wise home-management, under the curious little hat that so deceives us now, who knows!

But let us endeavour to find an application for the existing styles. We shall always have among us the "lilies of the field," that neither spin nor toil, and yet are arrayed in more glory than Solomon; those fair ones, merely "born to bloom and drop;" let us kindly assign them the place the odorless, but bright, dahlia and the showy tulip hold in our gardens. We need, indeed, offsets to that fearful activity that whirls us along we know not whither; and who would dare to say which is the wiser, the lily's "maiden meditation fancy free," or the distracting steam engine?

Thus may we find use for the elaborate costumes the *Moniteur de la Mode* sends us fresh from Paris; and very pretty indeed are some of them for our belles to stand in, or sit in, or dream in! For example, one tasty toilet, intended for a home costume, is

given as composed of a rich violet silk underskirt, scalloped at the bottom. A gray poplin upperskirt, flounced with the same violet silk as the underskirt, is brought apron-like around the sides which are held up by two heavy bows of violet silk; the rest, like the "hideous tail" of Spenser's Error is allowed to trail, "stretched forth at length without entrails." The sleeves, pagoda shape, are trimmed with violet silk, and flounced underneath with lace, to form an undersleeve, the waist, trimmed like the sleeves with violet silk, encircled by a violet velvet belt, forming heavy loops behind; a single square collar, and a neat little lace cap complete this *home costume*. Another, intended for the opera, is most ingeniously complicated, and we congratulate the seamstress and mantua-maker if they get paid for their work. An underskirt of black-satin is trimmed with trellis-work of gold-brown velvet folds, (the colour and material of the upperskirt) through which run a multitude of large and small grape-leaves, evidently meant to illustrate a graperie. The upper dress of rich gold-brown velvet is in its turn adorned in the same manner as the underdress, viz., with a trellis and grape-leaf work of black satin; the front forms two large points heavily fringed, and is caught up at the sides to form heavy puffs behind—the rest trails on the floor. If the fair one thus attired were to go to hear an opera of Offenbach, music and toilet would be well matched. We cannot help noticing also, the very simple travelling costume the *Moniteur* presents us with—a dress of maroon cashmere, trimmed at the bottom with two wide flounces; these headed by a wide plaited trimming, edged on both sides by rufflings, the whole so designed as to form a labyrinth of conchs where the rufflings seem to chase each other in and out. The upperskirt is trimmed in the same way: short in front, and forming heavy puffs behind. The waist cut waist-coat shape has a postillion in the rear. A white cloth sack richly braided and

trimmed with black velvet, ending in a black and white broom fringe, completes the suit. We hope these ruffled conchs will escape the almost inevitable catches of trunks and carpet-bags, and that the cinders and the soot from the locomotive will spare the white cloth sack, and that that long broom fringe may not get entangled at some unfortunate moment in the buttons of coats and overcoats, during the very close relations into which they are bought in travelling.

We do not mean to be cynical, we only appeal to the common sense of the public in general, as to the reliance that can be placed on fashion plates. We have ourselves had occasion to compare the reality of things with these—we can hardly call them idealities without insulting the ideal—with these caricatures, and rejoiced at the generally prevailing good sense of the Parisian dress-public. In the ball-room we see the vapoury gauze, tarlatan, tulle, fashioned for dancing purposes; at the opera gorgeous materials worked into elegant simplicity; at the dinner party, velvets and silks, majestically draped, and made to show their capabilities in sweeping the drawing-room, and reclining on the sofas; in the street, the neat unpretending walking costume escaping all notice by its modest cut and sober colours; at home, the easy morning dress, and quiet evening toilet; in the school-room a quaker plainness: no signs of the existing follies, all is simple and suited to the occasion. The seamstress going to her daily work would not dream, passing by the shop windows, and gazing at its allurements, of imitating the costumes on exhibition; the chambermaid has her own neat attire, suitable for her service, and would no more crave an India shawl, than she would the rain-bow; the cook would scorn encumbering herself with puffs and bustles and hoops amidst her pots and kettles; the toilet of the French *bonne* has almost become proverbial for its modest simplicity. But, across the

seas, and out of the pale of this direct and sensible influence, the fashion-plate becomes the oracle, and painful, both to the eye and heart, are the sights its votaries make of themselves.

Extravagance in fashions has existed in all times, and it is left to the wise to make a wise selection; but whether the wise have decreased in number in proportion as folly increased, or that the appreciation of form and symmetry and proportion and harmony has degenerated, it is certain that society—male and female—has fallen very generally a victim to the prevailing passion for dress. That the young and thoughtless, the light-headed and light-hearted should devote a portion of their existence to these irresistible exigencies might be expected, but that the sober-minded women, good wives and good mothers, should spend their better thoughts and precious time upon such elegant nonsense as we have mentioned, and that in their infatuation they should, for the mere gratification of maternal vanity, sow in their children's minds the seeds of frivolity, is truly lamentable. This evil is not confined to metropolitan towns—the larger cities can oppose culture to the invading enemy—but in the villages, among country people, this increasing love of dress saps their best energies, and the good old virtues of our mothers, industry, modesty, simplicity, are superseded by what is commonly termed progress—frivolity and idleness cloaked under education—if an arm-full of big books, and a saucy face challenging public opinion from under its independent little hat, can be dignified with such a name.

A well balanced mind will never fail to modify in its own case any objectionable style of dress. But how are we to get well-balanced minds—among women especially—if from their earliest years they become familiarized with all sorts of violations of

taste and common sense, and are taught to consider dress the all in all of life?

Between the quaker no-style, and the last fashion's too-much-style, there is surely a golden mean which a discriminating eye can not fail to detect; far from advocating absolute indifference in regard to becoming dressing, we should on the contrary wish to direct the young in the course of study that would open their minds to an appreciation of what is truly beautiful. So long as we must be clothed in some way or other, let us accord to dress all the importance it deserves. Why should it not through simplicity be made to approach somewhat the dignity of a fine art? Let the press take the matter in hand, let a few sturdy pens challenge the exaggerations of the too-fashionable, and convince mothers that their little ones look best and sweetest in plain attire; that their daughters' taste may, by a wholesome dress-regimen, be so directed as to acquire a vigorous health, which will make them scorn all these gingerbread, sugarplum means of producing effects, and resort to a more robust mode of enhancing their charms, by giving them their true character through an artistic correctness of forms, materials and colours.

We boast of constant advance, why should not the modes of dressing be susceptible of progress, instead of ever revolving, as they do, within a circle of rampant monstrosities?

A higher education for the eye is wanted; it does not see clearly enough the "wedding garment" of nature; not until it is more exercised in that direction will it strike the key to the composition of a reasonable toilet. May some good genius remove the film "which that false fruit, that promised clearer sight, hath bred," and "purge, with euphrasy and rue, the visual nerve," and thus enable us to discern the beauty which nature offers as a pattern for our vestures.

THE BACHELOR'S WIFE.

BY MRS. M. E. MUCHALL.

O THE bachelor's wife is a jewel most rare,
A seraph, a being of heavenly birth ;
For surely a creature more sinless and fair
Was never mere woman, the daughter of earth.

But lest you should deem me but speaking at random,
Not sketching my portrait exactly from life—
E'en down from a bachelor's lips I shall have them,
The essentials that make up a bachelor's wife.

Her form must be faultless, and ditto complexion ;
Her eyes must be cloudless as heaven's own blue ;
Her air must be graceful, her manners perfection,
Her lips like red blossoms just tipped with the dew.

Her mind must be pure as the fresh crystal fountain
Never stained by one drop from the waters of strife,
And pure as the snow on the crest of the mountain
Each word and each thought of the bachelor's wife.

She must waste not a thought, not a look on another
Than on him the companion and lord of her life ;
Not even look kindly on cousin or brother,
So constant and true is the bachelor's wife.

She must pine in his absence all widowed and lonely,
Must watch for his coming till bright eyes grow dim ;
She must be his devoted, his fondly, his only,
And think the world nothing to her without him.

She must smile with him still in his moments of sadness ;
She must cheer him when sorrows have darkened his sky,
But hide in her bosom her own thoughts of sadness,
Lest trifles so trifling his temper should try.

She must stir not a step without his sage direction,
She must cheer him when storm clouds and trials are rife :
So sinless, so stainless, the pink of perfection—
There's nothing on earth like a bachelor's wife.

A NORTH AMERICAN ZOLLVEREIN.

BY CHARLES LINDSEY.

A GAME of hostile tariffs has often proved to be the indication of a state of incipient belligerency ; and every honest attempt on the part of two nations, situated towards one another as are Canada and the United States, to remove all injurious barriers to a free commercial intercourse, is deserving of commendation. The commercial convention recently held at St. Louis, though it may not entirely fulfil this condition, has not been without its uses ; and we hope, at some future day, to see the invitation under which the Canadian delegates went to St. Louis reciprocated, and the representatives of United States' commerce discussing amongst us the mutual commercial interests of the two countries. By this means, some prevalent illusions may be dispelled, and a better understanding be come to. Perhaps on our side, certainly on the other, this convention showed the existence of grave misconceptions, which only a frank explanation can remove. There was imported into the discussion a political element, so frankly self-deceiving as to express itself in something more than an occasional aside and a half-suppressed under-tone. If we are to enter into any candid discussion of the international commercial position, with the hope of succeeding, this objectionable element must be entirely eliminated. Had the question of the trade relations between the two countries been entered on in a way that would not involve political entanglements, we might have felt it our duty to carry their discussion to a greater length than will, under the actual circumstances, be necessary or desirable. There are propositions which, on the one side, it would be an affront to offer, and on the other pusillanim-

ity to discuss. A people resolved to maintain its autonomy may well be excused if it declares that proposals which involve its absorption in another and more powerful state wound its just pride and rouse the resentment of its national susceptibilities. When that fact has been impressed on the American mind, we may hope for a better issue of negotiations looking to the formation of commercial treaties.

The National Board of Trade, which met at St. Louis in the early part of December, is composed of the active members of local Boards of Trade throughout the Union. Further than that it has no official character ; and has no other power than that which is derived from the influence of the interests it represents and the force of opinion to which it gives expression. The Canadian delegates, who were present, occupy a like position in their own country. Montreal sent Hon. John Young, Mr. John McLennan, Mr. Rimmer, and Mr. Patterson ; Toronto—Mr. Wm. Howland ; Kingston—Mr. Carruthers ; Hamilton—Mr. Watson ; and St. John, N.B.—Mr. Fairweather. It is a singular circumstance that Mr. Young, whose age and experience pointed him out as President of the Canadian delegation, can in no way be regarded as a representative of the views of the people among whom he lives when he appears, as he did at St. Louis, in the character of an advocate of a Zollverein to embrace Canada and the United States. The four resolutions offered by the executive committee of the Board had his unqualified support ; and it has been said that they were probably introduced at his suggestion. They are in these terms :—

“ 1. The introduction of all the manufactures and

products of the United States into the Dominion of Canada free of import duty, and the like concession by the United States to the manufactures and products of the Dominion.

"2. Uniform laws to be passed by both countries for the imposition of duties on imports, and for internal taxation; the sums collected from these sources to be placed in a common treasury, and to be divided between the two governments by a *per capita* or some other equally fair ratio.

"3. The admission of Dominion built ships and vessels to American registry, enrolment and license, and to all privileges of the coasting and foreign trade.

"4. The Dominion to enlarge its canals and improve the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and to aid in the building of any great lines of international railroad, and to place the citizens of the United States in the same position as to the use of such works, as enjoyed by the citizens of the Dominion; the United States and the several States giving the citizens of the Dominion the same rights and privileges over works of the same character in the United States."

At a previous conference, in Boston, these propositions had been verbally submitted by the Council to the Dominion delegates, and were reported at St. Louis, "for the information of the Board." But the idea they embody did not originate there. Of that we trace the paternity to Mr. Larned, whom Congress, by a joint resolution, appointed in June, 1870, "to enquire into the extent and state of the trade between the United States and the several dependencies of Great Britain in North America." Mr. Larned presents a Zollverein as the alternative of annexation; and professes to regard it as equivalent to Canadian Independence. In what sense a nation could be said to preserve its independence, while surrendering its freedom and convictions to an antagonistic commercial policy, we cannot understand. He admits and defends the unwillingness of the United States to make liberal commercial arrangements with this country so long as the tie to England remains unsevered; and he bids us choose between that alliance and a "commercial and industrial association in interest with the United States."

Mr. Larned's utterances have in some sort an official character; since he is acting under authority of Congress, and his report was prepared for the information of the Secretary of the Treasury. The executive committee of the National Board take up the threads of the Zollverein proposal where Mr. Larned laid them down. When they have woven them into the texture of formal resolutions, Mr. Fraley, President of the National Board of Trade, expresses the hope that the resulting discussion will lead ultimately to the political union of the two countries. There was much reason to believe that the object of the resolutions was more political than commercial.

From the first, Mr. Young, as we have stated, was in favour of the proposed Zollverein; and if it be true that it was brought forward in consequence of the countenance given to it by him, the executive committee of the National Board of Trade can at least plead that they had some warrant for what they did. But as only one other of the Canadian delegates showed the least leaning towards it, they must have become convinced that Mr. Young did not, in this matter, truly represent the national sentiment of the Dominion. It is true the resolutions were at last unanimously adopted, but not without the accompaniment of qualifying expressions which rendered them harmless. The executive committee was directed to memorialize Congress "to provide by law for the appointment of a Commission to meet commissioners from the Dominion of Canada (should the Government of the Dominion appoint a like Commission,) to negotiate a basis of a treaty between Great Britain and the United States, for commercial relations between the Dominion of Canada, on the principles of the proposed Zollverein or some other broad and comprehensive principles." The latitude given by these words practically authorizes the conclusion of a treaty on comprehensive principles, without any restriction to a scheme of Customs union. It

has been stated that Mr. Fraley was not brought to assent to this modification without some difficulty.

After the adoption of the modified proposition, Mr. Young contented himself with thanking the National Board for what it had done, and expressing an opinion that its action would prove entirely satisfactory. He could not speak for the delegation over which he presided, in favour of a Zollverein; for that would have been to misrepresent their views. But if nothing had been added to his statement, it might have been assumed that such sanction had been given. In this emergency, Mr. Wm. Howland felt it his duty to put the matter in a light which would prevent any misapprehension. And here we cannot do better than quote from the *Montreal Gazette*, the statements made by the observing editor whose presence at the convention enabled him the better to appreciate the situation:—

“ Mr. Howland is a representative man of a party of young men who are growing up in this country, particularly in Ontario, with patriotic impulses, with an earnest love of Canada, their home, and with a watchword, ‘Canada for the Canadians,’ or as one of them more aptly expressed it in a lecture recently delivered, ‘Canada first,’ which is certain to have its influence upon the public mind. Some of them are tinged with independence notions; but the great majority of them are wise enough to see that neither the people nor the country are ready for any such movement. But they all recognize the importance of a national—a Canadian feeling, in the Dominion, and are working zealously for its cultivation. It is from such men as these, men from whom some Americans are so unfortunate as to expect comfort and assistance in the work of maturing the political union of the North American Continent, that the sentiments uttered by Mr. Howland come with especial force. ‘You Americans are proud of your name, and would not lightly change it or sink it in another,’ said Mr. Howland; ‘give us Canadians credit for equal pride, and for an equal desire to maintain our distinctive name and our independent nationality.’ ”

This short reply, courteous and going directly to the point, contains the gist of the whole matter; and is a fair expression of

the national sentiment of Canada. The average American thinks himself and his nation politically blessed beyond other men and other nations; and he is very apt to think he compliments you when he asks you to haul down your flag and take shelter under his. On this ground, we acquit the National Board of Trade of all intention to give offence; and we only ask that they will not forget the admonition of Mr. Howland on the occasion of any future meeting.

After this explanation, we might almost abstain from any discussion of the four points of the proposed international charter. The proposal of point number one is nothing less than that Canada shall form a customs union with the United States and against all the rest of the world. It is easy to see that this common tariff would have to be framed on a scale that would be adapted to the necessities of the United States. Mr. Larned states the average existing tariff of the United States to be forty per cent., and that of Canada twenty-three or twenty-four; but he is candid enough not to be positive that the divergence is not greater, as we believe it could be shown to be. But if we take the figures, as he gives them, without questioning their correctness, it is plain that one or both countries must, in case of a Zollverein, accept a very different tariff. And there need be no doubt as to where the principal change would be. The United States are obliged to submit to a tariff that would be intolerable to us; and there are powerful manufacturing rings, omnipotent with the lobby, who, apart from the fiscal necessities, will that this should be so. The imposition of the United States tariff upon Canada as against all other nations—for that is what it would come to practically—would create an artificial state of things wholly opposed to our interests and convictions. Practically shut out from all other markets than the United States, for a large number of things which we now obtain elsewhere, we should find

ourselves often obliged to buy inferior articles, at nearly double the prices they are fairly worth, in the markets of the world. This would inflict a great loss on our population, and one for which they would obtain no sort of equivalent. The treaty or compact establishing a Zollverein would necessarily have some definite limit, in point of time, or be liable to be terminated by notice after a stated number of years. In the meantime, Canada would have accommodated itself to the artificial state of things that would have been brought about; and she would lie helpless at the mercy of the more powerful contracting party: in no position to make such terms as her interests would dictate.

But why should Canada agree to a tariff so unjustly discriminating? Why should we specially direct such discrimination against a country to which, ties of affection apart, we owe far more than to any other? If Canada, in the fulness of time, should accept a complete independence, we feel sure it will not find a declaration in a hostile tariff. We are obliged to touch on this question, because this is what the Zollverein proposal asks us to do. There may be individuals, like Mr. Young, ready to accept these conditions at all hazards; but they count as nothing in the general run of national feelings and national opinion. This is admitted, in the report of the executive council of the Dominion Board of Trade, submitted to the Board at Ottawa, on January 17, in which they, referring to the resolutions passed at St. Louis, say: "your delegates, however desirous of seeing the old Reciprocity Treaty in force, were not willing to admit the possibility of carrying out a free trade policy between the United States and the Dominion, in manufactures, under the present high tariff of the former."

Whatever there is of commercial belligerency, as Mr. Larned expresses it, between the countries, owes its origin to political feeling; and the belligerency is all on one

side. Congress charges our wheat twenty cents, our barley fifteen cents, and our oats ten cents a bushel duty. We admit these articles free. One Session, a nominal duty was put on the small grains and coal of the United States—not discriminatingly—by our Ottawa legislators; but so strong was the feeling of the country against the impolicy of the Act, that the House of Commons insisted on its removal, at the very moment when the Joint High Commissioners were engaged in negotiating the Treaty of Washington. Congress is far from being opposed to the general principle of admitting raw products free of duty. At this moment, the free list of the American tariff embraces over two hundred and thirty articles. From this list, the raw products of Canada are, with one or two exceptions, rigidly excluded. Such legislation is liable to the suspicion of being studiously discriminating against a particular country. But the weight of the restriction falls as much on their own people as on ours.

"We exchange with them," (Canadians) says Mr. Larned, "almost equal quantities of the cereals, and almost equal quantities, on an average, of flour. Except so far as concerns the barley that we buy from them, and the Indian corn that we sell to them, this trade originates on neither side in any necessity, but is chiefly a matter of simple convenience, of economy in carriage, or of diversification in the qualities of grain. Similarly, and for the like reason, we exchange with them almost equal quantities of coal."

Such being the state of this trade, it is a wonder that it does not occur to Congress that the United States carries on the trade at a great disadvantage; that American citizens enter on the race with the unequal weight of burthensome duties. The remedy is a very simple one: it is to be found in the example of Canada, which makes this trade free, on her side. The extent to which the discrimination of the American tariff is carried

in favour of raw produce, when it is not such as Canada produces, may be illustrated by a single article, though it is one which has undergone a certain process of manufacture, but which occasionally enters into other manufactures. Carbolic acid, when used for chemical and manufacturing purposes, is admitted free of duty; when it is used as a medicine to combat disease, it is subject to a duty of ten per cent.; and when it is used as a disinfectant to stay the approach of disease, it pays a duty of twenty per cent. This is the sliding scale of discrimination in favour of manufactures, and against one of the best guarantees of human existence. We are not enquiring whether it be more important that a nation should manufacture certain articles than preserve the lives of its people from the ravages of disease, but whether Congress does not contravene its own general policy in the heavy duties it levies on the raw products of Canada.

We find in that general policy a sufficient answer to the assumption that Canada ought to admit American manufactures duty free, on condition that Congress will restore our raw products to the free list, on which they found a place during the existence of the Reciprocity Treaty. In making this proposal, Americans ask us to do precisely the contrary of what they do themselves. That alone would not be any sufficient reason against compliance; but amid all their economical errors, the practice of the United States is, on this point, and where Canada is not interested, mainly correct. It is our

own policy: one to which we have adhered for twenty years, and from which we now have no reason to depart. We levy duties for revenue, and for no other purpose; while the high and sometimes prohibitive tariff of the United States has, not alone that object in view.

Canada desires to establish a closer commercial connection with the United States; but desirable as is that object, she cannot pursue it at the expense of all other countries. A demand for a commercial and financial connection, in the shape of a Zollverein, involves more than can be surrendered to any prospect of trading advantages. In spite of appearances which seem to negative any immediate hope of putting the commerce of the two countries on a better footing, there are no sufficient reasons for despairing that the time is not far distant when something may be done in this direction. Since the Treaty of Washington was concluded, evidences of a better feeling have been apparent. The recent Conference at St. Louis contrasted, in this respect, favourably with the Detroit Convention, held during the American civil war. When it comes to be thoroughly understood, by all parties in the Republic, that politics and commerce must be kept entirely distinct, there will be a better prospect of improved commercial relations than at present exists. Against the proposed International Commission there is nothing to be said: it may result in good, and can do no possible harm.

ONE WOMAN'S VALENTINE.

BY L. M.

I WOULD not have you love me, because you think me fair—
 The fairest one in all the world, I cannot hope to be ;
 A fairer maid some day you'll meet, and then how could I bear
 To see her brighter beauty claim the love once vowed to me ?

Say not you love, because I'm good, or I must dread your changing,
 For one of greater worth may come and drive me from your breast ;
 If 'tis goodness wins your heart, you may find excuse for ranging ;
 Loving good till better comes, and still seeking for the best.

And love me not because I'm wise, or witty, grave, or gay,
 Or for any other gift or grace that is not *me*, though mine ;
 For if the charm should vanish, as it might, perchance, some day,
 Your love would follow, seeking it where'er it seemed to shine.

But love me for myself, spite of faults and contradictions,
 The good and ill, and dark and bright, around my nature twined ;
 To justify your truth, seek for no poetic fictions,
 And let your heart, not fancy, a cause for loving find.

Never call my face the fairest, only let it be the dearest,
 Never praise me more than others, but love me best of all ;
 Not the first in worth or beauty, but to your heart the nearest,
 Placed on no fantastic height, from whence to dread a sudden fall.

Say, "I know she is no goddess, and no angel, but a woman,
 In whom blemishes and beauties are inextricably blended ;
 For, in this complicated web of life, which we call human,
 They're so closely interwoven, naught can part them till all's ended.

"She is nothing more than mortal, but still she's all my own,
 The proudest name on earth could not steal her heart from me,
 And no fair nymph, that ever was to poet's vision shown,
 Could unlock the subtle wards of mine—she only has the key.

"One day she stole within and softly took possession,
 Every fibre folded round her, and held her close and fast,
 That love taught her how to enter methinks needs no confession,
 And love and truth, her only spells, shall keep it to the last."

Give me love like this, my lover, and then it will not alter,
 Through clouds, and winds, and waves, its constant light will shine,
 And I need not fear that heart will ever fail or falter,
 Which its own strong truth makes steadfast, more than any worth of mine.

Love may vary every day, if it seeks a better reason
 For lasting than the faith noble hearts keep true and pure,
 But the majesty of love guards from any stain of treason
 Him who in the words "I love," gives a pledge that must endure !

A NIGHT OF TERROR IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA:

A TRUE STORY: BY MRS. M. E. MUCHALL.

I AM growing old, my readers, and my hair once so dark and glossy is thickly lined with silver threads. My eyes, once bright and sparkling, are growing somewhat dim; and my children and grandchildren often tell me that my memory is failing fast. It may be so, but, although I cannot always recall trifling events from one day to another, I can remember as perfectly as if it had only occurred yesterday—a night of terror that I once spent in the backwoods of Canada. It was in the year that we settled in our little log house, in the township of D—. Ours was the only clearing for over a mile on either side, and the road to my brother's was merely a blazed path through a thick pine forest. Soon after we came, my husband let the clearing of a fallow to a family—Burke by name. The family consisted of seven brothers; a wild, fierce looking set of men they were, with the exception of the two youngest—Mike and John. Ulick, who was the oldest of the lot, was a remarkable looking man, with just the sort of face I have seen in pictures of Italian brigands. His features, strictly speaking, were handsome, but his expression was villanous. He was an awful tyrant to his brothers, that is, to all but the one next in age to himself. On Pat he lavished all the fierce love of his nature, and a word from him would have the effect of calming down Ulick's wildest gusts of passion which, on the slightest provocation, broke out and vented themselves on anything or anybody that came in his way.

Often when he came over of an evening to sit with Isabella, my servant, with whom he was no favourite, would he question her about our affairs; whether we kept much ready money in the house, and where we

stored the silver plate, which he one day caught sight of when she was cleaning it. It was her opinion that he was a desperate character, and that he was an escaped convict. For my own part I always felt an instinctive dread of the bold stare he never failed to bestow on me, if by any chance I entered the kitchen while he was in it, which I did as seldom as possible if I knew he was there.

Once he sent a message to the effect that he was ill and would like me to go over and read to him. Feeling sorry for his suffering I immediately made a little custard for his dinner, and was just crossing the garden on my way to the shanty, which stood at the foot of it, when I met Isabella, who had been out carrying a lunch to my husband. I mentioned to her my errand. No sooner did she hear it than she said—

“Wait till the master comes in, Mem, or let me take the custard over myself.”

“But, Isabella, the poor man wishes me to read to him. He sent word by Mike that he was all alone; the men are busy in the fallow.”

“All the more reason for you to stay at home, Mem. I know that man better than you do; the chances are that he is not sick at all; 'tis only an excuse to get you over there just to frighten you, for he knows right well that you dislike him; and I can see by the way he looks at you that he hates you for it, and would like dearly to play some trick on you.”

Of course I gave up all idea of going after hearing this, and from that hour my dread of Ulick Burke increased greatly. I looked forward anxiously to the time when our fallow would be chopped, and the shanty rid of its rough inmates.

It was in the early part of the month of February that business of importance obliged my husband to take a journey to C—a town, some miles from home, and in those days it was a journey which involved both fatigue and delay. In the house we had no man-servant, not even a boy, so that Isabella was my only protection in my lonely dwelling in the wilderness. My brother's house, as I before mentioned, was over a mile away, and John's departure was so sudden that we had no time to let him know about it.

