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THE INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS OF CANADA DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS, AND THE PRESENT STATE OF ITS LITERATURE.*

BY JAMES DOUGLAS, JUNIOR,

President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec.

WITH the year 1874 closed the fiftieth year of the existence of our Society; and, therefore, I have thought an appropriate theme on which to address you is the intellectual progress of Canada, and more especially of the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario during the last half century. At its creation, expectations of a very exalted kind were entertained with regard to the influence of our Society. In their address to the public, its founders said: "It will raise us in the moral and intellectual scale of nations. It will cherish our noblest feelings of honour and patriotism, by showing that, the more men become acquainted with the history of their country, the more they prize both their country and themselves. In a literary point of view, it is fair to expect that the formation of this Society will introduce a lasting

bond of union and correspondence between men eminent for rank, erudition, and genius, from one extremity of the British provinces to another." We can scarcely claim to have fulfilled these anticipations; nevertheless, our Society has doubtless done much to encourage and foster a love of literature in this city, and in its publications it has distributed to historical students the world over documents to which they have acknowledged their indebtedness. The Society has always afforded its members access to a good library, and, in addition, has tried in various ways to stimulate literary activity and to encourage investigation in physical science; but the results have not been encouraging. Yet, when we look to see what success similar endeavours, made by kindred societies, have met with, we find that the disappointment has been general. We are, therefore, led to seek for influences operating everywhere in Canada, which are detrimental to literary culture and literary production; and

* An address read before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, on the 3rd of March, 1875.

for such influences we shall not search here we find them.

Though leisure cannot be accounted necessary to the cultivation of literature, few men absorbed in the toil and business of life will be found willing to spend their spare moments in what, for a time at least, will be arduous occupation—the thorough understanding and appropriation of good books. The taste for reading has to be acquired in most cases, and the acquisition is not always easily made; and, therefore, in a population where few have enjoyed the training of a University, and there learnt to love learning for its own sake, and where nearly all have either passed from school to the drudgery of a commercial house, or the hardly less elevating influences of strictly professional study, it is not to be wondered at should there be but little inclination for any other than merely amusing reading. It is a pity that it should be so, but the education of the mass of our people must be carried beyond the elementary stage where it usually stops, before much improvement in this respect can be looked for. In this new land of ours, every man is struggling for a living; or, if that has been secured, for a competency; or, if this has been gained, for wealth. A very small class has inherited wealth and the culture which, across the Atlantic, so often accompanies it—a culture derived from generations of highly-educated well-bred ancestors. So few in fact have been born to wealth and leisure, that all may be said to be straining every nerve to acquire them. Unfortunately it usually happens that those who succeed in attaining the former have, in the process, so dwarfed their higher faculties as to have become unfit to appreciate the advantages of and rightly use the latter.

When our Society was founded in 1824, the population of the Canadas was about 574,600, and that of our large cities somewhat as follows:—Quebec, 26,000; Montreal, 22,000; Kingston, 2,849; Toronto,

under 2,000. Since then, by natural increase and by immigration, the population of Quebec and Ontario has swelled to 2,812,367. How the energies of this growing population have been expanded is apparent in some of the older hamlets having sprung up into spacious and handsomely built towns, and the older towns having assumed the proportions of influential cities in thousands and thousands of square miles of wild land cleared and converted into arable fields; in an annual exportation of \$90,610,573, instead of \$7,237,425, as in 1829, and in an annual importation of \$126,500,000, instead of \$6,169,500, as in 1829; in over 218 miles of canal dug and 3,669 miles of railway built; and in the country having risen from comparative commercial insignificance to the position of the sixth maritime nation of the world. The result and object of such activity, displayed by so comparatively small a population, is decidedly hostile to, if not incompatible with, literary culture. It has been brought about only by every man employing himself almost uninterruptedly in manual labour or commercial pursuits or purely professional services. It does not necessarily follow that these employments should exclude the cultivation of letters, for the hardest-worked farmer or artisan can find many an hour, usually spent in apathy, which, if devoted to intellectual culture, would prove the best spent hours of all the year, and the most pecuniarily profitable too; and the mercantile man has a still larger store of spare time at his command. But the fact remains that, amongst us, these classes read very little, and that the mental and physical toil to which their occupations expose them, offers a fair explanation of the fact, though not a justification of it.

