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A FRAGMENT OF CANADIAN HISTORY.*

BY PROFESSOR BRYCE.

THE writer of the History of the Dominion of Canada has a great work before him. It is as great a task as the explorer of a great river has when entering its embouchure he sails up to diverge and examine one branch, to return and repeat his quest in another, and after all to leave unvisited a hundred rivulets which go to make up the stream. The History of Canada must start from such different sources as the discovery of the Prima Vista in 1497; the Nouvelle France of Jacques Cartier in 1535; the Acadie of the heroes of "Evangeline" in 1604; the Rupert's Land of the Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay in 1670, and extending westward until it embraced—from Hudson's Straits to Vancouver's Island, discovered in 1762—all the country not possessed by any other Christian Prince or State; the British Canada of the soldiers of Wolfe of 1759; and the refuge of the United Empire Loyalists from 1783 to 1812. Starting from such different sources, the History of Canada comes down to the present time, when British North America is beginning to realize her unity under the Canadian Confederation. This paper is a fragment of such history, torn from the volume that must be written by some patient and earnest investigator who can make the whole subject a life-work. It is an imperfect sketch of the history of the Hudson's Bay Company and its opponents, from their adventurous beginning to the year 1821, when all united in one great company bearing the name of the oldest, though not most vigorous partner. The embarkation of English gentlemen in foreign trade was the result of the successful voyages of Drake and his contemporaries, when, as a species of freebooters, they sailed the seas with the motto of the brave Robin

* Sir Alexander McKenzie's Travels; Hargrave's Red River; Neill's History of Minnesota; Reports of the British House of Commons; Ross's Red River Settlement.

Hood. Among the Company of Adventurers to whom King Charles granted a charter was the fiery Prince Rupert, who is acknowledged as "our dear and entirely beloved cousin, Count Palatine of the Rhine," &c., and to him, already noted for his buccaneering life in the West Indies, and for exploits of a more patriotic kind against the Dutch, was given the honour of naming a territory which only five years ago lost the title of "Rupert's Land." His old friend, the Duke of Albémarle, familiar to the reader of English history as the brave and reticent restorer of Charles II., General Monk, died in the year of the granting of the charter; and his son Christopher stands second on the list of those to whom was given the monopoly of the country lying within the "entrance of the Straits commonly known as Hudson's Straits, together with all the lands, countries and territories upon the coasts and confines of the seas, straits, bays, lakes, rivers, creeks, and sounds." It is not at all strange to read of "old George, the King-maker," who had filled almost every office, military and civil, leaving his heir with instructions to prosecute, even so wild and adventurous an enterprise as the trade with Hudson's Bay; nor does it surprise us to see the ruling spirit of King Charles' reign, Dryden's Achitophel, Lord Ashley, the unworthy ancestor of our good Earl of Shaftesbury, taking part in this quest of the "Golden Fleece," bearing, as he did, the character :

> "A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

Lord Arlington, another of the members of the celebrated Cabal, is found among the traders, and with fourteen others—knights, baronets, esquires and citizens—completed the corporation organized under Prince Rupert, the first Governor. The pleasure-loving king deserves well of us, when we look at his wise and generous policy of encouraging the trader and the voyageur, giving up to them the fisheries of "whales, sturgeons and all other royal fishes," and even the "gold, silver, gems and precious stones," requiring only yearly to himself and successors, as often as they should enter the territories, the payment of "two elks and two black beavers." The love of sea-adventure, which was then strengthening in the bosom of the Englishman, was but the revival of the old Norse instinct which the struggles of the barons and the Wars of the Roses had very much deadened. It was this same spirit that led Drake and Raleigh and Frobisher to make their flying visits to almost every part of the unknown world, and the explorers of the inhospitable quarters of Hudson's Bay had to incite them the additional charm of whales and icebergs and fierce wild beasts. For a hundred years the Company sent out its ships to escape, with battered keels and sometimes dismasted vessels, the dangers of a channel open only two months in the year; but, besides having their love of adventure gratified, they had the consolation of securing a very profitable cargo of the peltries of the frozen land. Not long after their establishment, it is true, their rudely built forts on the border of Hudson's Bay were visited and captured by French expeditions. The great Massacre of St. Bartholomew, 100 years before, had turned on edge the teeth of all the Protestant nations against the foes of the reformed doctrines, and war was being waged at this time between "Le Grand Monarque" and the English, who sympathized with the struggling and devoted inhabitants of the Low Countries. In these struggles the young Company received its share of trials; its forts were occupied, its trade interrupted and its energies weakened time after time until the Peace of Ryswick in 1697 put an end to the difficulties that beset the traders; yet during all this period, taking full account of losses, the proprietors comforted themselves every few years with a dividend of 50 per cent. To one who has never experienced the peculiar cold of Rupert's Land it seems intoler-

able to endure for several weeks together a temperature of so great intensity, and yet the traders gathering furs for their vessel, coming out in the short northern summer, passed with much cheerfulness, and even pleasure, their sojourn year after year. From far and near came the tribes of Indians inhabiting the vast region to the west, which the traders thus found it unnecessary to visit. Without leaving their so-called forts on Hudson's Bay, they could receive for a trifle of goods, or some paltry trinket, the most valuable furs; and Fort Churchill and the shores of the inland sea of the north became the centre of attraction for the many tribes of the great Crees or Algonquins of the South-east, as well as the Chippewan nations of the North-west. To the romance of the trade was added the feeling of superiority which their knowledge and their goods gave the traders over the Indian—astute enough as to honour, but simple as a child in trade. There is a grim humour in the motto of the Hudson's Bay Company: "Pro pelle cutem," (skin for skin) adopted as embodying the results of a thousand successful transactions. Yet there was evinced on the whole a sagacity and tact in dealing with the savage, even in the early days of the Company, that has been seldom equalled. Coming down with his bundle of furs upon his back, from the shores of some of the innumerable lakes stretching to Lake Winnipeg over four hundred miles, or reciting the strange stories of far-off Athabasca, the Indian hunter did not fail to return with his powder, shot and Queen Bess musket to wake the echoes of his quiet home. Had the North-west been hospitable, no doubt the influx of other traders brought by the news of the great profits would soon have made it impossible for the traders to retain their monopoly, and settlements such as those of Manhattan Island and Nouvelle France would have followed in the wake of the fur hunters. But the rigour of the climate, the sterility of the soil, the difficulties of approach and the threatenings of a monopoly, retained in a most unexampled manner the country for its first masters, who found their mine of wealth not in the soil, but in the animals which civilization banishes. Encroachments, however, came from a most unexpected quarter. New France had, from its very beginning, become the resort of the fur trader. The Saguenay, with its clear waters and its rugged banks, gave good returns to the trader; and Tadoussac, at its mouth, became the fur dépôt for many a year. The Ottawa, too, in turn yielded its share of northern wealth, and the enterprising French voyageurs continued their North-western course until crossing the watershed they reached the plateau of Red River and the Saskatchewan. Trapping and trading, the hardy descendants of the men from Norman France followed the genius of the race that left its northern fiords to carry vigour to Western Europe, and sent off the captain of St. Malo on his adventurous quest to the new world. M. de la Verandrye, a French seigneur, was the first white man who penetrated the solitudes of the North-west, and to him is given the honour of having, in 1731, discovered Lake Winnipeg and its affluents. His success was the occasion for a score of other adventurers seeking out the new land, and the Indians of the region west of Winnipeg soon found another set of traders nearer to their native lakes than Fort Churchill, on whom they looked at first with suspicion, but who at length won their confidence. For twenty or thirty years were the strangers from Nouvelle France courting the favour of the Indian hunters, and their persistent efforts were so successful that the English Company of more than a hundred years standing, cut off from inland supplies, were compelled to meet their rivals by leaving the coast and journeying westward. The French trappers had now the co-operation of such stirring spirits of the army of Wolfe as had settled in Canada, after, in 1759, it became British.

To meet the increasing force of this powerful combination, the Hudson's Bay Company penetrated inland more than four hundred miles, in the year 1774, to a point somewhere in the vicinity of Cumberland House. Now began the great struggle for supremacy between the old British combination and the Franco-British traders of Canada: the one possessed of the strength and confidence which large dividends and established transactions had produced, the other having all the energy and determination characterizing the Canadian, born amongst, and thoroughly accustomed to, the hardships of Colonial life. As being firmly established inland, the Canadian traders more than held their own, and with them five thousand employés. Crossing even to the Pacific Ocean, they increased in strength and drew wealthy men to them till, in 1783—nine years after the meeting of the two rivals—when freed from the threatenings and assaults of the new-fledged Republic on the South, which in that year, by the great Peace of Paris, secured its independence, the Canadian traders combined into the celebrated "North-west Company of Montreal." From this time the trading with the North-west loses much of its romance, and settles down into the routine work of a Company. The trade was now beginning to have its effect. Many of the wild and daring men scattered throughout the country among the ignorant and degraded Indian tribes, formed alliances with them. From these unions sprang the large class of "Boisbrûlés," "Métis," or Half-breeds, which has formed such an important element in all the events of North-western history. The traders and hunters of the North-west Company were a promiscuous collection of these Half-breeds, Frenchmen, Highlanders and Indians. They consisted of interpreters, clerks, canoemen and guides, and made up the two classes —those who did the inland trade and those who carried from the meeting-place to Montreal. The former brought their booty to the neighbourhood of Fort William, on Lake Superior, which was long the chief station of the North-west Company. They lived on the fresh meat of the buffalo on the plains, on the prepared meat called "pemmican" on their "trips," or upon the fish and game found in such profusion in the country they traversed. The voyageurs who brought the goods from Montreal by the toilsome route of the Ottawa, Lakes Nipissing, Huron and Superior were called "coureurs des bois." These, on account of their route failing to supply them with the requisite food, lived on the dried provisions they carried with them, and were regarded as less favoured than their North-western comrades; this class, consequently, comprised most of the "raw hands" of the Company. The winterers who, on account of their coming into contact with the Indians, were of a wild and roving disposition, gave the name to their associates, which still prevails for novices in the North-west, "mangeurs de lard" (pork-eaters). The departure of the voyageurs from Montreal on their long and perilous journey was a scene of great interest and beauty. Leaving Lachine, the dépôt of the North-west Company, in their slender canoes, they skirt the Island of Montreal, until they reach Ste. Anne's, within two miles of its western extremity. Laden so heavily that they sank to the gunwale, their canoes would rise on the crest of a wave and, guided by the expert Canadian, few accidents ever occurred. Their cargo was very general. For trade they carried "packages of coarse woollens, blankets, arms, ammunition, tobacco, threads, lines, cutlery, kettles, handkerchiefs, hats and hose, calico and printed cottons," and it is to be feared, a supply of the curse of the Indians—spirituous liquors. To this they added biscuit, pork and peas, for their own subsistence, and the utensils necessary for their voyage, but not a pound of useless freight. Early in May they prepared to leave Ste. Anne's. Probably few are aware

that it is the scene of these brave and hardy voyageurs leaving, that Moore has described in the well-known "Canadian Boat Song." At Ste. Anne's rapid they were compelled to take out a part of their lading, and once past this, they bade good-bye to the associations of home, for at Ste. Anne's was the last Christian church, and this church dedicated to the tutelary saint of the voyageurs. The great combination working from far-off Montreal, to a point west of the Rocky Mountains, carried on their operations so vigorously that they were rewarded by the highest dividends ever made by a similar Company in America. But, as is so frequent, success and ambition brought dissension; and a small section, among whom were the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, M. P., since so famous in connection with the Hudson's Bay Company, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the traveller, broke off dissatisfied, and formed the X. Y. Company. Three rival companies made the country a scene of constant warfare, sometimes of bloodshed; and Indians and whites were frequently brought into collision at the imminent risk of the total extermination, should the animosity of the savage tribes become general, of the whole three companies. In 1811, matters had reached a very unsatisfactory condition, when a new element entered into the circumstances and completely changed the aspect of affairs. In this year Lord Selkirk, who is described by an American writer as a "wealthy, kind-hearted, and visionary nobleman of Scotland," joined the Hudson's Bay Company and obtained a controlling power in it. Whether he was not more shrewd than visionary is a question on which very much might be said; that his plans did not all succeed is but the experience of many a speculator. The waning influence of the Hudson's Bay Company and decreasing dividends rendered a bold and vigorous policy necessary. The North-west Company had a longer season, more active and more experienced agents, and had gained a prestige fully equal to that of the Company, which had reached an age of a century and a half. To meet the power of the rivals it was necessary to gain a stronger foothold in the country, to have numbers who might be appealed to in case of necessity, and moreover to produce agricultural supplies at a point nearer even than Canada to the great fur-bearing region of the North. The courage of a man who could take a colony of men, women and children, after a sea voyage of thousands of miles, to winter on the frozen shores of Hudson's Bay, and then proceed five hundred miles inland, to settle fifteen hundred miles from the nearest white settlement, must have been considerable, the object he had in view an important one, and the necessity for such a course very great. Moreover the willingness of a colony of settlers to leave the old world and begin life in a land that they believed was infested by "wild beasts and wilder men" must ever seem strange. At this juncture, fortunately for Lord Selkirk's scheme, an expatriated people had the choice of going abroad or of being drowned in the German Ocean. One of those harsh and selfish acts which have made many a colonist look back to the home of his childhood—in other respects a pleasing recollection—with the feeling of bitterness and retaliation, drove forth from the estates of the Duchess of Sutherland thousands of poor exiles to find homes in the New World. Lord Selkirk visited the hapless community and induced a number of them to colonize the land he had procured from the Hudson's Bay Company by purchase.

It is not the object of this paper to enter with any minuteness into the history of this colony. Suffice it to say that the privations they endured were rarely if ever equalled in the early settlement of any country. Women carrying helpless children were compelled to walk with bleeding feet over the frozen earth; strong men gave way, overcome by hunger and melancholy, and the poor settlers

seemed the victims of every man and beast. The enmity of the North-west Company, the arrogance and threats of the Indians, the clouds of locusts that devoured their first hard-won harvests and the ordinary and inevitable hardships of the first settlers joined to make their condition most miserable. In 1812 came an additional force of immigrants; but with each new arrival the enmity of the North-west Company increased. The traders attacked the settlers, and drove them southward with the evident intention of compelling them to leave the country. The brave Highlander could have fought, but his broadsword had grown rusty: the inspiring notes of the pipes of his native hills would have roused his enthusiasm, but there was no heart strong enough to sound the pibroch. The North-west Company, organized and daring, were too strong, and the poor colonists found themselves compelled to leave their new home. Disguised as Indians the traders induced the settlers to take refuge at Pembina, about sixty miles to the south. The soi-disant Indians made use of their opportunities as guides to the unfortunates to despoil them of whatever articles of value they possessed. One woman was compelled to give up the marriage ring placed on her hand in her native land, and a warlike Highlander must surrender the trusty claymore his father had carried at Culloden. So the contest between the two companies increased in intensity. In 1814 an organized effort was made by the Nor'-westers to rid the country of the Hudson's Bay Company settlers. Two fellow-countrymen of the settlers were sent to gain the confidence of the Highland colonists. One of them writes, as he is going forward on his mission, "Nothing but the downfall of the colony will satisfy some by fair or foul means. So here is at them with all my heart and energy." The more crafty of the two emissaries taking advantage of the well known partiality of the Highlander for his clansman ingratiated himself with the simple-minded settlers, and by degrees undermined the allegiance of many to their absent patron the Earl of Selkirk. This work accomplished, an outbreak took place, and the fair words of an enemy were found to have severed the ties of origin, old recollections, and common interest which had hitherto made the struggling band a unit. The unfaithful settlers and their new-found friends sacked Fort Douglas, a rude stronghold of the Company, standing a mile below the present Fort Garry; possessed themselves of the few small guns stored there; shortly after attacked the Governor's house; killed several of its inmates, and carried away the Governor himself a captive to Montreal. Numbers of the unfortunate settlers, harassed and annoyed, set out in company with those who had proved false to their allegiance, determined to leave the country. It was a long and weary journey for the exiles, taking with them their women and children. For four long months their journey lasted. From Red River over what is now the Dawson Route to Fort William, along the rugged shores of Lakes Superior and Huron the wanderers toiled until at last they reached the lonely military station of Penetanguishene. In the settlements they formed in the London District and in the County of Simcoe, in Ontario, may yet be found the old men—few in number now—who accomplished this tedious four months' voyage in 1815. The fugitives, though suffering much, escaped many of the severe trials of those who remained behind; for both Companies, now that hostilities had commenced, began to put forth most strenuous efforts. At one time the remnant had not only resolved to return to Britain, but had actually gone several hundred miles on their way to Hudson's Bay. Met at this point by a representative of the Hudson's Bay Company they were induced to return; and on their reaching Red River the Nor'-wester agent, who had sown the seeds of dissension among them, was seized and sent off to

England for trial. Lord Selkirk, hearing of the sad condition of his infant state, hastened out by way of Canada to relieve the colonists. The messenger despatched to assure them of his sympathy and to promise assistance never reached his destination. The Nor'-westers scattered over the interior were, however, unwilling to leave the key of the country in the hands of their foes, and so organized an expedition of the Half-breeds and Highlanders at Qu'Appelle River, and coming eastward, they attacked the re-established colony now under the rule of Governor Semple. On the 16th of June, 1816, as Châteaubriand the French writer, who was travelling at that time in Canada, facetiously remarks, just a year after the Battle of Waterloo, French and English again met in conflict, this time on the prairies of the North-west, and this time to see the French the victors. The Bois-brûlés had passed Fort Douglas, when Governor Semple, poorly attended, sallied out to reconnoitre. After passing the Fort they captured three of the Selkirk settlers, known to them as "the men of Orkney." They hastened back to meet the Governor, when his want of tact seems to have ended disastrously; for a volley from the Nor'-westers laid low nearly the whole of the body-guard, and killed the rash and hasty man as well.

A fragment, perhaps the only fragment of Bois-brûlés' literature, unless it be the Rebellion proclamation of Louis Riel, the President of the unfortunate Red River Provisional Government of 1869, has come down to us. The fragment, with its bad French and grandiloquent strains, is something of a curiosity in its way:—

CHANSON ÉCRITE PAR PIERRE FALCON.

"Voulez-vous écouter chanter un chanson de vérité :
Le dix-neuf de Juin, les 'Bois-brûlés' sont arrivés
Comme des braves guerriers.
Ont arrivons à la Grenouillière,
Nous avons fait trois prisonniers
Des Orcanais ! Ils sont ici pour piller notre pays.
Etant sur le point de débarquer,
Deux de nos gens se sont écriés—
Voila l'Anglais qui vient nous attaquer !
Tous aussitôt nous nous sommes devirés
Pour aller les rencontrer.

"J'avons cerné la bande de Grenadiers,
Ils sont immobiles ! ils sont démontés !
J'avons agi comme des gens d'honneur
Nous envoyâmes un ambassadeur.
Gouverneur ! voulez-vous arrêter un petit moment
Nous voulons vous parler.

"Le gouverneur qui est enragé,
Il dit à ses soldats—Tirez !
Le premier coup l'Anglais le tire,
L'ambassadeur a presque manqué d'être tué.
Le gouverneur se croyant l'Empereur
Il agit avec rigueur.
Le gouverneur se croyant l'Empereur
A son malheur agit avec trop de rigueur.

"Ayant vu passer les Bois-brûlés
Il a parti pour nous épouvanter.
Etant parti pour nous épouvanter
Il s'est trompé : il s'est bien fait tué
Quantité de ses grenadiers.

"J'avons tué presque toute son armée
De la bande quatre ou cinq se sont sauvés
Si vous aviez vu les Anglais
Et tous les Bois-brûlés après !
De butte en butte les Anglais culbutaient
Les Bois-brûlés jetaient des cris de joie !

"Qui en a composé la chanson ?
C'est Pierre Falcon ! Le bon garçon !
Elle a été faite et composée
Sur la Victoire que nous avons gagné !
Elle a été faite et composée
Chantons la gloire de tous ces Bois-brûlés."

SONG WRITTEN BY PIERRE FALCON.

"Come listen to this song of truth !
A song of the brave Bois-brûlés,
Who at Frog Plain took three captives,
Strangers come to rob our country.

"When dismounting there to rest us,
A cry is raised—the English !
They are coming to attack us,
So we hasten forth to meet them.

"I looked upon their army,
They are motionless and downcast ;
So, as honour would incline us,
We desire with them to parley.

> "But their leader, moved with anger,
> Gives the word to fire upon us;
> And imperiously repeats it,
> Rushing on to his destruction.
>
> "Having seen us pass his stronghold,
> He had thought to strike with terror
> The Bois-brûlés: ah! mistaken,
> Many of his soldiers perish.
>
> "But a few escaped the slaughter,
> Rushing from the field of battle;
> Oh, to see the English fleeing!
> Oh, the shouts of their pursuers!
>
> "Who has sung this song of triumph?
> The good Pierre Falcon has composed it,
> That the praise of these Bois-brûlés
> Might be evermore recorded."

Such was the triumphant spirit of the Nor'-westers; but their triumph was a short one. The death of Governor Semple served to hasten on the Earl of Selkirk, who with his band of soldiers of the old De Meuron regiment took Fort William, and in due time reached the scene of the unfortunate collision. The skirmish of "Seven Oaks," which Pierre Falcon commemorates, has had its effect on all subsequent affairs in the Red River region and, while giving a prestige to the Bois-brûlés element in the North-west, has done much to encourage that lawlessness which has so disfigured the country since. The wide extent of territory, the facility this gave for escape, and the difficulty of detection have made it easy for bodies of men to accomplish, by a coup-de-main, what they might never be called to account for, and which only involved the risk of the encounter itself. It is a dangerous thing for a country when this is the case; and it is to be hoped that, under Canadian rule, a more settled state of affairs may follow, and that the conviction may grow in the popular mind that, though justice may be long delayed, yet a Nemesis is certainly and unremittingly pursuing the guilty. The few years succeeding hostilities were spent by the settlers in overcoming the natural difficulties of their situation and in gaining a foothold in the country. It will be the duty of the future historian to tell of their privations, of their betaking themselves to the chase of the buffalo and deer, and of their losses by the locust; to recount their journeyings to the United States for supplies, and to tell of the state of comparative tranquillity, if not inertia, which succeeded their fiery trials, occasionally interrupted by the floods which have alarmed or the internal dissensions which have disturbed them. Lord Selkirk, the founder of the colony, died in 1821, after which, at the instance of the British Government, the Companies, both reduced to the verge of bankruptcy, brought their tedious negotiations to an end and, uniting heartily, formed the Hudson's Bay Company, which, with all its faults, has been a respectable, energetic and honourable Corporation, and has performed the signal service to Canada and the British empire of keeping a vast extent of territory, in danger of being Americanized, true to its allegiance, and of making every Indian respect the Scotch bonnet and the trader known to be one of King George's men. The history from 1821 to the present is a subject full of interest to the Canadian.

MANITOBA.

REMONSTRANCE.

BY ALICE HORTON.

I.

PASSING onward to a better country,
  Living such a little time below ;
Knowing this, O soul, why doth earth's sorrow
  Fret thee so ?

II.

In a stage of suffering and probation,
Dost thou still desire thy meed of bliss ?
Can'st thou not give o'er for Life eternal,
  Life like this ?

III.

Knowing that the trial is soon over,
Knowing that no pleasure can endure :
Still one seems so hard, and still the other
  Does so lure !

IV.

Even on love, the truest, falls the shadow,
Shadow of turning and perchance of death ;
Ah, the dead hearts ! Ah me, the hearts divided,
  And the lost faith !

V.

And yet, purblind, we give and take affection,
Leaning on reeds too frail for our depending,
Marvelling that they break, accusing Heaven,
  And self defending.

VI.

Better to lean on nóthing but God only,
Prune earthly love for fuller flowers in Heaven,
Cutting the clinging tendrils, leavening life,
With bitter leaven.

VII.

Better be weary of life than wedded to it,
Better be here forlorn than over-blest,
Better to bear the burden and then find
How sweet the rest!

VIII.

Blest who find here no place for their reposing;
Blest who bend here beneath the Chastener's rod:
Peace keeps for them which passes understanding,
The Peace of God.

IX.

These heavy-laden souls, these poor, these patient,
Shall glorified come forth from mists of pain,
And walk in light, and smile to think in Heaven,
How earth was vain.

X.

More blessed they than angels, having known
So sad a converse, and bereavings sore—
Now knowing that the tears are wept for ever
And evermore.

OTTAWA.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY.

A STORY OF 1812.

BY FIDELIS.

CHAPTER VI.

MARJORIE.

"A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid,—
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed."

A WEEK or two of the pleasant June weather had glided by. The lilac-blossoms had nearly all fallen off now, and what remained were faded and withering. The spring-flowers were over, and the June roses were beginning to open their deep-tinted petals. The apple-blossoms had long ago disappeared, and the young green apples were already formed in their place. The little, blue, spotted eggs in the nests that lay snugly ensconced in the spruces at The Elms—now growing so bright a green, with their young cones—had been chipped by tiny beaks, and the nests held a callow, confused mass, from which gaped wide little mouths as the parent-birds came chirping home. The butterflies were beginning to dart in and out among the leaves, the tiny humming-birds were hanging from the opening honey-suckles, busily drawing forth their sweet, hidden treasure, and the air was full of the hum and stir and life of the rapidly maturing summer.

Lilias has finished her morning round of active duties, which, this morning, has included bread-making—for it is washing day and the other hands are full—and has taken out her needle-work to the grassy, shaded grounds in front of the house; for on such summer days the rooms within, with their small windows and spare dark furnishings, look gloomy and uninviting, compared with the glory and the beauty of out-door sunshine and quivering green shadow. So Lilias sits at her work of mending household linen, with the graceful waving boughs of a large hickory lying like a green cloud between her and the blue sky, and the flitting shadows of the leaves glimmering over the grass at her feet, and the soft warm air, full of summer scents, disarranging her soft brown locks; while she now and then exchanges a pleasant word or two with old Nannie, who is "putting out" some of her young mistress' muslins and laces to bleach, where they are not so likely to be interfered with by the profane feet of chickens or geese, as in the ordinary bleaching-ground.

Lilias is scarcely looking as bright and tranquilly happy as is her wont, and her usually serene brow is slightly clouded. Indeed, she has been feeling, during the last two or three days, while her father has been absent at Newark, more lonely than she remembers ever to have felt in her life before. For one thing, Captain Percival's departure, after his stay of about a week, left a perceptible blank. For he had shaken off his ordinary carelessness of manner, and had really exerted himself to make his visit agreeable to his kind entertainers, a thing he was quite able to do if he pleased. He rode and walked, and chatted with Lilias, who could not help finding in him a very pleasant companion: a companion, too, who knew much about many things of which she was so ignorant; who could tell her much that she wanted to know, and behind all whose pleasant flow of talk and anecdote there seemed to lie, like a misty, sun-lit atmosphere, the "home" life and "home" scenes

that had haunted her imagination from her childhood. He was an accomplished rider, and, mounting her upon his own steed, as soon as Hector had recovered from his lameness, gave her lessons in the art of leaping, which she had as yet scarcely tried—Lilias finding the beautiful, perfectly-trained animal the very ideal of a spirited yet docile steed, and being obliged to confess his great superiority, even as a lady's horse, to her own pet Canadian pony. In short, Captain Percival and she had become very good friends—the more so that Lilias, pre-occupied with the idea that there was "something between" him and her English cousin, and not knowing that it was unusual with him to be so genial, never thought of recognizing—in looks and tones that might have suggested the idea to a less simple-minded girl—any special admiration of herself. She was quite unconscious that his eye sought hers more and more frequently, and she always met his glance with a frank friendliness that knew no cause for avoiding it.

But amidst all Percival's pleasant attentions, the thought of Ernest was never long absent from her mind; his earnest, wistful look at parting was continually haunting her. Unconsciously, almost, to herself, their last two interviews had, without visible cause, given a different character to her feeling for him—a certain feeling of property in him which she would have shrunk from putting into words; and of responsibility and care for his well-being which she had never known before. She never once thought of comparing him disadvantageously with Percival, when the latter was at his pleasantest. If he had more of the outward polish of a man of the world, Ernest's straightforward, unaffected simplicity seemed to bring his real inner being far nearer to her. There was a depth and strength of sympathy between him and herself which she never could feel with a man like Percival, who, with all his accomplishments and arts of pleasing, never seemed to have thought deeply about anything, or to have realised with any vividness the great spiritual realities that lie below the surface-phantasmagoria of outward life—to whom the prizes of the visible world seemed everything, and whose judgment and thoughts were bounded on all sides by the conventionalities of "society." Indeed, his code of conventional rules often chafed and annoyed her, contrasting so strongly with the free simplicity of her secluded forest home, and of a life untouched by the worldly influences which then swayed so tyrannically English social ideas and habits.

And now that his departure had left her time and thoughts more free from distraction, he would probably have been little flattered could he have known how slightly his image retained its place in her thoughts, and how completely his somewhat despised rival engrossed them. Lilias' mind, indeed, was too full of Ernest and his well-being for its own peace. Day by day, and hour by hour, instead of simply enjoying, as she had formerly done, the changing pleasantness of her daily life—the mere joy of existence in a world so beautiful—she was inwardly following Ernest with a restless anxiety, wondering whether he was well; whether he was happier, or at least more free from the depression which she had seen was weighing upon him. She thought, now, of many things that she would have liked to say to him; and she had no means of saying them, for they had never corresponded, and she could not, of course, write to him, unless some real necessity should arise. She tried to do as Aunt Judy had taught her—to carry all her anxiety to the feet of the all-loving Father, who is so much nearer and closer to all His children than any of them are to each other; but though this soothed and calmed her for the time, it could not quite dispel the vague weight of care that rested heavily on her heart, and found expression in the frequent, unaccustomed sigh. The general feeling of anxiety about public matters, too, —like "thunder in the air"—her father's ab-

sence, and the scarcity of any authentic news, added to the burden of uneasiness and suspense.

"What is the matter, Bruno?" she said, as the faithful old dog, who had been lying near her feet, half asleep, but occasionally watching her with one half-open eye, now shook himself, gave a few preliminary growls, and then barked vociferously—an unmistakable intimation that some one was approaching.

"Who is it, Bruno?" she said, wonderingly, knowing that her father could not be home before the evening.

Old Nannie set down the bowl with which she was sprinkling the delicate fabrics on the grass, and, shading her eyes, looked out towards the road, then came up to her young mistress.

"It's just black Cæsar, the Colonel's man, ridin' along, tired-like, poor fellow! I'll warrant he'll hae some word till ye frae Miss Marjorie. She'll be wantin' ye up there," said Nannie, the wish being "father to the thought." She had been wishing for something to enliven her young mistress, whose unusual depression her sharp eyes had quickly noticed. And then, more eager to know the object of his errand than was Lilias herself, she hurried away on her old feet to the gate, where Sambo, who had always a keen instinct for the arrival of visitors, had already waylaid his black brother, and engaged him in a brisk conversation, not likely soon to come to an end.

Nannie pounced upon the letter which the man had brought for Miss Meredith, and leaving the two "hoodie-craws," as she called them, to saunter up to the stables, finishing their talk at their leisure, she carried the epistle in triumph to Lilias. It was an elaborately-folded and heavily-sealed packet, such as letters used to be in days when envelopes were unknown, and when the large, folded sheets, too, used to contain a good deal more substantial reading than modern epistles do in these degenerate days of adhesive envelopes, postal cards and perpetually arriving mails. Lilias took it eagerly, for Marjorie was her especial and devoted friend, and Marjorie's letters were always worth reading—taking them even on their intrinsic merits. She smiled as she glanced at the opening lines, so characteristic of her friend's passion for the poems of Ossian, which, at that time, were still attracting much attention, and exercised a powerful influence over a certain class of imaginative minds. They ran thus—

"DEAREST LILIAS,—White armed daughter of the Lake! Bright as the moon in autumn, as the sun in a summer storm, come thou, O maid, over rocks (over corduroy-bridges) to me. Alone I am, O Lilias—alone among the pines! Come and talk with me, Lilias! come on the light-winged gale! on the breeze of the desert, come! Let me hear thy voice as thou passest, when mid-day is silent around!"

The letter then descended into a more ordinary strain, recounting how lonely the writer was feeling without her friend, and how many excellent reasons there were why that friend should come to her at once, on which account she had seized the opportunity of Cæsar's being despatched to that part of the country on business, and had sent him six or seven miles out of the way in order to carry her missive. She mentioned Captain Percival also, who had called, bringing a note of introduction from Major Meredith. Her father, she said, was delighted with his military enthusiasm, and said that he was considered quite an acquisition by General Brock, who had come over to Fort George,—called thither, it was said, by warlike rumours, and who was likely to attach Percival to his staff.

"We have arranged an expedition to show him the Falls next week," the letter went on to say, "and several of the officers—*my hero* included—are to dine with us afterwards; and, of course, I want you for both occasions; so get Major Meredith to bring you

over as soon as possible—to stay as long as possible."

The epistle closed with another pathetic adjuration to the "white-armed maid—lonely sunbeam of my love," to hasten to delight the heart of "her devoted Marjorie."

Nannie was, of course, speedily made acquainted with the purport of the letter, and heartily endorsed the exhortation. "For," she said, "there's naething ava' to keep ye, an' it's but dowie for a young lassie to be here so much yer lane, wi' naebody but an auld wific like me, when the Major's awa'! Sae, I'll just mak' haste and get up yer mull muslin there, an' the laces, an' ye'll tak' yer bonnie new perlins frae hame to wear at the dinner; for if the General himsel's to be there, ye'll need to be braw!"

Lilias was herself in no wise disinclined for the proposition, for it was no small pleasure in itself to visit Marjorie in her beautiful home on the banks of the Niagara river, not far from Queenston Heights; and it would be a great relief to unburden to her friend some of the thoughts which, through their very repression, pressed so heavily upon her heart. Then, when she was, comparatively speaking, so near Newark, she might sometimes hear of Ernest, might even see him, for he had been occasionally invited to meet her on former visits at Dunlathmon, as Colonel McLeod's residence had been Ossianically called. When Major Meredith returned, bearing to Lilias polite messages from Captain Percival, who was finding great favour at Fort George, and a small packet containing the promised poem of Scott's, with another small volume, both of which he begged that she would do him the favour to accept, the proposed plan was unfolded, first by Nannie and then by Lilias. The Major readily acceded, always glad of anything that promised to give his darling pleasure, in what he felt to be her somewhat lonely life; and he promised to remain himself to take part in the expedition to the Falls, which greatly enhanced Lilias' pleasure in the anticipation of the little excursion.

Cæsar, who had been kept all day to rest, was accordingly made the bearer of an affirmative reply, and Nannie went on vigorously with her clear-starching operations, while Major Meredith put his farming affairs in train for another absence of a few days. When he found himself able to start, Lilias' small trunk—not a "Saratoga"—was consigned to John Wardle's care, to be taken in the stage to Newark, whence it would be sent for, while Lilias and her father took a bridle-path through the woods on horse-back, a more direct route to Dunlathmon, thus saving a *détour* of several miles, and securing a much pleasanter journey than by the jolting waggon on the regular road.