All day long after I parted with my dear husband I felt oppressed with a vague sense of coming danger, which rather increased than diminished as night closed in. Often through the day I cast a longing look at the dark pine woods which belted us in like a great black wall, and felt sorry that I had not ventured through them to my brother's, as I knew how gladly he would have welcomed me. Never had the wind sounded so mournfully in my ears as it did on that February evening, as it moaned and sighed through the tall pine trees, or blew in fitful and angry gusts across our clearing. Ulick and some of the other brothers had that day gone down to P—to purchase supplies of pork, whiskey and tobacco. It was about nine o'clock when the harsh voices of the men shouting to their tired oxen broke upon my ear, and as they drove into the yard loud words and horrid oaths showed only too plainly that they were by no means sober. After a time, however, I heard nothing more, and hoping that they had gone quietly to bed for the night I was just rising to tell Isabella that I wanted her to sleep in the little room next to my own, when raising my eyes towards the window I caught sight of a face pressed close against it, which, even in my terror, I recognized as Ulick Burke's. Fortunately I had sufficient command over myself not to scream, though my knees knocked together with fright. I rose up at once and staggered rather than walked into

the kitchen. Isabella was sitting with her back towards me, and before she caught sight of my ghastly face the door opened, and in walked Ulick. He closed the door carefully behind him, and stepping up directly in front of me fixed his dark gleaming eyes upon my face with a leering expression of triumph that sent every drop of blood up to my heart. I could not articulate a single word; a deadly fear crept over me more than once. I tried to speak but the words died away on my lips.

"What brings you here so late, Ulick? The fire is out in the shanty, I reckon, and you are wanting a coal to kindle it," said Isabella, coolly.

"The fire is not out," he replied, slowly, without removing his eyes from my face, but I knew the master went away this morning, so I just stepped in to sit a while with your mistress and you. 'Tis a lonesome thing for two helpless women to be by themselves in the bush, let me tell you." As he ceased speaking he drew a chair to the fire and sat down.

Isabella sat behind him so that I could see her face, while he could not. She answered my imploring look by making signs to me, not to show so plainly how terrified I really was. Then turning round she said—

"The mistress and myself are obliged to you, Ulick, but did not you know we expect the master every minute? I thought it was himself when you opened the door."

He laughed a low, scornful, mocking laugh and again fixed his eyes on me as he said—

"You may spare your looks then, for he started about noon for C—. It'll be some time before you see him again; perhaps never."

"Sure," she answered, quickly "did he not leave them papers that he was going about behind him, and the Missis told me herself that he could do nothing without them, so we would see him back this very night for them. It

is for him that I built on this big fire, and don't you see the tea pot waiting to give him a hot cup of tea after his ugly walk."

"May be I can keep you from the trouble of sitting up any longer," he said, with a leer of ill-disguised triumph on his dark face. "I saw him about eleven o'clock this morning, and he was just then leaving for C—; he gave me this scrap of writing for her."

And he pointed over to where I stood. All hope of rescue now died completely out of my heart, and I vainly tried to decipher the note which he had placed in my hand.

Had he only believed Isabella's story I knew he would not have ventured to remain; but I saw no hope now. I shook and trembled all over; I could scarcely stand up.

"Ulick, have you been fighting over at the shanty?" suddenly exclaimed Isabella.

"Yes, that we have," he replied, fiercely, and I tell you there will be blood spilt yet. Kelly and Pat have had a fight. The boys got at the whiskey, and have not left one drop in the jar. Knives were drawn more than once this evening. Pat is lying half dead in the shanty; it will be the worse for the next one that lays a finger on him, and I told them so before I left the house."

Then walking up to me he seized my hand in a vice-like grasp, saying as he did so—

"I have a long score to settle with you. I kept quiet till the master left; he told me weeks ago he would be going away for a few days this month. I hardly cared to wait so long, but there's an old saying, and a true one: 'Wrath keeps warm with nursing.' You are in my power at last, and I'll try and pay you off, my fine lady, for the shy looks you bestowed on me whenever I came about the place."

Suddenly Isabella passed me and flew towards the glass door, which opened out of the parlour into the garden. The shanty stood at the foot of the garden. Thinking

that her courage had at last given way, I gave vent to one low wail of terror and despair as I felt myself alone with a murderer, and I closed my eyes to shut out Ulick Burke's face from my sight, while I lifted my heart and soul in prayer, not for deliverance from that terrible man but, for pardon and forgiveness for all the sins I had committed against my Maker and my Judge.

"Ulick! Ulick! for the love of heaven run; they are murdering Pat. Don't you hear his awful screams? I heard them from the kitchen, and ran out to listen."

Entirely deceived by the excited manner of the girl, as she stood crying and wringing her hands imploring him to make haste, Ulick released his iron grip from my hands, and without uttering one word, hurried out of the house in the direction of the shanty. Quick as thought Isabella dragged a heavy chest across the door, which she next fastened by slipping the prong of fork above the latch, nailing down the windows also. All this was accomplished in a shorter time than I can write it down. I could render her no assistance; all I did was to cover my face with my hands and sob convulsively. My whole frame seemed powerless from terror.

"Oh, Isabella," I whispered at last, "what will those frail fastenings avail against that terrible man, should he return enraged at the trick you have played upon him."

Without answering my question, she pointed in the direction of the glass door.

"I know it cannot be secured," was the remark I made.

"I would not fasten that door if I could, Mem, for, as yourself says, it would take strong bolts and bars to keep yon creature out of the house; but listen to me, and I will tell you what to do if he comes back, and I am right sure he will sooner or later. The very moment that Ulick Burke sets foot across this floor ju-t leave me to talk to him while you open that door and go across to the shanty."

“What, Isabella, among all those drunken men?”

“Never mind, let them be drunk or sober, all you have to do is to place yourself under their protection, and appeal to their honour as Irishmen ; that will be enough to ensure your safety. There are six of them there, and out of that number four of them would stand up and fight for you. I am right sure neither Mike nor Larry, nor John, nor Terry would stand by and see you injured by Ulick, for barring Pat they all hate him. Promise me you will do it, for it is your only chance of escape.

“But what would become of you, my brave Isabella.”

“I am not afraid to face death in any form, if it must come, but I would sell my life dearly to yon ruffian,” was her calm reply.

What a long, weary night that was ; we dared not go to bed ; our fire after a time burnt down, and we were afraid to open the door to get wood for it, so that long before the dawn broke we were shivering with cold, as well as fear. Very often did I grasp Isabella's arm, and utter a cry of horror, as I fancied I heard his step at the door, or saw his terrible face peering in through the window. But a merciful Providence watched over us in our unprotected loneliness, for he did not return again.

Isabella found out from his brother John, who came in to do a few little chores about the house, that enraged at Ulick's brutal treatment of Mike they had all vowed to revenge themselves on him, by binding him down with a strong rope directly he entered the shanty again, and that they would have given him a fine thrashing too only Pat begged so hard for them not to do it. John did not seem aware that Ulick had visited us during the time he was out of the shanty, and Isabella did not enlighten him. Directly after dinner I made Isabella walk over with me to my brother's, as I was determined not to remain another night with the risk of Ulick Burke paying us another visit. G—— welcomed me most kindly, and gave Isabella a shake-down with their own servant. I did not tell him our adventure, but merely said that I felt it very lonely while F—— was away. He often quizzed me about being afraid to stay in my own house with no less than seven men living close beside me.

Since that time, my readers, I have encountered many dangers. I have been in peril by fire ; in peril by water ; in peril by storm ; and in peril by sickness : but never do I recollect feeling so utterly devoid of courage as I did when standing face to face with Ulick Burke, with no one to help me but brave Isabella Gordon.

TO AN INDIAN'S SKULL.

BY ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

AND art thou come to this at last,
 Great Sachem of the forest vast !
 E'en thou who wert so tall in stature,
 And modelled in the pride of Nature !
 Towered like the stag's thy haughty head,
 Fleet as the roebuck's was thy tread ;
 Thine eye as bright as burning day,
 In battle a consuming ray.
 Tradition links thy name with fear,
 And warriors hold their breath to hear
 What mighty deeds by thee were done,
 What battles by thy prowess won !
 The glory of thy tribe wert thou,
 But where is all thy glory now ?

Where now's the heart that did imbibe
 The wild traditions of thy tribe,
 Till by thy race's wrongs thy blood
 Was kindled to a fiery flood,
 And the dread war-whoop raised again,
 Down rushing on the peopled plain,
 Thou stoodest among heaps of slain ?

Like us, thou hadst thy hopes and fears,
 Like us, thou hadst thy smiles and tears,
 Wast warmed by kindness, chilled by hate,
 Had'st enemies, for thou wast great ;
 And showed'st thyself the mate indeed,
 Of those who boast a gentle creed,
 Repaying wrong with blood and gall,
 And glorying in thy rival's fall,
 Like any Christian of us all.

What though a brutish life was thine,
 Thou still hadst gleams of the Divine,
 A sense of something undefined,
 A presence, an Almighty Mind.
 The dark woods all around thee spread,

The azure curtain overhead,
 The soaring, thunder-stricken pine,
 And the cathedral elms divine,
 The dismal swamp, the hemlock hoar,
 The cataract's everlasting roar,
 The viewless winds which rushed to wake
 The spirit of Ontario's lake—
 Did they not wake a sense sublime,
 And tell of an eternal clime
 Which stretches beyond death and time?

Did'st thou not seek, like me, to know
 Whence come we, whither do we go?—
 A riddle, savage soul, to thee,
 A riddle yet unsolved by me!
 From the unknown we issued out,
 With mystery compassed round about,
 Each with his burden on his back,
 To follow in the destined track;
 With weary feet to toil and plod
 Through Nature back to Nature's God.

THE RECENT STRUGGLE IN THE PARLIAMENT OF ONTARIO.

BY A BY-STANDER.

THE recent struggle in the Parliament of Ontario may safely be called singular, since one of its incidents was the technical concurrence of the Government in an address embodying a vote of no-confidence. But this was only one of the curiosities of the situation. The course of events raised several questions of real interest, on which we will endeavour briefly to touch in an impartial spirit.

When the new Parliament met, eight seats out of the eighty-two were vacant, six of them owing to the avoidance of elections under the stern rule of the new

election law. The Government professed to expect an accession of strength from the re-elections; and whether well founded or not, this profession must be assumed to have been sincere, since otherwise the conduct of the Ministers in attempting to retain office after a virtual vote of no-confidence would have been not only unconstitutional but insane. In the meantime the numbers of the two parties were as nearly equal as possible; and when the hostile armies first approached each other in the election of a Speaker, the great object of their manœuvres seemed to be not to

secure an illustrious office, but to avoid sacrificing a sure vote. At the opening of Parliament the Ministers must have believed that they had the control of the House, independently of the coming elections; had they doubted this, their obvious course would have been to summon Parliament in the first instance only for the election of a Speaker who might receive the report of the judges and issue the new writs; and then to move an adjournment till the number of the House should be complete; or, if it was desirable to proceed with ordinary business, they might have appealed to their opponents for a postponement of party questions till the balance of parties should have been decided. No leader of an Opposition could have refused to respond to such an appeal. The Speech from the Throne, if not postponed, might have been drawn up in conformity with this course.

The Government, however, felt itself strong enough to open the session for general business and to put into the mouth of the Lieutenant-Governor a speech of the ordinary kind, claiming credit for the success of the Administration, and thereby submitting the conduct of Ministers to the judgment of the House and challenging a vote of no-confidence. The leaders of the Opposition at once swooped upon their prey. They had strong grounds for believing that the Government had not, on any party question, the control of the House; and they were certainly assured that there was one question on which it would be deserted by some of its general supporters and laid open to defeat. That question was the policy embodied in an Act passed by the last Parliament, in which the Ministers had been very strong, to enable the Government to dispose of a fund of a million and a half in subsidizing railroads, under specified conditions, but without the further intervention of the Legislature. The leader of the Opposition accordingly moved the following amendment to the Address :—

“ But we feel bound to take the earliest opportunity of informing your Excellency that we regret the course taken by the Legislative Assembly last session under the guidance of your present Ministers in reference to the large powers given to the Executive as to the disposition of the Railway Aid Fund, and to state that in our opinion the proposal of the Government to grant aid to any railway should be submitted for the approval or rejection of the Legislative Assembly, so as not to leave so large a sum as \$1,500,000 at the disposal of the Executive without a vote of this House appropriating the same to particular works.”

Against this motion the case of the Government, it would seem, in argument at least, was strong. The policy assailed in the amendment might be good or bad, consistent or inconsistent with the due control of Parliament over the public funds; but it could hardly be said to be any longer the policy of the Government in such a sense as to make it the proper ground of a vote of censure. It was the policy of the last Parliament, undeniably constitutional since it was embodied in an Act passed by a constitutional legislature in a constitutional form, and though subject to repeal or amendment by the successors of the Assembly which had passed the Act, not subject to their censure. That the Ministers had done anything except in pursuance of the Act, the amendment did not allege; nor did it allege that in the exercise of their legal powers they had generally, or in any specific instance, been influenced by corrupt motives, though imputations of that kind were thrown out in debate. The Ministry might have said—“ If we have done anything either illegal or corrupt, state what it is, and found your censure on the statement, that your charge may be brought to the proof. If you dislike the Act, move its repeal; and if you are successful, we shall have to consider whether the Act was essential to our policy and whether its repeal will compel us

to retire. But it is not competent for you to censure the late Parliament, and it appears that you have no facts to go upon in censuring us. The wording of your motion, bespeaking your embarrassment, is in fact our acquittal!" In this line of argument the Government would probably have carried with them independent members, if any such there were, anxious only for the interest of Parliamentary government and for the public service. Parliaments must respect in their predecessors the authority of which they are themselves the heirs, or all authority will be lost.

Perhaps the case may even be put more strongly. The word "regret" applied in the amendment to the course taken by the late Parliament was clearly equivalent to "censure"; and the censure was coupled with a suggestion that the Parliament had allowed itself to be misguided by the Ministers, which, though introduced for an obvious reason, aggravated the irregularity. It may be doubted whether the Speaker, if appealed to against the introduction of the motion on the ground that it was not competent for a Parliament to censure its predecessor, could have refused to listen to the appeal. The appeal would at all events have placed the objection in a strong light.

Instead, however, of taking this broad ground, which could hardly have failed to give them a victory in debate, the Government, after some boggling about forms, rather discouraging to a party in presence of the enemy, moved, through an unofficial member a resolution "That inasmuch as one-tenth of the constituencies of the Province remain at this time unrepresented in this House * * * * * it is inexpedient further to consider the question involved in the amendment till the said constituencies are duly represented on the floor of this House." The ground thus taken may have been recommended by some strategical advantage invisible to a bystander; but in itself it seems equivocal and

weak. Did the Minister mean that the House was incompetent to transact business unless all the constituencies were represented? Such a doctrine, untenable in itself as it would consign most legislatures to a chronic state of suspended animation, was doubly untenable in the mouth of the Minister who, notwithstanding the eight vacancies, had just opened Parliament with all the usual forms for the transaction of general business. Or did the Minister mean that it was inexpedient that a party division should take place and that the Government should change hands till, by the arrival of the eight members, the balance of parties should be finally decided? This was a perfectly tenable position, for nothing can be worse for the State than indecisive faction fights and frequent changes of Government. But it was a position which the Government had abandoned, and which could be recovered only by a frank confession of the original error and an appeal, which, if obviously made in good faith could hardly have been rejected, to the paramount interests of the public service. The shortness of the respite required would have been a good answer to any imputation of clinging to office on mercenary grounds.

The calculations of the Opposition proved correct. The resolution of the Government was rejected by a majority of eight (40-32) and the amendment moved by the leader of the Opposition was finally carried by seven (40-33). One of the Ministers now, regarding the vote as a virtual vote of no-confidence, performed a duty which is perhaps the most distasteful that a man of honour in public life can be called upon to perform by announcing to the House his individual resignation and leaving his colleagues under fire. The reputation of Lord Russell has never recovered his abandonment of his colleagues in face of the vote of censure moved by Mr. Roebuck in consequence of the miscarriages in the Crimean war. But Lord Russell was gener-

ally believed to have acted from selfish motives; and the community, while it justly visits with the severest penalties any want of chivalrous fidelity on the part of a public man towards his associates in the Government, is bound, as it tenders its own highest interests, to protect a conscientious act against sinister imputations till something occurs to show that the imputations are well founded.

The rest of the Ministers kept their places, as the Premier, in debate, had in effect announced that they would. In so doing they appear to have been justified by the general rules of public life. The Opposition had endeavoured in debate to give the amendment to the address the character of a general vote of no-confidence. But its effect, whatever that might be, was in reality confined to a particular measure; and this limitation seemed to be essential to its success in the judgment of those by whom it was brought forward. Whether a particular measure is vital to the policy of the Government, and the defeat of it fatal, is a question, the decision of which must, it is apprehended, rest entirely with the Ministry themselves. They will exercise their discretion subject to the penalty, in case of improper retention of office, of immediate loss of reputation with the moral certainty of a speedy and more ruinous overthrow. But it is a false sense of honour which leads a Government to throw up the reins when defeated on any question not really of a vital kind. In so doing the Ministers not only betray the particular principles which they represent and the party whose cause is confided to their hands and by whose exertions they have been placed in power, but they injure the whole community, which has an interest, superior to all party objects, in the stability of government. The Parliamentary history of England furnishes a case in point in the hasty and somewhat petulant resignation of the Russell Ministry on a secondary question in 1852, which led to the ephemeral government of a minority with

fruitless faction fights and much degradation of the character of public men. To challenge a direct vote of no-confidence seems to be the general duty of a Minister who believes that he is still at the head of the majority or even that the adverse division which has taken place is far from a fair measure of the strength of his party.

The Opposition now proceeded to move as a further amendment of the address that "The House has no confidence in the Ministry which is attempting to carry out in reference to the control of the said fund of half a million, an usurpation fraught with danger to public liberty and constitutional government." This was obviously nothing but a repetition in effect of the first amendment, framed with the same object of catching stray votes upon the railway question, and open to the same criticism, since it did not allege that the Government had done anything contrary to law or with corrupt intent. "Usurped" a power could not be which, however undesirable, had been duly conferred by the Legislature, and the other epithets, even if applicable to the conduct of the Parliament which passed the Act, could not be applicable to the conduct of the Ministers so long as they were merely obeying the law. This second amendment was, however, tendered and accepted as a general motion of no-confidence. The Government met it by a resolution pledging them, in deference to the expressed opinion of the House, to take no action under the Railway Act without the concurrence of Parliament, but deprecating a decision of the question of confidence till the eight members should have arrived. It has been already said that this was ground in itself perfectly tenable, but which had been abandoned by the Government, and which could be recovered only by resorting to the avowal and appeal before indicated, and at the same time expressing the utmost respect for the authority of the House and the principles of constitutional government.

In the division upon this second amendment the Government was defeated by a majority of one (37-36.) A tie was claimed on the side of the Government, on the ground that the Speaker was a Ministerialist. If the Speaker's constituency was Ministerial, the Ministerial party was entitled to the benefit of that fact. But no one can reckon the Speaker's vote. He leaves not only party connection but personal opinion behind him when he ascends the chair. Even when called upon to give his casting vote, he gives it not in the interest of his party or of his own opinions, but in the interest of legislation. If the measure is in its final stage he votes against it, that it may not pass without a clear majority; if it is not in its final stage he votes for it, in order that it may not be withdrawn from further consideration. Such at least was the view expressed in the writer's hearing by a Speaker of the British House of Commons, who mentioned at the same time that Mr. Abbot being called upon to give his casting vote upon Mr. Whitbread's motion of censure against Lord Melville, and being a man of nervous temperament, asked the leave of the House to retire for the purpose of considering his course, and after having been absent for some time returned and voted wrong.

Tie or no tie, it would seem that the Ministers ought now to have resigned. They had manifestly lost the control of the House, and with it the chance of obtaining an adjournment till the re-elections. There had been unequivocal symptoms among their supporters of falling confidence and wavering allegiance. It was manifest that in no subsequent division were they likely to command so large a following or to have the opportunity of retiring with so good a grace and so fair a prospect of retrieving their fortunes in case the new elections should result in their favour. If a constitutional Government has ever retained office after a direct vote of no-confidence or anything equivalent to one, it has been because

the Ministers were avowedly about to appeal to the country against the decision of the House. Such was the case with the first Government of Mr. Pitt during its memorable retention of office in face of an adverse majority in the House of Commons; such was the case with the Government of Lord Palmerston when censured by Parliament on the question of the China war. A dissolution was threatened by a reputed organ of the Government; but that idea cannot have been seriously entertained. The prerogative of dissolution is questionable at best, since it enables a Minister to hold over all the members of the House the penalty of pecuniary loss and personal annoyance. But to prevent it from becoming a prerogative of tyranny or anarchy it must be limited by the rules which the experience of British statesmen has practically imposed, and which would have clearly forbidden the Ministers of Ontario to appeal by dissolution to the country against a Parliament recently elected under their own auspices, at a time of their own choosing and with all the influence of Government on their side.

Instead of resigning however, the Ministers brought down in answer to the Address a message from the Lieutenant-Governor ignoring the general expression of no-confidence and stating in regard to the Railway Fund, which was assumed to be the sole subject of complaint, that the Government had done nothing except in accordance with the Act, which the House was at liberty, if it thought fit, to repeal. This was in itself true, pertinent, and in fact a complete answer to the paragraph in the Address. But it came too late. The general question of confidence had been debated on both sides. The doom of the Ministry was sealed.

The Opposition at once moved a string of resolutions condemning the remaining Ministers for continuing to hold office against the expressed opinion of the House and concluding with a threat of stopping the supplies. The combination by which

the Ministers were supported now broke up. The Government was defeated by nineteen (44-25), and on such occasions the division list is generally an inadequate measure of the disaster.

The large number of seats vacant in proportion to the total number of the House formed the ruling feature of the situation and must be regarded as the key, throughout, to the conduct of the Ministers. Such conjunctures are so likely to occur under the new election law in the case of a small Assembly that it would seem desirable to agree to deal with them by some settled mode.

The debate, though not unrelieved by vigorous and effective speeches, was on the whole somewhat rambling and inconclusive; members travelling over the whole case for or against the Government, as though they had been on the hustings, with little regard to the specific question before them or to the successive phases of the situation. This was in favour of the Opposition, whose policy it was, under cover of a censure upon the Railway Act, to make a general attack on the Government, and against the interest of the Ministers, whose aim it should have been to pin the Opposition to the only issue which it had ventured to raise, and on which the Ministers had it in their power to make a conclusive reply. A victory in debate is far from ensuring a victory on the division; but a victory in debate is worth having, and it appeared to be eminently so on this occasion.

The debate at times grew somewhat personal, but on the whole, during the main discussion, good humour and courtesy were well preserved, considering that the occasion was most exciting and that few of the members had undergone such a Parliamentary seasoning as has been undergone by a large proportion of the members of the British House of Commons, which, nevertheless, on similar occasions is not free from heated language and clamorous demonstrations. In the sequel, however, a scene of

lamentable violence occurred. There can be no hesitation in saying that the Speaker erred in attempting to make a personal explanation from the Chair. But, on the other hand, the right course was not to stop his mouth, but to wait till he had disclosed the nature of his intended communication and then to call his attention to the rule. The error was merely one of form, involving no practical injustice, while the occasion was one of a kind which appeals to the sympathies of all right-minded men. The charge against the Speaker's character, which he desired to repel, being anonymous, might well have been left unnoticed. It ought to be universally understood that an anonymous accusation can affect no man's honour, and that if he notices it at all it is only because he regards the repression of calumny as a duty owed to the public. But at the same time this age, in which we all contend so anxiously for position and notoriety, is becoming a little indifferent to questions of honour.

Scenes of violence are especially to be deplored in the case of a young legislature. The immemorial majesty of the British Parliament is comparatively little affected by occasional escapades, the discredit of which falls more on the members who are guilty of them, than on the institution. But the Parliament of Ontario has not yet had time to take root in the reverence of the people, nor will it ever take root, if it fails to cultivate the self-control which alone can entitle it to popular respect.

On this occasion, and indeed throughout the crisis, the want was sensibly felt of one or two independent members, invested by their character and experience with authority to mediate between parties in the extremity of conflict and to enforce a paramount regard for the public service. But when the tenure of public life is so short, such members can hardly find a place.

In addition to the generally electric state of the Parliamentary atmosphere after such

a struggle, special exasperation had been created against the Speaker by the unexpected announcement that he had taken office in the new Government. This arrangement is said to have been partly dictated by the necessity of giving a representation in the Ministry to the district from which the Speaker belonged. A calamitous necessity ! If local considerations are allowed to prevail in the election of members and the composition of Cabinets, farewell to our hopes of Canadian statesmanship ! What would become of the statesmanship of England if such local limitations were permitted to prevail ; if Mr. Gladstone were to be excluded from Parliament because he happens to reside in a Conservative district, and if in choosing his Cabinet he were compelled to have regard not to administrative capacity but to geographical divisions ? In a dark age of the English Constitution an Act was passed confining the choice of the electors to persons resident within the county or borough ; but the good sense of the nation ignored the Act ; it became a dead letter, and at last was formally repealed. If all the members of the British Cabinet were taken from a single district, nobody would be so foolish as to object, provided the appointments were unobjectionable on other grounds. In the United States, on the other hand, local considerations are allowed to prevail ; in the election of members of the legislature the people cling to them with the most slavish tenacity ; they greatly fetter the President in the selection of his Cabinet ; and this is one of the main causes of the dearth in that country of public men known and trusted generally as statesmen.

It is a peculiarity of the Ontario Parlia-

ment very interesting to political observers, that it has only one chamber. Nothing happened in the course of this crisis tending to show that a second chamber was necessary or desirable. On the contrary, had there been two chambers, one popular and representing the present state of public opinion, the other less popular, and representing rather a past state of public opinion, with a majority for the Ministry in one and for the Opposition in the other, serious complications might have ensued. We might have had a dead lock like that which was produced in one of the Australian Colonies by a collision between two chambers. As it is, after a sharp and decisive struggle, a new Government has emerged, possessing apparently full control over the House, and legislation will quietly resume its course. The conflicts of parties are sure to be violent enough without adding to them the rivalries of chambers.

In the course of the debate many charges of corruption and of the use of improper influence were thrown out against the Ministers ; but the only one brought to a definite issue was a charge implicating two leading members of the commercial world in an alleged conspiracy to force a member of the Opposition to resign his seat by bringing to bear on him commercial pressure. In this case the two gentlemen accused sent in a full and detailed correction of the statement, which was frankly accepted. On the subject of corruption, however, and the cognate subject of faction, we may find occasion hereafter to speak in a more general way, and with less risk of appearing to point our remarks against any particular Government or party.

ALEXIS.

BY JOHN READE.

THANK God for all that brings men's hearts together !
 Thank God for signs that tell of world-wide peace,
 When all mankind shall own a common Father,
 And wars for ever cease !

Through travail sore, through sweat and strife and anguish,
 We look from year to year for better days,
 And, though with feverish pain we often languish,
 Hope still our toil repays.

God sees the future ; we see but the hour
 That passes ; we see but the lowly seed ;
 He sees the tree, the rich fruit and the flower
 Ripe for His children's need.

So, as at first, beneath His forming fingers
 Man rose in beauty from the flowery field,
 Still His designs, though some may cry, " He lingers,"
 Are, in their time, revealed.

He touches lips on which the smile of kindness
 Long hovered, waking many a gentle deed—
 They utter " War," and nations in their blindness
 Rush forth to slay and bleed !

But lo ! the fury past, they love each other
 (Knowing each other) better than before,
 And weep, as one, over each brave lost brother,
 And meet as foes no more.

This now fair earth did once to wondering angel
 Seem but a seething chaos, dark and wild ;
 So oft war's tumult dire is the evangel
 Of peace serene and mild.