In proof of the fact that we are not a reading people, the smallness and fewness of our public libraries bear humiliating testimony. In Montreal, the commercial capital of the Dominion, and a city whose corporation and

whose citizens are ostentatious in the expenditure of wealth for purposes of outward show, there is not a public library worthy of the name, none at all of any kind to compare even with our own of 8,000 volumes. Toronto has a large University Library open to the public for reference only, but no free library of any pretensions; and all our other large cities are as badly or worse off. Even the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa, which has on its shelves 75,000 volumes, is small when compared with the Boston City Library, which circulates freely among the public 270,000 volumes. Boston possesses, moreover, in the Athenæum Library another collection of books of equal size; and in New York, Jacob Astor bestowed freely on the public a magnificent library of almost as many volumes. Our own library and the small collection of the Montreal Natural History Society, the Library of the Canadian Institute of Toronto, the Law Library of Osgoode Hall, our various College and Parliamentary libraries, are none of them accessible to the public, and are not, therefore, correctly speaking, public libraries, which it is a crying disgrace to Canada that she should be almost entirely deficient in. I was strongly impressed with the immense benefit which may accrue from such benefactions, by noticing lately the class of men who frequented the free reading room and library of the Cooper Institute of New York on a Sunday afternoon. There were in it not less than 600 men, principally mechanics and labourers, reading in hushed silence, men who, from their appearance, had they not been there, would have been, that cold winter afternoon, warming themselves in far different resorts.

Now, if we are not a reading people, we are sure not to be a literature-producing people. For writing is an art only to be acquired by a long and painstaking apprenticeship, and an art practised therefore only where there are readers to appreciate and reward it. Even when there is genius in

the writer to suggest thought, unless he possess also skill in the use of words, which shall enable him to express his thoughts clearly in language, and the art of arranging his thoughts thus expressed, so that they shall impress and not confuse the mind of his reader, his genius will be of little avail to him; and these qualifications are the product usually of long practice only. Proofs of this are many. Very able men, for instance, have always written for the leading American magazines, but till of late their articles have been crude and uninteresting as compared with similar productions in Great Britain; for, though good thinkers, these writers had not learnt that necessary art of putting just enough and no more thought into an article, of beginning it with an attractive paragraph, and rounding it off with that finish which gives it the appearance of completeness. A thoroughly well-written magazine article, from a professional pen, is worth studying for its style; but still more artistic is often an editorial from a leading English newspaper. The art displayed in introducing the subject by an appropriate metaphor or aphorism, the skill with which a multitude of facts are described in a few words, but so combined, that the mind passes without effort from the facts to the conclusion which the writer wishes to draw from them, and the unhesitating confidence with which he clinches the argument, are all qualities which practice, and not native talent alone, confers on a writer. And the same is equally true of book-making. A mere chronological stringing together of historical facts, for instance, is not writing history. The annalist is the historian's drudge. It is the part of the historian so to weave together facts, and so to identify them with persons and places as to give life and reality to the period he is describing. To do this well he must possess the power of combination which makes the dramatist, and the vivid imagination of the poet; and these faculties must be con-

trolled and guided by logic and a severe regard to truth. Now, writing history is supposed to be that demanding least genius and least skill ; but, if I have correctly defined the qualifications of the historian, it is evident that he who is to succeed in that branch of literature must possess, not only a large stock of mental endowments, but have learnt by long practice how to make best use of them. The wide disparity there exists between annals and history any one will immediately feel who will read together the volume our Society has published on Jacques Cartier's Voyages, and Mr. Parkman's Chapters on the same subject, in his "Pioneers of France in the New World." Any accurate observer can write a book of annals, but a life has to be devoted to literature ere such masterpieces are produced as Macaulay's "History of England" or Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella." The charm of such books depends as much on their style as on the information they convey, and such style is not so much the gift of nature as the product of art, and not therefore to be looked for in the writings of men who are wearied with physical toil, or immersed in the sordid cares of business.

