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THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

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THE OLD RÉGIME IN CANADA.*

FEW works could be more attractive to Canadians than this. Vivid in narrative, and exceedingly well written, it combines the interest of the present with that of the historic past. The society of French Canada, the formation of which is here disclosed to us, still subsists in its most essential features, though the feudal Seigniories have been abolished, and allegiance to a British monarch has occupied without filling the place in French reverence which once belonged to Louis XIV. The *patois* remains. The bad farming remains. The manners and sentiments remain untouched by the revolution which in the mother country has obliterated the Bourbon civilization. The ecclesiastical influence remains in full vigour; and the struggle which is at this hour going on between the Jesuits and the Sulpicians in Quebec, is but the renewal of that depicted by Mr. Parkman among the annals of the Old Régime.

A few years ago the people of the State of New York were electrified by the announcement that a colossal statue of extraordinary merit and mysterious origin had been dug up at Onondaga. One theory was that it had been left there by a Jesuit mission. The statue turned out to be the production of some enterprising Yankees, who netted a good many quarter dollars by their skilful exploitation of the appetite of a new country for antiquities. But there had really been a Jesuit mission, and one memorable in the annals of Jesuit daring and fortitude, at Onondaga.

The French settlements and missions at Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec barely dragged on a miserable life under the incessant attacks and frays of the Iroquois. "In the summer of 1653 all Canada turned to fasting and penance, processions, vows, and supplications. The Saints and the Virgin were beset with unceasing prayer. The wretched little colony was like some puny

* The Old Régime in Canada; by Francis Parkman, author of "Pioneers of France in the New World," "The Jesuits in North America," and "The Discovery of the Great West." Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

garrison, starving and sick, compassed with inveterate foes, supplies cut off and succour hopeless." Montreal, which was the advance guard, was said to subsist only by a continuous miracle. But even at Quebec there was no safety. At Cap Rouge, a few miles above it, Mr. Parkman tells us the Jesuit Poncet saw a poor woman who had a patch of corn beside her cabin, but could find no one to reap it. Going to get help for her he fell into an ambuscade of Iroquois. He was hurried through the forest to the Indian town on the Mohawk. On the way he slept among dank weeds, dropping with the cold dew; frightful colics assailed him as he waded waist-deep through a mountain stream; one of his feet was blistered, and one of his legs benumbed; an Indian snatched away his reliquary, and lost the precious contents. "I had a picture of Saint Ignatius with our Lord bearing the cross, and another of our Lady of Pity surrounded by the five wounds of her son. They were my joy and my consolation. But I hid them in a bush lest the Indians should laugh at them." He kept, however, a little image of the Crown of Thorns, in which he found great comfort, as well as in communion with his patron saints, St. Raphael, St. Martin, and St. Joseph. On one occasion he asked them for something to soothe his thirst, and for a bowl of broth to revive his strength. Scarcely had he framed his petition when an Indian gave him some wild plums, and in the evening, as he lay panting on the ground, another brought him the broth. Weary and forlorn he reached at last the Mohawk town, where he was stripped, forced to run the gauntlet, and then placed on a scaffold of bark surrounded by grinning and mocking savages. As it began to rain they took him into one of their lodges, and there made him dance, sing and perform fantastic tricks for their amusement. He succeeded so poorly that he would have been put to death if a young Huron prisoner had not offered himself to play the buffoon in the Father's place. After he had been left in peace for a time, an old one-eyed Indian approached, took his hands, examined them, selected the left fore-finger, and calling a child four or five years old, gave him a knife and told him to cut it off, which the imp did, the victim meanwhile singing the *Vexilla Regis*. After this they would have burned the Father had not a squaw adopted him. He was taken into the lodge of his new relatives and found himself an Iroquois, stript of every rag of Christian clothing, and attired in leggings, moccasins, and a greasy shirt. This story, which we abridge from Mr. Parkman, is one of a number which prove that the Jesuit fearlessly encountered suffering himself. He seems to have been equally reckless about it in others. According to Mr. Parkman he allowed his Indian converts to torture to death the hostile Iroquois. He cared nothing what might defile the body, and deemed torture a blessing in disguise, and the sure path to Paradise.

Poncet was restored to his friends by the same turn in events which led to the foundation of a mission at Onondaga. The Iroquois went to war with the Eries, and thinking one enemy enough at a time, they made a hollow peace with the French colony. One condition of the peace for which the Iroquois stipulated, with insidious designs, was that a colony should be founded at Onondaga. The daring and sagacious Father La Moyne took his life in his hand and went as pioneer. As he biouvacs at evening on his toilsome road by the lake of St. Louis, we get one of those touches which bring home to us the redeeming charm of the Jesuit missionary's perilous life. A shower of warm rain comes on. The Father, stretched beneath a tree, enjoys the influence of the hour. "It is a pleasure the sweetest and most innocent imaginable, to have no other shelter than trees planted by Nature since the creation of the world." Game then abounded along the St. Lawrence,

and great herds of elk quietly defiled between the water and the woods.

We have not space for Mr. Parkman's strange history of the Jesuit colony at Onondaga. In their intercourse with the savages the Fathers showed at once their intrepidity and their marvellous knowledge of the Indian language and the Indian character. Their life, and that of their French companions, was one of utter horror and of hourly peril, torturings and massacres going on in their presence, and drunken fury, with brandished tomahawks, seething around their abodes. At last the treacherousness of the savages came to a head, and the Fathers became aware that doom impended. It was necessary to fly, but flight, with a pack of human wolves fiercely eyeing them, and ready to fly at their throats, seemed hopeless. Jesuit astuteness found a way. The Indians had a beastly superstition called the Medicine Feast, which the Jesuits had with good reason denounced as diabolical, but in which, with pardonable casuistry, they now found the means of preserving their own lives and those of their companions. A young Frenchman who had been adopted by an Indian chief was instructed to tell his adopted father that it had been revealed to him in a dream that he would soon die unless, to appease the spirits, a medicine feast were held. The rite consisted simply in everybody's eating everything that was set before him till the person for the benefit of whose health the rite was prepared, gave them leave to stop. The Indians were forbidden by their superstition to refuse, though they would have killed the young Frenchman without scruple, and were in fact meditating his destruction. The Fathers prepared the feast, and the guests were gorged, vainly imploring the young Frenchman's permission to stop, till they were absolutely helpless with surfeit, and dropped into sleep or lethargy, soft airs being played on a violin to hasten their ambrosial slumbers. Meanwhile, through the falling snow, boats put out on the half-frozen waters of Lake Onondaga; and when the Indians awoke from their nightmare sleep, the snow having covered the footsteps of the fugitives, not a trace of the colony remained.

The heroism of the male missionaries was rivalled by their female associates. Mr. Parkman gives us the history of three nuns, Sisters Brisoles, Macé, and Maillet, sent out from France by a certain Dauvesière, who seems himself to have been a sactimonious knave, to open an hospital at Montreal. These three martyrs had a stormy voyage in an infected ship. Having landed at Quebec they proceeded to Montreal, the journey then taking fifteen days. Where now the great commercial city of Canada rises in its pride, with ocean steamers lying at its wharves, the nuns then looked on a hamlet of forty small houses running along the river, with a stone windmill, which served also as a fort, and fields around studded with charred stumps, in place of the gardens which now surround the villas of the merchant princes of Montreal. The population consisted of a hundred and sixty men, about fifty of whom had families and were married. Around hovered the Iroquois, ever ready to swoop upon their prey, and whose tomahawks provided hospital nurses with abundant employment. The chamber of the nuns, which they occupied for many years, built of unseasoned planks, let in the Canadian winter through countless cracks and chinks; and the snow drove through in such quantities that they were obliged, after a storm, to remove it with shovels. Their food froze on the table, and their coarse brown bread had to be thawed before they could eat it. They were gentlewomen nurtured in comfort, and one of them had run away from fond and indulgent parents, leaving them in agonies of doubt as to her fate, to immure herself in a convent. This nun had a special devotion for the Infant Jesus, who is said to have inspired with a skill in cookery which enabled her to make good

soup out of lean pork and a few herbs. Having no money, it was by a piece of good luck that the nuns obtained one faithful retainer, who having been cured of an injury under their care, devoted himself to their service for the rest of his days. Montreal was not palisaded, and at first the hospital was as much exposed as the rest. The Iroquois skulked at night among the houses, and sometimes crouched in a growth of rank mustard in the garden of the nuns, hoping that one of them would come within reach of the tomahawk. During summer a night rarely passed without a fight, sometimes within sight of their windows. A burst of yells from the ambushed marksmen, followed by musketry, announced the opening of the fray. Then, as a nun who had joined them after their arrival relates, they bore themselves according to their several natures. She and Sister Brisoles would run to the belfry and ring the tocsin. Sister Maillet would faint, and Sister Macé would remain speechless. They would both get into a corner of the wood-loft, before the Holy Sacrament, so as to be prepared for death, or else go into their cells. This, however, did not hinder Sister Brisoles at least from ministering to the wounded when they were brought in. Not only as nurses, but as religious teachers and general ministers of mercy, the nuns of Montreal have left a bright trace in the records of what may be called our primæval civilization.

It is not wonderful that this life, with its religious fervour and its hourly perils, should have generated a number of miracles, that blazing canoes crossed the skies, and that a landslip along the St. Lawrence should have seemed to the excited imaginations of the people a prodigious earthquake, in which, according to the narrative of a nun, a man ran all night to escape from a fissure in the earth which pursued him as he fled.

The Iroquois might well be regarded as limbs of Satan, and the war against them assumed the character of a crusade. Mr. Parkman has told very gracefully the story of seventeen young Frenchmen who, having bound themselves to each other by religious vows, went up the St. Lawrence to meet the Iroquois, who were then meditating a grand attack upon the colony, and sustained a memorable siege in a palisade against the whole force of the enemy. We were tempted to transcribe this story; but a doubt occurred to us as to the authenticity of the details on which its interest depends. Mr. Parkman has no doubt correctly followed his Jesuit authorities. But all the Frenchmen perished, and the only informants apparently were some Hurons who had deserted before the catastrophe. Even if their knowledge had been more complete, it is hardly credible that these savages should have furnished materials for the exciting and romantic narrative which is reproduced in the pages of Mr. Parkman. There is no doubt, however, that Daulac and his comrades earned the meed of heroes.

During the last period of feudal turbulence, the period of Mazarin and the Fronde, the Colonists were left to their own resources, the French Government having enough to do in maintaining its own existence. But when above the wreck of feudalism rose the despotic and centralized monarchy of Louis XIV., extraordinary energy was inspired (though, as soon appeared, at the cost of the future) into all Departments of the Administration, and the Colonial Department among the rest. The Governor, Tracy, brought out with him a glittering retinue of young French nobles, gorgeous in ribbons, lace, and wigs, who formed a procession of unwonted splendour, when they marched up the hill at Quebec. What was more to the purpose, he brought with him a French regiment. It was now determined to strike a telling blow against the savages, and an expedition of thirteen hundred men was organized under Tracy himself, against the Mohawk towns. It was about as hard a service as ever men went on. The expedition set out on the day of the Exaltation

of the Cross, which might be a day of good omen for a holy war, but was rather late in the season. It crossed Lake Champlain, and then embarked on Lake George. "It was the first," says Mr. Parkman, "of the war-like pageants that have made that fair scene historic. October had begun, and the romantic wilds breathed the buoyant life of the most inspiring of American seasons, when the blue-jay screams from the woods; the wild-duck splashes along the lake; and the echoes of distant mountains prolong the quavering cry of the coon; when weather-stained rocks are plumed with the fiery crimson of the sumac, the claret hues of young oaks, the amber and scarlet of the maple, and the sober purple of the ash; or when gleams of sunlight, shot aslant through the rents of cool autumnal clouds, cleave fitfully along the glowing sides of painted mountains. Amid this gorgeous euthanasia of the dying season, the three hundred boats and canoes trailed in long procession up the lake, threaded the labyrinth of the Narrows, that sylvan fairy-land of tufted islets and quiet waters, and landed at length where Fort William Henry was afterwards built." So far all was poetry. But for the rest of the march, the account of which we abridge from Mr. Parkman, the poetry was mingled with very grim prose. A hundred miles of forest, swamps, rivers and mountains, still lay between the troops and the Mohawk towns. The Indian path was narrow, broken, full of gullies and pit-falls, crossed by streams and interrupted by a lake which had to be passed on rafts. The troops were full of religious ardour, and deemed themselves on the road to Paradise, but their zeal was severely tried. Officers as well as men carried loads on their backs, whence arose a large blister on the shoulders of the Chevalier de Chaumont, unused to to such burdens. Tracy, old, heavy, and infirm, was seized with the gout, and narrowly escaped drowning while a Swiss soldier was trying to carry him on his shoulders over a rapid stream. Courcelles, the second in command, was attacked with cramp. Provisions gave out, and the men fainted with hunger. The Montreal soldiers had for chaplain a sturdy priest, Dollier de Casson, whose usually gigantic strength was exhausted by loss not only of food but of sleep, as he had to listen to confessions by night, a circumstance which signally displays the devout character of the soldiery. Nevertheless, he bore up with a light heart, and made a gallant effort to rescue a servant of the Jesuits from drowning, for which a grateful Jesuit requited him with a morsel of bread. A wood of chesnut trees at length stayed the hunger of the famished troops. As they approached the lower Mohawk town, a storm of wind and rain set in; but anxious to surprise the enemy, the troops pushed on all night, "amid the moan and roar of the forest · over slippery logs, tangled roots and oozy mosses; under dripping boughs, and through saturated bushes." The movement was successful. When the attack commenced with the beating of twenty drums, a panic seized the Indians, who took the drums for devils, and the savage strongholds all fell into the hands of the French. It is needless to say that the victory, which gave peace to the colony, was attributed by the religious to miracle.

There was a darker side to the religious portion of the picture. There were incessant strugglings and manœuvrings of Jesuit against Sulpician, and, what was the same thing, of Ultramontane against Gallican. In this respect the Quebec and Montreal of the seventeeth century were the Quebec and Montreal of the present day. Such was the spirit which animated these contests that Mr. Parkman pronounces the self-devotion of the ecclesiastics to have been equalled only by their disingenuousness. First among the religious figures is that of Laval, who, by the aid of the Jesuits and of that party in the Council of the French King which ultimately found an organ in Madame

de Maintenon, and impelled the King to the Dragonnades, was enabled to make himself ecclesiastical, and to a great extent political dictator of New France. It is needless to say that the founder of Laval University is still the hero and almost the Patron Saint of Catholicism in Quebec. But under the free though judicial treatment of Mr. Parkman, the aureole of the Saint certainly grows dim. The religious leader of New France happened to be born a Catholic; had he happened to be born a Protestant, he would have been as bigoted a Puritan as he was an Ultramontane, and his grim form would soon have been seen among the witch-burning fanatics of New England. He was, in fact, a Catholic Cotton Mather. How often, in reading history, do we recognize the same character under uniforms of different colours and in opposite ranks? There are several portraits of Laval. "A drooping nose of portentous size; a well-formed forehead; a brow strongly arched; a bright, clear eye; scanty hair, half hidden by a black skull-cap; thin lips, compressed and rigid, betraying a spirit not easy to move or convince; features of that indescribable cast which marks the priestly type; such is Laval, as he looks grimly down on us from the dingy canvas of two centuries ago." He belonged to one of the first families in France, which gave an immense leverage to his Saintship under the old régime. He had been trained in what the preacher of his funeral sermon calls "the terrestrial Paradise" of Bernières, the head of a religious establishment called the Hermitage, at Caen, and had there drunk the lees of a fanaticism which rivalled not only in self-torture, but in filthiness, the practices of the Indian Fakir. A party of enthusiasts, men and women, marched along the highway in a phrenzy of self-mortification, the priests with the skirts of their cassocks drawn over their heads and tied about their necks with twisted straw, the women with their heads bare and their hair streaming loose over their shoulders. "They picked up filth on the road, and rubbed their faces with it, and the most zealous ate it, saying that it was necessary to mortify the taste. Some held stones in their hands, which they knocked together to draw the attention of the passers-by. They had a leader whom they were bound to obey: and when this leader saw any mud hole particularly deep and dirty, he commanded some of the party to roll themselves in it, which they did forthwith." The main object of these displays seems to have been to excite popular feeling against the Jansenists. Laval himself, when Bishop of Quebec, thought it meritorious to sleep on a bed full of fleas; and his admiring, or rather worshipping, servant deposes that he had known him keep cooked meat five, six, seven, or even eight days in the heat of summer, and when it was all mouldy and wormy, wash it in warm water and eat it, saying that it was very good. Fanatic and enthusiast as he was, however, Laval had a strong practical character, with great tenacity of purpose, and was in every way fitted for the struggle with rival powers, political and ecclesiastical, in which a large part of his life was passed. His ascetic humility by no means prevented his being extremely fond of power, which he of course always seemed to himself to be using in furtherance of the Divine will. It is thus that ambition finds a seat in the breasts of those who have most ostentatiously renounced the pomps and vanities of the world. Fanaticism had told on him in another respect, as it told even on the essentially social as well as lofty character of Cromwell, by confusing his moral sense and making him think that all means were good provided they conduced to objects identified by his religious egotism with the service of God. When empowered to name a Council, he put in not merely incompetent men, because they were his tools, but men charged with grave offences, and by so doing left himself, in Mr. Parkman's impartial judg-

ment, without excuse, and gave a color to the assertion that he made up the Council expressly to shield the accused and smother the accusation. According to Argenson, Laval had said, "A bishop can do what he likes," and his action answered reasonably well to his words. He thought himself above human law. In vindicating the assumed rights of the Church, he invaded the rights of others, and used means from which a healthy conscience would have shrunk. All his thoughts and sympathies had run from childhood in ecclesiastical channels, and he cared for nothing outside the church. Prayer, meditation and asceticism had leavened and moulded him. During four years he had been steeped in the mysticism of the hermitage, which had for its aim the annihilation of self, and through self-annihilation the absorption into God. He had passed from a life of visions to a life of action. Earnest to fanaticism, he saw but one great object, the glory of God on earth. He was penetrated by the poisonous casuistry of the Jesuits, based on the assumption that all means are permitted when the end is the service of God; and as Laval in his own opinion was always doing the service of God, while his opponents were always doing that of the devil, he enjoyed in the use of means a latitude of which we have seen him avail himself." As this idea, with regard to the relation between Church and State, Mr. Parkman, is able, curiously enough, to express in the very words of the sermon recently preached from a Montreal pulpit by the Jesuit Father Braun: "The supremacy and infallibility of the Pope; the independence and liberty of the Church; *the subordination and submission of the State to the Church:* in case of conflict between them, the Church to decide, the State to submit; for whoever follows and defends these principles, life and a blessing; for whoever rejects and combats them, death and a curse."

In his struggle with the State represented by the Governor, Laval, as might have been expected from the influences prevalent at the time, came off victorious, and confirmed the priestly domination at Quebec. Two Governors who had crossed him were recalled, and one of them, Mezy, died in a state of spiritual agony, making the most prostrate submission to his enemy. Some of the points at issue seem ludicrously small. There is a question about the relative seats of the Governor and the Bishop in Church and at table; a question whether, at the Christmas midnight mass, incense shall be offered to the Governor as well as to the Bishop by the Deacon himself, or by a subordinate; a question (which led to a bitter quarrel) whether the priests of the choir should receive incense before the Governor; a question (again leading to violent language) whether the Governor should be churchwarden *ex-officio;* a question whether on occasion of the "solemn catechism" the children should salute the bishop, as he insisted, before saluting the governor, which led to the whipping of two unfortunate infants who had innocently decided the point of etiquette the wrong way; a question whether when consecrated bread was offered to the governor, it should be done with the sound of drum and fife. Mr. Parkman, however, is right in saying, as he does in effect, that in a society governed by forms, forms were substances, and really determined the relations between the Church and the State in the minds of the people.

In one of these struggles, the ecclesiastics certainly had right upon their side, though they perhaps committed excesses of zeal—the struggle against the sale of brandy, which was the moral ruin of the people, turned the Indians into demons, and played havoc with the whole colony. Yet this was about the only conflict in which the church was unsuccessful. The Intendant Talon, despairing of eradicating the habit of brandy drinking directly, tried a counter-charm by setting up a brewery, with the approval of Colbert, who laid it down with doubtful

correctness, that "the vice of drunkenness would thereafter cause no more scandal by reason of the cold nature of beer."

"The Canadian priests," says Mr. Parkman, held the manners of the colony under a rule as rigid as that of the Puritan Churches of New England, but with the difference that in Canada a large part of the population was restive under their control, while some of the civil authorities, often with the Governor at their head, supported the Opposition. Dances, private theatricals, and excessive gaiety in dress, were the objects of denunciation. Low dresses and certain knots of ribbons, called *fontanges*, with which the belles of Quebec adorned their heads, were visited with special wrath. The morals of families were watched with lynx-eyed vigilance. A pleasure party or a game of cards called down the thunders of the pulpit. Masqueraders were excommunicated. La Motte-Condillac, a gentleman apparently addicted to pleasure, has imparted his sorrows to posterity. "Neither men of honour nor men of parts are endured in Canada; nobody can live there but simpletons and slaves of the ecclesiastical domination. The Count *(Frontenac)* would not have so many troublesome affairs on his hands if he had not abolished a Jericho, in the shape of a house built by Messieurs of the Seminary of Montreal, to shut up, as they said, girls who caused scandal; if he had allowed them to take officers and soldiers to go into houses at midnight and carry off women from their husbands, and whip them till the blood flowed, because they had been at a ball or wore a mask; if he had said nothing against the curés who went the rounds with the soldiers and compelled the women and children to shut themselves up in their houses at nine o'clock of summer evenings; if he had forbidden the wearing of lace, and made no objection to the refusal of the communion to women of quality because they wore a *fontange;* if he had not opposed excommunications flung about without sense or reason; if, I say, the Count had been of this way of thinking, he would have stood as a non-pareil, and have been put very soon on the list of Saints, for Saint-making is cheap in this country." The confessional was also vigorously worked, and formed a very effective instrument of the social inquisition. "They will confess nobody till he tells his name, and no servant till he tells the name of his master. When a crime is confessed, they insist on having the name of the accomplices, as well as all the circumstances, with the greatest particularity. Father Chatelain especially never fails to do this. They enter as it were by force into the secrets of families, and thus make themselves formidable; for what cannot be done by a clever man devoted to his work, who knows all the secrets of every family; above all, when he permits himself to tell them when it is for his interest to do so?" These are the words of recalcitrants no doubt, but still of Catholics, and of men who could not fail to be well informed as to the facts. And what Protestant has said anything more severe?

The form of society conferred on the colony was like that of the mother country, an emasculated and essentially obsolete feudalism, with a noblesse full of pride and sloth, who became mendicants or bushrangers, and with that system of seignorial tenures which was happily abolished in our own day. The Government, under the military forms of feudalism, represented by the governor, was a bureaucratic despotism, administered through the Intendant, and penetrating, with the most searching and tyrannical minuteness, into all the recesses of private and industrial life. The commercial policy was protection with a vengeance—not the mere adjustment of tariff which is falsely called by the name, but the system of exclusion and monopoly which seemed economical wisdom in the days of Colbert. The very mode of increasing the population was that of breed-

ing under the king's command and the direction of his ministers, with royal bounties for fecundity and royal penalties for celibacy. The result was failure, political, social, industrial and commercial, as complete as was possible in the case of a hardy, enterprising and intelligent race. "A happier calamity never befell a people than the conquest of Canada by the British arms." Such are the words with which Mr. Parkman concludes his history of French Canada under the old régime.

WELCOME TO WINTER.

NOW, with wild and windy roar,
Stalwart Winter comes once more,—
O'er our roof-tree thunders loud,
And from edges of black cloud
Shakes his beard of hoary gold,
Like a tangled torrent rolled
Down the sky-rifts, clear and cold !

Hark his trumpet summons rings,
Potent as a warrior-king's ;
Till the forces of our blood
Rise to lusty hardihood,
And our summer's languid dreams
Melt, like form-wreaths, down the streams,
When the fierce northeasters roll,
Raving from the frozen pole.

Nobler hopes, and keener life,
Quicken in his breath of strife ;
Through the snow-storms and the sleet
On he stalks with armèd feet,
While the sounding clash of hail
Clanging on his icy mail,
Stirs whate'er of generous might
Time hath left us in his flight,
And our yearning pulses thrill
For some grand achievement still !

Lord of ice-bound sea and land,
Let me grasp thy kingly hand,—
And from thy great heart and bold,
Hecla-warm, though all is cold
Round about thee, catch the fire
Of my lost youth's brave desire ;
Let me,—in the war with wrong,—
Like thy storms, be swift and strong,—
Gloomy griefs, and coward cares,
Broods of 'wildering, dark despairs,
Making all life's glory dim,—
Let me rend them, limb from limb,
As the forest boughs are rent
When thou wak'st the firmament,
And with savage shriek and groan
All the wildwood's overthrown !

—*Paul H. Hayne.*

THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS.

(From the French of M. Edmond About.)

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER V.

THE FLIGHT.

IN the midst of our farewell speeches the ladies' maid came to pray them not to forget her, and although she had proved far from useful, Madame Simons cordially regretted her utter inability to remunerate the girl for her services. She begged me to relate to the king how she had been robbed of her money. Hadgi-Stavros merely shrugged his shoulders and muttered between his teeth: "This Péricl s! . . bad education . . the city . . court life. . . I should have been prepared for this." He added aloud: "Request these ladies not to trouble themselves; it was I who furnished them with a maid, and it is my duty to pay her. Tell them that should they require funds to return to town my purse is at their disposal. I will have them escorted to the foot of the mountain, although they are in no danger whatever. They will find breakfast, horses, and a guide at the village of Castia; everything is provided and paid for. Do you think they would honour me by shaking hands in token of reconciliation?"

Both ladies shook hands, first with the king and then with me. Madame Simons said to me at parting: "Be of good cheer, my dear sir." Mary Anne did not utter a word.

When the last man of the escort had disappeared, Hadgi-Stavros took me aside and said: "You must have been guilty of some awkwardness?"

"Alas! I answered, I have not been very skilful."

"The ransom has not been paid, but it will be doubtless, for the ladies seem on the best of terms with you."

"Be easy, at the expiration of three days I will be far from the *Parnès*."

"So much the better, for I am in great need of money as you well know."

"Surely you need not complain after having just collected a hundred thousand francs."

"No, only ninety thousand, the priest has already deducted his tithe; and of the balance there will not be twenty thousand francs fall to my share. Our expenses are considerable I assure you."

"Did you ever happen to lose money in any of your transactions?"

"Once! I had just got possession of fifty thousand francs for the society, and one of my secretaries, whom I have hanged since, fled to Thessaly with the cash-box. I had to cover the deficit, for I am responsible. My share amounted to seven thousand francs, consequently my loss was forty-three thousand. But the scoundrel who robbed me paid dearly for it. I punished him according to the Persian mode. Before hanging him, his every tooth was extracted in succession and driven into his skull with a hammer. I am by no means ill-natured, but I never permit myself to be wronged."

I rejoiced that this man, who was by no means ill-natured, should lose eighty thousand francs in Madame Simons' ransom. and that the news of the loss would reach him when my teeth and skull were no longer within his reach. He caught my arm in a friendly way, saying:

"How will you manage to kill time until you take leave of us? You will doubtless miss the ladies, and the house will seem too large.

Do you care to see the newspapers from Athens? Here they are, the monk brought them; for me they possess little or no interest."

The papers contained glowing descriptions of various victories gained over the brigands and of their dispersion. I laid them aside, and while waiting the reappearance of the king, meditated on the position in which Madame Simons had left me, and formed a plan for my escape. Decidedly it was glorious to owe my liberation to myself alone, and better far to quit my prison by means of a stroke of courage than by a scholarly trick. I might in the course of twenty-four hours become a hero of romance, an object of admiration to all the young ladies of Europe. There could be no manner of doubt but that Mary Anne would be seized with passionate love for me on beholding me safe after so perilous an escape as mine must of necessity be. Yet my foot might slip in the formidable slide I contemplated! Were I to break an arm or leg would my idol still smile on a lame or one-armed hero? Besides, I must rely on being watched night and day, and my plan, however ingenious, could only be executed upon the death of my guardian. Killing a man is no small matter—even for a Doctor. It would be difficult to procure a weapon, and still more difficult to make use of it. After due reflection I began to think my future mother-in-law had acted rather coolly towards her prospective son-in-law. It would cost her but little to send me fifteen thousand francs for my ransom—she might deduct them from her daughter's dowry! I presently began to abuse Madame Simons as cordially as the greater number of sons-in-law abuse their mothers-in-law all over the civilised globe.

Hadgi-Stavros changed my ideas on the subject of escape, by putting within my reach far more simple and less dangerous means. The king arrived just as I was yawning wearily.

"You feel dull," said he, "you have been reading too long. I myself can never open a book without endangering my jaws, and I see with pleasure that Doctors can no more withstand it than I. But why do you not employ your time better? You came here to pick flowers on the mountain; would you not like to go on excursions, under supervision of course? Should you happen to meet with a strange and beautiful flower, unknown in your country, you must give it my name, and call it the 'Queen of the Mountains.'"

Truly, thought I, were I but a league from here between two brigands, it would not be so very difficult to outstrip them; danger would double my strength and speed. He runs best who has the greatest interest in running!

I gladly accepted the king's offer, and ere the meeting separated he placed me in charge of two life-guardsmen, with this simple recommendation:

"This milord is worth fifteen thousand francs! If you lose him you will either forfeit that sum or replace him."

My acolytes were in no manner disabled; they had neither wounds nor bruises—it was extremely improbable that they would be easily fatigued; and it was with some regret I perceived two long pistols in their girdles. Spite of all, however, my courage did not fail, and strapping my box on my shoulders I started.

"I wish you a pleasant excursion!" shouted the king after me.

"Adieu, Sire!"

"Not adieu, if you please! *Au revoir!*"

I led my companions in the direction of Athens, as they did not hesitate to let me select my own paths. These brigands were better mannered than the gendarmes of Périclès, and gave me all reasonable latitude; they herborized for the evening meal, while I, on my part, pretended great eagerness at my work; rooting up to right and left, and feigning to select a blade of grass and place it very carefully in my box, but taking good care not to overload myself.

Though my attention was seemingly all bestowed on the ground, it may easily be conceived that under existing circumstances I was simply a prisoner and not a botanist. Doubtless Pellissier would not have amused himself with spiders had he possessed a nail with which to saw asunder his iron bars. Possibly, on this memorable day, I may have met flowers unknown, which might have made the fortune of a naturalist; certainly I passed by a splendid specimen of the *boryana variabilis*, which, as it weighed half a pound, I did not even honour with a glance. I saw but two things: Athens in the horizon, and the brigands by my side. I watched their eyes in hopes of discovering some inattention on their part, but all in vain; whether gathering their salad or watching the flight of vultures, one eye was sure to be directed towards me. At last it occurred to me to invent some occupation for them. We were in a straight path evidently leading towards Athens; to my right was a beautiful shrub of the yellow broom which Providence had caused to grow on the summit of a large rock. Feigning great anxiety to possess the plant, I several times endeavoured to scale the steep declivity, setting about the attempt so awkwardly, however, that one of my guardians, taking pity on me, offered to let me mount on his shoulders. This was not exactly what I wanted, but while compelled to accept his services, I managed, with a blow from my spiked shoes, to wound him so severely that he howled with pain and let me fall to the ground. His companion feeling interested in my success, said, "Wait a moment, I will mount in the milord's place, as I have no spikes in my shoes." No sooner said than done, he leaped on his comrade's shoulders, seized the plant by the stalk, gave a tug, a shake, pulled it out by the root, turned, and uttered a cry. But I had already started on a run, and did not look round, and their stupefaction gave me a few seconds start. Without wasting time in fruitless accusations, the brigands set off in hot pursuit, and soon their steps were quite audible. I redoubled my speed; the road was good, and even as if made for flight, and we were going down a slope. I continued my way desperately, my arms glued to my body, never feeling the stones which rolled on my heels, or even looking where I placed my feet. But oh! the sound of those four relentless feet behind fatigued my ears. Suddenly they halt—I hear them no longer, can they be tired of the pursuit? Ten paces in front I see a small cloud of dust, two detonations resounding at the same moment. The brigands had fired! I had passed unscathed through the enemy's fire and was still running. The pursuit recommenced, two panting voices cry, "Halt! halt!" I lose the track, run on heedless of every obstacle, leap a ditch wide as a small river, which bars my way, and—I am saved! No! At the moment when freedom is almost won, an unfortunate fall decides my fate. The brigands gain upon me. Five minutes later they had caught up to me, placed handcuffs on my wrists, fetters on my feet, and were driving and pushing me towards the camp of Hadgi-Stavros.