So from the stern defiance and brave meeting
 Of stranger hosts by that far Euxine sea,
 Came thy late presence here, and that warm greeting,
 With which we welcomed thee.

For *then* we learned to prize in one another,
The manly virtues of a generous race—
Just now we grasped thy hand as of a brother,
And joyed to see thy face.

Thou wast to us a type of that great nation
Thy father rules—of what it is to be
In the fair future of our expectation,
Happy, and good, and free.

Thou wast *thyself*. Upon thy first appearing,
We saw a form, a face, that won our heart ;
We heard thy simple, friendly words and, hearing,
Sorrowed that we must part.

Now thou art gone, following the path of duty—
God keep thee in it, wheresoe'er it lead !
And may'st thou ever prize the moral beauty
That makes the man indeed !

Long will we here in Canada remember
Thy manly grace lost to us far too soon ;
Long will the poor recall that bleak December,
And the good Prince's boon.

And thou, O sailor-prince, when in mid-ocean
Thou lookest to the faithful northern star,
Memory may bear thee, not without emotion,
To Canada afar.

MONTREAL.

TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS

THREE SUMMER STORIES.

(Translated for THE CANADIAN MONTHLY from the German of Theodor Storm.)

BY TINE HUTCHISON.

[IN publishing this story, which will be followed by others of the same kind, we throw down the gauntlet to the sensation school of novelists, of which these stories are the very opposites. Rush through "In the sunshine" as you would through a sensation novel, in haste to arrive at the murder scene, and you will be utterly disappointed: read it with attention and forms of beauty will appear. It appeals, like other stories of the same class, not to the nerves, but to the taste and feelings. The reader will be the better, not the worse, for its perusal.]

I. IN THE SUNSHINE.

THE starlings were holding festival among the top branches of the great oak tree, which stood on the garden-side of a large old-fashioned house; all else was still, for it was a summer afternoon between one and two. The garden-gate opened, and a young man entered, dressed in the white gala uniform of a cavalry officer, the three-cornered plumed hat stuck on one side of his head. He cast inquisitive glances down the various paths of the garden, then stood balancing his cane between his fingers, his eyes fixed on an open window in the upper story of the house, whence, at intervals, the clattering of cups and saucers and the voices of two old gentlemen in conversation, were distinctly audible. A smile of joyful anticipation played upon his lips as he turned and slowly descended a short flight of steps. The shells, with which the broad gravelled path was strewn, grated beneath his long spurs, but soon he stepped more cautiously along, as if seeking to escape observation. Nevertheless, he did not seem at all disconcerted by the sudden appearance of a young man in plain burgher's dress and powdered hair, who emerged from a shady by-path and came towards him. A friendly, almost tender, expression spread over both faces as they met and silently shook hands.

"The burgomaster is upstairs, and the two old gentlemen are busy at their back-gammon," said the new comer, as he pulled out a massive gold watch. "You have two full hours, so you can go and help with the accounts." With these words he pointed in the direction of a little wooden summer-house at the end of the path, supported on stakes and projecting over the river, which bounded the garden on that side.

"Thank you, Fritz; but will you not join us?" The young burgher shook his head. "This is our post-day," he said, as he turned and went towards the house.

The young officer had taken off his hat, and the sunlight played freely on his high forehead and black unpowdered hair, as he pursued his way: and soon he reached the shade of the pavilion, which lay facing the sun. One half of the door was open; he softly crossed the threshold, but, the blinds being all closed, it was some time before his eyes, still dazzled by the bright sunshine, discerned in the dim light the figure of a young girl seated at a little marble table, and busily engaged adding up columns of figures in a folio before her. The young officer stood as if spell-bound as he gazed on the little powdered head, which, fluttering over the pages, moved from side to side as if in harmony with the stroke of her quill. After a short pause he drew his sword out of its scabbard a hand-breadth and let it fall again

with a sharp ring. A smile played for an instant around the maiden's lips, and the dark lashes were half raised from her cheeks ; but, as if suddenly remembering herself, she merely pushed back the sleeve of her deep crimson bodice, and dipped her pen afresh.

Seeing that she would not look up, the officer approached a step, and, taking hold of the quill drew it through her fingers, leaving her nails covered with ink.

"Oh, Captain !" she cried, stretching out her hand towards him. Her head was thrown back, and a pair of deep grey eyes were fixed upon him with what was intended to be a look of great indignation.

He plucked a leaf from the vine which covered the doorway, and carefully wiped her little fingers. She made no resistance, but as soon as it was done, took up her pen and resumed her occupation.

"Finish that some other time, Francisca," pleaded the young man.

She shook her head. "Our books are to be made up to-morrow, and I must have this ready," she said, without pausing in her work.

"You are the heroine of the pen."

"I am a merchant's daughter."

He laughed.

"Do. . . laugh. You know we have no great love for the military."

"We ! Who are the we ?"

"Well then, Constantine"—and the pen went on adding up the column from figure to figure—"by we, I mean the whole firm."

"Thou too, Francisca ?"

"Ah, me !"—and she let the pen fall and threw herself upon his breast, raising a little cloud of powder around her head. Then she passed her hand caressingly over his bright black hair, and gazing with undisguised admiration in his handsome face, she said, "How vain you are !"

From the distant town came a faint sound of military music. The eyes of the young soldier brightened.

"That is my regiment," he said, and held the maiden tighter in his arms.

She bent herself away from him, still smiling. "But it is all in vain," she said.

"Then what is to come of it ?"

She raised herself up to him on tip-toe and whispered, "A wedding !"

"But the firm, Francisca ?"

"I am my father's daughter." And she looked at him with her bright intelligent eyes.

At this moment a harsh voice, which sounded quite near, was heard proceeding from the upper story of the house. The starlings flew affrighted through the garden ; involuntarily the officer drew the young maiden closer to him.

"What is the matter ?" she said. "It is only the two old gentlemen who have finished their first game, and now they are standing at the window while papa arranges the weather for the coming week."

He looked through the open door over the sunlit garden. "Thou art mine !" he said. "Nothing shall part us."

She shook her head slowly several times ; then disengaging herself from his embrace, she pushed him towards the door. "Go away, now," she said ; "you shall not have long to wait."

He took the sweet little face in both his hands and kissed it ; then went slowly out of the door, and turned aside along by a privet-hedge, which separated the garden from the steep river bank. While his eyes watched the ever-flowing water, he came to an open space where a marble statue of Flora stood, surrounded by trimly-clipped box-borders. Fragments of porcelain and strings of glass beads glistened from among the green foliage ; a strong aroma filled the air, mingled with the perfume of the Provence roses, which grew here by the wall at the end of the foot-path. In the corner, between the wall and the privet-hedge, was an arbour overgrown with luxuriant honey-suckle. The young officer unbuckled his sword and seated himself upon the little bench ; then he began to draw one letter after another with the point of his cane upon the ground, always, however, carefully obliterating them to the last stroke, as though fearful they might betray his secret. This went on for some time, till his eyes fell on the shadow of a branch of honey-suckle, at the end of which he could clearly distinguish the delicate tubes of the blossoms. As he gazed he observed something slowly crawling up the stem. He looked on for a time, then rose, and sought among the clumps of honey-suckle above him, that he might find the cluster and rescue it from the impending

danger, but the brilliant sunbeams breaking through the branches, dazzled him so that he was forced to turn away his eyes. When he had seated himself again, he saw the leafy stem as before, clearly outlined upon the sunny ground, but now a dark mass lay among the tender shadow flowers, and by spasmodic movements betrayed that it was at its deadly work. He knew not why it affected him so strangely; he struck at the writhing clump with his cane, but the summer wind passed through the thicket of branches overhead and the shadows swept together and eluded him. He had already raised his cane for another blow, when the point of a little silken slipper came in view.

He looked up; Francisca stood before him; the feather of the quill behind her ear stood off from her powdered hair like the outspread wing of a white dove. She laughed; at first inaudibly, you could only see it. He leaned back and gazed upon her with delight; she laughed so joyously, so easily; it rippled all over her like a breeze passing over a lake, nobody else laughed as she did.

"What are you doing?" she cried at last.

"Only nonsense, Francisca; I am fighting with shadows."

"You may leave that alone."

He sought to take hold of her hands, but at this moment she chanced to look towards the wall, and taking a pen-knife out of her pocket she began to cut the full blown roses from off the bushes.

"I shall make pot-pourri this evening," she said, as she carefully gathered the roses in a little heap on the ground. He looked on patiently; he knew it was useless to seek to interrupt her.

"And now?" he asked, as she shut the knife and slipped it into her pocket again.

"Now, Constantine!—to listen together to the passing hours." And so it was. In the great pear tree in front of them the bull-finches flew to and fro; deep among the foliage they heard the chirping of the nestlings; at intervals the murmur of the flowing stream fell on their half-conscious ears; stray blossoms sank now and again at their feet; the Dutch musical clock over in the house played its chime at every quarter. Gradually silence fell upon both. But at length a desire to hear the beloved name uttered aloud, overcame him.

"Francisca!" he murmured half to himself. "Constantine!"

And, as if surprised after the long stillness by her voice, and discovering a fresh charm in its sound, he said, "You should sing, Francisca!"

She shook her head. "You know that is not for a burgher's daughter."

He did not speak for a moment; then, taking hold of her hand, he said: "Don't talk in that way, not even in jest. You know you had once lessons from the organist; what do you mean?"

She looked at him gravely, but soon a bright glance flashed from her eyes. "Oh!" she cried, "don't look so serious! I'll tell you what it is—I am too clever at book-keeping."

He laughed, and she joined with him. "Are you not too clever for me, Francisca?"

"Perhaps—you don't know how!" And as she spoke a different and deeper tone came into her voice. "When you were first quartered here," she continued, "and lived with my brother Fritz, I was quite a little school-girl. Often when I came home in the afternoon, I would steal into the hall and stand near when you practised your fencing. But you never took the least notice of me; indeed, once, when your foil struck my pinafore, you said: 'Go and sit in the window, child!' Oh, you don't know what hard words these were! Then I began to fall on all sorts of plans, and when companions came to play with me, I would try to get one of the other girls—I could never do it myself—to ask you to join in our games; and then, when you stood amongst us—"

"Well, then, Francisca!"

"Then I ran past you so often that at last you could not help catching hold of me by my white dress."

She had become crimson. He laid his fingers between hers and held them tightly clasped. After a pause she looked up timidly into his face and asked: "Did you never notice anything of it?"

"Oh, yes; at last!" said he, "you know you grew up at last."

"And then—tell me how it all happened?" He looked full at her, as if seeking to read in her face whether he durst speak. "Who knows," said he, "if it would ever have come to anything? But the burgomaster's wife once said"—

"Oh, do go on, Constantine!"

"No; to please me, just walk once up the path first!" She obeyed. Gathering the cut roses into her apron, without a word, she carried them to the summer house, and soon emerged empty-handed from the door. She had pretty little feet, and a light step, but as she walked a very slight movement of the knees against her dress was observable. The young man followed this motion, little graceful though it might be, with delighted eyes, and scarce was conscious when his beloved again stood before him.

"Well," she enquired, "what did the burgo-master's wife say? Or was it one of her seven daughters?"

"She said"—and he let his eyes glide slowly up the graceful figure—"she said: 'Miss Francisca is a pleasant person; but she walks like a water-wagtail.'"

"Oh! you!"—and Francisca pressed her hands together and looked down upon him with a beaming face.

"After that," he continued, "I could not keep my eyes off you, but was obliged to look at you whenever you walked or moved about.

She still stood before him, silent and motionless.

"What is it?" he asked. "What makes you look so proud and haughty?"

She said, "It is only happiness!"

"Oh! a whole world of happiness!" and with both arms he drew her down towards him.

It was another time, some sixty years later; but it was again a summer afternoon, and the roses blossomed as of yore. In the upstairs room, overlooking the garden, sat an old lady. She held a steaming coffee-cup in her lap, on which a snowy handkerchief was spread; yet, to-day, she seemed to forget her accustomed beverage, for only at long intervals, and in an absent manner, she raised the cup to her lips.

At a little distance, opposite her sofa, sat her grandson, a young man in the full bloom of youth. His head rested upon his hand, and his gaze was fixed on some family miniatures which hung in silver frames above the sofa—his grandfather, great grandparents, Aunt Francisca, the grandfather's sister,—all were dead long ago, he had never known them. His

eyes wandered from one to the other as they had done often before, during the quiet afternoon hours he spent beside his grandmother. On Aunt Francisca's portrait the colours seemed to be the least faded, although she had died before her parents, and long before her brother. The crimson rose in her powdered hair looked as fresh as if new-plucked, and the blue enamelled locket, which hung from a dark ribbon down upon her breast, was clear and bright against the deep crimson of the bodice. The young man's eyes were riveted by a strange fascination on these scant relics of a by-gone life. He gazed on the tender oval of the little face with feelings approaching to reverence. The old garden, as he remembered it as a boy, arose before his imagination; he saw her wandering among the strange old-fashioned box borders; he heard the tread of her little shoe on the gravelled path, and the rustle of her dress. But the form he had thus conjured up remained alone, the solitary occupant of that verdant spot, which was before his mind's eye. The companions, who might once have gathered around her, the daughters of the old patrician houses, the lover who sought her among the winding garden paths, he had no power to call up again. "Who knows her story?" he murmured to himself; the little locket looked to him like a seal on the breast of her now so long buried.

The grandmother put down her cup on the little window-table. She had heard the sound of his voice. "Have you been in our burial vault, Martin?" she asked, "and are the repairs nearly completed?"

"Yes, grandmother."

"Everything must be put in order; we must not forget what is due to our family reputation."

"It will all be put in order," replied the grandson, "but a coffin fell in, and that has caused some delay."

"Had the rust eaten through the iron bars?"

"No, not that. It stood far back, close to the grating; the water had got into it."

"That must be Aunt Francisca's coffin," said the grandmother, after some reflection. "Was there a wreath upon it?"

Martin looked at his grandmother. "A wreath?—I don't know; I think it would be gone by this time."

The old lady slowly nodded her head, and gazed awhile before her in silence. "Yes, yes!" she said; then, as though half ashamed, "to be sure it is now more than fifty years since she was buried. Her fan—the one with the gilding and enamel—still lies in a drawer of the old wardrobe, over in the hall, though, by-the-by, I could not find it there yesterday."

The young man could not conceal a smile, which the grandmother observing, said, "I believe that mischievous bride of yours has been ransacking my old premises again; but she must not play any pranks with the fan."

"But, grandmother, when she paraded through the garden the other evening in your hooped petticoat, you would all have been jealous of her if she had appeared among you Anno '90."

"You are a vain youth, Martin."

"Well," he continued, "you must allow that she has wonderful brown eyes, and now they will come into the family gratis."

"Aye, aye," said the grandmother, "there is nothing amiss with the brown eyes, if only a good heart looks out from them. But she must take care of the fan; Aunt Francisca wore it at your grandfather's wedding. I think I see her still with the crimson rose in her hair. She did not live so very long after that. She was very fond of her brother. It was just about that time that she gave him her portrait, and all his life-time he kept it by him in his writing desk. Afterwards we hung it up here beside himself and their parents."

"She must have been very beautiful, grandmother?" asked the young man, as he looked towards the likeness.

The grandmother seemed scarce to hear the question, she said, "She was a clever woman, and very ready at her pen; all the time your grandfather was in France, and even afterwards, she helped her old father with his book-keeping; for he was a great merchant, and a member of council, before he was elected second burgomaster. She had a slender, well-proportioned figure, and your grandfather used often to tease her about her handsome hands. But she would never marry."

"Were there no young men in the town in those days, then, or was she too particular?"

"That," replied the grandmother, smoothing her lap with both hands, "that, my dear child, she took with her to her grave. They used to

say, certainly, that there once was one she liked well; God knows! He was a friend of your grandfather's, and a man of high character; but an officer, and noble by birth; both grave faults in the eyes of your great grandfather, who had a strong prejudice against the military. At your grandfather's wedding the two danced together; I remember it well; they were a handsome pair. Among the people he went by the name of the Frenchman, for he had jet-black hair, and never wore it powdered except when on duty. But that was the last time, for, not long after, he left the service and bought a small property some distance from this, where he lived with an unmarried sister up to a short time after your grandfather's death."

Here the young man interrupted her: "Love affairs must have been very different in those days," he said musingly.

"Different?" repeated the grandmother, as, for a moment, she drew herself up with all her youthful vigour. "We had hearts just as you have, and our own sorrows to bear. But," she continued more gently, "what do you young folks know about those days? You have never felt the hard rule of an iron will, nor known how in an instant all grew still at play, at the most distant sound of their father's stick upon the footpath."

Martin sprang from his seat, and took hold of both his grandmother's hands.

"Well," she said, "may be after all it is better as it is now. You are happy children; but your grandfather's sister lived in other times. When we were married and occupied the ground floor of the house, she often came down beside us; sometimes she would sit for hours with your grandfather in his office, and help him with his writing. In the last year of her life, when her health began to fail, I would sometimes find her sitting over her account-books fast asleep. Your grandfather would go on quietly with his work at the opposite side of the desk, and I remember well the sad smile with which he was wont to draw my attention to his sleeping sister, when I entered the room."

The speaker paused, and sat gazing before her with wide open eyes, as she mechanically swayed her cup to and fro, and slowly sipped the last of her coffee. Then, after replacing the cup on the little table she quietly resumed

her talk. "Our old Anna was never tired of telling how lively and sociable her young lady had been in early years, she was the only one, too, of all the children, who occasionally ventured to speak a word to the father. From the time I knew her, she was quiet and reserved; especially when her father was present, she spoke no more than necessary, or only when she was addressed. What her story may have been, your grandfather never spoke about it; now they are all buried long ago.

The young man looked at the picture of his great-grandfather, and his eyes rested on the hard lines round the mouth. "He must have been a stern man," he said.

The grandmother nodded. "He exacted obedience from his sons till past their thirtieth year," she said. "That is how, up to the last, not one of them had ever really a will of his own; your grandfather often enough lamented it. He was anxious to study, as you have done, but the firm required a successor. Ay, it was very different in those days."

Martin took his grandfather's portrait from the wall. "These are kind eyes," said he.

The grandmother stretched forth her hands as if she would rise from the arm-chair, then folded them gently together. "Ah, sure, my child!" she said, "these were kind eyes! He never had an enemy,—excepting one at times—and that was himself."

The old housekeeper entered. "One of the ma-sons is without, he wants to speak to the master."

"Go to him, Martin!" said the grand-mother.

"What is it Anna?"

"They have found something in the vault; a coin or something of that kind. The old coffins won't hold together any longer."

The grandmother sat with bowed head; then she looked all round the room and said: "Close the window, Anna! the scent is too strong; the sun is shining on the box-borders outside."

"The mistress has her strange fancies again!" muttered the old servant; for the box-borders had been removed more than twenty years before, and at the time, the boys had played at horses with the strings of beads. She made no remark, however, but shut the window as desired. Then she stood and gazed awhile through the branches of the great oak tree over to the old summer-house, whither in by-gone days she had been wont to carry the after-dinner coffee to the young people, and where her young lady had spent many an afternoon during her last illness.

The door opened and Martin entered with a hasty step. "You were right," he said, as he took Aunt Francisca's miniature from the wall, and held it, by the little silver ring, before his grandmother's eyes. "The artist was able to paint only the outer case of the locket; the transparent crystal rested upon her heart. I have asked often enough what it concealed. Now, I know; for I have power to look on the other side." And he laid a dusty ornament upon the table, which, in spite of its coating of green rust, was unmistakably the original of that in Aunt Francisca's portrait. The sunlight pierced the dim crystal and shone upon a lock of dark hair within.

The grandmother put on her spectacles in silence; then seized the locket with tremulous hands, and bowed down her head over it. At length, after some time, during which, the unquiet breathing of the old lady was the only sound audible in the still chamber, she laid it gently down, and said: "Put it back again, Martin, where they found it; it is out of place in the sunshine. And"—she added, as she carefully folded up the handkerchief on her lap, "bring your bride to me this evening! There should be a little gold chain about some of my old places, that she could wear at the wedding—we shall see how it looks with the brown eyes."

HENRY CAVENDISH.

THE following sketch of the life of Cavendish—one of the most singular impersonations of pure scientific interest the world has ever seen—is selected from a number of interesting papers collected in “Stray Leaves of Science and Folk-Lore” by Professor Scoffern (Tinsley Brothers, London):—

It is the biographer's privilege to be present at the hearth and home of the subject of his memoir, to see his every-day performances, to chronicle his acts, without explaining to the world how the home was invaded, how the observing eye found means to cross the barrier, or the recording pen to write. I ask the reader, then, by force of will, to annihilate the last sixty years, and to imagine himself the world's denizen in 1810, and follow me.

We go to witness a death-bed scene. Clapham is the locality; the house is, at the period of this narrative, known as Cavendish House. We enter: the domicile has all the aspect of a gentleman's mansion; but its interior arrangement is so peculiar that one wonders what the owner's avocation can be. One chamber we see fitted up like a blacksmith's shop. Here are anvils, forges, tempering troughs, files, hammers, and in short almost everything that a blacksmith could require; but there are other things too, which a blacksmith would not have. Philosophical apparatus lie about in confusion. Here an air-pump taken to pieces, there a transit instrument, yonder the compensation pendulum of a clock. Vainly we look for the artificer—he is not there. Wending our way through a long corridor we open a door, and pass into a suite of noble apartments. Their aspect is equally strange with the last, but quite different. They are devoid of furniture, but filled with all sorts of chemical instruments. In one corner is a furnace, the embers of which still glow; proving that the operator has recently been there. On a large table in the centre of the room is an electrical machine; by the side of it a Leyden battery, and a curious instrument of thick glass, known at this present time by the designation of ‘Cavendish's eudiometer.’ But the most striking feature in the apartments is the large number of

thermometers which hang upon the walls. Examining the thermometers more narrowly, we discover in them a peculiarity of construction. Their frames bear traces of home manufacture. We see none of the neatly cut figures that appear on the thermometer scales of philosophical-instrument makers, but their scales are roughly engraved. Evidently no mere amateur has done this, but one who, desirous of having his instruments correct, has known how to make them for himself. *This* is evidently a chemist's domain; but we look in vain for the chemist. No one is there.

Wandering along in our visit of exploration, we ascend a flight of stairs, and at length witness some signs of human habitation. One sitting-room, meagrely furnished, and one bedroom—no more. But perhaps the owner of the mansion, whoever he may be, prefers to live one flight higher. We ascend again, to find ourselves mistaken. All this portion of the house has been converted into an astronomical observatory, two rooms only excepted, the furniture of which sufficiently indicates their use. They belong respectively to the family domestics, a female housekeeper and a footman. Softly! we hear a noise in the observatory, and return. In our hurry, we did not thoroughly explore it. Looking more attentively, we see, half hidden behind the stand of a large telescope, a pale, infirm old man. He is intently gazing on the stars, for twilight has almost passed away. Let us not disturb him, but note his appearance and costume before the night sets in. In stature he is below the middle height; his countenance thin and very pale. His forehead is broad and intellectual. His eyes are bright and shining, but his features display no trace of sentiment or passion. He might be likened to a sculptured block of marble, were it not for the radiant intelligence of his eyes; but that radiance is peculiar. It has in it nothing of human sentiment. It is the light of the moonbeam, cold and cheerless. Our strange individual is evidently stricken in years, and his attire is that which was fashionable in his youth. Perukes even in 1810 were not quite unknown, but the

peruke of our strange philosopher is of very antique shape. Its curls are very tight, and the queue is of the obsolete form, known as the 'knocker pattern.' His wrists are enveloped in lace ruffles, and he wears a frill of similar material. His coat is of velvet. Its colour was originally violet, but time and use have faded it down into a sober neutral tint. Its cut is antique, but we are familiarized with it in the court-dress of the present day.

Thus much for the appearance of our illustrious stranger, for he is indeed such—illustrious even in the sense of heraldry, coming as he does of one of our most noble families. He is the grandson of a duke. He is celebrated, too, in another sense. The Honourable Henry Cavendish is one of England's most renowned philosophers: great as a chemist, great as a mathematician, great as an astronomer. No science was too expansive for the grasp of that master-mind, none too minute for the limit of its scrutiny. To weigh the earth, to unveil the mysteries of the stars, to solve the most complex lunar problems—these were the occupations of him we look upon. Henry Cavendish seems to have been born for the purpose of demonstrating the power of the human mind as a calculating machine, and of proving how little the possession of that power implies the coexistence of those sympathies which ennoble human life, rendering man, when he rightly directs them, that which poets have termed him, God's noblest work.

"The old philosopher, whom we see gazing at the orbs of the heavens, has numbered more than seventy-nine years. He, who for so many years has studied the decomposition of bodies, and predicted the advent of eclipses, who has calculated the time when comets should reappear, knows the hour of death is at hand. The mystery of death is only unveiled to those on whom eternity has dawned, to such as have stood face to face before the great Omnipotent. There is, besides, a cognate mystery, one little discussed, but the existence of which is real: the sentiment of death approaching. What that sentiment, that vague prescience may be, who knows save those who have experienced it? Who, at all conversant with death-bed scenes, especially those of aged people, can doubt that a vague sentiment of approaching dissolution is sometimes a reality—a sentiment

which, though vague and undefinable, is often justified by the result, death itself speedily following, so surely as thunder succeeds the lightning? The old philosopher trembles, the telescope drops from his hand, he utters a faint scream. He feels he is about to die. His mental disturbance is but instantaneous. He gets up haggard and bleeding, for one of the telescope glasses has broken in falling, and has slightly cut him. He slowly descends from his observatory to the sitting-room, where, sinking into an arm-chair, he lays his hand upon a bell and rings it gently. A male domestic appears.

'Listen!' said Cavendish, addressing him by name. 'Have I ever commanded you to do an unreasonable thing?'

The man heard this question without much astonishment, for his master had the character (not without reason) of being an eccentric person. He replied in the negative.

'And that being the case,' continued his master, 'I believe I have a right to be obeyed.'

The domestic bowed assent.

'I shall now give you my last command,' said Cavendish. 'I am going to die. I shall now retire to my chamber. There let me be alone, for I have matters to arrange. Let me be eight hours alone. Tell no one: let no one come near. When eight hours have passed, come and see if I am dead. If dead, let Lord George Cavendish know. This is my last command. Now go!'

'The servant knew, from long experience, he might not dispute his master's will. He turned to go away.

'Stay—one word,' interrupted Cavendish; 'stay—one word. Repeat your orders *exactly*.' And thereupon he caused the servant to repeat the directions previously given. Obedience was promised once more.

But the directions, even though given by an eccentric man, were too mysterious to be implicitly followed. They seemed to point to suicide; for who, not intending this, could foretell so closely the period of the great event? One, two, three hours passed away. Cavendish had retired to his apartment, and all was still. Was he dead, or still living? The man durst not ascertain; but, feeling anxious, as well he might, hurried away to London, and made the particulars of his situation known to

Sir Everard Home, the celebrated medical practitioner. Cavendish was personally known to Sir Everard—known as a mere acquaintance, no more; Cavendish had neither enemies nor friends. The intimation was so alarming that neither Sir Everard nor the man could banish entirely the idea that the philosopher's brain had become turned; that a too arduous devotion to philosophical pursuits had caused insanity. The will of Henry Cavendish, too, was noted for a certain inflexibility which nothing could swerve from a purpose once formed. If, therefore, he had set his mind on the commission of suicide at some premeditated hour, he would probably do so if not interrupted. Such were the reflections which occurred to both the servant and Sir Everard as they hurried away to Clapham.