Writing is a profession, and good writing seldom comes from any but those who practise it as such, and whose whole thoughts are set on literary pursuits. There are, no doubt, notable instances of men who have attained high rank in literature, and who yet followed other avocations. Roscoe was a Liverpool merchant, but he failed ignominiously in business. Charles Lamb was a clerk in the India House. John Stuart Mill and his father held similar posts. Arthur Helps was Secretary to the Privy Council. Anthony Trollope has or had an appointment in the Post Office Department. Greg is in the English Civil Service. And yet all these men have written most excellent books. But they are or were men whose avocations simply absorbed so many hours of the day without filling their minds

at all times with cares and with thoughts hostile to calm reflection.

There is another class of writers in old countries which is wanting here—men of highest culture and wealth, and who, if they chose, could devote all their leisure to literature, but often prefer to unite literature with politics. We find three notable instances of this class in the late Lord Derby, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli. All these have written books which would be accounted good, even if not the productions of British Prime Ministers. We, in Canada, have had Premiers and public officers of no mean talent or literary skill, but I fear the claims of political life are more exacting and harassing here than in Great Britain ; and in the class of men who possess both culture and wealth we are lamentably deficient.

But, though literature is sometimes seriously followed as a pastime, it is generally pursued as a trade by men who earn their bread by it. Such a class, however, can exist only where there is a market for their wares, and such a market there certainly is not in Canada. The newspaper editor is paid ; and his lieutenants, who scour the streets to pick up scraps of gossip, are paid also ; and our magazines do their best to pay a pittance to their contributors ; but in Canada no man could live on the money product of other literary work than that of the newspaper press. A colonial publisher knows his own interest too well to give anything worth while for a manuscript which, if he publish it, will be likely not to meet with sale enough to cover cost of printing. A Canadian book is sure, with the stigma of a colonial imprimatur upon it, not to circulate beyond the confines of the Dominion ; and, therefore, when a Canadian writes a meritorious book, like "Todd's Parliamentary Government," or Heavysege's "Jephthah's Daughter," he seeks a publisher abroad.

It is not, therefore, because we have not

had men of talent in Canada that our literature is so scanty, but because remuneration for literary labour is not great enough to withdraw talent from more lucrative walks of life, and because our society is without that large class of men, inheriting both wealth and culture, who, in the old world compose the powerful body of literary volunteers that so ably supports the army of professional writers.

I would not be understood to imply that Canada has not produced some literary work. Mr. Morgan's carefully compiled dictionary of Canadian authors is a large volume, and shows what a host of writers in all departments of literature Canada has produced; and M. Edmond Lareau's "Histoire de la Littérature Canadienne," gives further evidence of the fact. But while we are thus surprised at the number of men who have resorted to the press in order to circulate their thoughts, we are the more surprised that so little of this vast mass of printed matter should have possessed sufficient value to survive.

Fifty years ago there had been hardly a book published in Canada. Political pamphlets had streamed from the press, and nineteen newspapers (the number existing at that date) gave a meagre outline of home and foreign news; but the leading spirits of the country were too immersed in political strife to devote time and thought to literature. Of intellectual activity displayed by men of great intellectual power there was no lack, but the activity found vent in only one direction. Neither before nor since has Canada possessed a band of men of greater power than those who, on both sides, fought the battle of the Constitution in the House of Assembly, and, unfortunately, out of it too. There were Bédard, Papineau, Lafontaine, Jules Quesnel, John Neilson, Sir James Stuart, Andrew Stuart, Chief Justice Sewell, and a multitude of others, men of lofty talent and wide acquirements, but who could spare no time from their all-absorbing