The king received me like a bankrupt robbed of fifteen thousand francs. "Sir," said he, "I had formed a very different opinion of you. I believed myself a judge of men, but your physiognomy has strangely deceived me; I should never have thought you capable of injuring us, especially after my behaviour towards you. It cannot be matter of surprise if henceforth I adopt severe measures. You will remain a prisoner in your tent until further orders, where one of my officers will keep guard over you. This is merely a precaution; in case of a second offence you must be prepared for chastisement. Vasile, to you I commit the charge of this gentleman." Vasile saluted me with his customary politeness.

The three days spent in my allotted chamber were fearfully dull and tedious. Vasile bore me no malice; on the contrary

he had a sort of sympathy for me. His friendly demonstrations, however, troubled and annoyed me a hundred times more than ill-treatment would have done. Ere day began to break he wished me good morning, at night-fall he never failed wishing me a long list of blessings; in the midst of a sound sleep he would waken me to ascertain whether I was sufficiently covered. I desperately resisted all his friendly overtures, being by no means anxious to shake hands with a man upon whose death I had decided. As far as possible I hesitated to act treacherously, and wished to put him on his guard by my hostile and threatening demeanour. All this time I carefully watched my opportunity for escape, and here his friendship, more powerful than hatred, added to my difficulty.

What distressed me most of all was his confidence in me. One day I expressed a desire to examine his weapons, and he instantly placed his dagger in my hand. I drew it from its sheath, felt the point on my finger, then directed it against his chest, selecting the proper spot between the fourth and fifth ribs. He smilingly said: "Do not bear upon the blade, else you will kill me and lose your guardian!"

I could not have murdered him under such circumstances—it would have been impossible to stand his last look; better strike my blow at night. Unfortunately instead of secreting his weapons he placed them ostentatiously between his bed and mine. Finally I bethought me of a method of conducting the preparations for my flight without either waking or killing him. On Ascension Day I had observed that Vasile was fond of drink, and that it soon got into his head. I invited him to dine with me, which token of goodwill greatly overpowered him. Ægina wine did the rest.

Although I was no longer honoured by visits from Hadgi-Stavros since I had lost his esteem, he yet treated me generously; my table was better supplied than his own, and I might every day have consumed a leathern bottle of wine and small cask of *rhaki*. Vasile commenced his repast with touching humility, keeping three feet from the table, like a peasant invited by his lord; by degrees the wine brought him closer. At eight o'clock he began explaining his character; at nine he related his youthful adventures; at ten he became philanthropic, his adamantine heart was dissolved in *rhaki* as the pearl of Cleopatra in vinegar. He swore to me that it was for love of humanity that he had turned brigand, that he was desirous of making a fortune in the course of ten years, with which to found a hospital, and then to retire himself into a convent on Mount Athos. He promised to remember me in his prayers. Soon he lost his voice, his head rolled from side to side, he stretched out his hand, and in the act of grasping mine fell down in a sleep sound as that of the Egyptian sphynx.

I had not a moment to lose now: taking his pistol I hurled it into the ravine, but retained the dagger for use. The hands of my watch pointed to eleven. I extinguished the fires that had served to illuminate our table, fearing they might attract the king's notice; this done, I turned all my attention to my work. The night was fine, and although there was no moon the stars were numerous and bright. My plan was, by building a temporary dam, to turn the waters of the rivulet into what must have been its original bed, and thus leave the waterfall course dry and free for my escape. By careful examination on a previous occasion I had discovered that the chamber where we were lodged was nothing else than the bed of a dried-up lake. It was an easy matter to cut strips of turf with which to build my dam, and soon I had prepared a sufficient supply. Novice as I was, the stream was stopped in the space of twenty-five minutes. It was now a quarter to one. The noise of the waterfall was followed by a silence so profound that I was seized with

awe. Doubtless the king, like all old men, slept lightly, and this unnatural silence might wake him. I glided among the trees as far as the staircase, and cast a glance over the apartment of Hadgi-Stavros. The king was sleeping peacefully by the side of his *chibougdi;* I went further, to within twenty paces of his fir-tree—everything slept. Returning to my tent I took my tin box and strapped it on my shoulders, and on passing the place where we had dined took up part of a loaf of bread and some meat which the water had not yet reached; these provisions I placed in the box for next day's breakfast. The dam was good and the breeze must have helped to dry my road. It was now close upon two o'clock. Taking off my shoes I knotted them together by their laces and slung them to my box, then I stretched one leg over the parapet, seized hold of a shrub overhanging the abyss, and commenced my perilous voyage. My judgment of distances had been by no means correct; the points of support were few and far between. Hope often forsook me, though not my will. My foot slipped. I mistook a shadow for a ledge and fell a distance of from fifteen to twenty feet without finding anything to seize hold of. The root of a fig-tree finally caught in the sleeve of my coat. A little further on a bird, cowering in a hole, escaped so suddenly that the fright nearly caused me to fall backwards. I walked on my hands and feet, especially on my hands, my nails were aching cruelly and I felt my every nerve quivering.

At length my feet rested on a wider platform, and it seemed to me the earth was of a different colour. I was only ten feet from the river, having reached the red rocks. I took out my watch; it was only half-past two o'clock, but to me it seemed as if my journey had lasted three nights. I raised my eyes, not yet to thank Heaven, but merely to ascertain whether all was quiet in my former domicile, and only heard the drops of water filtering through my dam. All went well, I knew where to find Athens. Farewell, then, to the King of the Mountains!

In the act of leaping to the bottom of the ravine I beheld a whitish form standing in front of me, and heard the most furious barking which ever yet woke the echoes at such an hour. Alas! I had completely forgotten the king's dogs. These enemies of man prowled round the camp at all hours, and one of them had scented me. I should have infinitely preferred finding myself face to face with a wolf, a tiger, or a white bear—all noble animals, who would have devoured me without lodging information against me. I had some provisions and offered them to the brute, only regretting I had not a hundred times more. At first I threw down half my supply of bread—he swallowed it like a whirlpool; looking piteously at the small portion left, I perceived a small white parcel in my box which inspired me with a new idea. It was a supply of arsenic, destined for my zoological discoveries; there was no law, however, forbidding my devoting a few grains of it to a dog. "Wait," said I to my insatiable enemy, "wait and you shall have a dish prepared after a recipe of my own!" The package contained about thirty-five grains of a beautiful white powder; of these I poured five or six into a small quantity of water, and replaced the remainder in my pocket. After waiting until the poison was well dissolved in the water, I soaked a piece of bread in it, and throwing it to the dog had the satisfaction of seeing it swallowed instantly.

It was three o'clock past, and the effect of my invention was taking long to develop itself. About half-past three the dog began to howl furiously—barking, howling, cries of fury or anguish all went to the same goal, *i. e.*, the ears of Hadgi-Stavros. Soon the animal writhed in horrible convulsions, foamed, and made violent efforts to get rid of the poison. This was to me a pleasant spectacle—my enemy's death alone would

save me, and death seemed to require great entreaties. I hoped that, overcome by agony, he would let me pass, but he appeared implacable. The sky began to grow light; in another hour the brigands would be in pursuit! Raising my eyes towards the cursed chamber I had left without thought of ever returning, a formidable waterfall upset me, face downwards.

Pieces of turf, pebbles and fragments of rock rolled round me with a torrent of icy water. The dam was broken, and the entire lake was pouring down on my head. I quaked with fear; my blood ran cold. The dog was still at the foot of the rock, struggling with death, his eyes glued on me. I must put an end to this, so detaching my box and holding it by the straps, I struck the hideous animal so forcibly that he had to yield me the field of battle; the torrent swept him off I know not whither. Jumping into the water and holding on to the rocks, at last I reached the shore.

Four brigands seemed to spring out of the ground and seized me by the collar. "We have secured him! the king will be pleased! Vasile will be avenged!"

It seems that without either knowing or desiring it I had drowned my friend Vasile.

At that time I had not yet killed any one. Vasile was my first! Since then I have knocked down many, though always in self-defence, but Vasile is the only one who caused me any remorse, although his end was the result of innocent imprudence. No assassin could ever have hung his head more humbly than I did; I dared not raise my eyes to the brave men who had arrested me, I had not the strength to encounter their reproving glances; I dreaded having to appear before my judge in presence of my victim. How face the king after this act? How gaze upon the inanimate body of the unfortunate Vasile!

I traversed the deserted camp, the king's chamber, and descended, or rather fell, to the foot of the staircase leading to my room. The waters had retired, leaving spots of mud on every wall and tree. The brigands, the king and the monk were kneeling in a circle round a grey, slimy object, the sight of which caused my hair to stand on end. It was Vasile!

A growl of evil omen saluted my approach. Hadgi-Stavros advanced towards me, and seizing me violently by the wrist, hurled me into the centre of the group almost on the body of my victim. "See!" he exclaimed in thundering accents, "see what you have done! rejoice over your work! Who would have believed, the day on which I received you here, that I opened my doors to an assassin?"

I stammered some excuses, endeavouring to prove that I was guilty only of imprudence. I blamed myself severely for having intoxicated my guard, but I defended myself against the charge of assassination. Was it not amply proved that I wished him no ill by the fact that I had not wounded him when in possession of his weapons, and he dead drunk?

"Unfortunate man," said the king, "are you aware how excellent a being you have deprived of life? Courage and devotion are hereditary in his family. Vasile never failed in his religious duties, he gave to the church and the poor; he would sooner have died than violate the laws of fasting and abstinence. He was saving his money so as to retire into a convent. Were you aware of this?"

I humbly acknowledged that I knew it.

"He was the very impersonification of devotion, zeal and obedience; no work was too rude for him. He would have butchered the whole kingdom had I ordered him to do it! Poor Vasile! Who will replace you? Be comforted my poor friend, you shall be avenged! Were I to give ear to my grief alone I would offer to your ghost the head of the murderer; but that head is worth fifteen thousand francs, and the thought makes me forbear. Could you, as of yore,

take a part in our council, you would be first to advise me to spare his life, and forego so expensive a vengeance."

He hesitated a moment and I drew my breath.

"But," resumed the king, "I will endeavour to reconcile interest with justice, and chastise the guilty without risking the capital. His punishment will be the finest ornament of your obsequies, and from the height whither your soul has flown you will contemplate with delight the expiatory torment."

I was at a loss to divine what punishment the king had in store for me; my teeth chattered with fear, and the old scoundrel refused to enlighten me as to the torment he destined for me. He had so little sympathy with my anguish that he even compelled me to be present at his lieutenant's funeral.

The corpse was first carefully washed in the stream. The king and his *cafedgi* proceeded to attend to his toilet; they dressed him in a fine linen shirt, cambric shirt, and embroidered silk vest. His damp hair was covered by a cap, and his legs were encased in red silk gaiters and Turkish slippers of Russia leather. In all his life poor Vasile had never been so clean or so well-dressed. During all this time the brigands' orchestra was playing a lugubrious air.

Four brigands set about digging a grave on the site of Madame Simons' tent, on the very spot where Mary Anne had slept. Two others went in search of tapers, which they distributed among the by-standers, I receiving one along with the others. The priest began singing the funeral service, Hadgi-Stavros reciting the responses. When the last prayer had been offered, the king solemnly approached the litter on which the body lay, and kissed it on the lips. One by one the brigands followed his example. I shuddered at the thought that my turn must come, and hid behind such as had already played their part, but the king perceived me and said: "It is your turn now; proceed, you surely owe him that mark of respect."

Approaching the litter I gazed upon the face whose open eyes seemed to mock me; I stooped and touched his lips. A facetious brigand pressed his hand on the nape of my neck, and my mouth was flattened against those cold lips; I felt the contact of the icy teeth, and rose filled with horror. When the body was lowered into the grave they threw in flowers, a loaf of bread, an apple, and some drops of Ægina wine, and then filled it hastily. One of the brigands observed that they would require two sticks to form a cross, whereupon Hadgi-Stavros replied: "Be easy, the milord's sticks will be placed on his grave. Then he made a sign to his *chibougdi* who ran to the offices, and returned with two long switches cut from the laurel tree. The king, reading in my eyes an interrogation full of fear and anguish, turned towards me saying:

"For the last few days you have evinced a mania for escape, but I trust that after having received twenty blows on the soles of your feet you will no longer require a guard, and your love of travelling will be calmed for a time. I know the torture of this punishment, to which the Turks subjected me in my youth; it does not kill, but Vasile will hear your shrieks in his grave and be comforted."

On hearing this speech my first idea was to make use of my legs so long as they were still at my disposal, but ere I could put one in front of the other I was seized, bound, and deprived of shoes and stockings. I cannot say how my feet were supported, or how hindered from being drawn to my head after the first blow. I saw the switches turning in the air and closed my eyes. Assuredly I had not to wait the tenth part of a second, and yet I had time to send a benediction to my father, a kiss to Mary Anne, and ten thousand curses to be shared between Madame Simons and John Harris. My courage was sufficient to prevent my scream-

ing on receipt of the two first blows; I yelled at the third, roared at the fourth, and moaned at each successive one until too weak to utter another cry. Though unable to raise my eyelids the slightest sound was distinctly audible, I did not lose a word of what was said around me. One young brigand said to the king: "He is dead, why further fatigue these men?" Hadgi-Stavros replied: "Do not be afraid, I received sixty blows and danced the *Romaïque* two days after."

Suffering had well nigh paralysed me. They lifted me off the litter, untied the cords and enveloped my feet in compresses of cold water, and, as I was suffering from intense thirst, they made me drink a glass of wine. Wrath and indignation returned simultaneously with consciousness. The feelings of outraged dignity and violated justice breathed into my feeble body a swelling of hatred, revolt and vengeance. Forgetful alike of interest, prudence, future, I gave utterance to all the truths which were stifling me; a perfect torrent of abuse poured from my lips; indignation lent me a sort of savage eloquence for the space of a quarter of an hour. I told the King of the Mountains everything that could outrage a man in his pride, in his love, in his dearest sentiments. It would be impossible to repeat all I compelled him to hear, but in vain I watched for any signs of emotion. His behaviour exasperated me. I rose on my wounded feet, and catching sight of a pistol in the belt of one of the brigands I seized, aimed, and fired it off, then fell backwards exclaiming: "I am avenged!"

The king himself raised me. I gazed at him stupefied as profoundly as if I had seen him emerge from the lower regions. He did not appear moved, and smiled tranquilly as an immortal. And yet my ball had hit him, but whether the weapon had been badly loaded, or the powder bad, or whether the shot had slipped on the bone of his skull, it only left a mark on the skin.

The invulnerable wretch seated me gently on the ground, stooped towards me, and pulling my ear said: "Young man, why do you attempt the impossible? I told you I was ball-proof, and I never lie. Did they not relate to you that Ibrahim had me shot by seven Egyptians and yet did not get my skin. I owe you no grudge, and forgive your little burst of anger. Seeing, however, that all my subjects are not ball-proof, and that you might feel tempted to give way to some other imprudent act, we will apply to your hands the same treatment your feet have just undergone. Nothing hinders us from beginning at once, but in the interest of your health we will wait until to-morrow. Thoughts of the coming event will occupy you meanwhile. Prisoners never know how to employ their time; it was idleness which put these wrong ideas into your head. Let your mind be at rest however, I will heal your wounds so soon as your ransom arrives."

Shaking my fist in the old villain's face, I shrieked: "Miserable man, my ransom will never be paid, *never!* I asked money from no one; you will only get my head, and that is valueless. Take it now if it seem good to you; it will be rendering us both a service, it will spare me two weeks' torture and the disgust of seeing you."

He smiled, shrugged his shoulders and replied: "Tut, tut! the English ladies will pay. I understand women though I have been living out of the world so long."

"Ah! you believe that the English ladies paid you! Yes, they paid you as you deserve to be paid!"

"You are very kind."

"Their ransom will cost you eighty thousand francs, do you hear? Eighty thousand francs out of your own pocket!"

"Do not speak in that way; any one would think the cane had struck your head."

"I speak nothing but the truth. Do you recollect your prisoners' name?"

"No, but I have it in writing."

"I will assist your memory—the lady was called Madame Simons."

"Well!"

"Partner in the house of Barley, London."

"My banker!"

"Precisely."

"How do you know my banker's name?"

"Why did you dictate your correspondence before me?"

"What matter after all; they cannot rob me; they are English, not Greek; the tribunals. . . . I would sue them!"

"And you would lose. They have a receipt."

"That is true. But by what fatality did I give them a receipt?"

"Because I advised it!"

"Miserable hound, you have ruined me! betrayed me! robbed me! Eighty thousand francs! I am responsible! If at least Barley were banker to the company I would lose only my share, but they have only my capital and I will lose all. Are you quite sure she was partner in the house of Barley?"

"Sure as I am of dying to-day."

"No, you will not die until to-morrow, you have not suffered enough. You must suffer eighty thousand francs' worth. What torture can I invent? Eighty thousand francs! Eighty thousand deaths would be a trifle. But there might be two houses of the same name?"

"No. 31 Cavendish Square."

"Yes, that is the place. Fool! why did you not warn instead of betraying me? I would have demanded double the amount. They would have paid. I would have signed no receipt. I will never sign another. . . . No, it is the last. . . . Why did you ask for a receipt? What did you expect from those two women? Fifteen thousand francs for your ransom. . . . Selfishness everywhere! . . . You should have confided in me. I would have set you free! I would have paid you even! If you are poor, as you say, you must know how precious is money. Can you even conceive what eighty thousand francs are? Wretched man, it is a fortune! You have robbed me of a fortune! You have plundered my daughter, the only being I love in this wide world! It is for her alone I work. If you know my business you must be aware that I wander a whole year on the mountain to amass forty thousand francs. You have wrested from me two years of my life; it is as if I had slept during two years!"

At length I had discovered the sensitive part! He was touched to the heart. I did not hope for pardon, and yet I experienced a great joy in seeing his stony countenance working with grief and passion. I said to myself with pride, "Though I perish in torture, I am the master of my master, and the tormentor of my tormentor!

CHAPTER VI.

JOHN HARRIS.

THE king gloated over his vengeance as a man who has fasted for the space of three days gloats over a good repast. He passed in review all conceivable tortures but found none sufficiently cruel. At length he exclaimed to his subjects: "Speak, advise me. Of what use are you if you cannot counsel me on an occasion of this kind? Find, invent some torture worth eighty thousand francs!"

The young *chibougdi* said to his master: "A thought strikes me, one of your officers is dead, one absent, and a third wounded; let us compete for their vacant places; promise that whosoever shall know best how to avenge you will succeed Sophocles, the Corfiote and Vasile." Hadgi-Stavros smiled complacently, chucked him under the chin, and said: "You are an ambitious young man! So let it be then—competition. It is a modern idea, and pleases me. As a reward you shall be the first to give your advice, and if

you propose something fine Vasile shall have no other heir than yourself."

"I would like," said the child, "to extract some of the milord's teeth, put a bit in his mouth, and make him run full speed until he fell down overcome with fatigue."

"His feet are too sore; he would fall at the second step. It is your turn now! Tambouris, Moustakas, Coltzida, Milotis, speak!"

Each one in turn proposed the most unheard of tortures, but none seemed to suit the king, who finally lost patience, and said:

"Get you gone, all of you. You would reason less calmly had this wretch robbed you of eighty thousand francs! Take him along with you to the camp and do with him what you please, but woe be to the clumsy fellow who might happen to kill him unadvisedly! He must die by my hand alone!"

It is wonderful how the most unfortunate man still clings to life. Spite of my desire for death, something within me rejoiced on hearing this threat coming from Hadgi-Stavros. I blessed the length of my torture, for it awoke a feeling of hope in my heart.

Four of the brigands now seized me, and carried me off through the king's chamber. My cries wakened Sophocles on his pallet; he called to his companions, made them relate the news, and asked to see me. This desire was the caprice of an invalid, so they threw me down by his side.

"Milord," said he, "we are both pretty low, but I will lay a wager that I will be on my feet before you. It seems they are already thinking of appointing my successor. Well, I too will compete; you will give evidence in my favour, and testify by your groans that Sophocles is not dead. You shall be bound hand and foot, and I will undertake to torment you with one hand as briskly as any one in perfect health."

My arms were bound and he was turned towards me. Then he commenced pulling the hairs out of my head one by one, with the patience and regularity of a professed depilator. When I felt what this new torture amounted to, I thought that the wounded man, touched by my misery, and softened by his own sufferings, had wished to steal me away from his companions to procure me an hour's respite. The extraction of a single hair is not so painful as the prick of a pin, and the first twenty left me without my feeling the slightest pain. Soon, however, a change came. The scalp, irritated by a multitude of almost imperceptible injuries, became inflamed. First a dull itching, which by degrees became more keen, and then intolerable, spread over my head; and wishing to put up my hands I understood with what intention the scoundrel had caused me to be bound. Impatience increased the evil, and all my blood rushed to my head. Each time the hand of Sophocles approached my head a painful trembling seized my whole body, inexplicable itching tormented my arms and legs. My nervous system, incensed to the highest pitch, enveloped me in a net-work more painful by far than the shirt of Dejanira. I rolled on the ground, screamed, and begged for mercy. My tormentor ceased his cruel work only when he had exhausted his strength. On finding his eyes grow dim, his head heavy, and arm tired, he grasped one handful of hair and fell back on his pillow, while I uttered a cry of agony.

"Come with me," said Moustakas, "you shall decide by the fireside whether I equal Sophocles, and whether I deserve a lieutenancy."

He lifted me like a feather, carried me into the camp, and laid me down in front of a heap of resinous wood and piled up brushwood. He untied the cords that bound me, and stripped me to the waist.

"You will be my assistant in the kitchen," said he, "we will light a fire and prepare the king's dinner."

He lit the pile and stretched me on my back two feet distant from the fire. The

wood crackled and the sparks fell in showers around me. The heat was intolerable. I dragged myself to a short distance, but on his return he shoved me with his foot into my former position.

"Look," said he, "profit by my instructions. Here is lamb enough to satisfy twenty men; the king will select the most delicate morsels for himself and distribute the remainder among his friends. You are not one of that number just now, and if you taste any of my cooking it must be only with your eyes."

The sight of the meat roasting reminded me that I had been fasting since the day before, and now my appetite was an additional torment. Moustakas placed the frying-pan under my eyes, and the sight and smell made me ravenous. Suddenly he perceived he had forgotten some seasoning, and went off to procure some salt and pepper, leaving the frying-pan to my care. The first thought that struck me was to purloin a piece of meat, but the brigands were only ten paces off and would have detected me at once. If at least, thought I, my parcel of arsenic were still within my reach! What could I have done with it? I had not replaced it in the box. Plunging my hand into my pocket I drew forth a piece of soiled paper containing a handful of that beneficent powder which, if it did not save me, would at all events avenge me.

Moustakas returned just as my right hand was stretched over the pan; he seized me by the arm, looked straight into my eyes, and said in a threatening voice:

"What have you done? You have thrown something into the king's dinner!"

"What?"

"A spell. But no matter, my poor milord, Hadgi-Stavros is a greater magician than you, it cannot hurt him; I will serve his dinner."

"He left me in front of the fire, recommending me to a dozen brigands, who were munching brown bread and olives round the fire. These Spartans kept me company for a couple of hours. They kept up the fire with the attention of a sick-nurse, and if at times I ventured to move away, they exclaimed: "Take care, you will catch cold!" and struck me with burning sticks. My back was marbled with red spots, my skin was blistered, my eyelashes were singed, my hair emitted an odour of burnt horn, and yet I rubbed my hands at the thought that the king would partake of my cookery, and that there would be stirring news on the *Parnès* before nightfall.

Soon the guests of Hadgi-Stavros reappeared in the camp, looking satisfied and happy. Come, thought I within myself, your joy and your health will be of short duration; they will fall like a mask, and you will curse every mouthful of the feast I seasoned for you.

My reflections were cut short by a singular tumult. The dogs barked in chorus, and a messenger out of breath appeared on the table-land with the whole pack at his heels. It was Dimitri, Christodule's son. Some stones hurled by the brigands delivered him from his escort, and he shouted from afar: "The king! I must speak to the king!" When he was twenty paces from us I called to him in a piteous voice. He was much shocked at the condition in which he found me. "My good Dimitri," said I, "whence do you come? Will my ransom be paid?"

"I have something else to think of besides ransom! However, do not fear, I bring good news for you, though bad for myself, for him, for her, for everybody! I must see Hadgi-Stavros; there is not a moment to lose. Do not let them hurt you until my return. She would die. Do you hear? Do not touch the milord, your life is at stake. The king would have you hewn in pieces. Take me to the king!"

There was so much authority in the voice of this servant, his passion was expressed in so imperious a tone, that my astonished and stupefied guardians forgot to keep me by the fire. I crawled to some distance and

rested my body on the cold rock until the arrival of Hadgi-Stavros.

He appeared no less moved and agitated than Dimitri. He took me up in his arms like a sick child, carried me straight to the fatal spot where Vasile was buried, and placed me with maternal care on his own carpet; then, stepping backwards, gazed at me with a strange mixture of hatred and pity. He said to Dimitri: "My child, this is the first time I will have left a similar crime unpunished. He killed Vasile; that is nothing; he wished to assassinate me, I forgive him that. But the villain robbed me! Eighty thousand francs less in Photini's dowry! I was meditating on tortures equal to his crime, and I would have discovered them. Unfortunate man that I am! Why did I not bridle my wrath? I treated him very cruelly, and she will have to suffer the penalty! Were she to receive twenty blows on the soles of her feet I would never see her again. Men do not die of it, but a woman! A child of fifteen!"

He turned away all the brigands who surrounded us, and gently untied the linens which enveloped my wounded feet. Then sending his *chibougdi* for some ointment, he seated himself on the damp grass in front of me, took my feet in his hands, and gazed at my wounds.

"Poor child," said he, "you must be suffering cruelly. Forgive me. I am an old brute, a mountain wolf! I was instructed in cruelty since the age of twenty; but you see my heart is good, for I regret my actions. I am more unhappy than you, your eyes are dry while I weep. I will set you at liberty without loss of time, but you cannot leave thus, I must first heal you. I will tend you as my own son; you will soon be well again. You must walk to-morrow. *She* must not remain another day in your friend's hands. Remember we were friends until after Vasile's death. One hour's anger must not cause you to forget twelve days of kind treatment. You do not wish my paternal heart to be lacerated. You are a good youth, and your friend must surely be equally good."

"Who do you mean?" I enquired.

"Who? Why that cursed Harris! that American hound! that execrable pirate! that robber of children! that infamous scoundrel whom I would like to have along with you to grind both to pieces and scatter to the winds of my mountain! Read what he has written, and tell whether there exist tortures cruel enough to chastise a crime like unto his!"

He threw towards me a crushed letter. At a glance I recognized the hand-writing, and read as follows:

"Sunday, May 11th, on board the *Fancy*,
SALAMIS ROADSTEAD.

TO HADGI-STAVROS:

Photini is on board, under guard of four American cannon. I will retain her as hostage so long as Hermann Schultz is a prisoner. As you treat my friend so shall your daughter be treated: she will pay hair for hair, tooth for tooth. Answer without delay, else I will come to you. JOHN HARRIS."

"Good, kind Harris!" I exclaimed aloud. "But pray explain to me, Dimitri, why he did not succour me sooner."

"He was absent, Mr. Hermann, but returned yesterday, unfortunately for us."

"Excellent Harris! He did not lose a day. But where did he hunt out the daughter of the old scoundrel?"

"At our house; you know Photini well, having dined with her more than once."

The daughter of the King of the Mountains was the young lady with the flat nose who sighed for John Harris. And I concluded in my own mind that the abduction had been carried into effect without violent means.

The *chibougdi* returned with a small roll of linen and a little box filled with yellowish ointment. The king dressed my wounds like an experienced practitioner, and I felt almost instant relief. Hadgi-Stavros was at that moment a fine subject for psychologica

study; there was as much brutality in his eyes as delicacy in his fingers. I scarcely felt his touch while he enveloped my feet in linen, yet all the while his look seemed to say: "How gladly I would draw a rope round your neck."

"Mr. Hermann," he said, "why did you not tell me that you lodged at Christodule's house? I would have instantly set you at liberty for Photini's sake. You will forbid your friend to harm her! Could you bear to see her shed a tear? I am the only one who ought to expiate your sufferings."

Dimitri checked this flow of words. "It is very vexatious," said he, "that Mr. Hermann is wounded. Photini is not safe among those heretics; I know John Harris; he is capable of anything."

The king frowned; the lover's fears at once entered the father's heart. "Go," said he to me, "if necessary I will carry you to the foot of the mountain, where you can procure a carriage. I will furnish everything. But let him know at once that you have been set at liberty, and swear to me by the memory of your mother that you will speak to no one of the harm I have done you."

Although doubtful of my ability to bear the fatigue of the journey, anything seemed preferable to the company of my tormentors, and fearing lest some new obstacle might arise between me and liberty, I said to the king, "Let us start. I swear to you by all that is most sacred that your daughter shall not be harmed."

He took me up in his arms, flung me on his shoulders, and ascended the steps leading to his room. Here the whole band rushed towards us, and barred our way. Moustakas, livid with passion, said to him: "Where are you going? The German cast a spell on the meat, and we are suffering the torments of hell; we must all suffer death on his account, and wish to see him die first."

I fell from the pinnacle of my hopes. The arrival of Dimitri had driven everything out of my head, and it was only on sight of Moustakas that I recollected the poisoning. I clung to the king, clasped my arms round his neck, and adjured him to carry me off without delay. "For the sake of your glory," I said, "prove to these madmen that you are king. Do not answer them. Your daughter loves John Harris; I am certain of it, she confessed her love to me."

"Wait," said he, "we must pass first, and then talk."

He laid me gently on the ground, and with clenched hands ran into the midst of the bandits; "you are mad," he cried, "the first of you who touches the milord will have to deal with me. What spell do you think he cast? I dined with you, and am not ill. Let him leave this place; he is an honest man, and my friend."

Suddenly his countenance changed, his legs tottered beneath him, and seating himself by my side he whispered, more in grief than anger:

"Why did you not warn me that you had poisoned us?"

I seized the king's hand; it was cold as ice. His features were discomposed, and his face had an ashen hue. At this sight all my strength forsook me. I felt myself dying, and letting my head sink on my breast, I remained dull and motionless beside the old man.

Already Moustakas and several others extended their arms to seize and make me share their agony. Hadgi-Stavros no longer had the strength to protect me. From time to time a formidable shudder convulsed his frame, and the bandits were convinced that he was yielding up the ghost, that their chief was at length being vanquished by death. All the ties which bound them to him, interest, fear, hope, gratitude, were alike broken like the threads of a spider's web. Now Hadgi-Stavros learnt to his cost that it is impossible to rule sixty Greeks with impunity. His authority did not by one instant survive his moral vigor and physical force. The brigands, in presence of their

legitimate king, grouped themselves round a coarse peasant named Coltzida, the most impudent and talkative man of the band, lacking both talent and courage, but in similar circumstances fortune generally favours such. Coltzida fairly hurled abuse upon his prostrate master, and finished up by saying: "The milord did not spare you; you also must die, and it is well. My friends, we are the masters, we will henceforth obey no one; we will pillage the kingdom! take Athens, and encamp in the palace gardens! I know where to lead you! Let us commence by throwing this old rascal along with his beloved milord into the ravine."

Coltzida's eloquence very nearly cost us our lives. Ten or twelve of the king's faithful old followers, who might have come to his assistance, were writhing in pain. But a popular orator never rises to power without causing jealousy. So soon as it appeared that Coltzida would become chief of the band, Tambouris and some other ambitious spirits wheeled round and joined our party, preferring one who knew how to lead to this presumptuous talker. Besides they had a presentiment that, as the king had not much longer to live, he would select his successor from among those who remained faithful to him. Ten or twelve voices were raised in our favor. I clung to the king, and he, too, had placed his arm round my neck. Tambouris and his friends consulted together, and a plan of defence was improvised. The two parties overwhelmed one another with abuse; our champions kept the stairway and protected us with their bodies, and pressed the enemy into the king's chamber. Suddenly a pistol shot resounded, and rocks were heard falling with a frightful noise.

Coltzida, with all his companions, rushed to the arsenal. Tambouris without loss of time seized Hadgi-Stavros, and in two strides was down the staircase, had placed him in a safe spot, and returned for me, carried me down and laid me by his side. Our friends entrenched themselves in the room, barricaded the staircase, and organized the defence ere Coltzida returned.

On counting our numbers we discovered that our army was composed of the king, his two servants, Tambouris, eight brigands, Dimitri and myself, fourteen men in all, of whom three were disabled. Our enemies had the advantage of numbers and position, but we had more rifles and cartridges. We did not know precisely how many they numbered; we had to expect at least twenty-five or thirty assailants, but we were protected to the right and left by inaccessible rocks.