They arrived considerably before the expiration of the appointed eight hours, and, proceeding at once to the bed-room in which Cavendish lay, listened for an instant outside the door. Not the most acute hearing could discover the slightest sound: all within was silent. They entered, the man keeping well in the back-ground, not caring to meet his master's gaze, after breaking the promise so solemnly given. Sir Everard approached the bed. The curtains were not drawn; Cavendish was not dead, neither was he asleep. His eyes were still open; but they appeared not like the eyes of a living man. They gazed abstractedly into space, as if the world had no longer any object upon which their glances might fall. His lips were quivering, but voiceless. Cavendish was seemingly in communion with some invisible being.

Sir Everard, approaching still nearer, gently removed the coverlet, and took Cavendish by the hand. The philosopher, thus disturbed in his last reveries, remembered that the sanctity of his retirement had been infringed. He started, but made no remark. Looking around the chamber, he presently recognized the servant: frowning sternly, he beckoned him away.

"Do you feel ill?" inquired Sir Everard.

"I am not ill," replied Cavendish: "but I am about to die. Don't you think a man of more than seventy-nine has lived long enough? Why am I disturbed? I had matters to arrange. Give me a glass of water."

The glass of water was handed to him; he

drank it, turned on his back, closed his eyes, and died!

Such was the end of the Honourable Henry Cavendish. Imagination has not been drawn upon for a death-bed scene; the most daring writer of fiction would scarcely have been guilty of such temerity, so improbable are the incidents. But the mental constitution of this great philosopher was a puzzle to those who knew him best. It defied all their acumen to fathom it, and remove its shroud of mystery. Even had he not been one of England's greatest philosophers, his biography would have been interesting; but when his numerous discoveries in the walks of science are considered, a double interest is thrown around his career. A sketch of his biography I shall therefore proceed to give.

Henry Cavendish was elder son of Lord Charles Cavendish, third son of the second duke. His mother was born Lady Ann Grey, fourth daughter of Henry, Duke of Kent. Nice was the place of his birth, in the year 1731, his mother having retired thither for the benefit of her health. Of his infancy and early childhood very little is known. We hear of him, almost for the first time after his birth, in the year 1742, when he was therefore eleven years old, at which period of his life he was sent to the school of the Rev. Dr. Newcome at Hackney—a seminary then celebrated for the education of aristocratic youths. He remained at this academy seven years, making himself no way remarkable, so far as we can learn, either by talents or peculiarities. One circumstance in relation to his scholastic career deserves comment, as proving that the extraordinary reserve which characterized him in after years, making him shun the society of his fellows, was only an extreme development of a youthful feeling. The records of Dr. Newcome's school state that Henry Cavendish never took part in certain entertainments got up by the boys for their amusement. And here, before accompanying Cavendish in his university career, a circumstance should be mentioned, which is not—as should seem—without significance as connected with the morbid peculiarities of the subject of this memoir. He lost his mother when only two years old. This, though a circumstance usual enough, and which has occurred frequently without generating misan-

thropic feeling in the child subjected to the privation, was not, some have thought, without an influence on the subsequent character of Henry Cavendish.

In 1749, he matriculated at St. Peter's College, Cambridge. There he remained until 1753, and left without taking a degree. The latter remark also applies to his brother, who was studying at Cambridge at the same time. In explanation of his leaving without a degree, various conjectures have been made. The reason advanced by some—that he feared the test of examination—is scarcely consistent with the circumstance of his profound scientific acquirements, more especially in the mathematics, as evidenced in his future career. Perhaps the extreme dislike which he manifested throughout life at being the subject of public remark, even in the way of commendation, may have influenced him; or, still more likely, the existence of certain religious scruples—scruples not accordant with the university tests, at that time very stringently observed. Even in his early youth he had been suspected of entertaining unitarian doctrines; and though his religious opinions were veiled throughout life in extreme mystery, there is reason to believe that the distinguished subject of this memoir died as he had lived.

Those who have traced his career through life, with all the minuteness that his aversion to human society and his extreme habits of retirement permit, assure us that from the day of his baptism he never entered a place of worship of any kind, and that, when he felt the hour of death to be approaching, he retired to his chamber, as already described, commanding that no one might interrupt him. What the matters were that—to employ his own phrase—“*he wished to arrange*” in this solemn hour, of course stand unrevealed. The most probable supposition is, that he desired to pass these last moments in silent contemplation. It is not satisfactory to have to record such facts. How different would have been his career, had his love of knowledge been chastened and elevated by acquaintance with Him who of all others is the object most worthy of being known! Experience has shown, by many a bright example, that it is possible to be a man of profound science, and yet to sit with humility at the feet of the Saviour.

It is not proposed in this short memoir to enter upon the scientific discoveries of Cavendish; these would cover too wide a field, and would involve points of discussion not suited to general scrutiny. Perhaps the most remarkable investigation associated with his name is that respecting the composition of water; which fluid, hitherto regarded as an element or simple body, was proved by his experiments to be the result of combination between oxygen and hydrogen. I am aware that the merit of Cavendish, as sole discoverer of this interesting fact, has been disputed. There is no space here to mention the reasons which could be adduced in favour of the scientific claims for or against. Let it suffice to say, that Cavendish is recognized to have been the sole discoverer of the composition of water, by those who have gone into the question most deeply; and he is acknowledged by all to have contributed the major points of the discovery.

It is not with the question of the scientific grade of recognition to which Cavendish is entitled, that we have to concern ourselves in the course of these remarks. That award has long since been made by impartial judges, and needs no amplification. It is with Cavendish here, regarded as a strange moral phenomenon, that we have to deal; and his biographer will best acquit himself of that by relating some well-attested anecdotes.

Up to the age of forty, Cavendish was poor—his total annual income (being an allowance from his father) not exceeding £200; indeed, according to some authorities, falling short of that sum. This was indeed a small stipend for the son of a noble family; and popular rumour was not slow to attribute the restricted amount to the displeasure of Lord Charles Cavendish at the peculiarities and impracticable disposition of his son. The truth of this explanation, however, is by no means apparent. When about the age of forty, a very large fortune came into the possession of Henry Cavendish—left him, it is believed, by some distant relative; but concerning this there is again some doubt. Our philosopher had so long been obliged to cultivate habits of economy, that, without being parsimonious, these habits had become engrafted in his system; and after indulging in the purchase of books

and instruments to the extent of his fullest wishes, he still found that the interest of money accumulated faster than he could spend it. He therefore presented an example of that *very* rare phenomenon—a man whose pecuniary means were so large as to be troublesome. A curious instance of one of these singular troubles is as follows :—

On one occasion, his bankers in the City finding that a very large sum of money had accumulated in their tills to his account, and thinking it had better not lie idly there, determined to wait on him and receive his instructions in the matter.

Accordingly, one of the principals hied away to Clapham with the intention of seeking our philosopher in his lair. *That* was no such easy matter ; for once committed to the recesses of his *den*, Henry Cavendish never liked to be disturbed.

The banker knocked ; the subject of his visit was delicate ; it of course could only be communicated personally.

To the interrogatories of the footman as to who he was, and what his desires might be, the only answer was that he wished *personally* to communicate with Mr. Cavendish.

‘At any rate, sir,’ replied the footman, ‘it would be as much as my place is worth to disturb him now. You must wait until he rings his bell.’

The banker had waited for more than an hour when the long-expected bell rang. The footman announced the man of business.

‘What does he want with me?’ Cavendish was heard to say.

The footman explained the banker’s desire to have a personal interview.

‘Tell him I cannot see him. I am very busy,’ was the reply.

The footman bowed and retired.

‘Stay,’ interrupted his master ; ‘how long has Mr. — been waiting?’

‘For more than an hour, sir.’

‘O, very well, very well. Send him up.’

‘I am come, sir,’ remarked the banker, ‘to ascertain your wishes concerning a sum of eighty thousand pounds now placed to your account.’

‘Does it inconvenience you?’ demanded Cavendish. ‘If so, I can transfer it elsewhere.’

‘Inconvenience, sir? by no means,’ replied the banker ; ‘but pardon me for suggesting that it is too large a sum to remain unproductive ; would you not like to invest it?’

‘Invest it, eh? yes, invest, if you like ; do as you please with it ; but don’t interrupt me about such things again. I have other matters to think about.’

Though not a philanthropist in any sense of the term, few persons have contributed more liberally towards the accomplishment of philanthropic objects than Cavendish. Subscription lists—if not the bearers of them—found ready access, and Cavendish dealt with them in a way peculiarly his own. Glancing over the list of subscribers, he would notice the largest amount subscribed, then contribute a like sum. This peculiarity became so well known, that it was frequently abused, a fictitious subscription being announced for the purpose of misleading our philosopher. Although in early life Cavendish must have exercised no little amount of frugality in making his slender income suffice, yet a certain ignorance of the value of money characterized him throughout life : in proof of this, the following anecdotes may be cited :—At a time when the funds of the Royal Institution were far less ample than at present, Sir Humphrey Davy, then attached to that society, had opened a subscription-list in order to purchase an expensive voltaic battery, an instrument necessary for the prosecution of some discoveries which have since immortalized his name, and in which Cavendish was largely interested. People hoped that the philosophic millionaire would come down for a good round sum ; but he did not contribute one penny, notwithstanding the various hints thrown out in the proper direction. If this be construed into penuriousness, contrast it with the following : A scientific gentleman having fallen into pecuniary embarrassments, some friends managed to procure for him the situation of temporary librarian to Cavendish, whose books were as much confused as the pecuniary matters of the librarian. The task was executed satisfactorily, and the gentleman took his departure, having received the stipulated salary, but nothing more. A short time subsequently, Cavendish happened to be present at a dinner of the Royal Society, and some friends of the quondam librarian thought

it a good opportunity for turning the conversation on the subject of their protégé. His name accordingly was brought up.

'Ah! how *is* he?' what is he about?' inquired Cavendish.

'Poor fellow! he is in the country, very badly off,' was the reply.

'I am very sorry, *very*,' said Cavendish.

'We were hoping that you would have done something for him,' the friends ventured to remark.

'I—I—I? what *could* I do?'

"'We were hoping that you would have settled a small annuity upon him.'

A dawn of light seemed to have irradiated the brain of Cavendish; the thought, apparently so obvious, had only then occurred to him for the first time. 'True,' replied he hurriedly; '*would a cheque for fifteen thousand pounds be of use?*'

Would a cheque for £15,000 be of use?—what a question! The cheque was drawn, and the needy man of science made comfortable for life.

If the subject of our memoir did not possess that active, searching, and, what is equally important, that discriminating benevolence which seeks out the hidden recesses of misery, and cheers them with timely assistance, we have at least seen that he was open to suggestions, and that, when he did unclasp his cheque-book, it was after the manner of a prince. He had no hatred of *man*kind; but of *woman*kind that much cannot with truth be stated. If a female servant chanced to meet him in his own house, however inadvertently, it was the certain prelude to her dismissal; and the whole neighbourhood of Clapham was once lost in astonishment at a most remarkable phenomenon—no less than this: Our philosopher, in one of his rural strolls, interposed to save a lady from the attacks of an infuriated bull. According to all the preconceived notions entertained respecting our friend, he would more probably have taken sides with the bull against the lady.

On one occasion, when dining with the associated fellows of the Royal Society, some of the philosophers, after the dinner was over, happened, when looking out of the window, to be attracted by the appearance of some young lady on the opposite side of the street, whom curiosity had led to glance in the direction of

the apartment where so many philosophers were dining. 'How lovely she is!' said one. 'What a beauty!' whispered another. The moon had risen, but the fellows were *not* apostrophising the moon. Cavendish, however, thought they were, and went to the window to participate in their delight. No sooner did he discover his mistake than he uttered a faint scream, as was his wont when disturbed or annoyed, hobbled back to the table, and showed his disgust by one single ejaculation: it was 'Pshaw!'

Though not much addicted to conviviality, Cavendish was sometimes known to invite a few friends to dinner. On these occasions everybody knew beforehand the bill of fare: a leg of mutton with trimmings; in other words, a due accompaniment of vegetables and sauce. Now a leg of mutton—pleasant eating enough in itself—is not expensive; the number of a dinner-party, when nothing else is provided, must be limited by imperious laws. Once Cavendish appeared to have forgotten this idea of a limit; he invited more guests than a leg of mutton could possibly suffice for. The result was an epistolary communication to that effect from his cook (direct verbal communication, we have seen, was never permitted): 'The leg of mutton will not be enough.' 'In that case provide *two*,' replied Cavendish.

But I must draw this memoir of a celebrated man to a close, and shall do so by quoting the words of his biographer, Dr. Angus Smith:

'Such, then, was Cavendish in life and death, as he appeared to those who knew him best. Morally, his character was a blank, and can be described only by a series of negations. He did not love, he did not hate, he did not hope, he did not fear, he did not worship as others do. He separated himself from his fellow-men, and apparently from God. There was nothing earnest, enthusiastic, heroic, or chivalrous in his nature, and as little was there anything mean, grovelling, or ignoble. He was almost passionless. All that needed for its apprehension more than the pure intellect, or required the exercise of fancy, imagination, affection, or faith, was distasteful to Cavendish. An intellectual head thinking, a pair of wonderfully acute eyes observing, and a pair of very skilful hands experimenting or recording, are all that I realise in reading his memorials. His brain

seems to have been but a calculating engine; his eyes, inlets of vision, not fountains of tears; his hands, instruments of manipulation, which never trembled with emotion, or were clasped together in adoration, thanksgiving, or despair; his heart, only an anatomical organ, necessary for the circulation of the blood. Yet if such a being, who reversed the maxim, *Nihil humani me alienum puto*, cannot be loved, as little can he be abhorred or despised. He was, in spite of the atrophy or non-development of many of the faculties which are found in those in whom the "elements are kindly mixed," as truly a genius as the *mere* poets, painters, and musicians, with small intellects and hearts, and large imaginations, to whom the world is so willing to bend the knee. Cavendish did not stand aloof from other men in a proud or supercilious spirit, refusing to count them as fellows. He felt himself separated from them by a great gulf, which neither they nor he could bridge over, and across which it was vain to extend hands or exchange greetings. A sense of isolation from his brethren made him shrink from their society and avoid their presence; but he did so as one conscious of an infirmity, not boasting of an excellence. He was like a deaf mute sitting apart from a circle, whose looks and gestures show that they are uttering and

listening to music and eloquence, in producing or welcoming which he can be no sharer. He dwelt apart, and, bidding the world farewell, took the self-imposed vows of a scientific anchorite, and, like the monks of old, shut himself up within his cell. It was a kingdom sufficient for him, and from its narrow window he saw as much of the universe as he cared to see. It had a throne also, and from it he dispensed royal gifts to his brethren. He was one of the unthanked benefactors of his race, who was patiently teaching and serving mankind, whilst they were shrinking from his coldness, or mocking his peculiarities. He could not sing for them a sweet song, or create a "thing of beauty," which should be a "joy for ever," or touch their hearts, or fire their spirits, or deepen their reverence or their fervour. He was not a poet, a priest or a prophet; but only a cold clear intelligence, laying down pure white light, which brightened everything on which it fell, but warmed nothing—a star of at least the second, if not of the first, magnitude in the intellectual firmament.' How mournful to think that a man with so many excellences stood aloof from that generous and ennobling faith which would have quickened his dormant affections, and superadded to his intellectual eminence the attractiveness of Christian love!

ON HIBERNICISMS IN PHILOSOPHY.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

(From the *Contemporary Review*, from advanced sheets transmitted by the Publishers.)

MISS EDGEWORTH, in her entertaining "Essay on Irish Bulls," observes that "it has never yet been decided what it is that constitutes a bull." It appears, however, from the context that the definition she means is not the definition of a bull, but the definition of that kind of bull which is supposed to be especially Irish. And in this contention I think she proves that the confusions of thought and language which constitute a bull can be produced abundantly from the writings of English: poets, statesmen, and philosophers. I am happy to observe that no Scotch example has been produced by this ingenious and charming

authoress. Nevertheless, candour obliges me to confess that quite lately I heard a Scotch young lady of my acquaintance (who, however has some English blood) in answer to the question, "Do you remember Donald Ferguson?" make the following discriminating reply: "No; I recollect his face, but I don't recollect him by name." Probably this is pretty nearly a perfect specimen. Here is another which Miss Edgeworth tells us was particularly admired by Lord Orford: "I hate that woman," said a gentleman looking at one who had been his nurse; "I hate that woman, for she changed me at nurse." In the same essay we are told

of an Irishman who accosted an acquaintance thus : "When first I saw you, I thought it was you ; but now I see it's your brother ;" and of a petition which was addressed to a lady in Ireland whom Miss Edgeworth knew, which began, "That your poor petitioner is now lying dead in a ditch."

Now, I am disposed to think that Miss Edgeworth has done injustice to her country, when she disputes whether there is anything peculiar in Irish bulls. There is a neatness, completeness, and perspicuity of confusion in an Irish bull which is inimitable and unapproachable, and which constitutes at once its humour and its innocence. The bulls of other nations are comparatively clumsy ; the confusions of thought which they involve are as complete, without being so apparent—having all the absurdity of the Irish bull without its fun. But the essence of a bull—the contradiction in terms, the assertion of something which is nevertheless denied in the very terms of the assertion, or conversely, the denial of something which is nevertheless asserted in the very terms of the denial—this is a kind of blunder in which our Irish friends have many successful rivals. Among these rivals none, as it seems to me, are more successful than philosophers, and especially metaphysicians. To the illustration of this—I fear somewhat irreverent proposition—this paper will be devoted.

Let me say, in the first place, that there are sayings which at first sight may appear to involve a bull, but which in reality do not. For example, Sir John Herschel, in one of his popular lectures on science, tells us that "light, although the cause of vision, is in itself invisible." This is no mere paradox invented to attract attention and to fix it on the explanation which is to follow. It is, indeed, an apparent paradox, but only because the literal facts are not commonly apprehended. Light is a word which means several different things. First, and perhaps primarily, it signifies the sensation of vision. Secondly, it means the (once) unknown external cause of that sensation. The first of these two meanings is regarded by Locke (I think erroneously) as the proper meaning of the word. But the second is unquestionably the idea which is uppermost in the common understanding of the term. We talk of the light coming to us from one direc-

tion or another—from one body or another—meaning, of course, not our sensation of light (which cannot come to us from anywhere), but the agency, whatever it may be, which produces that sensation in us. But neither do these two meanings exhaust all that is now meant by light. In neither of these two meanings would there be any sense in saying that "light is in itself invisible." For if by light is meant the sensation, the saying would be nonsense ; and if by light were meant the immediate cause of vision, or the precise agency which produces it, then the saying would be untrue. The thing which causes vision, or which, more correctly speaking, is the object of vision, is not only visible, but it is the only thing in the world which is visible. Light, in this sense, is the thing and the one only thing which the human eye is made to see. But there is a third meaning in which Sir J. Herschel's assertion is strictly true. We now know what light is "in itself"—that is to say, we know the nature and constitution of it, not in terms of the sensation it gives to us, but in terms of a wholly different order of conception. First, we know that it is a motion ; secondly, we know that it is a motion of a particular kind ; and thirdly, we know that it is that motion in a medium having peculiar properties. Provisionally, and for want of a better, this medium has been called the "luminiferous ether." And it is of light in this sense that Sir J. Herschel speaks when he says that it is invisible. It is now nearly seventy years since Dr. Thomas Young startled and amused the scientific world by announcing his belief that this luminiferous ether "pervades the substance of all material bodies with little or no resistance,—as freely perhaps as the wind passes through a grove of trees." But when this ether is not agitated, it is invisible. Nay, more—even when it is agitated, the movements of it are invisible, except when they come to us in a straight line, either directly from a luminous body, or indirectly by reflection from some other. In short, it may be said that the luminiferous ether is like a vast ocean, which is never seen except where its waves break in surf. When these facts are apprehended, we see at once that Herschel's assertion of the invisibility of light, so far from being a bull—that is, a confounding of ideas—is a clearing up of our conceptions. If there is any

apparent confusion in that assertion, it is not due to any confusion of ideas, but, on the contrary, it is due to a nicety of discrimination which the weakness of ordinary language fails to indicate.

In contrast with this, which illustrates one of the great aims and objects of philosophy, let us look at some of the many cases in which language is abused to cover contradictory propositions, or to cheat the mind into a semblance of ideas when there are none.

To begin with and to begin with a most distinguished countryman of my own, Sir William Hamilton— is not the very phrase, “the Unconditioned,” in itself a bull? “The” is the definite article, and applicable only to things or ideas capable of definition. But nothing is capable of definition which has no conditions. The negation of conditions is the negation of existence, as alone conceivable by man. “The Unconditioned” is, therefore, simply nonsense—that is to say, a word pretending to have a meaning, but having none.

In saying this I hope I am not committing another blunder, which is very common—the blunder of denying the existence of some particular idea, which is nevertheless described and denoted by a name. We read often nowadays of such and such an idea being “unthinkable.” If it be unthinkable, it had better also be considered as unspeakable. To speak of it, and then to deny its conceivability, is a bull. If the word or the phrase employed to express it, is a word or a phrase representing an idea, then it is absurd to deny the existence of that idea; and if the word or phrase represents no idea, then it is equally absurd to use it at all, and to make it the subject of either affirmation or denial.

But this case is carefully to be distinguished from another, with which it may easily be confounded. The necessities of language may compel us to place in momentary collocation, for the purpose of denial, two ideas which negative each other, and which thus make nonsense; the very object of the collocation being to show that such is the result. For example: “We cannot conceive any boundary to Space.” Here, at first sight, it might appear as if we first speak of a conception, and then deny its conceivability. But this is not so. We have a distinct conception of a boundary, and a dis-

tinct conception of Space, and what we deny is that the idea of a boundary can be applied to the idea of Space, because the very conception of a boundary involves the conception of an outside as well as of an inside; and where there is an outside there must be space. Whatever, therefore, a boundary may be boundary of, it cannot be a boundary of Space.

Here, therefore, there is no confusion of thought in first describing an attempted combination of ideas, and then denying that this attempted combination can be made successfully—that is, with sense.

But what are we to say of the second of the three great metaphysical discoveries which Mr. Mill has just extolled as the great triumphs of Bishop Berkeley’s philosophy, namely, the non-existence of abstract ideas? It is not pretended that this phrase is in itself meaningless. It is not pretended that it involves an attempt to combine two ideas, the one of which excludes the other. On the contrary, the phrase is used over and over again, as having a definite meaning, which the mind can handle, examine, and analyse, by resolving it into the elements of which it is composed. But an idea cannot be proved to be non-existent by being proved to be composite. For, just as the most solid and stable forms of matter in physical nature are not elementary substances, but combinations of them, so many of the most real and serviceable conceptions of the mind are structures built out of the rudimentary elements of thought. The Irishman who complained that he had been changed at nurse, is clear-headed, compared with the philosopher who takes up an abstract idea, examines it, describes it, and then denies its existence. And the absurdity of this blunder is made, if possible, more apparent, by the obvious impossibility of conducting the argument against the existence of abstract ideas, without perpetually making use of them in the very terms of the argument itself. Abstract ideas are employed to give witness against themselves. They are summoned into the witness-box, examined, and urged to confess, like the poor Irishman, that “they lie dead in a ditch.” Mr. Mill professes to “explain the psychological machinery by which *general names* do their work without the

* The *Fortnightly Review*, November 1, 1871, “Berkeley’s Life and Writings.”

help of *general ideas*," which seems to me very like explaining how mere words, which are denied their appropriate meaning, "do the work" of ideas which are denied their appropriate name. How there could be any "help" in general ideas, if they don't exist, I can't conceive. And how general names can do any "work" in the operations of mind if they don't indicate general ideas, seems equally hard to understand. And how "general ideas" can be thus spoken of, and argued about at all, if no such conceptions can be formed, is the greatest wonder of all. For here we have got general names which do not mean general ideas, but nevertheless do the same "work;" and we have got general ideas which would be very "helpful" if they existed, but then they don't. The only solution of this puzzle would be, that the whole discussion is one like some others which Mr. Mill himself has elsewhere successfully exposed—a logomachy—in which words are used without any meaning whatever, and solemn affirmations and denials are made all about nothing at all. But Mr. Mill seeing the (at least) apparent puzzle, offers a solution which deprives us even of this escape. He says, "the solution of this as of so many difficulties, lies in the connotation of general names," and he lays especial stress on the point that these "general names" "are *not* (like a proper name) *mere words devoid of meaning*." "General names," then, are not mere words without any signification. They have a meaning, and yet they do not mean general ideas. What then do they mean?

Mr. Mill's explanation is that a general name "is a mark for the properties or some of the properties which belong to an indefinite number of individual objects, and with these properties it is associated in a peculiarly close and intimate manner." Well, to say that a word is "a mark" for an idea is equivalent I suppose to saying that it means the idea. It appears then, that these general names mean, or "connote," or are "a mark for," the properties, or some of the properties, which are common to many individuals. But what are properties? and especially what are common properties? Is not this essentially an abstract idea? Mr. Mill indeed asserts that every "class name" calls up the idea (image) of some individual as well as the special properties which it "marks." But

he admits that in this idea the common properties of the class are made "artificially prominent;" and that all others may be unattended to, and thus "thrown into the shade." And so, the whole argument comes, after all, to be not a denial of the existence of abstract ideas, but an account of their origin and a definition of their meaning. Of course, it may be perfectly good sense to argue that the vulgar understanding of a word is an erroneous one, and to put a better defined one in its stead. But even in this point of view, Mr. Mill's definition seems to cast no new light whatever on the common understanding of the term, which is in close accordance with the etymological meaning of "abstract." The idea of properties which are *drawn forth from* a group of others, more or less completely *separated from them*, and brought into such mental prominence as that all others are out of focus—cast into the shade and practically out of mind—this seems pretty much what everybody understands by an abstract idea. To analyse an idea and to trace its component parts is a legitimate operation. But to conceive it, describe it, define it, and then affirm it to be non-existent, is very like a bull.

There is another very similar process of metaphysical analysis which also passes readily into like confusions, and that is the process by which we trace the means through which particular ideas are arrived at. A brilliant example of the legitimate application of this process is the reasoning by which Bishop Berkeley has proved that the eye does not directly see that which we call distance, and that distance is an idea arrived at by the experience of other sensations, interpreting those of sight. The great opponent of the bishop, on this point, is the brush-turkey, which certainly sees distance the moment it is hatched, and without any experience at all. But still as men are not born so well-feathered as brush-turkeys, Berkeley's argument stands good for men with just this important caution derived from the provoking bird—that the non-existence of intuitive perceptions is a particular and not a general truth. In Berkeley's argument, however, as applied to men and not to chicks, we have an example of accurate and careful reasoning.