occupations to write aught more pretentious or enduring than political or professional pamphlets. In 1823, however, a magazine was started in Montreal, "The Canadian Magazine and Literary Repository;" and in 1824, a rival appeared in the same city, "The Canadian Review and Literary and Historical Journal," both conducted with considerable ability, though written in a painfully stilted style, and displaying too strong a political bias to circulate beyond the limits of the Montreal English party. In 1824, moreover, appeared in Kingston the first two-volumed novel issued from a Canadian press, with the ominous title "St. Ursula's Convent, or the Nun of Canada, containing scenes from real life." But it was not till political quiet succeeded the turn of nearly half a century, and liberty of the press allowed our newspapers to expand from shabby semi-weekly sheets into daily journals, which were usually so short of matter that the aspirant after literary fame could be pretty sure of being allowed a corner for his pet production in prose or verse, that we began to produce *belles lettres*. The sum total of what has been published since in *brochure* or in book form is really very considerable. Of course most of it possesses no value, but it is not in Canada only that measures of quantity and quality as applied to literature are not convertible terms. And out of the mass some shelves full of really good books can be picked. It is not fair to call John Galt a native author, but Judge Haliburton was born, bred, and educated in Nova Scotia, and, therefore, we may claim the author of "Sam Slick," as altogether our own. Mrs. Moodie wrote before she emigrated to Canada, but she was fully naturalised when she published "Roughing it in the Bush," and Mrs. Leprohon is by birth and at heart a Canadian. Other English ladies have written good stories with considerable skill; and more cannot be expected, considering how few anywhere succeed in doing better.

French Canadian *littérateurs*, however, produce upon the whole better romances and novelettes than the English. "Charles Guerin," "Jacques et Marie," "Jean Rivard," possess style as well as plot; and the stories of our associate, M. Faucher de St. Maurice, are picturesque, and so well constructed that the interest of the narrative rises in intensity to the climax.

A good poem is the product of an age, and it is, therefore, no disgrace if Canada has not been the fortunate home of its author. The only work of importance which has issued from the Canadian press is Heavyside's "Saul," a dramatic poem, which, despite the dowdy dress in which it appeared, called forth loud praises from the organs of criticism in England. Many other poets, notably Mr. Sangster, have written harmonious verse. In such compositions, however, our French Canadian writers excel, and to one or two of them is due the high honour of adding to the *répertoire* of Old France.

But it is in the domain of history and political economy that we might have expected much work would have been done; but even here comparatively little has been effected. Garneau's "Histoire du Canada," as a comprehensive history of the country, from its discovery to the date of the Union, is a work beyond all praise; for, although written with strong party and national feeling, it displays immense research and a philosophical spirit: but a first attempt must necessarily be faulty. Dr. Miles's compilations are excellent manuals; and Mr. Lemoine's sketches of history and topography are not only graphic but add largely to our store of facts; and from both French and English pens have proceeded many good historical essays. But what we might have looked for are extended monographs on different epochs in our history, in which the whole of the rich material, even now at the disposal of the student, would have been digested, and a

rational connection of the period with the past, and its bearing on the future explained. Short as our history is, it teems with dramatic incidents and complications, any one of which is a worthy theme for a historical treatise. Every one will be glad to hear that Mr. Lemoine is now engaged on a more elaborate work than he has yet undertaken. What we want are vivid, and, at the same time, full descriptions of the past, not merely lofty eulogies on people or periods, about which the panegyrist generally tells too little for us to form an opinion for ourselves. Political economy likewise is a subject, on which, had there been much intellectual life among us, treatises would have been written; for, by a people trying to create a new nationality and to avoid the errors of the old, the subjects of the tenure of land, the treatment of poverty, and the regulation of the currency deserve much attention.