If Coltzida and his companions had had the remotest notion of war, we would have been done for, but the fool, with his two men to our one, economized his ammunition. Our men, though no more skilful, were better commanded, so they managed to shoot down five or six before nightfall. As for me, stretched in a corner and sheltered from the bullets, I endeavoured to undo my fatal work and recall to life the King of the Mountains, who was suffering cruelly, and complaining of burning thirst. He said to me:

"Cure me, my dear boy; you are a doctor and ought to be able to cure me. I do not reproach you for your action; you had the right to act as you did, you would have done right in killing me, for had it not been for your friend Harris I would not have failed to kill you. Is there nothing to quench this intolerable thirst? I do not cling to life; I have lived long enough, but if I die they will kill you, and my poor Photini's throat will be cut. What were you saying just now? Photini loves him! Unhappy girl! After all it is well she loves this man, he will possibly take pity on her. If he only knew how rich she is, but the poor innocent is herself ignorant of the extent of her fortune. I should have told her that her dowry would be four millions. And now we are the prisoners of Coltzida! Cure me, and by all the saints in Paradise I will crush him!"

I remembered that poisoning by arsenic is cured by means similar to those employed by Dr. Sangrado. I tickled the sick man's œsophagus to deliver his stomach from the load which tortured him, and soon had reason to hope that the poison was in a great measure expelled. On inquiring whether one of his men was skilful enough to bleed him, he bandaged his arm himself and quietly opened a vein. After letting about a pound of blood flow, he asked gently what he should do next. I advised him to drink until the last particle of arsenic must have disappeared. He obeyed me like a child, and I verily believe that the first time I handed him the goblet his poor old suffering majesty seized my hand to kiss it.

Towards ten o'clock he was better, though his *cafedgi* had died and was cast into the ravine. All our defenders appeared in good condition, without wounds, but famished as wolves in December. I, not having tasted food for twenty-four hours, felt starved. The enemy, as if to tantalize us, spent the night eating and drinking about us, occasionally throwing down mutton-bones and empty leathern bottles. Our party retaliated with a few random shots. We could clearly distinguish the cries of joy and death.

Tuesday morning was dark and rainy; the sky was overcast at sunrise, and the rain fell impartially on friends and foes. We had been wiser than the enemy, and preserved weapons and cartridges, and so the first engagement was entirely in our favour. Feeling elated, I too seized a musket; Hadgi-Stavros wished to follow my example, but his hands were incapable of performing their office, and with my usual frankness I announced to him that probably he would be unfit for work during the rest of his life.

About nine o'clock the enemy suddenly turned their back upon us, and I heard a discharge of musketry which had no reference to us. From this I concluded that master Coltzida had allowed himself to be surprised from the rear. Who was this unknown ally who came so opportunely? All our doubts were soon dispelled. A to me well-known voice shouted: "*All right!*" Three young men armed to the teeth darted forwards like tigers, cleared the barricade, and fell into our midst. Harris and Webster held a revolver in each hand, and Giacomo brandished his musket like a club.

A thunderbolt falling at our feet would have produced a less magical effect than the entrance of these three men, who, intoxicated with victory, perceived neither Hadgi-Stavros nor myself; they saw only men to be killed, and hurried to the work. Our poor champions, astonished and bewildered, were disabled ere they had time to defend themselves. It was in vain I shouted from my own corner; my voice was drowned by the noise of powder and the exclamations of the conquerors. It was in vain that Dimitri joined his voice to mine. Harris, Giacomo and Webster fired, ran, struck and counted the blows in their several languages.

"*One*," said Webster.

"*Two*," replied Harris.

"*Tre, quatro, cinque*," shouted Giacomo.

The fifth victim was Tambouris. It seemed as if destruction had become incarnate in this panting trio. It was only on seeing that all the remaining enemies were two or three wounded men sprawling on the ground, that they stopped to take breath.

Harris was the first to remember me; he shouted with all his might: "Hermann, where are you?"

"Here," I replied, and the destroyers hastened forward on hearing my voice.

The King of the Mountains, feeble as he was, put one hand on my shoulder, leaned his back against the rock, gazed fixedly at these men who had killed so many people only to reach him, and said with a firm voice: "I am Hadgi-Stavros."

My friends had long been waiting for the opportunity of chastising the old brigand

they wanted to avenge the girls from Mistra, a thousand other victims, themselves, and me. Still I did not require to restrain their arms. There was such a remnant of grandeur in the ruined hero that their anger gave way to astonishment. I told them in a few words how the king had defended me against his entire band, the very day, too, on which I had poisoned him. I explained to them the meaning of the fight they had interrupted, and of the strange war in which they had killed our defenders.

"So much the worse for them; we, like Justice, wore a bandage over our eyes."

Meanwhile the enemy, recovering from their stupor, recommenced the attack. Coltzida did not know what to make of those three men who had struck friend and foe alike, but conjecturing that either they or the poison had delivered him from the King of the Mountains, he ordered his men to destroy our fortifications. The noise of falling materials warned my friends to reload their arms. Hadgi-Stavros waited till this was done, and then asked John Harris:

"Where is Photini?"

"On board my boat."

"You did her no injury?"

"Did I take lessons from you in torturing children?"

"You are right; I am a miserable old man; forgive me, and promise me to spare her."

"What would you have me do? Now I have found Hermann, she shall be restored to you whenever you desire it."

"Without ransom?"

"Old brute."

"You will see," said the king, "whether I am an old brute."

Passing his left arm round Dimitri's neck, he stretched his trembling hand towards the hilt of his sword, with difficulty drew the blade from the scabbard, and marched towards the stairway where Coltzida's insurgents were congregated. They moved back on beholding him—fifteen or twenty armed men, and yet not one of them dared defend, excuse himself, or take to flight. They all trembled before the awful face of their resuscitated king. Hadgi-Stavros marched straight towards Coltzida, who, more pale and scared than the rest, endeavoured to conceal himself, and with one blow severed his head from his body. Then, being seized with a fit of trembling, he let his sword fall by the side of the corpse, and did not condescend to pick it up.

"Let us go," said he. "I will carry my empty scabbard along with me; neither the blade nor I are of any value now. I have finished."

His old comrades approached to plead for pardon; a few besought him not to forsake them, they could never get on without him. He did not honour them even with a reply. He begged us to take him to Castia, where we could procure horses, and thence to Salamis to fetch his daughter.

The brigands let us start without opposition. On seeing that walking was painful to me, my companions supported me. Harris asked me if I was wounded, and catching an imploring look from the king, I told my friends that having attempted a perilous escape, my feet were wounded. We slowly descended the mountain paths; by degrees the weather cleared up, and the first ray of sunshine appeared very beautiful to me, but Hadgi-Stavros paid little heed to things external. It is a serious matter to break off from the associations of fifty years.

My friends' horses, along with the guide, awaited them by the fountain at Castia. Inquiring how they happened to have four horses, they informed me that M. Mérinay formed one of the party, but had alighted to examine a curious stone and had not re-appeared.

Giacomo Fendi lifted me on my saddle, the king, with Dimitri's assistance, got into his, Harris and his nephew mounted their horses, while the Maltese, Dimitri, and the guide proceeded on foot.

On the way Harris related to me how the king's daughter had fallen into his power.

"Just imagine," said he, "I was returning from my cruise, satisfied with myself, and proud of having run down half a dozen pirates. I cast anchor at the Piræus on Sunday evening at six o'clock, and on landing took a *fiacre* up to Christodule's, where I arrived in the midst of general consternation. They were all at supper, Christodule, Maroula, Dimitri, Giacomo, William, M. Mérinay, and the little Sunday guest, more gorgeously attired than ever. William related your misfortune to me, and I felt enraged at myself for my unfortunate absence, though he told me he had done all in his power. He scoured the whole town in search of fifteen thousand francs, but found no one to advance him the sum. In despair he addressed himself to M. Mérinay, but the kind and gentle M. Mérinay claims that all his money is lent to intimate friends at a great distance from here—doubtless farther than the end of the world."

"By Jove!" said I to Webster, "the old villain must be paid in leaden coin. Lay in a stock of powder and balls, and to-morrow morning we will start. Giacomo struck the table with his fist, but by far the most violent was M. Mérinay; he was so anxious to stain his hands with the blood of the guilty, that his services were accepted.

William, Giacomo, M. Mérinay, and I were the only lively ones of the party; however, the faces of the other guests were about a yard long, but the flat-nosed girl, she whom you christened *Crinolina invariabilis*, was plunged in ridiculous sadness. She sighed heavily enough to cleave rocks, and would not eat.

"She is a good girl, Harris."

"Well, she started for her boarding school at nine o'clock; ten minutes later, after agreeing upon our *rendezvous* for the following day, I bade my friends farewell and took my departure. Judge of my surprise on beholding *Crinolina invariabilis* and the pastrycook's servant seated in my carriage. She put her finger to her lips, so I took my seat without speaking, and we set off.

"Mr. Harris," she said, in good English, "Mr. Harris, swear to me to give up your project against the King of the Mountains."

I began to laugh, whereupon she wept, and protested I would be killed.

I told her it was I who killed; but she insisted no one could kill Hadgi-Stavros. Wishing to know the reason of this, she exclaimed:

"He is my father!"

Upon this I reflected seriously; it was impossible for me to recover one lost friend without risking two or three others, and so I said:

"Does your father love you?"

"Better than his life."

"Did he ever refuse to gratify any of your wishes?"

"Never!"

"And if you were to write that you wanted Hermann Schultz, would he send him by the return courier."

"No."

"Are you certain of this?"

"Absolutely certain."

"Then, my dear young lady, there remains but one thing for me to do; I must carry you off on board the *Fancy*, and keep you as hostage till Hermann returns."

"I was about to suggest that. For such a price papa will return your friend."

"Well," said I, interrupting him at this point, "do you not admire the young girl who loves you sufficiently to deliver herself into your hands?"

"She only wished to save her miserable father. I promised to treat her with every respect and consideration, yet she wept till she reached the Piræus, muttering 'I am lost.' I wrote the old brigand a plain letter, and sent it to town by the maid, as also a message to Dimitri. I waited for an answer till Monday evening, and when none was forthcoming I returned to my first plan, took my pistols,

and summoned my friends. Now it is your turn; you must have volumes to tell me."

"In one moment," said I, "just let me whisper one word to Hadgi-Stavros."

I approached the king and said in a low tone: "I don't know why I told you that Photini loved John Harris—fear must have turned my head; I have been conversing with him and find they are as indifferent to each other as if they had never met."

The old man thanked me with a gesture, and I proceeded to relate to John Harris my adventures with Mary Anne.

"Bravo," said he, "the romance would not have been complete without a love passage."

"Excuse me," said I, "there is not much love here, friendship on one side and a little gratitude on the other, but surely that is enough to constitute a reasonably happy marriage."

"Get married, my friend, and let me witness your happiness. When will you see her again?"

"I would like to meet her as if by accident."

"What a splendid idea! Let it be the day after to-morrow, at the court ball; we are both invited, your letter awaits you at Christodule's. Till then you must remain on board and get over your fatigues."

It was six o'clock in the evening when we stepped on board the *Fancy*. Photini threw herself into her father's arms and wept; she found him looking twenty years older. Perhaps too she was wounded by the indifference of Harris, who returned her in the coolest manner to her father, saying, "We are quits; you have returned me my friend and I restore your daughter. Short accounts make good friends. Now, whither are you bound? you are not the sort of a man to retire from business."

"I have bade an eternal farewell to the mountains," said the king. "What should I do there? all my men are either dead, wounded or dispersed. Some younger man must take my place. I have not yet made up my mind how to employ the rest of my days; I have my daughter to establish, and perhaps ere six months have expired I may be president of the council of ministers."

CHAPTER VII.

THE COURT BALL.

On Thursday, May 15th, at six o'clock in the evening, John Harris, dressed in full uniform, escorted me back to Christodule's. The pastry-cook and his wife welcomed me joyously, and I embraced them both heartily. Dimitri assured me that Madame Simons, her brother and daughter were invited to the ball, and I in anticipation enjoyed Mary Anne's surprise and delight.

In my own room I indited a letter to my father, a letter resembling an ode—a hymn. I invited the whole family to my wedding, not omitting kind aunt Rosenthaler. I besought my father to sell his inn at any price and to withdraw Frantz and Jean-Nicolas from the service, taking upon myself the charge of their future career. I sealed my letter and sent it by an express to the Piræus on board a steamer to sail the following day, so that they could all enjoy my good fortune as soon as possible. At a quarter to nine I entered the palace with John Harris.

The ball-room was tastefully decorated and brilliantly lighted. On one side, behind the throne for the king and queen, were easy chairs reserved for the ladies. With a glance I took in the whole space. Mary Anne was not there as yet. At nine o'clock appeared the king and queen, preceded by the marshal of the palace, aides-de-camp and officers. The queen was admirably dressed in a toilet that could have come only from Paris, but every luxury and beauty could not prevent my mind from dwelling on Mary Anne. I fixed my eyes on the door and waited.

The members of the diplomatic corps and the principal guests stood in a circle round the king and queen, who addressed a few gracious words to them. John Harris and I were in the last row. An officer standing in front stepped back so awkwardly that he stepped on my foot and extracted a cry of pain from me. He turned and I recognised Captain Périclès decorated with the order of *Sauveur;* he apologised and inquired about my health. I could not resist telling him that my health did not concern him. Harris, who knew my adventures from end to end, said politely to the captain:

"Have I honour of speaking to Captain Périclès?

"Yes, sir."

"Happy to meet you. Will you be kind enough to follow me for a moment into the card-room, it is still unoccupied?"

"I am at your service, sir."

M. Périclès, more pale than a soldier newly dismissed from the hospital, followed us smiling. Once in the card-room he turned towards John Harris and said: "What do you want?"

For sole answer Harris pulled off his cross with the new ribbon and put it in his pocket saying: "That is all."

"Sir," exclaimed the captain, stepping back.

"No noise if you please sir. If you attach any value to this jewel pray send two of your friends for it to Mr. John Harris, Commander of the *Fancy*."

"Sir," said Périclès, "I know not by what right you take from me a cross valued at fifteen francs, which I will be compelled to replace at my own cost."

"Here is a sovereign; fifteen francs for the cross, ten for the ribbon. If there is any change I pray you drink to my health."

"Sir," said the officer pocketing the coin, "it only remains for me to thank you." He saluted us without another word, but his eyes foreshadowed evil.

"My dear Hermann," said Harris, "you would do well to leave this country with your intended as early as possible. As for me I will remain here a week longer to give this gendarme time to return me my change, afterwards I shall obey my orders and sail for Japan."

"I regret," said I, "that your zeal carried you so far, for I am unwilling to leave Greece without a couple of specimens of the *boryana variabilis*.

"Leave a drawing of the plant with Webster or Giacomo, they will make a pilgrimage to the mountain on your behalf, but for God's sake hasten to place yourself in safety."

Meanwhile my *fiancée* failed to make her appearance, and towards midnight I lost all hope. Leaving the ball-room I wandered into the card-room and stood dejectedly by a whist-table. Just as I was becoming interested in the game a peal of silvery laughter made my heart bound. Mary Anne was behind me. I did not see her, and dared not turn my head, but I felt her presence and my heart was filled with joy. There was a mirror in front of me, and at last on raising my eyes I saw her, without being seen, between her mother and uncle, more beautiful and radiant than the day on which I first beheld her. Her dress was such as is usually worn by young girls; her skirt was looped with natural flowers, and she wore flowers in her hair. But what flowers? I nearly expired with joy on recognizing amongst them the *boryana variabilis*. I was the happiest of men and naturalists. My excessive happiness made me entirely oblivious of the proprieties, and turning suddenly towards her with outstretched arms I exclaimed: "Mary Anne! It is I!" Would you believe that instead of throwing herself into my arms she stepped back as if terrified. Madame Simons raised her head so high that it seemed to me the bird of paradise she wore in her hair flew up to the ceiling. The old gentleman took my hand, led me aside, examined me as if I had been a strange animal, and said:

"Sir, have you been introduced to these ladies?"

"Why my dear Mr. Sharper! my dear uncle! I am Hermann! Herman Schultz, the companion of their captivity! their saviour!"

"English custom requires gentlemen to be introduced to ladies ere they relate adventures."

"But they know me, my dear Mr. Sharper, we dined more than ten times together! You know what service I rendered them!

"Very well, but you have not been introduced!"

"And then, sir, I am to marry her—her mother gave her consent. Did they not tell you so?"

"Not before being introduced."

"Introduce me yourself then."

"First of all you must be introduced to me."

"Wait."

I ran like mad across the room, stumbling against half a dozen couples, and finally, my sword getting entangled in my legs I fell full length on the ground. It was John Harris who assisted me to rise.

"What are you looking for?" said he.

"They are here, I have seen them. But English custom requires me to be introduced in the first place. Help me. Where are they? Did you not see a tall woman wearing a bird of paradise in her hair?"

"Yes, she has just left with a very pretty young lady."

"Left! Why, my friend, she is Mary Anne's mother."

"Be calm, we will find her again, and I will have you introduced by the American Minister."

"All right, now I want to show you my uncle, Edward Sharper. I left him here. Where can he be?"

But uncle Edward had disappeared, and I dragged Harris along with me to the square in front of the *Hotel des Etrangers*. There was a light in Madame Simons' room, which was extinguished after a few minutes. Every one was in bed.

"Let us follow their example," said Harris. "Sleep will calm you, and to-morrow I will arrange all your matters."

I passed a night more wretched even than during my captivity, it was about five o'clock ere I closed my eyes. Three hours later Dimitri entered my room saying: 'Great news!"

"What?"

"Your English friends have left."

"Left! whither have they gone?"

"To Trieste."

"Are you sure?"

"I escorted them to the boat."

"My poor friend," said Harris, taking my hand, "gratitude is enjoined, but love comes not at command."

"Alas!" sighed Dimitri. There was an echo in the heart of this youth. Since that day I have lived like the brute creation, eating, drinking and inhaling air. I sent my collection of plants to Hamburgh without a single specimen of the *boryana variabilis.* The night succeeding the ball my friends accompanied me on board the French boat; they considered it prudent to undertake the journey at night for fear of encountering the soldiers of M. Périclès. We reached the Piræus without hindrance, but when about twenty-five strokes from shore we heard, though we could not see, half a dozen rifles discharging shots in our direction. This was the farewell of the captain and his beautiful country.

I have traversed the mountains of Malta, Sicily and Italy, and enriched my herbarium more than myself. My father had the good sense to retain his inn; he sent me word that my consignments are well received at home, and that possibly on my arrival I may find a situation waiting me, but I have made it a rule never to expect anything any more.

Harris is on his way to Japan, and in a year or two I hope to hear from him. Little Webster wrote to me at Rome, he continues

to practise pistol-shooting. Giacomo continues sealing letters by day and cracking nuts in the evenings. M. Mérinay's great work on Demosthenes is to be printed some day. The King of the Mountains has made his peace with the authorities; he is building a large house and taking active measures to become a member of the ministry of justice, but that will take time. Photini keeps house for him, and Dimitri goes occasionally to sup and sigh in the kitchen.

I have never heard aught of Madame Simons, Mr. Sharper, or Mary Anne. If this silence continues I will soon think of them no more. Every day I give thanks that, owing to my natural indifference, my heart was not affected. How greatly I would have been to be pitied if unfortunately I had fallen in love!

SONNET.

Translated from the Italian of Fillicosa by the late Miss AGNES STRICKLAND, *authoress of the "Queens of England."*

I SAW a mighty river, wild and vast,
Whose rapid waves were moments, which did glide
So swiftly onward in their silent tide,
That ere their flight was noted they were past!
A river that to Death's dark shore doth fast
Conduct all living, with resistless force;
And though unfelt, pursues its noiseless course,
To quench all fires in Lethe's stream at last.
Its current with Creation's birth was born,
And with the heavens commenced its course sublime,
For days, and months, still hurrying on untired.
Marking its flight I inwardly did mourn,
And of my musing thoughts in doubt enquired
The river's name—
My thoughts responded "TIME!"

THE GENTLEMAN EMIGRANT.*

ONE great mistake usually made by those who write about emigration is that they attempt too much. They set themselves to compile what they call a General Handbook for a Colony, or an Emigrants' *Vade Mecum*, or something comprehensive which they assume will be equally intelligible and equally beneficial to all classes. Few things are more deceptive—sometimes, it is to be feared, intentionally so—and few things really more utterly worthless than the average publication of this sort. That the picture which they present is highly coloured is—to use a common expression—putting it very mildly. They are written for a purpose; and that purpose is not primarily to tell the literal truth, but to attract emigrants to a particular colony. The statistics which appear to give them an air of irrefutable authority are, to the uninitiated, most misleading; they ostentatiously deal in averages and means, but somehow or other, the unfavourable seasons seem just not to be included in the one, nor do eras of depression or panic ever affect the other. To give an intending emigrant a really fair idea of the country he is coming to, and of the life which he will there lead, there is probably no plan better than that which has been adopted by the author of this very pleasant and withal useful book.

"'A Gentleman Emigrant!' cried an American backwoods farmer, to whom we were one day describing Australian bush life, 'A Gentleman Emigrant! Why, what on airth's that? Guess he's a British Institution.'" For this large class, whose name to us in Canada conveys a very distinct idea, Mr. Stamer writes, and his book, if only it conveys a really true picture of life in the Colonies, is well calculated to supply the information of which hundreds of young Englishmen are in want. There are many varieties of the species Gentleman Emigrant. They range from the educated, handy, laborious man, whose only object in leaving England is to be able to get more for his capital and a better opening for his children, to the lazy, sprawling ne'er-do-weel, who is packed off to Australia by an elder brother or a sorely-tried father, with the parental blessing and a cheque for £500. As a rule they are men of small means, and not averse to labour, but without any fixed profession or any mechanical or scientific training. For one reason or another they do not get on in England; the professions are overstocked, or their interest is *nil*, or their capital is too small, and their family too large for them to keep up appearances. They turn their eyes to the Colonies, vaguely in the hope that they can do better there. Very often, more often than not, they make a false step, and chiefly is this owing to the defective information, the delusive statements relying on which they have cast loose from their old anchorage and embarked on an unknown voyage. "Before advising any man to emigrate, we would first put to him the following questions:—If a gentleman by birth and education, have you a strong right arm and a sound constitution? Can you divest yourself of your gentility, and take it rough-and-tumble with those similarly circumstanced to yourself? No! Well, then, have you the equivalent of bone and muscle —Capital? You have not! Then stay at home. You would be almost certain to go to the wall in a new country." Having thus warned the would-be emigrant very emphatically, the author—whose remarks on emi-

* The Gentleman Emigrant: His daily life, sports, and pastimes in Canada, Australia, and the United States. By W. Stamer, author of "Recollections of a Life of Adventure," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers, 1874.

gration in general we skip, not because they are not good, but because they are rather beside the purpose of the volume — next warns those who leave home of certain quicksands on which they may make shipwreck in the new land of their adoption—such as ruinous ideas about high farming; the craving for good society; superciliousness, greed and sport. "One more quicksand and we have done. That quicksand is sport. It is essential that there be some shooting and fishing in the vicinity of the settler's abode. The man who emigrates with the intention of combining farming with sport, may rest assured that his farm will never be the best paying one in the district, and that he should consider himself extremely fortunate if he do not go to the wall altogether. There may be, for aught we know, hundreds and thousands of instances to the contrary, but we can conscientiously say that in all our travels we have never met with a sporting settler who was a thriving one. In Canada and in the Northern States, the fishing season is the one in which he ought to be getting his crops in—the hunting season, that in which he ought to be getting them out, or to be doing his "fall" ploughing. In a country where farming operations can be carried on with little or no intermission during the entire year, the loss of a day or two, even in the busiest season, is a matter of small importance, but in a country where there are only six short months between the first spring ploughing and the setting in of frost, an hour lost is not to be recovered. We do not mean that the settler, in order to succeed, must lock up his gun and fly-rod in a cupboard, and throw the key into the river. What we would impress upon him is, simply, that he cannot be, at one and the same time, Nimrod and a thriving farmer. Shooting and fishing for a little relaxation is one thing; going in for hunting as a pursuit is another. The settler who can content himself with whipping the adjacent streams for trout or with beating the surrounding woods for ruffed grouse or "rabbits" is all right: it is he who must have big game who is all wrong. The man who imagines that in the forest primeval one has only to take one's gun and beat about for an hour or so in order to bring home a fat buck or bear, or a dozen brace of wild-fowl, will find himself most grievously disappointed. With the exception of wild deer and the passenger pigeon in their respective seasons, ruffed grouse and the Virginia hare, game is not plentiful in the back woods. Unless systematically hunted, months—ay, years—may elapse without the settler's eye having been once gladdened by the sight of bear, deer, moose or cariboo. Does he want them, he must seek for them, not in his clearing, but away back in the heart of the wilderness. If he be a very good backwoodsman, and hard as nails, he may venture to start off unaccompanied; if not, he must take at least one guide, an Indian, with him, and everything necessary for a prolonged camping out. All this time his farm is left to take care of itself, and as may be imagined, it is seldom the better for it. Autumnal hunting in the grand old North American forest is delightful, but it unfortunately does not pay. There is certainly some hunting to be had in the winter when work is slack, but it is not so pleasant as in autumn. It is not every man who cares to take up his night's lodging in a snow-drift, and snow-shoeing, although very jolly along the flat, is apt to grow wearisome when pursued amongst the windfalls and cedar swamps of the dense forest."

One more quotation before we come to description in detail of the lives of the two classes of settlers, through whose experiences the author tries to give to his readers an intelligible picture of the career of an emigrant. He is giving a warning against the too-great earnestness displayed usually by greenhorns in making a bargain. Our readers can decide for themselves, whether there is truth in these remarks. "There is a good deal of the Yankee about the Canadian. Let him think

you want anything real bad," and he is a very Shylock. Make him believe that you can do perfectly well without it, or better still, that you don't feel disposed to take it at any price, and to effect a sale he will let you have it a bargain. But to get to windward of him the Britisher must be wide awake, for he is a very subtle cross-examiner, and can detect a discrepancy in a statement as quickly as an Old Bailey Lawyer. The cute Yankee seldom commits himself; he lets his adversary do the talking, and whittles. He who believes that the American whittles with no other object than to whittle away the time is very much mistaken in his man. The Yankee whittles that he may the better think and listen, and not unfrequently that he may avoid having to look you in the face. You imagine that he is absorbed in his puerile occupation. Not a bit of it. The motion of his hand is purely mechanical; he is listening to every word you utter, and is at the same time revolving in his own mind what answer he shall give you. Inadvertently you contradict yourself or make some admission which had better been withheld. Master Yank looks up, smiles, and resumes his whittling. That smile means that he scores one point, and if, before the conclusion of the argument, he has not scored the remainder, and won the game, you will be smart—for a Britisher. Oh, Gentleman Emigrant! whosoever thou art, take the advice of one who has himself been whittled into many a foolish bargain—fight the enemy with his own weapons, buy a jack-knife, and whittle! When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war. Armed with stick and jack-knife, you will at least meet your adversary on equal terms, and if you lose the day, it will be superior strategy, not superior armour, that has conquered you."

Two fellow passengers on the Allan steamer are named by the author, Mr. Benedict and Mr. Cœlebs. The former, of course, is the typical married man, leaving England because he is unwealthy enough to remain there and keep up appearances, the latter, the young and not quite penniless offshoot of a family, who comes out to the Colonies to do the best he can. The one settles naturally on a farm in Western Canada, the other after leading a roving life for some months, eventually comes to an anchor in a rough backwoods clearing, in Nova Scotia. In following the very different fortunes of these two gentlemen-immigrants, Mr. Stamer tries to give a graphic picture of the fate which is likely to befall persons of their class in similar circumstances. Benedict is found, 18 months after his first arrival, on a farm somewhere in Western Ontario; for the author has no intention of advising the sort of people for whom he is writing to try their luck in the Maritime Provinces or in Quebec. There is no place in Canada for a gentleman farmer except in that which he describes as Canada Felix. "Draw a line on the map from Kingston to Lake Huron—the heart of the country lying south of that is Canada Felix. By calling it Canada Felix, we do not mean to imply that the rest of the country is a desert, but merely that from its geographical position, its superior climate, its advanced state of civilization, it offers more attractions to the gentleman settler than any other section of the Dominion." Somewhere, then, in this happy land—and, apparently, to the West of Toronto, Benedict is found by his friend, who comes on a bright wintry night to pay his long promised visit. The first glimpse of the interior of the emigrant's house is seen by the warm light of the fire as the traveller enters it, and in this picture, at least, he has perhaps had "too much colour in his brush." "A woman's hand, and that a cunning one, is everywhere visible—in the graceful folds of the window-curtains, in the simple, yet artistic arrangement of the furniture, in the laying out of the table and side-board. We are in a Canadian farmhouse, but for any difference we can see in the dining-room and its appointment, we might be in an English villa. The fare is excellent and mostly home-

raised. Mrs. B. it was who spiced the round, and, what is more, cooked it. The ham before us is of her own raising, and every other edible on the table of her own preparing, except the pickles. * * * Supper over, we repair to Benedict's den, a cosy little room at the back of the house, where guns, fishing-rods, gaffs, and landing-nets are suspended against the walls, where there is a table strewed with 'churchwardens,' cutties, and venerable meerschaums, and where there are two very comfortable armchairs and a roaring fire," and so on. Outside how do things look? Benedict has a 250 acre farm, for which he gave £2,500, two-story frame house, barns, out-buildings, &c. He has an idea that high farming, good stock and plenty of machinery pay well, and in that he has the expensive hobbies as well as the shrewd sense of an Englishman. His portrait is well drawn, but we venture to think that the success which has apparently attended the first venture in farming of a man who is new to the life, to the country and to the work, is a little too highly coloured. Discoursing on his implements, Benedict says, "Seth Jackson, from whom I bought the farm, gave me his account book before leaving, and when the year's work was over, I had the curiosity to compare his labour account with my own. Will you believe it? I was to windward of him by upwards of fifty pounds, and all through using these American patents yonder. Allowing fifteen per cent. for wear and tear, £50 represent a sunk capital of £350. They did not cost me more than two-thirds of that sum. But there is another calculation to be made. Hereabouts we do things on the reciprocity principle, and help one another in the busy season. I lend neighbour Wilson my reaper and threshing machine; he lends me his boys," &c. &c. "If it doesn't pay to have old-fashioned farming gear, still less does it pay to have poor stock. In a country where beasts have to be stall-fed for five months out of the twelve, to make any profit from them they must be good milkers. A little more or less a week don't signify, my neighbours tell me; I think otherwise. There is just the difference between feeding at a profit and feeding at a loss. My cows may only average one pound a week more than theirs during the summer months, but that one pound makes all the difference. It enables me to give them during the winter months more food than my neighbours can afford to give theirs. By feeding them better I get more butter from them at a time when butter is dear, and being in good condition when they are turned out to grass in the spring, I can depend upon having their full yield of milk weeks before farmer Brown's 'keows' have recovered the flesh they lost in winter." With all his apparent prosperity, Benedict, who is still an Englishman, of course does not forget to grumble. There are, he thinks, in Canada four great drawbacks to human felicity. Bad servants, uncultivated slanderous neighbours, the long dreary winter, and the comparatively small return on capital invested in farming operations. Of the first Mrs. Benedict has good reason to complain; but how could it be otherwise? She has brought with her all the English ideas as to the relative positions of mistress and menial, and she is prepared to forgive everything but familiarity. Bridget had said to her the morning of her guest's arrival, "Don't floy into a passion, Mrs. Benedic; it ain't lady-loike," and naturally she does not know how she is ever to get along with or without the "helps" of the country. As to the objection of uncongenial neighbours, our author can say but little in mitigation or remedy of the admitted evil, for it is one that cannot be denied and cannot easily be cured. But such a neighbourhood as a gentleman is likely to settle in must contain one or two families at least, with whom he must have some ideas and some interest in common. But one cannot have everything. The advantages of town society cannot be combined with the advantages and cheapness of a country life—at least in this

country. As to the return for capital, Mr. Stamer thinks that it is, at least, as much on an average as a new comer, and frequently a new hand at farming is entitled to expect, and considering the small amount of money put into the business and the small risk involved in it, a man has no great right to grumble on that score.