An example not less remarkable of a false application of the same process is the further argument maintained by Mr. Mill that the sen-

sations from which we derive our conceptions of matter do not really indicate anything, or justify us in concluding the existence of anything whatever except "potentialities of other sensations." And here we have, as it seems to me, another of those self-contradictions in which all metaphysical writings abound. After an elaborate argument to prove the non-existence of abstract ideas, we find Mr. Mill contending that an abstract idea—abstract up to the double-distilled essence of abstraction—is the only reality of which we have any assurance in the world. "A potentiality of sensation"—what is this idea? It is not a sensation; it is not even merely the recollection of a past sensation. It includes this indeed; but it includes it along with a multitude of other things—along with all the mental conceptions which go to bind together the past with the present and the future, to assure us of the continuity of our own existence, and of the external agencies which act and react upon our organism. I deny, indeed, that our conception of matter can be boiled down into a "potentiality of sensation." Something there is in the body which has escaped in the process of extraction. Some elements there are in the idea which are left out in the pretended abstract. But this is not my point now. My point is that Mr. Mill's account of it is, first, an abstract—an abstract of a multitude of things; and secondly that it is a bad abstract—an abstract which involves a confusion of ideas, and the admission of one essential element of thought in the very attempt to deny or to expel it. I so far agree with Mr. Mill as to admit that the Potentiality of Sensation is an idea inseparable from our conception of matter. But Potentiality involves in its very root and essence the idea of a dormant power—of something having potency, and this is an idea which attaches primarily to the active cause, not to the passive subject of sensation. This phrase, invented by Mr. Mill, confounds two ideas which are entirely distinct, although the one is the correlative of the other. It confounds Susceptibility to Sensation with Potentiality to cause it. When I think of matter as a Potentiality of Sensation, I mean that I think of it as having the power to awake sensations in me. I do not think of it as having itself the capability of experiencing sensations. Mr. Mill is confounding the active agent with the

passive subject. There is a well known story of a country Scotchman, who when he was asked by a dentist to open his mouth, replied with characteristic caution, "Naa, maybe ye'll bite me." This Scotchman, like Mr. Mill, was thinking of teeth as a Potentiality of Sensation, but he forgot, also like Mr. Mill, that the potentiality to cause that sensation lay in the man that had the mouth in a position to bite, and not in the man who had the finger in a position to be bitten. When will metaphysicians understand that a short phrase does not always mean a simple idea? When will they understand that they do not succeed in analysing thought by simply ignoring some essential part of it?

There are three great subjects on which, as it appears to me, philosophy has been largely vitiated by like confusions. One is the theory of Causation; another is the theory of Morals; and the last is the comparatively new one—the theory of Life.

We are told that we know nothing of causation, properly so called, and that what we mistake for it is merely "invariability of sequence." To my mind every form in which this statement can be made—and there are many—involves a bull. That we have some idea of causation which is not mere invariability of sequence is involved in the very argument or assertion which discriminates the two ideas, and then tries to confound them. We have the idea of "it must" over and above the idea of "it always does." Nay, we cannot even think of the invariability of sequence, without seeing in that invariability the working of a cause. In truth, there is no such thing as invariability, except as applicable to this abstract idea of casual connection. Particular sequences are not invariable. We do not attach the idea of invariability to any one sequence that we see, or hear, or feel, or touch, however uniform our experience of such sequence may be. Every such sequence we can conceive to be interrupted, broken, stopped. But there is one thing we cannot conceive, and that is, that this break or cessation should be itself uncaused. I am not speaking of how this idea arises, nor am I discussing whether it corresponds to an absolute universal truth. I am only saying that we have this idea, and that it is an idea different in kind from mere invariability of sequence, and cannot be resolved into it—unless,

indeed, the phrase invariability of sequence be in itself understood as involving the idea of necessity.

It is because Mr. Mill rejects the idea of causation, and avoids the word, that he is driven to define our idea of matter as resolvable into a "potentiality of sensation." This is no necessary part of the philosophy which traces all our ideas to experience. Locke, who was the great apostle of that philosophy, describes matter as that which "causes," or "has power to produce" our sensations. And so does Mr. Mill when he speaks as a Logician* and not as a Metaphysician. This, so far as it goes, is a fair account of at least the skeleton or framework of our conceptions respecting matter, although I am very far from admitting that it is a complete account, or anything like a complete account, of all that enters into those conceptions. Every analysis of mind, like every analysis of matter, in order to be a true analysis, must account for all the elements to be found in the subject of examination. I do not think that Locke's analysis fulfils this condition. It appears to me that there are elements in our conception of matter—especially as that conception has been enriched by modern science—of which Locke's definition takes no account. But at least it does not commit the blunder of looking at one of these elements, and that one of the most prominent, of defining it, of examining it, and then deliberately rejecting it as non-existent.

The same objections apply, as it seems to me, to all attempts which have been made to reduce the idea of moral obligation to the fear of punishment, to utility, or to any other principle but itself. They all labour under the same insuperable fault of wilfully discarding an element of thought, which is nevertheless recognised in the very terms of the argument by which it is explained away. How it comes, from what source derived—these may be more or less accessible subjects of speculation. But there it is ;—differing in kind and in quality from all the supposed elements of its composition, and admitted so to differ in the very comparisons which are drawn between them. Torture it as you will, it cannot be made to confess that it has been changed at nurse.

In like manner the attempt in biological or physiological science to get rid of the idea of "life," or to reduce it to simpler terms, breaks down into similar confusions. Professor Huxley, in his ingenious and in many ways instructive essay on the "Physical Basis of Life," has tried to represent life as a mere name for the properties of a particular kind of matter called protoplasm, and says it is as absurd to set up these properties into a separate entity under the name of Life, as it would be to set up the properties of water as a separate conception under the name of "aquosity." But in the conduct of this argument Professor Huxley is compelled by the necessities of thought, reflected in the necessities of language, to contradict himself. If life be the property of protoplasm, and nothing else, it must be mere tautology to speak of "living protoplasm," and mere self-contradiction to speak of "dead protoplasm." And yet Professor Huxley uses both expressions over and over again—and must use them, if he wishes to distinguish between separate ideas, although it be in the very endeavour to found them.

Professor Huxley complains that it is a frivolous objection to urge that "living protoplasm" can never be analysed, because the life of it is expelled in the very process of analysis. The conclusion defended evidently is, that we are safe in assuming the composition of dead and living protoplasm to be the same. Very well, be it so,—then so much the more evident it becomes that the life or the deadness of the protoplasm depends upon something entirely different from that physical composition which is alike in the living and in the dead.

Nor does it mend the matter to ascribe the difference between life and death to some undetectable difference in physical "conditions," as distinguished from physical composition. This is merely to hide our conception of one kind of difference which is clear, definite, and immense, under a word chosen because it suggests another kind of difference which is obscure, indefinite, and minute. We may call life a "condition," and deadness another condition, if we please. But this does not alter the fact that if the difference between life and deadness does depend on any physical difference, it is one undetectable, and belonging therefore, at best, to those "substrata of phenomena" which

* Mill's "Logic," Book I., c. iii., §§ 6, 7, 8.

Professor Huxley in the same essay pronounces to be "imaginary."

I entirely agree with Professor Huxley's assertion that the language both of materialism and of spiritualism has only a relative truth. I believe the idealism which tries to expel our conception of matter to be as false as the materialism which tries to banish our conception of life or spirit. In this respect the language of the vulgar is infinitely more true and more subtle than the language of philosophers. I have spoken elsewhere of "the profound but conscious metaphysics of human speech."* And it has been all the more profound in proportion as it has been unconscious. Language is a self-registering index of the operations of mind. The conceptions of which it is a witness may be defined and traced, but are not to be explained away. All the truth that there is in the phraseology of materialism is reflected accurately in the ordinary use of language. When metaphysicians attempt to get behind that use, they generally do so only to "meddle and muddle." A man may speak of his brains as synonymous with his intellect, and nobody will derive an erroneous impression from language

* "Reign of Law," Fifth Ed. p. 303.

referring to a connection which is the most familiar of all facts, although its nature is incomprehensible. But this is a very different thing from attempting deliberately to confound connection with identity under the cover of some ambiguous word. The half-truth of materialistic phraseology ceases when that phraseology pretends to represent a whole-truth. Moreover, the fallacy which it then becomes is in the nature of nonsense. And this only is my point now. Nor is it surprising that when men try to explain away their own ideas, they should get into the atmosphere of bulls. When we try to get outside ourselves, our attitudes are not likely to be otherwise than ludicrous as may be seen in the case of our canine friends when they take it into their heads to gyrate in energetic pursuit of their own tails.

The metaphysicians and physicists with whom I have been dealing seem to me to be one and all men who walk up to some idea—some old and familiar acquaintance of the mind—recognise it, peer into its face, and then accost it, as the Irishman accosted his acquaintance in Miss Edgeworth's story: "When I first saw you, I thought it was you, but now I see you are another."

MR. HELPS AS AN ESSAYIST.

BY CANON KINGSLEY.

(From *Macmillan's Magazine for January*, with permission of the Publishers.)

IT is now nearly thirty years ago that Mr. Helps's name began to be revered by many young men and women, who were struggling to arrive at some just notion of the human beings around them, and of the important, and often frightful problems of the time. They admired him as a poet and as an historian; but they valued him most as a critic, not of art or of literature, but of men and the ways and needs of men. Dissatisfied with the narrow religious theory then fashionable in London pulpits, which knew no distinctions of the human race save that between the "unconverted" many and

the "converted" few, they seemed to themselves to find in his essays views wider, juster, more humane, more in accord with the actual facts which they found in themselves and in the people round them, and more likely, too, to result in practical benefit to the suffering and the degraded. And well it was for them that they did so. Some of them were tempted to rush from one religious extreme into another, which offered them just then not only the charms of novelty, but those of genius, of culture, of manly and devoted earnestness. Others were tempted in a very different direction. They

were ready to escape from a narrow and intolerant fanaticism into that equally narrow and intolerant revolutionist infidelity which has for the last eighty years usurped the sacred name of Liberty.

There were those among both parties who received at once from Mr. Helps's book an influence none the less powerful because it calmed and subdued. It was new and wholesome for many, then in hot and hasty youth, to find the social problems which were so important to them equally important to a man of a training utterly different from theirs, and approached by him in a proportionally different temper. They were inclined at first to accuse that temper of dilettantism. It had no tincture of Cambyzes' vein, none even of Shelley's. It threatened not thrones, principalities, nor powers. It promised not to build up an elysium on their ruins. The sneer of lukewarmness rose to many men's lips; and the playful interludes which were interspersed throughout the volumes seemed to justify their suspicions. Were not these mere fiddlings while Rome was burning? impertinent interruptions to the one great work of setting the world to rights out of hand?

But, as they read on, they found themselves compelled to respect the writer's temper more and more, even though it seemed to lack fiercer and bolder qualities which they valued (and rightly) in some of their own friends. They were forced to confess at the outset that Mr. Helps did not approach social problems in that spirit of selfish sentimentalism which regards the poor and the awful as divinely ordained means by which the rich and the superstitious may climb to heaven. Neither did he approach them in the spirit (if the word spirit can be used of aught so spiritless) of that "philosophie du néant," the old *laissez-faire* political economy which taught men, and taught little else, that it is good for mankind that the many should be degraded in order that the few may be rich. They saw that Mr. Helps had, like Mr. John Stuart Mill, righteous and chivalrous instincts, which forbade them both to accept the reasonableness of any reasoning which proved that. They saw, too, that both possessed elements of strength which they themselves lacked, namely, calm and culture; a calm and a culture which did not interfere with a deep tenderness for the

sorrows and follies of mankind, and with a deep indignation now and then at their wrongs; but which tamed them and trained them to use, converting them, to quote from memory an old simile of Mr. Carlyle's, "from wild smoke and blaze into genial inward heat."

I do not wish to push further the likeness between two remarkable men. But I am certain that many who owe much to them both, will feel that the influence of both has been in some respects identical, and that they have learnt from both a valuable lesson on the importance, whether to the thinker or to the actor, of culture and calm.

It has been good then—to confine myself to Mr. Helps's book for many young men and women to be taught that it is possible to discuss, fairly and fully, questions all-important, many exquisitely painful, some seemingly well-nigh hopeless, without fury, even without flurry, that such a composure is a sign, not of carelessness, but of faith in the strength of right, and hope in its final triumph; that, as the old seer says, "he that believeth will not make haste," and that it is wise "not to fret thyself, lest thou be moved to do evil;" that all passion, even all emotion, however useful they may be in the very heat of battle, must be resolutely sent below, and clapt under hatches, if we intend to ascertain our own ship's position, or to reconnoitre the strength of our enemies; that only by a just patience in preparation, can we save from disaster an equally just fierceness in execution; that without *σωφροσύνη*, even *θύμος*, "the root of all the virtues," is of no avail: because without it we shall not have truly seen the object on which the *θύμος* is to work; shall not have looked at it on all sides, or taken measure of its true proportions. Good it was for them, too, to find, as they read on through Mr. Helps's books, that those sides, those proportions could only be ascertained by much culture, much reading, observation, reflection, concerning many men and many matters; that the scholar and the man of the world were probably as necessary now to the safe direction of human affairs, as they ever have been; that the weakness of the average ideologue lay in this—not that he had too many ideas, but too few; that the danger now as always, lay not in "latitudinarianism" (whatever that may mean), but in bigotry; not in

breadth, but in narrowness ; and that "Cave hominem unius Scientiæ," like "Cave hominem unius Libri," though undoubtedly true, was capable of an interpretation by no means complimentary to the man of one science. Good also for them was it, to learn on the testimony of a witness whom they could not well impeach, that those who had then, and have still, the direction of public affairs were not altogether the knaves and fools, the robbers and tyrants, which they were said to be by the then Press of Holywell Street, and even sometimes in the heat of the Debating Society, by their young kinsmen ; that they were men of like passions, and of like virtues, with those who were so ready to take their places, to do all that they had left undone ; that they were but too fully aware of difficulties in any course of action, of which the outside aspirant knew nothing, and which he would be, therefore, still more unable to face ; that though the slothful man is too apt to say "there is a lion in the path," the fool is also too apt to say that there is none ; and that though anything like reverence for one's elders has been voted out of court for at least a generation, yet a little humility as to our own value, a little charity towards those who are trying to get the work done with such tools as the British nation allows them, might conduce to a better understanding between private men, and a better understanding of public men, of all parties and opinions.

No two men have done more, I believe, to save this generation from two or even three extremes of fanaticism, than Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Helps ; and that because they have been just to all that was vital and sound in the Middle Ages, just to all that was vital and sound in the French Revolution ; and, be it remembered, to all that was vital and sound in the young Puritan time of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Thus they have earned the right to be heard, and they have on the whole been heard, when they have preached, not indeed content with the established order of things, but at least patience, charity, and caution in reforming it. The extraordinary sale of the cheap edition of Mr. Carlyle's works, principally, I am told, among the hard-working classes, is a hopeful omen that the "public," in spite of all its sillinesses, is after all, though very slowly, amenable to reason ; and the day

may come when a cheap edition of Mr. Helps's essays—at least a selection from them—may find favour with those who are to be (so we are told) henceforth the chief power in the British Empire ; and who therefore need to know what the British Empire is like, and how it can, and cannot, be governed. "Essays in the Intervals of Business," "The Claims of Labour," "Friends in Council," "Companions of my Solitude," and last, but not least, the recent "Brevia" and "Thoughts on War and Culture"—all these would furnish to the poorest, as well as to the richest, many a weighty, and I believe many a welcome lesson, concerning himself, his family, his countrymen, his country, and his duty to them all. If it be objected that these essays are only adapted to cultivated men and women, and deal only with an artificial stately society, I should demur. Mr. Helps seems to me to ground his sayings, whenever he can, on truths which are equally intelligible to, because equally true for, all men. His aphorisms, even on Government, would stand good just as much for the grocer and his shop-boy as for the statesman and his subordinate, and would "touch the witness"—as Friends say—of the one neither less nor more than that of the other ; while for manner, as well as for matter, many a page of Mr. Helps's might be profitably intercalated into an average sermon, were it not that the "purpureus pannus" might not enhance the homespun, and much less the shoddy, of the rest of the discourse.

I believe that many ministers of religion, of all parties and denominations, would agree with what I have said. We parsons owe Mr. Helps much more than he knows, or than, perhaps, it is good for him to know. His influence—though often of course indirect and unconscious—has been very potent for some years past among the most rational and hearty of those who have had to teach, to manage, or to succour their fellow-creatures ; and it is most desirable just now that that influence should increase, and lay hold of the young men who are growing up. It is more than probable that the laity will, ere long, have a far larger share than hitherto, in the internal management of Church affairs ; and to do that work well the religious layman will require more than piety, more than orthodoxy, indis-

pensable as those will be. He will require a great deal of that practical humanity, and a great deal of that common sense, of which Mr. Helps's books are full; for without them, and as much of them as can be obtained, both from laymen and clerks, the Church of England will be in danger of being torn to pieces by small minorities of factious bigots, who do not see that she was meant to be, and can only exist by being, a Church of compromise and tolerance; that is, a Church of practical humanity, and practical common sense.

Tolerance—which after all is, as Mr. Helps says, only another name for that Divine property which St. Paul calls charity,—that is what we all need to make the world go right. If anyone wishes to know Mr. Helps's theological opinions concerning it, let him study the last few noble pages of the second series of "Friends in Council." And if he wishes to know Mr. Helps's moral opinions concerning it, whether or not he considers it synonymous with licence, with indulgence either to our own misdeeds or to those of others, let him read whatever Mr. Helps has written on the point on which all men in all ages have been most "tolerant"—when their own wives or daughters were not in question; the point on which this generation is becoming so specially tolerant, that no novel or poem seems likely to attract the enlightened public just now, unless it dabbles with some dirt about the seventh commandment. Whenever Mr. Helps touches—and he often touches—on the relations between men and women, and on love, and the office of love in forming the human character, he does so with a purity and with a chivalry which is becoming, alas! more and more rare. In one of his latest books, for instance, "Casimir Maremma," there is a love scene which, at least to the mind of an elderly man, not *blasé* with sensation novels, rises to high pathos. And yet the effect is not produced by any violence of language or of incident, but by quiet and subtle analysis of small gestures, small circumstances, and emotions which show little, if at all, upon the surface.

This analytic faculty of Mr. Helps is very powerful. It has been sharpened, doubtless, by long converse with many men and many matters; but it must have been strong from youth; strong enough to have been dangerous

to any character which could not keep it in order by a still stronger moral sense. We have had immoral analysis of character enough, going about the world of late, to be admired as all *tours de force* are admired. There have been and are still, analysts who, in the cause of art, as they fancy, pick human nature to pieces merely to show how crimes can be committed. There have been analysts who, in the cause of religion as they fancied, picked human nature to pieces, to show how damnable it is. There have been those again, who in the cause of science, as they fancied, picked it to pieces to show how animal it is. Mr. Helps analyses it to show how tolerable, even loveable, it is after all, and how much more tolerable and loveable it might become by the exercise of a little common sense and charity. Let us say rather of that common sense which is charity, or at least is impossible without it; which comprehends, because it loves; or if it cannot altogether love, can at least pity or deplore.

It is this vein of wise charity, running through all which Mr. Helps has ever written, which makes his books so wholesome to the student of his fellow-men; especially wholesome, I should think, to ministers of religion. That, as the wise Yankee said, "It takes all sorts to make a world;" that it is not so easy as we think to know our friends from our foes, the children of light from those of darkness; that the final distinction into "righteous" and "wicked" requires an analysis infinitely deeper than any we can exercise, and must be decided hereafter by One before whom our wisdom is but blindness, our justice but passion; that in a word, "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged," is a command which is founded on actual facts, and had therefore better be obeyed: all this we ministers of religion are but too apt to ignore, and need to be reminded of it now and then, by lay-sermons from those who have not forgotten—as we sometimes forget—that we too are men.

And it seems to me, that a young clergyman, wishing to know how to deal with his fellow-creatures, and not having made up his mind, before all experience, to stretch them all alike upon some Procrustean bed of discipline, (Church or other), would do well to peruse and ponder, with something of humility and self-distrust, a good deal which Mr. Helps has

written. Let him read, for instance, the first half of "Essays written in the intervals of Business," and if he does not at first appreciate the wisdom and worth of much therein, let him set down his disappointment, not to any dulness of the author's, but to his own ignorance of the world and of mankind: that is, of the very subject-matter which he has vowed to work on, and to improve.

I would ask him, for instance, to consider such a passage as this:—"We are all disposed to dislike, in a manner disproportionate to their demerits, those who offend us by pretensions of any kind. We are apt to fancy that they despise us; whereas, all the while perhaps, they are only courting our admiration. There are people who wear the worst part of their characters outwards; they offend our vanity; they rouse our fears; and under these influences we omit to consider how often a scornful man is tender-hearted, and an assuming man, one who longs to be popular and to please."

I would ask the young man, too, to read much of "Friends in Council," not merely the essays, but the conversations also. For in them, too, he will chance on many a wise apothegm which will stand him in good stead in his daily work. Especially would I ask him to read that chapter on "Pleasantness;" and if he be inclined to think it merely a collection of maxims, acute enough, but having no bearing on Theology or on higher Ethics, let him correct his opinion by studying the following passage concerning a certain class of disagreeable people:—

"After much meditation on them, I have come to the conclusion that they are, in general, self-absorbed people. Now to be self-absorbed is a very different thing from being selfish, or of a hard nature. Such persons, therefore, may be very kind, may even be very sensitive; but the habit of looking at everything from their own point of view, of never travelling out of themselves, prevails even in their kindest and most sympathetic moments; and so they say and do the most unfeeling things without any ill intention whatsoever. They are much to be pitied as well as blamed; and the end is that they seldom adopt ways of pleasantness, until they are beaten into them by a long course of varied misfortune, which enables them to look at another's grief and

errors from his own point of view, because it has become their own."

Full of sound doctrine are those words, but like much of Mr. Helps's good advice on this and on other subjects, not likely to be learned by those who need it most, till they have been taught them by sad experience.

And for this reason: that too many of us lack imagination, and have, I suppose, lacked it in all ages. Mr. Helps puts sound words into Midhurst's mouth upon this very matter, in the conversation which follows the essay. It enables, according to him, a man "on all occasions to see what is to be said and thought for others. It corrects harshness of judgment and cruelty of all kinds. I cannot imagine a cruel man imaginative; and I suspect that there is a certain stupidity closely connected with all prolonged severity of word, or thought, or action."

No doubt: but what if it be said in defence of the stupid and cruel, that imagination is a natural gift; and that they therefore are not to be blamed for the want of it? That, again, it would doubtless be very desirable that every public functionary, lay or clerical, should possess a fair share of imagination; enough at least to put himself in the place of some sutor, whose fate he seals with "a clerk's cold spurt of the pen:" but that imagination is a quality too undefinable and transcendental to be discovered—at least the amount of it—by any examination, competitive or other?

The answer is, I think, to be found in Mr. Helps's own example. The imagination, like other faculties, grows by food; and its food cannot be too varied, in order that it may assimilate to itself the greatest number of diverse elements. Whatever natural faculty of imagination Mr. Helps may have had, it has evidently been developed, strengthened, and widened, by most various reading, various experience of men and things. The number and the variety of facts, objective and subjective, touched in his volumes is quite enormous. His mind has plainly been accustomed to place itself in every possible attitude, in order to catch every possible ray of light. The result is, that whenever he looks at a thing, though he may not always—who can, in such a mysterious world?—see into the heart of it, he at least sees it all round. He has acquired

a sense of proportion ; of the relative size and shape of things, which is the very foundation of all just and wise practical thought about them.

And this is what young men, setting out as thinkers, or as teachers, are naturally apt to lack. They are inclined to be bigots or fanatics, not from conceit or stupidity, but simply from ignorance. Their field of vision is too narrow ; and a single object in it is often sufficient to intercept to whole light of heaven, and so become an *idblon*—something worshipped instead of truth, and too often at the expense of human charity. In the young layman there is no cure, it is said, for such a state of mind, like the House of Commons ; and in default of that, good company, in the true sense of the word. Mr. Helps makes no secret, throughout his pages, of what he owes to the society of men of very varied opinions and temperaments, as able as, or abler than himself. But all have not his opportunities ; and least of all, perhaps, we of the clerical profession, who need them most, not only because we have to influence human hearts and heads of every possible temper, and in every possible state, but because the very sacredness of our duties, and our conviction of the truth of our own teaching, tempt us—paradoxical, as it may seem—towards a self-conceit, blind, and harsh routine. What is the young clergyman's cure ? How shall he keep his imaginative sympathy strong and open ?

Certainly, by much varied reading. The study of the Greek and Latin classics has helped, I believe, much in making the clergy of the Church of England what they are—the most liberal-minded priesthood which the world has yet seen. The want of it has certainly helped to narrow the mind of Non-conformists. A boy cannot be brought up to read of, and to love, old Greeks and Romans, without a vague, but deep feeling, that they, too, were men of like passions, and it may be sometimes of like virtues, with himself ; and he who has learnt how to think and how to know, from Aristotle and Plato, will have a far juster view of the vastness and importance of the whole human race and its strivings after truth, than he who has learnt his one little lesson about man and the universe from the works of one or two Divines of his own peculiar school. He will be all the

more inclined to be just to the Mussulman, the Hindoo, the Buddhist, from having learnt to be just to those who worshipped round the Capitol or the Acropolis. One sees, therefore, with much regret, more and more young men taking orders without having had a sound classical education, and more and more young men so overworked by parish duty, as to have really no time left for study. Under the present mania for over-working everybody, such Churchmen as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries saw

literary, philosophic, scientific, generally human and humane are becoming more and more impossible ; while a priesthood such as may be seen in more than one country of Europe, composed of mere professionals, busy, ambitious, illiterate, is becoming more and more possible.

One remedy, at least, is this, that more varied culture should be insisted on, by those who have the power to insist ; that if not a sound knowledge of the best classic literature, at least a sound knowledge of the best English, should be demanded of young clergymen. Let such a one have say only his Shakespeare—at his fingers' ends, and he will find his visits in the parish, and his sermon in the pulpit also, all the more full of that "Pleasantness," which is, to tell the truth, nothing less than Divine "Charity."

Such are a few of the thoughts which suggested themselves to me while reading Mr. Help's later books, and re-reading—with an increasing sense of their value—several of his earlier ones. If these thoughts have turned especially towards the gentlemen of my own cloth, and their needs, it has been because I found Mr. Helps's Essays eminently full of that "sweetness and light," which Mr. Matthew Arnold tells is so necessary for us all. Most necessary are they certainly, for us clergymen ; and yet they are the very qualities which we are most likely to lose, not only from the hurry and worry of labour, but from the very importance of the questions on which we have to make up our minds, and the hugeness of the evils with which we have to fight. And thankful we should be to one who, amid toil no less continuous and distracting than that of any active clergyman, has not only preserved sweetness and light himself, but has taught the value of them to others

BOOK REVIEWS

HISTORICAL ESSAYS. By Edward A. Freeman, M. A., Hon. D.C.L., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co.