They started early in the morning, just as the rising sun was dispersing the delicate opalescent hues of the dawn, and before the early chorus of the birds was over. It was a long journey for an equestrian one, but Lilias was a good horsewoman, and ladies were used to long equestrian journeys in those days, when there was hardly any other mode of conveyance. The sweet balmy freshness of the woods in the early morning was, of itself, a delight, which the horses as well as the riders seemed to feel, and they rode on as briskly as the nature of the path would allow. As the day grew warmer, they did not need to dread the burning rays of the sun, so impervious a screen was the wilderness of green leaves and interlacing boughs above their heads. Sometimes, indeed, they went, for shortness, by what was called a "blazed path," marked out merely by the trees being "blazed" or chipped by the axe; and there the wilderness sometimes became such a tangle of underbrush and fallen logs, that it presented no slight obstacle to their progress. Where now wave golden wheat-fields and rich fruit orchards, bending peach-trees and trellised vines, there then stood almost a jungle of hemlock, oak, maple and beech, crowded and massed

in an inextricable maze of tall lanky trees and thickly growing saplings, waving above an undergrowth of brush and ferns and lichens, clustering over the dank soil. Here and there they came to a "clearing," with its "shanty," in one of which they readily procured an extemporised luncheon of bread and milk. Late in the afternoon they came out on something more resembling a road, which was, however, only a cart-path over the rough uneven ground, left just as it had been "cleared." One side of this "road" was bounded by the usual "snake-fence," enclosing appropriated and sometimes cultivated land, while the other was, in most places, skirted by the wilderness itself in all its tangled density, fringed by fallen logs and tree-roots, each covered with a second vegetation of moss and fern.

By the time they reached Dunlathmon, the travellers were tired enough to see with pleasure the wide gate, rude enough, as most gates were in those times, that opened into Colonel McLeod's demesne. As they rode up the long winding avenue, among the tall pines that surrounded the house on all sides, and through which the setting sun was darting long feathery lines of gold, the glimmer of a white dress was discernible among the dark sweeping boughs, and in a minute or two a tall girl, with flowing raven curls and dark animated eyes, came, flushed with running, to give her friend a warm, demonstrative greeting. In her hand she carried a small book, handsomely bound for those days, in dark brown leather and gold, at which Major Meredith glanced with a good-humoured smile, after the first salutations, and said, banteringly:

"Ossian as usual, Marjorie?"

"Of course," said Marjorie, returning his smile in kind, "And why should it not be? Do you know, Lilias, Captain Percival tells me that Bonaparte's favourite reading is Ossian, translated into Italian. So you see I have an illustrious example, Major Meredith!"

"Illustrious scoundrel!—begging your pardon, Marjorie,"—grumbled the Major, who never could see anything good or great in England's foes, even in regard to better men than Napoleon. "But there is my little kitten, Flo!" and he bent down from his saddle to give an affectionate salutation to a girl much younger, smaller and more delicately formed than Marjorie, who came bounding from the house, attended by an equally frolicsome spaniel.

The house—rather larger than The Elms—had two fronts, one with a pillared piazza, towards the river, looking down upon its green stream sweeping on between precipitous banks; the other towards the avenue, having a wide portico, on which were sitting Colonel McLeod and his wife. The former, a tall, stately, chieftain-looking man, rose on the approach of his guests, and came forward to meet them with the dignified Highland courtesy, which was one of his prominent characteristics. Mrs. McLeod, a dark, languid-looking West Indian, whom the Colonel had fallen in love with and married when stationed at Barbadoes on military duty, sat still till her husband had led Lilias up the steps—making politely minute enquiries after her health and welfare. Then she came forward, slowly and gracefully, to kiss her young guest's forehead, and to tell her how "charmed she was to see her sweet face again."

Marjorie speedily carried off her friend to her own room, that she might refresh herself and change her dress before coming down to the hospitable and substantial tea awaiting the hungry travellers. While she did so, Marjorie began at once to pour out all the flow of questions and answers which had been awaiting the arrival of her favourite companion, although it was only a few weeks since they had been together in York, whither Marjorie had accompanied her father to the sittings of the Legislative Assembly, of which he was a member. Their talk was interrupted only by a repeated and urgent summons to

tea, where Marjorie's tall brothers, just returned from training-drill, and having taken especial care to make themselves presentable for the occasion, were waiting to greet Lilias, of whom one of them, at least, was a devoted admirer. And when the merry tea-table talk was over, the young people gathered upon the wide piazza, where the conversation soon drifted to the graver things —then not far from any one's mind—or ceased, hushed to thoughtful silence, while they listened to the incessant rush of the stream far below the dusky trees, and watched the fire-flies, which, like irregular flitting stars, were glancing in and out among the long dark pine and hemlock boughs.

It need hardly be added that, notwithstanding Lilias' long ride, and the fatigue which she had a right to feel, Marjorie and she found subjects to talk about till the night was far advanced, and the rest of the household had been long since hushed in sleep. The two girls were sufficiently unlike in character, and sufficiently like in their tastes and sympathies, to be very congenial companions. Their differing qualities of mind and disposition were, indeed, in many respects, complementary of each other. The somewhat reserved character of Lilias,—shrinking from expressing *feeling* freely, notwithstanding her frankness in matters of *opinion*,—felt the happy influence of Marjorie's warm-hearted impulsiveness, and the Celtic enthusiasm that flowed out unchecked by the most unfavourable circumstances. On the other hand, Lilias' more thoughtful and reflective mind was a salutary counterpoise to Marjorie's somewhat too great preponderance of imagination and romance. Both had been developed largely by the circumstances of her early life, as well as inherited with her Highland blood. Her mother, neither strong nor active, would have hardly weathered the roughness of a settler's life at all, but for her faithful negro maid, Dinah, the mother of Cæsar, who, once a slave, had accompanied her young mistress to her Canadian home, and had taken upon herself, as a matter of course, all the toil and drudgery of the new forest life. Notwithstanding this, however, Mrs. McLeod always felt herself overburdened with her household cares and her growing family; and Marjorie had been left to roam about at will, and pick up such knowledge as she could from reading whatever came in her way. A year at school with Lilias in Montreal had been the only attempt at systematic education,—with one exception. Mrs. McLeod had a naturally fine musical taste, and had been, for the time and circumstances in which she lived, a pretty good musician; and as Marjorie had a fine, rich contralto voice, her mother had taken both pride and pleasure in training it, so that she could sing the spirited Highland pibrochs and plaintive coronachs in which her father delighted, in a style which he, in his inmost heart, thought almost unequalled. The great secret of her power in singing these lay, however, not so much in mere musical proficiency, as in the intense enthusiasm with which she threw herself into the spirit of what she sang. For Marjorie, though she had never been out of Canada in her life, was as intensely Highland in her feelings and sympathies as any chieftain's daughter that ever stepped upon heather. Her long Highland genealogy, her father's pride in the traditions of his family, which had suffered considerably from its devotion to the Jacobite cause, and his frequent and fond reminiscences of his boyhood's home—an old castle on the misty shores of an Argyleshire loch—had naturally tended to imbue her strongly with this feeling. But to the influence of her favourite Ossian, also, no small portion of it was due. Those were days in which the imagination was not supplied with food so liberally as it is now. Then, the whole mass of modern fiction, good and bad, which began with Scott, was as yet only entering into existence. Tennyson, the Brownings, and all their contemporaries,

—even Mrs. Hemans and L. E. L., were, so far as their poetic fame was concerned, still in the future. And, of the poets then beginning to form so bright a constellation, little more than the names had as yet reached Canada, where the facilities for the diffusion of literature, small even in Britain in comparison with what they are now, had only a very rudimentary existence. Cowper and Pope were almost the only recent English poets that had come in Marjorie's way, and they were, on the whole, too tame for her; though Lilias and she had spent some pleasant summer days over the Iliad and the Odyssey. Shakespeare, indeed, who in a bulky volume occupied a conspicuous place in her father's small collection of books, afforded a rich pasture for an imaginative mind, and she delighted especially in Hamlet, the Tempest, Julius Cæsar and the Midsummer Night's Dream. But the great dramatist was not at all times intense enough for Marjorie. His many-sidedness, his wide range of character, his profound philosophy and deep insight into human motive and passion, she could hardly as yet appreciate, and his broad, sometimes coarse humour, often repelled her. She had studied, till she almost knew them by heart, her father's collection of old Scottish ballads, in which mingled—with simple but often striking imagery and touches of exquisite description—the clash of wild, fierce warfare, or a thread of romance, often terrible with the intensity of passion characteristic of impulsive, undisciplined natures and a half savage age.

But the small dark boards of her treasured copy of Ossian contained an almost inexhaustible store of delight. The wild northern poems, with their primitive simplicity and sublimity, enchanted and stimulated her imagination, and excited the impassioned and somewhat exaggerated admiration which an enthusiastic girl will often lavish upon some particular poet, who may have chanced more especially to captivate her fancy. Many a summer hour had been dreamed away over these poems among the old whispering pines, when the wind, "soughing" among their dark boughs, seemed to breathe the wailing tones of the ancient bard. And when the autumn gales tossed about the whirling leaves, and made the pine-branches creak and sway in wild commotion, and the clouds behind them took strange fantastic forms in the dusky evening light, and the river rushed more fiercely below the precipitous foliage-clad banks—a deeper, colder green,—Marjorie's fancy would call up the shadowy forms of Malvina and her lost lover, of Comala and Ultha, and all the mournful heroines who weep their heroes slain in battle. To her, they all had the most real existence. Whoever might dispute the authenticity of the poems, she believed most firmly that "Fingal fought and Ossian sang;" and they opened entrancing glimpses of the old, old times of her father-land—times so dim and shadowy in the far-away past. They coloured her feelings, almost unconsciously to herself, and influenced her reception of natural influences. When she visited the Falls, she used to think how the soul of Ossian would have delighted in the roar of many waters, in the snowy, tossing foam, in the misty, shadowy spray, and in the Indian legend of the spirit of the thunder crouching beneath the mist and the surging waters in the awful chasm. The Indian legends, which she delighted to collect when she had an opportunity, seemed to come the nearest of anything which she knew to the wild old songs; even, as she fancied, the grave sad Indians, with their silent, dignified ways, and their occasional grandeur of speech—when they did speak,—must resemble to some extent the warriors of Fingal and Ossian. She sometimes, too, beguiled the long, quiet hours, which she had no magazines and few newspapers to enliven, in moulding her favourite Indian legends into tolerably good imitations of Ossian, which, however, were sacredly kept from every eye save that of Lilias.

The same influences that had developed her poetical and romantic tendencies had, also, strongly drawn out her patriotic feelings. It need scarcely be said that she was, like her father, a thorough Jacobite; that she blindly adored Mary, Queen of Scots, and believed in the "divine right" of the Pretender; that she could sing all the old Jacobite songs, and envied Flora Macdonald her task of chivalrous devotion, with all her heart. She often kept up warm, though always good-humoured arguments with Lilias, whose mind, enlightened by the more thoughtful and wider views of Ernest Heathcote, could not sympathise with Marjorie's one-sided enthusiasm, fascinating as it was to her. But Marjorie's Jacobite sympathies, nevertheless, did not make her one whit the less loyal to the reigning House, or less staunch in her allegiance to Great Britain. And, as the "land of her sires," after all—dear as it was to her—was but a distant and somewhat misty idea, her patriotic feelings found a more immediate and definite object in "her own, her native land," to which, despite its comparative destitution of mountains and of traditions, her heart clung with a passionate fervour. The troublous times which had been closing around it, during these last years, and the dangers which seemed to threaten it, had only deepened and intensified this fervour, by giving it a more definite centre; and in her heart she often wished herself a man, or, at least, another Joan of Arc, that she might go forth with her brothers, donning sword and rifle, to train for meeting the invader, should he really come.

This being her state of mind, it was no wonder that when, in General Brock's noble character and high qualities, the whole country believed that it saw its deliverer—the leader who should safely extricate it from difficulty and danger,—Marjorie, who could observe for herself his high-mindedness, his magnanimity, his whole-souled devotion to duty—all enhanced by the knightly courtesy and grace of his manner, especially towards women,—should elevate him at once to the first rank of heroes in her Valhalla, and lavish upon him a large portion of the hero-worship of which her heart was so full. And, certainly, he was worthier than are most "heroes" so worshipped of the perfectly pure and disinterested devotion with which Marjorie regarded him. For though he had become the first of men to her, she had no thought of becoming anything to him. To her mind,

> "His soul was like a star and dwelt apart;"

and any approach to the affection which desires to monopolise would have seemed the greatest presumption. She was content to worship him from a reverential distance, and his kindly smile and cordial words, when she happened to be in his society, were quite sufficient return. And so it happened that, as the girls lay awake and talked, Marjorie had much more to say of "her hero" than Lilias had of Ernest Heathcote, whom she did not regard at all in the light of a "hero," but as a dear and trusted friend.

CHAPTER VII.

GOLDEN HOURS.

> "Or in the all-golden afternoon,
> A guest, or happy sister sung,
> Or here she brought her harp, and flung
> A ballad to the brightening moon."

ALL this time, though the Canadians in general knew it not, masses of American troops were concentrating in Michigan, preparing for the sudden onset on Canada, which was to test, at once, Brock's qualities as a general, and the mettle of the Canadian people. But, as yet, all was outwardly tranquil, and Lilias and Marjorie, as they paced the wide cool corridor that ran through the house at Dunlathmon — both doors thrown wide open to catch every breath of

air—half persuaded themselves and each other that the storm might yet blow over, and that such horrible realities as war and bloodshed, so discordant with the fair summer scene around them, might be still averted. True, Marjorie's hopes only half pointed in the direction of peace, for though she truly dreaded the horrors and miseries of war, there was yet in her heart an under current of longing for something thrilling, something exciting—something to interrupt the tame current of peaceful everyday life with experiences more worthy of an heroic age. And that there were heroes ready to make heroic episodes, she was sure she knew.

Colonel McLeod's house was as strange a mingling of the old and the new world as were its inmates. In the hall, a stuffed wild cat and panther,—trophies of the Colonel's hunting skill,—guarded the entrance with somewhat startling effect. The large antlers of a deer did duty as a hat-stand, and a majestic stuffed eagle spread its wings above it; while, on the other side, a hunting rifle, a Highland "claymore" and an officer's sword were crossed with martial effect. In the large airy drawing-room, skins chiefly did duty as carpets, and a fox-skin took the place of a hearth-rug. An ornamental dirk set with cairn-gorms, coral and shells from the West Indies, and spar and petrified moss from the Falls, were among the table-ornaments, and two or three really good family portraits—both oil-paintings and miniatures—gave animation to the walls. Besides these there were other "curiosities" scattered about, relics of the Colonel's military experiences in different parts of the world. Lilias was never tired of looking at them when she visited Dunlathmon, and of hearing Marjorie's account of their history, and, sometimes, Mrs. McLeod's reminiscences of her West Indian home, with its intense burning sunshine, rich tropical foliage, coral reefs and still, glassy, palm-fringed lagoons. The pictures which her words called up seemed to open to Lilias glimpses of the distant, strange world without, which her imagination, bounded by its Canadian experiences, sought wistfully to penetrate.

It need scarcely be said that the new acquisitions of poetry which Lilias had brought with her were soon produced, and were eagerly seized upon by Marjorie, who devoured "Marmion" in a few hours, reading it with flushed cheek and quickened breathing, as the stirring scenes so vividly depicted in thrilling words passed before her mental vision. The small volume which Captain Percival had sent with the "Lady of the Lake" was Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," which, though it had been first published more than ten years before, was as new to the girls as were the poems of Scott; for in those days new books were few and rare in Canada, and often arrived there only by tardy and roundabout means. Both poems were enjoyed by the girls together, sitting under the shade of the balmy pines, or ensconced in some bosky nook on the steep declivity overlooking the river; till, driven in by the heat or the musquitoes, they were fain to seek shelter in the cool shady hall, or drawing-room. It would be difficult to tell whether Marjorie enjoyed most the "Lady of the Lake" or the "Ancient Mariner;" the first appealing so strongly to her Highland sympathies, and picturing so vividly the glorious scenery of her fatherland, as well as giving thrilling voice to her own love of country; and the second gratifying her passion for the weird and supernatural,—the sublimity of the vague and undefined, the suggested, rather than described. But to Lilias, the chief charm of this fascinating poem, lay—and this was owing in no small degree to the influence which Ernest Heathcote's mind had had upon her own—in the high moral feeling and purpose which breathe like a soul through the poem, not in the least injuring but rather heightening its artistic beauty. And by their talk over the poems as they read, the two girls mutually increased and widened each other's enjoyment of them.

Captain Percival had soon discovered the fact that Lilias was a guest at Dunlathmon, and had ridden over on Hector to pay a morning call, which ended in his remaining for an early dinner and staying the greater part of the day. Marjorie's watchful eyes, always keen enough in such matters, soon discovered, under his usual nonchalant and cool manner, a degree of special interest in Lilias which he evidently desired to conceal. She could see that, while he talked freely with her, yielding to the influence of her lively animation and determination to "draw him out of his shell," and while he played at flirtation with merry little Flora, it was to Lilias that he always turned for sympathy or approval of any opinion or sentiment which came really from his heart. But Marjorie, though she heartily approved of his taste in admiring Lilias, had in her secret heart, no desire to see him the successful wooer of her friend. She by no means disliked Captain Percival, in whose society she always enjoyed, to a certain extent, the sense of collision with a nature very different from her own. She liked to carry on skirmishing conflicts on subjects regarding which there was war to the knife between them, and delighted in taunting him with his ignorance of Canadian history, as well as in enlightening it somewhat; for, as she playfully told Lilias, she had given him a synopsis of it from the time when Jacques Cartier set up his wooden cross on the shore of Chaleurs Bay—her information being chiefly derived from the tales and traditions of old colonists. But she had no great admiration for Percival's character, so far as as she could see it; and for Ernest Heathcote she had a strong and faithful regard, and had long ago sketched out a little romance for him and Lilias, which she would have been very sorry to see interfered with by any interloper, so inferior to Ernest in all that in her eyes constituted real nobility, as was Francis Percival. It may fairly be doubted, however, whether she fully appreciated the latter, whose apparent lack of sensibility and enthusiasm repelled her, so that she could not discern the really fine qualities that lay under the outward shell of cynicism and seeming callousness.

But that Ernest might at least have fair play,—though she would not have dared to hint at her object to Lilias,—Marjorie arranged that one of her brothers should bring him over for a visit to Dunlathmon, and there, one "all-golden afternoon," when her father and Major Meredith were away dining at Fort George, the three — but especially Ernest and Lilias—spent some inexpressibly pleasant hours, wandering among the pines, breathing their aromatic fragrance and enjoying the shimmer of the golden sun rays on the brown carpet of "needles" below,—listening to the rush of the river, and indulging in the half-dreamy talk of past and present, which such a summer day, with its *dolce far niente*, is so fitted to promote. Lilias got Ernest to read aloud for them the "Ancient Mariner," which was new to him also, and which he read, as she knew he would do, with his heart in his voice—for which indeed he could find no fitting epithet of admiration, so completely did it chime in with the at once imaginative and reflective tone of his own mind. After it, even the spirited numbers of Scott seemed commonplace, a descent from the lofty mountain tops of spiritual insight, with their rarified atmosphere, to the woods and pastures, fair though they be, of outward material life. The spiritual problems furnished by the poem, with its exquisite close, gave them subjects for a long earnest talk, while the rich warm sunset hues of sky and landscape faded into grey twilight, and the young moon gleamed out from the pale sky above the line of dark forest on the opposite shore.

One thing, by common unexpressed consent, they kept out of their talk as far as possible, so as not to spoil the golden hours as they glided by:—the future, with all its brooding possibilities. As a recognised object of dread, yet one apparently vague

and uncertain, the thought of war, so incredible and so discordant with the outwardly peaceful present, was gladly kept out of sight, that the passing moments, at least, might be enjoyed undisturbed by it. Mrs. McLeod, alone, would put Ernest through the routine of questions with which she persistently plied every visitor, as to what he thought about the prospect of peace or war,—what the Americans would be likely to do first, &c., &c., with regard to all which she never received much satisfaction. Her anxiety generally seemed to culminate in the question what they should do with their plate and valuables, in the event of a successful invasion of the frontier.

Marjorie diplomatically and benevolently managed to let Ernest and Lilias have a *tête-à tête*, while she played and sang to them as they sat in the piazza in the summer twilight. It is not to be denied that they both inwardly enjoyed it, for though they said nothing that Marjorie might not have heard, they could both speak more freely and more confidentially when alone together: especially while the rich plaintive strains of Marjorie's music floated out to them through the open windows, and seemed to break down the barriers of matter-of-fact every-day life, and to attune heart and speech to higher chords. Ernest, freed to some extent from his late reserve, talked a little of himself and his own affairs, and Lilias was glad to find that he was more at rest—less oppressed by anxiety and restless longings than when she had last seen him at Oakridge, because he had learned more the secret of laying his burdens on the one heart that can receive the soul's burden and impart strĕngth instead.

About his cousin Rachel he was still anxious, for, from rumours and hints that occasionally reached his ear, he knew more of Payne's unscrupulousness than he cared to tell, and that he still was inclined to prowl about Oakridge. Lilias promised to keep a vigilant watch when she returned and, if possible, to shield Rachel from his influence, without disturbing her mother's peace.

But Ernest still kept absolute silence upon the subject nearest to his heart—the feeling of honourable responsibility for his use of the confidence reposed upon him still sealing his lips. There had grown up, however, insensibly, a deep mutual consciousness, underlying all their intercourse, which would not let them be quite as they once had been, and which almost superseded the need of words. And when Ernest took his leave of the two girls, who had strolled to the gate with him on his departure, his parting clasp of Lilias' hand seemed to tell her all she needed to know.

When they next met, both forgot that each had not had more definite expression of the other's feeling.

CHAPTER VIII.

A RIDE TO NIAGARA FALLS.

"The roar of waters!—from the headlong height,
Niagara cleaves the wave-worn precipice,
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing wave foams, shaking the abyss.

"There stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we at *least* alone;
A truth which through our being then doth melt
And purifies from self!"

JUNE was almost over before the projected excursion to the Falls could be carried out. At last a day arrived when all things favoured the expedition. The morning broke warm and bright, and the party mustered early, that the ride might be accomplished ere the day grew oppressively warm. Captain Percival and the two or three other officers who were to accompany them breakfasted at Dunlathmon. Marjorie, Lilias and Mrs. McLeod had come down to breakfast ready equipped in their riding-habits, with blue veils to protect them from the glare of the sun; and as soon as the bright, cheerful meal was over, the horses were

brought round and the party were quickly mounted. Marjorie never looked so well as when seated on Oscar—her glossy black steed,—her lithe, well-proportioned figure showing to especial advantage as, with firm seat and steady hand, she controlled the spirited beast, while her cheek took a richer glow and her eye sparkled with a brighter animation. Lilias and she presented an effective contrast for, if Marjorie lacked her friend's more delicate and regular loveliness, the animation of her bright mobile face, with its greater vividness of colouring, seemed to make ample amends for other deficiencies; and her physical strength and buoyancy seemed a true index of the strength of feeling and character within. Both girls combined with their perfect simplicity of manner a high-bred grace and refinement which were theirs by birthright, and which latter the daughters of the first colonists retained longer than did their brothers, who had to rough it among all kinds of companions. The graceful feminine dignity of bearing, the musically modulated and gentle tones—"an excellent thing in woman"—of both Lilias and Marjorie, unaffected as they were, afforded a striking contrast to the "loud" and familiar manner affected by some modern "girls of the period," which is certainly a descent from the old ideal of womanly grace, and is too suggestive—though sometimes unjustly so—of a lack of real refinement of nature.

Marjorie was in high spirits, although her glee had had a slight check in the news that General Brock could not, as she had ventured to hope, join the party. But then, it had hardly been expected that he could do so, for the unceasing engagements of his busy life—especially busy just now—left but little leisure for private pleasure or relaxation to one, who—

"Scorned delights, and lived laborious days."

However, he had promised to meet them on their return, and accompany them home to dinner in the evening; and the prospect of this was pleasure enough for Marjorie to live on all day. So her brightness and unaffected glee made the life and sunshine of the expedition, as she cantered off briskly, wherever the road would admit of it, playfully challenging her friends to try the speed of their chargers against Oscar, of whom she was very proud, and with whom she was perfectly *en rapport*. Or, when the road would not admit of such rapidity of pace, she chatted gaily with her nearest companion of the moment, making even Percival laugh heartily as she related some amusing instance of the *contretemps* and harmless disasters of primitive bush-life.

The little cavalcade wound down among the picturesque dingles that lie around Queenston Heights, and pursued the shady road that followed pretty closely the windings of the river, as it rushed, strong and vividly green, in its deep rock-hewn chasm below. They drew up for a few minutes beside the whirlpool, to look down into its solemn depths, dark and sombre as a mountain tarn, set in the midst of dusky pines; and to trace its giddy whirling eddies, while they tossed down broken branches to be sucked into the circling vortex. It was a spot Marjorie delighted in,—one of her "Ossianic places," as she called it; and she loved to construct in fancy a "bower" for her favourite bard, among the overhanging pines.

About a mile farther on, Marjorie called a halt, and commanded Percival to listen attentively.

"Don't you hear it," she said:—"'the sound of many waters?'"

Percival listened; his ears were not quite so quick as Marjorie's. But presently he heard it—that indescribable, distant murmur which can only be compared to the voice of the sea when at its grandest—a murmur softer than fairy-bells, yet with an ineffable expression of majesty, power and sublimity—a sound that few who have heard it can easily

forget. Even Percival's usually determinedly impassive face changed and softened as he listened, and a certain quietness came over the mood of the little party as they went on their way.

Niagara Falls, then visited by comparatively few, was looked upon as a greater and more mysterious wonder than now, when it is beheld annually by thousands, who emerge upon its grandeur, fresh from the shriek of the steam whistle ; or catch a passing glimpse of its white surge from the windows of the train, in which they are borne swiftly through the air across the thread-like Suspension Bridge. Many of these, too, when they "visit the Falls," come not so much for the sake of really seeing and enjoying them, as because they have a vague idea that it is a right and fitting thing to do in certain circumstances. But in those days of tedious and difficult travel, few went out of their way to see the Falls, who were not impelled by a very earnest desire to behold a sight which early travellers had described in language fitted to produce a deep and, perhaps, even exaggerated impression of its awfulness and sublimity ; and who thus came with their minds predisposed to feelings of awe and veneration, and were, therefore, affected accordingly.

In those days, too, the immediate vicinity of the cataract was not disfigured and vulgarised, as now, by hotels, museums, photograph-galleries and other obtrusive embodiments of the commonplace. Germans would have managed better, had their land been endowed with a Niagara Falls ; and would have had nothing, within sight at least, so lamentably out of keeping. But, at that time, the comparatively humble inn was not conspicuously obtrusive amid the surrounding forest, and when the equestrians had left their horses there and walked on to get a full view of what they had as yet seen only as a veil of white mist glimmering through the intervening trees, they approached the brink of the cataract by a road which still possessed much of the beauty of unspoiled nature.

At last they stood at a point where there was no more foliage to intercept the view, and had before them the full reach of the great, wide basin, sweeping round in its magnificent curve. Opposite to them rose the rugged, deeply-scarped cliffs of the American shore, crowned with rich, green forest ; then, the white wall of shimmering, ever-shifting foam, lost below in swift ascending clouds of shadowy spray ; next, the shady bosquets of Goat Island, set like an emerald among the boiling surges ; and then, the black, foam-sprinkled rocks and the great curve of the Horse-Shoe Fall. In the bright summer sunshine its central waters gleamed in their purest, most pellucid green, flecked with tossing wreaths of snowy foam ; at its feet boiled a chaos of spray and seething foam, from which constantly ascended the white vapoury veil that sometimes concealed altogether the green depths behind, and on which, as the sunbeams pierced its edge, rested the brilliant Iris, the bow of peace. Far down below, the turbulent river, boiling and tossing, rushed foaming along, to grow somewhat calmer as it filled the full width of the basin, and then, contracting between narrower banks, to become a deep intense green, with almost the apparent solidity of malachite—this illusion being increased by its being seemingly caked and cracked into masses separated by white veins of foam, caused by hidden rocks and shallows.

The little party stood for a good while absorbed in silently contemplating the scene before them, which, whether one beholds it for the first or the hundredth time, takes despotic possession of the whole being, with a fascination as resistless as its own mighty surge, while the great, unceasing, overpowering "sound of many waters" seems to pervade and overflow every avenue of consciousness,—to fill far more than the mere sense of hearing. Marjorie forgot, for a time, the existence not only of the com-

panions around her, but of everything else in the world except this one majestic presence, seeming almost an independent existence, or, to speak more truly, so forcible a manifestation of the Eternal Being who originates and maintains all things, whose "pavilion round about Him are dark waters and thick clouds of the skies." Percival, for the time, felt his ordinarily careless mood subdued and solemnised by the irresistible sense of a Presence of which he usually thought but little; and, in the confused maze of thought which the impressions of sight and sound seemed to evoke, there glimmered before him a sort of higher ideal of himself, an image, as it were, of the being he was meant to be, and might be yet, if he would. Lilias, too, felt strongly the intense fascination; though, unlike Marjorie, she had not lost in it the feeling of all other things, but was keenly sensible of a strong undertone of regret that Ernest, who would enjoy this so intensely, should not be here to share the delight with her. She knew he had often seen it, for he thought nothing of the fifteen-mile walk from Newark, on a holiday, to secure a few hours there; but they had never been there together, and she felt, rather than thought, how much this would have enhanced the enjoyment to both. But, as she looked and listened, the regret seemed to fade away in a blissful dreamlike feeling, in which, not only did she seem lifted nearer the Invisible Source of Love as well as of Power, but seemed to have as close a fellowship with Ernest, as though he were by her side.

But the strain of intense feeling of any kind can never last long with our composite mortal organizations, and the silent mood of most of the party was at length broken in upon by Colonel McLeod—who acted as generalissimo—declaring, in his sonorous Highland tones, that it was high time they had something to eat after their long ride; which hint was followed by the appearance of a substantial array of sandwiches, biscuits and ale, ordered down from the inn. These, the excursionists, throwing themselves down on the grass, in the most comfortable attitudes they could find, incontinently proceeded to discuss. Marjorie was the hardest to awaken from her trance; but, when once aroused, she became, by a sudden reaction, the merriest of the party, declaring that she found herself ravenously hungry, and that mortals, however they might delight in the beautiful and sublime, could not, in the meantime, live upon it. Lilias, who could not change her mood so easily and was much less disposed to talk, found it a burden to answer Captain Percival; even though he was speaking, with an earnestness not usual with him, of his impressions of the wonderful sight before them; and she felt the merriment of the party generally, rather oppressive in those particular circumstances. She would gladly have been alone—or better—alone with Ernest, free to talk, or not to talk, as she liked;—enjoying the communion of silence, which only those whose natures thoroughly harmonize with each other can share.

Luncheon over, the little party scattered in various directions—the elders preferring to rest, while the Major, Colonel McLeod, and one or two of the senior officers enjoyed, at the same time, their "whiff" of fragrant tobacco. Percival, and a young lieutenant named Grant, who was an especial admirer of Marjorie's, sauntered slowly up the river bank with the two girls, watching the wildly tossing rapids as they dashed and tumbled along, now flowing down a slope with a deceitful oily smoothness, and then leaping high into the air, tossing their snowy crests in seeming fury as some unseen rock opposed their progress. They walked on to the spot, about a mile above the Falls, where, perhaps, the rapids are finest, where they show their grandest slope and dash, foaming over innumerable black ledges of rock, in as many tiny cascades, each worthy of admiration and study as a miniature cataract.

Everywhere the same ceaseless untiring rush; the same hurrying flow of water, knowing no more ebb or stay than time itself, making the beholder wonder when the madly surging tide will be spent by the very force of its own violence—whence comes the mighty inexhaustible supply that keeps its flood-gates full; and filling up the whole being with the one idea of rush and motion.

None of the party talked much; the young lieutenant, who might have waxed loquacious had he received encouragement, being rather repressed by the more silent mood of his companions. The walk would have been an oppressively hot one, at that hour, but for the shade of the tall trees which overhung the path during the whole way. But the musquitoes, which haunted the moist ground they were passing over, made such good use of their opportunities, that Percival was fain to swallow down a muttered execration, and to declare that sight-seeing in Canada was certainly subject to pains and penalties.

After strolling slowly back, Marjorie and Lilias sat down to rest on Table Rock, while the young men performed the feat, possible only to the stronger sex in those days, of climbing down the face of the cliff to the ledge below by means of a rough Indian ladder—a huge hemlock with branches partially cut off—which was then the only means of descent. It had been honoured, however, by being used by a royal prince, on the occasion of the Duke of Kent's visit to Niagara; and what the rude stair lacked in ease and safety, it made up in the excitement and hazard of the descent. The young men enjoyed it—enjoyed, too, the cooling drenching they got from the spray, as they stood below, and the magnificence of the spectacle above them—the massive descending column of water, the wreathing clouds of spray and vapour—while the girls above marked their progress by their receding voices, and, when all was still, waited somewhat anxiously for their re-appearance. They did re-appear at last, flushed, excited and triumphant, and assuring their companions that it was "magnificent, glorious," down there; that, "in fact, you could have no conception of what the Falls really were till you had seen them from below!" Captain Percival was really for once excited and enthusiastic; and Marjorie declared to Lilias *sotte voce*, as they still lingered a little on the rock, that it was almost as well worth seeing as the Falls, to have ocular demonstration that he *could* be so stirred.

"Do you notice how handsome it makes him?" she asked Lilias,—"with that flush, and his eyes gleaming out so brilliantly! He really looks almost like the Prince in the fairy tales. I should fancy he would look just like that, when leading his men into action. Come, Lilias," she added, a little mischievously, "confess,—isn't he far handsomer than Ernest Heathcote?"

But Lilias would not confess anything of the kind, for to her eye Ernest was the handsomer of the two. But she admitted that he was looking very well, and enjoyed watching his fine face, so unusually brightened by animation, as she would have admired a picture.

The young men were waiting for them a little way off, but the girls could hardly tear themselves away from their fascinating post of observation. Then Marjorie insisted on going up once more to the very brink of the Falls, and standing as close as was possible to the headlong tide. At last, she grasped Lilias' arm with a nervous shudder and exclaimed:—"Come away! That strange feeling is coming over me! If I don't go away at once, I shall throw myself over!"

And, clinging fast to Lilias, who was not unaccustomed to such manifestations of the excitable temperament of her friend, she willingly turned away from the fascination that was becoming too strong, and they rejoined the rest of the party.

Meantime, unobserved by them, the day had been growing more sultry, the air had

become absolutely still, and an ominous deep blue cloud had risen rapidly above the horizon, and was already beginning to darken the sky. They found the others scanning the aspect of things rather anxiously.

"We're in for a thunder-storm, that's certain," said Colonel McLeod, who was a capital weather-gauge, "and it's no use to think of getting home before it comes. So the best thing we can all do is to get under shelter at the inn, and wait till it's over. And there's no time to lose, for it'll be down directly!"