We must let the author make, in his own language, the comparison which he draws between the life of such a man as his Mr. Benedict in England and in Canada. "From what we have as yet seen, Benedict might have gone further and fared worse. He is certainly an exile, but a voluntary one. There is a good deal in that. He might have remained in England had he so desired. That it is possible to live respectably and bring up a family on the interest of £5,000 we are aware, for we have seen it repeatedly stated in the papers. We should not like particularly to make the experiment, but it is highly satisfactory to know that it can be done. Supposing he had remained in England, what then? With a wife and three children, and every prospect of a still further increase to his family, what sort of an "establishment" would he have been able to keep up? After paying house-rent, rates, taxes, servant's wages, tradesmen's bills, schooling, how much would there have been remaining for the *menus plaisirs* of himself and Mrs. B.? How about the ponies? How about sleighing by moonlight? those pleasant trips to Niagara and the Thousand Islands? those shooting excursions to Long Point and Rice Lake, which are now laid down in the yearly programme? Very little pleasuring, we fancy, for those worthy gentlemen who in England manage to live respectably and bring up a family on two hundred or two hundred and fifty pounds a year. Their ponies, shanks'-mare; their outings, a "Saturday return" to the nearest watering place; their hunting, seeing the hounds throw off, or a tramp over fields and fallow in the wake of the coursers.

"In England how truly pitiable is the position of the poor gentleman, more especially if he be a married man. That he should be obliged to live in a very humble way and to look twice at every sixpence before spending it, is nothing. It is the indignity to which his poverty subjects him, the constant dread of being thought mean, that makes his life a burden to him. * * * * Poverty is a misfortune in any land; in England it is a disgrace. By emigrating, Benedict has escaped all the horrors of genteel poverty, and above all, his life is no longer an aimless one; for he is providing for his children."

After satisfying himself that Mr. Benedict is doing well on his farm, giving him of course a little advice, and helping to smooth over the little unpleasantness which had arisen with the family of his vulgar neighbour, the visitor takes his departure, and starts in search of Cœlebs. If the Benedictine farm life in the west is a little highly coloured, the celibate camp-life is a little improbable. Cœlebs is a young gentleman who is somewhat hard to please, and in this as well as in other respects, is not at all an unusual character. He does not like this place, he cannot live in that, this is too civilized, that is too far from everything. The greatest drawback which he found to settling in back-settlements was the uncongenial class of persons by whom he was surrounded. A cleared farm at a low figure, where patronizing boors would be few, and where game would be plentiful—this was Cœlebs' quest for several months. At last, on a sporting expedition, between Annapolis and L— (presumably Liverpool) in Nova Scotia, his Indian guide in answer to his enquiries, tells him of a cleared spot where there is "plenty lake — plenty river — plenty hard-wood — plenty beaver meadow." He finds the spot answers all his requirements; he purchases 400 acres for fifty pounds, puts up a shanty and settles himself. Is he going to farm? Where in that case will he get his farm hands? Is he going to clear his 400 acres? has he

calculated the cost of so doing? There is a certain shrewdness in Cœlebs; he knows that a market is not to be relied on in such a country for ordinary produce, but he discovers that three things, beef, pork and butter, always command a ready sale; and it is beef, pork and butter, that he intends to raise. "Were it not for the labour nuisance, there is nothing to prevent my having a couple of hundred head of cattle on the place, for so far as grazing is concerned, I am in an exceptionally good location. From May to November there is any quantity of feed in the woods, and hundreds, ay, thousands of acres of beaver meadow, where 'blue-joint' can be had for the cutting. The land is admirably adapted for root crops, and were it not for the flea-beetle, Swedes would give as large a yield as in England. For the pigs there are acorns in abundance, and I have only to put a weir in the river to catch them as many eels as they can stow away. I may be over-sanguine, but, for the life of me, I cannot see a possibility of non-success. It is not probable that I shall make a fortune, but if, with forty or fifty acres of land under cultivation, some fifty head of cattle in my barn, a good kitchen garden, a river teeming with fish, a forest where are moose, cariboo, grouse and hares, I cannot manage to keep the larder supplied, and earn sufficient money to purchase clothes, and such little luxuries as books and tobacco, I must either be very unfortunate or a great ass."

The account given of Cœlebs' life in his backwoods farm is exceedingly graphic, and in general, not overdrawn. This is a part of the volume that will, we fancy, be read with avidity by a large portion of the Gentleman Emigrant class; for it deals plentifully with sport of all kinds, over which it throws a dash of something that does duty for work, and the furtherance of which is supposed to be conducive to the furtherance of Mr. Cœlebs' worldly prospects. There is moose-stalking and moose-calling, there is fishing in abundance, and all the fur and feather that creeps, runs, or flies in Nova Scotian forests, finds a place in these pages. But pleasant as part of the picture is, and attractive as such a life is—for a time—to many of English descent, we take leave to doubt the wisdom of trying it. Cœlebs is putting up a frame house, for he intends to bring out a wife to share the pleasures of his backwoods farm. How she will like to be "only eighteen miles from L—," remains to be seen, and what is to be the upshot financially of all this hunting and shooting, of these united acres of 'blue-joint,' of these 60 head of cattle that are to be fed through the long winter, is left rather to our conjecture. On the comparative merits of a life in the clearings and one in the backwoods—for an English gentleman, for it must always be borne in mind that only for that class is the book written—we will let Mr. Stamer have his own say. "To compare the clearings with the backwoods: In the clearings we cannot, without giving mortal offence, select one's company—in the woods we can. In the clearings it is next to impossible to amuse a visitor—in the woods nothing is more easy. In the clearings, one is every moment watched and criticised by prying and gossiping neighbours—in the woods one is almost as free as air. In the clearings the well-bred man or woman will not find a single advantage which cannot equally be found in the backwoods; but in the backwoods they will enjoy many advantages which cannot be enjoyed in the clearings. That is our opinion, and it is the opinion of many well-bred, well-educated men and women of our acquaintance. If one cannot live in the woods, one can at least vegetate luxuriantly. In the clearings one can neither live nor vegetate. The man who has the means to purchase a farm in a long settled district, would be a fool to locate himself in the woods, but when the choice lies between the clearings—and by the clearings we mean all new townships and sparsely populated districts—and the woods, the latter is certainly the more preferable of the two.

A very interesting portion of the second volume i: ·ed to the United States, and the severa attractions or disadvantages which the several States offer to the Gentleman Emigrant. For the man with money in his pocket there are several locations in New York State, for instance, where life would be pleasant enough; soil fair, markets handy, society tolerably good, and sport to be easily had. But, looking out with the eyes of a poor gentleman, Mr. Stamer takes us over a very large tract of country before he can show us anything to our taste. Ohio he does not like at all. "To Michigan there is the objection that whilst the climate is just as severe as in Canada West. and the land neither better nor cheaper, the taxes are heavier and the luxuries of life much dearer than they are across the water. We cannot see the pull of settling in the dominions of Uncle Samuel when close at hand greater advantages can be had, and at a cheaper rate, in the dominions of Queen Victoria." The same applies to Minnesota and the northern part of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin." We have no space to follow him through his examination of the several States. Naturally he eventually selects Virginia as the one that offers most advantages to an Englishman with a small capital. Already a large number of such immigrants, officers and others, have found their way to the Old Dominion, and are, we fancy, mostly doing well there. Land is comparatively cheap, labour can be obtained by the man who goes the right way to work, and shooting is first rate. "Whether his home be in the Piedmont district, or in Eastern Virginia, or in the Valley of Shenandoah, we feel convinced that he will not repent him of having settled in the Old Dominion."

Life in Australia is depicted very much in the same style as life in the Nova Scotian backwoods, and certainly the prospect which is held up to the young Englishman, be he scapegrace, spendthrift, or merely a poor gentleman, is not very inviting. The experiences of Mr. Newchum on an Australian sheep station are in very many instances very much as Mr. Stamer depicts them—a rough, monotonous, profitless existence under the tyranny of harsh, uncultured taskmasters. A man with a large capital can, of course, make his way, and perhaps his fortune, in Australia as well as elsewhere; but for the poor gentleman its advantages are small indeed, while the risks of failure are very great. To Canada the author advises his readers to go. "Disadvantages it has, no doubt; so has every country under the sun. But taking everything into consideration, Canada, that is Western Ontario, will, as a home for the gentleman emigrant, compare favourably with the United States, the Cape, Australia, New Zealand, or any other field of emigration, be it in the Old World or the New."

"ONLY AN INSECT!"

BY GRANT ALLEN.

(Professor of History, Queen's College, Spanishtown, Jamaica.)

ON the crimson cloth
Of my study desk
A lustrous moth
Poised, statuesque.
Of a waxen mould
Were its light limbs shaped,
And in scales of gold
Its body was draped;
While its delicate wings
Were netted and veined

With silvery strings
Or golden-grained,
Through whose filmy maze
In tremulous flight
Danced quivering rays
Of the gladsome light.

On the desk close by
A taper burned,
Towards which the eye
Of the insect turned.
In its vague little mind
A faint desire
Rose undefined
For the beautiful fire.
Lightly it spread
Each silken van,
Then away it sped
For a moment's span :
And a strange delight
Lured on its course
With resistless might
Toward the central source ;
And it followed the spell
Through an eddying maze
Till it staggered and fell
In the deadly blaze.

Dazzled and stunned
By the scalding pain,
One moment it swooned,
Then rose again :
And again the fire
Drew it on with its charms
To a living pyre
In its awful arms :
And now it lies
On the table here
Before my eyes
Shrivelled and sere.

As I sit and muse
On its fiery fate
What themes abstruse
Might I meditate.
For the pangs that thrilled
Through its delicate frame,
As its senses were filled
With the scorching flame.
A riddle enclose
That, living or dead,
In rhyme or in prose,
No seer has read.
"But a moth," you cry,
"Is a thing so small :"
Ah yes, but why
Should it suffer at all?
Why should a sob
For the vaguest smart,
One moment throb
Through the tiniest heart?
Why, in the whole
Wide universe
Should a single soul
Feel that primal curse?
Not all the throes
Of mightiest mind,
Nor the heaviest woes
Of humankind
Are of deeper weight
In the riddle of things
Than this insect's fate
With the mangled wings.

But if only I,
In my simple song,
Could tell you the *why*
Of that one little wrong,
I could tell you more
Than the deepest page
Of saintliest lore,
Or of wisest sage :
For never as yet
In its wordy strife,
Could philosophy get
At the import of life ;
And theology's laws
Have still to explain
The inscrutable cause
For the being of pain :
So I somehow fear
That, in spite of both,
We are baffled here
By this one singed moth.

SOME CHAPTERS OF THE HISTORY OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

SOUTH America is the land of experiments. It is, consequently, the land of failures. The more experiments are made the more failures follow; and as political and constitutional experiments are the most momentous of all, so the failures which follow them are usually the most disastrous and bloody. The Spanish Government of the South American Provinces was an experiment, and after years of effort, more or less spasmodic and unwise on the part of the "mother country," it failed. And the failure was disastrous. The independent rule of the Provinces themselves was an experiment; and after years of struggle and strife, of imitation and ambition, it also failed, as the disturbed condition and bloody history of the past quarter of a century abundantly proves.

In 1868, Domingo F. Sarmiento was elected President of the Argentine Republic. He was in many ways a very remarkable man. He was born in South America, and imbibed, with the air, the traditions, the history, the habits, and the passions of his people. He travelled in Europe, in North America, and in Africa. In England he was the friend of Cobden, and took an interest in free trade and education. In Africa he was taken for an Arab, and among the French in Algiers was wont to boast that, covered with a burnous, he could ride unmolested to the Pyramids. In North America he was the Consul of the Republic, the friend of Horace Mann, the lover of his country, and the student of systems of popular education. Traveller, editor, student, statesman, diplomatist and soldier, exile and patriot, at last he was elevated to the Presidency of the Republic in which he was born, and which he loved so well. This celebrated gentleman has published a volume, which has been translated into English by Mrs. Horace Mann. It is called, somewhat sensationally, "Life in the Argentine Republic in the days of the Tyrants; or, Civilization and Barbarism," and any reader desirous to hear more on the subject will find all he will require in this brilliant and valuable volume.

Buenos Ayres was formerly the capital town of all the Spanish possessions in La Plata, sharing that honour occasionally with Asomption. In 1734 it became the seat of a Spanish Vice-Royalty. The Viceroy had 40,000 Spanish dollars per annum, and maintained, in reduced measure, the etiquette and splendour of a court. Space does not suffice to trace up the history of the country, to recount its various fortunes and changes. The Viceroys were legion. Between 1777 and 1806 ten of them ruled in Buenos Ayres. In 1806 the English invaded it, as is well known, and sent one, the last, of these lords about his business in quick time. General Beresford, Sir Samuel Auchmuchty, and General Whitlocke, each tried his hand in keeping Buenos Ayres; but the latter was defeated, and capitulated, and all the territory of La Plata returned to Spain. From this time till the country declared and won its independence there was no peace, and there is no peace yet. There had formed two such parties as have for years past been fighting in Cuba, the Spanish or loyal party, and the American or national party. Theories of freedom and republicanism had come over the sea, and had come down from the north, and the unwisdom with which the Spanish Colonies had always been governed from Spain, had precipitated the conflagration which these sparks from

abroad had been inducing. One after another the Colonies of Spain had revolted and set up for themselves. Buenos Ayres declared war in 1810, and proclaimed its independence accomplished, in 1816, at a general congress. Don Juan Martin Puyrredon was the first Director.

It would be interesting, but long, to recount the internal history of the Argentine Confederation or Republic (blood has been spilled like water to determine which it should be called), the quarrels of rival leaders, the struggles of violent factions, the wars of the *Unitarios* and *Federals*, the despotisms which followed and destroyed each other. It was such a story as reminded one of the oft-quoted stage directions in Hamlet—a struggle in which Hamlet and Laertes exchange daggers; Hamlet wounds Laertes, Laertes wounds Hamlet. Experiment after experiment was tried and failed. The *Unitarios*, meaning those who were for a Republic, one and indivisible, with a central government, had their day of triumph; and the Federals, or those who were for a Confederation of Provinces, had theirs. But permanent peace, law and order, had fled the country; there were only two social forces, the Civilization of the cities and the Barbarism of the plains, and between these two there could be no compromise and no political union. The country is, let us suppose for a beginning to this recapitulation, in its condition of disorder of 1810. Let us see what sort of a region it is, and what manner of people they are who inhabit it. Between the Chilian Andes and the South Atlantic, all the vast region of plain and river, with the exception of a portion of enormous Brazil, and the whole of diminutive Uruguay, is called, as you will, the territory of La Plata, the Argentine Confederation, or the Argentine Republic. This vast region has one peculiarity. It has no "country" such as we know of and in which we delight. Retired grocers would be unable to waste their substance in fancy farming in this southern land, and gentlemen there are not partial to "out-of-town villas." Outside of the cities all is barren and barbarous. Thus the Argentine Republic means a Republic of cities, and the Argentine Confederation means a Confederation of cities. Country members are not familiar objects therefore, and thus the daily journals lose much food for satire. Monte Video, on the north side of the mouth of the Rio de La Plata, and Buenos Ayres, on the south side, are the great commercial cities. Buenos Ayres, having behind it the whole vast territory, has greatly the advantage over its rival. It sucks towards itself the trade of the country, as also it has drawn to itself at different periods all the political power, and thus suffered all the pangs of political disturbance. Between the sea-board cities and the foot of the Andes there is the plain with its wood and water and desert. Here and there is a city at wide distances—Cordova, Saltas, Santa-Fe, Carrientes Entre Rios and Incuman—the map will give you an idea of their separation The plains are like the prairies of the North and the deserts of the East; they are inhabited in the same way. The Eastern deserts have their Bedouins; the Northern prairies have their Indians. The Argentine plains have their Guachos. The Argentine plains have one great advantage over desert and prairie; they have rivers which all unite at last to form the Rio de La Plata. But, till lately at least, these rivers were useless to the people of the plains, who would rather ford or swim them on their horses than cross them in boats or canoes, and who never, or seldom, thought to use them as the means of profitable commerce. "Thus," says Sarmiento, "is the greatest blessing which Providence bestows upon any people disdained by the Argentine Guacho, who regards it rather as an obstacle opposed to his movements than as the most powerful means of facilitating them; thus the fountain of national growth, the origin of the early celebrity of Egypt, the cause of Holland's great-

ness, and of the rapid development of North America, the navigation of rivers or the use of canals, remains a latent power, unappreciated by the inhabitants of the banks of the Bermess, Pilcomayo, Parana and Paraguay." Travelling on these plains is much the same sort of excitement that travelling across the western prairies was before the days of Phil. Sheridan and the Union Pacific Railway. The travellers are all armed, as are all the people. Force is the supreme ruler; and human life is far less regarded than animal life. To steal a horse is death. To kill a man is, locally, fame. Stock-raising is the chief pursuit—hides and wool still form eighty per cent. of the exports of the country, which is thus in the lower stage of artificial life as yet. And as a matter of course habitations are like the cities, few and far between; manners are the roughest of the rough, morals are unrecognized, quarrels are settled by the knife, and appearances in dress, equipage and household are not thought of where there are none to rival and none to criticise. Drink and the chase are the chief excitements, horses are the best friends, and a fight or a foray arouses the enthusiasm of all. It is not strange, after all this, even to say that music is a passion with this people, and that they will listen to a story with the patience of a crowd of Mussulmen, and grow excited over a ballad like any gathering of old Greeks. Both music and poetry are peculiarly cultivated. An Argentine is always expected to play the piano or finger the guitar, and his recitation of poetry of his own composition is no more remarkable than it was in the days when the minnesingers sang their songs in baronial halls or among peasant festivities. Of course among such a people the possessors of qualities, mental or physical, which contribute to their amusement or assistance, are held in peculiar respect. Colonel Sarmiento mentions four, 1st, the Rastreador, or Track-finder; 2nd, the Baqueano, or Path-finder; 3rd, the Guacho Outlaw; and 4th, the Cantor, or Minstrel. In a country of herds and plains the profession of the track-finder is natural enough. Herds will wander and mix, and some one must have skill to follow, find and separate them. The skill with which the Argentine track-finder does this is remarkable. Sarmiento mentions an incident. "I once happened to turn out of a by-way into the Buenos Ayres road, and my guide, following the usual practice, cast a look at the ground. 'There was a very nice little Moorish mule in that train,' said he directly. 'D. N. Zafata's it was—she is good for the saddle, and it is very plain she was saddled this time; they went by yesterday.' The man was travelling from the Sierra de San Luis, while the train had passed on its way from Buenos Ayres, and it was a year since he had seen the Moorish mule whose track was mixed up with those of a whole train in a path two feet wide."

The path-finder is a step above the track-finder. He is the topographer, the military guide, the leader of explorations. He knows all paths that lead anywhither, where water is to be found. where any house, village or city is, where the fords of the rivers, and the best grass of the plains are; he can travel by night as well as by day; he knows the hour of the day by the position of the sun, and of the night by the stars; by the birds of the air he tells if an enemy is approaching, and by the dust that they raise he discovers their numbers. The Argentine generals of the revolution were possessed of these qualities; Rosas and Facundo Quiroga were *Baqueanos*.

The outlaw is the natural product of the plains. He has a power of his own. He has avenged an insult, or gratified a passion with the knife, and the law, so-called, denounces him. In reality he denounces the law. He lives in the saddle. He levies cheerful contributions. He falls on careless soldiers and slays them. He carries off a mistress from a festivity, and returns her at his will. He has his code of honour, too,

and is faithful to his promises, like an Outlaw of Romance. He gambles gaily, and pays his debts of honour like a gentleman. He is not hated by the men, he is half loved by the women, and his prowess is praised *in sounding stanzas by the Cantor.*

The cantor is a minnesinger, a troubadour, a minstrel. He goes from house to house, from village to village, singing his songs of love and battle, celebrating the Pampa hero of the day, or of a day gone by. He throws himself upon the hospitality of those to whom he sings, and never wants to eat or drink in vain. Of course the improvisations of these cantors are wild and rough, but there must be among them some gleams of the gold of poetry which the early English poet discovered among the ballads of the Irish.

One other character remains to complete the list of notorieties—the Country Commandant. His title and power are conferred by the governments of the cities. He is generally chosen, of course, for his power and prowess. And as power and prowess are generally possessed by the "dangerous classes," and as the cities have no means of putting the "law" in force, the Commandant is a dictator and despot. He is (or rather *was*, for all this must be understood of a time twenty or thirty years ago—though such a country does not change much save for the worse in that time) often an outlaw who is reconciled to the law by being made the master of it. From the ranks of these Country Commandants come the generals and chieftains of revolution. They acquire ferocity and renown as Guacho outlaws; they command influence and followers as Commandants; and they have often ended by spilling the blood, and destroying the order and prosperity, of the citizens by whose goodness they were appointed. In the revolutionary war the Commandants of the country districts became the chiefs of the armies.

The revolutionary war is thus graphically described by Sarmiento:—"The Argentine Revolutionary War was two-fold: 1st, a civilized warfare of the cities against Spain; 2nd, a war against the cities on the part of the country chieftains with the view of shaking off all political subjection, and satis*fying their hatred of civilization.* The cities overcame the Spaniards; and were in their turn overcome by the country districts. This is the explanation of the Argentine Revolution, the first shot of which was fired in 1810, and the last is still to be heard."

Naturally then we turn to see which were the cities destroyed, and who were the men who destroyed them. Sarmiento gives some interesting particulars.

La Rioja was once a city of some fame and importance. It had given famous names in that country to divinity, law and arms; it had a high civilization; it sent many young men to college; it had educational and charitable institutions of great value. In 1853, after the intestine struggles in which the barbarism of the plains had swept over it, there were only six or eight men of note living in it, there were no lawyers' offices, no young men sent to college; there were no schools, and only one teacher, a Franciscan friar; there were no charitable institutions, five churches were in ruins, no new houses, only two priests, the people were all poor; a terror was upon the inhabitants, and the coin of the city and country was debased. Says Sarmiento: "These facts speak with all their sad and fearful severity. The only example of so rapid a decline towards barbarism is presented by the history of the Mahommedan conquests of Greece. And this happens in America, in the 19th century, and is the work of but twenty years."

The story of La Rioja is a copy of the story that might be told of Santa-Fe, San Luis, and Santiago del Estero; it is needless to repeat their disaster and decay. And what has been the cause of all this melancholy decadence? The nature of the double strife between the civilization of the cities and

Spain, and between the barbarism of the plains and the cities—as indicated by Sarmiento—might suggest the cause. But to be more particular, let us gather up all the series of events which produced it, in dealing with the life, exploits, and death of the outlaw chief, general and despot, FACUNDO QUIROGA.

One of the latest literary comets, Joaquin Miller, has described in a really strong and striking poem, the men who rode with Walker on Nicaragua, as men

> "Dark-browed as if in iron cast,
> Broad-breasted as twin gates of brass,—
> Men strangely brave and fiercely true,
> Who dared the West where giants were,
> Who erred, and bravely dared to err,
> A remnant of that early few
> Who held no crime or curse or vice
> As dark as that of cowardice;
> With blendings of the worst and best
> Of faults and virtues that have blest
> Or cursed or thrilled the human breast."

To be the leader of such men this Argentine Chief was wonderfully and fearfully fitted. Sarmiento has a positive hatred for him, and impales him mercilessly and often. But at his best he must have been a rare ruffian, black-hearted and bloody beyond imagination, and with fewer of those softer moments that are sometimes accorded even to pirates, than the cruellest captain of them all. He was "a stoutly built man, of low stature, whose short neck and broad shoulders supported a well-shaped head, covered with a profusion of black and closely curling hair. His somewhat oval face was half buried in this mass of hair, and an equally thick, black, curly beard, rising to his cheek-bones, which, by their prominence, evinced a firm and tenacious will. His black and fiery eyes, shadowed by black eyebrows, occasioned an involuntary thrill of terror to those on whom they chanced to fall; for Facundo's glance was never direct, whether from habit or intention. With the design of making himself always formidable, he always kept his head down to look at one from under his eyebrows, like the Ali Pacha of Monovoisin." This picture is drawn by an enemy, but even to a friend—if this awful man had a friend—it must be too correct a likeness. He was the son of an inhabitant of San Juan, and in that city he received his education. At school he was reserved, haughty and revengeful; and the boy was father to the man. At twelve years he assaulted his schoolmaster. At fifteen he gambled. At seventeen he drew the first blood of his bloody career, by shooting at a comrade over the cards. He soon became tired of being ruled, and he determined to "frame a world of other stuff." He gambled, toiled, drank, quarrelled and stabbed himself into notoriety. He robbed his father of his goods and grain to gratify his passion for gambling. In 1810 he is a recruit at Buenos Ayres. Subsequently he is found among the Mounted Grenadiers of the Andes. And he had been making himself known by his turbulence and his knife. He burned his father's house for revenge on being refused money to gamble with. Once being imprisoned in San Luis, he broke his chains, seized a bar of iron, and on his own showing killed or maimed eleven men before he stopped in his murderous work, and escaped. Hundreds of stories are told of this man, of his lust, his cruelty, his falsehood, his demoniacal courage. At last, in 1820, we find him in the position of Sergeant-major of the Militia of the plains, with the powers of a Commandant. The Government of Buenos Ayres had found him to be dangerous, and so gave him office on their side. His first act was to severely subdue an insurrection of just such men as himself, and to prove his authority as well as his prowess. His next was to attack the city of La Rioja, overturn the Government, and threaten all with death, in the very wantonness of rebellion. Yet in performing this act he did one humane thing. He stopped the ringing of the bells by his friends, to spare the feelings of the widow of the gene-

ral whom he had slain. To such a man money was a prime necessity; and two admirable ways were adopted to obtain it. He assumed the right to supply the markets with meat; and he gambled. His cattle he obtained from pastures which had come to him by confiscation or by enforced sale; his customers had to pay him the price he demanded. And in gambling he played with unlimited means; it was death to leave the table till he gave the signal of cessation, and it was only given when he had won, no matter how long the play continued.

In 1825, Rivadavia, who was the Governor of Buenos Ayres, invited the Provinces to a Congress, to form a general Government for the Republic. The invitation was accepted generally; and from his conquered stronghold at La Rioja, Facundo Quiroga came to the Congress. The result was the establishment of a species of Federal Government, both the Central and Provincial Governments of the Republic being at Buenos Ayres. The President-General at first was Don Juan G. las Heras. After him came Rivadavia in 1826. The first test of strength was the Brazilian war; and the Congress determined to raise regiments from each Province of the Confederation. Colonel Madrid was sent to Incuman to raise troops in that city and district. Not meeting with immediate success he swept aside the local authorities and proceeded to manage things for himself. This was a violation of the new constitution, and Facundo was, with circumstantial satire, sent to enforce order. Madrid, like a true outlaw, resisted. This man was as brave as Quiroga, and as reckless. He bore about the wounds of a hundred and fifty encounters. He was a track-finder, a pathfinder, a general, and a cantor; but he was rash beyond calculation. This time he rushed upon his fate. His brother outlaw, turned constable for the occasion, fell upon him, and at the head of his small force he fell, pierced with many balls. His last words were "I do not surrender!" and then he surrendered—to death. At this battle Facundo had raised a flag of his own, a black flag with a skull and cross-bones—the pennon of the pirate of the plains. His other colour was red. The Argentine flag had been blue and white; Facundo and Rosas, President, had put a band of red about it. Red was the colour of the Federals and of Facundo. It was necessary in Buenos Ayres to wear a red ribbon, otherwise you would be shot. Women were slashed with cowhides if they did not wear it, or if it was hidden or carelessly tied. Says Sarmiento: "One day a grocer put out a small flag to attract custom; his example was followed from house to house and from street to street —until banners floated over the whole city, and the officials thought that some great news had come unknown to them. And this was the people who once forced eleven thousand Englishmen to surrender in the streets, and who afterwards sent five armies against the Spaniards!"

After the murder of Don Manuel Dorrego by Lavalle in 1827, fresh disturbances broke out between the city party and the country party, the party of civilization and the party of barbarism. General Paz was the military chief of the former; Facundo Quiroga of the latter. The battle of Tablala followed, near Cordova, the monastic city of South America. Facundo attacked Cordova, which was bravely defended; he threatened to burn it, and it was surrendered. Then he marched to meet Paz with a great force of cavalry. Does the reader remember that scene in the Lady of the Lake, of the contest between Fitz James and Roderick Dhu, who "showered his blows like wintry rain," but—

> "As firm as rock or castle roof
> Against the wintry shower is proof,
> The foe, invulnerable still,
> Foiled his wild rage by steady skill,
> Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
> Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
> And backward borne upon the lea,
> Brought the proud chieftain to his knee."

So it happened with Facundo. In vain his horsemen hurled themselves upon the force of General Paz. That wary veteran had well marshalled his little force, and after an obstinate battle Facundo was defeated, losing horses, men, arms and honour. Fifteen hundred dead bodies, slain mostly by the sword, were left upon the field. A list of his acts after this reads strangely cruel and bloody. He went to La Rioja and compelled all the citizens to emigrate to the plains. They were impressed forcibly under his banner. Hostages were arrested and money extorted from them for the purposes of the war; those who could not pay were whipped; those who would not were shot. In Rioja, San Juan, Mendoza, and San Luis he rioted, gambled and recruited by force. In a year he was ready for the field, and his point of attack was Cordova. Cordova was a Spanish city transplanted to South America. It was at this time the counterpart of what Florence was in the days of Savonarola, as described by "George Eliot" in Romola. The shoemakers and barbers babbled Latin and Polemics. The town was full of convents and nuns, monks and monasteries. The air was full of learning and Conservatism. General Paz marshalled his forces to meet the bandit chief. Crossing the Sierra de Cordova, Paz assaulted Facundo and his forces, broke them in pieces, and at a loss of seventy men scattered his enemies and took seven thousand prisoners. Civilization was clearly on the advance. Cordova, Mendoza, San Juan, San Luis, La Rioja, Catamarca, Incuman, and Salta, were all freed from the nightmare which Quiroga had thrown upon them. He himself fled to Buenos Ayres, and to his friend Rosas. After a career of debauchery in Buenos Ayres, he was enlisted in an expedition against Cordova and Conservatism. He undertook an attack on Rioja and Mendoza, where he had formerly ruled by terror. He took Rio Quinto and San Luis. He defeated General Castello at Mendoza, and took Rioja and Cuyo. He began his old career. He shot, and robbed, and ravished, and rioted as of old. He kicked the Governors, and cuffed the Captain-General, and shot at any one who annoyed him. He shot thirty-three captive officers in Incuman, and their bodies were given to the dogs. At last he returned to Buenos Ayres, and to his death, for his cup was full. He began his riotous career of drunkenness, gambling, and debauchery; and he even spoke contemptuously of his patron, the President Rosas, a man as cruel as himself. He accepted a mission to settle some difficulties in the provinces, and on his return was assassinated at Baranca Yacco by Santos Perez, with a company of men. Perez was long pursued by the Government of Buenos Ayres, and at length taken and executed. But Sarmiento charges them with having instigated the assassination.

Thus ends one chapter, at least, in the history of the Argentine Republic. Neither space nor time permits of further discussion of the recent history of the country, which can easily be collected; perhaps we may do do so on another occasion, since the events of the past few weeks seem to bring the country again before the public as a theatre of a war of social forces, in which all the old elements will prevail, and all the old cruel, bloody and barbarous conditions of contest exist.

M. J. G.

IN MEMORY OF BARRY CORNWALL.

(October 4, 1874.)

IN the garden of death, where the singers whose names are deathless
One with another make music unheard of men,
Where the dead sweet roses fade not of lips long breathless,
And the fair eyes shine that shall weep not or change again,
Who comes now crowned with the blossom of snow-white years?
What music is this that the world of the dead men hears?

Beloved of men, whose words on our lips were honey,
Whose name in our ears and our fathers' ears was sweet,
Like summer gone forth of the land his songs made sunny,
To the beautiful veiled bright world where the glad ghosts meet,
Child with father, and bridegroom with bride, and anguish with rest,
No soul shall pass of a singer than this more blest.

Blest for the years' sweet sake that were filled and brightened,
As a forest with birds, with the fruit and the flower of his song,
For the souls' sake blest that heard, and their cares were lightened,
For the hearts' sake blest that have fostered his name so long,
By the living and dead lips blest that have loved his name,
And clothed with their praise and crowned with their love for fame.

Ah, fair and fragrant his fame as flowers that close not,
That shrink not by day for heat or for cold by night,
As a thought in the heart shall increase when the heart's self knows not,
Shall endure in our ears as a sound, in our eyes as a light;
Shall wax with the years that wane and the seasons' chime,
As a white rose thornless that grows in the garden of time.

The same year calls, and one goes hence with another,
And men sit sad that were glad for their sweet songs' sake;
The same year beckons, and elder with younger brother
Takes mutely the cup from his hand that we all shall take.
They pass ere the leaves be past or the snows be come;
And the birds are loud, but the lips that outsang them dumb.