MR. FREEMAN may, we believe, be regarded as the greatest living authority on the period of history to which he has specially devoted himself, and which may be comprehensively designated as the Middle Age, between ancient history and modern, embracing the formation of all the European nations in the mould of the still surviving Empire, and the early development of their institutions, civil and religious. Not that his knowledge is limited to this period, for he has given us valuable proof of his profound study of ancient history and of the political history of modern times. His "Norman Conquest" is not only beyond comparison the best, it is in fact the only history of those events; for Thierry, though learned, picturesque and generous, is far too fanciful to hold his ground as an authority and a guide, nor does he present the Conquest and the Conqueror with the fulness of detail with which they are presented by Mr. Freeman, and which alone can lend life and interest to the history of the remote past. Mr. Freeman has high literary merits—a clear and thoroughly manly style, a vigour and a vividness in narration only occasionally marred by a slight tendency to diffusiveness and by the antiquarian enthusiasm which leads him sometimes to introduce into the text incidental details better suited for a note. But his supreme excellence lies in his thorough mastery of his materials, in his conscientious and discriminating use of them, and in the perfect soundness of all he writes. Whether you agree with his interpretation of facts or not, you may feel perfectly sure that you will find on investigation, that his authorities are correctly cited, and that their relative value has been duly weighed. In the latter respect he has greatly the advantage of Thierry, who always has an authority for what he says, but is by no means careful in determining the relative value of authorities, especially when he is under the generous but misleading influence of his sympathy with oppressed nationalities. Dean Milman's work is excellent, and deserves the highest gratitude of the student of history; but he may occasionally be caught tripping, and very excusably, considering how immense was the mass of facts which he had to embrace, and that he commenced his great work at an age when the physical memory begins to lose its strength. That the same thing may be said of Gibbon, notwithstanding his vast and genuine learning, is known to the few who have had occasion to compare him with his Byzantine authorities. But Mr. Freeman, though he has provoked searching criticism by his somewhat ruthless exposure of the inaccuracies of others, has never, so far as we know, been detected in any serious error even on a subordinate point. He strictly confines himself to narrating events in accordance with the evidence and to

tracing the connection between them, eschewing philosophic generalizations whether of the school of Buckle or of any other school. "We have thus tried," he says, at the conclusion of his essay on the Continuity of English History "to trace the outward sequence of cause and effect through a considerable portion of history. This outward sequence is all that we can profess to trace. We cannot submit the phenomena of English history, its course at home or its points of difference from that of other nations to any grand scientific law. If we are asked for the causes of the contrast between the steady course of freedom in England and its fitful rises and falls in France, we have no universal formula of explanation. We can only say that the causes are many and various; and some of those which we should assign are perhaps rather of an old-fashioned kind. We confess that we are not up to the last lights of the age: we have not graduated in the school of Mr. Buckle. We still retain our faith in the existence and the free-will both of God and of man. National character, geographical position, earlier historical events have had much to do with the difference; but we believe that the personal character of individual men and the happy thought, or happy accident, of some particular enactment has often had quite as much to do with it as any of them." One obvious advantage, at all events, of writing history on this system is that come what may of the conflicting theories and philosophies of history over which the world is now disputing, the facts ascertained and arranged by Mr. Freeman must always retain their value. Nor can any changes of opinion or of literary fashion impair the interest of a narrative which relies for its effect not on rhetoric or sensational pictures, but on the intrinsic importance and interest of the character and events. Mr. Freeman's writings are perhaps the very best school in which a young student of history can train himself. They redeem a generation which in its blindness has bowed down to the ignorant and mendacious sensationalism of Mr. Froude.

The essays contained in the present volume are revised republications from leading reviews. They relate mostly to Mr. Freeman's special period; but the last in the series "On Presidential Government" belongs to political philosophy, and reminds us that Mr. Freeman has published one volume of an excellent work on Federal Government, which we hope he will take in hand again as soon as he shall have completed his *History of the Norman Conquest*. There could not be a moment at which such a work would be more welcome or more likely to influence political action on a great scale than the present. Among a number of papers affording striking proofs of the writer's peculiar learning, the most remarkable perhaps is that on the *Early Sieges of Paris*, which derives additional interest from recent events, by which its subject was in fact sug-

gested. We doubt whether any other writer possesses sufficient command of the authorities to move so freely without stumbling in that dim twilight of the dawn of French history. But all the essays are full of learning and sound instruction.

If there is one of the series from the general views of which we are disposed to dissent, though with great deference for the opinion of one so thoroughly at home in the subject, it is that on "St. Thomas of Canterbury and his Biographers." We cannot help thinking that Mr. Freeman's fondness for St. Thomas a'Becket is a case of what the writers on Primitive Culture call "survival"; that it belongs rather to the earlier and more ecclesiastical portion of the author's career, when he was one of the most eminent among the leaders in the revival of Church Art connected with the High Church movement at Oxford. To us, we confess, Thomas a'Becket has always seemed to stand in strong contrast to the real Saintship of Anselm, and to be himself in truth nothing more than a vulgar embodiment of the sacerdotal ambition and the ecclesiastical fallacies of his age. Thierry has discovered in him a Saxon patriot, defending his race against the Norman oppressor; but this theory is justly pronounced by Mr. Freeman untenable: Becket was not of Saxon but of Norman extraction, and, as Mr. Freeman says, the sharp antagonism of races assumed in Thierry's hypothesis had by this time ceased to exist. Thierry makes a great point of the article in the Constitutions of Clarendon forbidding the ordination of serfs without the consent of their lords, in opposing which he supposes Becket to have been the champion of the Saxon democracy. Milman, on the other hand, has remarked that this article in reality passed almost unheeded. Mr. Freeman disputes Milman's opinion on the strength of some lines in the Metrical French Life of Becket by Garnier. But we have the most positive proof that Thierry has vastly exaggerated the importance of the article and that it was really regarded by Becket's party as of secondary moment: since at the Council of Sens the sixteen Constitutions of Clarendon were laid before the Pope, who distinguished those which were utterly inadmissible from those which, though objectionable, were comparatively harmless, and placed the article respecting the ordination of serfs in the latter class. What the democratic sympathies of Rome and her representatives were worth appeared not long after this in the Papal condemnation of the Great Charter and its authors. Democratic Rome has, in truth, never been; though in the case of kings who were heretics or opposed her pretensions she has been rebel and tyrannicide. It cannot be pretended again, that Becket was a martyr to religious liberty in the high sense of the term, since as a member of the Council of Tours he took part in setting on foot those persecutions of the heretics of Southern France, which at last culminated in the extermination of the Albigenses. To the liberties of the national Church of England he was twice a traitor: first in allowing himself to be forced on the electors to the Archbishopric, in defiance of Church rights and liberties, by an exercise of the royal power; secondly, in attempting to get rid of this flaw in his position by surrendering the Primacy of England into the hands of the Pope and receiving it back as the Pope's gift, a precedent which was probably not forgotten in the usurping Councils of Innocent III. He was a martyr to nothing but that

Hildebrandine theory of the supremacy of the clergy and of the Pope as their chief over the lay powers and the laity generally, which at this period filled the heads and fired the hearts of all the priests in Europe; which was supported by a whole arsenal of forgery and fraud, as well as by the general agencies of superstition, and which, if it could have been carried into effect, would have reduced Europe to the condition of Egypt, paralyzed intellect, arrested political progress and stopped the current of civilization. The chief object for which he fought was the immunity of clerical robbers and murderers, and of all robbers and murderers over whom the clergy chose, with a view of enlarging their clientage, to extend the protection of their order, from the jurisdiction of secular tribunals, as William of Newburgh, about the only contemporary writer in whom anything like an impartial account of these transactions is to be found, very clearly explains. But it is not to be forgotten that immediately after his appointment to the Archbishopric, and before the Constitutions of Clarendon were mooted, he commenced his course of aggression by setting up tyrannical claims to property which had been vested by a long term of prescription in other hands; at the same time outraging justice by making himself judge in his own cause and violating the established custom of the realm by excommunicating a tenant in chief of the Crown without the cognizance of the King. His bearing through the whole controversy was in the last degree insolent, outrageous and unchristian; even his most attached partizan had to warn him that, instead of always poring over the Canon Law, the magazine of ecclesiastical aggression, he had better turn his mind to the Gospel. He met his death at last by violence, and in this sense he may be said to have been, in Mr. Freeman's words, "a martyr to the general cause of law and order"; but he had himself provoked that violence by launching, immediately after his reconciliation with the King and in breach of the agreement into which he had virtually entered, a storm of censures and excommunications for which Mr. Freeman blames him highly, justly remarking that the amnesty which would naturally have been expected under the circumstances from a secular conqueror, was much more to be expected from a minister of peace. "But," says Mr. Freeman, "in the state of fanatic exaltation into which Thomas had now wrought himself, lenity would have seemed a crime which would incur the curse of Merodach." People in a state of fanatic exaltation are apt, especially in rough times, to run into violent collisions. The conduct and bearing of this ecclesiastical tergiteant made it perfectly clear that there was no living within the same realm with him except on condition of absolute submission to his fanatical and tyrannical will. The last gospel principle in defence of which the servant of Christ launched his anathemas, and to which, if to any principle, he was a martyr, was the supremacy of Canterbury over York, and the exclusive right of the Archbishop of Canterbury to crown and anoint the King. The last word uttered by his saintly lips was "pandar," which provoked the excited savage to whom it was addressed to hew him down. The crazy lust of martyrdom which at last possessed him, and which widely prevailed in that crusading age, might not otherwise have been gratified. We are very much in the dark as to some parts of his character, our chief authorities being his ecclesiastical

biographers, whose works are rather rhapsodies than histories, the very dregs of the human mind, tainted with preposterous miracles, and burning with a fanaticism which would have made lying in the Saint's honour a duty and telling the truth against him a crime. It is on the testimony of such witnesses that we are called upon to believe that Becket, before his elevation to the Archbishopric, and while outwardly an ambitious, grasping and ostentatious man of the world, a supple courtier and a ruthless soldier, was in heart devout and practised asceticism in secret. It is on the same testimony that Mr. Freeman and others believe that Becket was adored by the common people; though, even granting this to be the fact, it would only prove, what needs no proof, that the people in those days were sunk in superstition and completely under the influence of the priests. The subsequent popularity of Becket as a Saint was the natural consequence of the assiduous exaltation of his name by all the members of the order for whose most iniquitous and noxious privileges he was supposed to have died; and, if pleaded as testimony on his side, it would prove rather too much, since the offerings at Becket's shrine were far more numerous than those made to the Virgin, and infinitely more numerous than those made to God. As the memory of Becket has gained, so the memory of Henry II. has suffered, in common with that of all kings who offended the clergy in the middle age, by the prejudice of the clerical writers who were then the only historians. It is true that Henry, like all the men of that age had still in him a good deal of the savage, and was liable to fits of ungoverned and cruel passion; but his early friendship with Becket shows that he was a man of warm affections, and there is an anecdote in the life of St. Hugh of Lincoln, which represents him as genial, good humoured, capable of being turned from his wrath by a jest. He was licentious, but we are not bound to believe all the monstrous charges of his enemies, and we are bound to remember that he had an old shrew for his wife. He was, at times tyrannical, but his tyranny was better for the people than the liberty of Front de Bœuf, and his reign, after the anarchy of Stephen, must have seemed almost a millennium. Had he been willing to submit to clerical usurpation, neither license nor tyranny would have drawn down ecclesiastical rebuke in his case any more than they did in that of his grandfather Henry, or in that of his son John, who so long as he was a supporter of the Church was allowed to put away his wife without cause and was backed by Papal authority in his perfidious repudiation of the Great Charter. Becket would have thought as little of the immoralities of a pious king as he did of the practical abuses in the Church, of which indeed he was himself, as an enormous pluralist, a conspicuous instance. Henry, though he came of a race noted for bridling ecclesiastics, and the subject in consequence of their calumnious legends, does not seem to have been irreligious; he heard mass regularly, gave to the Church, and like his grandfather willingly employed churchmen. He cannot have been utterly unscrupulous, or he would have accepted the overtures of the Emperor, and by throwing his weight into the scale in favour of the anti-Pope have secured the triumph of the secular power and checkmated Becket. He was not an Englishman or an English patriot, but a great continental King, ruling England almost as a dependency, Becket in like manner was not an Englishman or an English patriot

but a Roman: and Henry's continental power enabled him to repress the feudal anarchy in England, and to give the country a period of internal peace, which, together with the free trade which it enjoyed with his continental dominions, rapidly advanced its wealth and prosperity. The repression of lawlessness and crime in the clergy was the complement of the policy so ably and beneficently inaugurated at the commencement of the reign by the repression of the feudal anarchy and the expulsion of their mercenary hordes. In the continuation of that policy the King expected the co-operation of his bosom friend and chief counsellor; in this expectation he caused Becket to be elected Archbishop; and it is totally incredible that Becket should have really undeceived him before the election. In the course of the struggle, his passionate nature being maddened by Becket's perfidy and arrogance, he did things highly blameworthy, among which, however, we hardly reckon on the pressure put upon the Cistercians to dislodge from their protection an enemy who, under that protection, was assailing the King and the peace of his realm with weapons styled spiritual, but which wielded by the hands of Hildebrand and his ambitious successors had filled Germany and Italy with unnatural and desolating war. That in the immediate issue the King was right is now admitted by the whole world with the possible exception of the editor of the *Univers*, and was practically acknowledged in a sort of concordat framed at the instance of Archbishop Richard, the successor of Becket. Mr. Freeman says that the immunity of clerks from the jurisdiction of the civil power would now be justly considered monstrous in every well-governed country, but that it was a cause that might honestly be maintained in the twelfth century. "Thomas did not invent the ecclesiastical claims; he merely defended them as he found them". Here with great deference and some misgiving, we must join issue with Mr. Freeman on a question of fact. We venture to submit that, so far as England was concerned, Becket did invent the ecclesiastical claims which he put forward. Those claims were contrary to, while the Constitutions of Clarendon were generally in accordance with, the rules of the Norman kingdom as promulgated by the Conqueror in the face of Hildebrand, and recorded on the unquestionable authority of Eadmer. If the liability of ecclesiastical offenders to the civil jurisdiction had not been formally proclaimed, it had been practically asserted in the signal case of Odo of Bayeux. Besides, it is pushing the charity of history rather far to say that a claim which all sensible men now see to be unrighteous, might have been righteously maintained in former times, and this in the presence of most decisive facts (for the kingdom was full of privileged criminals) and in face of the arguments now accepted as conclusive. If Richard de Luci or Abbot Samson (who was one of Henry's justiciars) could see that justice ought to be done upon a murderer in minor orders, why could not Becket, a man evidently of superior ability and according to his admirers of genius see it also? We are ready to judge Becket according to the ideas and the moral and Christian standard of his time. We will compare him with Anselm. Anselm when brought into collision, in defence of the Church's rights, with two Kings in succession, one of whom at all events was a much worse man and greater tyrant than Henry II., did everything in his power to preserve the peace of

of Church and State, pushed concession to its utmost limits, abstained as long as possible from the use of spiritual censures, readily embraced a rational compromise as soon as it was offered. He interposed, when at the Council of Bari, the Pope, yielding to the clamour of the excited assembly, was about to excommunicate William Rufus. He shed tears, so his biographer assures us, when he heard of the Red King's death. He never for a moment forgot the temporal allegiance due to his sovereign, or leagued himself, for the purpose of obtaining temporal support for spiritual principles, with the King's enemies. In his bearing towards Rufus and in his letters to Henry he was invariably respectful. He met violence as a Christian prelate should, with meekness, and displayed throughout the contest the Christian's true chivalry, long-suffering and love of peace. He never thought of his personal position or of his personal wrongs. The end of the struggle in his case was not a tragic catastrophe, but a happy settlement, founded on a just distinction between the rights of the Church and those of the State, by which peace was restored to both. Becket's conduct in every respect was exactly the reverse. He eagerly embraced occasions for quarrel. He pushed everything to extremities. He treated all forbearance, all patience, all charity, much more all concession or compromise, as "the sin of Meroz." He hurled about his spiritual thunderbolts with reckless vindictiveness on all sides. He reviled the Pope, because the shrewd and patient Italian, who won his own game by waiting, hesitated at once to proceed to extreme measures against the King. He was always full of himself and of his own wrongs, and blasphemously identified himself with Christ, while he showed the difference between himself and Him who reviled not again, by styling one of his opponents "not Archdeacon, but Archdevil." In all his letters there is not a word that betokens the spirit of a real Christian, and his whole conduct is as contrary as possible to the plain precepts of the Gospel which he professed to make the rule of his life, and which was as intelligible to him as it is to us. Immediately on his departure from England he flung himself in violation of his feudal obligations, into the arms of his sovereign's enemy, the King of France. He bore himself towards Henry in the most offensive manner, addressing him generally as his equal in rank, while spiritually he assumed towards him airs of paternity utterly ridiculous and disgusting in one, who instead of having like Anselm passed a long life in the service of Christ and in the guidance of souls, was the King's boon companion of yesterday, and had just leaped from the saddle of the soldier into the throne of the Archbishop. Becket's renewal of the war on his return to England and after his reconciliation with the King would have left him without a defender among reasonable men, had not his breach of the amnesty been covered by his tragic fate. The proclamation of Henry VIII., which declared that Becket was killed in a brawl, contained a large amount of truth, though it was not its truth that recommended it to Henry VIII. Perhaps to the significant points of contrast between Becket and Anselm it may be added that Anselm though an ascetic, as all religious men were in those days, does not appear to have been a Fakir, while it was a principal element in Becket's Saintship, according to his monkish adorers, that he was covered with holy filth and swarmed with vermin. It is not surprising that Becket's name should be in all ages dear and

familiar to ecclesiastical ambition; that the pens of ultramontane priests should now again be glorifying his memory, or that an untruthful and sophistical life of him should have formed a prominent part of the literature of the Romanizing party at Oxford. A "worthy" of clerical aggrandizement he is, and one of the highest of them; but among the "worthlies" of England, of morality, or of Christianity, we, notwithstanding Mr. Freemaan's appeal, emphatically refuse a place to Becket.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By John Forster. Vol. I. 1812-1842. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

It does not surprise us to learn that this biography has already reached a ninth edition. A few months after the body of Charles Dickens had been deposited beneath the flag-stones of Westminster Abbey, certain of the critics held a *post mortem* upon his literary remains. They had not the slightest doubt that his works were as dead as himself; and if any spark of life were yet remaining, it seemed scarcely credible that a "subject" could survive the dissections of such anatomists. The critics were for once mistaken; they appear to have forgotten that *humour* has many champions. It was easy to declaim against the factitious popularity of Dickens; not so easy to destroy the troop of grateful friends he left behind him. Mr. Pickwick may be dead by this time, though we have no evidence of the fact; Sam Weller and Mary (*née* Nubbles) are certainly keeping a "public" somewhere to this day; Captain Cuttle, we have good reason to believe, is still "to the fore"; and Mr. Micawber, having no desire for anything else "to turn up," may, possibly, turn himself up from Australia as a witness in the Tichborne case. As for Dick Swiveller, there can be no doubt an advertisement in the second column of the *Times* would draw him out immediately. There is not a household in England or America where these genial folk would not find an open door and a hearty welcome: not to speak of the rest of the many characters who owe their name and fame to the genius of Charles Dickens. Therefore we say that the critics were mistaken; and, if any one be still in doubt, we beg to refer him or her to the enormous sale of the family edition of *Oliver Twist*, and the eager zest with which all classes have devoured the first instalment of Mr. Forster's biography.

We have no desire, even if we could afford the space, to imitate the example of some of our contemporaries, who, as it appears to us, have emasculated the work and detracted from the interest the reader would certainly feel on an independent perusal of it. Most children, young and old, are fond of plums; but if these are dished up as a preliminary to the pudding to which they originally belonged, it is only natural that they should fail to relish the mutilated after-part of the repast.

It is due to the biographer to give him at once, and in the first place, our humble tribute to the careful and discriminating style of his book. Many faults, though they could be detected here, would be forgiven in Mr. Forster, because he has loved much. A man who could have attracted the strong and manly affection displayed by the biographer must have had

a warm and generous nature; and although we are inclined to think that Mr. Forster's heart has sometimes got the better of his head, it has not often done so: his narrative is quite as impartial as we could expect—perhaps we may add, as we could wish it to be.

And yet, it is quite possible that, apart from prejudices to which men have already committed themselves, there may be two distinctly opposite verdicts passed upon the subject of the work. We can imagine a perfectly ingenuous and unbiassed reader, deliberately penning two entirely contradictory views of Dickens, according to the passing mood in which he takes it up. There is much to call forth sympathy—much to command admiration; but there are also many things which excite regret, call for pity, and even challenge patience in a reader.

Of the first ten years of Dickens' life, we need say little. The early vicissitudes of the family fortunes, which are interesting in the work, would seem tiresome in a mere abstract of incidents. The story of the "queer little boy" whom Dickens met at Gadshill, had been published before, and it is certainly well told; but it strikes us rather as a monologue than a conversation. At any rate, though it really records a reminiscence of Dickens, it is not very remarkable. Many boys have desired Gadshills who never obtained them; just as multitudes of them have broken the Sabbath, though it is only those who come to be hanged who tell us anything about it. In spite of the predilection Mr. Forster displays in favour of Chatham as the birth-place of Dickens' fancy, we venture to place it in a less picturesque—a less savoury—locality, Bayham street, Camden Town. Here, for the first time, Dickens felt himself really left alone, without the boy-companionship necessary always to boys—especially so to the delicate and sensitive pupil of the kindly Mr. Giles. From the moment when the child stood *vis-à-vis* to the Bow Street officer who lived over the way—with the washerwoman who lived next door in the side-couples—the dance of life began. We open at once upon the scene which was always present to the mind of Dickens, whether humorous, pathetic or satirical in mood. To use an Hibernicism, the first act of his life-drama was the second, the third and so on to the fifth. His whole subsequent career was a building upon the foundation of memory; or, to change the figure again, the later phases of his literary life were as the slides of a telescope drawn out as distance appeared to warrant, sometimes in focus, presenting objects with a clear and sharp outline—sometimes blurred and distorted. The field, however, was always the same.

It is very difficult to conjecture, with any hope of accuracy, how far Dickens projected his mature reflections into the experiences of his boyhood. It cannot be doubted, however, that a nature, sympathetic and finely-nerved as his, must have taken that bitter London apprenticeship very much to heart. The hopeless insolvency of his father—the carelessness of both parents regarding his education—the bitter sense of abandonment and loneliness which overpowered his cheerful spirits, may have been some what intensified in the retrospect, but they must have been real. On the story of the blacking-warehouse we cannot dwell, except to express some surprise that poor Bob Fagin, who seems to have possessed a kindly heart, should have been immortalized as the detestable old Jew. In comparison with this, the

employment of Poll Green's pseudo-Christian name to decorate Sweedlepipes seems a venial offence.

The difficulties of Mr. Dickens Sr., in and out of prison, occupy a good deal of space in the first chapters of this biography. It has been urged as a matter of accusation against his son, that these troubles which were real enough, while they continued, both to the father and mother, were made fun of afterwards by their son. There can be no doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, in some sense, represent the elder Dickens and his wife, but we do not at all believe that their son had the slightest intention of taking "revenge," as Mr. Forster will have it, in *David Copperfield*. In spite of some hard words written years afterwards, it appears evident—and we appeal to *David Copperfield* in corroboration—that in those early days, when privation pressed most heavily, Dickens sympathized completely with his parents. It was afterwards, when all the danger was over, that he could afford to be humorous and, it must be confessed, satirical also. To understand Dickens properly, we must compare this passage in his life with another, which also sank deeply into his mind. The child-wife, *Dora*, of his autobiographical novel, was a reality—a first love. She it was who inspired him with his zeal as a student of stenography, and stirred ambition within him. She did not marry *him*, but did marry, we believe, that obnoxious person—"another." Yet, at the age of forty-four, he experienced, whenever he approached her, the feeling of awe becoming one who stands beside the grave of a buried affection. As soon, however, as the passion had finally worn itself out, *Dora* appears again as the *Flora* of *Little Dorrit*. Here again, there is an apparent want of feeling: but it is only apparent. The solution of the enigma appears to be this, that Dickens was not so much a master of humour as humour was master of him. So long as the suffering or the love endured, or whenever the memory of it took forcible possession of his mind, such was the intensity of his nature, that all other thoughts were banished for the time. No sooner, however, was the spell broken, than his familiar spirit recovered its sway, suggesting incongruous and ludicrous images, and thus his sorrows and affections alike became the sport of his humour.

The story of Dickens' boyhood, whether we read it in *David Copperfield* or in the autobiographical fragment in Mr. Forster's work, is one of intense interest. Fielding, in one of the initial chapters of *Tom Jones*, essays in his playful style "to prove that an author will write the better for having some knowledge of the subject on which he writes." Dickens knew his subject thoroughly, not merely by observation or study, but from bitter experience of hardship and—as he viewed it—of wrong. The miserable drudgery of the blacking-warehouse—the wretched shifts of his unthrifty parent—the errands to the pawnbrokers and second-hand shops of London—his thirst for knowledge, unappreciated and unsatisfied by father or mother—his solitary unfriended life—must all have weighed heavily upon that sensitive, delicate and precocious boy. Mr. Forster tells us that "at extreme points of his life, he used to find the explanation of himself in those early trials. He had derived great good from them, but not without alloy. The fixed and eager determination, the restless and resistless energy" had with it some disadvantages among many noble ad-

vantages." So we are told he was often "uneasy, shrinking and over-sensitive" in society; and that a too great confidence in himself sometimes laid upon him burdens too grievous to be borne. "In that direction there was in him, at such times, something even hard and aggressive; in his determinations, a something that had almost the tone of fierceness; a something in his nature that made his resolves insuperable, however hasty the opinions on which they had been formed." These manifestations, however, were rare, and did not permanently prejudice a character "as singularly open and generous as it was at all times ardent and impetuous." When they occurred, however, "a stern and even cold isolation of self-reliance was seen side by side with a susceptibility almost feminine, and the most eager craving for sympathy." These apparently incompatible traits of character, appear to us to account, on the one hand, for that seeming want of grateful appreciation with which the Americans accused him; and, on the other, for the complacency with which he devoured popular approbation—unjustly put to the score of mere vanity. Dickens has been charged with eking out his deficiencies of skill as an artist by exaggerations of individual peculiarity. This tendency, however, was really one so natural to him that he could not divest himself of it in private letters to his dearest friends. Even his punctuation was done by wholesale: in one letter, Mr. Forster is treated to half-a-dozen marks of interrogation to a single question; in another, a clause, containing nothing specially wonderful, terminates with no less than thirty notes of admiration. This extravagance, perhaps, for the most part unconscious, heightens the humour of his works; but it often degrades it almost to the level of caricature, and sometimes makes his pathos appear tawdry and artificial. The story of his boyhood is extremely touching, and will be read with intense interest; but his vehement—even boisterous—lamentations over its hardships seem too highly wrought to be satisfactory. When we find that sombre shadow darkening a prosperous manhood, the study of his character seems to belong to the pathology, rather than the natural history, of genius.

It is pleasant to find that Dickens, as a limner of character, painted from the life, and that he dealt out an even measure of poetic justice to all parties. This feature, in the biography, has been pointed to as a proof that he lacked imagination—as if that charge might not, with equal propriety, be advanced against all the great masters of fiction, in prose and poetry. At any rate, we do not think any one will be disposed to revise his estimate of Dickens' powers on that account. It is all very well to speak eulogistically of the man who "makes a story out of his own head," but there is a substratum of realism in human nature which seeks a foundation of fact even in a fictitious narrative. The Cheeryble Brothers, the Marchioness, and the Garland family, are quite as agreeable, now that we know they had an actual living personality as they were before. So it is some satisfaction, on the other hand, to know that Creakle of Salem House had a substantial back, upon which we should like to have applied his own cane, since we now know that he was Mr. Jones of Wellington House Academy. The same may be said of Mrs. Pipchin, for whose portrait sat, "unconsciously," Mrs. Roylance of Camden Town—the precursor, it would seem, of the unfortunate baby-farmer, who

recently met her death, by legal violence, within the precincts of Newgate.