Good work has been done in Canada, and by Canadians, in science. Mr. Bouchette's topographical works are models of accuracy and completeness. Sir William Logan was born in Montreal, and, though he studied geology in England, it is on Canadian rocks that he exercised the skill which has made him one of the most eminent stratigraphical geologists living. Aided by his *collaborateur*, Dr. Hunt, he won for the survey of Canada and for Canada through its survey, fame, when Canadian politicians were doing their best to bestow on her only an unenviable notoriety. Dr. Hunt was born in the United States, and to the United States he has, to our disgrace, been allowed to return; but Canada can never repay the debt she owes him, not only for the faithful services of twenty-five years, but for allowing her to share in the honour which foreign nations have bestowed on his genius and labours. Then, again, Dawson is a name known wherever and in whatever language geology is studied; and Billings, and Murray, and Bell, and Bailey are men who

have earned laurels from judges who never distribute their praises too lavishly. The professors of Toronto University, Wilson, Chapman, Croft, Cherriman, and McCaul, are all men whose connection with our country has given us a good repute abroad; but we cannot claim them as products of Canadian soil.

As I said, therefore, work, and good work has been done in every department of literature in Canada, but it has been small in quantity and but ill-requited at home.

What, then, do the three and a half millions who inhabit Canada read? Imported books and home-made newspapers.

Since the 5 per cent. duty has been levied, that is since 1868, the following is the customs' return of imports and exports of books, kindly furnished me by Mr. Dunscomb:—

Years.	Total Value Imported.	Total Value Exported.
1868	\$478,630	\$13,793
1869	640,820	17,096
1870	674,373	51,793
1871	689,341	32,073
1872	848,922	67,937
1873	938,241	44,832
1874	958,773	37,282

Thus, in 1874, a balance was sold in the country of \$921,491, or at the rate of 26 cents per head of the population. The duty collected last year from this source amounted to \$47,941.86.

As to the classes to which these imported books belong, Mr. McGee told us in 1867, in his lecture on the "Mental Outfit of the New Dominion," on the authority of Mr. Samuel Dawson, of Montreal, that the sales might then be divided somewhat in the following proportions:—

Religious Books,	18 per cent. ;
Poetical Books,	10 per cent. ;
Historical, Scientific, and	
Literary,	28 per cent. ;
Works of Fiction	44 per cent. ;

but the money value of the several classes of books most in demand was, of

Historical, Scientific, and	
Literary	45 per cent. ;
Works of Fiction,	22 per cent. ;
Poetical Works,	15 per cent. ;
Religious Works,	18 per cent.

Great changes in the direction of European thought have taken place since then, with which, of course, we sympathize, and, therefore, corresponding changes in the character of the books most read. These influences, Mr. Dawson tells me, have notably disturbed the previous calculation. Never in his recollection has poetry been less read, and science and theology more than now. The Vatican Council and its results, and the contest between science and religion, are subjects discussed no longer in purely theological and scientific circles, but are the topics of every day conversation, and are really affecting the mental and social life of the people. But while books on polemics are, of all religious productions, those most read, it is hopeful to know that Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ" is still that of which more copies are sold than any other religious work. Moreover, the juvenile book trade is assuming such growing proportions as to excite the apprehension that adults are really delegating more and more the duty of reading, and of mental culture, to youth.

Mr. Dawson would, therefore, modify his calculations of books now sold as follows:—

Religious Books,	20 per cent. ;
Poetry,	8 per cent. ;
History and Literature,	16 per cent. ;
Science,	20 per cent. ;
Fiction,	36 per cent.

A decline in the item of fiction from 44 per cent. to 36 per cent. is hopeful, if the improvement be not more apparent than real; but as nearly all novels now come out in periodicals before assuming book shape, there may be a decrease in the number of novels sold, while there is in fact an increase in the number read. Take our own case, for instance. We exclude from our library the works of all living novelists, but cover

our table with a profusion of periodicals, nearly all of which, even the organ of advanced realism, the *Fortnightly Review*, are issuing serial fictions, and these periodicals when bound are the most read of all our books. Appearances, therefore, may be deceptive, and I fear are in this instance.

Our home publishing trade, it will be inferred from my previous remarks, is not large. Besides the few Canadian books, there are reprinted some popular English novels; but since Confederation, the number of articles copyrighted, including books, pamphlets, music, and photographs, has reached only 625.