Time takes them home that we loved, fair names and famous,
To the soft long sleep, to the broad sweet bosom of death;
But the flower of their souls he shall take not away to shame us,
Nor the lips lack song for ever that now lack breath.
For with us shall the music and perfume that die not dwell,
Though the dead to our dead bid welcome, and we farewell.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

THE FRENCH CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY OF 1830:

AN ENQUIRY INTO THE CAUSE OF ITS FAILURE.

[" 'I may not live to see it, but I cherish the conviction that Constitutional Monarchy (the cause to which my political life has been devoted) will be permanently re-established in France."—These words were written by M. Guizot, after the fall of King Louis Philippe, to a friend of the present writer. These words were the burden of all the letters to his English correspondents in which M. Guizot then alluded to the events of 1848. M. Guizot did not live to see Constitutional Monarchy re-established in France, but he lived to see France miss the opportunity of re-establishing it; and he closed his eyes upon a political situation apparently destitute of all encouragement to that faith in Constitutional Monarchy which he cherished to the last.

The immensity of the change effected, during the lifetime of the present generation, in the international condition of Europe, is marked by the effort it now costs us to recall from the oblivion of a very recent past those incidents of M. Guizot's foreign policy which were the cause of such strong emotion among the contemporaries of his political career. But the name of this illustrious man is associated with a great political experiment, which is still universally interesting, notwithstanding the failure of it. For the maintenance of a monarchy, exclusively by the support of the middle class, is an experiment of which the result cannot be unimportant to any modern state wherein the preponderating political power is possessed by its middle class. That the experiment failed in France we know. But the fact is not, in itself, conclusive: for the question remains, whether the failure be attributable to exceptional circumstances, or to the universal conditions of the problem.

It is this question which suggested the following reflections. They were written many years ago, as part of a work never published or even finished. Nor, indeed, were they then written with a view to publication; but, rather, as private records of an endeavour to ascertain what organic elements of durability have been either preserved or produced by the chief European communities (and more especially our own) in the present stage of their social development.]

IT would perhaps be easy to prove that the great things achieved by some nations have often been due to their faults, and that the sufferings of other nations have as often been caused by their virtues. There is, in any case, much to moderate self-satisfaction, and mitigate self-reproach, in the praise and blame which history distributes. Neither individuals nor nations can unite in themselves all the virtues. Some virtues are incompatible with each other; some are the beneficent accompaniments of inevitable defects. The best instruction, therefore, which can be offered to a nation, in the choice of its intellectual attitude towards other nations, is that which enables it to recognize the good qualities not natural to its own character; and to utilize, for its own preservation or improvement, those nations in which such qualities are found. Hence, in our study of political problems at home, there is always something to be learned from the experience of our neighbours, however greatly it may differ from our own. It is, at least, under this impression that I now propose to examine the practical conditions of Constitutional Government in continental communities; and, of those communities, the first to claim attention is the French.

In surveying the condition of Europe, the eye first fastens upon France, just as, in examining the mechanism of a watch, the first object of inspection would be the mainspring. It is not only the geographical position of that country which gives to the phenomena of its social and political life an exceptionally cosmopolitan importance. Nor is it exclusively, or even mainly, owing to any peculiarity in the temperament of the French People, that modern France has become the busiest and most conspicuous theatre for the performance of those audacious political experiments which Europe

contemplates, sometimes as an admiring, always as an interested, spectator. For the rapid and popular diffusion of political ideas, the French nation has, no doubt, peculiar qualifications, intellectual, social, and geographical; and, perhaps, the assertion may be as true, as it is certainly common, that, of all European communities, the French is the most susceptible to the reception of new ideas, and the most impulsive in the practical prosecution of them. But it must be evident, even to the most superficial observation, that the phenomena of French politics are in no wise explained by this statement of French character, even if the statement be accepted as indisputable. Why is it that we now hear so much about the political restlessness, the fickleness, the turbulent inconsequence, of the French? Why is it that, in the past history of this people, we find nothing to justify such a description of their characteristic qualities? Whatever was specially political in its most brilliant epochs, that history identifies with a man, rather than with a party, and ascribes less to the political activity of the people than to the personal energy of the monarch or the minister. However great may have been, at all times, the social vivacity of Frenchmen, it is certain that, down to a comparatively late period, their history is a record of political patience; and, if their social revolution was disastrously premature, was not their political revolution as tardy?

No; it is not in the political temperament, it is in the political condition, of France that we must seek the explanation of these phenomena. Nor need we go far to find it, amongst the powerful and promiscuous solvents of 1793. It is not the character of a patient, it is the character of a disease, which we have here to study; and every wise physician knows that sensuous excesses are oftener the consequence, than the cause, of disordered health. A state in which all the organic elements of political durability have been dissolved is, necessarily, driven fast along the path of political experiment. There is no help for it. It is not a matter of popular preference or national temperament; it is a stern political necessity. Organs are developed; they cannot be created. Institutions may be *thrown up*, they cannot be *kept up*, in a vacuum; and, when thus thrown up, they often fall, like bread and butter, on their best side. The future is the correlative of the past: faith in the former is paralysed by infidelity to the latter. The idea of duration cannot be expressed if either of these terms be excluded; yet both of them are wanting to the political condition of France; and, in such a condition, the most ingenious legislation, the most powerful executive machinery, are like the levers of Archimedes, without a *Pou sto.*

But every European state is interested in the political experiments of its neighbours; and more especially is this the case as regards the political experiments of France. For the changes which have been violently and prematurely effected in the body politic of this country differ rather in degree than in kind from those which naturally belong to the phase of political development common to modern societies in all old communities. Life has been said to be an incurable disease. Every organism carries in itself the germs of its own dissolution. History forbids belief in the immortality of nations; and Europe is growing old in all her members. France, indeed, has used up in fifty years the life of five centuries; but the astonishing vitality which enables her not only to survive the decomposition of her chief political organs, but to make way, from generation to generation, upon a succession of splendid make-shifts, with so much pomp, power, and material prosperity, is a phenomenon which should command our admiration, and certainly does not deserve our disparagement.

It may be thought, however, that in the theory of constitutional government, English statesmanship can have nothing to learn from the results of French empirics. This

would be true if, in England, the history of constitutional government had not now reached that chapter with which it commonly opens in continental communities; a chapter in which we find it identified with the preponderating power of the middle class, and specially distinguished from all other forms of government as the one most congenial to middle class interests, and best calculated to carry a nation safely along the path of material progress, unretarded by the reactionary prejudices of an aristocracy, unconvulsed by the revolutionary impulses of a demos. This connection between the monarchy and the middle class was effected in England by the great Whig Reform Bill of 1832; and in France, much about the same time, by the Constitution which accompanied the establishment of the Orleans dynasty in 1830.

The reign of Louis Philippe was characterised by a remarkable display of intellectual activity and splendour. Every department of human genius was represented in France with a vigour amply justifying the boast of that generation which called itself *la jeune*. For the first time, since the revolution of 1793, a literature and an eloquence, born out of that revolution, flourished under the most favourable conditions, and with the most brilliant effect. In the French Chambers, so newly trained to the liberty of speech, Europe admired an assemblage of orators unsurpassed in debating power even by the ancient Parliament of England. And what animation their eloquence imparted to the whole social life of the nation! The public interest in a fine speech was passionate and universal. It was the fine speech itself which then absorbed the public interest, whether the subject of discourse were law or liberty, peace or war, the guilt of a criminal, the character of a minister, the career of an academician. It was all one to the public. Eloquence was the text, fact only the pretext. Words became things. Lamartine, after minutely describing to us the process of concocting that phrase, *Plutôt que de cesser d'être Français je cesserai de vivre*, suggested by Berryer to Ney, when the latter, on his trial, *se retira avec son avocat, pour concerter son attitude*, exclaims with great gravity, and in perfect good faith, *ce mot fut sublime!* Society itself had become a brilliant debating club. Round every dinner table, in every salon, conversation was indirectly animated by the eloquence of the tribune or the bar; and the gossip of the evening revived the emotions of the day.

It was the same passion for duelling which had pervaded the age of Louis XIII. But small swords had gone out of fashion. The duellists no longer belonged to the noblesse; they were the sons of the bourgeoisie; and their weapons were not rapiers but phrases. The artistic side of the French bourgeoisie, or at least of that period which we identify with the reign of the bourgeoisie in France, expressed itself in rhetoric. It is easy to laugh at this exaggerated love of phraseology; but let us remember that the middle class of most countries is absolutely impenetrable, by any means, to the ideas and sentiments of which phraseology is, at least, one vehicle. This æsthetic susceptibility of the French middle class to the influence of oratory, and the charm of finished expression, was perhaps derived from the fact that, in the France of the old régime, wit had been the one only possible means of introduction to the Court, at the command of those members of the bourgeoisie who were so fortunate as to possess it. It was, in fact, the fine sharp needle through which was passed the thread of intelligence that served to connect the tiers état with the noblesse.

In the French Chambers, during the reign of Louis Philippe, every political party found a voice which vibrated throughout Europe. The Legitimists obtained in Berryer the *verba togata* which gave stately utterance to all noble sentiments lingering among the traditions of the past. In the speech of Odillon Barrot, so grave and masculine, the

opinion of the more ardent Liberals found expression, not only forcible but dignified. The principles of that revolution which had placed the House of Orleans upon the throne had their luminous expositor in Guizot; and by the oratory of Thiers the art of reply was carried to a consummate finish, uniting the readiness in argument of a Fox with the verbal liveliness and sparkle of a Shiel. Later in the same reign, Alphonse de Lamartine enthralled the audience he had begun by disappointing, and became the most persuasive orator, not only of his country, but of his age. M. Thiers was the lively and impressionable, M. Guizot the austere and dignified, representative of the French bourgoisie. The one was not more vivacious, supple, swift, ardent, full of enthusiasm, youthful-minded, and even boyish, in his passionate patriotism and love of national glory, than the other was stately, decorous, formal, inflexible, frigidly intellectual. "*Montez, montez, Messieurs! Jamais vous n'arriverez à la hauteur de mon dédain.*" These words are eminently characteristic of the man who uttered them.* Between Thiers and Guizot, however, a more attractive and interesting position belongs to Berryer, in the parliamentary portrait gallery of the reign of Louis Philippe.

"Victrix causa Diis placuit sed victa, Catoni."

The cause which found in Berryer so eloquent a champion was perhaps not particularly beautiful; and, had it been a successful cause, it would have lost the poetry with which he invested both it and himself. But how that cause became him, and he it! Berryer was a consummate artist; and the beauty of his art was irresistible. The image of this delightful orator is the last and loveliest that lingers in the recollection of that great age of parliamentary eloquence which was outlived by so many of its most brilliant representatives.

In 1852 the Constitution of France was again, as usual, under revision. The majority of the Chamber, which had voted the law of May, was anxious, from fear of the Red Spectre, to prolong the powers of the President of the Republic, Prince Louis Napoleon. Throughout the provinces, the Councils General had pronounced in favour of the prolongation; and there can be no doubt that it was generally desired by the country. But the Mountain did not desire, and was resolved to oppose, it. The measure could not constitutionally be carried without a majority of two-thirds of the Chamber; and as the Mountain disposed of more than one-third of the total number of votes, it was well known that the measure would be outvoted. This debate on the Revision of the Constitution was, therefore, nothing more than a great parliamentary display, a magnificent political sham fight. It was not on that account, however, any the less interesting to the public; and the triumph of the day was certainly reserved for Berryer. When he rose, the deputies on all sides of the House quitted their benches, and grouped themselves around the Tribune. The Mountain was as attentive and respect-

* M. Guizot, however, was not deficient in wit. What Frenchman is? But his wit was, like all his other gifts, stately and cold, even when scathing. Judge *ex ungue leonem.* An Orleanist nobleman, who had accepted from the Empire a high post abroad, returning to Paris, called on M. Guizot, who received him in solemn silence; replying only by a bow, as significant as Lord Burleigh's, and as stately, to all he said. M. Guizot's visitor, disconcerted, and at last indignant, took his leave, exclaiming, "Fortunately I have many other old friends in the Orleanist party. *qui me recevront d'une bien autre façon.*" Then Guizot, speaking for the first time, replied, "*Vous vous trompez, Monsieur, ils seront plus cruels, ceux-là; car ils parleront.*" Again: Guizot and Thiers happened to be travelling together on board the same steamboat. The night was fine. All the passengers remained upon deck. Guizot, wrapped up in his cloak, on a bench, was half asleep; Thiers in his most talkative humour. Some one said to Guizot, "Thiers, who has been explaining the science of navigation, is now telling us how the ship's course ought to be steered." "*Comment?*" muttered Guizot, drowsily, "*n'est-il pas encore sur le mât?*"

ful as the rest of the Chamber. M. Berryer spoke of 1789; of the Tennis Court at Versailles; of the noble ardours, the generous aspirations, of the young generation of that day; when he, Berryer, and his contemporaries still dreamed that the reign of universal liberty had begun, and still filled the future with their golden visions. He described the enthusiasm and assiduity with which he and his young companions used to attend the debates in the assembly for the purpose of writing down the speeches as they were spoken, before the days of shorthand reporters; he painted the rapture of civic and patriotic purpose with which all those young hearts and heads were filled by the contemplation of the great events passing around them; and whilst the speaker thus gave utterance to his own recollections, tears were literally streaming from the eyes of the old Marquis de Grandvilliers, who was amongst the deputies gathered around the steps of the Tribune.*

Those who were then present still recall with emotion their sensations when Berryer, suddenly pausing and stretching out his arm to the old man, dropped his voice into the accents of an affectionate familiarity, and exclaimed, "T'en souviens tu, Grandvilliers?" The old Legitimist rose to his feet, and answered, "Oui, oui, je m'en souviens!" The effect of this scene is indescribable. There was no applause; but a nameless sound, a sound between a sigh and a sob, went round the whole House. It was a fitting echo to the last accents of the oratory of an age which had already passed away.

It has been often said that the House of Orleans was kept upon the throne of France by the cohesive force of parliamentary corruption. But admitting, to a certain extent, the truth of this assertion, we can find in it no adequate explanation of the fall of Louis Philippe.

Under the auspices of an energetic, patriotic, and unscrupulous minister, the House of Hanover was kept upon the throne of England by means of parliamentary corruption. But the House of Hanover remains upon the throne of England; identified by the grateful loyalty of the English nation with that period of its history in which liberty and order have been most harmoniously combined. In a country harrassed, as England once was, and as France still is, by incompatible dynastic pretensions, and irreconcilable dynastic parties, it is extremely doubtful whether parliamentary government (a government involving considerable relaxation of executive force) can be carried on without corruption. History, at any rate, furnishes no example of the successful maintenance of parliamentary government by other means under such conditions. It is doubtless true that, during the reign of Louis Philippe, the management of parliament was practically the management of the personal interests of its members. If we take the average of the parliamentary majorities of that time, we find that from eight to twelve votes were generally sufficient to turn the scale. The deputies were, nominally, unpaid, and most of them were provincial lawyers or metropolitan journalists. Tobacco monopolies, local post offices, decorations, commercial concessions, and official employments, constituted the convertible currency in which they transacted their dealings with the Cabinet, giving it credit for "value received." But whose the fault? The Government was committed by its constitution to exclusive re-

* Two very opposite appreciations of Berryer's speaking have quite recently been recorded by Mr. Evelyn Ashley, in his interesting continuation of the life of Lord Palmerstson. General Jacqueminot told Lord Palmerston that Berryer had nothing but a good voice, and that his speeches contained little matter; adding, "If any man had Berryer's voice and manner, with the matter of Thiers or Guizot, he would be irresistible." Lord Palmerston, however, says, "This account of Berryer does not tally with what Peel told me. . . . . Peel says he once asked Talleyrand who was the best French speaker he had ever heard. Talleyrand said the best, decidedly, was Mirabeau, and the next best Berryer."—Life of Lord Palmerston," vol. iii., pp. 151–152.

liance upon the support of the bourgeoisie; and the bourgeoisie set a commercial value upon its political support of the government with which all its political interests were identified! A foreign diplomatist calling on M. Guizot after a lengthened debate in the chamber, found that Minister in a condition of extreme physical exhaustion. "I am grieved," said the courteous envoy, "to be obliged to trouble you after a day of such fatiguing parliamentary labour."—"Ah," groaned M. Guizot, "it is not the parliamentary nor the diplomatic business that fatigues me; but—" (pointing to a long list of applications for posts, pensions, promotions, orders, offices) "*c'est le personnel qui m'achève!*"

Yet, when all has been said that fairly can be said against the French Parliament under Louis Philippe, its impartial historian must affirm that the character of this illustrious assembly was not unworthy of the genius it displayed. Like all chambers popularly elected, it had its alloy; its political adventurers, its intriguing jobbers, its extravagant fanatics, its selfish schemers. But, on the whole, it was an assembly eminently creditable to the enlightened age and great people which had called it into being. It was patriotic and intelligent.

And here it is worth while to notice a curious, and somewhat paradoxical, phenomenon in parliamentary history. The character of a popular assembly is generally patriotic, and the pervading sentiment of it national in the inverse ratio of the extension of the suffrage from which it is elected. I know of no instance to the contrary. But, without searching for examples so remote as the ancient parliaments of Castile, we may find one to the point in the English Parliament previous to 1832, as compared with the same Parliament subsequent to that date. And, indeed, there is an obvious reason why this should be the case. A legislative assembly elected by a restricted suffrage instinctively regards itself as the specially responsible representative of the national interests in their *ensemble*. And justly so. Because, if the paramount object of its existence were the representation of local interests in their separate groups, such an assembly would be differently constituted. If its debates be adequately reported by a tolerably free press, or otherwise amenable to public comment, the contact thus maintained between the whole of its members and the collective sentiment and opinion of the whole nation must necessarily be closer, stronger, and more constant, than the contact between each of its members and each of the small groups of local interests which they separately represent. But, when the magnitude and importance of the constituency has been greatly increased, its claims upon the sympathy and attention of its representative are proportionately increased. Not so, however, his capacity of sympathy and attention: and thus, in his mind, the image of the nation would inevitably be displaced by that of the constituency, even if it did not commonly happen that the representatives of large and important constituencies are selected rather on account of their local sympathies and experience than for any general knowledge of imperial affairs, or proved capacity to deal with such affairs in an imperial spirit.

What is needed, therefore, to maintain the salutary current of instinctive sympathy between the nation as a whole, and its parliament as the articulate expression of the nation's imperial unity, is not so much a wide suffrage as a wide publicity, and unrestricted freedom of debate.

The suffrage represented by the French Chamber during the reign of Louis Philippe was, no doubt, a very restricted one. But the patriotism and the ability of the Chamber itself were not thereby restricted. What the result did prove to be too restricted, was the political intelligence of the bourgeoisie, who failed to perceive that this restricted suffrage was essential to their reten-

tion of that political monopoly which they eventually surrendered without even the merit of a conscious sacrifice of self-interests.

But this is a point to which I shall presently have occasion to recur. It is enough to indicate it here.

If we turn from the oratory to the literature of the reign of Louis Philippe, still more brilliant and imposing is the aspect of the age. In the graver schools of literary thought we recognise a vigorous activity, and high level of attainment. The philosophy of Idealism obtains in Maine de Biran no mean convert from the sensationalism of Condillac; and the barren field of metaphysics is adorned by the literary culture and talent of a Jouffroy and a Victor Cousin. History receives from the intellect and erudition of Guizot a scientific method and direction, steadied by the writer's great experience of practical politics. From the genius of Thiers it takes a rare beauty of style, and a narrative charm which gives the glow of romance to the exposition of fact. Elsewhere, this province of research is illuminated, from the most opposite points of view, by such illustrious writers as Barante and Thierry, who paint the feudal past in its own gothic colours,—or Mignet, Michelet, Quinet, and others, who philosophise or poeticise facts into illustrations of systems. Everywhere thought abounds, and rushes, exulting, into new-found channels.

I know of no literary epoch in which so many writers of popular fiction have simultaneously attained to so high a degree of literary excellence, and so wide a range of literary influence, whilst preserving, each of them, from the conventionalities of a school, the individuality of their own genius. A complete list of all the eminent poets, novelists, and dramatists, who flourished during the reign of Louis Philippe would be almost interminable; and any criticism of their works from a literary point of view would carry us beyond the scope of the present enquiry, which is only concerned with literature in its direct relations to politics.

A common fallacy is, perhaps, involved in the assumption that literature is the expression of a contemporary public opinion. The literature of the day is the last word of yesterday, and the first word of to-morrow. That is to say, it is the expression of the opinion which has been public, and of the opinion which is about to become public. But it does not directly express contemporary opinion, which is silent. The public mind, formed by the opinions and sentiments of the majority of the nation, is in constant conflict with the private mind, formed by the sentiments and opinions of the minority of the nation. The majority is always triumphant in the present. It is already in possession; and, being under no obligation to prove its title to the ground it holds, it has no inducement to break silence. The minority, differently situated, is not a proprietor but a claimant; and it is compelled to plead its cause at the bar of opinion. On the one side is power; on the other, force. The power of the majority is mute. It has no occasion to speak. The force of the minority is in its expression. When the necessity of self-defence obliges the majority to break silence, the majority is already half defeated, and must soon become a minority. The literature of such a minority, however young, is the literature of the past. The writers of the majority rarely, if ever, constitute the literature of a nation. They are, so to speak, executive, not legislative, writers. They may govern, but they do not teach. They may impose laws, they cannot make them. Still, I think we are justified in seeking from the popular literature of any particular period important indications of its intellectual and political tendencies. For the life of an age is made up of its relations to the past and the future. Each has its party in the present. And, indeed, what makes so often sanguinary the passage over from the old to the new time, is the extreme

narrowness of the way. Between the past and the future flows a broad stream of time; but over it is thrown only a single bridge, a narrow one, the present. Those who move, and those who stand still, the going and the coming, the men who rush forward and the men who fly back, all jostle each other midway. Each hinders his fellow; and a thousand combatants fall momently under the feet of their comrades, without helping the battle.

Now, in the popular literature of the reign of Louis Philippe, we find, no doubt, a tendency to agitate practically insoluble questions, and, to riot in the indulgence of morbid sentiments; we find this tendency, moreover, carried to an excess which is incompatible with the serenity of elevated art, and antagonistic to that critical *beau idéal* wherein poetry seeks images of grace and beauty. Some of the most powerful writers of this period strove, with a vain expenditure of prodigious effort, to dignify what is intrinsically mean, to adorn what is ugly, sentimentalise what is cynical, and extract a sort of romantic ethics from social theories which all sober understanding perceives to be baneful to domestic morality. Still, in this imaginative literature, all wrong in its conceptions of art, all false in its philosophy of life, there was a force, a hardihood, a zest of animal spirits, a fulness and freshness of power, out of which it seemed impossible but what something lovely and noble, as well as strong and salient, must eventually issue, if only the genius of the age were permitted to filter itself by the mere process of flowing on. And, after all, it is not for long that what is pernicious in the influence of imaginative writers can endure. There is sure to come a reaction from the blind admiration of their faults which, for a while, obliterates even their merits. We had a literature, on the whole, far more coarsely adapted to demoralize society, under Charles II. But it passed away, innocuous to the succeeding generation; and, instead of a Congreve, an Addison became the fashionable model of taste, and arbiter of letters. Lord Byron, a genius immeasurably more potent in his intellectual and personal influence than all the imaginative writers of young France put together, could not long charm youth

> "To make frowns in the glass, and write odes to despair."

Even before his untimely death, the eyes of the young generation turned, in dislike of his defects, from the study of those superlative beauties in his work, which a distant posterity will assuredly appreciate. And, if ever the influence of Byron again dominates a school or an age, it will be an influence purified, like that of an ancient classic, from all that can alloy delight in the critical study of an irregular but splendid genius.

The real question for the political enquirer, however, is not the literary sins or merits of the imaginative writers of the age of Louis Philippe. It is the cause, and character, of their influence upon the political temperament of their time. Never, I think, was there a time when purely imaginative writers exercised so immediate and powerful an influence over the thoughts and feelings of their contemporaries. The battle of æsthetic principles, waged between the classic and romantic schools of French literature, agitated the whole of France as deeply as if it involved the most momentous political issues. A new play by Victor Hugo was an event that convulsed a generation. Even the venerable and stately repose of the Academy was invaded, and violently shaken, by the tumultuous wave of passionate personal emotion which followed, and marked, the literary movement of the time. Nor was this all. Literature was not only in itself a political power, it was the means of placing political power in the hands of literary men. In the politics of countries where government has gradually become representative from the growing claims of

great properties or great industries, the purely literary intellect is at a discount. In the political history of our own country there are, no doubt, instances, from Burke to the present day, of men famous in letters who have also occupied a conspicuous position in public life. But they have not attained to this position by means of their literary fame, or their literary turn of mind. They have attained to it in spite of both, and by means of other qualifications. Moreover, both the political and literary world in England have practically (and I cannot but think justly, if rules be not invalidated by their rare exceptions) assumed that the intellectual qualities necessary for the highest success is purely imaginative literature, are incompatible with those which are requisite for active public life. If we admit that the political novelist or essayist is not disqualified, by his literary habits of thought, for the labours of practical politics, we are certainly not predisposed to believe that, because a man is a great poet, he must have it in him to be a good politician. In France it was otherwise.

The periodical press enlisted some of the profoundest, and some of the most brilliant, writers of this remarkable epoch. Unquestionably it erred in its redundant vitality. It was defiant, petulant, provocative. It was also too much inclined to that most unsatisfactory and pernicious of all processes in political reasoning, the research into eternally just principles of social government, and deduction therefrom of abstract speculations on ultimate conclusions. Sound political sense shuns the indefinite; and to no political society is there any definite commencement remounting beyond its acknowledged history, or any definite prospect extending beyond the sequences which can be logically deduced from the actual condition of the day. Politics admit of no myths in the past like the Social Contract of Rousseau, and no star-reading in the future like the Human Perfectibility of Condorcet. No doubt, the French Press under Louis Philippe had its grave defects. But they were the defects of youth; defects which time and experience suffice to reform, when youth has, on the whole, cultured intelligence and noble aspiration. And in that press each opinion had, at least, its champion as well as its destroyer. The press did but share the general freedom accorded, in all other fields of argument, to disputants for truth. Its soldiers fought without mask, mantle, or secret dagger. They gave to their cause the responsibility of their names, and defended it at the hazard of their lives. The power which the press thus acquired might be too great, its influence too inflammatory; but it could only be the legitimate power of talent, backed by the influence of whatever authority the name of the writer carried with it. In a press so singularly open, the rulers could at least see the full front of every opinion, and calculate the worth of every foe.

And certainly, for the writers of the periodical press itself, the reign of Louis Philippe was the Golden Age. To achieve a reputation in the leading article of a journal was the readiest means to fortune and to power. The journal was a career. It led to the chamber, to the senate, to the administration. It certainly seems to us, looking back upon it, that the system of Constitutional Monarchy, under Louis Philippe, was precisely the political system which a periodical press would have felt a common interest in defending against all combinations for its overthrow. But it is the condition of a periodical press to have no instinct of a common interest; and the journalism of the day was, itself, employed in loosening all the grounds in which its own roots were interwoven with those of the monarchy. The same remark applies to the imaginative literature of the time. Never again, in all probability, will imaginative writers, nor yet the literary class as a whole, enjoy so large a share of political power as

that to which they were admitted by the character of the monarchy whose foundations they did their best to undermine. But, as I have said, it is not with the literary sins of these writers that we are here concerned. The question before us is this. How far does the imaginative literature of the reign of Louis Philippe really represent the political spirit of that time, and thus furnish some evidence of the latent causes of a revolution that paralyzed the literature and swallowed up the reign?

Now, I think it must be allowed that nothing could be more antagonistic to the principles of monarchy represented by Louis Philippe than the whole tone and spirit of the popular poetry and fiction which had full career during his reign. For the French monarchy of 1830 was essentially, and avowedly, THE CORONATION OF THE MIDDLE CLASS. Its most lucid and competent expositor proclaims, and advocates, it as such. "On l'appelle," says M. Guizot, "le parti de la bourgeoisie, des classes moyennes. C'est, en effet, ce qu'il était, et ce qu'il est aujourd'hui." (*Guizot, De la Démocratie en France*, p, 94.) But, according to the same champion of that monarchy, and according to the logic of every disciplined political reasoner, a political system based on the ascendency of the middle classes must rest on the popular respect shown to those principles with which a bourgeoisie, or middle class, most identifies its social interests and moral sentiments. The recognized sanctity of property, the sober regard for practical business, and for the regulated duties of life —that which M. Guizot calls "l'esprit de famille, l'empire des sentiments et des mœurs domestiques"—in short, practically, a quick but steady progress which does not shake the funds or drain the tills; and, theoretically, a decorous homage to the stability of those bulwarks of social order, the altar and the hearth: such, if a middle-class is to be the governing power of the country, must be the permanent character of its policy and the persuasive tenderness of its social example.

From the moment in which a middle class welcomes, as liberal and enlightened, notions that assail the established rights of property, or the received code of domestic morals, its political ascendency is doomed. Not more surely was it among the signs of coming destruction to the peerages of the French nobles, when their favourite authors were Rousseau, Diderot, and Voltaire, than it became a sign that the bourgeoisie of France were about to resign their sway, when their favourite writers were Balzac, Georges Sand, Victor Hugo, Eugène Sue.

The common characteristic, not of these writers alone, but of the great majority of their less renowned contemporaries, is a defiance of all the principles upon which the moral power of a middle class can rest. In their works, sober probity is made to look mean by the side of some fantastic paradox of honour; the sanctity of marriage is ridiculed and denied; the wronged husband represented as a brute or a fool, the faithless wife as an *ange déchu*; the convict is portrayed as a prodigy of natural goodness made bad by artificial laws; the trader as a knave; the priest as a hypocrite or a dullard; the noble as a blackleg; the *ouvrier* as a hero.

Now, whatever the influence which such literature may have had on the reading public, it is quite clear that it could have had none at all if the reading public had not felt a sympathetic gratification in conceding it. The cultivators of that literature cultivated it as a profession. Their object was to please and to sell. If the reading public had recoiled from the subjects they selected and the sentiments they uttered, those writers would have struck into other subjects and expressed other sentiments. Romance writers are not, like saints and martyrs, willing to die for the holiness of their doctrines. The most impressionable of human beings are the children of Fancy;

and they only give back to their age and country, in imaginative forms, what their age and country have instilled into them. That the writers of a Middle Class Monarchy should attack the received interests and morals of the middle class, would prove nothing politically. But that such writers should be popular, admired, and famous with the middle class itself, is a grave political symptom. Against death by suicide, the gods themselves cannot defend their favourites; and political power soon abandons a class that betrays its own cause.

Such was the romantic literature of the monarchy of the middle classes in France. But, behind this light though formidable artillery were arranged heavier forces against the sway of the bourgeoisie. The working class was not only idealized and poeticized by wayward genius, it was invoked by the eloquence of a false philosophy as the founder of a new and more perfect organization of the social world. The dreamers of the first revolution revived in visionaries more plausible, and far more seductive to the honest poor. It was no longer now the vague cry of the Rights of Man, but the distinct, intelligible appeal to the man who works for wages—the special proclamation of the Rights of Labour. The enemy of the working class was not now the aristocracy. Aristocracy was no more. It was the Bourgeoisie. It was the employer by whom the employed was being wronged and robbed; it was the storekeeper who ground down the journeyman, the manufacturer who oppressed the artisan. It was the original sin of Capital *versus* the redemption of Bone and Sinew.

The main cause of the revolution which annulled the Orleans dynasty is here; or, at least, the immediate determining cause of it. Substantially, that revolution was a revolt of the working class against the middle class; but be it always remembered that *the revolt was fostered and encouraged by the middle class itself.* Thinking to increase its power, the bourgeoisie arrayed itself against the monarchy which represented and protected it; pressed for that extension of the electoral suffrage by which the acute old king saw that it would be admitting the agencies bent on its destruction; and, disappointed of the reform that would have slowly undermined, joined in the revolution that immediately engulfed its ascendency.

Undoubtedly there were many other causes of discontent with the latter portion of the reign of Louis Philippe. But these were not among the primary causes of its overthrow. The king's foreign policy was extremely unpopular; and the French care much about their foreign policy. In the intrigues of the Spanish marriages they beheld the nepotism of a royal egotist rather than the policy of a patriot king. France had not been as glorious as Frenchmen wished to see her, during the pacific reign of that humane monarch. The national pride was mortified, the military ambition damped and thwarted. The revolution which had placed Louis Philippe on the throne had excited, as all such revolutions must, hopes of some impossible progress to some indefinite end. The unhappy death of the king's eldest son, and his own advanced years, presented to the popular mind those images of feebleness and insecurity in dynasties yet unconsolidated by time—a regency and an infant. Corruption had been one of the engines of power by which necessity endeavoured to replace institutions; corruption through numberless *employés* in all the provinces. Reforms were, doubtless, needed. But when all the worst that can be said of his character and his reign has been freed from exaggeration, and is calmly summed up against all that can be said, not only in defence, but in praise, of both, the retrospective thinker, contemplating the reign of Louis Philippe, still murmurs, "Yes, reforms were necessary, but not a revolution; and, if a revolution, certainly not the rash surrender, to mob rule, of so grand an

experiment as Constitutional Monarchy with a free Chamber and a free Press."