We have dwelt at such length on the early days of the novelist, that we must pass over the record of his literary struggles and triumphs without remark. This may be done the more readily, because, as we have stated, the youth of Dickens was really the great period of interest in his life—at least of so much of it as is narrated in this volume. Moreover, the detailed account of his works can be studied to better advantage in the biography itself. Some remarks have been made on the tender affection Dickens felt for the memory of his sister-in-law, Miss Mary Hogarth. One critic thinks that Mr. Forster ought to have suppressed the references to it in Dickens' letters. We are of a different opinion. It appears to us that the passages objected to throw considerable light upon the character of the man—perhaps we may go so far as to say that they ought to disabuse the public mind of any lingering impression made by a slander, promulgated during his life-time. From first to last, Dickens' nature was, above all things, childlike—in some respects, childish. The traits of character which impress us most in reading his life are those which survived his youth, and not only helped to form, but actually constituted, the man. He loved young people, because he was always young himself—generous, impulsive, cheerful and sympathetic. What he prized in her who was so early taken away, may be gathered from the epitaph he placed upon her tomb:—"Young, beautiful and good, God numbered her among His angels, at the early age of seventeen." A comparison of the subsequent allusions in his letters from America with the closing words of *David Copperfield*, inclines us to the belief that she was the original of *Agnes Wickfield*—the noblest, purest and best of his heroines.

Dickens' first visit to America has been a subject of controversy *ad nauseam*. The biography contains some incidents, as well as some very plain expressions of opinion, not to be found in the *Notes* or even in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Our neighbours did not know the man they had to deal with. He admired such of their good points as were on the surface; but his sense of the ridiculous, abetted by the fearful demon of boredom, soon got the upper-hand. At first all went merrily enough; but by and by a sense of weariness and satiety crept insensibly over him. Everybody is eternally staring at him (p. 324), cheating him in hotel bills (p. 345), criticising his personal appearance in conversation with him (p. 386), and even peering into his state-room while he was washing and his wife in bed (p. 403). It is not surprising that he "does not believe there are on the whole earth besides so many intensified bores as in these United States". He pays a well-deserved tribute to the many sterling qualities of our neighbours, and yet breaks out in his letters in such passages as the following:—"I still reserve my opinion of the national character—just whispering that I tremble for a radical coming here, unless he is a radical in principle, by reason and reflection, and from the sense of right. I fear, that if he were anything else, he would return home a tory" (p. 327); "I don't like the country. I would not live here, on any consideration. It goes against the grain with me—it would with you. I think it impossible, utterly impossible, for any Englishman to live here and be happy," &c. (p. 351). With regard to

Canada, although he says little, in addition to what is given in the *Notes*, there is one observable fact. Our Nova Scotian brethren are unmercifully cut up, because they unfortunately happened to reside at a way-station on the road to his apotheosis in the United States. There his characteristic impatience got the better of his generosity. When, however, he had been thoroughly surfeited with the hospitality he came to enjoy, Toronto, Kingston and Montreal are treated as very endurable cities of refuge. It is true that Toronto, five years after the rebellion, was found to be "wild, rabid," and even "appalling" in its torquism; still Canadian kindness was an agreeable relief after the overwhelming attentions which bored him across the line.

Here, the first volume terminates. Its readers will, we think, readily recognize at once the strength and the weaknesses of Charles Dickens. Both lie upon the surface—sometimes exciting sympathy, sometimes regret; but never repelling or offending us. With all his faults—or, more properly, perhaps, because of his faults—we all love him and his works. His pathos may sometimes seem too laboured and finely drawn; his views, political and economic, none of the soundest; but as a humorist, we believe he will attain to literary immortality. When Mr. Forster's interesting biography is further advanced, we may take the opportunity of offering a general estimate of Dickens' claims as an author; meanwhile, we need scarcely commend the first volume to the notice of our readers as a well-written, judicious and thoroughly affectionate record of the early years of our best contemporary humorist. It is only just to add that the American edition, issued by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, is not a piracy, but the result of an arrangement, profitable to the author and honourable to the American publishers.

ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH; or Forest Life in Canada. By Susanna Moodie. New and Revised Edition. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

A generation has passed away since Mrs. Moodie first gave to the world this interesting narrative of her experience in the back-woods. At that time, the work appears to have attracted little attention in Canada, and that little chiefly assumed the form of captious and ungenerous criticism. The bulk of the population were then living the life and practically realizing the hardships the author so graphically depicted. No description, therefore, however vivid, would impress them, except as an imperfect reflection of the toils and struggles of every-day life. The humorous side of pioneer labour, which Mrs. Moodie successfully brought out, would scarcely strike the early settler; or, if it did, the playful vein of the author might, in all probability, jar offensively upon him, in his serious and earnest moods. Moreover, the book was avowedly a story of failure, and the colonists, with characteristic sensitiveness, were not willing that such a story should go forth to the emigrating class at home. In this edition Mrs. Moodie devotes a portion of the introductory chapter to an explanation and defence of her motives in writing and publishing the work:

"In 1830 the tide of emigration flowed westward, and Canada became the great land-mark for the rich in hope and poor in purse. Public newspapers and

private letters teemed with the almost fabulous advantages to be derived from a settlement in this highly favoured region. Men, who had been doubtful of supporting their families in comfort at home, thought that they had only to land in Canada to realize a fortune. The infection became general. Thousands and tens of thousands from the middle ranks of British society, for the space of three or four years, landed upon these shores. A large majority of these emigrants were officers of the army and navy, with their families; a class perfectly unfitted, by their previous habits and standing in society, for contending with the stern realities of emigrant life in the back-woods. A class formed mainly from the younger scions of great families, naturally proud, and not only accustomed to command, but to receive implicit obedience from the people under them, are not men adapted to the hard toil of the woodman's life. * * *

It is not by such feeble instruments as the above that Providence works, when it seeks to reclaim the waste places of the earth, and make them subservient to the wants and happiness of its creatures. The great Father of the souls and bodies of men knows the arm which wholesome labour from infancy has made strong, the nerves that have become iron by patient endurance, and He chooses such to send forth into the forest to hew out the rough paths for the advance of civilization. * * *

The poor man is in his native element; the poor gentleman totally unfitted, by his previous habits and education, to be a hewer of the forest and a tiller of the soil. What money he brought out with him is lavishly expended during the first two years, in paying for labour to clear and fence lands, which, from his ignorance of agricultural pursuits, will never make him the least profitable return, and barely find coarse food for his family. Of clothing we say nothing. Bare feet and rags are too common in the bush. Now, had the same means and the same labour been employed in the cultivation of a leased farm, purchased for a few hundred dollars, near a village, how different would have been the results not only to the settler, but it would have added greatly to the wealth and social improvement of the country." It was to warn "poor gentlemen" against foolishly taking up grants of wild land which they could not reduce under cultivation, and to point out the poverty and suffering which inevitably followed, that "Roughing it in the Bush" was originally written. Having taken a false step, Mrs. Moodie related her experience for the admonition of those who might be tempted to make a similar mistake. It was no part of her design to deter the able-bodied agriculturist from settling on Canadian soil; she only sought to undeceive those who fancied that bush-farming was a diversion, in which any one might comfortably and profitably indulge. Forty years' residence in Canada enables the author to give ample testimony regarding the substantial progress of the country, material, intellectual and social. With the growth of Ontario, has grown likewise her affection for it. To quote her own words:—"My love for the country has steadily increased from year to year, and my attachment to Canada is now so strong, that I cannot imagine any inducement, short of absolute necessity, which could induce me to leave the colony, where, as a wife and mother, some of the happiest years of my life have been spent."

It is not our intention to follow our author and

her family through all their troubles from the arrival in quarantine at Grosse Isle in the cholera year (1832) until Sir George Arthur relieved them from the consequences of their luckless experiment by the appointment of Mr. Moodie to a shrievalty. One notable episode, however, occurred during those years of trial to vary the monotony of forest labour—the rebellion of 1837. In the body of the work, (chap. 20) Mrs. Moodie gives us a lively impression of the alacrity with which the loyal half-pay officers obeyed the summons of the Government. "I must own," she adds, "that my own British spirit was fairly aroused, and, as I could not aid in subduing the enemies of my beloved country with my arm, I did what little I could to serve the good cause with my pen." This she did in "one of those loyal staves, which were widely circulated through the colony at the time." Mr. Moodie, though in feeble health, knew his duty too well as an old soldier—who had been severely wounded in his country's service—to hesitate, as to the side he should espouse. Mrs. Moodie seems, even at that time, notwithstanding her "British spirit" to have had some misgivings, from a political stand-point. The view she takes of the events of that period, after a lapse of thirty-five years, we shall give in her own words, from the introductory chapter:—"When we first came to the country it was a mere struggle for bread to the many, while all the offices of emolument and power were held by a favoured few. The country was rent to pieces by political factions, and a fierce hostility existed between the native-born Canadians—the first pioneers of the forest—and the British emigrants, who looked upon each other as mutual enemies who were seeking to appropriate the larger share of the new country." Notwithstanding the signs of impending strife the loyal population could not imagine that an armed outbreak was possible. "The insurrection of 1837 came upon them like a thunder clap; they could hardly believe such an incredible tale. Intensely loyal, the emigrant officers rose to a man to defend the British flag, and chastise the rebels and their rash leader. In their zeal to uphold British authority, they made no excuse for the wrongs that the dominant party had heaped upon a clever and high-spirited man. To them he was a traitor; and as such a public enemy. Yet the blow struck by that injured man, weak as it was, without money, arms, or the necessary munitions of war, and defeated and broken in its first effort, gave freedom to Canada, and laid the foundation of the excellent constitution that we now enjoy. It drew the attention of the Home Government to the many abuses then practised in the colony; and made them aware of its vast importance in a political point of view; and ultimately led to all our great national improvements." We give Mrs. Moodie's political reflections without comment as the matured views of an acute observer who, having passed through those troublous times, now ventures to sum up the results of her experience in our own. The extracts we have given are, for the most part, from the introduction, which forms no part of the work proper. It is, as we have stated, a defence of the author as well as a testimony to the progress of Ontario during a period of forty years. We hope, therefore, that our readers will not mistake the nature of "Roughing it in the Bush." It is an extremely lively book, full of incident and character. Although its primary object was to give a warning

by means of an example, it is by no means a jeremiad. On the contrary, we almost lose sight of the immigrants' troubles in the ludicrous phases of human character which present themselves to view in rapid succession.

How far Mrs. Moodie has taken an artist's liberty with her *dramatis persone* does not appear. She has evidently a keen appreciation of the humorous, and there is an air of verisimilitude about the narrative which gives a zest to its incidents and inspires the reader with confidence in the author. As an interesting picture of a by-gone time, graphically painted, we trust it will be widely circulated. Bush-life does not yet belong to the past, it is true, but to most of us a description of it seems quite as much out of the range of our knowledge, as it would if every acre of our soil had been cleared by the woodman. We may add that the work is produced in a style extremely creditable to the printers and publishers.

THE HOLY BIBLE, according to the Authorized Version (A. D. 1611) with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation, by Bishops and Clergy of the Anglican Church. Vol. I. The Pentateuch. New York: Scribner & Co.

To pronounce satisfactorily upon the respective dates of the various books of the Old Testament, upon the condition of their texts, upon what was, and what was not, the original matter of each, upon what has been inserted, added or omitted at successive revisions, upon what has been mistakenly written down by needless transcribers, requires a considerable familiarity with the Hebrew and cognate languages; and the Hebrew and cognate languages have been, as every one knows, much in abeyance amongst us. It is only of late years that the study of this branch of linguistics has, in any worthy sense, begun to be revived in British universities and schools. A smattering, indeed, of the knowledge referred to was to be met with in many quarters; but here was just one of the cases where a little learning was truly a dangerous thing; and Englishmen had discovered it. They found that in regard to very serious points they were at the mercy of sciolists; that the instructors and guides on whom they were wont to rely as keepers of the national conscience, were themselves groping in the dark. We do not suppose that the number of English scholars competent to criticize the books of the Old Testament is large; but it is cheering to think that it is increasing, as we are bound to conclude that it is from the increasing number of respectable books on the subject in question now issuing from the English press.

The commentary on the Pentateuch just put forth by the Messrs. Scribner, of New York, is printed from stereotype plates, duplicated from those upon which the London edition of the same work is printed. It is the first instalment of the so-called "Speaker's Commentary" projected in 1863. Its object is to put every general reader and student in full possession of whatever information may be necessary to enable him to understand the books of the Old and New Testaments; to give him, as far as possible, the same advantages as the scholar; and to supply him with satisfactory answers to objec-

tions resting on misrepresentations or misinterpretations of the text. To secure this end most effectually, the comment is chiefly explanatory, presenting in a concise and readable form the results of learned investigations carried on during the last half century. When fuller discussions of difficult passages or important subjects are necessary, they are placed at the end of the chapter or volume.

Conservative in tone and adapted rather to build up the well-disposed than to convert gainsayers, this commentary nevertheless contains several striking concessions which were never before, amongst us, stamped by authority so high. At the same time the work is carefully non-alarmist and re-assuring; and will, after a fair examination, be regarded as not badly adapted to the transition period through which the present generation is passing. It will be the impatient and the impetuous who will deem the notes tame and below the mark. To such readers dash and destructiveness would alone have been acceptable; while the style of the commentary in question is studiously quiet, inobtrusive and unsensational.

As specimens of the concessions alluded to, we give the following. On Genesis i. 5, it is said:—"The vexed question of the duration of the days of creation cannot readily be solved from consideration of the words of the text. The English Version would seem to confine it to natural days, but the original will allow much greater latitude. Time passed in regular succession of day and night. It was an ingenious conjecture of Kurtz, adopted by Hugh Miller, that the knowledge of pre-Adamite history, like the knowledge of future ages, may have been communicated to Moses, or perhaps to the first man, in prophetic vision, that so perhaps vast geological periods were exhibited to the eye of the inspired writer, each appearing to pass before him as so many successive days. It has been said moreover that the phenomena under the earth's surface correspond with the succession as described in this chapter, a period of comparative gloom, with more vapour and more carbonic acid in the atmosphere; then of greater light, of vegetation, of marine animals and huge reptiles, of birds, of beasts, and lastly of man."

Again, on human phraseology employed in conveying transcendental ideas:—"The whole of this history of the creation and the fall is full of these anthropomorphic representations. The Creator is spoken of as if consulting about the formation of man, as reflecting on the result of His creation, and declaring it all very good, or resting from His work, or planting a garden for Adam, bringing the animals to him to name them, then building up the rib of Adam into a woman, and bringing her to Adam to be his bride. Here again Adam hears his voice as of one walking in the garden in the cool of the day. All this corresponds well with the simple and child-like character of the early portions of Genesis. The Great Father, through His inspired word, is as it were teaching His children, in the infancy of their race, by means of simple language, and in simple lessons. Onkelos has here "The Voice of the Word of the Lord." It is by this name, "The Word of the Lord" that the Targums generally paraphrase the name of the Most High, more especially in those passages where is recorded anything like a visible or sensible representation of His Majesty. The Christian Fathers almost universally believed that every appearance of God to the patriarchs

and prophets was a manifestation of the Eternal Son, judging especially from John i. 18."

In the Introduction to Genesis, Vitringa is allowed to have offered a suggestion neither unnatural nor irreverent when he said that Moses may have had before him "documents of various kinds coming down from the times of the patriarchs and preserved among the Israelites, which he collected, reduced to order, worked up and, where needful, filled in;" and it is added that it is very probable that, either in writing or by oral delivery, the Israelites possessed traditions handed down from their forefathers; and that it is consistent with the wisdom of Moses, and not inconsistent with his Divine inspiration, that he should have preserved and incorporated with his own work all such traditions, written or oral, as had upon them the stamp of truth.

The objection that the Pentateuch betrays by its style a comparatively late date is thus met:—"Moses, putting aside all question of inspiration, was a man of extraordinary powers and opportunity. If he was not divinely guided and inspired, as all Christians believe, he must have been even a greater genius than he has been generally reckoned. He had had the highest cultivation possible in one of Egypt's most enlightened times; and after his early training in science and literature, he had lived the contemplative life of a shepherd in Midian. We find him then, with a full consciousness of his heavenly mission, coming forth as legislator, historian, poet, as well as prince and prophet. Such a man could not but mould the tongue of his people. To them he was Homer, Solon and Thucydides, all in one. Every one that knew anything of letters must have known the books of the Pentateuch. All Hebrew literature, as far as we know, was in ancient times of a sacred character; at all events, no other has come down to us; and it is certain that writers on sacred subjects would have been deeply imbued with the language and the thoughts of the books of Moses. Eastern languages, like Eastern manners, are slow of change; and there is certainly nothing strange in our finding that in the thousand years from Moses to Malachi, the same tongue was spoken, and the same words intelligible: especially in books treating on the same subjects and where the earlier books must have been the constant study of all the writers down to the very last. It is said, on the authority of Freytag, that the inhabitants of Mecca still speak the pure language of the Koran, written 1,200 years ago. Egyptian papyri, with an interval of 1,000 years between them, are said by Egyptologists to exhibit no change of language or of grammar. We must not reason about such nations as the Israelites, with their comparative isolation and fixedness, from the Exodus to the Captivity, on the same principles as we should think of the peoples of modern Europe, where so many elements of change have conspired to alter and to mould their language and their literature. The language of the Pentateuch then is just what the language of Moses would probably have been—simple, forcible, with archaic forms and expressions, but, having formed and stamped all future language, still readily intelligible to the last."

The co-operation of natural causes with providential supernatural arrangements is admitted. Thus in regard to the ninth Egyptian "plague" of darkness, we have these remarks:—"This infliction was specially calculated to affect the spirits of the Egyptians, whose chief object of worship was Ra, the Sun-

god, and its suddenness and severity in connection with the act of Moses mark it as a preternatural withdrawal of light. Yet it has an analogy in physical phenomena. After the vernal equinox the south-west wind from the desert blows some fifty days, not however continuously but at intervals, lasting generally some two or three days. (Thus Lane, Willman and others quoted by Knobel.) It fills the atmosphere with dense masses of fine sand, bringing on a darkness far deeper than that of our worst fogs in winter. While it lasts no man 'rises from his place; men and beasts hide themselves; people shut themselves up in the innermost apartments or vaults. So saturated is the air with the sand that it seems to lose its transparency, so that artificial light is of little use.' The expression 'even darkness that might be felt' has a special application to a darkness produced by such a cause. The consternation of Pharaoh proves that familiar though he may have been with the phenomenon, no previous occurrence had prepared him for its intensity and duration, and that he recognized it as a supernatural visitation."

Once more. Of the Book of Leviticus it is said: "Leviticus has no pretension to systematic arrangement as a whole, nor does it appear to have been originally written all at one time. Some repetitions occur in it; and, in many instances, certain particulars are separated from others with which, by the subject-matter, they are immediately connected. There appear to be in Leviticus, as well as in the other books of the Pentateuch, pre-Mosaic fragments incorporated with the more recent matter. It is by no means unlikely that there are insertions of a later date which were written, or sanctioned, by the prophets and holy men who, after the Captivity, arranged and edited the Scriptures of the Old Testament. The fragmentary way in which the Law has been recorded, regarded in connection with the perfect harmony of its spirit and details, may tend to confirm both the unity of the authorship of the books in which it is contained, and the true inspiration of the law-giver."

Concessions, such as these, on the part of English annotators on Scripture, mark a new era in biblical study and research, and are calculated to lead to a general revival of deep interest in the subject. In the volume before us, we may add, the new renderings of words and passages are printed in heavy type. Readers can thus readily examine them and compare them with the received English text. They appear to be few after all. The committee for an improved translation will find their labours lightened by the "Speaker's Commentary." The ultimate acceptance of the results of their toil by the public will be thereby too rendered more certain. By the time the eight royal octavos are out, the popular mind will be ready for the desired change. As we have already said, the commentary now introduced to the English-speaking public is for a period of transition. In it as few prejudices as possible are stirred, whilst difficulties have been calmly met, reasonably discussed, and as far as possible put on an intelligible footing. The text to which the notes are appended is the version of 1611, printed once more in the ancient style, with the common divisions into chapter and verse, the old quaint headings and the marginal readings. When the improved translation itself comes to be put forth, it is to be hoped that the division into chapter and verse will be discarded, figures at the side of the pages for purposes

of reference being used instead; that an arrangement of the matter of each book will be adopted which will be in accordance with the intentions of its author, and that the interpretation of names will be inserted whenever the context implies that such interpretation is given, as, for example, where Eve is said to have been so named because "the mother of all living," an explanation unintelligible if it is not announced at the same time that Eve means Life. Notwithstanding the great pains which have manifestly been taken with the typography of the volume before us, a few oversights are discernable as, for example, in the word intended to be "Tabernacle" at p. 694, and in that intended to be "Shakespeare" at p. 376.

MODERN SCEPTICISM. A course of Lectures delivered at the request of the Christian Evidence Society. With an explanatory paper by the Right Reverend C. J. Ellicott, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

The truth of a religion is not really affected by the errors of its apologists: otherwise Christianity would hardly have survived till now. But a bad impression is produced by weak defences, especially if they are put forth with authority, or with any semblance of it; and such, we suspect will be the practical effect of the volume before us, notwithstanding the eminence of the contributors and the learning and ability which some of them display. The very form of the work strikes us as unfortunate, if it be designed for the satisfaction of those who are in doubt. Suspicion is excited by the appearance of twelve writers, all of them bishops or clergymen, organized under the auspices of a religious society to defend what will be deemed to be professional opinions. A far greater effect would be produced on minds which are seriously seeking for fresh assurance of their faith by the work of a single inquirer, even one far inferior to these writers in eminence, if it were clear that he had studied the question impartially, and that he came forward under no influence but that of a desire to make known the truth. Moreover, where a number of writers are dealing with different parts of a great subject, the treatment is pretty sure to be imperfect, and the most difficult portions, which in the case of an apologetic work, are the most important, are apt to be declined by everybody, and thus to be neglected altogether. This has in fact happened in the present case. The first and fundamental duty of a Christian apologist is to prove that the Gospels were beyond doubt written or dictated by eye-witnesses, and trustworthy eye-witnesses, of the miraculous events which they record. This is the very basis of the whole inquiry, and without it, disquisitions, however learned and eloquent, on the possibility of miracles, the probability of a revelation, or the excellence of the Christian type of character, much more confutations of other religious or philosophical systems, are fabrics in the air. If it were alleged that a miracle had been wrought in Toronto or Montreal, we should at once inquire, not whether miracles were possible to Omnipotence, which no man without holding contradictory propositions can deny; nor whether the miracle was worthy of the Divine Majesty and likely to serve a Divine purpose; but who had witnessed it.

First in the series of lectures ought to have stood one on the authorship of the Gospels and the sufficiency of their authors as witnesses to the miraculous facts. But this topic is hardly touched on in any part of the volume. Consequently the work will be read by those for whose benefit it is chiefly designed with little profit and probably with little attention.

The best of the lectures appears to us to be that on Positivism by the Rev. W. Jackson, who at all events grapples with his subject vigorously and effectively, though his tone in parts is not so judicial as might be desired. The weakest, strange to say, is that by an ex-professor of Theology at Oxford, Dr. Payne Smith, whose paper on Science and Revelation, besides being extremely weak and vague in its reasonings, is defaced by some very poor attempts at wit. The Archbishop of York (on Design in Nature) displays a general acquaintance with science rare as well as laudable among clergymen, but he does not do much more. Dr. Rigg (on Pantheism) runs into pulpit declamation, and he is betrayed, in an evil moment, into an endorsement of the proposition: that "all we ask is that we may be allowed to believe in a God and a real Divine Providence, as powerful and wise and good as Mr. Darwin's Natural Selection:" as though the heart, craving for a God of goodness and mercy, would be satisfied by belief in a force, the leading characteristic of which is the ruthless cruelty of its operations. In the papers of Dr. Stoughton (on the Nature and Value of the Miraculous Testimony to Christianity), and of the Bishop of Carlisle (on the Gradual Development of Revelation) we see nothing calling for particular notice; though Dr. Stoughton is to be commended, in our humble judgment, for opening with a reference to the words of our Lord to St. Thomas as showing that honest doubt ought to be removed by proofs and not to be denounced as a crime. Professor Rawlinson (on the Alleged Historical Difficulties of the Old and New Testament) cannot fail to display learning when dealing with questions of Oriental history; but he also shows bias to an extent which will be fatal to the acceptance of his conclusions by any who are not overpowered by his erudition, and his assertion that he has exhausted the alleged historical difficulties either of the Old Testament or of the New would by no means be admitted by his opponents. Mr. Row (on Mythical Theories of Christianity) puts with much force the difficulty of explaining the production of such a character as that of Christ by any known process of the human imagination. Mr. Leathes (on the Evidential Value of St. Paul's Epistles) is able and striking, though deficient in that judicial impartiality without which no reasonings will find admission into a doubting mind. The Bishop of Ely (on Christ's Teachings and Influence on the World) is comprehensive, erudite and suggestive; but in his survey of the moral history of Christendom he ignores such adverse facts as the Crusades, the Extermination of the Albigenses, the Religious Wars of the 16th and 17th centuries, the Inquisition, the Penal Code; and he claims Roger Bacon as one of the scientific glories of the Christian Church, omitting to mention that he was persecuted for his scientific pursuits by the ecclesiastical authorities of the day. Canon Cook (on the Completeness and Adequacy of the Evidences of Christianity) is fatally weakened by the omission in the commencement of the volume of that portion of the evidences which

as we have already pointed out is the foundation of the whole. The explanatory paper by Bishop Ellicott pleases us by its tone of candour and of charitable sympathy with serious doubt, a tone of which we feel the want in the papers of some of his coadjutors.

A volume of lectures written by such men could not fail to contain much that must be acceptable to believing Christians and worthy of the attention of all; but we cannot persuade ourselves that it will have much influence in turning the current of adverse opinion or bringing Modern Scepticism back to faith in Christ.

THE DIVINE TRAGEDY. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Mr. Longfellow has not vouchsafed, by any kind of preface, to explain to us the aim or meaning of this singular production of his muse. "The Divine Tragedy" is a metrical abridgement of the Gospel narrative, mostly in the very words of the Evangelists, a little distorted or diluted to meet the exigencies of verse. The warning call of the Baptist, with which the piece opens, is rendered thus,—

"Repent! repent! repent!
For the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand,
And all the land
Full of the knowledge of the Lord shall be
As the waters cover the sea
And encircle the continent!"

The simple question, "Art thou that prophet?" is done into poetry thus,—

"Art thou that prophet, then,
Of lamentation and woe,
Who, as a symbol and sign
Of impending wrath divine
Upon unbelieving men,
Shattered the Vessel of Clay
In the Valley of Slaughter?"

Exegetical but undramatic!

In the narrative of the miraculous draught of fishes, instead of "the net brake," we have,—

"Our nets like spider's webs were snapped
asunder."

This, no doubt, appears much more poetical to Mr. Longfellow; but if the nets had been snapped like spider's webs instead of simply breaking, a second miracle would have been required to prevent all the fish from falling back into the water.

In the same style is,—

"Upon this rock
I build my Church and all the gates of Hell
Shall not prevail against it."

A singular notion Mr. Longfellow must have formed of the expression "The Gates of Hell."

The dire exigencies of verse compel the poet to substitute "children sitting in the markets" (which is nonsense) for "sitting in the market place," and "made a clay" for "made clay;" unless it be that he thinks "made a clay" more poetical.

We have said that for the most part Mr. Longfellow gives us the Gospel narrative unimproved; he has, however, introduced some improvements. "Manahem the Essenian," "Simon Magus," and "Helen of Tyre," are added to the Gospel characters, and the valdid simplicity of the Evangelists is relieved by more ornamental passages.