In the department of newspaper literature,

there has been wondrous growth; but here, more than elsewhere, quantity and quality are in inverse ratio to each other. From a note to the "Canadian Review" for July, 1824, I find that there were then published nineteen newspapers in Upper and Lower Canada, of which only six were even semi-weekly:

4 were published in Quebec; 7 in Montreal; 1 in Brockville; 2 in Kingston; 2 in York; 1 in Niagara; 1 in Queenston; 1 in Stanstead, Lower Canada.

From Rowell's "Newspaper Directory" for 1874, I gather that there are now published in Canada and Newfoundland 470 newspapers and periodicals of all descriptions, distributed as follows:--

PROVINCES.	Daily.	Tri-Weekly.	Semi-Weekly.	Weekly.	Bi-Weekly.	Semi-Monthly.	Monthly.	Bi-Monthly.	Quarterly.	Total.
Ontario	23	1	1	212	1		16	1		255
Quebec	12	11	3	41		1	17		3	88
Nova Scotia	4	5		24	1		4			38
New Brunswick.....	4	3		21			4		1	33
British Columbia	3	2	7	17	2					31
Prince Edward's Island		1	1	7						9
Manitoba				3						3
Newfoundland		1	5	5	2					13
	46	24	17	330	6	1	41	1	4	470

In 1867—the first year of Confederation, the Canadian Post-Office distributed 14,000,000 newspapers; during the year ending June, 1873, the number was 25,480,000, an increase greatly out of proportion with growth of population.

Newspaper literature is, therefore, the chief mental pabulum of our people. What then is its character?

If we compare a London newspaper with one of the best New York dailies, we find that they are conducted on totally different systems, and adopt very different styles of writing. Column after column of the New

York *Herald*, for instance, is filled with foreign and home telegraphic news, most of which, though of little importance or interest, costs hundreds of dollars daily. But the editorial page, instead of being occupied with calm and dignified discussions on leading questions, contains, besides one or two longer articles, a number of isolated paragraphs, criticising current events and prominent men with a fierce party bias and an utter disregard of the feelings of individuals, not to say of truth. These comments, though striking, often startling, are too flip-pant in tone to be consistent with the res-

possibilities of journalism. But even more repulsive to taste are the *facetie*, consisting of diluted wit and stale jokes, with which even leading American newspapers fill the gaps in their columns; and the interviewers' reports of conversations with crowned heads and condemned felons, who, through some strange fascination, are induced to unbosom their secrets more freely to the correspondent than the one class do to their ministers, or the other to their attorneys. The reports of proceedings in the courts are told in language travestied from Dickens, and the most ordinary incidents of news are narrated in a grandiloquent style, and with a profuse use of bombastic words utterly bad under any circumstances, and ridiculously inappropriate to the trifling subjects under narration. As purveyors of news, the American papers altogether outstrip the English, and their proprietors shew a degree of enterprise and a liberality towards their employees worthy of all commendation; but in pandering to the low tastes of the multitude for horrors, in their inquisitorial prying into domestic affairs, and the prominence and sensational colouring they give to every revelation of vice, the American newspapers, generally speaking, diffuse harm, not good, among their readers; while the English language is suffering from the slang and the exaggeration which characterize their style of writing. We cannot claim for any class of British newspaper complete exemption from the same faults in matter and manner, and there is an evident tendency in the more recently established British journals to copy the United States rather than the older English models. Nevertheless, as a rule, English newspapers discuss the topics of the day more fully and more calmly than do the American; they do not indulge in such undisguised personalities; they do not flaunt the instances of immorality they may be obliged to chronicle, in such gaudy colours before their readers, and, in the older journals, the style of writing is not disfigured by

such glaring departures from the standards of good composition as we must all have been annoyed with in the American newspapers.