In England—let us hope also in the younger constitutional systems of Belgium and Italy—had the offences of the reign been two-fold what they were, there would have been a change of ministers, but not of dynasties.

It must, however, be acknowledged that Louis Philippe himself had thrown away the great personal safeguard of Constitutional Monarchy, when he excluded from it the salutary principle of ministerial responsibility.

A constitutional throne is an arm-chair; an absolute one is a stool with no back to it. Princes are, by temperament and position, liable to giddiness; and a constitution is even more helpful to their own security than to that of their subjects. Could the first Napoleon have afforded to accord to France the constitution she obtained from Louis XVIII., perhaps he would not have fallen from his throne when the giddy fit was on him. But the main defect of the position occupied by a popular despot, or democratic dictator, is that his only intelligible title to it lies in his supposed exceptional fitness for governing. Every system of government rests upon some necessary fiction. Constitutional government reposes upon many. The fundamental fiction of Cæsarism is infallibility, just as that of Constitutionalism is impeccability. Hereditary sovereignty is strengthened by the surrender of personal power and responsibility; because, the less important the part personally taken by the sovereign in the making of the laws, and the practical ordering of the public interests, the less excuse there is for periodically agitating the country for the choice of a sovereign, and the more obvious becomes the convenience of the hereditary principle. A Hapsburg, or a Bourbon, can afford to adopt the principle of ministerial responsibility; a Napoleon, or a Cromwell, cannot. Louis Philippe, however, neglected the advantage offered him by the constitutional character of his crown. Representative states must not expect to enjoy a perpetual spring-time. The advantage they do enjoy is that, in the open plain of popular government, the snow melts every year and soon disperses; whereas, under the cold shade of a personal throne, it accumulates in glaciers which continually threaten, and sometimes crush, the people who live under them. And, although it may take ages to collect the materials of an avalanche, the tinkle of a mule bell, or the bray of an ass, is often sufficient to bring one down.

Louis Philippe did not govern solely through his ministers; he governed too much himself, and this was known. So that, in assuming the functions of a minister, he lost the immunity which constitutional theories accord to a monarch. Thus, instead of a change of government, when the government became unpopular, the king himself was swept away; because, in the king was the government.

Thus passed from the throne of France the dynasty of Orleans; and with it the monarchy of the middle classes.

That monarchy, however, was expelled by the mob of Paris, not by the nation. The nation did not expel, it abandoned it. The National Guard, the Chamber, the Army, abandoned the choice of the Bourgeoisie, because the Bourgeoisie had already abandoned its own cause. The monarchy had based itself exclusively on the middle class. It had no props in institutions congenial to monarchy; the loyalty of nobles, the sympathy of masses, the interest of armies. To reign by, and through, the middle class, it had neglected all other aids. Its ostensible and immediate offence, the refusal of electoral reform, was in reality a proof of its care for the middle class, with which it had identified its cause, and by which it was betrayed in the hour of danger.

Thus, the fall of the House of Orleans was virtually the abdication by the middle

class of its own sovereignty. And therefore was the revolution of 1848 a great blow to the principle of Constitutional Monarchy; or, at least, to all the popular theories about Constitutional Monarchy. For it proved that a Constitutional Monarchy cannot safely depend on the exclusive support of that class with which Constitutional Monarchy is inevitably most connected by the circumstances, as well as by the sentiments, of modern society. It cannot rest on the middle class alone. For its duration it must have with it classes that will brave a mob in support of the principle of monarchy, even though they may not approve of the monarch actually on the throne. There is no life in institutions longer than the life of a single man, if they depend, not on the value at which the community assesses the institutions themselves, but on the personal popularity of an individual.

It is commonly believed that a more timely and energetic employment of military force would have saved the monarchy. So far as it is possible for a distant and retrospective inquirer to form any opinion on such a point, I share this belief. But it is wholly immaterial to the subject and object of my present inquiry. Had the monarchy been so saved, its salvation would have been due to the energy of a man, not to the soundness of a system. And it is only with political systems that we are here concerned; not forgetting, of course, how greatly the natural effects of any political system are susceptible of modification by the influence of personal character.

Regarded intellectually and socially, that monarchy of Orleans was not a failure. Far from it. Never has France enjoyed a longer lease of that rational liberty, which consists in the management of public interests and affairs by the active co-operation of the nation with its government, and the general diffusion of political vitality. The reign, as we have seen, was characterized by an extraordinary display of intellectual vigour. Voice and thought were free. It was the fault of the time, not of the monarchy, if freedom ran into license. Religion was respected, whilst science was encouraged, by the attitude of the government and the example of the Court. The members of the royal family were blameless in their lives, and rarely in any single family has so much intellect and intellectual culture been as felicitously united with so high a sense of civic duty.* Years of peace had been bestowed upon Europe, adding largely to the national prosperity of France. The wealth and industry of the nation had made great and steady progress, without so absorbing the national spirit in the prosecution of purely material interests as to lower the intellectual tone of it. The administration of justice was pure, and tempered by the known humanity of the sovereign.

Yet through the whole political tissue of the time there ran a thread of unreality, which snapped, at last, under the first strain of revolutionary pressure. This thread was woven, neither by the monarchy, nor yet by the bourgeoisie, considered as apart from each other. It was woven by the union of them both in the *monarchy of the bourgeoisie*, a fiction! For a middle class has not in itself the necessary elements of sovereignty. It is born satisfied, and can never attain to anything; not even to a starting-point. Its proper place in the community is that which its name implies, a middle one. Louis Philippe virtually said to the Bourgeoisie of France, "I am not a king; I am a *paterfamilias*, a man of business,—like yourselves." His monarchy, therefore, was like an arch without a keystone. The keystone need not be of a different material from the other stones, bnt it must be always of a different shape; and, without it, no arch can stand.

* This was written many years ago. The conduct of the Princes of the House of Orleans, under many trying circumstances, has since then been such as to entitle them to the sincere respect of every impartia critic and every honourable gentleman.—L.

Far back in the past however, lie the inexorable first causes of this, as of all the other political failures of modern France. For the past may be good or bad; but, for well or ill, it will always be the fatal master of the future. The People and the Aristocracy are the two first conditions of any great and durable political structure. The third is the Dynasty, in which their traditions and interests are united. The dynasty may be extinguished by the sterility of a race, or the accidents of civil war; but it will always revive again in some form or other, either by importation or production, so long as the two primary conditions of national life are left. For they engender their complement. The people will always remain: but a people which cannot produce an aristocracy is a plant without sap, a field without seed, an image of sterility.

In France Richelieu decapitated half the aristocracy, and Louis XIV. degraded the remainder into courtiers. Then, the people decapitated the dynasty, and remained alone—alone and infructuous. Having left itself nothing to unite with, it can engender nothing but the germs of its own gradual exhaustion by barren emotions and abortive effort.

There are some causes which, in their overthrow, overwhelm their representatives. In a great earthquake the first thing to disappear are the lofty things—temples and palaces. It was not accorded to the revolution of 1848 to overthrow one of those causes.

Charles X. embarked at Cherbourg, surrounded by all the grandeurs of royalty. Louis Philippe fled from Paris in disguise. 1830 impeached the members of the "Ordonnances." 1848 did not deign to notice the king's subservient advisers. The bourgeoisie is never heroic: and in the fall of the bourgeois monarchy there was no tragic incident. But it has left behind it some lessons still worth studying; and, if ever constitutional monarchy be again established in France, it must be upon some broader and safer foundation than the exclusive satisfaction of a middle class.

LYTTON.

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
 And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
 And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
 Some days must be dark and dreary.

—Longfellow.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

BEFORE the fate of Lepine is decided we shall probably have gone to press. We may safely say that his sentence will not be carried into effect. To avenge the murder of Scott may be a great object, but to preserve the honour of the country is a greater. No one can read the report of the Manitoba Committee without seeing that Archbishop Taché gave an assurance of impunity to the rebels with the tacit acquiescence of the Government, which did not repudiate him after the death of Scott ; and the assurance was practically confirmed, in the most decisive manner, by the political connection which Sir George Cartier, with the full knowledge and consent of the Premier, formed with Riel, and by the conduct of Governor Archibald. It is true that the acts of the Ministers were irregular and culpable ; still, the Ministers were the representatives of the country, and if the country chooses to put at its head men who are not trustworthy, it must be prepared to take the consequence of its error. Our name would be forever tarnished if, after what has taken place, Lepine's blood were shed. Riel may be a murderer ; but if he is, the late Prime Minister of the Dominion is an accomplice after the fact. He is so, we apprehend, even legally, as he provided the criminal with money wherewith to escape from justice : but morally he is still more manifestly so, inasmuch as he stayed and paralysed in Riel's favour the arm of the law. In truth it would be almost impossible to devise a case of complicity after the fact more heinous than that of a Minister of Justice who secretly enters into collusion with a criminal for the purpose of baffling justice, while he covers the transaction by solemn protestations in public of his earnest desire to do his duty.

Perhaps looking to the net result of these machinations, the passionate admirers of political tacticians may be led to consider whether, on the whole, real sagacity may not sometimes be evinced by simply following the plain dictates of truth and honour. The most recluse student, the simplest peasant, guided by the promptings of an honest heart, could scarcely have got into such a mess, in the Riel case, as have men who for their cunning were worshipped by their followers as gods, and the example of whose immoral success was rapidly demoralizing the youth of this country.

A lurid light has been thrown by the Lepine case on the wide fissures of sectional interest which still yawn in the edifice of our Confederation. British feeling on one side, French feeling on the other, has broken forth with almost unabated intensity. The excitement in Quebec has been at once extreme and unmistakably national ; nor did the sectional antagonism appear to be at all tempered by regard for a common country. It is too evident what would ensue if, by any great shock or pressure from without, a severe strain were laid on Confederation. There is but one cement which can bind together heterogeneous masses into a solid and durable structure, and that cement is nationality. If, in our case, loyalty forbids that thought, Canadian union is almost hopeless, for an Act of Parliament may consolidate territories, but it cannot blend hearts.

Those unsuccessful candidates at the last election who did not protest, must be now

filled with poignant regret at their pusillanimous omission. With scarcely an exception, those who have tried their fortune have been successful. Had all the elections been protested, it seems that the Legislature might have involuntarily performed a feat like that of the conjuror who undertook to conclude his performance by jumping down his own throat and leaving his audience in total darkness. A deposed Parliament would have received from the Judges the report that the whole of it had ceased to exist. Bribery on a large scale has not been proved in more than two or three cases, though the imperfect character of the evidence, which stops short where a case sufficient to oust the respondent has been made, forbids us to assume that the whole extent of the evil has been brought to light. But it is clear that, with lax and untrustworthy tribunals, bad practices had become almost universal, which a stricter and more trustworthy tribunal is in a fair way to eradicate. To get an unbribed constituency into a polling booth is as essential to the working of free institutions as it is to get twelve honest men into a jury box; and the judges deserve the thanks of the country for the conscientious care, the impartiality, and the inflexibility with which they have administered the law. Besides the direct benefit, a good lesson in public morality has been most seasonably given to the people. A singular expression of laxity on this vital subject has been ascribed to no less a person than the Prime Minister of Ontario; but the reports differ, and it would not be easy to believe that Mr. Mowat had countenanced electoral corruption.

By the result of the Kingston election trial the author of the Pacific Railway Scandal and of the Riel intrigue, as well as of a general system of political corruption which would soon have poisoned the very life-blood of the nation, is consigned, we may fairly hope at least, to a period of much needed quarantine. It is a high proof of his tact and address that his party has been ready so completely to sacrifice itself, as well as the country, to his personal ambition; and he has unsparingly taken advantage of their devotion. But we must repeat what we said before: had he thought less of himself and more of his party, to say nothing of the country, his position would be far better than it is now. The door of moral rehabilitation and of possible return to power was open, but he passed it by, or rather closed it against himself. When the fatal evidence of his delinquencies in the Pacific Railway case came to light, chivalry and policy alike urged him to say: "Of this money not a cent has stuck to my hands; in that respect I again protest that they are clean, and have always been so; but I must own that, under the pressure of a desperate struggle for political existence, I have done in the interest of my party, which I regard as identical with the interest of the country, what I can neither justify myself nor call upon my colleagues and adherents to defend. And now my course is clear: I ask no advice of friends or followers when my own honour clearly points the way. I peremptorily resign, and leave my colleagues, who are unaffected by these disclosures, to do the best they can for the party and the country." This, as we have said before, was the road to sympathy, and the road to sympathy was the road to political restoration. Public morality would have been satisfied and might have relented. But the oracle which gives such counsels has no seat in Sir John Macdonald's breast. He clung desperately to office, and when he was torn from it by the just indignation of the country, he pulled down everything and everybody belonging to him in his fall. If he now departs, he will bequeath to us the happy legacy of exclusive Grit domination, which might have been averted if, at the fatal crisis, he could have thought of anything but himself.

A partial change seems to have come over

the feelings of the employing classes in England on the subject of emigration. A year ago, no topic could be more unpopular either with landowners or manufacturers; but it appears that Mr. Arch's movement has rendered the landowners, at all events, willing to deport some of the less submissive spirits to a happier land. Nevertheless, emigration to Canada falls below the mark of last year. We pointed out some time ago that the point had been reached at which, instead of regarding the Colonies with complacency as outlets for her surplus population, England must begin to regard them as competitors for labour essential to the increase of her own wealth. The fact could not be doubted by any one who had the opportunity of testing English opinion last spring.

This renders it more than ever desirable that we should take a rather more rational and comprehensive view of the subject. Our position at present is practically somewhat absurd. The Government and its agents are only doing their duty in pursuing with zeal and energy a traditional policy, to which they are always being urged by the country. But they are all the time pouring water into a cask with a hole in it. Allowing for great exaggeration in the reported numbers of French-Canadian emigrants to the United States, we fear that for two emigrants, whom at great expense and with much labour we bring over, we probably lose three. But little account is taken of the emigrants who are lost, because they are mainly withdrawn from manufactures, and agriculture is the Government's sole care. That agriculture for the present should be the chief care of Government is reasonable; that it should be the sole care is not. As we have often had occasion to remark, a great development of our manufactures may reasonably be expected in the future, and the relative importance of the two branches of industry may thus undergo a material change. Even at present the manufacturing interest is not so contemptible as politicians, who draw their support exclusively from the farmers, choose to suppose. A manufacturer, who ventured to remonstrate against the provisions of the Reciprocity Treaty, was told that his order was a mere fraction of the community, and did not employ ten thousand people. There must be a population of at least double that number dependent on manufactures in Montreal alone. To enable the Canadian manufactures to compete successfully with the Americans for Canadian labour, if it can be done by a mere adjustment of the tariff, without imposing any duties for the purpose of protection, is surely at least as legitimate a mode of keeping up the numbers of our population as all this elaborate apparatus for alluring labourers from the other side of the Atlantic. It is at all events not to the principle of Free Trade that the advocates of the present system can appeal. Free Trade means letting everything alone and allowing nature absolutely to take her course; not making the manufacturer pay to import labour for the farmer, while he is being deprived of the same commodity himself.

Attention has also been called to the subject of the distribution of emigrants on their arrival, and not without good reason. The British farm labourer is at once the most efficient and the most helpless of mankind. In doing a hard day's work he has no rival; but he has lived in such a state of vassalage, and has been so accustomed to act mechanically under the guidance of his master, that power of self-guidance in him there is none. He must be taken to the actual place where he is to work, and shown the work he is to do; if it is work to which he is unaccustomed, his intelligence will require more than the average length of training to accommodate itself to the change. Moreover take what care you will—and we have no doubt that the Ontario Emigration office takes the greatest care—not a few will emigrate who had better have staid at home.

We shall have a certain proportion of mere discontent, restlessness, laziness, and vagabondage; and the tendency of this element will be, instead of going to Manitoba, to linger in the purlieus of our cities, where it will not only be a burden to their inhabitants itself, but may form the fatal germ of a pauper class. It is a fact not to be learned from the common statistics, but one well known to those who have had occasion to inquire specially into the cause of English pauperism, that it is to a great extent hereditary. We might have in Montreal or Toronto a race of beggars. It is needless to say that we should soon have a criminal population also.

The last session of the present Parliament of Ontario has commenced with the old actors, and with an immediate renewal of the sputtering altercation in which the Assembly has wasted a large portion of the public time. The Government acts judiciously in bringing forward little public business of moment at a time when, the thoughts of every member being engrossed by the coming election, it would command about as much attention as a sermon preached to a congregation which has heard the fire bell and does not know whose house may be on fire. The Redistribution Bill is a matter of practical interest, and will no doubt give rise to a warm debate, if any charge of gerrymandering can be made against the Government; any occasion of making campaign capital will be eagerly seized; but otherwise the session will be only a death-bed scene.

Strong things have been said of late in the English papers about the condition of our Provincial Legislatures, no doubt on the testimony of Englishmen who have been sitting beside the Speaker's chair. That the Provincial Legislatures are the special seats of corruption is an assertion for which we see no ground; but in other respects we must own with sorrow that the character of the Parliament of Ontario could hardly be lower than it is. Its legislation for some time past has been hardly above the level of a village conclave, and its debates have been brawls. Indeed we may partly console ourselves with the reflection that the country must be strong if it can prosper with such a Parliament. The English critics imagine that the source of the evil is a dearth of men; and among ourselves there are some who now bitterly lament the abolition of dual representation. To us we confess it appears that there is no dearth of men; that on the contrary the proportion of men in this Province fitted to be legislators is unusually large; and that the fault lies in the constituencies and the noxious influences under which their choice is made. In addition to localism, which has now reached almost as high a pitch here as in the United States, and the shibboleths of two unmeaning factions, one of them rendered still narrower by the personal prejudices of an autocratic wire-puller, a man of mark seeking to enter Parliament would have to encounter a number of petty sections, interests and associations, each fighting for its own kind, among which he is sure, if he has been before the public at all, to have at least one mortal enemy. Through so intricate a network of impediments only very small and flexible creatures can possibly make their way. The present Parliament is bad: we confidently predict that its successor will be worse. Indeed another step downward is already foreshadowed by the announcement of a new Orange pledge.

The Premier, in the first Session of the present Parliament, showed that he at all events thoroughly entered into the spirit of party government, by avowing his wish that there were a stronger opposition. Of all conceivable forms of government, party government, with a weak opposition, is about the worst, since even in the case of an autocrat there is a certain sense of individual responsibility which is wanting in the case of an uncontrolled faction. The pre-

sent weakness of the Opposition in Ontario is therefore a serious evil; and people who care little for either party, or for anything but the public service, though they may not desire to see the Government overturned, will desire to see the Opposition strengthened. In fact, there being no important question at issue, and the parties being based on no intelligible distinction of principle, the object of trimming the Parliamentary balance, and restoring the efficiency of the constitutional check on Government, is about the most rational motive which can determine an independent vote.

The Opposition, however, must do its part by endeavouring to obviate the causes of its weakness, and to put itself on a more responsible footing before the electors. Chief among the causes of weakness is the want of men, which, great as it is on both sides, is most conspicuous on the side of the Opposition, where only one man shows himself whom any one would care to bring into the administration, while even that man leads in such a fashion that if I had a party of Pitts and Peels behind him, he would keep them on the Speaker's left hand. "Dear Brother," said the Duke of York, afterwards James II., to Charles II., "there are plots against your life, take my guard." "Dear Brother," replied Charles, "don't be alarmed; nobody will kill me to make you king." This is the great security of the present Government. If the Opposition have any man of higher stamp in reserve among the candidates whom they have nominated, no time should be lost in bringing him to the front. Let the venerable trunk of the Family Compact muster whatever sap it has, and try to produce one shoot more. At present Grittism, though somewhat dry and gnarled, is in comparison a green bay tree. The people, if they are asked to give a vote which may put the Opposition in power, must, at least, be assured that they are not calling down upon themselves administrative disaster. A cry, however, is indispensable, as well as a man; and what cry the Opposition can raise it is difficult to see. Like its adversary, it has a ticket, but the two tickets differ in colour rather than in the inscription. The professions of purity are equally loud on both sides, and on both sides must be construed with the necessary qualifications. To pre-eminent loyalty the Tories might be thought to have a patent right; but an article equally strong and equally disinterested is clamorously advertised by the rival firm. Still it may reasonably be urged that if an armed revolution is impending, we ought to take refuge under the protection of the Conservatives, who are above suspicion, rather than under that of a party whose associations are questionable, whose antecedents are more than questionable, and the very obtrusiveness of whose present enthusiasm indicates to the vigilant loyalist that there is something to be concealed. In the department of finance an issue is certainly not wanting, since the surplus of five millions claimed by the Government is by the arithmetic of their antagonists reduced to four dollars; a remarkable proof that the distinction between the mathematical and the moral sciences is not so complete as is commonly supposed. But so long as there is a surplus even of four dollars, the cry of economy will not be effective. The people do not realize the fact that the money is their own; they think it is the money of the Government, and rather like to see it freely spent. Among the special charges made by the Opposition against particular members or departments of the Government, there is hardly one which could influence a vote, even if the moral fibre of the people had not been deadened as it has been by the incessant use of vituperation as a mere engine of party war. The strongest case is that against Mr. McKellar, whose proper place, unquestionably, is on the stump rather than at the council board; but its strength has been frittered away by exaggeration, by repetition, by the betrayal of factious mo-

tives, and by the mixture of mere trumpery, such as the story of "little Mrs. B.," with really grave matters of accusation. The case of Mr. Crooks may come before a Court of Justice, and we will therefore abstain from saying more than that it is unlikely to excite any strong feeling among the people. About the best point the Opposition has, is the use made of the power of the Crown for the purpose of securing a conviction in the Whellams case. The defence made by the Government organ was tardy, blustering, and technical. It threw the whole responsibility on the counsel; but it is hardly credible that a political case, about which party feeling was so strongly excited, should not have attracted the special attention of the Government. Mr. McKellar, in shaking hands with some of the jurymen after the verdict, committed a great and characteristic blunder; we may be sure that it was nothing more.

As the Dominion and the Ontario Government are the same concern, one being, in fact, a sort of tender to the other. Dominion questions may be expected to influence some Ontario votes. The party offended by the decision of the Dominion Government in the case of Lepine, whichever it may be, will be inclined to vote with the Opposition in the Province. So probably will the commercial interest, which, having been treated by the Grit leader not only with indifference but with contumely, has about as good a warrant for righting its peculiar wrongs by the exercise of the ballot, as it is possible for a special interest to have. Indeed, when an interest, however limited, uses its political power to enforce not special favour but bare justice, it may be said to be really acting for the good of the whole community. Churches as well as interests may possibly find reasons for standing on the defensive. The connection—religious, national and political—between the Grit leaders and a certain powerful denomination, appears to have created in other quarters a fear lest Grit ascendency should bring Presbyterian monopoly in its train. Our experience of the Ballot in this country, however, has so far failed to confirm the English experience, which is adverse to party allegiance and favourable to influences of a more personal or sectional kind. Here party allegiance seems to hold its own.

Pessimism is always a mistake. Wise men and good citizens, though they may wish institutions changed, make the best of them as they are. We hold the system of party to be unsuitable to the circumstances of this Province. But it exists, and it seems likely to continue. We therefore loyally acquiesce, and as legislation and government are to be an everlasting cock-fight, we help, as far as in us lies, to supply sharper spurs and the stimulating ginger to the vanquished and the weaker bird.

A stronger Opposition happens in the present case to be specially desirable, not merely as a check on the Government, but as the means of emancipating the Government itself, the Legislature and the Province generally, from the extra-Parliamentary influence by which at present they are controlled. It is not necessary on this subject to say anything offensive. The present relation between the proprietor of the dominant journal and the Governments, Central and Provincial, may have been brought about, and no doubt has been brought about, without intentional subserviency on one side or intentional usurpation on the other. But its existence is questioned by no human being. The pretence that it is no more than the ordinary influence of a successful journal can hardly mislead even the rustic mind. In England, happily for that country, journalism is separated by a sharp line from public life, and there is comparatively little danger of the evils which must arise when a powerful newspaper becomes the tool of a particular politician. But let us suppose that in England the proprietor of a journal was also the leader of one of the parties; that having been discomfited in the open

field of public life he fell back behind his journal, retaining at the same time the real power and all his political connections; that the policy of his party continued to correspond exactly with that of the journal, whatever errors the journal might commit; that when the party came into power the men selected for the chief places were just those most likely to be under his personal influence; that the identity between the policy of the journal and that of the party remained as complete in power as it had been in opposition; that the Government did everything which the journal advocated, and the journal defended everything which the Government did; who would be so simple as to believe that this was nothing but an ordinary instance of the power of the Press? The Premier of Ontario tells us that no influence is exercised. Of course, he is not conscious of it, any more than King James I. was conscious of being under the influence of Buckingham, or than George III. was conscious of being under the influence of Lord Bute. He tells us that Mr. Brown does not interfere with the administration personally, and that the only way the Ministry have of learning his wishes is by studying, like the general public, the expression of them in the *Globe*. No doubt the sun itself is the chronometer of science; still for ordinary purposes a clock will do. The practical question is, whether the Premier of the Dominion or the Premier of Ontario would venture to adopt any measure of which the proprietor of the *Globe* disapproved, or to confer an appointment on any one who had fallen under his displeasure. Every one will answer that question in the negative. Not that Mr. Mackenzie or Mr. Mowat is of a servile disposition, or wanting in anything that belongs to a patriot and a man of honour; but neither of them has the control of the party; and under the system of party government, the man who has not the control of the party is inevitably the subordinate of the man who has.

No personal reflection is involved in saying that this is a bad state of things, and one subversive of the dignity of Parliament and of the ends of Parliamentary institutions. An irresponsible dictatorship is *almost* certain, even in the best hands, to be tyrannical and narrow. A singular compliment was paid the other day by a gentleman belonging to the staff of the *Globe* to Mr. John Bright, who, if the advertisement chanced to fall under his notice, must have felt much as Alexander the Great might feel on seeing an announcement that a public lecturer was going to compare him with Alexander the Coppersmith. Mr. John Bright is intellectually somewhat haughty, but he is no bully: he has a really noble nature as well as a mind of first-rate power; he is too strong himself to fear independence of mind in others; he is incapable of abusing power for the purposes of petty and vindictive tyranny; he cordially hates injustice; he, as cordially loves liberty of opinion; and the very thought of holding up to social odium, or threatening with personal consequences any one who should take the opposite side to him in public discussion would curl his proud lip with scorn. Yet, we should be sorry to place Mr. John Bright in the position now occupied by the proprietor of the *Globe*. An avowed and responsible leadership—a leadership in Parliament and not in a Journal Office—this is the great reform which the country desires at the hands of the Reform Party. It willbe fruitful in improvements of all-kinds.

The series of attacks made about the time of our last issue, by the governing organ, ostensibly on the President of the National Club, were generally understood to be really directed, in some measure at least, against the Great Insubordinate of its own party; and the articles seem to have suffered, in point of veracity, from the special exigencies of this oblique movement as well as from the general habits of the writers.

We hear it said that the position which the *Globe* gave Mr. Blake, the *Globe* can take away, and even that it could now exclude him from Parliament. The boast is too near the truth for the honour of the country; yet we do not believe that it is true. Mr. Blake's reputation is not founded on sand; it is not the mere gift of any political patron, or the artificial creation of a demagogue's arts. His position (to compare our small politics with the great politics of England) somewhat resembles that occupied by Chatham and afterwards by Chatham's son, when the heart of the nation turned to them for relief from a reign of jobbery and corruption, of small men and petty aims, of parties without principle and hypocritical combinations. It signifies little whether his particular views about Imperial Confederation, the Reform of the Senate, the Representation of Minorities, or any other subject, are sound and practicable or not; his general character, his courage, his disinterestedness, his loftiness of purpose, represent the better spirit and respond to the higher sentiments of the nation. He represents also the more vigorous life and the growing confidence in its own destinies, which the nation has begun to feel since Confederation, and which, if the authors of that measure did not foresee, they but ill understood the necessary effects of their own policy. To him Canada is not a log drifting blindly down the stream, it may be to be stranded in a swamp, it may be to be engulphed in a cataract; she is a nation endowed with life, with consciousness and with forecast, rejoicing in the hopes, and prepared cheerfully to solve the problems of the future, alive to her responsibilities and willing to accept them, knowing that greatness entails burdens, and yet desiring to be great. His Canada is not the Canada of those who mean to sell out, a thing to last for some twenty or thirty years, and which may then go to pieces as soon as it likes; it is the Canada of a Canadian, to be handed down as a noble heritage to our children and our children's children. It is instinctively understood by the people that his partial divergence from his old associates is the inevitable result of a difference of political character and aim, not the policy of a self-isolating ambition. So long as he remains what he is now, and the popular feeling towards him continues unchanged, the thunderbolts of managing directors will be launched against him in vain. He evidently does not seek power, but when the country is thoroughly sick of the two old parties, power will be forced into his hands.

Through the mist of this controversy begin to loom the lineaments of a new Liberal party, which, though the organizations are at present in the hands of its opponents, will probably, if the party system is to continue, assume corporate consistency and form an organization of its own. Liberalism is not easily defined; but at all events it means faith in progress. It abjures finality, whether the attempt to fix a bound to the onward course of a nation be made by the regular advocates of a reactionary policy, by the apostasy of some sated demagogue, or by the decrepitude of an exhausted party. It may avoid precipitation, eschew anything tending to revolution, which is in truth almost invariably the wreck of progress, but it never can say, "rest and be thankful." The Tories (we must be allowed without any disrespect, to use a familiar and intelligible name) frankly avow themselves the party of Reaction. The Grits (we employ the term with the same qualification) have received from the master of their destinies the order to stand still. Progress therefore must find a new organ, and a new organ it will find. The two old parties alike desiring a stationary policy and a sealed future will be gradually drawn into a tacit, and ultimately into an actual alliance, of which indeed, in spite of the showers of stones and mud which they are still flinging at each other, the first symptoms have

already appeared. In the end we shall have a scene between them like that between Sir Hugh Evans and Dr. Caius in the *Merry Wives of Windsor.* The two doughty duellists will half embrace, then cuff each other again, then embrace without reserve and walk off together arm in arm. The lamentable memory of the Double-Shuffle, which the *Globe* has so often bewailed like Philomel with its breast against a thorn, will be laid asleep forever, and the culprit of the Pacific Scandal will combine with its avenging Fury against the attempt of armed revolutionists to reform the Senate.

We have named the question on which the new line is likely to be for the first time drawn. In resistance to reform of the Senate the Grit leader has distinctly taken his stand by the side of the Tories, and his lieges will of course do the same. We need not now anticipate the discussion which is pretty certain to arise in the next Session of the Dominion Parliament. But the debate would be simple and brief if only the veil of plausible words could be taken away, and the people could be brought distinctly to see the fact that the nominations are not made by the Crown in the general interest, but by the Minister in his own interest and in the interest of his party.

Those who hold that the position of "a Province" is the highest to which Canada ought ever to aspire, have derived much comfort from a speech of Mr. Disraeli, proclaiming an era of Colonial aggrandizement. The hollowness of Mr. Disraeli's postprandial rhetoric is a little betrayed by its pompous reference to the involuntary and somewhat farcical annexation of Fiji. There is reason in the remark that Mr. Disraeli, his vision not being clouded by principle, is likely to see more clearly than most politicians what is the most popular and profitable doctrine of the hour. He in fact professes that his great aim as a statesman is "to study the spirit of the age;" in homelier phrase, to watch how the cat jumps. Indeed, not six months have passed since he was repudiating the annexation of Fiji, which at that time appeared to be unpopular. His calculations, however, are not infallible, as appeared when, having taken his stand on opposition to the disestablishment of the Irish Church and reform of the Irish land law, he went to the country and found himself in a minority of a hundred. The plutocratic reaction, which has now borne him into power, arose from causes which he did not foresee and which were entirely beyond his control; it has proved nothing, so far as he is concerned, except that the abandonment of principle into which he led his party in 1867 was entirely gratuitous. But granting that he reads correctly the present mood of England, the stability of character which once belonged to the British people has of late been greatly impaired; the pleasure-hunting and the Indulgence of excitements of every kind, attendant on the sudden influx of enormous wealth, have begotten political levity; and opinion changes like an April day. If we stake our destinies on the permanency of the sentiment which happens just now to prevail, we shall be like the mariners in *Paradise Lost* mooring their ship to a whale and taking it for an island. Moreover, nobody can doubt that the power of England, though positively at least as great as ever, has relatively declined. There is a consciousness among the people of this, and a somewhat Byzantine tendency to cover it by boastful and menacing language. Boundless aggrandizement breathes through the rhetoric of a Lord Mayor's feast. But the solid though unpleasant fact is that Russia tears up with impunity the Treaty of Paris, and all that the consummate address of Lord Granville can obtain is that the pieces of the treaty shall not be flung in England's face.