The demoniac at Gadara raves in this style,—

"O Aschmedai!

Thou angel of the bottomless pit, have pity!
It was enough to hurl King Solomon,
On whom be peace!—two hundred leagues
away

Into the country, and to make him scullion,
In the kitchen of the king of Maschkemen!
Why dost thou hurl me here among these rocks,
And cut me with these stones?"

None but a great poet could have conceived the delicate distinction between "hurling him among the rocks" and "cutting him with the stones."

Peter closes the scene by exclaiming,—

"Let us depart;

For they that sanctify and purify
Themselves in gardens, eating flesh of swine,
And the abomination, and the mouse,
Shall be consumed together, saith the Lord!"

The Transfiguration also receives a new touch of beauty and grandeur from the master hand.—

"See, where he standeth

Above us, on the summit of the hill!
His face shines as the sun!—and all his raiment
Exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller
On earth can white them! He is not alone!
There are two with him there; two men of old,
Their white beards blowing on the mountain air,
Are talking with him."

In the garden of Gethsemane, Peter says,—

"Under this ancient olive-tree, that spreads
Its broad centennial branches like a tent,
Let us lie down and rest!"

The prettiness of expression is so natural in the mouth of the fisherman, and harmonizes so well with the Agony, that it would be hypercritical to remark that, of all trees on earth, the olive is the least like a tent.

The Council in the High Priest's Palace is opened by the Pharisees, who say in chorus,—

"What do we? Clearly something must we do,
For this man worketh many miracles."

"Something must we do" is evidently the poetic equivalent of "something must be done." Caiaphas replies,—

"I am informed that he is a mechanic,
A carpenter's son; a Galilean peasant,
Keeping disreputable company."

Pontius Pilate begins a long soliloquy, with,—

"Wholly incomprehensible to me,
Vainglorious, obstinate and given up

To unintelligible old traditions,
And proud and self-conceited are these Jews."

He ends with,—

"I will go in, and while these Jews are wrangling,
Read my Ovidius on the Art of Love."

Barabbas sings in prison,—

"Barabbas is my name,
Barabbas, the Son of Shame,
Is the meaning, I suppose,
I'm no better than the best,
And whether worse than the rest
Of my fellow-men, who knows?"

"I was once, to say it in brief,
A highwayman, a robber chief,
In the open light of day,
So much I am free to confess;
But all men, more or less,
Are robbers in their way."

Is this from a "Divine Tragedy" of the Passion, or is it from the Beggar's Opera?

The drama is precluded by an "Introitus," consisting of a philosophic dialogue between an angel and the Prophet Habakkuk, whom the angel is carrying through the air. It is closed by an epilogue solemnly headed "Symbolum Apostolorum," and consisting of the Apostle's Creed, divided into twelve portions, each of which is repeated by one of the twelve Apostles.

While the Gospel is still sacred in the eyes of millions, it would perhaps be better taste in poets to select some other subject for dramatization. But, apart from this, "The Divine Tragedy" is a failure, and something more. Boston will, no doubt, as usual, applaud, and call upon the rest of the world to applaud; but the rest of the world, if we mistake not, will be of opinion that Mr. Longfellow has presumed once at least too often upon his highly factitious reputation.

ENGLISH LESSONS FOR ENGLISH PEOPLE. By the Rev. Edwin A. Abbot, M. A., and J. R. Seeley, M. A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1872.

Two well-trained English scholars have here combined to produce some useful and carefully digested "English lessons for English people." The dedication to the Rev. Dr. Mortimer, formerly headmaster of the city of London School, refers, among other advantages enjoyed by the authors as his pupils, to the appreciation of the right use of their native tongue which he fostered, and to the special encouragement given there to the critical study of Shakespeare.

The important part which a mastery of the "cunning instrument" of our native tongue is now beginning to take in education is one of the most healthful signs of modern culture; and this installment of "English Lessons" is a valuable contribution towards the needful manuals alike in demand by teachers and pupils. It deals philologically with the language; though this is the least effective part

of the book. But it also discusses etymology in reference to style ; treats of the diction of prose and of poetry ; and furnishes many useful hints, equally applicable in the critical analysis of English authors and as an aid to the student in the formation of his own style. With the same object in view, the simple elements of rhetoric are discussed in the chapter on Simile and Metaphor ; and an appendix containing hints on some errors in reasoning deals equally concisely with some of the most available elements of logic.

It is very questionable if it is possible by any prescribed rules or directions to guide a beginner in forming a style for himself. Familiarity, by careful critical reading, with the best style of English classics ; and a judicious censorship applied by the teachers to his exercises in English, are the most effective means towards the formation of a good style. But the rules in diction, and the criticisms on selected examples both in prose and verse, introduced in parts II. and IV., are calculated to be of great use to teachers, and to advanced pupils, at a stage where they are learning to appreciate their own defects. Common sources of ambiguity and redundancy are dealt with and illustrated. The obscurity, for example, so frequently illustrated by the modern fashion of reporting Parliamentary debates in the third person, is discussed, and traced to its cause ; and its excess illustrated thus : " *He* told the coachman that *he* would be the death of him, if *he* did not take care what *he* was about, and mind what *he* said." Whether the carelessness of the coachman, or the wrath of its victim, is to lead to the threatened death of the other, can only be determined—if at all—by the context.

The difference between a colloquial and written style, and the part played by emphasis in giving expression to spoken language, however carelessly uttered, are dwelt upon ; and the necessity enforced of exercising a much greater care in the arrangement of words, and the construction of sentences, in writing than in speaking.

But the portion of this book which pleases us most is the third, on Metre. Here the whole question of English prosody is carefully reviewed ; and that perplexing difficulty to the young student, of the difference between quantity and accent is dealt with in an unusually clear and simple manner. So also the English caesura and pause, as diversely used by Milton, Dryden, Pope, &c. The transitional verse, rhythm, and true metre, variously adapted by Shakespeare to dramatic dialogue ; alliteration, alike in its early and later form ; and the special metres of English verse ; are dealt with carefully, yet concisely.

Altogether this little work is a valuable addition to the manuals recently produced in response to the growing demand for means adequate for teaching the English student the history of his vigorous but highly complex native tongue.

THE LAND OF LORNE ; or a Poet's Adventures in the Scottish Hebrides, including the Cruise of the " *Tern* " in the outer Hebrides. By Robert Buchanan. New York: Francis B. Felt & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

This work, dedicated by permission to the Princess Louise, has probably suffered somewhat

from the ephemeral interest taken in the latest of our royal marriages. A year ago, the loyal feelings of the English people were enlisted in favour of a matrimonial alliance which had more than one claim to popular approval. It was a love-match—a fact of itself sufficient to evoke the most generous enthusiasm from the hearts of the people. It was also a breaking-down of the barriers of class exclusiveness, as well as a notable exception to the traditional system of foreign marriages, at which Englishmen have always looked askant. The young couple were united amidst the hearty good wishes of an approving people, and departed on their wedding tour, let us hope, to a long life of mutual love and happiness.

The pageant over—the third volume of the royal novel concluded—the interest which had temporarily centred in the court, faded out of the public mind. Mr. Buchanan's work appeared in England when the enthusiasm was at its height ; but it has never been properly introduced to the Canadian reader. It certainly merits perusal, apart from the temporary occasion which gave it birth. The author, as our readers are aware, is a poet of considerable reputation. The scenes he describes are wild and romantic enough to excite the most active imagination—and there are, besides, abundant sources of attraction and amusement in the game, the literature and the unkempt population of the Western Highlands. The stirring chapters are written with genuine enthusiasm ; and in the literary sections, we have translations from Donald McIntyre, the Burns of the Highlands, and also from the Norse Saga of Haco the Dane. As a frontispiece, we have vignette portraits, admirably executed in photolithography, of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. The book, as a whole, is one which we take pleasure in recommending to our readers.

PURE GOLD SERIES OF CANADIAN TALES, No. 2. " *A LIFE WASTED.* " By T. J. Vivian. Toronto: " *Pure Gold Printing Establishment.* "

Our thanks are due to the " *Pure Gold* " Company for their efforts to give Canada a series of pure and healthy tales. " *A Life Wasted* " unquestionably merits that appellation. It is the work of a young writer, and is marked, like most of the works of young writers, by some overcrowding of character and incident. But it shows power both of painting character and of devising incident. One of the incidents, a somewhat too minute account of a surgical operation, we could have wished omitted. We shall look with pleasure for the fulfilment of the promise of future excellence held out by " *A Life Wasted.* "

LORD BANTAM: A Satire. By the author of " *Ginx's Baby.* " Canadian Copyright Edition. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

Anything from the pen of the author of " *Ginx's Baby* " is sure to find plenty of readers among that large class of persons to whom light philosophy is welcome and to whom the process of sustained thought is irksome. " *Lord Bantam* " bears a very close resemblance to the *brochure* by which the author

made his first and greatest hit. It is the satirical biography of a young nobleman who is brought into contact with the different political and social movements of the day, and falls for a time, under the influence of extreme liberalism, but in the end recovers himself and is the lord again. The satirist hits out right and left always with freedom and sometimes with force, at every party and school, ecclesiastical and social—in its turn. His own aim we find it difficult to detect. Not long ago he presented himself as a candidate for a seat in Parliament on a platform so extremely liberal as to repel the less thorough-going section of the Liberal party in the constituency: but he now seems inclined to embrace political Conservatism, and to stand by the Constitution as it is. Mr. Gladstone, under the pseudonym of Sir Dudley Wright, is bitterly assailed and taxed with having been actuated by the worst motives in ousting the Conservatives from power and disestablishing the Irish Church. Whether, with his political Constitutionalism, the author of "Ginx's Baby" intends to combine extreme, and virtually communistic, plans of social reform, is a question which we could better decide if we knew how to distinguish what is serious from what is ironical in his philosophy. He takes credit to himself, under the proper forms of modesty, for unique perspicacity and comprehensiveness of view in Colonial questions. With evident reference to his late pamphlet on Imperial Federalism, he makes Kelso, Lord Bantam's admirable instructor, say, "Look at the way in which the high business of our Government is now carried on. Can you pick out a single man who looks beyond the limits of the present, or the narrow circuit of these islands, or who takes any broad, practical view of the Imperial future? *Only one* of them all has uttered a timorous squeak about a great confederation of English-speaking peoples, but from the rest, on the destinies of Empire, we have had nothing but dead silence, or twitterings about cost and policy, as abject, narrow, and disloyal as they were perilous. As yet, no man of them has propounded in noble, heart-stirring, vivid language, the idea of a united Britain—not the isolated nodules of these petty isles, but the far-stretching Imperial boulder of a third of the globe." Perhaps some readers will be of opinion that no language can be more heart-stirring and vivid than this.

Canada has an especial interest in the author of "Ginx's Baby;" and his success is a proof that Colonial products are not regarded in England with such disdain as, in our irritable moods, we are apt to imagine. Probably this circumstance had its share in inducing a Canadian house to republish "Lord Bantam." But they would have been warranted in

doing so by the liveliness of some portions of the book itself, though the author's first effort in our judgment remains his best.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME, WITH IVRY AND THE ARMADA. By Lord Macaulay. LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS AND OTHER POEMS. By Professor Wm. Edmonstoune Aytoun, D. C. L. Rouse's Point, N. Y. The International Printing and Publishing Company. John Lovell, General Manager.

Literature must not forget her helpmate, typography. The International Printing and Publishing Company being partly Canadian, and its manager being one of our own countrymen, at Montreal, we may fairly claim this little volume as a triumph of the typographic art among us and as an earnest of triumphs yet to come. We could have wished that the paper had been a little heavier; but in other respects the work is exceedingly beautiful, and well-suited to the pleasant use to which its form and its appearance at the season of gifts seem to point. It is needless to rehearse the praises of either of the two authors whose congenial lays are here printed together, and who would have been glad, no doubt, to find themselves united, and united in a volume which is so graceful a tribute to their joint fame.

CASSELL'S HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY, 1870-71.—Vol. I. London: Cassell, Petter and Galpin.

The first volume of this work brings us to the close of the year 1870. Like all the works issued by Messrs. Cassell & Co., it is artistically excellent, as a whole; although there is an inequality perceptible in the character of the engravings we were not prepared to meet. The letter-press is very fairly made up; it, of course, shows some traces of hasty preparation, inevitable perhaps under the circumstances. Too much of it seems to have been picked up from the journals of the time, and has a fugitive air about it to which we reluctantly deny the name of history. At the same time, with every allowance for haste and imperfection, *Cassell's History* is a work we can honestly recommend to our readers. It gives a fair estimate of the causes of the war—a very clear narrative of its progress—and an interesting *résumé* of the circumstances which led to the collapse of France and her resources. The work is admirably got up, in every respect, and will unquestionably achieve a wide circulation on both sides of the Atlantic.

LITERARY NOTES.

THERE is material enough this month to furnish a supplementary chapter to "The Quarrels and Calamities of Authors." It is a curious fact, which some of our readers may have remarked, that literary men are specially prone to belligerency during the closing months of the year. Whether this phenomenon be due, like the November mania for suicide, to the gloomy and oppressive weather of the last quarter, or, as we should like to believe, from a Christian desire to have all outstanding causes of quarrel settled and done with before the advent of the New Year,—it is difficult to pronounce with certainty. The fact remains as, so far as relates to the closing months of 1871, we shall proceed to prove. The first on the list is a very pretty skirmish amongst the poets. In a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*, appeared an article on "The Fleshly School of Poetry," purporting to be written by one Thomas Maitland. The paper contained a trenchant attack upon a class of poets of whom Mr. D. G. Rossetti was singled out as the most distinguished, if not the most vulnerable. The indictment against these writers asserted that they "extol fleshliness as the distinct and supreme end of poetic and pictorial art; aver that poetic expression is greater than poetic thought; and by inference, that the body is greater than the soul, and sound superior to sense." The first question arising on a perusal of the article was naturally the question of authorship. Who was Thomas Maitland? On enquiry it appeared that personally Thomas was a myth, and that the name was really the *nom de plume* of Mr. Robert Buchanan. As soon as this had been satisfactorily ascertained Mr. Rossetti inserted in the *Athenaeum* a reply, entitled "The Stealthy School of Criticism," in which, while giving a defence, on the whole satisfactory, of his aims and method as a poet, he charged his brother-author with being guilty of a crafty attempt to depreciate him and praise himself from behind a mask. Mr. Buchanan defends himself from the counter-attack by urging that he was not responsible for the name and repudiating the charge of self-adulation. The last of this little quarrel has yet to reach us. Professor Huxley and the clergy form the next group of combatants. In his article on Darwin's Critics to which we referred last month, the learned Professor used the following words, which, to say the least, were gratuitously offensive:—"And when Sunday after Sunday men who profess to be our instructors in righteousness read out the statement, "In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is," in innumerable churches, they are either propagating what they may as easily know to be falsities; or, if they use the words, in some non-natural sense, they fall below the moral standard of the much abused Jesuits." It could hardly be expected that every one of the twenty thousand clergy of England would hold

his peace under an imputation so pointed as this. In the correspondence which ensued on both sides, the Professor did not personally appear in the arena again. The letter followed of the Rev. Archer Gurney, who attempted to justify novel modes of Scripture interpretation and a dignified letter from the Rev. F. D. Maurice, who, without denying Professor Huxley's right as an Englishman to call him "a liar and a cheat," was content to leave the issue to One who know his heart far better than Professor Huxley. Of the minor literary quarrels, we have the promise of a libel suit, provided Mr. Hepworth Dixon succeeds in ascertaining, by the aid of Chancery, the name of the proprietors of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The cause of offence is a series of attacks on Mr. Dixon's "Spiritual Wives," which the *Pall Mall* rather strongly characterizes as "an obscene work." We shall probably be treated to some lively arguments of counsel, should the case ever come to trial *à nisi prius*. We had occasion to notice last month an extremely entertaining and learned work on "The Earth," by Eliséé Reclus. We regret to say that Reclus, like Courbet the artist and other unwise men of science and art, became involved in the fortunes of the Commune. Reclus, undoubtedly bore arms, but he never fired a rifle or committed any other offence against humanity. So weak by confinement as to be unable to stand, he has been sentenced to deportation to a penal colony;—that is, to certain death. Men of learning in England—amongst whom may be mentioned Mr. Charles Darwin, Sir J. Lubbock, Mr. Thomas Hughes, Professors Maurice, Fawcett and Brewer, together with Lords Kimberley and Hobart, &c., &c., are making a strong appeal to M. Thiers. It is sincerely to be hoped that the effort may be crowned with success. To use the words of the *Spectator*:—"It is quite beneath the Government of France to make war on great scientific men of feeble political judgment, who have not really contributed anything whatever to the success of the rebellion, and whose services to science have been great. * * * It would be pitiful for M. Thiers' Government, in their resentment against the French Commune to take their revenge on the Earth itself; and they will do so if they cause the death of one of the few of the Earth's true intimates." In reviewing the literature of the month, we shall reverse the order adopted in our last number, so as to give the first portion of our limited space to some subjects we were obliged to pass over on that occasion. It may interest some of our readers to have a brief list of the new magazine stories to be published during the year. In *Macmillan*, and in *Lippincott* "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," by Wm. Black, author of "A Daughter of Heth," will appear concurrently. *Temple Bar* gives the opening chapters of "Good-Bye, Sweetheart," by Rhoda Broughton, author of "Red as a Rose is She, &c. Corn-

kill finishes "Lord Kilgobbin" and promises the first instalment of "Old Kensington," by Miss Thackeray in February. *London Society*, in the January number, has some chapters of "The Travels of young Coelebs," by Percy Fitzgerald, and announces "The Room in the Dragon Volant," by J. S. Le Fanu, author of "Uncle Silas." The *Argosy* begins a new story by Mrs. Wood; *Colburn* (the price of which has been reduced) opens the new series with "Boscobel," by W. H. Ainsworth; Whyte-Melville contributes "Satanella, a story of Punctestown" to the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and the indefatigable Miss Braddon begins "To the Bitter End" in *Belgravia*. *St. Paul's* publishes two stories:—"Septimius Felton," a posthumous romance, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, (also appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*;) and "Off the Skellings," by Jean Ingelow. *Good Words* has also two serials,—"The Golden Lion of Granpere," by Anthony Trollope (also publishing by *Harpers*) and "At His Gates," by Mrs. Oliphant. *Good Words For the Young* will contain "Gutta Percha Willie," by George Macdonald, and "Innocents' Island," by the author of Lilliput Levee." The *Sunday Magazine* continues "The Vicar's Daughter," and *Blackwood*—"The Maid of Sker." Of the noteworthy novels published complete we may simply mention as to be commendable—"Wilfrid Cumbermede," by George Macdonald (Scribner); "Fair to See," by Lawrence W. M. Lockhart (Harper) originally published in *Blackwood*; "Two Plunges for a Pearl," an interesting and vivacious story, by Mortimer Collins (Appleton); "The American Baron," by Prof. De Mille (Harper); "Nobody's Fortune," by Edmund Yates, and last but not best of all—"Middlemarch," by the greatest of living novelists—George Eliot. "St. Abe and his Seven Wives" is an humorous satire on the peculiar institution of Mormonism in verse, containing some passages of merit.

In Poetry, Mr. Browning claims the first place with his "Prince of Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Saviour of Society"—in which the ex-Emperor of the French attempts a plausible but fallacious defence of his career. Like most of the author's poems, however, the "Prince" has more beneath which does not appear to the hasty reader. "The Drama of Kings," by Robert Buchanan, is, as the author describes it,—a sort of tragedy, a choice trilogy of tragedies in the Greek fashion," beginning with Napoleon I. in 1808, and concluding with the late Siege of Paris. It contains some good passages, but, as it seems to us, is too ambitious in its object, and can hardly be called a success. Mr. Morris, the author of "The Earthly Paradise," announces a new poem, entitled "Love is Enough." We may conclude with "The Inn of Strange Meetings and other Poems," by Mortimer Collins, which are pleasant lyrics, somewhat in the style of Frederick Locker.

In the department of Art, we have "Aratra Pentelici"—six Oxford lectures, by Ruskin, on the "Elements of Scripture," and two interesting and profusely illustrated works from the German of Dr. Wilhelm Lubke—"The History of Sculpture" and "The History of Art." These three works are published by Smith, Elder & Co. Another "History of Art," also from the German, of which three volumes have appeared in New York (Harpers), will be concluded in one more, which is to appear immediately. "London: a Pilgrimage,"

illustrated by Gustave Doré (to be re-produced by the Harpers from duplicate plates), we have not yet seen, but it is very favourably noticed by English critics.

There are, as usual, a large number of works in Biography and History. Of the former, the most noteworthy are—"Sir Henry Holland's Recollections of a Past Life;" the concluding volume of "Brougham's Life and Times," and a revised edition of Lecky's "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland." Carl Elze's critical "Biography of Lord Byron;" Wm. Chambers' "Memoir of Robert Chambers," and an "Auto-biography of George Cruikshank," are announced. Of the histories, we observe that the first volume of Cassell's illustrated work on the late war has been published, with 450 engravings. Vésinier, who was secretary of the Commune, and editor of its *Journal Officiel*, has published a history of the events in which he took part, a translation of which has just been published by Chapman & Hall. "The History of England since 1830," by W. N. Molesworth, is interesting enough to politicians, but can scarcely be called a history, in the proper sense of the term. "Phœnicia and Israel," by Augustus S. Wilkins, is the Cambridge Burney prize treatise. It is a thoughtful essay on the relations between the two peoples, and their mutual re-action one upon another. Essays on "Historical Truth," by Andrew Bisset, is a very curious attempt to invalidate the verdicts of history. Properly the author ought to have landed in complete scepticism, but singular to say, his doubts only serve to make him more dogmatical.

Popular scientific works continue to be issued in great profusion. "The Theory of Heat," by Mr. Maxwell, is a companion volume (in Longman's series) of Prof. Tyndall's works; and "Land and Water," by Jacob Abbott (Harpers), is specially intended for the young. Besides these, we have two handsome works from the French—"The Mountain," by Jules Michelet, and "Nature, or the Poetry of Earth and Sea," by Madame Michelet. We take pleasure in noting that Dr. J. W. Dawson's Report, on the "Fossil Land Plants of the Devonian and Upper Silurian Formations of Canada," has been highly spoken of in England as "placing the knowledge of this old Flora in advance of that of any other portion of the world."

In Geography and Travel, we can only mention a few from a very extensive list. Forsyth's "Highlands of Central India" is a very interesting work, though not very well compressed. Poole's "Queen Charlotte Islands" is the record of an extremely plucky expedition to a group of Pacific Islands not far from the coast of British Columbia. "The Land of Desolation" describes Greenland, as explored by Captain Hayes, author of "The Open Polar Sea." Gordon Cummings' "Wild Men and Wild Beasts" is the second volume of Scribner's travel series. Somer's "Southern States since the War," and Marcy's "Border Reminiscences," though they differ widely in character, are worthy of mention. Besides these, we have Capt. Burton's "Zanzibar," and Zincke's "Egypt of the Pharaohs and the Kedive;" and of a lighter class, Smiles' "Boy's Voyage round the World," and that extremely amusing work, "Mr. Pisistratus Brown, M.P., in the Highlands."

Mental, moral and political philosophy we may group together. Dr. Paine, author of the "Insti-

tutes of Medicine," has published "The Physiology of the Soul and Instinct" (Harpers), the primary object of which is to combat materialism. Dr. Paine, however, wields a free lance, and assails Darwin, Huxley, Lyell, and all the physicists impartially. Miss Cobbe announces Darwinism in *Morals and other Essays*, in connection with which may be mentioned Mr. St. George Mivart's reply, in the January *Contemporary*, to Prof. Huxley's onslaught, referred to in our last number. Cobden *Essays*, 1871-2, have not yet reached us, but they contain a paper on the Colonies which will doubtless interest Canadians. "Woman's Worth and Worthlessness," by Gail Hamilton, is a spirited appeal against the Woman's Rights movement. "Thoughts on Government," by Arthur Helps, and "Character," by Samuel Smiles, are both thoughtful books, deserving to be widely and carefully read.

Little space is left us now for a fair examination of the month's religious literature. The chief works on the historic side are Ewald's "History of Israel," vols. iii. and iv. (Longman); Hengstenberg's "History of the Kingdom of God under the Old Testament" (T. & T. Clark); and DePressensé's "Martyrs and Apologists" (Hodder & Stoughton), forming part of the French pastor's "Early Years of Christianity." With it we may bracket a complete translation of Lactantius (T. & T. Clark). Vol. ii. of "Hunt's Religious Thought in England," is announced, reaching to the end of the seventeenth century. We beg again to commend it to our readers.

Of controversial works, we note Mr. Whittle's "Catholicism and the Vatican, with a narrative of the Munich Congress" from the old Catholic side. Pearson's "Creed or no Creed" is a collection of sermons preached before the University of Cambridge last October. Archbishop Manning, in his "Four Great Evils," attacks modern science and modern progress from an Ultra-montane stand-point. M. Guizot, on the contrary, attempts the work of reconciliation in his "Christianity in Relation to Societies." Of the current works in theology, exegetical and devotional, the following may be enumerated: The third volume of "a Biblical Commentary on the Psalms," from the German of Dr. Delitzsch, appears in Clark's Foreign Theological Library, a

series of critical and exegetical text-books invaluable to clergymen. The completion of Dr. Wordsworth's (Bishop of Lincoln) "Commentary on the Holy Bible" now appears, and is issued at a cheaper price by the publishers, Messrs. Rivington. The work is characterized by a sound scholarship and a painstaking industry. A new edition, also, is announced, from the press of Messrs. Collins, of "a Commentary, Critical, Experimental and Practical on the Old and New Testament," the result of the joint labours of the Rev. Drs. Jamieson, Faussett and Brown, and which has hitherto been received with much favour. A further edition, also, may be noted of the learned and critical work of the Rev. Dr. Lange of Bonn, "a Life of the Lord Jesus Christ," translated and edited with additional notes, by the Rev. Marcus Ward. (T. & T. Clark.) This revised issue is published in four volumes, and at a lesser cost than former editions. The first annual volume of "The Preacher's Lantern," edited by the Rev. E. Paxton Hood, is just published; and it will be remembered that this serial on ministerial work, &c., is the continuation of "The Pulpit Analyst," which was brought to a close last year. Another instalment of *Essays on Theological subjects and Enquiry*, appears in a translation from the German of "The Bremen Lectures on Fundamental, Living, Religious Questions." The lectures are by various eminent European divines, and will well repay perusal. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould's "Legends of Old Testament Characters, from the Talmud and other sources," we note, is just issued; and, we doubt not, will find many readers among those, at any rate, who are familiar with the author's curious "Myths of the Middle Ages," and his important work on "The History of Religious Belief."

Among the minor works in this department we may mention, as having recently appeared:—The third series of "Sermons preached in Rugby Chapel" by the Bishop of Exeter (Dr. Temple). "Revelation in Progress, from Adam to Malachi," a series of Bible Studies by the Rev. J. H. Titcomb, M.A.; "Sundays Abroad," a series of observations on the religious condition of the people of Italy, France and Switzerland, by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie.

NOTE.—After a careful consideration of the amount of space at our disposal, we have decided to publish our Chronicle of Events and Science & Art Summary, quarterly, instead of monthly, as at first intended.

ERRATUM.—For "Clarie," in the early chapters of *Marguerite Kneller*, read "Claire."