Taking the Colonel's advice, all hastened to the inn, while, even as they went, the cloud increased rapidly, expanding into ragged-edged black fragments that spread themselves over the sky, and taking strange lurid lights on its upper masses. Hardly were they well under shelter before, simultaneously with the peal of thunder that followed the first flash of lightning, came down the heavy, pattering drops, which soon became a rushing, lashing shower.

The room of which they took possession at the inn was a good-sized, somewhat bare apartment, with windows opening out on a wide upper piazza, supported by tall hemlock pillars, rising to meet the roof. Here, while sheltered from the force of the storm, they could enjoy the grandeur of its effects, and could catch a glimpse of the river, and of the upper portion of the Horse-Shoe Fall, whose pure, transparent green had changed into dusky brownish grey, now that the storm had obscured the sunshine and churned up the sediment from below into its usually clear stream. The storm would evidently soon exhaust itself, and, in the meantime, Marjorie and Lilias, at any rate, intensely enjoyed watching it wreak its fury; the woods without bending and swaying beneath the force of the wind and dashing rain, and the jagged flashes of lightning darting from the dark clouds, while the long, rolling peals of thunder, harmonizing grandly with the hollow roar of the Falls, were yet not so long or so close as to alarm them. At last, the sky began to grow clearer, the wind lulled, the lightning ceased, the violence of the rain abated, and, in an incredibly short time, the sun broke out, re-asserting its power, and dispersing the clouds, while the dripping foliage sparkled with a thousand brilliants in the glowing sunshine.

As a good deal of time had been necessarily lost by the delay, the horses were ordered out at once, and the party were soon remounted for the homeward ride, for which, now that the air had been cleared and refreshed by the storm, both horses and riders felt much more spirit. The roads, which the rain had covered with streams of water, were drying fast under the influence of the warm sunshine, and the woods around them seemed to be rejoicing after their bath, and to wear a fresher, tenderer, more vivid green.

CHAPTER IX.

SUDDEN TIDINGS.

> "Alas, must war again begin,
> And must men fight and die?"
>
> "I wis, in all the Senate
> There was no heart so bold,
> But sore it ached, and fast it beat
> When that ill news was told!"

If Lilias could have had Ernest Heathcote for a companion on the homeward ride, it would have seemed to her, in the renewed beauty of the hour, almost like a ride through the garden of Eden. As it was, Captain Percival took care to keep his place beside her and, being himself in an unusually animated mood, he succeeded in drawing her out of the partial abstraction which she had allowed to creep over her in the early part of the day. They were, indeed, chatting very pleasantly, and "getting on" unusually

well, when Marjorie threw a chance, or perhaps a mischievous missile, into the midst of their talk. Percival asked how Lilias liked the volumes of poetry he had sent her, and she was very heartily expressing her admiration, when Marjorie, who was just in front, looked round, exclaiming:

"Oh, *I* was so much obliged to you, too, Captain Percival! I don't know when I have read anything I enjoyed so much!—especially 'The Ancient Mariner!' Ernest Heathcote read it aloud to us the other evening, and he reads so beautifully that we enjoyed it doubly."

Captain Percival bit his lip, and perhaps the colour on his cheek glowed a little more deeply.

"Oh, indeed!" he said, "I wasn't aware that Mr. Heathcote was an elocutionist as well as a schoolmaster. I suppose he teaches his 'young ideas' to declaim

'My name is Norval, on the Grampian hills!'"

There was a sneer in the tone as well as in the words. Lilias flushed a little, but made no reply; only drew herself up more stiffly in her saddle. Captain Percival must have seen her annoyance, and perhaps it exasperated him a little. He continued after a short silence:

"There are some not very creditable rumours afloat about this black swan of yours, Miss Meredith."

"Indeed!" Lilias replied, in a tone so determinedly calm and indifferent as to completely belie the heart which the words had set wildly beating beneath.

"Yes," replied Percival, somewhat aggravated by her tone, "they talk of him as a half Yankee, which I believe he is, and say that he's playing double, having too much to do with the Yankee spies and sedition-hatchers that are hanging about."

"Then, I am sure they slander him most wickedly!" exclaimed Lilias, surprised this time into some vehemence of manner. "There is no man in Canada, I am certain, more truly loyal than Mr. Heathcote!"

"Well, I only repeat what I have heard," said Percival, with aggravating nonchalance. "You know the old saying, 'where there's smoke, there's fire.' But Mr. Heathcote is fortunate in his friends! When my character is assailed, I hope I may be as ably and warmly defended!"

Lilias, in no wise propitiated by the conclusion of this speech, vouchsafed no reply. Almost immediately afterwards, a diversion was caused by their meeting General Brock, mounted on his grey horse "Alfred," near Queenston Heights, where he had been reconnoitring with some of his staff; and she managed to change her companion in the general disarrangement that took place, taking care to prevent Captain Percival from regaining his post by her side. If he suffered in any wise by this proceeding, it added another to the little accumulation of grudges which had been growing up in his mind against Ernest Heathcote.

At General Brock's suggestion, they made a little *détour* in order to ascend Queenston Heights and enjoy the view from thence. The ascent was pretty rugged, but, once on the brow of the Heights, the scene that lay spread before them was fair enough to repay the trouble; although, from the almost unbroken monotony of the extensive forests around them, it presented much less variety of beauty than the same view does now. The opposite banks, indeed, showed a good many traces of settlement and cultivation, and the scattered hamlet of Queenston straggled around the Heights, while here and there a clearing, with its house or "shanty," might be seen. But far to westward stretched almost unbroken masses of forest for thousands of miles, where now it is replaced by the houses and spires of many a town and village, a net-work of railways, and many a fertile field and orchard. Just below them, the same as now, in all essential features, flowed the river, green and rapid in its narrow

channel—long since spanned by a suspension bridge—and winding away between high, steep, or sloping banks to the distant, soft blue lake, Fort George and Fort Niagara frowning across at each other at its mouth. In the opposite direction, a white cloud of mist, brooding over one point of the high table-land that trended away to the westward, indicated the spot where the forest hid in its bosom the mighty cataract. The whole scene, lying bathed in the soft rays of the afternoon sunshine,—one or two light clouds making fine effects of light and shade in the picture,—looked so sylvan, so peaceful, so secluded from the world of action, that it would have seemed impossible to associate it with scenes of war and bloodshed. Yet, when some of that party next met on that spot, it was amid the clash of arms and the rattle of musketry; man dyeing, with the blood of his brother man, the fair innocent ferns and green forest leaves, and leaving a sad, though a noble, memory to the place for ever.

General Brock was, according to his wont, scanning every feature of the situation with his keen military eye, and remarking in a low voice to the officers about him its characteristics. "A splendid position this would be," he said, "to hold against an assailing enemy; and a desperate place to lead up a forlorn hope, if the enemy were entrenched here. There would be some rough work on both sides, in either case," he added, looking thoughtfully down at the steep, jagged, precipitous rocks which were, indeed, to be the scene of "rough work," ere many weeks had passed. Marjorie eagerly caught up what was said; everything connected with the war or warlike operations was intensely interesting to her, and much as she dreaded it, her spirit rose at any allusion to it, with a thrill of excitement which was not altogether painful. As for Lilias, she was too much absorbed in the ideas which Percival's remarks had called up,—anxiety about the rumours he had mentioned, and their effect upon Ernest's comfort and prospects,—to take much heed of what, at another time, would have had a strong, though painful interest for her. It was with no small effort that she managed to attend sufficiently to Lieutenant Grant's not very interesting talk on the way home, to put in the expected replies at the proper places, and to prevent their being noticeably irrelevant.

As the party rode up to the house at Dunlathmon, a tall, stalwart figure, strongly built, and firm and light of limb, clad in a rough serviceable suit, which did not, however, hide a thoroughly gentleman-like bearing, emerged from the portico and came rapidly to meet them.

"Talbot! as I live!" exclaimed Colonel McLeod, springing from his saddle to give the stranger a hearty grasp of the hand. "Why, what wind blew you here from your wigwam?"

"You may well ask that," replied the other, "for the wind *did* blow me here a little faster than I should otherwise have come! The storm overtook me, and my beast and I got a pretty good ducking before I could reach the shelter of your hospitable roof; and here I've been walking about in the sun drying myself and waiting your return with what patience I could muster."

"Well, you're thoroughly welcome, my good fellow; I only wish you'd let us see you a little oftener;"—and when the stranger had paid his respects to the ladies and shaken hands with Major Meredith, he was introduced to General Brock and the rest of the party, as "Colonel Talbot." General Brock greeted the Colonel most cordially, saying that, though he had never met him before, he had often wished to do so—to which Colonel Talbot responded, with bluff heartiness, that he was the very man whom at present he most wanted to see, as he wished to find out what possibilities of assistance he might have, in case those "rascally Yankees" should, as he had heard they had some in-

tention of doing, make a raid upon his distant and prosperous settlement.

Leaving the gentlemen to discuss politics and possibilities of attack, on the verandah, the ladies, accompanied by Flora, who had been left at home to help Dinah, and look after her brothers' comfort, retired to change their dresses with all convenient despatch; for the dinner, which Dinah had been busy all day in preparing, that it might be sumptuous enough for the occasion, was, as she declared, "spilin' itself waitin';" and, shifting her *rôle* from head cook to ladies' maid, she came up to help her young ladies to "get into their finery" as speedily as possible. She was very proud of them when they were ready, and declared that they looked "jest like two new-blown roses." Both Marjorie and Lilias, indeed, showed some traces, in their heightened colour, of the day's exposure to the sun; but to the rather pale complexion of Lilias, this was an improvement, while Marjorie's dark complexion also looked all the better for the glow that gave it an added brightness. Both girls wore white evening-dresses, for Colonel McLeod liked to keep up a little of the pomp and circumstance of old-country customs on special occasions. Lilias was most becomingly attired in the "sprigged muslin," with its delicate embroidery and Flanders lace, of which mention has been made before—its whiteness relieved by a rich blue sash; while Marjorie had somewhat fantastically brightened up her plainer India muslin, destitute of modern "protrusive disguises," with a silk scarf of McLeod tartan, thrown over one shoulder and knotted at the other side below her waist. Flora, excited and eager, looked very pretty in her simple white muslin and pink ribbons. As the three girls—having first taken a look into the dining-room to see that the table arrangements were all right, and that Flora's vases of flowers were properly placed—entered the drawing-room, where the gentlemen had now assembled, they made a prettily-contrasted group—a vision radiant enough, at least, to disturb the somewhat earnest conversation which had been going on before their entrance, and, for the time, to turn talk and ideas into a different channel.

As there were still a few minutes to wait for Mrs. McLeod, who was always slow in her movements, Captain Percival seized the opportunity to come to Marjorie for information about the new comer, who,—still of course, in the rough attire in which he had come—was eagerly talking with General Brock and Colonel McLeod—his rough, careless dress presenting a curious contrast to the faultless attire of the General and to the high-collared blue coat with bright buttons, which had been Colonel McLeod's well-preserved dress suit for many a day.

"Do tell me who that 'stranger' is, as your Yankee neighbours say," said Captain Percival. "He looks like a thorough gentleman, notwithstanding his rough exterior."

"And he *is* a thorough gentleman!" said Marjorie; "and a most independent gentleman, of very extensive accomplishments! Did you ever read of a gentleman and a basket maker who were cast ashore on a desert island, among savages; and the basket maker turned 'boss,' as the people here call it, and not only saved the poor gentleman's life by his skill but finally took him as an apprentice in basket-making. Well, Colonel Talbot could have done basket-maker as well as gentleman. He can fell trees, plough and sow, reap, milk, churn, cook, wash, brew, bake bread and clean his own boots!"

Captain Percival raised his eyebrows slightly and said, with mock humility:—"Your Highness is pleased to jest with your humble servant."

"Not at all, I assure you! He not only can do, but has done all these things and, moreover, besides all this, he performs all the marriage ceremonies in the settlement."

"Has he practised on himself then, in that line?"

"No," said Marjorie, smiling, "I believe he doesn't care to have a woman about him, not even a female servant. People say that it was a love disappointment that brought him out to bury himself in the woods; but I don't know whether there's anything in that! It was, I believe, thought very odd that he should leave the army and society, (he's of a noble family, you know), and should choose to come and live in the woods with none to speak to but the Indians and the rough men who helped him to clear his land. But he seems to like it. He's been there ten years now, and he very seldom comes even as far as this. It's more than two years since he has been here before, although my father is one of his most intimate friends, and goes to see him about once a year."

"How did he come to take up the idea?" asked Percival, interested in the singular phenomenon.

"Oh, he first came out with Governor Simcoe as his aid-de-camp, about twenty years ago; and went with him on a surveying expedition all through the great western district, when Governor Simcoe was looking about for a site for a new capital. So he took a fancy to found a colony in the great wilderness, on the shore of Lake Erie, where there were then only a few wandering Indians. He says he believes what first put it into his head to come, was his reading in Charlevoix that that country was the paradise of the Hurons, and, as he was determined to get to Paradise by hook or crook, he came. But, at any rate, he resolved to found a colony, and he has done it, through tremendous difficulties and hardships. He has cleared farms, cut roads, and settled numbers of emigrants, and he reigns as a sort of king among them, in his log palace, on his cliff. Indeed, I believe he's a regular despot, although he has a great deal of generosity and kindness of heart. It's about ten years, now, since he first took possession of a grant of a hundred thousand acres that he got from the Home Government, and my father says it's wonderful what a change he has made since then."

"Why, it sounds like one of the old stories I used to read as a boy! I didn't know you had such adventurous paladins out here," said Percival, both amused and interested by the recital. "I must see if I can get him to tell me some of his experiences by and by."

"I have no doubt he will, if you show him proper respect;" replied Marjorie, gravely. "Remember he is used to a great deal of deference in every one he meets."

"Thank you! I shall remember your hint. May I have the honour of taking you in to dinner?"

For Mrs. McLeod had made her appearance by this time, and the move to the dining-room had begun. Colonel McLeod, of course, offered his arm to Lilias, and General Brock followed with his hostess. Percival found himself almost opposite to Lilias, but the position was of little use to him, as he could rarely manage even to catch her eye; for Colonel Talbot, who sat on her right hand, and who could wear even a courtly grace when he pleased, in talking with ladies, seemed willing to take full advantage of his present privileges—so great a contrast to the voluntary isolation of his ordinary life; and managed to carry on a lively conversation with her and Flora, in the intervals of the more earnest talk that circulated at the table.

Percival consoled himself as well as he could by watching the peculiarities of this remarkable man, in whose history he had become a good deal interested.

Colonel McLeod, as usual, did the honours of the table, with the dignified Highland courtesy for which he was noted, even in that age of old-fashioned politeness, beside which our modern manners often seem rough and careless. He was, himself, a distinguished looking man, and the rest of the party were a very favourable representation of the best colonial society of the

time. But the honoured guest of the evening was, of course, General Brock, whom all, by unexpressed consent, united in treating with special deference, and whose commanding, graceful figure, and calm, noble face conferred on him a natural distinction and pre-eminence; although his own gently courteous manner, unaffected modesty and simplicity of bearing seemed to ignore any pretension of the kind. Such careless observers, indeed, as are in the habit of associating assumption with power, would hardly have imagined that this man, so nobly simple in his mien, held in his hands the destinies of a province. Yet, though as yet hardly bearing the marks even of middle age, he had already bravely served his country in the West Indies, in Holland and in Denmark, and had been called, not to the military administration only, but also to preside for a time over the government of a colony which he had found divided, and to some extent disaffected, by injudicious management; but to which his wise and firm rule, free from party bias and interest, seeking with enlightened zeal the union and prosperity of the Province, had restored order, harmony and hearty co-operation. And now that a threatened storm was lowering around them, thousands of peaceful people scattered through an almost defenceless territory were looking to him as the guardian hero who would safely pilot them through a crisis so fraught with imminent peril to life, to property and to interests dearer than life itself.

But General Brock was far too much occupied with the duties and responsibilities that lay upon him to have any room in his mind for thoughts of his own consequence—too much absorbed by his anxiety to do his duty well and faithfully, to dwell upon the thought that *he* was the man called to a work of no ordinary responsibility and importance. When, as now, the prospects of the war became the theme of conversation, it was his habit rather to listen than to talk;—to receive the ideas and suggestions of others, rather than to express his own sentiments;—not so much from any intended reticence, as from a desire to learn all that could be learned on the subject under consideration; and in this way he often gleaned most valuable information.

From the threatened war at home to the existing one abroad was a natural transition, and Captain Percival, as the latest arrival, was plied with questions concerning the Peninsular campaign, in which he had several friends and comrades engaged. Colonel Talbot was the only man at table who seemed to care nothing about it, in whom even Ciudad-Rodrigo awakened little or no interest. He had long, by force of the habit of isolation, settled down into an almost total indifference as to the course of European events in one of the most stirring periods of European history. His ambition as a soldier, his home sympathies, had, in the pursuit of his one absorbing idea, almost faded away; and Canada, and, above all, his own little territory, blotted out to his mental vision the whole world outside. But when Canadian politics were touched upon, when, his favourite theme, British mismanagement of Colonial affairs was alluded to, he became all alive at once, and brought a shade of redoubled gravity to General Brock's earnest, thoughtful countenance, by relating, with great animation, one of his favourite anecdotes in reference to the blunder which he believed had been made in the cession of Detroit and large tracts of the adjoining territory to the Americans.

"Why," said he, "I was talking one day with one of the English Commissioners, and I just took the map and showed him the foolish bargain they had made, and the extent and value and resources of the ceded territory. When the light did break in upon him at last, the man covered his eyes with his hands and fairly burst into tears!"

But the conversation soon passed to pleasanter subjects, for the dinner had reached the stage when men prefer to avoid painful

thoughts and topics. As the soft rays of the fast descending sun stole in through the western windows, penetrating the dusky pines with long lines of golden light, and seeming to bring with them the sweet pine odours, while the guests enjoyed the mellow flavour of the Colonel's old wine,—brought from home and reserved for special occasions,—the talk drifted away to the memories of the dear old land, so dear and so close, despite all official delinquencies, to every true colonist's heart. Major Meredith and Colonel McLeod had each their memories of "merrie England" and "bonnie Scotland," which seldom found expression except on some such occasion as this; and then Colonel McLeod, as he often did at such times, reverted to his favourite poet, "the Harp of Cona," through whose strains still comes down the wailing voice of the wind sighing on the heath-clad hill-side, breathing a lament for departed beauty or fallen valour. He was soon in the midst of an eager discussion as to the genuineness of the poems, warmly defending the affirmative, and praising their power and beauty.

"Where," he said, "will you find a finer expression of a fine thought than this, in almost the closing lines?" and he repeated, first in Gaelic and then in English, in tones whose sonorous cadences fitted well the simple majesty of the words, the following passage: "The chiefs of other times are departed. They have gone without their fame! The sons of future years shall pass away. Another race shall arise. The people are like the waves of ocean, like the leaves of the woody Morven, they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their green heads on high!"

Just as he uttered the concluding words, the tramp of two horses was heard rapidly galloping up the avenue to the door. Somehow the sound seemed to indicate hasty tidings; and this idea was confirmed when black Cæsar appeared to say, that Colonel McDonell—General Brock's Aid-de-camp—and another gentleman, wished to speak with the General. He rose at once and left the room, and an expectant stillness crept over the party during his absence, which lasted for a considerable time. No one seemed able to start a new subject or continue an old one except Mrs. McLeod, who talked on to her neighbours unflaggingly, in her soft mixture of West Indian languor and vivacity.

At last the door opened and General Brock entered alone, paler than when he had left the room, as if touched by some recent emotion, and grave with the look of responsibility which every thoughtful man must wear when called to act in some new and momentous crisis, even though it may have been expected and prepared for. He stood for a moment silent, his hand resting on the back of his chair, the last rays of the setting sun lighting up his moved but calm and resolute face; and it was with a solemn impressiveness of voice that told how deeply he felt the weighty import of the tidings he had to communicate—tidings which he knew had their special and intense interest for each one who heard him—that he said, at last, in low but distinct tones that thrilled through the stillness on every expectant ear: —"I have just had private intelligence from Washington. *War was declared there on the eighteenth!*"

(To be continued.)

LOVE'S LONGING.

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

COME to me in the silence of the night;
  Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
  As sunlight in a stream;
          Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

O dream, how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
  Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls, brimful of love, abide and meet;
  Where thirsty longing eyes
          Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
  My very life again, though cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
  Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
          Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love how long ago!

THE MASSACRE AT THE CEDARS.

BY SAMUEL E. DAWSON.

NEARLY one hundred years have elapsed since the Declaration of Independence announced to the world that all hope of reconciliation was over between Great Britain and her revolted colonies, and that the war, which had in reality existed for a year, could cease only by the utter defeat of one of the contending parties. Since that time England has been engaged in deadly strife with more than half the continent of Europe; but even in France the old traditional hatred as well as the memory of more recent conflicts has died out, while in the United States the smouldering embers of strife have been sedulously fanned by the writers of school-books, and grave historians even have compiled weighty octavos—not with that careful sifting of evidence which becomes the judge, but with the heat of an editor writing leading articles for an election contest, and fearful of conceding one small point to the credit of his adversaries.

As for the English writers upon this period, they have, with few exceptions, adopted the

statements of the American histories. If they knew of original authorities, they have not taken the trouble to consult them. Earl Stanhope alone seems to have based his work on original documents, and has thus been able, in some measure, to dispel the cloud of assertion which had so long obscured the truth of history. His sober style is not attractive to the general reader, from the absence of those rhetorical flights which enliven the pages of more popular historians.

It has thus come to be taken generally for granted that, in this struggle, truth and justice were entirely with the Congress; and that, moreover, the war was waged, upon the English side, with ferocity and perfidy, but, upon the American side, with calm and forbearing valour. The well-meaning King George has been a butt for the sneers of many who would not understand his sincere and honest character. That which in others was firmness and perseverance, in him became stupid obstinacy, and upon him has been sought to be placed the responsibility of a war, which was as popular throughout England at the commencement as any war has ever been.

In matters political, truth is not a necessary condition of success. A certain amount of plausibility is required; but, when the popular mind is in a condition of expectant excitement, a small proportion of truth goes a long way. The manifestos put forth from time to time by Congress had that plausibility, combined with the hardihood of assertion which is so invaluable in partisanship. The Declaration of Independence is a document admirable in its literary style. It mingles its modicum of undoubted colonial grievance with a rhetoric so mournful, rising through many flights of imagination to a height of injury so great, that it remains a model of political composition unequalled to the present day.

There are some counts in that long indictment which, as they are connected with Canada, are specially interesting to Canadians. Among these is the clause, "that he (the King) has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions." On reading this, who can fail to conclude that the King was the first to resolve upon the employment of Indian allies, and that the colonists revolted at such an enormity? Nevertheless, it is the fact that the colonies were the first to invoke the aid of the Indians, and it was not until they found that the weight of the Indian alliance was going against them, that they discovered the merciless nature of their "known rules of warfare."

While none but the New England leaders dreamed of war, and long before a shot had been fired, efforts had been made to enlist the Indians on the side of the colonies. This will appear from a comparison of some of the documents published in the "American Archives," with the dates of the early events of the war. At Lexington, on April 19th, 1775, the first blood was shed. On June 17th, 1775, was fought the battle of Bunker's Hill. In September of the same year the continental army invaded Canada. St. Johns was captured two months afterwards, and Montreal was occupied until the middle of June, 1776. On July 4th, 1776, appeared the Declaration of Independence, and only five weeks previously occurred the event stigmatised as the "Massacre of the Cedars."

There was at first, upon the English side, some hesitation about enlisting Indians. The Earl of Dartmouth, under date, London, Aug. 2nd, 1775, writes to General Gage, that "the steps which you say the rebels have taken for calling in the assistance of the Indians leave no room to hesitate upon the propriety of your pursuing the same measure." A letter, signed "A Soldier," which appeared in the London papers on October 22nd, 1776, refers to General Carleton's aversion to employ them, and urges

their enlistment. Among the colonists, General Schuyler alone seems to have hesitated; no suspicion of wrong in the matter appears to have existed in the mind of any one else. The alliance of the great Iroquois Confederacy was eagerly courted, and for a long time the colonial party thought that all the Indians, even the Mohawks at Caughnawaga, would side with them.* Eventually the Mohawks, Senecas, Cayugas and Onondagas sided with the Crown, but the Oneidas and Tuscaroras espoused the cause of the colonists. In the east, so doubtful was the conduct of the Micmacs, that the settlers at Halifax were forbidden to sell them powder, and they were obliged to resort to the Massachusetts Commissariat. The first Indians who took up arms for the British were the Abenakis.† A small number of that tribe formed part of the garrison of St. Johns, and in Sept., 1775, joined, not in an attack upon the frontiers of the United States, but in the defence of a frontier town of Canada against an invading enemy.

Long previously, as early as the winter of 1774-5, the revolutionary party had been tampering with the Indians of Canada. One of their emissaries, writing from Montreal, gives full details of his visit to the Caughnawaga Indians, and informs the Massachusetts' Congress that those Indians had received overtures from Israel Putnam, and had assured him in reply that, if they took up arms at all, it would be against the King.‡ During the whole of the winter of 1774-5, and the following summer, emissaries from the colonies were busy among the Indians of Canada and Acadia. In the Colony of Massachusetts the Indians of Stockbridge were enrolled as minute men, and each received from The Provincial Congress a blanket and a ribbon for "taking up the hatchet" against Great Britain.* This people were not, from the fact of their being in Massachusetts, more civilized than others of their race, because, in their reply to President Hancock, they† ask only to be shown their enemy, and hope that no regulations may be made to prevent them "fighting after the manner of their forefathers." This policy of arming the Indians was therefore adopted even before Lexington. In an Address of the same Congress to the Mohawk tribe, dated April 4th, 1775, it as clearly appears. The Address is long, but, as it is typical of the style of many others, a few extracts are given:

"BROTHERS—Our fathers in Great Britain tell us our lands and houses and cattle and money are not our own—that we ourselves are not our own men but their servants. * * * * Brothers—We used to send our vessels on the Great Lake, whereby we were able to get clothes and what we needed for ourselves and you, but such has lately been their conduct that we cannot, they have told us we shall have no more guns nor powder to use and kill our wolves and other game nor to send to you. * * * How can you live without powder and guns? * * * Brothers—We think it our duty to inform you of our danger, and desire you to give notice to all your kindred, as we fear they will attempt to cut our throats, and if you should allow them to do that, there will nobody remain to keep them from you. We, therefore, earnestly desire you *to whet your hatchet and be prepared with us to defend our liberties and lives.* Brothers—We humbly beseech that God, who lives above and does what is right here below to enlighten your minds, &c., &c."

There is throughout all these Addresses to the Indians a strain of devout aspiration, which, although misplaced as regards the

* Col. Ethan Allan to the Massachusetts Congress, June 9, 1775.

† Maurault—Histoire des Abenakis.

‡ J. Brown to the Committee of Correspondence, March 29, 1775.

* Address of Congress to the Indians of Stockbridge, April 1, 1775.

† Address of the Stockbridge Indians to Massachusetts Congress, April 11, 1775.

writers, testifies that the people addressed possessed some moral qualities corresponding thereto. This Address surpassed the rest, however, in containing a theological clause. "Brothers: They have made a law to establish the religion of the Pope in Canada which lies so near you. We much fear some of your children may be induced instead of worshipping the only true God to pay his due to images made with their own hands."

In the whirl of excitement just preceding the first actual hostilities, so tender a solicitude for the souls of youthful Mohawks is really touching. It is a relief not to meet it in the other Addresses in so painful a form; although the same vein of subdued piety runs through all. The Micmac Indians, in one of their Addresses, dated Feb. 5, 1776, are very grateful to this same Congress for "having provided them with ammunition and provisions and having permitted them to have a Priest to pray Almighty God to make them strong to oppose the wicked people of Old England." At first sight such a permission seems hardly fair to the Micmac children; but, upon closer examination, it appears probable that the love for Mohawk souls arose from the circumstance that the emissary who carried the Address was the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, missionary to the Oneidas. He worked zealously among the Mohawks in an underhand way; but, to do him justice, not without qualms of conscience. He writes in the following strain. He is complaining that Col. Johnson, the resident Commissioner, interferes with him.* "He," Col. Johnson, "is unreasonably jealous of me. All he has against me, I suppose to be this: a suspicion that I have interpreted to the Indians the doings of the Continental Congress. * * I confess to you, gentlemen, that I have been guilty of this, if it be any transgression. The Indians found out that I had received the abstracts of the said Congress and insisted on knowing the contents. I could not deny them, notwithstanding my cloth, though in all other respects I have been extremely cautious not to meddle in matters of a political nature. I apprehend my interpreting the doings of Congress to a number of their Sachems has done more real service to the cause of the country, or the cause of truth and justice, than five hundred pounds in presents would have effected. If you think proper you may acquaint your Provincial Congress with the contents of this, but you must be cautious in exposing my name." Mr. Kirkland concludes by "wishing them the blessings of peace, and that we may all be disposed to acquiesce in the Divine Government." He does not wish his name divulged at a place so near to Col. Johnson as Albany, but during the two months previous he had with him the Address of the Massachusetts Congress who were clever enough to insert in the clause about the Pope and the images to quiet his searchings of heart. Later on he writes in depressed spirits: "The pretended friendship and boasted fidelity of these Mohawks seem to turn out mere delusion and perfidy."* He still has hopes, however, that the Caughnawagas and Oneidas will remain firm. His schemes eventually failed among the Mohawks and Caughnawagas; three hundred dollars, however, were voted to him by the Continental Congress for his expenses,† and he was appointed as missionary and political agent among the Six Nations, on a salary.

The efforts of the Massachusetts Congress among the Eastern Indians were equally early, equally promising at the commencement, and equally futile in the result. On the 15th of May, 1775, an Address was sent to the Penobscot, St. John and Micmac In-

* Rev. Samuel Kirkland to the Committee of Correspondence at Albany, June 9, 1775.

* Rev. Samuel Kirkland to Gen. Schuyler, March, 1776.

† Vote of Continental Congress, Nov. 11, 1775.

dians,* (the latter living close to the back settlements of Nova Scotia,) offering them "such clothes and warlike stores as they might need" and, as a matter of course, "praying that God might bless them and prevent their enemies from hurting them;" informing them at the same time that the Stockbridge Indians had enlisted on the side of Congress, and offering to enlist them. Deputations from these tribes promising aid were received by the Provincial Congress on June 15, 1775, and by General Washington on January 31, 1776. The General addressed a letter to the Micmacs in February of the same year. Eventually all these efforts failed; the Massachusetts Congress were informed by one of their emissaries in the East, under date of July 27, 1776,† that he had worked all summer in vain, and that the tribes would remain neutral; whereupon he was ordered to pay back into the Provincial chest thirty pounds which had been given him for distribution among the Indians.

The Congress of New Hampshire adopted the same tactics. On June 23, 1775, Colonel Bailey issued an Address to the Northern Indians (among whom were the St. Francis and other Canadian Indians living north of that colony), offering them inducements to enlist, reminding them, after the style common in the Indian Addresses, that "they must all meet before God," and telling them that the "British do not think there is a God in Heaven to punish them." The Addresses of Washington and Schuyler are, as might be expected from their open and manly character, free from these affectations of religion; still all are striking commentaries on the Indian clause of the subsequent Declaration of Independence. In fact, in New England there never seems to have been a symptom of hesitation as to the propriety of engaging the Indians. The Congress of Massachusetts had a special

* Address of Provincial Congress to the Eastern Indians, May 15, 1775.

† Thos. Fletcher to Massachusetts Congress.

committee on Indian affairs,* which was instructed to keep its business secret. When, on May 12, a proposition to raise two companies of Indians was before the House, it was referred to this committee as a matter of course. Before a blow had been struck in the North, some Canadian Indians who applied were enlisted by them into the Continental Army, and a month's pay in advance voted by the House of Representatives, who notify General Washington of the fact, without any special explanation.† The Oneida Indians, while informing the New Englanders of their intention to remain neutral, add their opinion that the New England Indians ought not to be swept into the conflict; but, whatever doubts might have existed elsewhere, there were none in Massachusetts or Connecticut. Col. Ethan Allan, who had just taken Ticonderoga by surprise, writes an Address to the Canadian Indians, from which the following is an extract:—

"Head Quarters of the Army,
"Crown Point, May 24, 1775.

"By advice of council of officers, I recommend our trusty and well-beloved friend and brother, Captain Abraham Nimham, of Stockbridge, as our ambassador of peace, to our good brother Indians of the four tribes. * * * Loving brothers and friends: I want to have your warriours come and see me, and help me fight the King's regular troops. You know they stand all along close together, rank and file, and my men fight so as Indians do, and I want your warriours to join with me and my warriours like brothers, and ambush the regulars; if you will I will give you money, blankets, tomahawks, knives, paint and anything there is in the army, just like brothers; and I will go with you into the woods to scout, and my men and your men will sleep together, and eat and drink toge-

* Votes of Massachusetts Congress, April 12, 1775.

† Vote of House of Representatives, August 21, 1775.

ther and fight Regulars, because they first killed our brothers and will fight against us; therefore I want our brother Indians to help us fight; for I know Indians are good warriours and can fight well in the bush."

A copy of this precious production was sent by the Colonel to the General Assembly of Connecticut, for he "thought it advisable that the Honourable Assembly should be informed of all our politicks." It elicited no special remark, yet more than a year after these very men join in denouncing King George for being about to employ the "merciless Indian savages."

Early in May, 1775, the Second Continental Congress met. It also soon appointed a Committee upon Indian Affairs, which was instructed to keep its proceedings secret. On July 1st a public resolution was passed, "that in case any agent of the ministry shall induce the Indian tribes or any of them to commit actual hostilities against these colonies or to enter into an offensive alliance with the British troops, thereupon the colonies ought to avail themselves of an alliance with such Indian nations as will enter into the same, to oppose such British troops and their Indian allies." This resolution is very conclusive proof that up to that time the British had made no Indian enlistments or alliances. Upon Oct. 23rd, 1775, a delegation from the Continental Congress met General Washington at Head Quarters at Cambridge, and it was then "agreed that those Indians (of the St. Francis, Stockbridge, St. John's tribes) or others may be called on in case of real necessity and that giving them presents is both suitable and proper." This principle was affirmed by resolution of the Congress in the same words on Dec. 2nd of the same year, nor was any reproach even then hinted at the British commanders. On Nov. 8th 1775, Arnold writes to Washington from his camp at Point Levi, that "he had been joined by forty savages." On May 25th, 1776, "a number of deputies from four of the Six Nations" were reported to Congress as "*arrived in town.*" On the same day a resolution was passed "that it is highly expedient to engage the Indians in the service of the United Colonies." On May 31, the number of Indians to be taken into pay was fixed at 2,000. On June 10, Congress "authorised General Washington to offer the Indians a reward of —— dollars for every commission officer, and —— dollars for every private soldier of the King's troops they shall take prisoners in the Indian country or on the frontier." And yet with all this before them, that same Congress had the hardihood to charge against the King, upon the 4th of July, "that he has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions." The failure to reduce Quebec, the dissatisfaction of Canadians under "free institutions" and the consequent certainty of an invasion from Canada, had completely altered their views as to their dusky "Brothers."