A remarkably daring and skilful express robbery, coming at the same time with a number of burglaries, has proved that crime

amongst us has attained the arts and appliances of the highest civilization, while prevention is still in the pioneer state. This evil is likely to increase as communication with Europe grows easier and more constant. The skilled crime of the lower kinds in the United States is generally imported. The country police here, as in the States, is totally incompetent to deal with the large and daring gangs which in the States sometimes descend upon a town or village, rendering life and property unsafe. Yet our people would not endure the burden of a country police like that which has been found necessary in England. Perhaps if crime multiplies it may be worth while to consider the expediency of establishing, at the expense of each Province, a small central force, with detectives attached, to be thrown upon any point where a formidable gang may appear. The same force would be useful in case of riot or disturbance, a danger which, in a community so much divided into hostile sections as ours, is unfortunately never very remote.

In an autumnal drought, disease has been stalking triumphantly through the realm prepared for it by sanitary misgovernment. The town of Over Darwen has been distinguishing itself in this way in England; but considering the comparative facilities of drainage it can hardly compete with Montreal or even with Toronto. We have blindly imported from a country organized on a medieval basis, among other things, the fatal confusion between political and municipal government, and the consequence is the rule of ward politicians, who, to say nothing of their liability to corruption, are totally destitute of the science and experience requisite for the administration of great cities. The only guarantee for public health and for public well-being generally in cities, is skilled and permanent administration, with proper responsibility of course, but clear of the pestilent influence of ward elections. We know it is said that there is no use in dwelling on this subject; that the people will not resign their power however noxious their exercise of it may be to themselves. Nevertheless, it is well to understand the real nature of the malady. The opportunity for reform sometimes comes like a thief in the night, and everything depends on your being prepared to take advantage of it. In the United States the good sense of the people has consented, in some of the recent revisions of State Constitutions, to the abrogation or reduction of popular powers, such as the power of electing the judiciary, which experience has shown them they could not exercise beneficially, and which, in truth, while nominally belonging to the multitude, were the mere engines of political sharpers. Surely if it is a question of rhetoric, typhus ought to be an effective answer to the demagogue's cry of municipal self-government.

It was supposed that the appellants in the Guibord case were going on a forlorn hope. But their perseverance has been justified by the result. The Privy Council has decided that a citizen of Quebec shall not be branded as a social outcast, and buried with the burial of a dog, because he has been a member of a literary institution not sanctioned by the priesthood. The decision will, no doubt, create a profound sensation, and may lead to further commotion in a community which, owing in a great measure to the political alliance of Protestants with Ultramontanes, is now so priest-ridden that, as we are credibly informed, the disinherited heirs of a man who had made a will under priestly influence found a difficulty in procuring a lawyer to take up their cause. It is suggested that if the clergy are recalcitrant, as no doubt they will be, there will be no means of giving effect to the decree. It is to be presumed, however, that the friends of Guibord saw their way when they entered on the struggle, and that having asserte

the principle and repelled the outrage, they will not provoke an embarrassing conflict merely for the sake of eclesiastical formalities. At the same time, the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec, being virtually established, and empowered by law to levy tithes and other eclesiastical imposts, will not be in a position, till she divests herself of those privileges, to claim the immunities of a Free Church. It is not impossible that the Guibord case may prove the commencement of a conflict which will end in the extension of religious equality to the Province of Quebec.

It is instructive to see with what anxiety the Grit organ contemplates a movement which, as it shrewdly perceives, threatens its political relations with the Roman Catholics. It will be found that an alliance formed with Ultramontanes for the purpose of keeping Presbyterians in power, however statesmanlike in its conception, is not free from difficulties of execution.

England still witnesses the unresting course of that great theological controversy, which, when it is considered to how large an extent the civilization of Christian communities is founded on their religion, may well appear even to the politician, the one object of transcendent interest, dwarfing to the insignificance of an insect war the petty and ephemeral struggles of local factions. It was known that Mr. Mill had left for publication some essays containing his last thoughts on the subject of religion. His dismal autobiography, by recording the inauspicious influences under which his mind and character had been formed, had considerably impaired his authority; but the appearance of the essays has still been an event in the discussion. Their purport is pretty much what it was expected to be by those who knew Mr. Mill and had watched the course of his thoughts during the later period of his life. The grim hostility to religion, as a mental illusion fraught with moral and social evil, which the writer had inherited from his father, an infidel stoic, is laid aside; a certain moral value is allowed to the religious sentiment, and even a certain philosophic importance to its indications: but there Mill's revelation ends. In enjoining us to cultivate religious hope without intellectually believing in religion, he enjoins, as it appears to us, a mental impossibility. His position here, singularly enough, is fundamentally the same as that of the religious philosophers who defend prayer as a spiritual exercise independently of any hope that the prayer will be answered. In a passage instinct with his vigorous hatred of moral fallacies, he smites down the shallow Optimism which pretends to quibble away the existence of Evil, and to represent Nature as exhibiting at once the Omnipotence and the absolute benevolence of the Creator. The same thing had been done, in a strain adapted to the light and sensual scepticism of the last century, by Voltaire. But it must be manifest to every one familiar with Mr. Mill's history and writings, that his point of view even to the last was one fatal to a clear apprehension of this part of the question. He was bred a Utilitarian and of the straightest sect. Afterwards as his mind grew, and his tastes and sympathies expanded, he gradually extended his notions of the Useful, so that it ultimately embraced all good, and his Utilitarianism, losing all distinctness of outline, was divided from ordinary theories of morality only by a name. Certainly no one showed less of the calculating coldness which is the logical appurtenance of a disciple of Bentham, when a battle was to be fought against injustice or any form of wrong. In the Eyre case, Mill persisted with passionate obstinacy, even when men who shared to the full his indignation at the butchery of the Jamaica peasantry, were satisfied that all that duty required had been done. But his views of the world, of its presiding power, and of human destiny, were still bounded by his original

Utilitarianism. There were things in heaven and earth of which to the last his philosophy never dreamed. He had no conception of the formation of character as an end distinct from the immediate effects of any action, or of any dispensation, on our present happiness. It is conceivable that this world may not be the best place for happiness, and yet that for the formation of character with a view to a life beyond, it may be the best. The highest thing of which we can form a notion from our experience is an excellence attained by moral effort, and to the attainment of which, therefore, contact with evil is essential. Our angels are insipidities with wings. Of the details of the dispensation, the special uses of this or that form of trial, we obviously cannot be judges, but fearfully as they interfere with our present happiness, not only natural but mtaerial, they need not disturb our faith if we are satisfied as to the general object of the dispensation. This, we repeat, is the point of view at which Mr. Mill's ingrained Utilitarianism prevented him from ever arriving, though without arriving at it he could not, to say the least, exhaust the philosophy of the subject. If it be the true point of view, all fancied oppositions between the power of the Creator and His benevolence are a mere clash of words. The Creator has willed the existence of an excellence such as is produced by moral effort; of course He has not also willed the contrary.

Mr. Gladstone has launched a strong and, it appears even denunciatory, pamphlet against the encroachments of Rome on the civil power. A cry at once arises against his imprudence. No doubt it would be imprudent on the part of a political tactician to risk the loss of a single vote, even though it were that of Guy Fawkes. But Mr. Gladstone is not a political tactician, and though a square may be a prettier figure than a circle, there is no use in quarelling with a circle for not being a square. His character and abilities give him a position independent of place; salary is no object to him; and his attitude has always been that of a man who cared more about the great interests of humanity than for his own continuance in power. This, no doubt, makes him an indifferent leader of a party, and so all partisans and office-seekers think. That he is not an indifferent legislator or administrator, a vast mass of legislative improvements now ratified by the universal voice of the nation, and the state of the English finances, prove. And after all, considering that in these days of wirepulling and caucuses and platforms, tacticians great and small swarm over the face of society like the frogs in Egypt, and considering also what the net results of their sagacious activity are to society, it may be as well to have now and then, a man who is not always building platforms, but who tries, on any great question that may emerge, to tell his fellow-citizens the truth, and, if this is held to disqualify him for the service of the public, resigns, without repining, the burden to other shoulders. It does not always happen, however, that the consequences of straightforwardness are so disastrous. Professional politicians, much as they plume themselves on their knowledge of men, are very apt, like other people who ply special trades, to live in a little world of their own, and to rely too implicitly on its maxims and traditions. When Mr. Gladstone published his appeal to Europe against the cruelties of the Bourbon Government and its priestly confederates at Naples, all the politicians stood aghast at his impulsiveness and pronounced that he had done himself serious mischief. It soon appeared that the world in general thought it perfectly natural that an eminent man should uplift his powerful voice against wrongs of which he had been a witness, and that Mr. Gladstone had done himself no mischief at all. In 1867, when the Conservatives had outmanœuvred him by throwing over all their own principles

and carrying household suffrage against his moderate measure of Reform, the political hacks as one man wanted to depose a leader who had shown himself inferior in cunning; but to their surprise it was found that the people sympathized with integrity though defeated, against successful dishonesty, and Mr. Gladstone was borne back to power with a majority of a hundred, the men who had been conspicuous in attempting to depose him being compelled as the one condition of their own election to swear allegiance to his name.

It is not very likely that Mr. Gladstone will be again a candidate for power; the plutocratic reaction will probably last his time. But even were it otherwise, he could not do a better thing for himself or his party than break finally with the Ultramontanes and all that they command. The alliance never did the Liberals anything but harm. It tainted them before the nation, and when the hour of trial came it failed them. Priests, while the people continue to believe in them, will have their own sphere of action, and be entitled to respect so long as they confine themselves to it. But in politics their name is perfidy. The sole object which they have in view is the aggrandizement of their order; whoever serves that object will for the moment have their support, whoever declines to serve it, and to sacrifice the interests of society to it, will be betrayed by them, whatever benefits they may have received at his hands, however loud their professions of amity may have been. In them the worship of corporate ambition, which they identify with the glory of God, swallows up all faith, all gratitude. This, every political party which tampers with them will in the end learn to its cost. But for Liberals especially nothing can be more suicidal than association with a power which justly regards freedom of thought, the essence of all Liberalism, as its deadliest enemy, and has waged against it, through all ages, an internecine war. The cast of Mr. Gladstone's mind and the tenor of his previous history are enough to convince us that his motives on the present occasion are ecclesiastical, not political. Probably the interest of his party in the Church, imperilled at once by the propagandism of Rome, and by an affinity which compromises it in the eyes of the nation, chiefly impelled him to take strong ground. But had he been acting from political considerations, the step he has taken, though tardy, would not have been unwise. His position is morally a strong one. He can say with truth to the Roman Catholics, "The nation under my advice has given you a full measure of justice; if you are now going to make war on our nationality, I owe a duty to the country." Archbishop Manning is roused to arms. But the "Apostle of the Genteel" has a harder task before him than that of converting female members of the aristocracy to a religion of confessors and incense, or figuring in full pontificals at the marriage of the Marquis of Bute. He will not find it easy to prove that when a Roman Catholic nobleman professes himself "An Englishman if you will, but above all things a Catholic," he means that his allegiance to the Pope will never be allowed to interfere with his allegiance to the Queen. He will not find it easy to prove that when Father Braun proclaims that in all cases of disputed jurisdiction the Church is to decide and the State is to submit, much independent power is really left to the State. He will not find it easy to prove that the priests in South Germany, when they invited French invasion for the purpose of overthrowing Protestantism, showed a strong sense of their duty to their country. He will not find it easy to prove that Rome has not, ever since she commenced her career of ambition, cherished, and whenever she dared proclaimed doctrines utterly subversive of civil allegiance and of national independence. What he will find it easy to prove is that she ventures to press those doctrines only on the weak and timid; and, when confronted by the strong and re-

solute, at once gives way. Hildebrand, from whom Papal aggression dates its course, seeing the Germany of his day enfeebled by feudal anarchy, trampled on the Emperor, and when the Emperor resisted, filled the country with civil and parricidal war; but that same Hildebrand swallowed with the utmost tranquillity the proud answer of William the Conqueror to the demand that he should do homage for his kingdom. John was weak as well as wicked; and for his weakness, not for his wickedness, he and his kingdom were reduced to a vassalage which, if the Popes could have wrought their will, would have been the lot of all kings and nations. Edward I. was not weak, and he, having to deal with a similar question, settled it promptly and for ever. Bismarck has, at all events, shown the hollowness of the bugbear, and taught us that the guardians of national and civil rights have only to be firm in the defence of their trusts. The extension of the conflict to other countries would be calamitous, but if we wish to avert it, we must not tempt aggression.

Most people would be relieved by hearing that the man given up by Scindiah is not Nana Sahib, but about the twenty-first involuntary claimant of that undesirable name. We do not want a sanguinary renewal of the evil memories of the mutiny, the less so since the Diary of Lord Elgin and other too credible testimony has shown that the balance of atrocity was not ultimately on the side of the mutineers. The massacre perpetrated at Delhi by Nadir Shah is one of the horrors of history. But Lord Elgin has endorsed the statement that the British reign of terror was worse. This is a heavy price to pay for Empire, at least in the case of a Christian nation; and the missionary must be eloquent who can persuade the people of Delhi that the religion of the conqueror is the religion of mercy.

The tendency of victorious parties and especially of parties victorious in civil wars to abuse their victory, grow unpopular and fall, is so invariable that it may be almost called a physical law. The case of the Republican party in the United States has been no exception to the rule. By dallying, as they unquestionably did, with the anti-republican project of a Third Term, Grant and his office-holders have brought to its climax the public indignation, already raised to a great pitch by years of abused patronage, jobbery, support of carpet-bagging iniquity in the South and general misrule. The best men of the Republican party had struggled hard to obtain timely reforms; but they had decisively failed, and they now probably acquiesce, if they do not rejoice, in the punishment which has overtaken those who disregarded their wise and patriotic counsels. Not that Grant himself is a bad man; probably he has always wished to do right; the corruption with which he has been personally charged by the fury of party amounts at worst only to indelicacy; and in vetoing the Currency Bill he proved that when he clearly saw the path of duty he would take it. But his only proper sphere is war, and even in that he is a mere sledge-hammer. Like the Duke of Wellington, and even in a still greater degree than the Duke of Wellington, he wants the amplitude and flexibility of intellect which enabled Cæsar to pass without loss of ascendency from the camp to the Senate and the Council Board. He is not less ignorant of political character than of the science of politics; and the attempt which, to his credit, he made in the formation of his first Cabinet to rid himself of the political hacks and party managers totally failed from the absurdity of the appointments which he tried in their place. A successful dry-goods merchant was named (though from a legal impediment he could not be appointed) finance minister, and the navy was consigned to a personal friend and a pleasant dinner companion. At the same time Mr. Washburne, Grant's old political

patron, was allowed, as a reward for his support, to loot the patronage of the Foreign Office in a style that reminded us of Napoleon giving one of his marshals leave to raise a requisition for himself upon a conquered country. The result was that the President fell back at once into the hands of Butler and other unscrupulous adventurers of the class which is generated by revolutions as certainly as malaria is generated by swamps, and the noxious influence of which would be in itself a sufficient warning to put up with many evils and submit to a long postponement of the remedies rather than allow the revolutionary spirit to prevail over that of constitutional reform. By these guides he has been led along the usual path, and with rather more than ordinary rapidity to the inevitable bourne. In the affair of New Orleans, which forms the heaviest count in the national indictment against him, his personal responsibility has been greater than in most of the acts of his administration, and his family connection with Casey, the chief satellite of the carpet-bagging usurper, adds a shade of nepotism to conduct the hue of which needed no aggravation. General Grant may appeal to the charity of history as a man who did not seek political greatness but had it thrust upon him. The paradoxical passion of the Americans for military glory has been noticed by De Tocqueville, and it was not likely to be least prevalent on the morrow of a great war. After their experience of the political administration of the victor in a "mammoth" conflict, and the general whose "butcher's bill" was the largest in military history, they may perhaps begin to feel that there is truth in the homely adage, "the cobbler to his last."

It is true that every administration in the United States has been weak in its second year, because every administration fails to fulfil all hopes and, still more, to satisfy all appetites; but the present revolution of public feeling is no ordinary oscillation; it is deep, general and decisive. When the new elections take effect, the Government will lose its control over Congress; and it will then be unable, supposing it to be willing, to enter on the long-deserted path of administrative reform, or to bring forth any fruits of the repentance with which, since its defeat, it has no doubt been filled. There will be one of those critical situations, ignored by the framers of the constitution, who, if they at all foresaw, failed to provide for, the influence of party and the exigencies of party government. The executive power and the legislative veto will both belong to the outgoing party, the legislature to the incoming, and there will be no means of restoring unity of action to the political machine. Under these circumstances President Johnson, having a policy of his own, struggled violently and was coerced by impeachment; President Grant, having none, will probably take to his team and his cigar.

By the victory of that party at the North which sympathizes with the South, the danger of a political schism between North and South, which was imminent, will be partly arrested. Partly, but not wholly; while the negro element remains, and till all traces of the social character formed under the old régime have been effaced, there will be a radical difference between the texture of society at the South and that at the North, which will be a most serious addition to the perils of a vast democracy already teeming with elements alien or imperfectly assimilated to the republican character. Those who at the outbreak of secession advised the North to let the South go in peace, had geography as well as the universal love of aggrandizement against them; but they had some strong political considerations on their side. In the development of industry, and especially in the growth of manufactures at the South, lies the best hope of a complete fusion, and the most effectual preservative from the reign of force, whether under the name of Imperialism

or any other name, the form of which was seen the other day with sinister distinctness through the smoke of civil conflict at New Orleans. Actual trouble from the negro is not to be apprehended, provided that he is let alone by Northern adventurers; nor on the other hand is it likely that he will be deprived of any of his legal rights, though he will certainly fall into a state of political subordination. The demand for his labour, which is indispensable, is his best security for that industrial liberty which alone he is in a condition to enjoy, and which need not in any degree be impaired by the loss of the factitious ascendency given him by political swindlers, who, having used negro suffrage as their oyster knife, ate the oysters themselves and with tears of philanthropy in their eyes handed Sambo the shell.

The sky grows very lowering over Turkey. It appears that Russia is seeking an occasion for a quarrel which Turkey can hardly help affording. Under foreign pressure, religious toleration and equality of civil rights have been so completely conceded to the Christian subjects of the Porte, that in theory Turkey is a more liberal country than Russia, or than Spain was before the late revolution. But in practice, the country being hardly organized, it is impossible to restrain Moslem fanaticism at a distance from the capital. More than once it has broken out with sanguinary fury in Montenegro. A recent renewal of the outrages has given Russia an opportunity, in concert with Austria, (who is probably afraid to allow Russia to act alone,) of demanding the condign punishment of the aggressors; and this seems almost to be beyond the power of the Porte. At the same time a question has been raised as to the commercial relations of the tributary principality of Roumania with the Christian powers. It is probable that the Sultan and his advisers would be ready to consent to any concession, and to undergo any humiliation. To prolong for their lifetime the gross and lethargic sensuality to which the Court of Constantinople has long abandoned itself, is most likely the only thing to which they aspire. But the army is still formidable and fanatical; in unscientific valour it has no equal in the world; and it is possible that its energy may fix a limit to the sufferance of its masters. At all events if Russia has made up her mind that the time has come for swooping on her prey, the cunning of her bureaucrats will no doubt find the means of getting up some semblance of a dispute by way of a nominal deference to international morality. But if Russia moves upon Constantinople, what will England do? We may confidently answer—nothing. It is true that the Crimean war was entered upon, partly at least, from the inveterate, though ungeographical, belief, that Constantinople commands the approach to India: and assuredly the approach to India is more than ever an object of vital importance to England. But England can neither put fifty thousand men upon an European battle-field nor pretend to protect her scattered dependencies in a war with a maritime power. Whatever has been determined in the councils of Bismarck and Gortschakoff has been determined without reference to her wishes, and in the conviction that she can in no case interfere. It is probably written in the book of Fate that the enormous military power of Russia shall some day come into mortal collision with the equally enormous power of Germany: but a shock of which even bystanders cannot think without awe will no doubt be put off as long as possible by the antagonists themselves. Connivance at each other's aggrandizement will be carried to the utmost possible length. A glance at the map will show that Russia could not venture to cross the Balkan without having secured the forbearance of the great powers on her right flank. The price to be paid for the forbearance of Austria is easily named, and would include with other

western provinces of Turkey that of Montenegro, which is the scene of the present dispute. The price paid to Germany might be Denmark, if Russia could afford to see the key of the Baltic hang at the girdle of her antagonist. A far-sighted policy might however commend to Bismarck, independently of any immediate compensation, connivance at the advance of Russia to Constantinople, since her power would thereby be almost inevitably drawn southwards, and its centre would be shifted from the point where it threatens Germany, and where the collision is likely to occur.

In the meantime it is doubtful, as we said before, whether Bismarck will remain long upon the scene, and whether Germany will not have soon to look, perhaps in vain, for his successor. The violence, which we can hardly be wrong in calling impolitic, of his proceedings in the Von Arnim case, may be regarded as another symptom of the combined effects of prodigious labour and carelessness in matters of health upon one of the most powerful of mortal frames and brains. A wit has traced it to a present of the very finest Catawba sent by an American admirer to the Prince; but the Catawba, like the tough shoulder of mutton on which the worshippers of Napoleon cast the blame of one of his great military miscarriages, must have found a subject prepared for its deadly influence. On the conduct of Count Von Arnim no man who respects the rules of honour can have much difficulty in pronouncing an opinion. The letters which he has carried off, and which he was apparently intending to publish, in order to make mischief, and to gratify his hostility to Bismarck, may or may not have belonged to any pigeon-hole in the Embassy; but it is perfectly clear that they were letters written in official confidence by the Minister to his subordinate in relation to the public service. There are other men in the world besides Count Von Arnim who are high aristocrats without being gentlemen. This, however, did not render it wise, in recovering the letters, to proceed with violence or harshness. Behind the personal quarrel evidently lies the antagonism between Bismarck, as a national chief, and the old nobility, which, like all aristocracies, thinks, even at this great crisis of the nation's history, of nothing but the privileges of its own order. Bismarck's character is not the most attractive of moral phenomena; it belongs to an era of force, of dark councils, of intrigue, which, it is to be hoped, is not the ultimate condition of humanity. But at least he has lived and wrought for greater ends than the privileges of the caste in which he was born, and to which he is doubly odious as an apostate from its interest. The quarrel has revealed other difficulties, with which the founder of German unity has had to contend. Germany, it seems, as well as France, is blessed with a meddling Empress, though the solid character of the heavy but sensible William has resisted the noxious influence better than the waning intelligence and failing nerve of Napoleon III. There is reason to believe also, that Bismarck has a mortal enemy in the Crown Prince, and another in the Princess, who shares the devotion of her family to the Ex-Empress of the French. The more we learn of the history of this man's career, the more do we marvel at the load which he has borne.

Our people are brought up in an almost studied indifference to everything that happens on this continent, to which, nevertheless, Canada belongs, and the destinies of which she must share. Few readers of our newspapers would take the trouble even to peruse the brief notices of an abortive revolution in the Argentine Republic. A paper which we give in another part of this number throws the light of history on the causes and nature of these events. The ready reflection, whenever disturbances occur in Mexico or the communities of South America,

is that such always has been their state, and such it always will be so long as they have free institutions, which it is complacently assumed are the exclusive heritage of Englishmen. These nations set out in poliitcal life under every conceivable disadvantage. They had been swaddled almost into imbecility by the worst of all colonial systems: they were under the dominion of a priesthood which was the sworn enemy of education, and their population was heterogeneous and disunited. Having got rid of the superstition by which they found themselves strangled, they have been left for the time almost entirely without religion. Respect for government must be the offspring either of tradition or of intelligence. The thread of tradition had been broken by revolution, and intelligence could not supply its place without public education. A long period of factious struggle and unsettlement was morally certain to ensue. But those who have watched the tottering steps of these young nations, not with disdain but with sympathy, will allow that they have gradually gained political strength; that the commotions, though they have not ceased, have, even in Mexico, diminished both in frequency and in violence; that the governments are better supported by the people; and that on the whole the period of revolution seems to be drawing to a close. We need not despair of seeing Mexico and the South American Republics flourishing in freedom, and linked by a prosperous commerce to ourselves.

In Spain the death throes of Carlism are cruelly prolonged by the weakness of the National Government, while the war, on the part of the Carlists at least, seems to be growing more butcherly every day. In France the Republicans and the Bonapartists stand out clearly as the parties between whom the final struggle is to take place; and the curtain is now rising for what can hardly fail to be an important act in the drama.

We have arrived at the close of the year. It has been a good year, in the most important respects, for our country. The attention of those who chronicle and civilize is necessarily directed, in a disproportionate degree, to occurrences which interrupt the general course of national well-being; but these interruptions are almost insignificant compared with the quiet and unrecorded flow of prosperous industry and domestic happiness.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY takes occasion, in the *Fortnightly*, to express again the favourable estimate he has formed of Descartes as a biologist. It is the fashion with the prevailing school of philosophy to undervalue the services rendered by the French thinker to more than one department of human knowledge. When his name is mentioned it is always to link it with the untenable theory of "vortices." The article "On the Hypothesis that Animals are Automata" appears to have been written with two objects in view: first to vindicate the reputation of Descartes, and secondly to point out such modifications of his biological theories as modern scientific discovery suggests. On the former point we may quote a sentence:—Descartes "took an undisputed place not only among the chiefs of philosophy, but amongst the greatest and most original of mathematicians; while, in my belief, he is no less certainly entitled to the rank of a great and original physiologist: inasmuch as he did for the physiology of motion and sensation that which Harvey had done for the circulation of the blood, and opened up that road to the mechanical theory of these processes which has been followed by all his successors. Descartes was no speculator, as some would have us believe; but a man who knew of his own knowledge what was to be known of the facts of anatomy and physiology in his day." Prof. Huxley then states, in a series of propositions, the views of modern physiologists on motion and sensation, and proves that Descartes originated those views by citations from his works. The philosopher held that the lower animals are *unconscious* automata, whereas the professor regards them as *conscious* automata. A very curious case is that of a French sergeant who at intervals of fifteen or thirty days lost apparently all his senses except that of touch, and all consciousness and power of will, for hours and yet ate, drank, smoked and walked about as usual. The paper concludes with a repudiation of the charges of fatalism, materialism and atheism made against him, and quotes orthodox authorities from St. Augustine to Leibnitz and Jonathan Edwards as holding similar views.

Mr. Grant Duff publishes an address delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh in reply to the Cassandra forebodings of Mr. Greg. From the nature of this contribution to the controversy it would be impossible to give a summary of it here. It is certainly written with a clearness and vigour of expression which often approach eloquence. We may observe that whilst Mr. Grant Duff contends that Christianity is gaining instead of losing ground, he is very careful not to pin his faith to any existing dogmatic system. He thinks that when we are satisfied that any of our old beliefs will not stand the test of modern research, we are bound manfully to revise or, if need be, to discard them. As for the attitude of religion towards science he shall speak in his own words:—"The worst antichrists of our day are the bungling sophists who denounce science and historical criticism, because they do not square with the vile little systems which they, and others like them, who have built on those immortal words—who yelp at our modern masters of those who know—our Darwins, our Huxleys and Tyndalls, as if these were not doing in their own way the work of God in the world as much as even those who have in our times most perfectly echoed those divine words."

Prof. Beesly concludes his essay on the "Third French Republic," taking as his motto a sentence from Comte, which, being translated, reads thus:—"The union of republican Conservatives with Conservative republicans ought soon to deliver the West from the yoke of retrogressive demagogues and that of demagogic re-actionists *(rétrogrades)*." If anything comprehensible can be made-out of this jingle of words it is certainly not the meaning Prof. Beesly would convey by it. Comte and he are wide as the poles asunder in political opinion, and therefore a quotation like this is misleading. Conser-servative republicanism was not the writer's first love, and even yet he cannot refrain from setting up Danton and Gambetta as idols for popular worship. M. Thiers is "damned with faint praise" and then abused for resigning the presidency in a pet. The yoke of McMahon and the crooked stratagems of De Broglie are no doubt intolerable, but they must be endured, because Prof. Beesly's model statesman Gambetta chose by joining the Extreme Right to leap out of the frying-pan into the fire. The impetuous blood of the Frenchman has been cooled of late, but whether his return to moderate measures be the result of conviction, repentance or despair, does not yet appear. The Professor is very anxious to prove that France is at last seriously and unchangeably republican. We wish we could think so, because we

have no desire to see the establishment of a Third Empire. Still we cannot forget that Mr. Beesly himself tells us that France prefers "a personal to a parliamentary government," and that preference must be fatal to any government which is republican in fact as well as in name. We do not believe, moreover, that the peasantry have grown so enlightened in four years as to deliberately prefer the republic. If Napoleon IV. should land on the shores of France when he comes of age, we believe that the moneyed classes, the *bourgeoisie* and the peasantry would receive him with open arms. If they approve of the establishment of the republic just now it is only as a disagreeable but on the whole a necessary interregnum.

"Free Land," by Mr. H. R. Brand, M.P., deals with a question which is gradually coming to the front in England. The writer shows from premises supplied by the Lords' Committee that the present law of settlement is an insuperable obstacle to any attempt at land improvement. The remedy proposed by that committee of "giving power to the limited owner to act for some purposes as if he were the owner in fee" to this extent, that he may "spread the repayment of charges on the estate over a period equal to ten years more than his own expectation of life," Mr. Brand regards as inadequate. He suggests in lieu of it that land should be settled only upon a life in being and not upon unborn children of a living person.

"Mr. Mill's Three Essays on Religion" are reviewed by the editor with his usual vigour of thought and lucidity of expression. As however we have only a portion of the review in the current number we can hardly give Mr. Morley's views upon the book as a whole. The essay on "Nature" occupies his attention almost exclusively, the other two essays on the "Utility of Religion" and "Theism" being reserved for a future occasion. Mr. Mill's general propositions are stated in form, and, if we may venture to abridge the statement, they may be shortly expressed as follows:—That God cannot be all-powerful and at the same time purely benevolent, but is possibly, and, perhaps probably, limited in His powers; and that a belief in "certain supernatural potentialities" (including revelation and miracles) are proper objects of rational hope, though not capable of demonstration—a hope which may be a legitimate aid and an effective support to duty. Mr. Mill further allows that Christ, though not God, may have been what he supposed himself to be, "a man charged with a special, express and unique commission from God to lead mankind to truth and virtue;" also that it may be satisfying and useful to hope for a life beyond the grave. Now, as Mr. Morley clearly shows, these admissions open the door to the entire Christian system. Mr. Mill abuses that system without stint, and yet ends by welcoming it by another door. If the "rational hope" which he approves, though incapable of demonstration, be salutary and praiseworthy in its indulgence, on what does it rest? If it has a foundation in the spiritual or emotional nature of man, what becomes of Mr. Mill's philosophy? If it be merely an amiable delusion why not call it by its right name, absurd though it would be to speak of a rational delusion? The problem of the origin of evil is solved in the Essay on Nature after a fashion. There are four ways in which that terrible enigma may be dealt with. The Deity may be endowed with omnipotence and beneficence, as Christians believe, though not exactly as their belief is stated by Le Maistre. Both attributes and conscious intelligence may be denied and the universe regarded as "thoroughly miserable"—as something "which had better not have been." That is the pessimism of Hartmann and Schopenhauer. Thirdly, omnipotence may be conceded with maleficence for beneficence. This is devil-worship. Or lastly, omnipotence may be denied and beneficence admitted in a qualified sense. This is Manichæism and also the belief of Mr. Mill. The first view does not untie the knot certainly, but the last three cut it in a way satisfactory to those who hold it. Mr. Morley is surprised that Mill should have left the door open to the orthodox by leaving hope to be transformed successively into belief, faith, assurance, and finally into knowledge. The inconsistency is evident, but it is in perfect keeping with the gradual development of Mr. Mill's views in other departments, and seems to indicate that the "mystic" portions of the book were the most recent expressions of his progress towards a spiritual creed. In the evolution theory Mr. Morley sees another enemy, and that the danger is that "the Nature of science" is merely stepping to the throne of "the Nature of theology," because both are sketched upon the Optimist plan. Mr. Pater's "Fragment on *Measure for Measure*" is a short but thoughtful view of Shakspere's comedy from artistic and ethical stand-points. Mr. Stanton's review of Prof. Cairnes' latest work on Political Economy, is in the main eulogistic, although he differs with the author on the economic effects of trades-unions. The modifications made by the Professor in Mill's theory of wages and on other important points are approved by the writer without qualification.