Returning now to the summer of 1775 we find that Congress had prepared an army under Schuyler, and resolved upon the invasion of Canada. This would have been an impossibility had the great confederacy of the Six Nations been hostile. New England had in vain attempted to gain their assistance, the next best move was to secure their neutrality. Colonel Guy Johnson was Royal Commissioner to the Confederacy and made no secret of his profound contempt for the self-constituted "Committee of Safety," of Tryon County, in which he lived. He was suspected by all the Revolutionary Committees of inciting the Indians against the colonists. In those days men were seized and imprisoned by improvised political bodies for very slight offences against the dominant party, and rumours were very rife of plots to secure the person of a man who wielded so enormous a power over the Indians. Of such conspiracies

Johnson affirmed that he had the most certain information, and the Mohawks who lived near kept watch over him until he left for Canada. He declared, moreover, that he had used his best efforts to keep the Six Nations neutral. This is probable in itself, because in 1775 most of the middle colonies were confident of a final reconciliation with the King, and this feeling was especially strong in the Province of New York. It was moreover confirmed by the Mohawk Sachems in the grand council at Albany on August 23rd, where the chief men of all the Six Nations met Schuyler and the Commissioners of Congress, and pledged the whole Confederacy to neutrality. Johnson had convoked a meeting of the tribes at Oswego during the month of July, out of the reach of colonial politics, and Schuyler was anxious to know what hostile influences he had exerted there. But the Sachems assured him with all the dignity of Iroquois Chiefs that Guy Johnson had advised them to be neutral as the quarrel did not concern them, and that the council at Oswego was a council of peace. Johnson's first authority from the King to employ Indians was dated in London on August 2nd, and enclosed in a despatch to General Gage at Boston. It could not have reached him before the end of September. Whatever faults moreover of fickleness and cruelty may have been charged against the Indian nations they have never been charged with public falsehood in solemn councils. After the council at Oswego Johnson went to Montreal. An American emissary, the well-known Major John Brown, with four assistants, was then in Canada obtaining information about the disposition of the Canadians and Indians. He writes to Governor Trumbull on August 14th that Johnson had arrived at Montreal with a party of 300, mostly tenants, and some Indians. It is not likely that Johnson attempted to engage the Indians in any alliance before he arrived at Montreal. He was a king's officer, and had no authority from England to do so for many months after. The skirmish at Lexington had irritated more than aroused the English Ministry, who supposed the insurrection was nothing more than an exacerbation of the chronic insubordination of the Boston people. If Johnson had attempted to stir up an Indian war in the back settlements of New York and Pennsylvania, he would have interfered with the negotiations with the other colonies and would have done serious injury to the King's cause among the many loyalists who resided there; and besides he would have run serious risk of being disowned by the British Government. Arriving at Montreal, however, he found the Governor in great straits from the refusal of the Canadians to assist in defending the country against the invasion which began to threaten. Then he convened a council at Caughnawaga at which he solicited Indian aid; but the Americans had been before him. The Caughnawagas would not stir, or receive the war belt. It was at this council that an ox was roasted whole and a pipe of wine drunk, sometimes figured in American histories under the heading "the Indians at Caughnawaga feast on a Bostonian and drink his blood." The Indians from the West who remained with Johnson were few in number. Carleton, moreover, positively forbade them to cross the border and his commands were obeyed.

Schuyler had scarcely finished negotiating with the Indians when a circumstance occurred which gave him much anxiety. With his troops at Crown Point was a Captain Remember Baker, of the Green Mountain Boys, whom he had frequently employed as a scout. This man, with four others, started off on a scouting party into Canada without orders of any kind and, having disembarked, he saw from the shore a party of five Indians in a boat.* He attempted to fire, but his gun missed fire and he, putting his head from

* Schuyler's despatches, August 31.

behind a tree where he stood to hammer his flint, was instantly shot. His party then fired into the boat, and killed two of the Indians. The remainder escaped. This was the first blood shed upon the Northern frontier and, as it turned out that the Indians were friendly Caughnawagas, messengers were at once despatched to the Six Nations to explain, and a deputation from the Six Nations was sent at Schuyler's request to Caughnawaga to apologize. This caused a few from that village to join, for a short time, the garrison at St. Johns.

Schuyler's mind being released from all apprehension as to his rear he was able to move for Isle aux Noix upon the 31st August and 1st of September. Upon the 2nd he issued his proclamation to the Canadian people in which he recounts his treaty of friendship with the Six Nations, apologizes for the killing of the Indians, and announces presents for the Caughnawagas and other Canadian tribes. He writes to Washington that his spies inform him that Carleton is endeavouring to incite the Indians, but that he will have no success with the Canada tribes though he may be joined by some of the more remote nations. He also informs Washington that he has some Indians with him and will have no hesitation in employing any more who offer.

All the despatches and reports of the American officers testify to the good understanding between them and the Canadian Indians. Ethan Allan writes on July 12 "that they are all friendly;" Schuyler is "sure that Carleton cannot move them." Washington writes at a later date, "that the Caughnawagas promised to join Schuyler's army whenever wanted." Major Brown finds them everywhere friendly. Lewis, a Caughnawaga Chief, gives evidence before the Massachusetts Congress to the same effect. The various reports of Livingston and other Canadians in correspondence with Schuyler bear the same testimony. They inform him that Carleton has only 40 Indians at St. Johns, and afterwards that even these have left him. Some of the St. Francis Indians were already enrolled in the Continental army. In order to understand this it must be considered that there could be very little sympathy between regular soldiers, such as Carleton and his red-coats, with the style of campaigning practised by the Indians. Men like Ethan Allan who could "ambush and scout," who could eat and drink and sleep with them were much more likely to influence them than a proud and strict disciplinarian like Carleton, and so it happened that excepting a few Abenakis and some Ottawas and Algonquins from the North, the greater number of Canadian Indians in 1775 were either openly hostile to the British flag or neutral in the struggle. And yet, although these things were well known, that tissue of misrepresentation had commenced which partisan historians have woven into the web of history. An officer of the Continental army writes of the Indians on the English side,* "they appear barbarous to the last degree, not content with scalping, they dug up our dead and mangled them in the most shocking manner." This is only hearsay; but he adds with the confidence of an eyewitness, "*I had the pleasure to see two of them scalped as a retaliation.*" It depends only upon the side he takes whether the Indian is, as Col. Allan endearingly calls him, "a loving brother and friend" or a "merciless and remorseless savage."

The American army, which had been compelled to retire to Isle aux Noix, commenced its final advance on the 17th of September. The chief command was transferred to Montgomery, and with a force of 2,000 men and a number of field guns and mortars, he proceeded to invest St. Johns.† Detachments were sent out to seize the communications, and for such purposes the Indians were found useful.

* Letter from Isle aux Noix, Sept. 17.

† Schuyler to Continental Congress, Sept. 19.

While success was crowning all the enterprises of the colonists, Carleton met with nothing but reverses and disappointments. Many of the Canadians joined the American army, but few, and these almost exclusively from among the Seigneurs, gave him any aid. Ethan Allan had 250 Canadians on the Richelieu.* Livingston and Duggan, two Canadian sympathisers, had a force of 300 men co-operating with Montgomery,† and Colonel Timothy Bedell, of New Hampshire, commanded a considerable body of Canadians and Indians with which he guarded Longueuil and Laprairie.‡ As Bedell had charge of the outposts to the north, nearly all the Indians were placed under his command. Carleton's only reliable force was 800 regular troops including the garrisons of Quebec, Chambly and St. Johns. The British inhabitants of Canada were few in number and, although some volunteered as militiamen and did good service in capturing Ethan Allan in his rash attempt on Montreal, they were not sufficiently numerous to give important aid. At Lachine was Colonel Guy Johnson with a mixed force of about 500 men consisting of 300 of his own tenants, who had left New York to join him, some Canadians, and a few Indians. Brant, who had acted as his secretary, some of his own personal retainers and a few Mohawk young men, who had refused to obey the commands of their Sachems, were with him. The rest of the Indians were from distant places, mostly Ottawas and Algonquins. With so small a force at his disposal, and hearing of the departure of Arnold's expedition for Quebec, Carleton could make no stand against the enemy. Abandoning Montreal, he started in a small boat for Quebec, just in time to secure that fortress, the last hope of British rule, and narrowly escaping capture on the way. Small garrisons of British troops yet remained at Oswegatchie, Niagara, Detroit, and some other posts in the West but, with these exceptions, the whole of Canada was in the possession of the Continental army.

In order fully to understand this sudden reverse, it is requisite to remember that an attack upon Canada in force was never anticipated by Carleton. Even as regards the Continental Congress, it was the result of a very sudden change of purpose. Congress had resolved on June 1st, 1775, "that no expedition or incursion ought to be undertaken or made by any colony or body of colonists against or into Canada." This resolution was come to in order to allay the apprehensions of the middle and southern members, who were exceedingly opposed to any course which would prevent that reconciliation which they ardently desired. With this view a resolution was passed, that "this Congress has nothing more in view than the defence of these colonies." The New Englanders knew well where they were going, and were glad to obstruct openly or covertly every path which might lead to a compromise; but the middle colonies, and especially New York, were forced step by step along the road to revolution by the astuteness of the eastern delegates and the blundering pride of the British Ministry. Consequently Carleton was taken by surprise when, five weeks later, the northern army began to gather. Then in July he began his efforts among the Indians, only to find that he had been outmanœuvred. The Indians, even of Caughnawaga, would not join him, and we must bear in mind that the previous resolve of Congress on July 1st would completely justify him in soliciting their aid in the defence of Canada.

It is not the object of this paper to recount in detail the doings of the American army in Canada. The peasantry were badly treated, often compelled to furnish supplies at the point of the bayonet, and

* Ethan Allan to General Montgomery from St. Ours, Sept. 20.

† Schuyler to Congress.

‡ Col. Bedell to New Hampshire Committee, Oct. 27.

then to receive continental paper in payment; the clergy were neglected and ill-used, and property was continually taken by violence in exchange for unsigned or illegible orders on the Commissariat, which were refused payment even in paper. Arbitrary arrests were made, which still further disgusted the higher class of the inhabitants. "The licentiousness of our troops," says Schuyler, in a dispatch to Washington, "is not easy to be described."* Colonel Hazen, in command at Montreal, sums up the whole conduct of the army by stating in one of his despatches, "We have brought about ourselves by mismanagement what Governor Carleton himself could never effect."

During this winter the employment of the Indians was very frequently discussed in the despatches between the Generals and Congress, as well as between themselves. "The Caughnawaga Indians now here," writes Washington, "are embarrassing. My embarrassment does not proceed so much from the impropriety of encouraging these people to depart from their neutrality (accepting their voluntary offer rather) as from the expense which probably may follow."† A little later he writes, "I have now the pleasure to inform you that our Caughnawaga friends have put the matter upon the footing I wished, that is to join the forces in Canada whenever you shall call for their assistance."‡

It will be seen at once that there is no question of principle; it is one of expense simply. Schuyler writes in reply "that, since Montreal was taken, the hauteur of the Indians is much diminished, for they see they can get their supplies only from the Americans." He has no need of their services, and adds, "the expense we are at in the Indian department is amazing." Writing to Hancock, President of Congress, on Feb. 23, he repeats the argument as to expense, and adds, "that the expense will be much more when they consider themselves in our service, nor would their intervention be of much consequence, unless we could procure that of the other nations. I am very confident that we should be justified in employing the savages, since the Ministry have made attempts to engage them against us, and if no other consideration prevented, I should be for it, but besides the reasons I have given General Washington, I may add that they will consider our employing them is of necessity, and they will look upon themselves of more consequence than they really are, and rise in their demands upon us." Here then is the real reason of the resolve of Congress of March 8, 1776: "That Indians be not employed as soldiers in the armies of the United Colonies before the tribes to which they belong shall, in a National Council, held in the customary manner, have consented thereto; nor then without express approbation of Congress." Everything then looked quiet in Canada. The Commissioners had gone on to Montreal to complete its union with the colonies, by forming a Provincial Congress, and quieting any uneasiness which might have arisen. There was no need of Indian aid, and to enlist them would be to give them regular pay. What Congress desired was the alliance of the United Six Nations, and not the enlistment of a portion of them to be paid as continental troops, and to that end their emissaries still laboured.

While such negotiations were going on around Lake Champlain, Col. Butler, at Niagara, was moving the minds of the Six Nations from the extreme west, where dwelt the Senecas, always favourably disposed towards the King. At Detroit also similar influences were at work. The influence of the Canadians began also to be felt among the Indians more and more as they expe-

* Lieut.-Col. Hazen to General Schuyler, April 1, 1776. Franklin, Chase and Carroll to President of Congress, May 5, 1776.

† Washington to Schuyler, Jan. 27, 1776.

‡ Washington to Schuyler, Feb. 1, 1776.

rienced the exactions of the American army; and as it became evident that Carleton would be reinforced and the seige of Quebec raised. The Indians themselves were neglected by the American commanders in Canada, who considered it certain that Quebec would fall before relief could arrive, and the services of the Indians would not be needed. As the spring opened Congress saw the necessity of further exertions, but the winter passed in apparent security.

Early in the spring, in order to guard against any attack from the west, the Americans had built a fort at the village of the Cedars, a spot better suited than the Coteau for commanding the whole channel of the St. Lawrence. The river there is very narrow and, the islands being small, the whole stream can be watched from the Cedars to the Cascades, so that not even a canoe could pass unnoticed. Here was posted an important detachment under Col. Timothy Bedell who, from his experience of the autumn previous at the outposts of the invading army, and in command of the Canadians and Indians, seemed to be a suitable commander for such a post.

Early in May the British garrisons of the west began to move. Obedient to orders from Carleton who, having been reinforced on the opening of navigation, was commencing to act upon the offensive, Capt. Forster, in command of the British post at Oswegatchie (now Ogdensburg) started upon the 12th of May to attack the post at the Cedars. The American version of the subsequent events is given thus by Bancroft:—

"The detachment from Detroit, under Capt. Forster, composed of forty of the eighth regiment, a hundred Canadians, and several hundred Indians, from the North-west, appeared in sight of the Cedars. Bedell, its Commander, committing the fort to Major Butterfield, deserted, under pretence of soliciting a reinforcement. On his arrival at Montreal, Arnold, on the 16th, detached Major Henry Sherburne, of Rhode Island, with one hundred and forty men, to relieve the fort; but before he could make his way through the enemy to the Cedars, Butterfield, on the 19th, though he had two field-pieces and sufficient ammunition and officers and men willing to defend the post, cowered like a craven under a dread of the Indians, and after sustaining no other attack than from musketry, surrendered himself and his garrison prisoners at discretion.

"The next day, as Sherburne, ignorant of the surrender, came to the entrance of a wood, which was about five miles from the fort, he was attacked while still in open ground by an enemy who fought under cover of trees. After a skirmish of an hour, the Americans were intercepted in their attempt at a retreat, and more than a hundred were taken prisoners. The savages, who lost in the battle a great warrior of the Seneca tribe, immediately stripped them almost naked, tomahawking or scalping the wounded men, so they lost twenty-eight wounded and killed in battle or murdered afterwards in cold blood, in violation of the express terms of surrender as well as of humanity.

"At the news of the double disaster, Arnold moved with about seven hundred men to recover the captives by force; but as the British officer declared a massacre of the prisoners, four hundred and seventy-four in number, would be the inevitable consequence of an attack, he consented to obtain the release of them all, except four captains, who were retained as hostages, by promising the return of an equal number of British prisoners. The engagement led to mutual criminations; the Americans preferred a counter-claim for the punishment of those who had massacred some of the prisoners." *

It may be well to observe that this transaction took place wholly in Canada, in defence of our invaded frontier, not in attack

* This passage may be found in the Index of the English edition of Bancroft, under the heading, "The Indians of Canada defeat and butcher the Americans."

upon any of the colonies. Bancroft could not have consulted many original authorities upon the real facts, or he would not have stated that the British force came from Detroit. He has evidently contented himself with the report of the Committee of Congress upon the matter, which makes no mention of the place whence Forster started, and with the garrison gossip at Montreal, which magnified Forster's force to one thousand Indians and all the troops of Niagara and Detroit.

The indignation in Canada at the action of Congress in refusing to ratify the cartel signed by their General was very great, but Sir Guy Carleton felt especially aggrieved at the charges made by the Committee of Congress which inquired into the matter. The Committee, after recounting the facts as given by Bancroft, charge Capt. Forster with putting the prisoners under the care of the savages, who plundered them, stripped them, shot some, roasted others, and abandoned several upon an island to perish of cold and hunger. For these causes Congress refused to give up British prisoners in exchange for those sent home from the Cedars, adding, as a further reason, that the prisoners General Arnold had promised to exchange, were not in his possession but in the control of the Congress, who might ratify or confirm his acts. They stated, however, that if the British Government would deliver up Capt. Forster, with all the aiders and abettors of this "horrid murder," and would make restitution for the plunder, they would then release an equivalent number of prisoners.

This charge of perfidy and murder was published on the 10th of July, 1776, four days after the proclamation of the Declaration of Independence. It was exceedingly useful in keeping up the fever of hostility to the Crown, and, although entirely false, did duty extremely well in the place of truth. On the other hand, Capt. Forster and all the British officers published a detailed statement of the facts as they really occurred. This statement was corroborated by Rev. Father Detarlaye, the Priest at Oka, who had charge of many of the prisoners, and by the hostages detained for the fulfilment of the cartel, who all by letter solemnly denied that any such outrages had taken place and, on the contrary, affirmed that the terms of the cartel had been honourably fulfilled by the British officers, and that the prisoners had been treated with great consideration.

It happened that, at the very time these events were occurring at the Cedars, a committee of five of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia were engaged in conference with General Washington, Major-General Gates and Brigadier-General Miffgin. They made a report to Congress on the 25th of May, and this report could not have been in any way influenced by the transactions at the Cedars, for the news of that disaster reached Montreal on the 27th of May and, as expresses went slowly in those days, the letter of the Commissioners giving the first imperfect information of the affair did not reach Congress until the 6th of June. The opinions of the chiefs of the American army and an influential Committee of Congress, upon the proper mode of conducting warfare, cannot fail to be an instructive comment upon what Captain Forster was at that very time, unknown to them, actually engaged in doing. Among many other recommendations occur the following:—"That the Commissioners at Albany be directed to use their utmost efforts to procure the assistance of the Indians to undertake the reduction of Niagara, and that as an inducement so to do, they engage, on behalf of the Congress, to pay them £50 Pennsylvania currency, for every soldier of the Garrison they take and bring to Head Quarters or to the said Commissioners, *and the free plunder of the Garrison*," and "that the Commissioners in the Middle Department be directed to use their best endeavours to procure the assistance of the Indians under

their care ; that they prevail upon them, if possible, to undertake the reduction of Detroit upon the same terms as the Commissioners at Albany are directed to engage the Indians against Niagara.

These recommendations by officers of such high rank were singularly enough carried out in Canada, the names only being changed. On the 12th of May Captain Forster left Oswegatchie.* He took with him the whole garrison consisting of 2 lieutenants, 2 sergeants, 2 corporals, 1 drummer and 33 privates of the 8th Regiment, 11 English and Canadian volunteers and 160 Indians. The Indians who were under the immediate command of the Chevalier Lorimier, consisted of Iroquois, Missisagues, and a number from the village of the Lake of Two Mountains (now Oka), who were hunting in the neighbourhood of the Fort. On the 14th he arrived at St. Regis where 54 Indians of that village joined the expedition. On the 18th he arrived within a few miles of the fort at the Cedars, then held by Major Butterfield with 390 Continental troops. The same morning a detached party of Indians brought in a prisoner and the scalp of a soldier whom they had killed; and the whole party appearing before the fort summoned it to surrender. The Americans, after taking three hours for consideration, demanded to be allowed to quit the fort with their arms. This was refused and the attack commenced. Some houses affordding cover, the attacking party approached within 150 yards of the fort, but having no cannon were obliged to content themselves with a scattering fire at whatever appeared. On the morning of the 19th Mons. de Montigny with 30 Canadians joined Captain Forster ; but, as at the same time information arrived that a reinforcement from the American garrison at Montreal was approaching, Mons. de Montigny with his 30 men was ordered back to harrass their march. In the meantime, on the 19th at 4 o'clock, Major Butterfield surrendered, stipulating only for the lives of his soldiers * and the clothes upon their backs. These terms were obtained with difficulty by Captain Forster, for the Indians (to use the words of the Select Committee of Congress) thought they had a right to the "*free plunder of the garrison*" and the ransom of their proportion of the prisoners. When they saw the garrison marching out with packs they were much discontented and in the evening, before the prisoners could be lodged in the barracks, some few lost their watches and money.

While these events were occurring at the village of Cedars news arrived that a detachment was advancing to relieve the fort. This was Major Sherborne's party, which having retreated was again marching forward, and had landed at Quinchien, now Vaudreuil. Upon the morning of the 20th Monsieur Lorimier with 80 Indians and Mons. Maurer with 18 Canadians started to reinforce De Montigny ; but, falling in about noon with Sherborne's party, attacked it with great vigour. The Canadian party being under cover the smallness of their numbers was not suspected, and after a short skirmish having outflanked their adversaries and killed some of them (about 5 or 6), they made prisoners of all the rest but a few who took to the woods and were afterwards captured. The surrender was very unexpected and sudden. De Montigny had not arrived to take part in the fight. No stipulation or capitulation of any kind was made, but the detachment surrendered themselves unconditionally as prisoners to this small party consisting of 98 men, 80 of whom were Indians.

It is necessary to distinguish clearly between these two events. First, the capitulation, with stipulations, of the garrison at the

* Authentic narrative of the facts relating to the exchange of prisoners at the Cedars, signed by the officers of the 8th Regiment and of the Volunteers. London, 1777.

* Articles of Capitulation in American Archives.

Cedars to Captain Forster, on the 19th; and second, the capture on the following day without stipulation of 97 prisoners in an engagement fought six miles away by a party consisting nearly altogether of Indians.

During the skirmish a false report of the defeat of their detachment arrived at the Cedars, and it required all the energies of Captain Forster and his small party of regular soldiers to keep the Indians quiet. There were more prisoners than men to guard them, and the Indians feared that during the attack, which they expected every moment, the prisoners would revolt. In spite of Forster's exertions some few were stripped and threatened, but not one was injured. The parties under Lorimier, Maurer and De Montigny soon arrived and relieved him of all anxiety for the surrendered garrison.

New difficulties however arose concerning the prisoners taken at Quinchien. These the Indians claimed as theirs, taken in battle by themselves, and as they had lost a leading chief of the Senecas in the engagement, they were set upon putting some of their prisoners to death. This the British officers resisted, and they succeeded at last in buying at a high price nearly all the prisoners. The few remaining were afterwards ransomed by Captain Forster at St. Regis, on his retreat, with the exception of two who remained of their own accord with the Indians. Those captives, however, which they took at Quinchien, the Indians would and did plunder and strip; but the murdering and the roasting were pure and simple fabrications for the purpose of stirring up the resentment of the American people against the King.

Forster now extended his plan and resolved upon securing a footing on the Island of Montreal, and upon advancing from thence perhaps to Montreal itself. He, therefore, on the 22nd, sent De Montigny forward with 50 Canadians and 20 Indians as far as St. Anne's. There De Montigny took possession of his own house upon the end of the Island. Two hundred and fifty prisoners were placed in his charge. All the officers were sent over the lake to the little village now called Oka; where they were placed under the care of the priests, who took the wounded into their own Presbytery, and fed and lodged the others with all that the village afforded. It would not, even at the present day, be a very luxurious abode for a large number of men. It was simply an Indian village, but the prisoners did not want for food, and were secure from insult under the care of the priests. The circumstances were unprecedented. Usually the number of prisoners is small compared with the number of captors, but here were nearly 500 prisoners upon the hands of a party of 41 regular soldiers and a variable number of Canadians and Indians, at no one time exceeding in the aggregate 500 strong. The situation was the more difficult, as Capt. Forster's plan was to press on for Montreal, which he did, leaving De Montigny to look after the prisoners.

Arrived within three miles of Lachine, Forster found a body of six hundred Continental troops under Arnold entrenched, and with six pieces of artillery. Friendly advices arrived from Montreal that the enemy were calling in their outposts, that 200 men were already on the march, and that before twenty-four hours Arnold would have 1,500 men. Although Forster's party had by that time been joined by volunteers, and amounted to 500 men, he decided, upon hearing such news, to retreat as far as the Cedars, but he could not leave all his prisoners to be recaptured by Arnold, so they were all collected and taken over to Vaudreuil. De Montigny had for greater security moved a number of them to a small island in the lake, and when Arnold arrived at St. Anne's he found every boat carried away, and had the mortification of standing helplessly on the bank and seeing the prisoners moved from the island to the main-

land, while his own batteaux with cannon and reinforcements were far behind on Lake St. Louis.

Busy were these early summer days of '76 on the quiet Lake of the Two Mountains. After a winter's experience of "freedom," the inhabitants rejoiced at the sight of the red coats of the King's soldiers. Canoes darted to and fro, and batteaux laden with prisoners and their guards thronged the still waters of the lake, and gave more than full employment to the boatmen at the portage. Old Fort Senneville, now so picturesque, its ruined masonry clothed with twining green, was then in full activity, guarding the lake and the swift river in rear of the Island with equal vigilance, the spring floods bringing the crowded boats almost to its gates. Opposite, under the shadow of Mount Calvary, was the little Mission Village of the lake, the usual resort of the staid Sulpician or of the silent savage, then thronged with strangers clustering under the trees which overhang the quiet walk sacred to meditative ecclesiastics. The village of Vaudreuil, which has long since resigned its less euphonious name of Quinchien to the little stream which flows near it, was then a place of some consequence, with a church and presbytère, but to the west, the unbroken forest came down close to the banks of the Ottawa, whose solitary waters, since the downfall of the Huron nation, had ceased to be frequented save by the Indians who lived near the distant post of Michilimackenic.

Arnold's arrival at St. Anne's altered the aspect of affairs, and upon the 25th of May De Montigny rejoined Capt. Forster at Vaudreuil. All the prisoners were with them but the officers, and all the anxieties of the Cedars returned. Arnold would shortly attack and the Indians grew very restive and threatening. Acceding then to the requests previously urged by the American officers, Forster concluded with Major Sherborne a cartel of exchange, the second condition of which was, that none of the prisoners should serve against Great Britain during the war. The cartel was signed by the two Majors Butterfield and Sherborne and by four Captains, of whom two were among the four afterwards retained as hostages.

Upon the 26th, a party of Arnold's men attacked the British camp at Vaudreuil and were repulsed. Capt. Forster, still fearing for his prisoners, sent the cartel with a flag of truce to Arnold, requesting his signature to it and permission to send away the prisoners through the American lines. Arnold objected to the second clause, which Forster then cancelled. The cartel was then signed and a truce of four days agreed upon, during which time the prisoners were sent away, the most of them to Caughnawaga but many to Montreal. Capt. Forster then continued his retreat to Oswegatchie.

The Americans were excessively chagrined at this whole affair, as indeed they had reason to be. The officers had behaved badly, for the long winter of garrison life had destroyed the courage and discipline of their army. There was no lack of bravery among these Revolutionary troops, but reverses were required to teach them discipline and reliance upon each other. There was too much of the "public-meeting-of-citizens" sentiment among the men, and the officers were afraid of the constant criticism. That all men are free and equal is a very pretty sentence for a Declaration of Independence, but, in the neighbourhood of an enemy, even of Indians, sentimental politics are better avoided, and those troops will win whose thoughts are only of obedience and duty. This the Americans learned before the war was over. It is a lesson which should be instilled into all militia in time of peace.

The Commissioners of Congress were still in Canada, and to them the idea of breaking the cartel first occurred. General Thompson, then in chief command of the army, writes to Washington, under date June 2nd: "Mr. Chase is of opinion we

may with safety break the capitulation made with General Arnold. It is extremely hard to give up all the fruits of the last year's campaign in Canada. *But if engagements of this delicate nature are broken without the fullest testimony to support us, we shall be forever undone.*" The instinct of the soldier is often more true and even more humane than the politics of the civilian.

Having thus narrated in detail the real circumstances of the so-called "Massacre of the Cedars," it will be well to recount some of the assertions of the Committee of Congress to whom the cartel was referred. Their report was long and full of declamation. We have space only for the more important points. After recounting the facts of the investment and surrender at the Cedars mainly as stated by Bancroft they make the following assertions :—

1st. That it does not appear whether the capitulation was verbally or in writing. 2nd. That it was a condition that the baggage should not be plundered. 3rd. That the garrison were stripped of their clothes besides being plundered of their baggage. 4th. That two of Sherburne's party were put to death on the evening of the capture, and four or five others at different times afterwards. 5th. That one of the garrison who surrendered was killed on the eighth day after surrender. 6th. That the four hostages who were delivered as security for the fulfilment of the cartel were immediately plundered and stripped by the savages. 7th. That one prisoner was first shot and then, when alive, was roasted, as related by his companion now in possession of the savages, who himself saw the fact. 8th. That others, worn down with famine and cruelty, were exposed on an island naked.

The statement of the British officers and Canadians was drawn up at Montreal in detail, upon the 6th of September. It contains a copy of Captain Forster's letter to Major Butterfield, embodying the terms of surrender in full, and expressly granting only the lives of the garrison and the clothes on their backs. It was never denied that the baggage was plundered. As for the ill-treatment of the prisoners, the Rev. Father Detarlaye, Priest at the Indian Village, had the best of opportunities of knowing the real facts, for the Indians of that village had a large share in these transactions. He writes :

"I can say in praise of the Commander, that he kept the savages in such order that I never saw the laws of humanity better observed. Two or three watches, with as many coats taken, could not be objects of such strong complaints. Did it ever happen among the most civilized nations that the conquered lost no part of their baggage? Did the officers who were at the Lake want bread, fresh meat and fuel. It is true they were not given beds and clothes, because there were none in the place, but the officer who was wounded in the thigh was taken into the house of the missionaries, who furnished him with every comfort."

It has been related that four Captains were retained as hostages for the fulfilment of this cartel. One of them was a brother of General Sullivan, of the Continental army. Indignant at the action of Congress, he writes to his brother, under date, Montreal, August 14th, 1776, in the following strain :—"I am much surprised to hear that the Congress, instead of redeeming us according to the cartel, have not only refused to do it, but have demanded Capt. Forster to be delivered up to answer his conduct in what they are pleased to term the Massacre of the Cedars. I would fain flatter myself that the Congress would never have thought of such unheard of proceedings, had they not had a false representation of the matter. Do not think that I am under any constraint when I say and call that God who must judge of the truth to witness that not a man living could have used more humanity than Capt. Forster did after the surrender of the party I belonged to."

Another of the hostages was Captain Bliss.

He writes,* at the same date and place, to the Rev. Wm. Emerson, at Concord, in the very warmest praise of Capt. Forster, whom he styles a Christian and a gentleman. He says the reasons of Congress in breaking the cartel are known to none but God and themselves. The third of the four hostages writes to Colonel Morey, in New Hampshire, that ever since he was a prisoner he has been used well, and that there was no massacre or ill-treatment.† He confirms the British account of the purchase of the prisoners from the Indians, and says the cartel was a sacred thing, and was fulfilled by the British.

These letters prove conclusively the falseness of the charges of ill-treatment; but there is no need of them—the very words of the report bear their own testimony to their falsehood. The report states that as soon as the hostages were delivered up they were handed over to the Indians and plundered and stripped. This painstaking Committee actually thought that the four hostages were new men handed over fresh from the army, whereas they were not *delivered* over, but *retained* in the hands of the British. They were among the captives at Oka, as the signatures of two of them to the cartel witness. If they were "plundered and stripped" when taken, they could not have been "plundered and stripped" a second time.

The Committee were equally unfortunate in their roasting story. "A man," they say, "was first shot and then roasted"—a thing unheard of among Indians. The roasting of captives was always for purposes of torture, and the victims were kept alive as long as possible; they add, moreover, that the cruelty was seen by his companion, *who was still with the Indians.* Upon this hearsay report, through no one knows how many mouths, the Congress were willing to base so horrible a charge. No name is given, no place, no details. No letter or direct message from this unnamed "man with the Indians" is given. Upon its face it is mere rumour or wilful invention.

The narrative of Bancroft follows the report of Congress in artfully confounding the two events—the capitulation of the Cedars and the capture of Sherburne's party at Quinchien. He says, "28 were killed in battle or murdered in cold blood, in violation of the express terms of surrender." How could there be "terms of surrender" on a battle-field even if the truth of the charge of murder were conceded? If it be true, as he states, that the battle lasted an hour, and the Americans were in the open, 28 is not a large number to be killed in fair fight. Some fighting there certainly was, for there was a wounded officer at Oka, and a Seneca chief was killed, but there was not nearly so much fighting as Major Sherburne desired to make out. He got credit in Philadelphia for much bravery, but such was not the opinion in the Northern army.‡ As for Butterfield and Bedell, they were cashiered.

Major Butterfield, on his examination, stated that the British officers did what they could to redeem the prisoners. He states that one of his party was murdered the eighth day after they were taken, but can give no name. Captains Estabrook and Wilkins state generally that three or four were murdered, but they cannot tell their names or even the companies they belonged to. It is remarkable that no names were elicited of these murdered men. The whole evidence is vague in the extreme.

Major Sherburne wrote a full account of the proceedings of his detachment, under date New York, June 18. It is evidently upon his authority that Bancroft gives the number at "28 killed in action or murdered in cold blood." He states that he left Montreal with 140 men, but that some were left as guards on the road; "*others were taken sick by the hardships they underwent in cross-*

* American Archives.

† American Archives.

‡ Col. Greaton to Major-Gen. Heath. Ticonderoga, July 31.

ing the lake," so that his detachment was not more than 100 strong when it was attacked. What hardships he might have encountered in fine weather at the end of May in crossing in batteaux from St. Anne's to Vaudreuil, it is hard to say. But if he had, as he says, 100 men, and lost 28, it is very surprising that Capt. Forster accounted for 108 living prisoners of his detachment. The ladies and children who amuse themselves in summer rowing in skiffs on the lake may possibly know of hardships, but the other point is one of simple arithmetic, and admits of no solution. Capt. Forster gives the number of Sherburne's force as 120, and he is probably nearer the truth, for it is certain that Sherborne had 140 men when he left Montreal. He would require to leave at least 10 men at St. Anne's and 10 at Vaudreuil to take care of his boats and communications. These would have escaped. One or two might have been taken sick on the road, or he might have left more than 20 to guard his boats. He could not have had more than 120 men in the action, and may have had a few less. When he states that he had barely 100 men he is relating his own gallant deeds and his long resistance of one hour and forty minutes. He says that the enemy (under cover) lost 22 killed and wounded and he lost only 28 *in the open*—killed, wounded and murdered. It may be that some others among the British, Canadians or Indians were killed, but if so, no mention is made elsewhere of them, excepting of the Seneca Chief. If the Indians had lost so heavily Capt. Forster would probably have reported it to account for their turbulence. As it is, he states their loss as this one Chief killed and three Indians wounded.

It is impossible in the face of the clear and precise narrative of the British officers, confirmed by the testimony of the American hostages, to believe the exculpatory and contradictory statements of men who behaved so badly as the officers in command of the American troops. Some points are, however, certain. It is admitted by all that Butterfield had 390 men. Sherburne could not have had more than *120 men, probably* he had a few less. The total number of American soldiers of both parties could not have exceeded 510. Of these one was killed at the Cedars on the 18th of May, as previously related.

In the statements drawn up at Montreal, in September, where all the circumstances were known and fresh in everyone's memory, the total number of persons taken is given as 497. These are accounted for in the following manner:—

Indorsed upon the Cartel of Exchange:

Majors	2	
Captains	9	
Subalterns	21	
Privates	443	
	——	475
To which must be added,		
Hostages retained—Captains (afterwards released by Carleton)		4
Canadians found in the garrison and released		8
Prisoners afterwards bought from Indians and then at Montreal		8
Remaining with the Indians		2
		——
		497

Let this number be deducted from the extreme total of 509 and it will be seen that the total American loss could not have exceeded 12. In all probability Capt. Forster's statement that 5 or 6 were killed is correct. Sherburne had probably 114 men when he went into action, which would allow for 6 men falling out sick, 10 at St. Anne's and 10 at Vaudreuil, as guards. But if it really be the case, as stated by Sherburne and Bancroft, that an obstinate engagement was fought for one hour and forty minutes with an unseen foe, then 12 is a very insignificant loss, and no theory of murdering or roasting is necessary to account for it; and again if, as Sherburne states, he had detached so

many men that he had only 100 when he was attacked, he must have fought all that time and surrendered with 8 men more than he had at the commencement.

This, then, was the "Massacre of the Cedars," which did duty for so many years in inciting the American mind against the British Government, and which, with many other stories as mythical, has jaundiced the hearts of the American people towards England from earliest infancy. As a political stratagem the story was triumphantly successful. The Declaration of Independence had just been issued when the resolutions of Congress appeared concerning this affair. Many in the colonies, who were cleaving still to their allegiance, turned in horror from a Government which could tolerate such barbarities. Had there been in the colonies a free press, it would not have been possible to have started such a slander. But *Rivington's Gazette* had been stopped by the riotous action of an armed mob from Connecticut, which invaded the city of New York,* sacked his office, and melted his types down for bullets, and there was no other printer who dared to publish anything displeasing to the popular party. At this remote period however, the publication of the original documents renders it possible to ascertain the real facts as they occurred, and Canadians, the more narrowly they enquire into the doings of their forefathers, will have the more reason to be proud of the early history of their country.

SONNET.

BY JOHN DENNIS.

ALAS! sweet Life, that thou must fly so fast!
Is there no breathing-space for thee and me?
So much we have to say, and learn, and see;
So late it seems since Spring's glad moments past.
And now the leaves change colour at the blast,
And the chill mists come creeping up the lea,
While one by one friends pass me, silently,
To the strange rest that ends this coil at last.
With them depart the splendour and the glow,
The fervour caught from meadow, mount, and river;
The lovely light, purer than unstained snow,
That filled dear eyes and made the pulses quiver;
Ah! let me, then, call back the word I said,—
'Tis better life should fly since friends have fled.

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* Letter from the New York Congress, Dec. 12th, 1775, to Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut.

BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE.

BY W. D. LE SUEUR.

ON the verge of the outbreak of that revolution which was destined to let loose the most terrible passions of human nature, and deliver France over a prey to every lawless ambition, there was given to the world one of the most touching pictures ever drawn of the delight and happiness to be derived, amid the narrowest circumstances and in a sphere far removed from all scenes of worldly glory and struggle, from a life spent in accordance with nature's laws, and devoted to the cultivation of those domestic and social affections the germs of which are implanted in every human heart. A stranger prelude to 1789, and the events that followed it, than "Paul and Virginia," published in 1788, can hardly be imagined. Yet the work was not only published, but widely and eagerly read; in fact it was the great literary success of the day, not less than fifty pirated editions, if we may trust the author's biographer and editor,* having made their appearance in the course of a year. The whole French nation, in fact, was hanging with delight upon a work that summoned men to live together in peace and brotherly love, at the very moment when long pent-up social hatreds were about to break forth in revolution and civil war. Surely, whatever else Bernardin de St. Pierre's delicious idyll may have been, it was not one of the signs of the times.

Every one has read "Paul and Virginia," yet to this generation the author of the narrative is little known. Many have read his work who know not his name, and many who know his name associate it only with this one tale; yet he was a man whose career and character are worth calling to mind, and whose works contain much that can, to this day, be read with great pleasure and profit. Science has made wonderful strides since the "Études de la Nature" were given to the world, and much of the author's reasoning as to design in nature is wholly out of date; but there is something in his writings that keeps them fresh, and that makes their errors, whether of statement or of reasoning, seem of little account. We do not go to the "Études" or the "Harmonies" for instruction in science. To what work of the same age do we go? But we cannot turn over the pages of the former, at least, without finding ourselves transported to the scenes so amiably and truthfully described, or without a quickening of our enthusiasm for the beauties and wonders of the world in which we live.

Jacques-Henri-Bernardin de St. Pierre was born at Hâvre on the 19th January, 1737. His father seems to have occupied a respectable, but by no means distinguished, position in society, though he was extremely proud of his lineage, which he traced, by ways and means better known to himself than to any one else, up to the celebrated Eustache St. Pierre, who was Mayor of Calais when that city surrendered to Edward III. of England, in the year 1347, and who so nobly offered to devote his life for that of his fellow citizens. He was never tired, we are told, of talking to his children about their illustrious descent, and the effect upon more than one of them was very injurious. Bernardin himself, who had a soul above such things, and who learnt afterwards to rate them at their true value, was, as a young man, very

* M. Aimé-Martin.

sensitive on the subject of his birth. Having no coat of arms he determined to make one for himself, so he caused a seal to be prepared which, according to M. Aimé-Martin, "*il enrichit de tout se qu'il savait dans l'art du blason.*" But, says the same writer, "all these precautions, though intended to give him greater confidence, had a directly opposite effect. If any one spoke of his family he vaunted its nobility; but, if the interlocutor were disposed to dwell upon the subject, he stopped short, blushed, became embarrassed, dreading every moment to be called upon for proof of his ancestry. In a word, the most indifferent questions would sometimes put him into a state of agitation, and show him plainly enough that he was not born to be a successful liar."

In his childhood he was of a very affectionate and winning disposition, and was particularly remarkable for his interest in, and love of, animals. Upon one occasion his father took him to see the cathedral at Rouen. The child gazed upwards for a long time, apparently contemplating with astonishment the lofty towers of the edifice. "Well, Henry," said his father; "what do you think of that?" "*Bon Dieu!*" replied the child, who, all the time, had been looking at a flock of swallows circling round the spires, "*qu'elles volent haut!*" 'How high they fly!' The father thought him next door to an idiot; "but," says his biographer, "he was just such an idiot all his life, for he saw more to admire in the flight of an insect than in the colonnade of the Louvre." A noble trait in the child's character was his disposition always to side with those whom he regarded as unfortunate or oppressed. He would engage a troop of his companions, single-handed, to rescue any poor animal they might be maltreating; and, in truth, no form of suffering ever failed to appeal very strongly to his sympathies. He was more or less of a dreamer from his infancy, and this tendency was increased by his eager perusal, at a very tender age, of the "Lives of the Saints." One day he thought he would try the experiment of living like a hermit; so, instead of going to school, where, it seems, he had the prospect of a whipping if he did not know his Latin lesson thoroughly, he betook himself with his lunch to the woods. Here he seems to have fully expected angelic succour, such as was extended to the hermits of old, so soon as his earthly supplies should be exhausted. Up to evening, however, no angels had appeared and he was about composing himself to sleep at the foot of a tree, when he was discovered by his faithful "bonne," who had been seeking him, with great distress of mind, in every direction.

The failure of heavenly intervention on this occasion did not shake the boy's faith in Providence. This faith seems to have been almost an instinct with him, for he manifested it in his earliest childhood, and through life it continued to be an uppermost sentiment in his mind. To promote this faith in others would appear to have been the chief aim of all he wrote: whatever we may think of the reasonings by which he supported his peculiar views of Providence, the fact that Providence was to him something very real, that he recognized a *præsens Divus*, to whom individual, no less than general, interests were a concern, can scarcely be doubted by any attentive reader of his works. The weakness of all arguments for Providential intervention in human affairs, drawn from personal experience, is that only to the person immediately concerned do the facts which impress his imagination so strongly seem in the least miraculous. Bernardin de St. Pierre would have it that he owed to Divine intervention nearly all the good that ever befel him in life. If he made a friend, obtained an unexpected supply of money, or escaped from a difficulty by unforeseen means, it was to Providence entirely he was indebted, not to men. *Où le secours humain défaut Dieu produit le sien* was his favourite maxim; but

since men were at least the instruments in all the benefits he received, it must have been a delicate matter to decide up to what point the succour they afforded was merely human in its character, and at what point it began to be Divine. This consideration, however, was never a difficulty in the way of M. de St. Pierre; he could recount without hesitation all the "*coups de Providence*" that had happened to him and would have regarded as an *incrédule* to anyone who had expressed a doubt as to the wholly exceptional character of each particular occurrence.

It was with difficulty that the young Bernardin was brought to apply himself seriously to any regular course of study. He was passionately fond of reading, but the books to which he devoted himself were not adapted to give him very practical views or very settled aims. We have already mentioned his predilection for the "Lives of the Saints;" in connection with these highly trustworthy narratives he began to devour books of travel, and his head was nearly turned by Robinson Crusoe. The height of his ambition, at little more than twelve years of age, was to have an island of his own and found a community. This notion did not pass with his boyhood; on the contrary, as years rolled on he became more and more convinced that the position of Solon to a new society was precisely the one that nature had designed him to fill. Good laws, such as he could frame, were to quell entirely the violence of human passions, and to turn that portion of the earth where they prevailed into a paradise. It is hard to believe that this notion haunted him until he was thirty-three years of age, and that at twenty-six he actually set out for Russia to present to Catherine II a memorandum he had drawn up on the subject, and to ask her for a grant of territory somewhere near the Caspian Sea where he might put his theories to a practical test. Later in life he contented himself with putting his speculations on paper, persuaded that the time had not yet come for such a perfect system as he had imagined to be practically realized.

After placing him under a variety of masters with no very satisfactory results, his parents sent him to the college at Rouen, where he developed a strong taste for mathematics, carrying off the highest prize in the year 1757. To his proficiency in this science he was indebted for the first appointment he received, which was a commission in the French Engineers. After a brief period of service, during which he had a very close view of the miseries and horrors of war, he lost this appointment through some misunderstanding with his superior officers. In the spring of 1761 we find him again in Paris soliciting employment. About this time a French expedition was being sent to Malta, and M. de St. Pierre received some verbal instructions to repair thither, a promise being made him, at the same time, that he would be furnished with a commission in due form. The commission should have been received by him at the port of embarkation, Marseilles; but as it had not arrived when the expedition was ready to sail he took passage without it, expecting it to be sent on to him at Malta. The commission was never sent, and the poor, deluded young man endured an infinite amount of mortification in connection with the whole matter, the officers of the expedition, with a malice peculiarly French, making him a mark for all kinds of ill-natured raillery. Returning to France in great depression of spirits, he seemed to find every avenue of honourable employment closed to him; it was an age, in fact, in which the great and their protégés monopolized everything; and, as St. Pierre was almost wholly without influence, he had little chance of a career under his own Government. For a time he tried teaching mathematics, but failed to make a living; then it was that he thought of trying his fortune in foreign countries, and took the extraordinary resolution al-

ready referred to, of proceeding to Russia, and unfolding to the Empress his plans for founding and governing a republic. How to get there was at first a serious practical question; but, upon application to a few private friends, he contrived to raise a small sum, sufficient, at least, to start him on his way. After what adventures he arrived at Petersburg we have no space to narrate. He did arrive there, however, with precisely six francs in his pocket, and not a friend or even an acquaintance in the whole empire. A pleasing incident is here related by his biographer. As soon as the vessel on which our traveller was a passenger had got to the wharf, a Mr. Thornton, an English merchant, residing at Petersburg, advanced and gave a general invitation to all the passengers to come and take tea at his house while they apprized their friends of their arrival. Poor St. Pierre! The others may have had friends to apprize, but his, alas! were yet to make. Who can wonder that he was the last of the guests to leave Mr. Thornton's hospitable abode. Here we must quote a few lines of M. Aimé-Martin's interesting and admirably written narrative:

"Not wishing to appear embarrassed he resolves to take leave of the master of the house; and, placing his sword under his arm, pursues his course along a granite quay on which the sun was shedding its last golden rays. On his way he could not but admire the long-bearded men of the city as they walked along with grave and pre-occupied air; and, turning his thoughts inward, he began to reflect with bitterness upon his own isolated condition In all this multitude passing incessantly before him there was not one individual who had not house, friends, relations—who was not loved by some one, awaited by some one. He, he alone, was homeless, neither loved nor looked for by any one. Solitary in the midst of the crowd, he might die and no one would feel a regret, no one would shed a tear."

It does seem extraordinary that this forlorn stranger should, within a few months from this date, not only have found friends, protectors and an honourable position in the Russian service, but have been mingling, on a footing of social equality, with the most considerable persons in the Empire, and have even been favourably noticed by the Empress herself. Yet this is precisely what happened; and, more remarkable still, he achieved all this success without any sacrifice of his personal dignity or independence. He was always willing to receive assistance from his friends—from those with whom he lived upon terms of familiarity and confidence—but the gifts of the great he invariably declined, no matter with how much delicacy they might be tendered. It was, no doubt, a frank and open bearing, in harmony with these honourable sentiments, joined to quick sensibilities and warm affections, that enabled him to form those close and lasting friendships it was his good fortune through life to enjoy. At Petersburg he fell in with a jeweller named Duval who conceived at once the warmest interest in him, and supplied him with all the money he required until he obtained an appointment. St. Pierre never forgot this kindness. It was to Duval and another friend, of whom mention will be made hereafter, that he addressed the letters that were afterwards published under the title of "Voyage à l'Ile de France."

It was through the commandant of St. Petersburg, General Mennich, who had by some means or other been made acquainted with his circumstances and had kindly sent for him in order, personally, to test his qualifications, that he obtained his first commission—a sub-lieutenancy in the artillery. General Mennich sent him to Moscow with letters of recommendation to M. de Villebois, "*grand-maître*" of the artillery, one of the most influential persons in the empire, and General du Bosquet, a Frenchman by birth, who also held an important position in the Russian service. M. de St. Pierre was not

long in securing the friendship of both these officers, and, in due time, he was presented, where his appearance and manners attracted general attention, and won for him, as already stated, a flattering amount of notice from the Empress herself. Catherine II. was then at the outset of her career, having lately disposed of her unhappy husband Peter the Third; and Count Orlof was the reigning favourite of the hour. It must not be supposed that the success he found himself achieving caused M. de St. Pierre to forget the principal object for which he had left his native country. On the contrary, it was his intention to have seized the golden moment of his presentation to the Empress to lay before her his complete scheme for the regeneration of a portion of her dominions. What the effect would have been, if he had had boldness enough, or presence of mind enough, to carry out this purpose, it is hard to say; but the Empress put him a series of questions about France, and talked with such vivacity as to drive the notion that shortly before had occupied his mind almost exclusively, completely out of his head. Thus the opportunity slipped away, and there was no knowing when another such might occur. The next best thing, it seemed to our enthusiast, was to go and lay his plans before Count Orlof, whose influence with Catherine was paramount, and who, he thought, might easily incline her to take a favourable view of the project. Accordingly he called upon the favourite in his cabinet. The conversation ran for a long time upon various questions of science, until Orlof, taking a book off his desk, handed it to St. Pierre, remarking: "Here is a book that does not contain much science, but can do a great deal for our happiness; you had better take a few leaves out of it." On opening the covers St. Pierre found it to contain nothing but bank bills. Whether the offer was made in kindness or in craft, the young Frenchman felt bound in honour to refuse it: he had no intention of making himself the creature of a creature by accepting such favours. The previous course of the conversation having been thus broken, St. Pierre was able to bring forward his scheme. Orlof, it is needless to say, treated it with profound indifference, merely observing that it was contrary to the laws of the empire and the interests of the aristocracy. A few minutes after he was sent for by the Empress, and the interview ended.

Our traveller was not destined to find a permanent home in Russia. He soon became disgusted with a country that counted, as he afterwards remarked, millions of inhabitants and not one citizen. The masses were sunk in apathy and superstition; the upper classes pursued their own aggrandizement with a selfishness and want of principle such as could hardly be witnessed in any other country in Europe. The Court of Catherine, we are told, "presented nothing so remarkable as the multitude of men who had sprung so rapidly from obscurity that it was impossible to find out anything about their origin: gold, ribbons, orders had transformed them suddenly into great lords, the idea seeming to be to disguise the criminals by covering them with the proceeds of their crimes." What at last determined St. Pierre to quit the country was the unmerited fall and disgrace of his friend and patron, M. de Villebois, who was deprived of his high position in order that it might be conferred on the favourite Orlof.* It was not without difficulty, however, that he carried his determination into effect. General Du Bosquet, who had conceived a really paternal affection for him, besought him with tears not to go, promising him, if he would remain, to give him his niece in marriage and make him heir to his property, which was of con-

* A very good picture of the condition of Russian society under Catherine II. is to be found in Vol. I. of the "Diaries and Correspondence of the first Earl of Malmesbury." "The interior of this Court," says that sage diplomatist, "is one continued scene of intrigue, debauchery, iniquity and corruption."

siderable amount. It required no little firmness and constancy on the part of a young man like St. Pierre, poor and without influential connections, to refuse such advantageous offers; still, feeling that it was impossible for him, with his exalted ideas and aims, to live in such a country as Russia, he adhered to his resolution and bent his steps towards Poland, where a revolution was in progress, and where he hoped to aid in the establishment of a republican form of government.

Here, no less than in Russia, cruel disappointments awaited him. "Instead of the high-minded republicans he had come to seek, he found," says M. Aimé-Martin," "nothing but factions led by women, a confused mingling of an impoverished aristocracy and brutalised serfs, the latter enslaved, rather than governed, by a score of great nobles who, possessing all the public domain, made an insulting display of splendour in the midst of the general distress." In a word, there was nothing to be done for this unhappy people, who were drifting rapidly on to the fate that overtook them a few years later, when the first division of their country was made by Russia, Prussia and Austria. All that was left for M. de St. Pierre to do was to fall violently in love with a native princess, which he did with results by no means favourable to his peace of mind. Altogether he was about two years in Poland, gaining no doubt some knowledge of the strength of passions that his ambitious views had previously kept in check, but in no way improving either his fortune or his position. One of the advantages that he never failed to derive from residence in a country consisted in the vivid impressions he carried away of its scenery, peculiarities of climate and physical characteristics generally. Unlike Jean Jacques Rousseau and certain other writers, he could only describe what he had himself seen, and when, some years later, he wished to describe the scenery of Arcadia for the great work he had projected under that title, he had to fall back for part of the sketch upon his recollections of spring-time in Poland, other portions being drawn from his experiences elsewhere.

The next country he visited was Saxony, whence, after a brief stay, he betook himself to Prussia in the hope of obtaining a Major's commission in the Prussian infantry. This, it seems, the regulations established by Frederick the Great placed out of his reach; and a commission that was offered him in the Engineers, he in his turn refused. His stay in Prussia would probably have been of very short duration had it not been for an acquaintance that he formed with a M. Taubenheim, a man of very admirable character, who gave him a most cordial invitation to make his house his home. Taubenheim, we are told, was a man *à la vieille marque*, all his habits and ideas, though he was not over fifty years of age, having something patriarchal about them, so that his life seemed like a continuation of that of his ancestors. His house was charmingly situated amidst gardens, at some distance from the city; and the peace and harmony that reigned within it were quite in keeping with the quiet and beauty of its surroundings. The system of moral education pursued in the family was very simple: the father showed the example and the children followed it. Nothing could have afforded more grateful refreshment to the spirit of our traveller, vexed with numerous disappointments and struggling with a secret passion, than the atmosphere of innocence, contentment and charity that pervaded this calm retreat. He could not help exclaiming to his friend from time to time: "What an enviable lot is yours. You know nothing of the anxieties of fortune or ambition; you live a natural life and enjoy perfect contentment. How glad I should be if similar felicity were mine!" On one of these occasions the good Taubenheim took him at his word. "Stay with us then," he said, "and help us to cultivate our garden. We have corn, vegetables, eggs, milk, and my daugh-

ters know how to spin the flax that grows in our fields. Virginie, the eldest of the family, is a dear child; I will give her to you, so that you may be my son, and you will see how easy it is to be happy."

In spite, however, of all its charms, this was not the kind of happiness that, as yet, he was prepared to accept. Invigorated by some months of rest, he felt all his old aspirations stirring within him, and bidding him go forth once more in search of a field of action in which his genius for organization and command might find suitable employment. Taking an affectionate and reluctant farewell of his friend Taubenheim and his interesting family he, therefore, directed his steps towards his native country, which various circumstances and, amongst others, the news he had lately received of his father's death, made him desirous to revisit. He arrived at Paris in the autumn of the year 1766, richer in experience and knowledge, but just as poor in worldly means as when he had started on his travels four years before. The chief advantage that he now possessed was that, having made some acquaintances in political circles during his residence abroad, he had a certain hold upon the bureaus at home, and was recognized as a person whose claims to an appointment would have to be considered some day or other. The men in office resort to all the usual evasions and keep him waiting wearily for a whole year; but at last he is offered the post of Engineer to an expedition that is being sent to the Isle of France and Madagascar: the Minister, who had known him in Russia and heard of his plans for founding a society, whispering in his ear that in Madagascar he will have a splendid opportunity for carrying his views into effect; that he can unite all the tribes of the island into one community if he likes, and make them all unspeakably happy by the potent influence of wise legislation. M. de St. Pierre takes it all seriously, and is delighted to find that the officer in whose charge the expedition is to sail is a man of most philanthropic and philosophic views, just the man, in fact, to countenance and assist him to the utmost in the execution of his benevolent projects. Alas! how rudely were all these visions to be dispelled. No sooner had the expedition sailed than he discovered that the admirable gentleman just referred to was principally intent upon doing a large business in slaves upon the Island. Further observation of the men around him tended more and more to convince him that his enterprise was one in which he could hope neither for assistance nor for sympathy. On arriving at the Isle of France he received some sage advice from the Governor, M. Poivre, who told him that he must take the world as he found it, with all its corruption, its prejudices and its selfishness, and that if he wished to act upon high principles and preserve a course of strict rectitude and honour, he must withdraw altogether from politics and betake himself to contemplation, and to exercising a beneficial influence in a private sphere. Conviction seemed at last to seize upon the mind of the theorist, and we hear of no more schemes for creating ideal societies out of the raw material supplied by average human nature. It was during his residence on the Isle of France that M. de St. Pierre first applied himself to the study of natural history. He knew at this time but little of systems or classifications; but, regarding nature itself as an open book that any one might study, he set himself to work to observe closely the various products of the island, animal and vegetable, and to commit his observations to paper in a series of letters addressed to his friend Duval. He was the more impelled to this mode of employing his time, by the fact of his relations with some of his fellow officers, and even with the Governor himself, in whom he thought, at first, he had found an invaluable friend. Not being of a very cordial kind, it must be confessed that if, on the one hand, he had a peculiar faculty for making friends, he had on the other a very con-

siderable aptitude for making enemies; and when we remember how large a part imagination played in all his judgments and opinions, and how little account he took of common experience, we cannot regard this as at all extraordinary. His was a character that the multitude were sure to misunderstand.

Having returned to France in the year 1771, after an absence of somewhat over three years, M. de St. Pierre obtained, through his official friends, an introduction to some of the most brilliant men and women in the literary society of Paris. He soon found, however, a great want of sympathy between himself and these celebrities. The somewhat cynical scepticism then in vogue roused his whole nature to opposition, and called for the most open and uncompromising avowals of his own philosophical and religious views. The tone of the best society at the time was decidedly atheistic, while St. Pierre was a sincere and fervent believer in Divine Providence, and in the general truth of the Christian religion. "Your metaphysics," he said to the philosophers of his day, "may be the groundwork of *your* virtue, but the virtue of the mass of mankind hangs upon hope and fear. Destroy these two motives, and you will have nothing left but crime. Thus the falseness of your doctrines is demonstrated by their results. When you meet only evil at the end of your path, that path, be sure, is not the path of truth, which can only lead to good." These were old-fashioned opinions in St. Pierre's day, and seemed little likely to promote his success either in a social or a literary point of view; but, with a full consciousness of this, he never faltered, never consented for a moment to lower his tone or pay homage to what he regarded as a false and pernicious philosophy. It is not for us to enter into the quarrels of the eighteenth century—quarrels that unhappily are still far from settlement—but we must express our admiration at the constancy with which a man, whose whole soul was athirst for applause, refused to seek it by any other means than the advocacy of what he regarded as the truth. He may be said to have anticipated an important re-action that was about taking place in the sentiments of his countrymen; and the "Études de la Nature" may be looked upon as the precursor of the "Genie du Christianisme."

It was not long before M. de St. Pierre was forced to feel that the fine people he met in the world were all more or less laughing at him and his principles. The publication of his "Voyage à l'Ile de France," won him a certain amount of consideration, but not enough to place him beyond the reach of those impertinences that society loves to inflict upon any one who is audacious enough to be peculiar. So favourite an amusement did it become to treat him as a simpleton, that, in order to put a decisive stop to that kind of thing, he fought two duels in succession, giving his adversary, on each occasion, such a handling as he had never counted on. This was the last sacrifice, says his biographer, that he made to the prejudices of society; finding that he had nothing but the most ungenerous opposition to look for from the men of his day, he betook himself to retirement, and to the contemplation and study of nature.

Nothing was more calculated to strengthen him in this purpose than the acquaintance he formed about this time (June, 1772) with Jean Jacques Rousseau, then living, in his own shy way, in a small house in Paris. The circumstance that led to the formation of this acquaintance is worthy of being recalled. When about to return to France, Bernardin de St. Pierre wrote from the Cape of Good Hope, whither he had gone from the Isle of France, that one of the chief pleasures he looked forward to was seeing a second spring in the same year; and this being reported to Rousseau, he expressed a desire to see the man who, returning to France after a period of colonial service, seemed to think more of the joys of spring-time than of any

schemes of worldly ambition. A bond of union was thus established, in advance, between the two men; for Rousseau, as is well known, was a passionate lover of nature, and found in it his only solace for the numerous vexations and sorrows it was his lot to encounter in the world. At first Jean Jacques was disposed to treat his new friend in the same capricious way in which he had been accustomed to treat everybody; but St. Pierre, by a prudent mingling of patience and firmness, prevented any interruption to their intimacy taking place. They used to take long walks together in the country round Paris, choosing by preference the less frequented paths, and discussing, as they went, those deeper questions of morals, of politics and of literature, the interest of which, for superior minds, is inexhaustible. M. Aimé-Martin is disposed to think that these conversations, could they have been reported, might have taken rank with the Platonic dialogues. In some respects, no doubt, they might; for no circumstances are better adapted to bring out a man's best and highest thoughts, and develop whatever there is in him of originality or force, than those in which the two friends found themselves, as they talked face to face in the most unrestrained confidence, their minds lightened of care, and all their faculties stimulated by air, exercise and scenery. They seldom discoursed of literature without falling back on two or three authors who, as it happened, were the chief favourites of both—Virgil, Plutarch, Montaigne, Fénelôn. Neither the one nor the other was what would, strictly speaking, be called a scholar; but they had both that kind of taste and literary enthusiasm that comes of the habitual and loving study of a few great originals. They seized upon the kind of intellectual food best suited to their own minds, and happy were they in doing so; the poetry and philosophy of which they possessed themselves have been transmuted by them into works that will live as long as high aspirations and tender sentiments have any charm for mankind.

It is needless to dwell at any length on the further career of M. de St. Pierre. His great work, the "Études de la Nature," which he published in 1784, was the fruit of twelve years of retirement and study—not study of books so much as of nature. In the Preamble to his "Arcadie," he states that the vexations and persecutions he encountered in society, during the first year after his return to France, had a most injurious effect upon both his bodily and his intellectual health, and that his recovery was due to the counsels of Jean Jacques Rousseau. "I had read," he says, "in his immortal writings, among other natural truths, that man was made for work, not for meditation. Up to that time, I had exercised my mind and rested my body; so now I reversed that system and allowed my mind to rest while I exercised my body. I cast aside nearly all books, and bestowed my attention on the works of nature, which, through all changes of time or clime, spoke the same language to my senses and my heart. My histories and my newspapers were the flowers of the fields and the meadows. My thoughts had not to go out painfully towards them, as in studying the arbitrary systems of men; but peacefully, under a thousand agreeable forms, thoughts came from them to me." The character of the "Études" is quite in harmony with this account of their origin. Of the true scientific spirit, as understood now-a-days, the author was, it must be confessed, wholly destitute. He had no hesitation in making man the centre of the universe, and considering everything in relation to him. We read in "Paul and Virginia" that the family whose life is therein described "reasoned but little on the sacred books, their theology being all in sentiment;" and, in like manner, we may say that the author reasoned but little on the works of nature, his science being all in sentiment. His love of nature was very real and very strong; he

had a keen eye for the beautiful in form and colouring, and that still more delicate vision which seizes upon all harmonious combinations and effective contrasts; above all, he had that intensely human feeling that establishes a kind of intelligence between nature in its various aspects and the sentient mind of man. But in all his investigations he was guided by one dominant purpose, namely, to find everywhere illustrations of Divine goodness and wisdom. Wherever he discovered a "convenance," that is to say, a relation between one thing and another, he had perforce to pause and admire the skill that had produced the adaptation.

It is needless to say that, working in this spirit, and under the guidance of so arbitrary a conception, he fell into numerous blunders of a more or less ridiculous kind: many of the "convenances" he professed to discover were no "convenances" at all, and many of the illustrations he brought forward might easily have been turned to a directly contrary purpose to that for which he employed them. "Why," he asks, "do some trees shed their leaves and others not?" "It is difficult," he says, "to explain the cause, but easy to recognize the purpose. If the birch and the larch of the north cast their leaves at the approach of winter, it is to furnish a bedding for the beasts of the forest; and if the cone-like fir-tree preserves its foliage all the year, it is to furnish the same beasts with shelter amid the snows." Shelter and bedding at once, it is evident, would have been too good for these poor animals; so it is arranged that their bedding shall be under bare trees, and shall be all covered up by snow, when the time comes for them to fly to the hospitable shelter of the evergreens. Again, he tells us that the reason why cocoa-nuts grow on high trees is that by the noise of their fall they may attract the animals whom they furnish with food. It apparently did not occur to him that the cocoa-nut on the ground was quite as visible an object as the acorn, which also serves various animals for food, and yet falls without noise. Again, we learn that the phosphoric glimmer of the fire-fly is intended to guide it through the dark to the leaves and fruits on which it regales itself. It makes no matter to M. de St. Pierre how many different constructions any established order of things may be capable of bearing, so long as there is one out of them all that suits his purpose; the fact that it suits his purpose is quite enough to prove that it alone is the true interpretation of the phenomena. Thus, on the same page, he tells with admiration how some trees are so fenced round with thorns, that the birds who lodge in them are protected from all attacks from below, and how other trees, that are fenced round in the same way, have long rope-like growths depending from their branches, so that monkeys and other animals that devour birds' eggs can climb up and take the citadel by surprise. So, whether the birds escape their adversaries, or whether they fall a prey to them, there is equal reason to admire the wonderful designs of the Creator, who is now on the side of the birds and now on that of the monkeys.

This kind of thing, of course, gave abundant reason to the enemy to blaspheme, and the enemy did not fail to improve the opportunity. Still, in spite of all criticism and attack, the "Études" achieved a marked success, and established the author's position among the great writers of the age. He had at this time in manuscript a work that he was afraid to give to the world, lest it should injure the reputation he had acquired. This was "Paul and Virginia." It had been completed for some years; and before the publication of the "Études" he had ventured upon reading it, in the *salon* of Madame Necker, to a select audience comprising such men as Buffon, Thomas, and the Abbé Galiani, as well as M. Necker himself. Its reception was most unfavourable and discouraging, and so profoundly was the author affected by the failure of what he was con-

scious was as good a piece of work as he could hope to produce, that he almost resolved to destroy everything he had written. Fortunately he took no such desperate step; but not even the subsequent success of the "Études" could bring him to the point of publishing the romance which the rulers of literary opinion had so cruelly slighted. Not until four years later did he sufficiently conquer the fears inspired by the high disdain of Buffon, the ill-disguised mockery of M. Necker, and the insulting indifference of Thomas—who had slept or appeared to sleep during the reading—to give this, the greatest of all his works, to the world. No sooner had he published it, however, than he found himself one of the most celebrated men, if not the most celebrated man, in France. As a result of the reputation he thus acquired, he was appointed, in 1792, Intendant of the Jardin des Plantes, but the office being abolished in the year following, he retired to a modest little country seat he had purchased at Essone, where he began the composition of his work on the "Harmonies." He was not allowed to remain long in quiet; for in 1794 he was summoned to fill the chair of Moral Philosophy in the École Normale. He retained this appointment but a very short time, for the school was done away with in the same year. In the year following he received an honour that he could well have dispensed with, namely, a seat in the Moral Science section of the newly-established *Institut*. Most of his colleagues seem to have been of atheistical opinions, and as St. Pierre was, above all things, a fervent believer in Providence, his position soon became a very difficult and painful one. On one occasion, in the year 1798, a violent scene took place in the Academy, in consequence of his appending to a report he was called upon to make upon a number of competing essays, an avowal of his own belief in the existence of a God. As soon as his auditory became aware of the line of argument he was pursuing, they drowned his voice with their indignant protestations, and he was forced to retire from the place.

There is little else to recount in the life of this eminent man. A few years previous to the date last mentioned he had married a Md'lle Didot, by whom he had two children, a boy and a girl, whom he named Paul and Virginia. Virginia was but eight months old when her mother died, and M. de St. Pierre, returning to Paris from Essone, with a view to the education of his children, married after a certain interval a Md'lle de Villeporc, a young girl who seems to have conceived a romantic passion for him on account of his writings. This union appears to have been an extremely happy one (as indeed his first was also), the young stepmother devoting herself with the greatest zeal and affection to the interests of her husband and his children. The last years of his life were in many respects his best. With powers of mind and a faculty of enjoyment still unimpaired, he found himself in circumstances of ease, comfort and tranquillity such as in earlier days he had never known. He had a little revenue of his own of 6,000 francs, the result of his literary labours, and to this was added a pension from the Government of 6,000 more. Here was wealth enough to crown all his wishes, and a good deal more than he cared to spend on himself: a considerable portion of his income found employment in relieving the necessities of others. Thus, amid peaceful enjoyments and works of beneficence, death overtook him on the 21st January, 1814, just as he was entering upon his seventy-eighth year.