The *Contemporary* has no *pièce de resistance* this month. The first paper is an instalment of Prof. Tyndall's experiments in the value of various methods of fog-signalling. These experiments were conducted at and off South Foreland, near Dover. The instruments used were two huge trumpets

of brass, eleven feet long, air and steam whistles also large in size, at the top of the cliff, and others of a similar kind at its base. The results, as compared with each other as well as with those obtained from the discharge of artillery, are clearly noted, although in this number Prof. Tyndall has not formulated them into distinct conclusions. The experiments were not attended by uniform results, the guns having at first a superiority over the horns they did not afterwards maintain. Canon Jenkins breaks comparatively new ground in his paper on "The Christian Patriarchate, in its influence on Doctrine and Rites." The term Patriarchate is not applied exclusively, as it ordinarily is, to the Eastern Church, but includes primarily the Patriarchal Sees of Antioch, Alexandria, and Rome, and in a secondary sense to Constantinople and Jerusalem. The synoptical Gospels are affiliated to Jerusalem (St. Matthew), Rome and Alexandria (St. Mark), Antioch (St. Luke as interpreter of St. Paul's theology), and the the fourth to Ephesus (St. John). There were thus five great schools of doctrine and rite (excluding Constantinople) in which Christianity was separately and co-ordinately developed. In the course of time Jerusalem lost a primacy which was always one of honour rather than of fame, and Ephesus was afterwards absorbed in Constantinople. There thus remained three patriarchates of Asia (transferred to the European shores of the Bosphorus), Africa and Western Europe. Canon Jenkins traces the points of agreement and difference in the creeds, liturgies, and such of the patristic writings as deal with distinctive features in rite or Scripture interpretation. This interesting paper concludes with an application of the facts to proposed schemes of re-union. We need not refer at length to Lord Lytton's essay on the French Monarchy of 1830, because we give it *in extenso* elsewhere.

The Rev. Jno. Hunt, whose name will be familiar to theological students as that of the author of a valuable contribution to English Church History, gives an account of the discussions at the Bonn Conference which he attended. Mr. Hunt belongs to the Broad Church, with a strong bias towards the Evangelicals. His record of the attempts made, under the direction of Dr. Döllinger, to construct a "platform" for Greeks, Old Catholics, and Anglicans, is not very encouraging to ardent Unionists; still, as an effort to promote a better understanding amongst professing Christians, the movement will no doubt be productive of good. One thing was made tolerably clear—that the Old Catholics have no sympathy with the English Ritualistic party, but desire to co-operate rather with the Evangelicals, Presbyterians, and Non-comformists. The paper on "Professor Whitney and the Origin of Language," by Mr. George H. Darwin, a son of the distinguished naturalist, has nothing particularly new in it. The views of the American are, as we might expect, defended as against Prof. Max Müller, a rather formidable antagonist for a débutant to break a lance with.

Mr. Bayne concludes his sketch of the first two Stuart kings of England. He has contrived to put the facts of that pregnant period in a fresh light and in an attractive style. "Saxon Studies," by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, is commenced in this number. His first chapter relates to Dresden, the Saxon capital, known to us chiefly for its picture-gallery and its articles of *vertu*. It gives a graphic account of the city and its environs, its cottages, gardens, and home-life, as well as the scenery around it. Mrs. Synnot, on "Little Paupers," sufficiently explains itself. The paper is merely an abstract of reports given to the Local Government Board, with suggestions from the writer. There is nothing new in Mr. Greg's rejoinder, in his *rôle* of Cassandra, except the announcement that he has amplified his essay, and published it, with replies to objections in a separate form. Mr. Matthew Arnold's defence of "Literature and Dogma" is concluded, but its length forbids us to attempt a summary which of necessity would be incomplete.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE two performances of the *Creation* by the Philharmonic Society, last Tuesday and Wednesday, have added to the renown which their concerts enjoy. If aught were needed to disprove the assertion that is often made that the citizens of Toronto are indifferent to the charm of such sacred music as has been left us by Handel, Haydn and Mendelssohn, it would be found in the fact that the

Music Hall was crowded on each occasion. The concerts were additionally interesting owing to their being the means of introducing the Beethoven Quintette Club, who gave their valuable assistance in the orchestra. As the main features of the two performances were the same, it is with the second of them that we shall deal. As, however, the daily press have commented on both with fairness and at length, it will be unnecessary for us to go into details. The soloists were Mrs. Osgood, of Boston, Mr. Tandy (tenor), of Kingston, and Mr. Egan (bass), of Hamilton, the duty of sustaining the reputation of our local talent devolving upon Mrs. Cuthbert, Miss Scott, Miss A. Corbett and Mr. Warrington. The principal soprano solos were allotted to Mrs. Osgood, who proved herself to be possessed of a fresh and pleasing voice, in compass extending upwards to C in *alt*, and very equal in tone throughout its registers. She gave a conscientious and careful interpretation of the airs "The marvellous work," "With verdure clad," and "On mighty pens," and created a very favourable impression. Her phrasing is artistic, although perhaps here and there a slight sentimental exaggeration was noticeable. The other parts were scarcely so ably sustained. Mr. Tandy, who appeared to be suffering from a severe cold, was unable to make more than an average effort in the celebrated air "In native worth," while Mr. Egan, who has a ponderous and rather unmanageable bass voice, showed a great want of taste, and perpetrated atrocities that would have been more in keeping at an ordinary music hall concert. We cannot but agree with the comments that have been made in reference to certain departures from the text indulged in by both these gentlemen. The practice, now far too common, of tampering with the score of the great masters, is deserving of the severest censure, and admits of no justification. If this species of vandalism is to be encouraged, or even tolerated, there is no knowing where it will end. Every singer, to whom is assigned an important part, will feel at liberty to alter, or make additions to, the score at the dictates of his own caprice or fancy, and the result will be a total perversion of the intention of the composer, and a deplorable mutilation of the greatest inspirations. It is to be hoped that the time will come when audiences will receive these tasteless exhibitions with the most marked expression of disapproval, then; and not till then, will the evil cease. To Mr. Warrington, who sang the bass solos and the first portion of the oratorio, must be given the credit of endeavouring to do his best; his rendition, however, was void of style, life, or expression. Miss Scott, who sang in the exquisite trio "Most beautiful appear," and in the final quartette with chorus, is without doubt the best representative of our amateur talent that the Society put forward. Her voice is fresh, and though not full in tone, is nevertheless pleasing. Her delivery improves upon every appearance. The choruses were worked up admirably, and were often marked by precision of attack, excellent intonation, and equality. The popular "The Heavens are telling" went without a hitch, and throughout, the choral singing was far superior to anything of the kind before heard in Toronto. The string portion of the orchestra was comparatively brilliant, and had the "wind" been supplied by good professionals, there would not have been so many unpleasant defects in the accompaniments. The conductor was Mr. Torrington, who wielded the *baton* with his usual ability.

Last Thursday evening the Beethoven Quintette Club gave one of their high-class concerts at the Music Hall. The most interesting numbers on the programme were the "*Andante Scherzando* and *Adagio*," from Mendelssohn's string quintette, Op. 87, "Theme and variations," from Beethoven's string quintette, Op. 104; the "*Andante* and *Molto Allegro Vivace*," from Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto, Op. 25, and Schumann's Träumerei, arranged for a string quintette. The movements from Mendelssohn's quintette, a posthumous publication, and one of the most exquisite inspirations of the master's maturer years, perfectly entranced the audience. The *adagio* in D minor, the surprising beauty of which it would be impossible to describe, was interpreted with fidelity by the Club, whose playing appears to be always neat and finished. The principal violin was Mr. Allen, an artist of considerable merit, and whose delivery, if not characterised by that marvellous solidity and firmness for which the leaders of the best European quartet unions are distinguished, was sufficiently finished and just to give a fair idea of the magnificent composition above mentioned, which was but slightly modified or coloured by his own individuality. The second quintette, "Theme and variations," Op. 104, is Beethoven's own arrangement of the third (C minor) of his early trios (Op. 1) for piano, violin and violoncello. It was this very trio that is said to have been the cause of the coldness that existed between Beethoven and Haydn. Beethoven considered the C minor trio to be the best of the three, but on submitting them to Haydn for his approval, that celebrated *maestro*, while warmly praising the first and second trios, advised him not to publish the third. Beethoven, we are told, suspected the sincerity of this advice, and from that time lost all confidence in Haydn. However, the trio in C minor is now universally acknowledged to be the finest, the opening

allegro con brio and the *finale prestissimo* foreshadowing that strength of grasp and originality of idea which Beethoven afterwards exhibited in the composition of his third period. The movement played by the Club, the *Andante cantabile con variazioni*, although exceedingly melodious, is perhaps the least original, and suffered by contrast with Mendelssohn's quintette, which, as we have stated, was written during the period of the composer's greatest musical productivity. In the performance of this number, J. C. Mullaley assumed the lead; his style, however, in our opinion, although good, is scarcely polished enough to constitute him a quintette player of a high order. Mendelssohn's piano concerto, Op. 25, was played by Miss Crowle, an amateur of some executive ability. Her effort was a very promising one, but it was evident that both the "grand" and the *concerto* were too much for her. This *concerto* was written at Munich perhaps in the year 1830, and was played for the first time in London by the composer himself at the Philharmonic Concert of the 28th May, 1832. The delicate *cantabile* of the *andante*, the forcible and impetuous character of the *allegro* require an artist of the very highest order even to do them barely justice, while the innumerable difficulties of the rapid passages demand execution nothing short of complete mastery of the key-board. It is, therefore, no disparagement to Miss Crowle to say that, clever as her performance was, it merely served the purpose of introducing to the notice of a Toronto audience this wonderful concerto, and for this alone we are indebted to her. The Club, evidently fearing to hazard the experiment of giving in Toronto a purely classical programme, introduced a number of pieces with which the public are familiar, and which, therefore, need no comment thereupon. In conclusion it might be added that the vocalist was Mrs. Osgood, who was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and who sang charmingly.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE OLD REGIME IN CANADA. By Francis Parkman, Author of "Pioneers of France in the New World," &c., &c. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1874.

This admirable historical work, although, strictly speaking, only one volume of a series, is complete in itself. To its author Canadians are deeply indebted; for he has done for us, what, we are almost ashamed to say no historical student here has had the courage to undertake on so complete a scale. It is not too much to claim for Mr. Parkman that he has made the field of early Canadian history entirely his own. Not content with studying the documents printed by Provincial or State Governments, or by Historical Societies, he has explored the unpublished sources of information oral or written. Every Canadian whose name has been heard of in connection with the subject has been consulted, and the French archives, particularly those of the Department of Marine and Colonies, have been laid under tribute. Our author's industry has been untiring, and his power of digesting the *congeries* of material at his disposal, and of presenting it in a graphic and entertaining style, are qualifications which he shares with only a few modern historians. The volume before us is divided into parts entitled, not with the author's usual felicitousness of arrangement, we think, "The Period of Transition," and "The Colony and the King." The first three chapters of the former are devoted to the perils and self-sacrifice of the missionaries and the *religieuses*. Each of these chapters contains a romance in itself. The hazardous mission of the Jesuits to Onondaga, and their narrow escape from massacre; the holy wars of Montreal, which are like a chapter from the history of the Crusades, but far surpassed these mad expeditions in the rational objects in view and the rare self-devotion of priest and nun. The stories of miracle and portent, of Divine and angelic interposition, read like the legends of mediæval saints. And then there is the grand episode of Daulac des Ormeaux and the heroes of that forlorn hope at the Long Sault. In reading of the alacrity of the Jesuit fathers to go where duty called, over the ice and through the forest, and into the midst of savage camps, with their lives in their hands—lives not worth a day's purchase—it is impossible to withhold our tribute of admiration. They are but counterparts to another scene enacted in North Simcoe, at the massacre of the Hurons, when the gentle Lalemant and the lion-hearted Brébœuf, after suffering the most fearful tortures, perished at the stake, mar-

tyrs to their faith and zeal. There is another and less pleasant side to the Jesuit character, upon which only a regard to historical truth induces Mr. Parkman to dwell. We can dwell with pleasure on the indomitable courage and piety of Dollier de Casson, Curé of St. Anne's, as a labourer of no ordinary kind in the missionary field, but what shall we say of the dissimulation and dishonesty of the Society to which most of the missionaries belonged? Surely, as our author remarks, "their self-devotion, great as it was, was fairly matched by their disingenuousness."

The remaining six chapters of this part are devoted to the manœuvring and counter-manœuvring between the Pope and Louis about the appointment of the Bishop; the appointment of Mgr. Laval as Bishop of Petræa *in partibus infidelium*, and the contest between the Bishop on the one hand and the civil authorities and the Montreal Seminary on the other. Laval, whose name is deservedly held in reverence by our French-Canadian fellow-citizens for his services to religion and education, was, at the same time, the first champion of Ultramontanism in the sister Province. The Governors and Intendants were constantly warned to keep the Church in its place and, as French law and custom are now pleaded for the Routhier judgment, for example, or for any other ecclesiastical assumption, we may translate a few passages, not hitherto published, the originals of which are in Mr. Parkman's appendix as extracted from the French archives. Colbert to Duchesneau (15th April, 1676), "You are to shun these disputes (*i. e.* with the clergy), nevertheless, without prejudice to those precautions which must be taken, and those measures which are to be enforced, to prevent the ecclesiastical power from infringing upon the temporal power, to which ecclesiastics are too prone." Again (Same to the Same, 28th April, 1677), "His Majesty wishes you to take care that they (the ecclesiastics) do not trespass in any respect upon so much of the royal authority *as relates to justice and police*, and that you tie them up strictly within the authority they possess in the kingdom, without suffering them to overstep it in any way or manner, and this maxim is to serve you in all difficulties of this kind that may arise." Finally, the King himself (1692), after commanding Frontenac and Champigny to assist the missionaries, adds, "without, nevertheless, permitting them to exercise ecclesiastical authority, much less to extend it." These extracts might be multiplied, and it may be curious to compare them with the pretensions of to-day. In a sermon delivered in the Church of Notre Dame, Montreal (Nov. 1st, 1872), by Father Braun, S. J., occurs the following passage:—"The supremacy and infallibility of the Pope; *the independence and liberty of the Church*; *the subordination and submission of the State to the Church*; in the case of dispute between them, the Church to decide, the State to submit: for whoever follows and defends these principles, life and a blessing; for whoever rejects and combats them, death and a curse" (p. 166). We are happy to be able to think that a Jesuit alone could be found to utter such language in a free country.

We have no space to refer to the second portion of Mr. Parkman's valuable contribution to Canadian history; it is a storehouse of information on the social and religious life and habits of the French settlers, the feudal system, and the other institutions of the early régime. It only remains to commend the work to the careful perusal of our readers.

CAMPAIGNING ON THE OXUS, AND THE FALL OF KHIVA. By J. A. MacGahan, Correspondent of the *New York Herald*. New York: Harper Brothers. 1874.

What man has done man can do: where an army can go, a newspaper correspondent can follow. So the world reasons; but when the army is Russian, and when the scene of operations is that mysterious region called Central Asia, such reasoning does not hold good. When the Czar's Government determined upon attacking Khiva in 1873 they also determined *inter alia* that the press—especially the English press—should not be represented in the expedition. How it came to pass that the *New York Herald* obtained permission for its correspondent to penetrate to the scene of the war we are not told; nor why, if the permission was given at all, the said correspondent started so long after the troops; but it was very lucky for the credit of that enterprizing journal, and indeed for the curiosity of the world at large that such a person as Mr. MacGahan was selected for the post.

Making his way down South as far as Kasala, a Russian fort on the Tyr Daria (Jaxartes) a few miles east of the Sea of Aral, Mr. MacGahan found that he was so far behind the invading columns that a short cut across the desert of the Kyzil-Kum would possibly bring him up to General Kaufmann's headquarters before the attack and fall of Khiva. This terribly dangerous alternative he resolved upon attempting, and what he attempted he carried out, despite two vetos put upon his proceeding further by the commandants at the Russian posts, despite the danger, no slight one, from the roving and hostile Kirghiz and Turcomans, and above all, despite the dangers of the great and terrible desert. The adventure was indeed a daring one, and richly did the adventurer deserve the appellation which General Kaufmann bestowed upon him, of 'molodyetz,' or brave fellow. After many narrow escapes and very

acute sufferings, he at last, on the 29th day of his quest, reached the shores of the Oxus, but even then his anxieties were only increased; for where was Kaufmann? The dead ashes of many camp fires testified his having been there, but no news could be gathered and nothing could be seen of the Russian army. Following, however, the stream, the traveller eventually comes within sound of an action going on; and then came the most critical period of the whole journey. It was impossible to tell whether he was in the rear of the Russians, or whether the Turcomans were between him and his friends. Fortunately the former is the case, and the traveller at last finds himself in safety, but hardly in plenty; for short commons were, at that time, the lot of all.

The second part of this volume is devoted to the military operations preceding and involving the fall of Khiva. The resistance of the Khan was comparatively trifling at the best. He had trusted so much to the deserts, which had in former years so effectually befriended his predecessors, that he seems to have made, or to have been incapable of making, any very serious efforts to stop the invaders when they reached the vicinity of his capital. Whatever efforts he might have contemplated were, however, to some extent paralyzed by the divided attack which was made on him from two quarters. The Russians, to make their conquest sure, despatched four columns against Khiva. One came down from the north, one from the north-west, one from the west, and one, that of General Kaufmann, from Tashkeat, on the east or south-east; that from the west had succumbed to the desert, and had retreated, after great suffering and serious loss, to the Caspian Sea; but the two corps from the north and north-west united and were now advancing up the Oxus; and even if the Khan had been able to oppose one Russian corps he certainly could not meet two advancing from different directions. As a consequence, General Kaufmann's attack was hardly opposed at all, while Colonel Lamakin and General Vereokin did meet with some resistance, but it was very trifling, and the Khan surrendered after a very slight bombardment.

The third part of Mr. MacGahan's book—the Turcoman campaign—is the most spirited of all. The Russian commander imposed a subsidy on these wild tribes, which he made a very vigorous effort to collect. If the money could not be obtained, at least he would teach the force of the Russian arms and break their power. A flying column was, therefore, sent out, and the account given of their operations is deeply interesting. One here sees what a fearful thing war really is. This was an expedition of destruction, and well was its object accomplished. Villages were burnt, farms destroyed, men slaughtered, women and children left utterly destitute, even if they escaped with their lives. On one occasion the Russian General planned a surprise of a Turcoman camp, and about 3 a.m. he was mustering his men "when all at once a wild fierce yell, a horrid confused sound of frightened shouts, scattering shots, and a trampling rush of horses breaks upon our startled ears. Everywhere—before, behind, around—the air is filled with a wild revengeful yell, the plain is alive with Turcomans. Our expectations of a surprise are fulfilled in a somewhat unexpected manner." The suddenness of the attack very nearly resulted in the entire destruction of the Russian corps. A little more pluck and the Turcomans would have swept General Golovatchoff, his men, and the American corespondent out of the world altogether. But, thanks to coolness on the part of the commander, the discipline of the men, and their breech-loaders, the well-planned attack only entailed destruction on its planners. The short sharp campaign against the Turcomans is brought to a close; their submission is given in; the treaty of peace is signed with the Khan, and the troops march out of Khiva, having increased enormously the prestige of the Russian arms in Central Asia.

If we say that Mr. McGahan gives us a little too much of the Grand Duke Nicolas, Prince Eugene of Leuchtenburg, and other celebrities, we notice the only blemish in the book to which we care now to call attention. The author has a field all to himself; the novelty of a book on such an out-of-the-way place as Khiva naturally is in itself attractive; and those who are thus attracted will not, we think, be disappointed either in the matter which Mr. MacGahan lays before them or the manner in which he tells his story.

A HISTORY OF GERMANY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES. Founded on Dr. David Muller's "History of the German People." By Charlton T. Lewis. New York: Harper Brothers. 1874.

Apart from the special interest all English-speaking people [illegible]d feel in the history of Germany, there are we[illegible]y reasons why it ought to occupy a prominent place in any course of historical study. Conceding to English history as being peculiarly our own, an educational precedence, we should be disposed to rank next and, if possible parallel to it, the tangled web of German story. It is to the great Teutonic stock we owe the back-bone of our language and of our laws, the freedom of our political system and of our religious worship. Without, however, going farther back than the Carlovingian dynasty, what a record is that of Germany for more than a millennium. Of the four early dynasties, each

had its distinctive feature and its representative man. Leaving Charlemagne out of the reckoning, Arnulf is the man, and the final severance of the Frank and Teuton powers, the characteristic. Of the Saxon Emperors Otto III. whose fanaticism led him to seek a foothold in Italy, is the foremost figure. Under the Franconians, the deadly struggle with the Popes for supremacy, the war concerning the episcopal investitures with the names of Henry and Gregory VII., and then with the Hohenstaufen house, we encounter the crusades, the rise of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, and the gradual breaking up of German unity. These were the days of Frederic Barbarossa, Richard Cœur de Lion, Saladin, Innocent III., and Arnold of Brescia. Following the old dynasties we arrive at the purely feudal period, the independence of the barons, their private wars and their oppressions; the rise of the cities; the emancipation of Switzerland and its struggles for liberty. These were the days when there were at one time three rival emperors, and two and sometimes three rival popes. The House of Hapsburg had risen in the person of Rudolph. Sigismund and the Council of Constance, the violated safe-conduct and the burning of Huss, pass before us as precursors of the dawn. Everywhere there was disintegration. The Empire was powerless, the nobles uncontrolled, the Judicial circles and the Imperial Court of Justice impotent, the Diet an additional cause of confusion. Then follow in grand succession the Reformation, the Peasants' Wars, the Thirty Years' War, the rise of Prussia, with the great Elector and the greater Frederic, the Seven Years' War, the Partition of Poland, the wars of the French Revolution and Napoleon I., the humiliation of Germany at Austerlitz, Jena and Wagram, the war of Liberation in 1813 and Waterloo. Finally the grand epoch which culminated in the establishment of a new German Empire and consolidated German unity upon the ashes of France. Varied, however, and interesting as the incidents of this history are, they only form a portion of its value. The social life of a people where serfdom continued to exist till Stein put an end to it at the beginning of this century, the religious struggles and controversies, orthodox and rationalistic, the philosophy and science, the poetry and romance of this deep-thinking and hard-reading people—all form in combination a subject unequalled perhaps as a study of individual, social and national life.

Mr. Lewis's book, in addition to being a handsome volume, is a most praiseworthy effort to supply a want long felt by English readers. Perhaps with the exception of Kohlrausch, which was accepted *faut de mieux*, we had no fairly readable and fairly accurate elementary manual of German history. Mr. Lewis has produced a most interesting and valuable compendium of that history. It is not too much encumbered with detail; it is clear and lucid in style, orderly in arrangement, and so far as we have been able to examine it, accurate in statements of fact. The author did well to take a good German manual; by doing so he has imparted to the narrative the warmth of colour and the glow of patriotism which give life to the soulless chronicle of historic deeds. Mr. Lewis will pardon us if we remark that had his history been compiled upon the principle he lays down in his preface it would have fallen far short of its purpose. That it is so useful and so animated we owe to the strong national feeling of Dr. Müller. No man can write a country's history as a native can write it. He may be prejudiced and, consciously or unconsciously, warp the facts occasionally in the interests and for the reputation of his nation. These are blemishes which must be corrected by more extended study; but, after all, they are cheaply purchased when they are attended with the warmth and vitality of a deep, an almost religious love of country. When we read the story of the War of Liberation in this volume, we know that Dr. Müller has left his mark there. In Germany at the present time the fire of patriotism is at its height, and men write history with vigour because they have acted it in earnest, sword in hand. We can read the history of our great civil war of the Revolution of 1688 and even the triumph at Waterloo with cold-blooded equanimity, without a quickening of the pulse. It is not so in Germany. The struggle of 1813 is not forgotten, and Sadowa, Woerth, Weissembourg, Gravelotte, Sedan and Paris represent in contemporary events the battle for national unity and national independence and their final triumph. We may partly appreciate if we fail to realize the feelings of Germany when it has at length secured the boon for which generation upon generation has sighed and prayed and bled in vain.

Amongst the merits of Mr. Lewis's history we must not forget to mention the chapters on the state of society at the close of each period. The sketches given of the social condition of the people, the progress of science, art and literature, are models of accuracy and conciseness. Every notable name is represented by a short biography and, in the case of literary men, a brief account of their chief works. The volume is illustrated by engravings of the effigies of all the Emperors from Charlemange A.D. 800 to William I. A.D. 1871. There are also two maps, representing Germany as it was under the Hohenstaufen dynasty and as it is under Wilhelm I. A word or two on the other side. It seems to us that the space allotted to the Reformation and to the Thirty Years' War is inadequate. By retrenching the preliminary book, which attempts to cover a vast subject

which cannot be fully considered in a work of this sort, the periods of which we speak, infinitely more interesting to the reader, might have had more elbow-room. We do not think that Wallenstein's character has full justice done to it. That he was as bad as Mr. Lewis pourtrays him there can be no doubt, but we do justice to the Corsican and why not to the Bohemian adventurer. One thing is certain, that to this day Wallenstein is remembered with gratitude by Germany as the first apostle of national unity, and when Schiller, in his two dramas, selected him as the hero of the historical drama, he did so advisedly. It would perhaps be hypercritical to complain that Mr. Lewis has followed the older writers in censuring Frederic the Great for the first partition of Poland. It is proved beyond question that Frederic's own account of the matter was the correct one. He wanted peace after the terrible struggle of the Seven Years' War, but he wanted the Russian alliance to secure peace for him. Even Catharine II. cared little for Poland; she wanted to take possession of Turkey. Maria Theresa opposed the transaction throughout. To use her own words: "I am an old woman, I can do no more; but I never saw a more sinful negotiation." Frederic had been approached on the subject four or five times without success, and it was only when Catharine's designs on Turkey were too plain, and that mar-plot Joseph II. entered the Zip's territory of Poland that Frederic yielded. He had either to face a European war in a crippled state or consent to the partition. Certainly he was not the instigator of it.

We have only to add our earnest commendation of this history, because we believe it to be, on the whole, the best manual of German history at present before the public.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY; A STORY OF 1812. The "Canadian Monthly" Prize Tale. By A. M. M., author of "Katie Johnston's Cross," &c. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co., 1874.

The regular subscribers to this Magazine need not be reminded that this is a re-print, in a very neat form, of the story for which the premium offered by our publishers was awarded. It appeared originally in a serial form in our pages, and was received by our readers with unqualified approval. It is, perhaps, difficult for us to commend to others a story to which we, in some sort, occupy the position of sponsors. If we venture to do so, it is because we have reason to believe that there are many who object to reading a work like this by instalments, and yet who are prepared to hail with pleasure any worthy contribution to Canadian literature, when it appears i omplete and finished state. As reprinted, "For King and Country" appears with such corrections as the author deemed advisable, and with the addition of a few explanatory or commentatory notes.

The scene of the tale is the Niagara frontier immediately before and during the war of 1812; and it concludes with the death of Sir Isaac Brock in scaling the heights at Queenston. After the victory gained by British prowess and the tragic event which dimmed the general joy, our author had only to gather up the threads of individual destiny, and the epic was complete. To have protracted the story over the somewhat desultory warfare which followed would have been to spread thinner and more watery colours over a broad desert of canvas, and to destroy all the intensity of action and passion gained by presenting one powerful and absorbing landscape to the view. The straggling method of depicting great events did well for the artists of ancient monuments, or even for the workers of Bayeux tapestry; for us, concentrated essence, and not solution, has become a necessity.

It is not our intention to sketch our author's plot —not because it is intricate, but because it depends for its interest on the gradual unfolding of personal character. The opening chapter, which unfolds for us the state of Canadian society immediately before the war, is graphically drawn. The fratricidal character of that conflict appears, from the indissoluble links which knit together the people on both sides of the frontier, and the querulous discontent of the colonists at being left almost to their own resources is characteristic of the period. Self-reliance in a colony had as yet no existence, and when a newly-arrived British officer pleaded an apology for England, because of her death-struggle with Bonaparte, it was deemed unsatisfactory.

Major Meredith, half soldier, half yeoman, is boldly drawn, and the story of his home-life is quietly but faithfully represented. His sweet daughter, the heroine, or one of the heroines, for we must call Marjorie McLeod one also, if only for her love of heroes from Fingal to Brock; Captain Meredith, the type of all that is honourable and admirable in the British officer, save his Gallio-like indifference to spirituality; Ernest Heathcote, the pale-faced, but not craven school-master, and even the old negress with her quaint minglement of philosophy and religion, are all real living and recognisable presentments of the flesh and blood common to us all. The sad episode between the frivolous Lieutenant and poor Rachel is natural, and fortunately ends, as such an episode does not always end, in the discomfiture of vice. Finally, we have the noble figure of Colonel McLeod—the strange apparition of Colonel Talbot, the laird of the western settlements—and more stately

than any of the rest, a glimpse of the hero himself, whose monument surmounts the heights and overlooks the place where he fell. To the reader who takes the story up for the first time, we commend especially the intelligent literary criticisms in it, the splendid description of the Falls, and the graphic, yet concise, account of the battle of Queenston. Above all there is a healthy tone of morality and a warm, though not obtrusive vein of practical piety, which ought to secure for it a wide circle of readers, apart from merits of a purely æsthetic character.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN CURRENCY. By Wm. G. Sumner. New York: Holt & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

Of all branches of political economy, the currency question is, in some respects, best adapted for inductive treatment; and a history of the currency of any nation, if it embraces the various phases of paper money, is sure to be full of practical lessons for the guidance of the present and future generations. The history of the continental paper money, which in the end became worthless, should have been a warning against the repetition of so ruinous an experiment. But the particular facts are in time forgotten; and the popular ignorance of general principles makes it easy to repeat an experiment which had before led to nothing but disorder. When the first issues of irredeemable paper are made, the belief is generally entertained that it will be possible to keep them within bounds; and attempts to limit the amount are made, without success, from time to time. In the end the continental paper money becomes worthless. But there was then an excuse for resorting to financial expedients, even somewhat desperate in their character, in the fact that the Congress of the Confederation did not possess the power of taxation; but it ought to have been foreseen that evidences of indebtedness issued by a legislative body which was denied the means of making its promises good, must be valueless. People would not consent to be taxed when it was so much easier to send to the printing-office and get a cart-load of paper money. And so low was the popular intelligence that there was only one man in Congress who foresaw the danger of the alternative adopted. At the present time, there is scarcely less need for a book like this in which sound principles on the currency question are inculcated; which are not set up as theories, but come as inductions from facts, showing the widespread ruin caused by paper money. In the present day the Inflationists, in and out of Congress, are numerous and powerful; and they have hitherto been able to prevent any serious attempt to return to specie payments. They are continually clamouring for more currency; and if they got all they ask for now, they would only have to wait till the additional currency had been absorbed by a further inflation of prices and an additional excess of credit, which would be sure to follow, to find things practically in the same condition they were before, and we should then find them clamouring for still further additions to the currency. If the demand were submitted to, there would be no point at which it would be possible to stop. A man might, in the words of Mr. Sumner, "as well jump off a precipice intending to stop half way down." Inflation now could not but mean repudiation to-morrow. Mr. Sumner's work is emphatically a need of the times; and if it sets men to thinking on the past, it may save a world of trouble, disaster and ruin in the future.

THE EXPANSE OF HEAVEN: A Series of Essays on the Wonders of the Firmament. By R. A. Proctor, B.A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

Mr. Proctor has added another to his already long list of works on astronomy—the noblest, and in many respects the most profoundly interesting of all the sciences. Mr. Proctor's great merits as a popular expositor of his favourite subject are so familiar to the reading public, that it is a work of supererogation on our part to dilate upon them. He has the happy knack of imparting the maximum of actual knowedge with the minimum of mere technical detail. His success in this direction is mainly owing to his surprising facility in illustrating abstruse and complex scientific facts by means of familiar similes and every-day analogies, combined with an almost unrivalled clearness of style, and a diction that is both simple and at the same time highly poetic. Nor does he lose anything by his unaffected manifestation of a deep religiosity and profound feeling of reverence everywhere pervading his treatment of this most sublime of sciences. The present work may be regarded as a collection of popular essays upon the more striking celestial phenomena, the mere enumeration of which would lead us too far on the present occasion. We can only say that Mr. Proctor has lost none of his ancient fire, and his latest production shows no falling off in those qualities which, in the lapse of a very few years, have raised him to the first rank of living astronomers.