It is not a very eventful career that we have traced, yet in many respects it is an interesting one. In his essay on Jean Jacques Rousseau, Bernardin de St. Pierre wrote: "Les grands hommes se trouvent parmi ceux que leur siècle n'a point entrainés, et qui ont conservé du naturel." There is a great deal of truth in this remark,

and it applies with even more force to St. Pierre himself than to Rousseau, who, by the cynical tone of his writings, as well as their only too frequent impurity, belonged to his age far more than he was willing to allow. St. Pierre once said: "Quelque hardies que soient mes spéculations, il n'y a rien pour les méchants." And it was true: not one line can be pointed out, in the twelve volumes of his collected works, that is adapted to stimulate or gratify any evil passion. A certain natural innocence of mind seems to have been his gift from birth, and to have remained with him through all vicissitudes to the end of his days. The portrait that we have of him expresses this characteristic very strongly, showing us a capacious mind united with a child-like soul. There is, we are inclined to say, too much softness, almost too simple a benignity, in the face, but just because he was tender and simple and good, is he so refreshing a figure to encounter among the host of men, eminent for very different qualities, who were his contemporaries. M. Aimé-Martin compares St. Pierre, traversing the Revolution without losing any of his love for humanity, to the fountain of Arethusa working its way under the sea without losing its sweetness. "*Vous êtes doux et bon,*" said Md'lle de L'Espinasse to him, with an accent of mockery, at an early period of his career; yet not even the turning of his best feelings and highest principles into ridicule could avail to corrupt his nature, or make him seek to resemble the men around him. Once more we see it illustrated that "the meek shall inherit the earth." When men have ceased to burden their memories with the clever things of Fontenelle and Grimm and Beaumarchais, yes, and of Voltaire himself, they will still recur with delight to "Paul and Virginia" and the Chaumière Indienne. These works will endure, not on account of the classic beauty of the language in which they are written, but because they deal with what is most abiding and fundamental in human nature, bringing into relief, not the vices of society, but those personal and family affections that lie at the base of all social order and virtue. Take the literature of the eighteenth century generally—perhaps we might say the nineteenth too—and the idea it conveys is that the social fabric is kept standing by the balancing of opposite interests, that society in fact is a great reservoir of internal forces and agencies, that fortunately nullify one another's actions to some extent, or at least hold one another in check. Is this so? we ask ourselves; and, in spite of much confirmatory evidence, and the strong impression left upon our minds by the skilfully drawn indictments of poets, novelists, satirists and philosophers, our hearts refuse to believe so desolating a representation. We turn to Bernardin de St. Pierre. He takes a unit out of the social mass—a single family—and bids us see how easily, when corrupting influences have been removed, human beings can grow up pure in mind and heart, and bound to one another by ties that neither life nor death can sunder. "Ah, yes," it will be said, "he chooses carefully the members of his little society, and separates them from all contaminating influences; he is writing a fiction, and can dispose of persons and events according to his good pleasure, but society is none the less corrupt because in a charming romance we read of people who were entirely good." All this is very true, but the merit of Bernardin de St. Pierre lies in this, that by his touching tale he has made us feel that virtue is not a rare exotic in human souls, but that in a certain measure it is *natural* to people to be good. This is a gospel indeed to a world wearying of its own iniquities, and yet on the point, in its despair, of pronouncing evil the soul of all things. Who shall ever number the souls to whom the simple narrative—told without a single touch of rhetoric—of Paul and Virginia has brought refreshment, consolation, life? For, let reason suggest what diffi-

culties it may, the heart says: "Why should it not be so? Why should we not live as children of one Father, rejoicing in His works, and doing good to one another?"

Apart from the sentiments they convey, the works of St. Pierre will always be worth studying for the purity and perfection of their literary style. A Jesuit once asked Jean Jacques Rousseau how he had acquired such a gift of eloquence. "J'ai dit ce que je pensais," replied the author of "Emile." Outspoken sincerity is no doubt friendly to eloquence, or, at least, to a direct and simple style of discourse; and in the writings of Bernardin de St. Pierre we may constantly trace its influence. He is one of the least ingenious, and at the same time one of the most felicitous of writers. He gives his thoughts the most appropriate dress, and presents them in a form that Pascal or Fénelôn need not have disowned; yet does it in the simplest and most ingenuous manner, hardly ever seeming conscious of the good things he says. "*Rem tene, verba sequentur,*" says the Latin adage. St. Pierre, acting on this principle, seems wholly occupied with his subject, and the words of which he stands in need marshal themselves in the happiest order to his bidding. As has often been remarked, there is in his style a peculiar archaic flavour, which we must attribute to the tone of his mind and the general cast of his ideas. The distinguishing characteristic of modern writing is subtlety; the accomplished penman of to-day aims at expressing many shades of meaning which our forefathers would have confounded under more general notions. Now St. Pierre, as we have seen, was the reverse of subtle; a few broad ideas constituted the whole of his philosophy, and these he gave expression to in a style large, facile and harmonious—a style less *nuancé* than that of some of his contemporaries, but full of life, movement and charm. As a writer, he has sometimes been compared with Fénelôn and with Rousseau; and in certain respects he may be said to occupy a middle position between the two. He has less *abandon* than we see in Fénelôn, and less concentration of thought and purpose than we see in Rousseau. The style of Fénelôn is sometimes diffuse to the point of weakness; that of St. Pierre is seldom or never so. The language of Rousseau is sometimes forced, and contains terms of expression which up to his time had not been accepted as classic: that of St. Pierre, on the contrary, is alway easy, natural and free. One gift St. Pierre lacked that both Fénelôn and Rousseau possessed in an eminent degree, namely, humour; and this no doubt is an explanation of the great aversion he manifests in more than one place in his works to comedy and satire. These three great writers, however, may be regarded as carrying on a certain tradition in French literature, the tradition that finds the sources of beauty in nature, and the sources of truth in the uncorrupted instincts of the human heart.

Two or three leading ideas, we have said, run through the whole of St. Pierre's writings. The first and most important is, that life is void of meaning and nature bereft of all charm, unless the Being and Providence of God are accepted as fundamental and necessary truths. Upon every two or three pages of his works, sentiments like the following occur:

"Avec le sentiment de la Divinité tout est grand, noble, beau, invincible dans le vie la plus étroite; sans lui tout est faible, déplaisant et amer au sein même des grandeurs."

"C'est la méchanceté des hommes qui leur fait méconnaître une Providence dans la nature; ils sont comme les enfants qui répoussent leur mère parcequ'ils ont été blessés par leurs compagnons. Mais ils ne se débattent qu'entre ses bras." (But it is in the arms of Providence they are struggling all the while.)

Closely connected with this firm, emotional belief in Divine Providence was his

conviction of the insufficiency of reason alone to sustain man amid the trials of life. All the counsels of the Stoics and their imitators he compares to a staff placed in the hands of a sick man.

"Toutes vos belles dialectiques disparaissent précisément quand j'en ai besoin. Mettez un roseau entre les mains d'un malade: la première chose qui lui échappera s'il lui survient une faiblesse, c'est ce même roseau; et s'il vient à s'appuyer dessus dans sa force, il le brisera et s'en percera peut-être la main."

There is something in this thought and in its expression that reminds us forcibly of Pascal.

He finds great fault with the systems of education in vogue in his day for making self-interest the one spring of human action, and teaching every youth in particular that his happiness lies in excelling every other. The whole burden of scholastic training might be summed up, he says, in three words, "*sois le premier.*" Remarks like the following occur frequently throughout his writings, and particularly in the third volume of the "Études."

"Je ne balance pas à attribuer à nos éducations modernes l'esprit inquiet, ambitieux, haineux, tracassier et intolérant de la plupart des Européens."

"Quand on a bu, dès l'enfance, dans la coupe de l'ambition, la soif en reste toute la vie."

"Je ne sais pas comment des royaumes, soi-disant Chrétiens, ont pu adopter l'ambition pour base de l'education publique. * * * Ecoutez comme Jésus sévit contre les ambitieux : Malheur à vous, scribes et pharisiens! * * * Voyez comme il réprimande ses apôtres lorsqu'ils lui demandent lequel d'entr'eux doit être le premier. Il prend un enfant et le met au milieu d'eux. *Sans doute ce n'était pas un enfant de nos écoles.*"

In an instructor of youth he thought far more of moral qualities than of scholastic accomplishments. The questions to ask regarding such a man are not: "Est-ce un bel esprit, un homme brillant, un philosophe?" but: "Aime-t-il les enfants? est-ce un homme sensible? a-t-il de la vertu?"

As regards the education of women he was a good deal behind the notions of to-day. "Les livres et les maîtres," he says, "flétrissent de bonne heure, dans une jeune fille, l'ignorance virginale, cette fleur de l'âme, si charmante à cueillir pour un amant."

Towards the vices of society he was severe without being cynical. Scattered through his pages are many vigorous denunciations of wrong-doing, but not one sentence that could lead a man to form an uncharitable or contemptuous estimate of his fellow-men generally. "Le règne des méchants passera" he was fond of saying; and when, in his dialogue of the Death of Socrates, he makes the sage predict a glorious future for the human race, it was his own most cherished convictions to which he was giving utterance. The passage to which we refer is worth extracting entire, but we can only give a sentence or two:

"Le globe et le genre humain sont encore dans l'enfance. Dieu n'opère qu'avec nombre, temps, poids et mesure; il perfectionne sans cesse ses ouvrages. Semblable à un laboureur infatigable, il laboure sans cesse ce globe avec les rayons du soleil, et l'arrose avec les eaux de l'océan. Il le pénètre de lumière et l'améliore de siècle en siècle."

Bernardin de St. Pierre is to be reckoned among the illustrious Frenchmen to whom the Academy never opened its doors. There is no need, however, to attribute to this circumstance the great dislike he manifests to the formal "éloges" periodically pronounced in that illustrious assembly; for the whole set of his nature, if we may so speak, was in strong opposition to such unnatural performances. The following remarks on this head are deserving of attention: "La postérité" se méfiera autant des éloges que des satires.

D'abord le mot d'éloge est suspect de flatterie: de plus ce genre d'éloquence ne caractérise rien. Pour peindre la vertu il faut mettre en évidence, des défauts et des vices afin d'en faire résulter des combats et des victoires. Le style qu'on y emploie est plein de pompe et de luxe. Il est rempli de réflexions et de tableaux souvent étrangers au sujet principal. Il ressemble à un cheval d'Espagne ; il fait dans sa marche beaucoup de mouvements, et il n'avance point. Ce genre d'éloquence indécis et vague ne convient à aucun grand homme en particulier, parcequ'on peut l'appliquer, en général, à tous ceux qui ont couru dans la même carrière."

It is not however so much for the separate thoughts they contain—striking and original as these often are—that the works of St. Pierre are worthy of being read at the present day, as for the pure unworldly tone that characterizes them from first to last. We find ourselves reading St. Pierre in very much the same spirit as we read Plato, for while he stirs up our minds to activity he seems to disarm, by some happy influence, not only hostile criticism, but all those interested feelings that tend to check the free exercise of thought. We may express our meaning in another way by saying that the works of St. Pierre are in a truer sense *literature* than those of almost any of his contemporaries; for literature does not mean simply fine writing or forcible writing, but that kind of writing—whatever its secondary characteristics may be—that refreshes the soul while it refines the taste. An eminent French critic * has said that nearly all the literature of the eighteenth century deals too much with still unsettled questions of politics, philosophy and theology, and consequently appeals too strongly to our passions and interests to exert upon our minds the true literary charm; but St. Pierre, living apart from his generation, scorning the livery of parties and sects, courageously pursuing the path marked out for him by the constitution of his mind, and doing the thing he found himself fitted to do, has won a distinction denied to the mere seekers of popularity or fame, and is already as much a classic as though his works had received the sanction of centuries. In literature the old is young and the young is old: the story of "Paul and Virginia" takes its place beside the "Georgics" and the "Odyssey," among those treasures that must of necessity be counted whenever the world comes to make up its jewels.

* A. Vinet.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE net result of the general election, which Mr. Gladstone brought on with a suddenness that startled and surprised almost equally friend and foe, has been to give the Conservatives a majority of fifty in the new House of Commons. Some double returns left room for a slight modification of this figure, and it is generally conceded that the temporary retirement of Mr. Gladstone from the leadership of the Liberal party will be followed by a transfer of some votes to the Conservative side. Since the battle, the combatants have been busy accounting for results which nobody foresaw or pretends to have foreseen; but, as might have been expected, they do not agree as to the causes of the catastrophe to the Liberal party and the unexpected magnitude of the Conservative success. On one point there is a general agreement: the attempt of Mr. Gladstone to snatch an advantage from a surprise, by which his opponents might be paralysed, is universally held to have been unjustifiable; and instead of gaining by the artifice he lost largely. It is compared to abolition of purchase by a resort to prerogative; and while both acts are admitted to have been legal, neither was such as would be likely to create confidence in their author. But the whole extent of the disaster suffered by the Liberal party is far from being attributable to this one cause. We incline to the opinion previously expressed, that Mr. Gladstone had, for the time being, done his work: got to the end of all that part of his programme which the public was, at the time, willing to accept. A new Liberal policy will have to be matured in opposition; for the present, the *Spectator* admits, the country has had enough of Reform. It will allow Mr. Disraeli to do nothing, or as little as possible, for a session or two. It does not follow that the rate of progress will, in a given series of years, be slower for this halt: the body politic, not less than the natural body, requires repose after unusual exertion for the recuperation of exhausted energy. In four or five years Mr. Bright, or some one else, may have elaborated a scheme of land reform such as the nation will be willing to accept, and Mr. Locke King will find that, in spite of his exclusion from a Parliament not disposed to listen to a proposal to abolish primogeniture, he can employ himself not less usefully in assisting to put into a presentable shape those ideas about "free land" which he holds in common with Mr. Bright, and produce a definite plan ready for presentation by such time as it is likely to obtain general acceptance. Nearly all the questions raised by the advanced Liberals require time to mature, and their growth will be more rapid in opposition than they would have been if Mr. Gladstone had retained power. Regarded from this point of view, the defeat of the Liberals will be no real loss.

In another respect the Liberals may possibly gain by the loss of power. Mr. Gladstone had for some time been at the head of a more or less divided party; of that division traces could be seen in the Cabinet itself. There is a wide difference between the political views of Mr. Bright and of Sir Vernon Harcourt. Mr. Bright would be ready any day to make disestablishment in Ireland a precedent for application to England; Sir Vernon Harcourt, while expressing a very unexpected admiration for Mr. Disraeli—before there appeared any prospect of the latter coming into power it must be said—volunteered the declaration that he would never consent to the English Church being

dealt with in that way. If Mr. Gladstone could not hold the Liberal party together, still less will the double-headed leadership, which is itself a proclamation of disunion, —the Marquis of Hartington and Sir Vernon Harcourt—to which it is to be handed over during the year which he is to devote to the recruiting of his health, be able to do so. Mr. Disraeli assumes power at a time when the Liberals are not merely in a minority of fifty, but when there are no strong elements of cohesion to hold them together, and when the disorganization is destined to be carried still farther by a temporary change of leadership. He has no unwieldy majority at his back to tempt his friends to free criticism of Government measures, but a majority only large enough to feel the necessity of keeping close together to maintain its position and that of the Government. Mr. Disraeli is not a loved and trusted leader—he is merely accepted because there is no help for it. If his followers form a compact party, it is not from devotion to their chief, but because a long course of opposition has accustomed them to discipline, and inspired them with a common feeling of hostility to the Liberals. Their common political sentiment is of that negative kind which rests satisfied with the defence of existing political institutions, and is not capable of evoking much enthusiasm; while in the natural course of things it becomes increasingly feeble in proportion to the force brought against it, and which it will at last become incapable of resisting. The Liberals will gain something of cohesion by learning to act unitedly in opposition; but a complete fusion of the two sections can probably never be effected. The Radicals, as the advance-guard of Liberalism, start the game which the rear-guard will one day run down. This division of employment, to use an economic term, answers very well so long as there is no danger that the advanced and the rear-guards will get separated. That danger had begun to threaten Mr. Gladstone; and so little certain was he about his ability to keep both sections well in hand, that he declared publicly, during the elections, that he would not undertake to lead a divided party.

While the Conservative reaction has done much to overthrow Mr. Gladstone, too little account is taken of that large unattached mass which adheres permanently to neither side; which sometimes casts its votes for one party and sometimes for the other, and which Lord Macaulay considered powerful enough to turn the scale either way at any time. Of this mass a large part has evidently gone with the Conservatives. The causes of its doing so may be such as arise from independent judgment or caprice; from a particular view of public questions at the time, or a resolution, for which no particular reason could be given, to let the Conservatives try their hand at governing for a while.

The effect of the ballot, which has just now unusual interest for us, has been much discussed, but, owing to the inability to count votes, the discussion has been carried on mainly in the dark. What is known beyond a doubt is, that the ballot has not decreased the number of votes cast. The number of voters is larger than it was in 1868, but not sufficiently larger to account for the fact that the Liberals, while receiving as many votes as they received at that date, are defeated by a large majority. The ballot, it seems unquestionable, largely changed the character of the electorate, by transforming dependent voters—practically obliged to exercise the suffrage in a way to please somebody else—into independent voters, at full liberty to vote as they liked. Under the ballot political attachments may be expected to lose much of their force, and party allegiance to become attenuated; while engagements and promises, into which men are entrapped by a coercion which cannot follow them to the polls, will be ill-performed. It requires some moral courage for a strict party-man to change sides even under the strongest conviction. The fear of coming

under the imputation of improper motives. and being set down as a renegade, deters many from doing what they believe to be their duty. Party names become hereditary and, given a family name, one may often guess with almost absolute certainty the politics of its owner. A man voting on a side to which his father and his grandfather have always been opposed might incur forfeiture of a large share of the family regard. Men who do not care to face disagreeable consequences by open voting would take a special pleasure in getting their own way in secret. The act would have all the sweetness which it is usual to attribute to stolen fruit, besides the consolation of feeling that the fruit is your own. But the moral deception exercised must have a deteriorating effect upon character. If a man promises, or causes it to be understood that he intends, to vote one way and then votes another, his conscience must accuse him of deception. If all promises be binding, no matter under what circumstances they were made, the asking of promises to vote must be held to be inconsistent with the ballot. Adam Smith was inclined to agree with those moralists who hold that if a foot-pad puts a pistol to your ear and extorts from you a promise to ransom your life by the payment of a thousand pounds on a given day, you are bound to keep the promise, since it is better that all promises should be kept than that any should feel licensed to break them. But leaving out of the account the subtleties of casuists, all will agree that the breaking of a promise is a very serious matter. It is equally certain that if votes be canvassed for, under the ballot, promises will be made; and to exact a promise may be to coerce the conscience and to defeat the object of the law. Still canvassing for votes cannot be prevented. A practice sprang up at the late election in England of inviting promises, by sending a circular to the voters, with a request that they would sign the paper enclosed and return it. If this plan were at all general, the moral evils resulting from it would be an ugly account to off-set against the political advantages of the ballot.

The long list of titular distinctions distributed by Mr. Gladstone as political rewards, after the Government had met a defeat on which it felt it its duty to resign, has passed unchallenged, or with no more than a remark that the practice, though established and thought allowable, is the reverse of commendable. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, a journal one part of whose mission may be said to have been to assail Mr. Gladstone, finds it quite natural that "when a Government has received its death-blow, it should, in the interval before surrendering its last breath, distribute among the more faithful and meritorious of its followers a fair proportion of those rewards which are reserved for political service;" and assures us that not even the "most rabid Tory fanatic would dispute the title of those gentlemen"—Mr. Cardwell and Mr. Fortescue (called to the House of Lords)—"to their new honours." But a practice that is admitted to be demoralizing is very inadequately defended by a remark that practically every one is willing it should be indulged in. There was one appointment made at the eleventh hour, which required for its accomplishment the revival of a condemned office, to which exception has been taken. When the Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, Dublin, died, a short time before, it was intimated that the vacancy would not be filled, as the work could be performed by three judges; and Lord Spencer informed a deputation, in effect, that a re-arrangement of the judiciary by a new Judicature Act would render the appointment unnecessary under the circumstances. The appointment of Mr. Palles, lately Irish Attorney-General, to the office of Chief Baron, is nearly equivalent to the creation of a new office for the benefit of a political friend. An excuse is, of course, conceivable, and is not without some force. It may be said that the contemplated abstention from ap-

pointing a new Chief Baron implied the passing a new Judicature Act; and that all guarantee that such an Act will be passed having vanished with the Ministry by which it was proposed, there was nothing to do but to complete the old machinery. And in this light the inconsistency is not great, though the appointment shows a disposition not to throw away any piece of available patronage.

As in the working of our Government we draw largely upon English precedents, the time is sure to come when the circumstance of Mr. Disraeli, in 1868, and Mr. Gladstone, in 1874, resigning in face of an adverse majority, produced by a general election, before the meeting of Parliament, will be appealed to as a guide for Canadian statesmen. The advocates of a resignation being made before the House meets rested their case mainly on the argument of convenience, to which, in this latest instance, were added reasons of emergency arising out of the Bengal famine. Another reason, standing in the background, was probably more active than either of these: that it would tell in his favour if Mr. Gladstone were as prompt to act upon a defeat in the constituencies as Mr. Disraeli had been on a previous occasion. The argument of convenience, it may be admitted, ought to be allowed some weight. The time was short in which the new Government would have to meet the House, and the Bengal famine constituted a very special case of urgency. If the resignation of Mr. Gladstone is to be taken as a precedent, it cannot be wrested from its attendant circumstances. If Parliament had not been on the eve of meeting; if there had been no special necessity for an early meeting; and if there had been no Bengal famine to deal with, the arguments which, in the actual circumstances, told powerfully in favour of immediate resignation, would have had little force. The inconvenience would then have been limited to the formation of a new administration after the opening of the Session, and the deferring of arrangements which it would have been convenient to make before. These inconveniences, whatever they may be, have been encountered a thousand times. But, as far as they go, they are not the less real on that account.

But, as Mr. Edward Freeman has observed, "no one argues that for a Ministry to resign without meeting Parliament, because it is practically known that a majority of the new House of Commons will be against them, is absolutely the best course in itself." Confessedly the necessity of resignation rested on special grounds. Of these we may admit or deny the validity—it matters not; all that is necessary is to point out that, in the absence of special reasons why a resignation should take place under like circumstances, this particular resignation cannot be fashioned into a precedent. The appeal to the precedent of 1868 carries no weight. The promptitude of Mr. Disraeli on that occasion, which some writers wish us to regard as a valiant thing, was more like the act of a general who retires in face of the enemy before a shot is fired. The course he took had not before been held to be constitutional; and there is more dignity in a Minister, under ordinary circumstances, taking his dismissal from Parliament than in resigning before formal judgment can be pronounced. It is a sound rule that the voice of the nation is constitutionally to be heard only in Parliament. A Parliament may, if it lasts long, cease to represent the nation; but then the voting on measures of legislation cannot be managed by popular assemblies or the public journals. No one doubts that the French Assembly, called for a special purpose, has ceased to represent the wishes of the French people; the isolated elections that have taken place from time to time afford unmistakable proof of the fact. But the prolongation of the life of that Assembly is a political fraud, which could not be perpetrated, in the same shape, under our form

of government. In the last resort, and at the proper time, the constituencies may always be appealed to against the decision of Parliament; but while the authority of Parliament lasts it is the supreme power in the legitimate sphere of its action. Mr. Gladstone has been all but universally censured for what is called submitting the budget to the popular vote, and his resignation before the meeting of Parliament was claimed as a necessary corollary of his telling the constituencies his views on the disposal of the surplus and the abolition of the income tax. But except in so far as his proposed dealing with the income tax can be regarded as the offer of a bribe to a particular class of electors, the objection to the Minister discussing a question of finance before the constituencies cannot be sustained. It was far more candid and straightforward in him to state his views on that question, than it would have been to withhold or dissemble them. If he intended to make an issue of the income tax, it was only fair to the electors that that issue should be before them. It does not follow that his having made that issue, and being beaten on it, made immediate resignation necessary, and the assumption of such a corollary can create no precedent for us on this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Disraeli is admitted by his opponents to have formed a Government of considerable administrative power, if weak in debating talent. There are two or three individuals of whom this cannot be said, including Lord John Manners, the last rose that grew on the Young England bush by which the whole land was to have been overshadowed. The minor offices, not less than the chief departments, are filled in a way to make the Government a very complete representative of Conservative opinion. The Conservative press is congratulating the new Ministry on the prospect of dignified repose and freedom from carking cares. And this condition of things, we are told, Mr. Disraeli and his colleagues will owe to the acts of the late Government, by whom the Irish Church and land measures were passed and purchase in the army abolished. The new Government can disclaim all responsibility for a policy which its members opposed in Parliament; but they have no idea of reversing that policy. Nevertheless it may not be pleasant for Mr. Disraeli to be reminded of the famous Glasgow speech, in which he spoke as if the Irish Church question ought to be re-opened. The army, the troops of persons who lost their places or employments by Mr. Gladstone's economies in Dock Yards and elsewhere, all the "harrassed interests" in a word—and we have Mr. Disraeli's word for it that the late Government harrassed every interest—look to the new Government as their natural protector. A do-nothing policy means ultimate disappointment in every direction, and out of that will come the demon of opposition to disturb the blissful state of tranquillity which the leaders of the victorious party are promising themselves.

But it is already felt that even a Conservative Government cannot long be absolutely inactive. A little more Law Reform might be tried, if there were any body to do the work; but the health of the functionaries from whom the initiative and working out of the measure would naturally be expected — the Lord Chancellor and Attorney-General — does not promise much in this direction. There is the subject of local taxation, on which Mr. Gladstone had promised something, and the Conservatives had held out hopes which they begin to admit are not likely to be realized. It remains to be seen whether this Government will strike out any thing new in the shape of a Colonial policy, or even retrace the steps taken by Mr. Gladstone, and distribute once more a considerable part of the army over the surface of the globe. It is probable that the federation applied to British America will be repeated in Australia. This would be to build on lines already marked out—not to

establish a new policy. Of Imperial federation nothing is said; and if brought up in Parliament a languid debate of a couple of hours would at any time probably be sufficient to dispose of it.

Meanwhile the new government find it necessary to nibble at the land question, without attempting anything beyond aiding the facility of transfer. "The delay and expense attending the transfer of land," we read in the Queen's Speech, "has long been felt to be a reproach to our law." When Mr. Disraeli has done all he intends to do, the land question will not be materially altered. Public attention will have been fixed upon it, and this may facilitate the elaboration of a more comprehensive measure by a future government. In the proposed re-arrangement of the Irish judiciary the new government will deal with a question on which its predecessor was pledged to act. Another Royal Commission has been appointed to enquire into the working of the law regulating the relations of employer and employed. If the Commissioners differ as greatly in their conclusions as the last commission did, when it branched off into three different reports, the question may be elucidated by their labours, but a near approach to unanimity of opinion will not have been reached. How greatly the action of the publicans contributed to the recent Conservative victory, may be gathered from a quiet promise made to them in the Queen's speech. Having done their work, they are to get their reward in the removal of the recent restrictions on the hours during which they may keep their houses open. This prompt acknowledgment of the value of their services may be regarded as an investment of political capital to secure votes at a future election, and to give the alliance between Toryism and beer an offensive and defensive character.

Sir Garnet Wolseley having conquered the Ashantees, succeeded in making what is generally considered a favourable treaty. Of the money indemnity stipulated for—fifty thousand ounces of gold — ten thousand were paid down, but the general himself expresses doubts whether the whole of the balance will ever be obtained. It is difficult to understand what is to be gained by making the amount agreed upon larger than can be collected. If King Koffee had any reason to hope that a heavy payment could be avoided by a renewal of hostilities, the amount in which he is mulct would operate as a strong incentive to him to take up arms again. But it is very improbable that he will ever be in a position to do so, the notion of his invincibility, which awed subject tribes into obedience, having been destroyed, and the tributary tribes having given in their submission to England. King Koffee renounces all claim to disputed territory, and undertakes to withdraw his troops from the parts of the coast which are under English protection. Treaties suddenly drawn up on the conclusion of the war, and dealing with territories the extent and limits of which are imperfectly known, generally leave ample scope for future disputes over the true boundaries intended to be designated, which were only referred to in vague general terms. It will be lucky if no such dispute should arise out of Sir Garnet Wolseley's diplomacy. The prohibition of human sacrifices, if fully carried out, will be incomparably the noblest object achieved by the expedition. To prohibit completely sacrifices which belong to a deep-rooted superstition implies either the supplanting of that superstition by a better religion—even though it be only a reform of the old—or the infusion into the population addicted to the abomination of a salutary and omnipresent awe of the power which insists on the abolition of the practice. If the most objectionable feature of the Ashantee superstition can be blotted out by the march of an army, some one will be sure to claim that proof has at last been given to the world that the sword has opened the way for the missionary

The attempt has often practically if not designedly been made—always or nearly always with ill success. It is one thing to restrain indulgence in a bloody superstition, and quite another to change the religion of a semi-savage people. The stipulation that the Ashantees are to keep up a good road between Coomassie and the Prah river, and to protect merchandise, touches the vital interest of the British occupation—the question of trade. It is to protect British commerce that British forts exist on the Gold Coast; and the only question is whether the trade could not have been carried on without the forts. Mere traders are in little danger of hurting the national susceptibilities of the semi-savage potentates; but the moment a foreign nation sets up forts on the coast, it brings to bear the menace of a military power against the enemies of its allies. It is determined, it appears, to maintain a British garrison at Prahsu. The future must be left to determine the wisdom of this policy. England having conquered the Ashantees and obtained the submission of the subject tribes, could have withdrawn from Cape Coast as a military power. The conquest created the opportunity of enabling her to change her policy, and avoid all future entanglements in that quarter. But in that case what would have become of the treaty stipulation exacted by General Wolseley from King Koffee? In that question must be found the chief if not the only reason for continuing the military occupation.

General Wolseley, who did not burn Coomassie till all hope had failed of bringing the king to terms without resorting to that extreme measure—and it would certainly not have been justifiable if he had done so—inclines to the opinion that the Ashantee power is utterly broken. If this be true, the advantage of having a treaty with a power that has ceased to exist must be very doubtful. If the authority relied on to enforce obedience to its provisions is at an end, what is there to look to? Who will be responsible for the abolition of human sacrifices? Where is the authority that is to extort the indemnity from the unwilling and uncontrolled Ashantees? If chaos is to succeed King Koffee, the treaty must prove a delusion, and the expedition will be found not to have secured the advantages expected from it. General Wolseley admits himself to be at a loss to know what is to take the place of the Ashantee authority, if that be at an end; but even if something else should be found to supersede it, would the execution of the treaty be thereby assured? The tribes which have been tributary to Ashantee, if left to themselves, would not only not feel bound by the treaty, but new means of restraining them would have to be sought; and if nothing but British troops could be trusted to perform that service, England's troubles on the Gold Coast would be far from being at an end. The burning of Coomassie was an unfortunate necessity; for the example is little calculated to mitigate the ferocity of the semi-savages on whom the vengeance was wreaked. It is an act which, if it could be proved not to have been prompted by the clearest necessity, would have to be called by a very ill-sounding name. The entry of the British forces into the town merely caused the king and the people to take to flight; the necessity of making a treaty, which the king was trying to evade, and the urgent reasons for immediate return to the Coast, apparently left the General no choice between committing an act which would strike terror into the fugitive monarch and reducing the result of the expedition to a barren march to Coomassie and back. If there was really no other way out of the difficulty than through the burning of the town, the necessity of the act must be admitted. The sparing of the royal burying-place may cause the superstition of the natives to ascribe it to some protecting power too strong for the white man to cope with; but however sacred the ashes of the dead kings may be thought, the lesson that

the living king is not invincible is one they will never forget.

To nine readers out of ten, we fancy it would be a happy relief to be assured that they would not hear a word more of the Tichborne trial. But it is uncertain whether the conviction of the claimant will be the end of the wearisome story; an appeal for a new trial, on the ground of misdirection, being among the possibilities of this unparalleled case. If the succession to great estates could be seized by aid of a joint stock conspiracy, making use of the machinery which exists for the administration of justice, the security of property would receive a fatal blow, and successful villainy raise its head high among honest men. The claimant was quite imperturbable under the hectoring of the court and the passing of the sentence. He may, without any signs of contrition, have been rendered calm by a deep sense of the justice of the sentence. It must sometimes be a relief to a mind oppressed with a sense of guilt to know that formal punishment is at last pronounced, and the great struggle to conceal a whole legion of crimes is over. The two trials have been conducted in a way that has slightly tended to lower the deservedly high respect and esteem which the whole world feels for the English judiciary. It cannot be denied that feelings were shown, in the course of these trials, which ought to have been suppressed; though making every deduction, it cannot be said that the claimant has not had a fair trial, or that the jury by whom he has been convicted was not composed of the most patient dozen of men ever placed in the box to assist in the administration of criminal justice.

Whatever fate may be in store for France, the restoration of the empire is at present out of the question. If the Prince Imperial had been surrounded by discreet advisers he would have refrained from making his eighteenth birthday the occasion of demanding an appeal to a plebiscite in his favour; for the inopportune obtrusion of claims, which no considerable section of the French people are willing to grant, could only injure any cause on behalf of which they were advanced. The Septennate is avowedly in the nature of an interregnum or stop-gap, and is nothing less than a confession that France requires seven years to consider what form of government she may desire finally to choose. During that period, if the Septennate last out its time, the country will be a prey to the intrigues of all the rival claimants to monarchy or empire. McMahon believes his seven years' lease of power, during which the government is to have a provisional character, to be good against all intruders; and if he look forward to an extension of the Marsh llate after the expiration of that time, he is probably the only man in France who takes that sanguine view of probabilities. The Duc de Broglie, to whom the Marshal owes his present position, is working for the restoration of the Monarchy; but the long time he thought it necessary to give himself in which to mature his projects, when Henri Cinq became impossible, rendered his plans liable to a thousand accidents. If Napoleonism be not beyond all hope of future resuscitation, who can say but the Prince Imperial may stand as good a chance, seven years hence, as the representative of the younger branch of the Bourbons, in whom the Duc de Broglie is now disposed to place his hopes? The Duc has himself, at his age, no guarantee of life for seven years, and still less of office. Strange things have been done by the aid of the plebiscite, but success in these cases has followed the possession of power; and just now France is thoroughly Republican, if the election of Republican candidates be any test. The attempt to repress the republican spirit will be persisted in as long as the Duc de Broglie and McMahon share power between them, but it may prove the

very means of keeping that spirit alive. At the end of the Septennate, Royalist and Imperial intriguers may find the Republic more than a match for their arts, especially as their rival claims must always continue to be irreconcilable. A plebiscite now, putting the alternative of the Republic against any other claimant, would certainly result in favour of the Republic; and if the appeal which the Prince Imperial rashly demands were granted, it would be fatal to his hopes. Nothing could exceed the folly of the demand if there were any chance of its being accorded; but nobody knows better than M. Rouher and M. Ollivier, the chief advisers of the Prince Imperial, that there is not the least chance of its being granted. In these circumstances, the declared readiness of the Prince Imperial to submit his claims to a popular vote can only be intended to pass for a show of confidence in the strength of his cause and the affection of the French people for a dynasty they have just displaced. No refinement of irony could go beyond the challenge thrown out by the central figure in the recent burlesque of budding statesmanship at Chiselhurst.

De Broglie had not long to wait for an opportunity to use the power with which the Assembly invested the Government over the appointment and removal of the mayors. Some of these officials, having had the indiscretion to attend the Chiselhurst demonstration, forthwith received their *congé*. These decapitations form the logical consequence of the bill arming the Central Government with power over these local authorities.

In Spain, Carlism is scarcely holding its own. Serrano has taken the field in person, and a series of battles have been fought before Bilbao, with considerable loss to the national troops, by whom, however, an advantage had been gained. If Bilbao fell, Don Carlos would go through the ceremony of having himself crowned, in the cathedral, King of Spain, and asking Foreign Powers to acknowledge the Carlists as belligerents.

The Legislature of Ontario has accomplished its annual task. Let us review some of the principal measures. The License Bill of Mr. Crooks will greatly alter the conditions under which liquor can be sold. At present every house having four bed-rooms in addition to what the family requires, is eligible to receive a license: this bill increases the number of rooms which a house must contain, available for the use of travellers, to eight. The Bill as introduced had the old number of four inserted; the change was made in committee. One result will be that many houses now licensed will fail to meet the conditions of the new law; but that this raising of the qualification will materially reduce the number of taverns is far from certain. That taverns are houses of public entertainment where the traveller can obtain board and lodging, may or may not be true under the existing law; but that this is the chief purpose to which taverns are put, especially in cities, is not true. Many of them are resorted to solely for the purpose of obtaining drink. And it is very doubtful whether there is any real advantage in trying to conceal the fact. If we suppose an eight-roomed tavern to have its beds occupied by boarders, the supposition may accord with the fact, but if we assume that these boarders are travellers we shall be guilty of self-deception. Is it better that men should board at taverns than at private houses? For this is the question we must face if we compel every tavern to have eight spare bed-rooms instead of four. If the number of taverns be diminished the result will be salutary; but if the effect be to diminish the number of boarders in private houses by drawing off a portion of them to better appointed taverns, the proximity of the bar will have mischievous results. The fiction that all taverns are places for the

entertainment of travellers, or that while licenses continue to be granted they can ever be made so, may as well be got rid of. Intemperance is not to be combated by false assumptions any more than by petitions against the multiplication of taverns, signed by men who get their wine without the necessity of visiting such places. The less the lower class of city tavern is used as a boarding-house the better, and the fewer bed-rooms they have the smaller will be the number of men brought constantly within the range of their evil influence.

The public has recently been enlightened as to the quality of the liquors usually served in Canada. The popular notion has been that they are largely adulterated with noxious substances. Professor Croft has proved this impression to be erroneous. Of thirty-three samples of wine, beer, brandy, gin, rum, obtained in various places, from first-class hotels to the lowest groggeries, in several different towns and cities, he found all free from poisonous adulterations. Some of the beer contained a little salt; some port wine was of more or less suspicious quality; some gin was but slightly flavoured; and nearly all the spirits were weak. Water seems to be the chief addition made to spirits before they reach the consumer. As to quality, good brandy was found in the most unpromising places. It may seem surprising, in the presence of this analysis, but it is not the less notorious, that highwines and proof spirits form the basis of numbers of drinks bearing all sorts of names. The labels and corks of celebrated European houses are regularly fabricated, and the articles in connection with which they are used are passed off as genuine. The truth is, these counterfeits are not made up of poisonous materials; and that though a brandy bearing the name of Hennessy may be false, it is yet a good spirit, of perhaps not much more than half the proper strength. We may congratulate ourselves that the adulterators who cheat the public have not yet become wholesale poisoners.

The Marriage laws have been the subject of a new Act introduced by Attorney-General Mowat. The new measure abolishes the license to which there are some ecclesiastical objections, and substitutes a certificate to be issued by the licenser. The effect, measured in money, is to reduce the cost connected with the marriage ceremonial from six to two dollars on this item. Six dollars was a heavy tax on a poor man; and no better use can be made of the surplus than to make it the ground of lowering or repealing obnoxious taxes. This bill has a retroactive effect, in legalizing marriages which were defective from such causes as the omission to obtain a license, or from some irregularity in the publication of the banns. Some disputes over the succession to property have been before the Courts, arising out of marriages having been performed by Catholic priests without a license. We are not aware whether judgment was ever pronounced in these cases. In arguments on them the alleged right of Roman Catholic priests to perform the marriage ceremony without a license was grounded on the assumption that they derived it from French laws prior to the conquest, of which they were guaranteed the possession. This claim, resting on the articles of capitulation and the treaty of cession, cannot, we think, be sustained. But the policy of the new law, by which the knot of a difficulty extending over many years and proving a serious stumbling block to at least one Administration, has been cut, must be judged on its merits; and, apart from judicial questions about the succession of property, there can be no doubt that it is at once expedient and judicious.

The question has been raised whether the municipalities should be allowed to expend on other than permanent objects the capital sums they become entitled to under the Municipal Loan Fund Adjustment Act of

last session. The Attorney-General deprecated the re-opening of the question at present, and with reason. A capital having been created by saving, it would be mere squandering to apply it to objects which, being in the nature of annual expenditure, ought to be provided for out of annual revenue. We do not think it should be invested with a view to yielding an annual revenue, for it can be put to a better purpose; but as capital it ought to continue to exist in some form of permanent value. It is a lamentable thing when legislators think they do their whole duty in saying this or that application of the money would be popular, when the appeal should be to fixed principles of political economy, for popular notions may mean the destruction of a capital which can never be replaced.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be on some of the details of the Attorney-General's Judicature Bill, there can be none as to the necessity for providing for the appointment of an additional number of judges. The present judges are overworked to an extent that has injuriously affected the health of some of them; and yet with all the exertions they can put forth they cannot keep up with the work, which is constantly falling more and more behind, to the great inconvenience, annoyance and loss of suitors. The throwing of the trial of contested elections on the courts will temporarily increase the difficulty. This would of itself not constitute a reason for increasing the numerical strength of the judiciary; for the ballot is found in England, and the same result will be produced here, almost entirely to put an end to election protests. Instead of about every twentieth seat being contested, nearly every member elected under the ballot will hold his seat undisturbed. Whether the secrecy of the ballot will always cover up the trail of corruption, if corrupt practices take place under it, is a question that cannot yet be answered. What is certain is that the members of the first House of Commons elected in England under the privacy of the ballot, will be almost entirely free from election protests and judicial scrutiny into the conduct of election management. It is to be regretted that the Judicature Bill could not have been introduced at any earlier stage of the session; but its submission to the judges, for their opinion on the proposed provisions, caused delay, and the urgency is such that it was better to run the risk of imperfection in detail than to incur the evil of another year's delay. Once let the judicature be numerically increased till it is equal to the work required of it, and imperfections in the details of the new law, if such there be, will become all the more pronounced by experience, and the necessary remedy can be applied hereafter.

The publication of the papers connected with the reservation of the Orange Bills, last year, throws no new light on the subject. One of the bills was introduced again this session; when the Government, taking its stand on the general measure under which all lawful associations can be incorporated, opposed incorporation under special legislation, and the measure was lost by a majority of eleven. If incorporation under the general measure be refused, a new feature in the political side of the movement will present itself; and we may expect next to hear of the strangled bills at the polls, each side pressing its own view of duties done or neglected, and obligations avoided or fulfilled.

An indiscretion, whether thoughtless or calculated, of the Minister of Public Works, raised a storm of censure out of all proportion to the magnitude of the thing. Mr. McKellar allowed the men employed by the Government in the construction of the Central Prison to attend the nomination of candidates for the House of Commons for West Toronto, on the occasion of the Moss-Bickford contest, without stopping their pay for the time during which they were absent from work. The objection was

raised that a double wrong had been committed, in a waste of public money—a trifle over $200—and an implied desire to coerce the voters. Mr. McKellar fully admitted the facts before the Committee of Public Accounts, and stated that he had written a letter authorizing the half-holiday without deduction of pay. This in effect completed the case, and though the letter itself was lost, its substance was stated by the writer, and there was no substantial disagreement on the facts. Though this is not a great scandal or a great public crime, the indiscretion was enhanced by the circumstance that the half-holiday was obtained by the intercession of an active election agent of the candidate whom the Minister of Public Works might be presumed to favour, and whose election he did undoubtedly desire. At one time it appeared as if the accused Minister might be pressed hard; and in this somewhat critical state of the question, Mr. McKellar took the straightforward course of placing his resignation in the hands of the Premier. The resignation was not accepted, and the Ministry was sustained on a vote of censure, directed personally against Mr. McKellar, by a majority of 17. During the discussion some one stumbled on the fact—and it was a fact that helped Mr. McKellar very materially—that during the recent election in England the Woolwich Dockyard hands had been allowed a half-holiday, to enable them to vote, without deduction of pay. If the precedent was not quite in point, it was not the weaker on that account. Neither Mr. McKellar nor the Ministry had anything to gain directly by the result of the West Toronto election; a vote more or less, in the Commons, was a vote for or against the Ottawa Government, whom it could neither have made nor marred: it was not a vote that would have counted in the Ontario House, while in the case of the Woolwich Dockyard workmen, the existence of the Government under whom they served was thrown into the issue. Still the error, such as it was, was of the nature of those produced by party zeal, which on all sides display so much strength and tenacity.

The assessment rolls, from which the list of voters is taken, have long been liable to be tampered with for partizan purposes. Complaints of foul play have been heard on every side, the assessors generally being the parties against whom the accusation is made. Electors have often been illegally deprived of the franchise through these designed irregularities. If the revision of the lists had been possible, as in England, there would probably have been only accidental irregularities to correct; for it is improbable that any one would deliberately commit frauds which were almost certain of detection. Mr. Mowat has now made provision by which the lists can be revised, not by Revising Barristers, as in England, but by the County Judges, most of whom, unlike the Supreme Court Judges, have sufficient time at their disposal for the extra work. If this change be carried out in such a way as to get at the root of the evil, a great scandal will have been removed.

Income franchise, on the basis of a four hundred dollar qualification, will modify the complexion of many constituencies quite enough to make it possible for the polling to produce results the opposite of what were attained under the old and more restricted franchise. In the absence of the ballot, the effect of this new addition to the electorate would have been to increase the strength of the dependent class of voters: under the ballot the new class of voters will be nearly as independent as any other. The two measures dovetail well into one another; without the ballot income franchise would have been a doubtful good either to its possessors or the commonwealth. This measure does not come into force till 1875.

Manitoba has presented to the Government at Ottawa a formidable programme of proposed "better terms." An extension of

boundaries so as to embrace about ten times the area of the Province as at present constituted, is claimed. Reference is made to a map which shows the proposed new boundaries, and which we have not seen, but we suspect the scheme would encroach extensively on the territory of Ontario. The expansion of territorial area being granted, Manitoba proposes to make it the basis of an assumption that the population of the wider area is two hundred thousand—a figure which sounds like a monstrous exaggeration—and to base on it the right to eight representatives in the Commons and five in the Senate. Though the Dawson road would be wholly or chiefly within the limits of the extended Province, the general Government would not be denied the privilege of keeping it up. The other demands are the immediate construction of the public buildings; a well chosen mounted police of not less than fifty, towards the maintenance of which the Province would contribute; a differential tariff in favour of the Province of only four per cent., except on spirits, to which the general tariff might apply; free passage for emigrants from Collingwood to Fort Garry; the appointment of emigration agents at Duluth, Windsor, Collingwood, Sault Ste. Marie, and in Europe. We must stop here, for though the list is not much more than about half exhausted, the reader is entitled to some consideration. The Manitoba Government appears to have gone on the principle of asking every conceivable thing; and it has done enough to raise the question whether "better terms" are to be granted to any Province that asks them to an extent hitherto unheard of and practically unlimited? While such questions are seriously raised, the union is in too plastic a state to allow one to feel quite comfortable about the difficulties it may still have to encounter. There remains the question of amnesty, which overrides every other, and which is sure to crop up during the Session just commenced at Ottawa.

The constitutionality of the election court has become a subject of judicial enquiry in the Province of Quebec. The doubt was first suggested by one of the Judges; and the question has since been the subject of an elaborate argument. The question arises on the power of Parliament under the Act of Confederation, having the same privileges as the English House of Commons, can the Confederate Parliament not delegate its right to decide contested elections to the courts? The mode of nominating the judge to preside in this court has been brought in question, a secondary authorization by the local government being declared to be of doubtful legality. In reply, it is said that the election court is only an extension of the jurisdiction of the Superior Court; and that the judges act in the election court under their commissions as superior court judges. One objection is very farfetched—that the new duty imposes on the judges the acceptance of a forbidden salaried employment under the crown. The question of constitutionality has been raised in only one Province, but once raised it may possibly be extended to others, in spite of the affirmative decision rendered in Quebec. It is within the bounds of possibility that it should be decided one way in one Province and another way in another Province; and if this were to happen, the gravest inconvenience would result. In that event Parliament would have to cut the knot of the difficulty by an explanatory Act, if it had the power. The possibility of the question being decided in different ways in different Provinces, shews how necessary it is to establish a Supreme Court for the whole country, which should have sole jurisdiction in such cases.

Few public men present a greater contrast than the two American statesmen who have been called to their account during the month, Mr. Fillmore, a late President, who had survived his reputation and passed the

last years of his life in obscurity, and Senator Sumner, who died in harness, in the zenith of his fame. No man did more than Mr. Sumner to break the force of that slave power of which Mr. Fillmore, in and out of the presidency, was the upholder. When Mr. Sumner broke the traditions of the Whig party by striking out a course for himself on the slavery question, the wrath of the old leaders waxed hot against him, and he was met by formal ostracism. Both parties courted the alliance of the slave power; and though the Democrats outbid their rivals, the Whigs were not prepared to strike for freedom. It was as a non-party man that Mr. Sumner first directed his attacks upon slavery. If he, and Hale and Chase had been content to square their conduct with the then settled rules of either of the old parties, the slave power might still have been triumphant, though its reign could not have been greatly prolonged. If the work had been neglected by them, it would have been undertaken at no distant day by others breaking the trammels of old party ties. Against the Free Soil party, which Mr. Sumner did so much to bring into existence, the traditions of Whiggery and the violent hostility of the Democrats went for nothing. Mr. Sumner rose on the rising tide of liberty, but not into the presidential chair: that distinction fell to respectable mediocrities—one after another, Polk, Pierce, Fillmore; but the position achieved by Mr. Sumner was far higher than anything which official success had to offer. To him belongs the noble distinction of having been foremost in that little band of philanthropists to whom four millions of people were ultimately to owe their release from slavery. Mr. Fillmore, in serving the slave power, may have sincerely believed that he was doing his best for his country; for with him it was a question of preserving the constitution with its compromises, and taking the bad for the sake of the good. Timid conservatism of great wrongs was his guiding principle. Mr. Sumner's radicalism overleaped the bounds of the constitution and looked only to secure the right.

The Women's Temperance Movement, while extending in area so as to embrace additional states, has developed very grotesque extravagances, in which the emotional side of the female character shows her to great disadvantage when divorced from the native modesty of the sex. The temper of the movement is hysterical; and the little respect which these women show for the rights of others does not impress us with the idea that they possess the qualities which make safe political agitators. When the character of the men they have to deal with is considered, it is plain that their proceedings were calculated to lead to a breach of the peace; in more than one instance the franctic women have been roughly handled by brutal men. It is the old story of being temperate through intemperance; and when the means are so out of harmony with the end in view, every degree of anomaly becomes possible. There is probably no other country in which a temperance movement could take so exceptional a form. That any permanent good, even to the women themselves, can come of it, is hard to believe. The first fruit of the movement, and perhaps the only permanent one, is to develope a fierce, unwomanly fanaticism, in which all female reserve is thrown off. If these unamiable characteristics remain when this crusade has died a natural death, the actors in these strange scenes will have been permanently deteriorated.

There is another side to this picture. American women are not themselves free from the vice of inebriety. There are said to be three confirmed inebriates to every hundred women. The proportion is smaller than that of men; but the descent of the women who drink is more rapid. The excitement of the civil war increased the craving for stimulants, by the use of which destructive metamorphosis is retarded. Before this the Americans may have been

accounted a sober people. The excitement which the women who have undertaken the new temperance movement go through will be followed by a reaction in which medical men may find it necessary to prescribe stimulants for many of them, and some of them may in time become victims of the evil they so frantically deplore. The women's war on whiskey is too spasmodic to be permanent, and too exhausting to be even moderately durable. In the street riots which it has already provoked, these praying women are no match for brawny men released from restraint by the influence of intoxicating stimulants.

Flagrant abuses have arisen out of a provision by which the seizing officer receives a moiety of the goods confiscated for a breach of the Customs law. It has been proved before a committee of Congress that the practice has led to blackmailing on a large scale. The law permitting arbitrary seizures of importing merchants' books and papers will probably be repealed. Many cases of wrong-doing on the part of the Custom House officials have been brought to light; and in some instances the government has repaid large sums in compensation of the injustice done. It is a choice of evils, for where dishonest collectors cannot rob importers, they join dishonest importers and make the government a prey. The unjust seizures, by officers who desired to secure a moiety of the goods, have caused a degree of resistance and remonstrance on the part of importers that will stamp out the wrong.

The celebration of the Centenary of the Republic by a great international exhibition, is a project that dates two years ago. Private subscriptions to the amount of three millions and a half of dollars, in aid of the enterprise, were obtained or promised; but still the larger part of the whole amount necessary was wanting. The President recently called on Congress to give the demonstration a national character by means of a public appropriation; and it is now certain that in no other way can the necessary funds be obtained. Up to the beginning of March, when the time for receiving replies from foreign nations to invitations to take part in the exhibition expired, only four had signified their intention to become exhibitors. The scale on which the exhibition is projected is larger than that of any that has taken place in Europe; but the distance of Philadelphia from most of the nations that may be regarded as possible exhibitors will probably prevent their conception from being realized.

SELECTIONS.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF FENTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

(From Belgravia.)

CHAPTER I.

DR. SAB, HIS HOUSEHOLD AND HIS PUNISHMENT.

At the age of ten I was sent to Fenton Grammar School, kept by Dr. Sab, and I will venture to say that no school in this world—not even Squeers's—could compare with this school at the time to which I allude. My father took me a journey of 130 miles to this castle of learning, and I thought I should have cried my eyes out, for I had never been so far from home before. Indeed that was the first day I had ever seen a train. What blackguards

many of the boys were! Winchester 'tunding' is a trifle to the 'tunding' I underwent. I dared not, however, complain to my father, who would never hear any but good reports from a boy on the subject of his school.

What I suffered in body and mind during those three years at Fenton, Heaven knows; still, I always looked well and healthy, and my general spirits were good. In fact I began at an early period to accept the inevitable, and to console myself by looking at the ludicrous side of men and things;

> 'when my heart,
> As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
> I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
> Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile.'

I arrived at Fenton late in the evening. Dr. Sab seemed a kind man, as I believe he was. His niece Miss Catson and her mother were staying in the house; also Capt. Jumble, J.P., who was courting and destined to marry Miss Catson. Mrs. Catson was very kind, showing me pictures, &c.; but her attention was lost on me. Miss Catson looked a beautiful piece of waxwork, and Captain Jumble seemed old enough to be her father.

It was hard that the doctor should always be inflicted with the company of these two people; but he was very fond of the former, who used—so the boys said—to tie up his birches with blue ribbon. Sab had given up birching in my days. My schoolfellows told me that in his study was a chair, carefully screwed down, between the bars of which the victim would place his head, and then be breech-loaded by the doctor, sitting over him on the chair. This style of punishment, they added, had been discontinued; and when a case of birching occurred, the doctor would leave the school, and, going out into the street, engage the first foot-passenger who would undertake a hoisting job for the fee of one shilling. The unfortunate was then bared in the usual way, and received an elevated castigation.

Tradition, however, has it that on one occasion, just as the operation was about to commence, the boy bit his hoister's ear so violently as to cause that functionary to deposit his burden with ejaculations other than scriptural.

"—— the young —— he has bit my ear!"

"Tut! tut! my good man, do not swear."

"But, —— the young ——, he has bit my ear!"

Though Sab continued to say, "Tut! tut! my man, do not swear," the man never varied his reply, "—— the young —— he has bit my ear!"

The matter ended by his paying a fee of half-a-crown, and then requesting the hoister to depart.

The usual mode of punishment in my day was as follows:

Opposite Sab's desk was a post. If a boy offended the second master, the Rev. Mr. Fizzy (who was also mathematical master), or the writing and French master, Mr. Jonas, he was met with the words, "Go up."

Taking his stand at the post, the offender (generally without being questioned) would receive five cuts on the hands and three on the back. The strokes were generally harmless, for Sab was getting old. Sometimes the boys would send themselves up, or would go up for a bribe of a fig, or a nut, or anything else. One afternoon I sent myself up four times. The third time Sab said, "This is really too bad. You must be a very troublesome boy; and doubled the dose. The fourth time he asked:

"Who sent you up?"

"I did, sir."

"You sent yourself up, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

Then the infuriated doctor jumped out, and lathered me till the cane broke.

"Now, sir, perhaps you will send yourself up again."

CHAPTER II.

OUR MASTERS.

THE Rev. Mr. Fizzy (whose predecessor, I believe, was in prison) was a comparatively new master, and, seeing the absence of anything like work in the school, had taken some pains to teach the boys. This was surely revolutionary; and, like all moral reformers, Fizzy was doomed to suffer. Fizzy was to be "booked" on the first occasion. The opportunity soon presented itself. At dinner Sab was heard to say, "I shall not be in to-night, Mr. Fizzy; will you kindly read prayers?"

The fellows at once set to work to collect

potatoes, ink-bottles, rotten eggs, &c. At eight o'clock in the evening two pupils arranged to bar the door stealthily. To another was intrusted the task of blowing down the gas-pipe from the room above, which—on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—was called the study. Fizzy had not got half-way through the first prayer when all was utter darkness, and the fiends discharge their missiles with such effect that Fizzy, escaping with great difficulty, showed up next morning with eyes almost closed, and with his head and face plentifully coated with plaster. Somehow or other, the rebellion being general, all escaped punishment. Fizzy was really a good man, and an efficient teacher—when his pupils were teachable. He was intellectual, good-natured, simple-hearted, and hospitable, but terribly green in the matter of boys' sports and pursuits, though he afterwards strove to make up this deficiency.

"Truth is the daughter of Time," and Fizzy, after no long period, became very popular. It were ungrateful of me to speak an evil word of him. "Come for a walk, Ajax?" he would say (Jonas had given me this name); and I enjoyed a walk with him. He would botanise on the road, and was always glad of my practical knowledge of plants. He loved flowers, and so did I: and how he envied me when I gave him the popular equivalent for his scientific terms! He would say how much he preferred knowing a plant as "goose-grass" to knowing it as "potentilla anserina."

Then he took to learning swimming by means of a belt, and soon became expert. Many a time have we swum together, with the simple delight of children, for I believe his heart was as young as mine. Later in the year he learnt whist, and eventually became a skilful player, though I am bound to say that I frequently held such extraordinary cards as to baffle all his science. The hardest lesson he set himself was certainly riding. He had been in the habit of driving nine miles every Sunday to his curacy, but suddenly he seemed to think riding was more manly. If ever he was at home in the saddle, I can testify it was only after much pain and labour.

His love for Shakespeare and the poets was intense; and here we differed, for how could I appreciate Shakespeare?

One evening Fizzy asked me to his rooms, which were over a barber's shop in the town, and requested me to read *Macbeth* while he finished a sermon. I turned over the leaves mechanically, backwards and forwards, for a couple of hours.

"Now, Ajax, have you read it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You thoroughly understand the outline of the play?"

"Yes, sir, thoroughly."

"Now, hear me read it."

Good heavens! Would the earth kindly open, and swallow up Fizzy and Shakespeare?

I soon fell fast asleep, without Fizzy's noticing me apparently. When he had finished—I learned afterwards he had finished—he woke me up by exclaiming,

"Why, Ajax, Ajax, you are fast asleep?"

"No, sir, only closing my eyes. Heard every word of it."

Then he put me through my facings, and discovered, after my stating that I considered Macbeth and Lady Macbeth very nice people, that I was ignorant of what he had been reciting and of what I had pretended to read.

Fizzy bore me no ill-will, and never inflicted a recitation from Shakespeare on me again, though his conversation never ceased to be poetical as he wandered with me and others over the country.

When I was promoted to his class, I found him a zealous teacher. He infused spirit and interest into all his lessons, though he was never rigid in exacting the lesson, or even attendance at class. It is true he was not a "gerund-grinder," or a "grammatical cinder;" but still, when he taught I think some virtue went out from him, even though we might acquire no facts.

Mr. Jonas was a Welshman of the fiery type. He pronounced his *r*'s lik *w*'s, and left out and put in his *h*'s with the most comical effect.

He was the most passionate man I ever saw. His wrath, however, endured but "the twinkling of an eye."

If he lost a game of fives, he would, if chaffed, throw the ball away, and then give us two new ones. When taunted with "fudging" at marbles, he would confiscate the ring, and shortly afterwards replace double the quantity of marbles confiscated.

Once I chaffed Jonas; and, running for my life, hid myself under the bed.

"Come out, Ajax. I am not going to touch you."

I came out.

"I daresay you think I am going to kill you, Ajax."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I am not. I would if I had caught you a minute earlier."

When I was at Fenton, Jonas was courting a lady's maid, and would look daggers when I happened to meet him and his love in my long wanderings from the school.

A "booking" was in store for Jonas within a fortnight after my arrival. The boys had destroyed some bedsteads, and resented Jonas's interference. Next day, as he was walking on the common with a big boy, who was considered a sneak, the troop of blackguards, armed with sticks (William Catson, the doctor's nepnew, had a pistol) attacked the two sneaks, as they were called. The boy, acting on the advice of his master, took to his heels, and the pistol was fired at him without effect. Jonas stood firm, and we looked very foolish. The attack, however, was led by an American boy, who hit Jonas on the arm. I cannot explain the fact, but the blow was followed by a tremendous stream of blood. We were all frightened, and the battle ended. Jonas went home, dressed his arm, and appeared in the school with two policemen. We were prisoners. Sab, knowing Jonas's temperament, talked till the latter cooled and softened, dismissed the policemen, and shook hands with us all round. After this event, no people could be on better terms than Jonas and the boys of Fenton Grammar School. There would, it is true, be momentary exceptions to the mutual truce; as, for instance, when he dipped my head into a large dish of rice because I expressed a contemptuous dislike for that article; or again when, one Good Friday, he nearly strangled a boy over the table for chaffing him.

So far as the smaller boys were concerned, the real deities of the place were John Leger, Mary Blowsey, and Miss Hibbert. They were all servants. Dr. Sab trusted everything, even the carving at dinner, to Leger; and John, knowing our tastes, could always pay off an old score.

I may here mention that while the masters had meat we had pudding, and *vice-versâ;* so that there was no inconvenience about the sequence of the courses. In Sab's presence John had broken a plate over my head; and out of the doctor's sight he would inflict the most exquisite torture. He rewarded his favourites in this way. On Sundays, or on washing-days, when there was a large party in the kitchen, he would make the few cups of tea left into ten or twelve basins of that beverage, (we never used cups,) and distribute them to his friends.

In passing I will state that, as a rule, we drank milk at breakfast and at tea, and water at dinner.

Then John went to "Young Men's Christian Association's meetings," and it was deemed an honour to go out and be seen with him.

Mary Blowsey was the cook, and would occasionally give us lumps of bread when we were hungry—which, if I may speak for myself, was always. She was very vain; and if a boy chaffed her about her wig, then good-bye to prospective lumps of bread. Though she could neither read nor write, she would go to church with prayer and hymn books, which of course she often kept open in the wrong place or else held upside down.

Miss Hibbert was upper-housemaid, and kept our clothes. She called herself Miss to distinguish herself from a younger sister, Lizzie, in the service of the school. She was a veritable tyrant, and woe betide her enemies! Miss Hibbert left in my time; and shortly after my leaving the doctor took the extreme step of dismissing Leger and Blowsey, when he discovered how they were fattening themselves and starving the boys.

CHAPTER III.

THE UNFORTUNATES OF FENTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

WITHOUT going into Sab's character, which, I think, may be evolved from the chapters which I shall devote to the manners and customs of Fenton Grammar School, let me say something about the three unfortunates—Robert Eels, James and John Rodger. The former was "cock" of the school. He

certainly was clever, and though I have seen him thrash fellows—especially the bigger ones—unmercifully when they deserved a licking, yet he was not, relatively speaking, a bully; nay, he often helped the weak and the oppressed. I observed that Eels had no relations, and always spent his holidays at the school. His parents, as the account ran, had left him at Fenton, and emigrating to Australia, had never since communicated with him. It was generally believed that Sab educated, clothed, and fed him gratis.

Eels was lame. His lameness was due to some bullies having thrown him, when he was a little boy, down the study-stairs. The effect of the fall was a broken leg, which the bullies thought merely crooked, and tried to hammer straight with wickets. To anticipate Eels' career, I may mention that he was rather fond of running away. He thought if he could only get to London, he might work his way out to Australia. He would travel to town without a ticket, and when the tickets were being collected, would hide himself under the seat; but was always either detected by the collector or else betrayed by his fellow-passengers. Then he was brought back by a railway official. How Sab managed to settle these matters I do not know; but he was a "smooth-tongued chieftain," and probably arranged them comfortably. One October evening, at tea-time, Eels came round very mysteriously, and begged one piece of "bread-and-scrape" (we were allowed two pieces) from each boy. Next morning he was missed. The fire-work money, about £5, was missed also. Detectives were at once set on his track, much against the doctor's wish; but Eels was never heard of until some months afterwards, when he wrote to Sab from Australia, and said he had found his parents and was prosperous. I hope he gave some tangible proof of his prosperity to his benefactor. Another boy, named Lenny, absconded with Eels, and was apprehended in the London slums with half a pound of tobacco about his person; but the kind-hearted Sab managed to save him from prosecution. Lenny's only excuse was, I believe, an uncomfortable home; but when I think of Eels, I remember that Thackeray somewhere observes that, after seeing the Lord Mayor in procession, and then Tyburn Jack being led to the gallows, he reflected that circumstances might have placed him in the position of the one or the other.

James and John Rodger were sons of a clergyman who had taken high honours, and who, after being a successful tutor at the University, was presented with a living in the country. Rodgers' father was also an author, but, I understood, a great drunkard. At the time to which I refer he was living in London, Heaven knows how; for he was suspended from his living.

Who paid for Rodgers' education I never discovered: if any payment was made, I think it was by a clerical society. The Rodgers had some influential friends; and I remember a distinguished nobleman once or twice gave the poor boys a complete outfit—not, however, so often as required; for they would go about for months together in rags and tatters and soleless slippers. How often have I seen these poor but well-born boys standing for hours with their backs to the wall because they were not presentable in any other position!

On Sundays they were better off, for the boys week-day clothes would be at their disposal; but then every one, down to the street cad, recognised the fact. *In extremis*, they would accept a friend's cast-off garments. If I were to live a thousand years, I do not think I could efface from my memory the impression produced by the sight of these Rodgers.

Let us anticipate their career. A few years ago, I read in the paper a letter from a man who was in a London hospital, stating how he had been carelessly ridden over in the streets and had his leg broken, without being able to get any redress. A few weeks afterwards, I received a letter (directed to my old address. but forwarded to me in London), written in a familiar hand, which, however, I had not seen for ten years. The letter, dated from the north of London, ran something like this:

"My dear Ajax,—If you will refer to a letter in the —— paper, signed ——, you will understand my position. A friend of my late father, the Rev. —— [a distinguished clergyman, since dead,] has kindly assisted me out of the hospital, and has enabled me to take these rooms. If you care to know how you may help an old

school-fellow, please write, or call here next Tuesday, if you should chance to be in town.—Ever yours, JAMES RODGER."

I called on Rodger, who looked several years older than he really was. Care, sorrow and toil had marked his face. I spent a long evening, and gathered the progress of his history since I left Fenton. For years he had been an usher, or assistant-master, and had worked hard after his teaching and other duties were finished. By thrift and labour he had enabled himself to qualify for the medical profession. In the November of the year to which I allude he had arranged to be married in the following spring, and was to have taken a promising practice in January. In December he had come up to town to start his youngest brother—not John—to the colonies, which he did with the last £70 in his possession. On returning from the Docks he met with his accident. How, after leaving school penniless, he could, within ten years, have enabled himself to walk the hospitals, educate his brother and equip him for the colonies, was a problem I did not attempt to solve. I have heard him speak of his maternal grandmother, (the widow of a French marshal,) and understood that he might possibly succeed to a little money at her death. John Rodger, I knew, had enlisted with another boy shortly after my leaving Fenton; but I could learn nothing of his subsequent history. In due time James returned to the north, but never wrote to me after the first month of his arrival.

Let us, however, judge Misfortune's child charitably. I gathered that he was alive in the following year, from a paragraph in the paper, which described how a victim of highway robbery and violence had been rescued by my old schoolfellow.

CHAPTER IV.

DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS—DORMITORY DISCIPLINE—STUDIES—RECREATIONS.

THE school was a building separate from the house. The arrangements of the house, so far as they affected the boys, were peculiar. On going to the bedrooms, you first entered the kitchen, which opened into a lavatory. In the lavatory you observed two steps leading to a door, which, on being opened, revealed a flight of stairs by which you ascended to the bedrooms. On the first landing you turned aside to the right, and entered a small dormitory, in which you saw a door, on one side, leading to Jonas's bedroom; facing you was a door which opened into another small dormitory. If you turned to the left on the landing, you entered a dormitory called the "brown room," occupied by the bigger boys, which communicated with the "long room," occupied by the "tag-rag and bobtail" of the school. My bed was in the "long room," on the right hand side nearest the door. By an extraordinary fiction, all noise was supposed to proceed from the "long room" alone. Sab would come up once or twice with the warning—afterwards so familiar to me—"I will lay into the first boy I come across."

Any one will see why the two newest boys always occupied the bed on each side of the door. The tenants of these two beds were often thrashed when fast asleep; indeed, there was often a conspiracy to get them licked.

Before getting into bed I knelt down to say my prayers, but was soon disturbed by a volley of boots at my head.

"What the —— do you mean by saying your prayers? No boy is allowed to say his prayers here."

Will any casuist kindly tell me how far I sinned in adopting the custom, after this event, of saying my prayers in bed!

After this there was blanket-tossing, and I was "tunded" against the ceiling until I had no sound spot on my body. Some weeks later on, on a Sunday, some of the big fellows in the "brown room" had a tremendous bolstering match in the "long room." Sab appeared just as one bolster burst, amid a perfect snow-storm, and welted every occupant of my room. On making his exit by the smaller room, I heard him pause for a moment, and say to one of the bullies:

"What, Smith! smoking in bed! Disgusting habit!"

The doctor retired, and Smith continued his pipe.

Running the gauntlet took place in the morning. All the boys, from the various dormitories, assembled with their bolsters in the "long room," and stood on the beds. The congrega-

tion would be thickest near the ends of the bedroom. Then the victim had to run six times up and down, and at each end was literally dashed against the wall. I have often thought whether, on these occasions, I touched the ground at all, except at the end of each course —one seemed to be lifted along,

In the morning the occupants of the "long room" went down to wash in the lavatory, though, it is true, the process of ablution was often dispensed with. The boy who washed every day was considered abnormal. Those who went in for a complete wash passed, stripped to the waist, through the kitchen, where the servants were at breakfast, with their basin to the pump outside, to get the water for ablution.

As an instance of absence of mind, I may mention that I have more than once gone to the pump without my basin ; or, having taken the basin, have returned without the water.

For breakfast we had a basin of bread-and-milk, or else a basin of milk, cold or hot, according to our choice, and two lumps of bread. Every Tuesday we were given rolls and butter. For dinner there was pudding every day, and rice occurred three times in the week. After pudding came meat, which, however, I rarely touched. For tea each boy was allowed a basin of milk and two pieces of bread-and-scrape. Instead of the latter article, one might have two lumps of bread and two little bits of cheese.

Our fare was every way simple. On Saturdays, when the dinner consisted of rice and boiled beef—my pet abominations at that time —I kept away from the table, and indulged in a penny twist; or if my pocket-money would not run to a penny, I would seek my dinner on the hedgerows. De Quincey says this mode of procuring his dinner ruined his stomach, and was the cause of his first taking opium. My stomach, however, was good-natured, and did not rebel against the food supplied by the hedgerows.

When I was at Fenton it was customary for boys, when very hard up, to sell their rolls, treacle, and apple-pudding for the half-year. When they were in immediate want they would, like Esau, part with all their prospective possessions, for a trifling consideration, to some long-headed investor.

When I first entered the school I was struck with the air of freedom which seemed to pervade the place. The boys sat where they liked, and did almost what they liked. Each learnt his piece for Sab, as the head boy arranged who should begin, and how much each boy should say. For the other masters the work seemed chiefly voluntary. Jonas was engaged in making mysterious memoranda on the wall by his desk. I discovered afterwards he was learning Latin and Greek, with the assistance of some of the scholars. Many times he would say to me, "Ajax, just hear me say τύπτω"—pronouncing the *u* as we do in the word "up."

The doctor occasionally shouted, "Gentlemen, w-o-r-k is the order of the day."

Fizzy appeared buried in Spenser or Shakespeare. Occasionally I observed a boy would call on Fizzy or Jonas, sit down by his side for half an hour, and enjoy an apparently animated conversation.

Many of the fellows were up in the study, making fireworks or fives-balls, or tearing up the small boys' books for a paper chase.

"Come up, third class," Sab would say ; and then boys emerged from the strangest places, as if by magic.

Many of them were under the floor, beneath which they had been exploring, having taken as their point of departure two planks which they had torn up beneath their desks.

"Come up, French class," shouts Jonas, who taught French like a sword-blade. "Now, Druggs"—a day-boy, son of a chemist in the town—"votre mère comment se porte-t'-elle ?"

"Mon mère est marmalade."

A general laugh was raised, and then Jonas let fly into all the boys but the one who caused the laughter.

Then followed a little geography and history; though I do not remember to have been taught a single fact in either of these subjects.

In the afternoon we did arithmetic in the following way : boys took out their books and slates, and Jonas would come round about five minutes before the time was up.

"Show me your work. All right. Rub it out."

The work which I did on the first day lasted me all the time I was in Jonas' class.

An event occurred on the first afternoon which prevented many boys from going to sleep.

William Catson having fastened an enormous cracker to a piece of string, lighted it, and placing it carefully on the coat-button of Mr. Fizzy —who was leaning over a desk—asked leave to go out. In half a minute bang, bang ! went the cracker, and played fantastically by the string all round Fizzy. Sab went round and asked everybody to take his oath that he had no part in this event—a request which was readily granted. Then Sab made a speech, with the usual preface :

"Thirty-and-five years have I sat in this seat," &c. " Some boy in this room is a blackguard and a liar." (Groans and hisses.) " Thirty-and-five years have I sat in this seat, and have never seen such a disgraceful thing." (Groans and hisses.)

After school the big fellows sat round the fire, and at my expense smoked bad tobacco, and drank worse beer, which I had to fetch from the Fox and Hounds.

At tea-time the milk was bad, and a general order was given to upset it on the table. This hint was sometimes taken, but more frequently pocketed by the school deities.

In the evening the boys paid Sab out by stopping up the jet of his gas, by putting a small pig inside his desk, and by placing on the top of the desk the large gates which had been unhinged from their usual position in the field.

The man-servant Leger, and two or three friends whom he called in from the street, removed the gates ; but what was Sab's surprise to see a live pig jump out of his desk and misconduct itself on his black breeches ! Of course the usual speech was delivered—"Thirty-and-five years have I sat in this seat, and never," &c., &c. (Groans.) Sab could see tolerably well by the gas which was lighted in the school, but when he tried to light his private burner he observed the trick played upon him. " Thirty-and-five years," &c., &c. (Groans and hisses.)

" Dear me ! why do you annoy me ? I never annoy you." (Laughter.)

Evening study lasted from seven to eight, but attendance did not seem compulsory on the bigger boys, who might be seen at this time emerging from pot-houses and ready for any devilry.

One day the key of the kitchen clock was missed. Of course Sab said we had taken it, and when we individually protested that we were innocent, he replied, as he alway did on such occasions :

" Well, if you did not, somebody else did. I will stop the pocket-money."

I became alarmed, but my schoolfellows said, " Never mind, we will bring Sab to his senses," and went to work in the following way:—

They first removed the bust of Homer (by which I afterwards learned the doctor set great store) and then drew, in charcoal, representations of clocks and keys on the whitewashed walls. All over the place could be seen the words—" The key of the kitchen clock we have not got. No pocket-money ; no Homer."

Sab, on coming to afternoon school at once missed Homer.

" Gentlemen, where is Homer ? " he said, more in sorrow than in anger.

On observing the charcoal drawings and writing on the wall, he exclaimed,

" Gentlemen, bring back Homer, and I will give out the pocket-money."

Homer was replaced, but insult and eventually annihilation were in store for him.

Homer was opposite the fire-place, and boys would fling coals at him, until at length they knocked out his eyes. Sab was deeply affected, but attempted a grim joke. " Well, Homer was blind ; but please, gentlemen, do not damage him any more."

For some time Homer escaped ; but as the fifth of November approached, fireworks were plentiful in the school, and just as the doctor was coming into school one young devil put through Homer's eyeless orbits two squibs, which sank down into the hollow bust. Sab observed the sparks ejected by Homer, and presently an explosion by which the blind bard fell shattered to the ground. Poor Sab cried as he stood over the ruins, and preserved the poet's crown, which I believe he kept as a treasure until his dying day. His face of sorrow I shall never forget.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

IN his interesting work entitled "The Great Ice-Age," Mr. James Geikie comes to the conclusion that the Glacial Period took place about two hundred thousand years ago. At this time the earth was so placed with regard to the sun that a series of physical changes was induced, which eventually resulted in conferring upon the northern hemisphere a climate of more than Arctic severity. "All Northern America and Northern Europe disappeared beneath a thick crust of ice and snow, and the glaciers of such regions as Switzerland assumed gigantic proportions. This great sheet of land-ice levelled up the valleys of Britain, and stretched across our mountains and hills down to low latitudes in England. Being only one connected or confluent series of mighty glaciers, the ice crept ever downwards and outwards from the mountains, following the direction of the principal valleys, and pushing out far to sea, where it terminated at last in deep water, many miles away from what now forms the coast-line of the country. This sea of ice was of such extent that the glaciers of Scandinavia coalesced with those of Scotland, upon what is now the floor of the shallow North Sea, while a mighty stream of ice flowing outwards from the western sea-board obliterated the Hebrides, and sent its ice-bergs adrift in the deep waters of the Atlantic. In like manner, massive glaciers, born in the Welsh and Cambrian mountains, swept over the low grounds of England, and united with the Scotch and Irish ice upon the bottom of the Irish sea. At the same period the Scandinavian mountains shed vast icebergs into the northern ocean, and sent southwards a sheet of ice that not only filled up the basin of the Baltic, but overflowed Finland, and advanced upon the plains of Northern Germany; while from every mountain-region in Europe great glaciers descended, sometimes for almost inconceivable distances, into the low countries beyond. Ere long this wonderful scene of Arctic sterility passed away. Gradually the snow and ice melted and drew back to the mountains, and plants and animals appeared as the climate ameliorated. The mammoth and the woolly-coated rhinoceros roamed in our valleys, the great bear haunted our caves, and pine-trees grew in the south of England; but the seasons were still well marked. * * * By slow degrees, however, the cold of winter abated and the heat of summer increased. As the warmth of summer waxed, the Arctic mammalia gradually disappeared from our valleys, and sought out northern and more congenial homes. Step by step the climate continued to grow milder, and the differences between the seasons less marked, till something like perpetual summer reigned in Britain. Then it was that the hippopotamus wallowed in our rivers, and the elephant crashed through our forests; then too the lion, the tiger and the hyæna, became denizens of the English caves. Such scenes as these continued for a long time; but again the climate began to change. The summers grew less genial, the winters more severe. Gradually the southern mammalia disappeared, and were succeeded by Arctic animals. Even these, however, as the temperature became too severe, migrated southwards, until all life deserted Britain, and snow and ice reigned in undisputed possession. Once more the confluent glaciers overflowed the land, and desolation and sterility were everywhere."

So far as material support goes, the people of the United States may with right boast of a generosity and magnificence in the assistance of pure science, such has as yet not been ever approached by any other civilized nation. It is proposed to found a memorial monument to Agassiz, and it has been justly decided that no more appropriate method of carrying out this object could be devised then that of completing the noble and almost unrivalled museum of which he was the founder and creator. Knowing the vast sums which have been already expended in raising this museum to its present condition, one cannot, therefore, without wonder and admiration, read that the citizens of Boston

have determined to give three hundred thousand dollars to the Cambridge Museum, in order to complete its endowment—no less than sixty-five thousand dollars of this sum having been contributed during the first preliminary meeting called together to consider the question.

Some exceedingly interesting observations have been made by Mr. Thomas Belt upon the habits of various of the animals of Nicaragua in Central America. Amongst the most interesting of these are his discoveries as to the habits of some of the ants, of whose customs and instincts he must have been a most attentive observer. With regard to the well-known but little understood leaf-cutting ants, which spend most of their lives in storing up vast collections of leaves in their immense subterranean dwellings, Mr. Belt for the first time advances a theory which would reasonably explain the habit. The older observers imagined that the ants either used the leaves as food, or employed them for the purpose of thatching their nests, but this view is rejected by Mr. Belt. He maintains, on the contrary, that the ants live to a large extent upon a minute fungus which grows upon decaying leaves, and that they diligently collect and store away the leaves for the sole purpose of growing this fungus, and thus of providing themselves with a supply of food. In this case, we must add the practice of agriculture to the numerous other accomplishments which ants are already known to possess. It need hardly be added that, with this peculiar taste, the leaf-eating ants are amongst the most frightful of all imaginary pests of the garden. Mr. Belt, during a somewhat prolonged stay in Nicaragua, seems to have made vigorous attempts to cultivate a small garden, and he gives an amusing account of his endeavours to extirpate the ants by pouring buckets-full of diluted carbolic acid down the broad tunnels leading to their subterranean abodes.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE Elections in England have not been without their effect on the Magazines. The non-political monthlies are hardly up to the mark—the literary spirit, pure and simple, having been apparently confounded by the din. On the other hand, the excitement of the contest seems to have imparted unusual vigour even to the literary contributors of the party periodicals. *Macmillan*, for instance, which excludes political topics, although it contains one or two attractive papers, is, on the whole, uninviting. The interesting articles are unfortunately of the "to be continued" class. The first article, on "Endowed Competitions at the Universities," by Sedley Taylor, M.A., is an attack on University Fellowships and upon the system of competitive examinations, as at present existing, particularly in Cambridge. The writer gives some practical suggestions on University Reform. Prof. Williamson, of Owen's College, Manchester, contributes what appears to be the substance of a lecture on "Coal and Coal Plants," the first part giving an account of the newest theory on the formation of coal, is of general interest; but the remainder, which discusses at length the points of difference between the writer and Prof. Huxley regarding *Sporangia*, is scarcely suited to the pages of a popular magazine. Dr. Hiller's collection of Mendelssohn's letters, strung together on a sketch of his life, increase in value. This instalment covers the first year and a half of the great composer's married life with his beloved Cécile. "The Prince-Printers of Italy" is continued. The three generations of the Manuzii, the efforts of the Popes and Cardinals on behalf of the typographical art, the establishment of the Vatican press by Sixtus V., and the munificent aid given by the houses of Medici at Florence, and Este at Ferrara, form the subjects of a very instructive paper. Lastly, we have "An Elephant Kraal," describing two elephant hunts in Ceylon, in which the Duke of Edinburgh took part. Two little stories at the end are short and pointed enough for quotation. The demands upon a planter's hospitality had, on one occasion, been so excessive, that when two officers drew up at his bungalow, he found that his larder was empty. Addressing his boy in pigeon-English, he said, "Boy, try get something to eat for officer-gentlemen." The boy managed to serve up a most excellent curry, and after lunch the guests

departed. Two days after, the cat was missing:—"Boy, where is the cat?" "Oh, pardon, master; other day nothing to eat for officer-gentlemen, me curry the cat!" The other is a garrison chaplain's grace before meat, pronounced when H.R.H. dined at the mess at Colombo. The reverend gentleman wished to be equal to the occasion, and yet was in a hurry for his dinner, so he delivered himself *ore rotundo,* as follows:—"God save the Queen and bless the dinner—white soup, boy," all in the same breath.

Blackwood is, of course, in high feather. The way in which Maga unwraps the flannels from his gouty old limbs, flings away his crutch and dances a jig on the grave of the Liberal party, is "a caution;" but of this presently. The initial chapters of a new story, "Alice Lorraine," are very promising—the legend of the Astrologer opening the prospect for no end of possibilities. The second and concluding part of "The Two Speransky" is given, and we think our readers, if they have the Magazine at hand, will agree with us that a more interesting and pathetic story has seldom been told than that of Michael, the father, sometime Secretary of State to the Czar, and Elizabeth Speransky-Bagréeff, the Russian novelist, his daughter. If the Royal Marriage, which is sure to introduce a flood of translations and other forms of literature on Russian subjects, will secure for us a good English version of "Une Famille Tongouse," we shall be thankful. The paper on Queen Anne's reign is light, sketchy and entertaining. "Disorders in Dreamland" is not yet concluded. It is one of those choice bits of serio-comic story-telling for which *Blackwood* is famous. We only wish the writer would not drag his heroine, Miss Fulford, through so many troubles. She is a most lovable creature, and the public will expect the author, who has charge of her destiny, to see that she is amply rewarded when the curtain falls. The suddenness of the dissolution cut Maga off with only two political pages last month; he takes ample revenge now by giving an article for each of these pages. The Conservative cock certainly "does" some "pretty tall" crowing, as our neighbours would say. The great victory is turned over and examined in all its aspects; figures are manipulated in a bewildering fashion, and it is satisfactorily shown that things could have been better and yet could not have been better than they are. Maga told the public five years ago, and has been telling them ever since, that this success would result; but nobody listened to the prophet. Who is right now? And the old chap chuckles over the evidence of his own prescience. We are sorry to see, however, that he is not as generous to Mr. Gladstone as he can afford to be. If the ex-Premier had been Arthur Orton, picking oakum in Newgate, it could scarcely have said anything much more severe than it does say. Its party has managed to "subdue the proud," but it shows no disposition "to spare the vanquished." However, it is not often that magnanimity waits upon success. Let us give a sample of the first article. After styling the dissolution a "night attack" and an "Ashantee ambush," the writer proceeds:—"The Radical party have been utterly routed. They have lost their seats, they have lost their places, they have lost their heads, and they have lost their principles." We begin to think that the Liberals are not the only people who have lost their heads.

The *Fortnightly* opens with a manly and common sense view of "The Conservative Reaction," from the pen of Frederic Harrison. Those who have been in the habit of reading the notes on "Public Affairs" from month to month, will know what to expect at his hands. There is no attempt to belittle the disastrous defeat of the Liberal party—it is admitted to the fullest extent. Mr. Harrison acknowledges the operation of minor causes, but contends that the great cause of all is that "the middle-classes have gone over bag and baggage to the enemy." In another place he says: "The hard-and-fast party of the strictest sect of Liberalism or Radicalism has been wont to smile at the vision of the Conservative working-man. Perhaps he smiles no longer. He has had a good deal to do with the making of the Conservative working-man, who, in all the measures which directly affect his interests, has found the Radical economist his stiffest opponent." On the whole, Mr. Harrison views the position of affairs with regret, but not with dismay:—"The tone of the nation has become distinctly Conservative," and that there is every probability it will continue so perhaps during this generation. Amongst the other articles, we note as eminently able and instructive, Mr. Morison's "Age of Louis XIV.," Mr. F. W. Newman's "Parliamentary Government," and Mr. John Morley's appreciative criticism of Victor Hugo's new romance on the Vendéan War and the Revolution of '93. To some of these we may return, and we must again leave the *Contemporary,* which contains several important papers, for a future occasion.

BOOK REVIEWS.

FABLES IN SONG. By Robert Lord Lytton, Author of "Poems by Owen Meredith." Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1874.

The present possessor of Knebworth has here sought to revive a species of literature which had fallen somewhat into abeyance. Beasts and birds and inanimate objects are brought on the scene, talking in human strain, in the old familiar way. The matter and style are everywhere apt and simple, but raised a good deal above the level of mere juveniles. Each little story is thoughtfully and ingeniously constructed and made the vehicle of a salutary moral. As a fabulist, Lord Lytton will probably not attain to the popularity of Gay or Lafontaine; but his book will be appreciated by all loving observers of the habits of animals, and the phenomena of nature generally, for the sake of its many graphic touches and descriptions as well as for its formal lessons. Couched in verse, and prefaced in several instances by a pleasant introductory narrative, these fables remind us of Phædrus rather than Æsop. The monotony of Phædrus has however been avoided by the adoption of a variety of metres, some of them curious and unusual. "Bos locutus est" said Prof. Huxley the other day, referring with some bitterness but much humour, in his inaugural address at Aberdeen, to the result of the English elections. "Bull hath spoken!" (and put a stop, the professor intimated, for the present at least, to several contemplated advances in the march of national improvement). At the moment of this remarkable deliverance, Professor Huxley was possibly fresh from the perusal of the work before us. The typography, paper, and external aspect of "Fables in Song" are highly creditable to the spirited printers and publishers, Hunter, Rose & Co. In Canadian schools of both sexes the volume will form an appropriate and acceptable prize. A short Allegory entitled "Contagion," will require no interpretation :—

"A brooklet, born above a mountain moor,
Down to the level of the world below
Perforce descending, past a dyer's door
Foul with pollution thro' the plain did flow.
The waters of this brooklet from on high,
Still pure and splendid as the spotless snow,
Beneath them could their sunken sisters spy
All soil'd and spoil'd, as when spilt wine doth stain
A pot-house floor. Whereat they bawl'd out 'Fie!'
"A traveller who had climbed the hill with pain,
And knew the world beneath it far and wide,
Smiled at the inexperienced disdain
Of those immaculate waters, and replied,
'Wait, pretty fools, until down there you get.
Had they not passed the dyer's door, undyed
And white as you would be those waters yet.'"

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By John Forster. Vol. III., 1852–1870. London: Chapman & Hall. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1874.

Mr. Forster has at length completed the arduous task imposed upon him by his departed friend. In our opinion he has performed it faithfully and well. The work, in itself, was no doubt a labour of love; but it has been attended, during its progress, by some unpleasantness, not to say soreness—the result of unfriendly criticism. There was a two-fold objection taken to the biography, as soon as the first volume made its appearance. The character and genius of the novelist, and his proper place in English literature, were made the subject of warm dispute. Nor was this all or even the worst. Mr. Forster himself was charged with desiring to gain personal capital out of the fame of his friend, and with thrusting himself too prominently forward in the course of the biography. We can easily understand that this accusation was exquisitely painful to him. That, in the conscientious endeavour to lay before the public the facts of Dickens' life, as nearly as possible in his own words, the biographer should have met the reproach of vanity and self-seeking, must have touched him nearly. Whatever his censors may say, the great English-speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic will, we believe, acquit him without a moment's hesitation. If it be the function of biography to present to the world a faithful portraiture of its subject, that is to exhibit him as a living being, with all his merits, all his faults, all his hopes, anxieties and fears, all his triumphs and all his failures—Mr. Forster has succeeded in his undertaking, and offered a fitting tribute to the memory of Charles Dickens. If to this we add that the letters which occupy so prominent a position in the Life were consciously and deliberately written that they, or the thoughts and facts contained in them, might fall into their places there—in short, that the novelist

unfolded his inner self—a few family letters, perhaps, excepted—nowhere else, and the complaint of the critics will seem more unreasonable still. No one would have questioned the right of Dickens to leave an autobiography behind him; why should complaint be made when his Life is written from materials he himself designed for the purpose?

The volume before us comprises the period from the publication of "David Copperfield" to the sudden death of its author. The narrative is a pathetic, almost a melancholy one; but it is instructive also in the highest degree. It details the steps by which a man of genius who, by sheer force of intellect and breadth of heart and feeling, had gained the world's ear and occupied the foremost rank in the affection and respect of all classes of society, at last overtasked his powers and entered prematurely into his rest. Thus the life of Dickens is at once an incentive to hopeful energy and unfaltering perseverance, and a warning that nature has fixed limits to mental activity which not even the subtlest and most facile of minds may pass with impunity.

Still, notwithstanding the vein of sadness which runs through the concluding volume, it is not uniformly, or even often, depressing. The touching story of exhausted faculties and frame is constantly enlivened with flashes of humour and downright fun. The feeling of pain and the terrible unrest which at times possessed him were often resisted and overborne for a time by the native buoyancy and cheeriness of the novelist's nature. At such moments the pent-up flood of his humour broke forth in a stream of joy, bounding forward and eddying here and there in circlets of sportive fancy. In this busy activity, this unconquerable appreciation of the incongruous and bizarre, the reader often forgets the ever-impending catastrophe, so delicate is the study of light and shade through the course of his later life.

We cannot pretend to follow the biographer over the eighteen years covered by his concluding volume; it must suffice if a few of the salient points of the story are lightly touched upon within the limits of the brief space at our command. "Bleak House" followed "David Copperfield, to which it was, with all its merits, undoubtedly inferior. In this novel Dickens had the misfortune to wound unintentionally the feelings of a friend. In Lawrence Boythorn Dickens sketched his friend, Walter Savage Landor, but the likeness was not offensive. Unfortunately, in attempting to catch some of the mannerisms of Leigh Hunt, and invest the lively but unprincipled Harold Skimpole therewith, he was unwittingly led into trouble. It is probable that Hunt would never have noticed the points of resemblance had not some good-natured friend called his attention to it. Some alterations were made by Dickens, and the matter was compromised—let us hope to the satisfaction of both parties. It was during the progress of "Bleak House" that the first symptoms of that restlessness appeared which soon became frequent and at last chronic with Dickens. For the moment the mischief seems to have been temporary, and may easily have been regarded as one of the humours of a mercurial temperament. Yet we find ominous hints of failing inventive power. He complains of his inability to "grind sparks out of his dull blade" for "Bleak House." In another letter he says, "What with 'Bleak House' and 'Household Words' and 'Child's History' and Miss Coutts' Home, and the invitations to feasts and festivals, I really feel as if my head would split like a fired shell if I remained here." After a flying trip to the Continent, Dickens, for the first time, read two of his Christmas stories in public —the fatal inception of an exciting and lucrative life which finally ensnared and destroyed him. These first efforts were purely eleemosynary and, of course, there were no end of applications for his aid. Happily, for the moment wiser counsels prevailed. As we have hinted already, there are many pleasant glimpses of joyousness in this volume; one of these we may briefly refer to—the performances of "Tom Thumb" and "Fortunio," at Tavistock House, "when Thackeray rolled off his chair in a burst of laughter" at the unconscious drollery of the child-actors. "Hard Times," which Mr. Ruskin has highly praised, was the next work of Dickens. After a brief criticism of this work, with which we certainly concur, placing it in the second rank, notwithstanding some peculiar merits of its own, we have the record of Dickens' visits to the Continent. The keen power of observation, which never failed him, found fresh fields for its exercise in France, Switzerland and Italy; its results are given by the biographer in a fund of anecdote and quaint remark. "Little Dorrit" was the next serial written by Dickens. In writing it, he tried the plan of jotting down incidents and fancies as they occurred—another proof that the freshness of his imagination had been seriously impaired. Mr. Forster will not admit any real decay of imaginative power. "He had, however, lost the free and fertile method of the earlier time. He could no longer fill a wide-spread canvas with the same facility and certainty as of old; and he had frequently a quite unfounded apprehension of some possible break-down, at which the end might be at any moment beginning. There came accordingly, from time to time, intervals of unusual impatience and restlessness, strange to me, in connection with his home; his old pursuits were too often laid aside for other excitements and occupations," all of which "expressed but the craving which still had possession of him to get by some means at some change

that would make existence easier." During the years 1856–7 this nervous irritability gradually grew upon Dickens. His words to Mr. Forster, during these years, are affecting in the extreme. In one letter he says, referring to a climbing excursion :—"Too late to say, put the curb on, and don't rush at hills—the wrong man to say it to. I have no relief but in action. I am quite incapable of rest. I am quite confident I should rust, break and die, if I spared myself. Much better to die doing." In another letter :—"The old days—the old days! Shall I ever, I wonder, get the frame of mind back as it used to be then? Something of it, perhaps—but never quite as it used to be. I find that the skeleton in my domestic closet is becoming a pretty big one."

The last sentence was the foreshadowing of an event which took place in the following year. That painful subject Mr. Forster has touched with a delicate hand ; to have omitted all reference to it was impossible, after the publicity given to a matter in which the world had properly no concern. It is to be regretted, and his biographer shares in the regret, that Dickens should have rushed into print to vindicate himself against a slander which had not the slightest substratum of truth to rest upon. It seemed unjust also to one who, with himself, was chiefly concerned in the matter. The impulsive nature of the man, however, must be taken into account and the irritable and restless state of his whole being. Besides all this, he dreaded the loss of English affection and respect. He knew perhaps, better than any other public man, the high place the domestic virtues occupy in the hearts of his countrymen and countrywomen ; and he felt constrained to vindicate his good name. The separation was unquestionably the result of uncongeniality of nature, aggravated, no doubt, by his growing irritability and sensitiveness. That this should have been the case is to be deplored ; still more is it to be regretted that "the domestie skeleton" should have been exposed to the world.

A forcible passage from Mr. Forster which occurs at this period may be quoted here : "Not his genius only, but his whole nature, was too exclusively made up of sympathy for and with the real, in its most intense form, to be sufficiently provided against failure in the realities around him. There was for him no 'city of mind' against outward ills, for inner consolation and shelter. It was in and from the actual he still stretched forward to find the freedom and satisfactions of an ideal, and by his very attempts to escape the world he was driven back into the thick of it. But what he would have sought there, it supplies to none ; and to get the infinite out of anything so finite, has broken many a stout heart." At this time Dickens entered upon his career as a professional reader of his own works. His ruling motives were—first, that he might satisfy the spirit of restlessness which possessed him by constant labour and excitement ; next, that he might ensure a provision for his family. It was not love of money which prompted him, for he was not avaricious in any sense ; and even the artless vanity which he at times displays was only the outward expression of an eager craving for sympathy.

It was during these readings that the first symptoms of paralysis began to appear in the left foot. The trouble was aggravated by the fatigues of his visit to America, in 1868, till after his return it occasionally attacked the left arm, rendering it almost uncontrollable by the will. The "last readings," which were entered upon in spite of the advice of his physicians, no doubt completed the havoc on his overtaxed brain. The rest is known to us all.

Mr. Forster devotes a large portion of this volume, not the least interesting part of it, to the personal characteristics of Dickens and his place as a novelist. In this chapter he replies at length to M. Taine and Mr. G. H. Lewes. So far as the latter is concerned, we fear there is a personal element in Mr. Forster's acerbity. "One to whom the relations of the writer and his critic, while both writer and critic lived, are known," may have a special *animus* in making a reply to the critic with which the public have nothing to do. Mr. Lewes' strictures, although we do not agree with him, were anticipated in a much severer form during Dickens' lifetime, and, whether justified or not, must stand upon their own merits.

To the charge of caricaturing made against Dickens, Mr. Ruskin's words quoted in the early part of this volume seem a sufficient reply :—"The essential value and truth of Dickens's writings have been unwisely lost sight of by many thoughtful persons, merely because he presents his truth with some colour of caricature. Unwisely, because Dickens' caricature, though often gross, is never mistaken. Allowing for his manner of telling them, the things he tells us are always true."

It is unnecessary to offer, in conclusion, any general estimate of the novelist's genius. This has been done so often and from so many points of view that we could hardly hope to strike out a new path. We believe it is mainly, if not solely, as a humorist that the name of Dickens will go down to posterity In his department of literature there is no name equal, or even second, to his in the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century. His proper monument is, as he wished it to be, his works ; but it was fitting, after all, whether he would have approved it or no, that he should sleep his last sleep with kindred dust beneath the stones of Poets' Corner, in the great Abbey.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Rivington have just issued the long expected "Dictionary of Sects, Heresies, Ecclesiastical Parties, and Schools of Religious Thought." Edited by the Rev. John Henry Blunt, M.A. A work of great value to the Student of Divinity.

A volume of "Essays on Various Subjects," contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, by the late Bishop Wilberforce, is announced by Mr. Murray.

Messrs. Longman announce among their forthcoming works a new collection of "Essays, Critical and Narrative," by Mr. William Forsyth, Q.C., author of the "Life of Cicero," &c.

Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. will shortly publish Mr. Leslie Stephens' contributions to the *Cornhill* entitled "Hours in a Library."

A New Edition of Mr. Darwin's early work on "The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs" is announced.

The celebrated author of "The Eclipse of Faith," Prof. Henry Rogers, has just issued an important work on "The Supernatural Origin of the Bible Inferred from Itself." It forms the Congregational Union Lecture for 1873.

The Rev. Paxton Hood, the editor of some Homiletical Series, has published a work on "The Villages of the Bible; Descriptive, Traditional, and Memorable."

A new work by Hesba Stretton is announced entitled "Cassy." It is of the class of short religious stories, of which "Lost Gip," "The King's Servants," and "Jessica's First Prayer," were the forerunners.

Messrs. Isbister have just published a work on "Health and Education," by the Rev. Canon Kingsley, at present on this side the Atlantic.

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, make the important announcement of an entirely original work upon the "Birds of North America," prepared by Professor Spencer F. Baird, Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, with the co-operation of Dr. T. M. Breven, and Mr. Robert Ridgway. The work is to consist of four quarto volumes, three on the Land Birds, and one on the Water Birds, and the price to be $10 per volume, or coloured by hand, $20 each.

Messrs. Harper Brothers have published an interesting volume of travel, by Mr. Frank Vincent, under the title of "The Land of the White Elephant; a Personal Narrative of Adventure in Further India, embracing the countries of Burmah, Siam, and Cochin-China, in 1871-2." The Complete Report of the recent Evangelical Alliance Conference in New York, with all the speeches, lectures and addresses, &c., appears from this house.

The author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," Mr. Edward Eggleston, has a new novel ready, entitled "The Circuit Rider." The work illustrates what is termed the adventurous "Saddle-bag Era of Methodism" among Western Settlements some sixty years ago.

Messrs. Harper Brothers have reprinted an English version of Victor Hugo's new romance "Ninety Three," now appearing in the London *Graphic*.

A new illustrated paper is about to be started in London, under the title of the *Pictorial World*, at the price of three pence weekly.

The popular edition of Thomas Carlyle's works, the publication of which has just terminated in the issue of "Frederick the Great," in ten volumes, is to be extended so as to include the author's translations from the German. "Wilhelm Meister" is just ready, and the other specimens of the "German Romance" will speedily follow.

Messrs. Longman announce the publication of two works on Roman Antiquities, one, "Roman Imperial Photographs," a selection of forty enlarged photographs from Roman medallions and coins, and the other, "Roman Imperial Profiles," a series of one hundred and thirty lithographic profiles of Roman Emperors, Empresses and Cæsars, enlarged from Roman coins and medallions. The works are to be edited by Dr. John Edward Lee, author of "Isca Silurum."

Messrs. Scribner & Co. announce, "What is Darwinism?" by Dr. Charles Hodge, of Princeton, a contribution to the literature of this subject which will be acceptable as coming from the ablest living theologian of America; also, a new work by Dr. Horace Bushnell, entitled "Forgiveness and Law," which it is understood is intended by the author to retire the last half of his earlier work on the "Vicarious Sacrifice," in which he has given an Exposition of the Atonement doctrine which he conceives less scriptural and satisfactory than the views now substituted.

The literature of fiction is represented this month

by the publication of Mr. F. W. Robinson's New Story, issued by Messrs. Hunter Rose, and Co., "Second-Cousin Sarah," and Mr. Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd." Both of these novelists have taken a high rank among English writers of fiction, and we doubt not their new productions will be read with avidity by the ever-widening circle of novel readers.

Messrs. Scribner make the announcement of a new library of books, entitled the "Bric-a-Brac Series," which is intended to include volumes of personal reminiscences of famous poets, novelists. artists, actors, musicians, wits, and the like. Each volume will be complete in itself, and will form a condensation of one or more biographies. The first issue will be the "Personal Reminiscences of Chorley, Planche, and Young,"—a musician, a dramatist, and a tragedian well known in London circles. The editorship of the series has been entrusted to Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, the American critic.

The announcement is made of a reprint of the "Literary Remains of the late Emanuel Deutsch," the memoir of a singularly-gifted writer, whose articles to the English reviews on The Talmudd, The Roman Passion Drama, &c., attracted so much attention.

"The Aldine" for March is a capital number of that famous periodical. The subjects illustrated are of exceeding interest, and the engraving and printing the perfection of engravers' and printers' art. The number contains, moreover, a large amount of reading matter, embracing tales, sketches, poetry, &c We are glad to notice that an agency for this publication has been opened in Toronto, and as it can only be obtained through the agent, we append the address :—W. H. Fitts, 50, King Street, East.

The eventful period in the history of the Indian Empire, while under the rule of Lord Ellenborough, has just been illustrated by the publication of that administrator's correspondence with the Duke of Wellington. The civil and political state of the empire at that period, 1842-44, was very critical, and we are glad to have the help these letters afford in understanding more clearly the position of affairs in *Affghanistan under his Lordship's regime.*

The new volume by Mr. Motley, on the "Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland," will be found an interesting sequel to his previous histories. The work deals with the primary causes and movements of "The Thirty Years' War,' and the momentous period of that conflict can be but little understood without the knowledge which an insight into the labours and life of Barneveld affords.