It is to be regretted that our own papers have imitated the American rather than the English type. When we consider the position of a newspaper in a small community, we readily see that it labours under peculiar disadvantages. It can with difficulty be independent. Therefore too generally our newspapers, out of fear or friendship, lavish praise where no praise is due, and refrain from censure and exposure where grave abuses call for blame. The power of a single man or a powerful corporation is enough to blunt the pen of the most valiant editor of a local journal, which, dependent for mere existence on a handful of subscribers, can afford to offend none. A recent trial in England, which exposed the relations between the city editor of the *Times* and the great company-monger, Baron Grant, proves what was already currently believed, that even the writers of the greatest English journal are not proof against mercenary considerations; if so, we can hardly expect that a provincial paper, which would be almost ruined by the withdrawal of the support and advertisements of a single patron, should take an unbiassed view of, and fully expose, the deeds and misdeeds of friend and foe alike. Moreover, our newspapers cannot pay lavishly for news or liberally for matter. The cost of supporting a staff of home and foreign writers, and of printing a large paper, can only be sustained by a circulation of scores of thousands. Our papers are fortunate when their subscription lists contain some thousand names; and, therefore, it is unreasonable to demand such writing as is found in newspapers with a world-wide circulation, or that there should be such a profusion of recent intelligence and telegraphic news as the New York papers boast of offering their readers. But while these advantages must be confined to journals published at the centres of intel-

lectual and commercial wealth, it does not follow that what our journals can offer, should not be good of its kind ; which, as a rule, it is not. Public events are discussed in a narrow party spirit, the same spirit which unhappily has diffused itself through our politics, and makes our public men on the alert to detect and magnify new points of difference, instead of aiming at reconciling the few that really exist. When any important subject occupies the public mind—such as the Pacific Railway complication of last year—the evils of party journalism appear very prominently in an utter contempt of honour and fair-play, and a supreme disregard for the sanctity of private character. Nor is the style of our editorials better than their matter. Simplicity and a use of Anglo-Saxon words seem to be sedulously avoided. In the extracts from foreign journals, as little taste is shewn as in the original communications ; and one is therefore driven to admit, that, if the intellectuality of the country is to be gauged by the character of its newspapers, it is low indeed. There are journalists of talent and education and refinement, who write for both the English and Canadian press. It would be invidious to mention them. But I am sure that none would be more ready than they to admit that what I have said is substantially true.

Attempt after attempt has been made to sustain a monthly magazine in Canada, but not, as yet, with complete success. At the commencement of the period we are reviewing, two very respectable monthlies, as already mentioned, were published in Montreal—"The Canadian Magazine and Literary Repository," and the "Canadian Review and Literary and Historical Journal." Neither lived long ; and, since their decease, there have been started and discontinued the "Literary Garland," of Montreal, the "Victoria Magazine," in Belleville, the "Anglo-American Magazine," in Toronto, the "British-American Magazine," in Toronto, and probably others of which I have

no knowledge. These all languished and died for want of support. As literary productions they were, of course, far inferior to British Magazines ; and, though they all aimed at discussing home questions from a broader point of view than the newspaper press, they did not always succeed in doing so. At present there are two monthly periodicals printed in English, the "Dominion Monthly," in Montreal, and the "Canadian Monthly," in Toronto. The former has already enjoyed the unusually long existence of seven years ; the latter has passed through grave vicissitudes, though only three years old, and heretofore supported, if not edited, by one of the most brilliant political writers of Britain, Prof. Goldwin Smith. It is undoubtedly the best literary periodical which has yet been published in Canada, and it would be surprising were it not so, considering its greater command of writers, owing to our increase in population, and to our colleges having drawn from abroad men of talent and even eminence in their several branches. Though the serial novels it brings out, and its other purely literary articles, may not come up to the standard of the best English magazines, yet, when compared with all similar previous productions, they show that Canadian writers are cultivating a better style than heretofore. It is moreover printed as well as any foreign periodical. The support accorded to it has not as yet made its publication remunerative. If it must share the fate of its predecessors, its stoppage will be only another proof of the lack of a public national feeling among the English-speaking population of the Dominion, and of any real desire to foster and encourage a native literature.

The French Canadian Reviews, though, perhaps, conducted with more spirit than the English, have not been pecuniarily more successful ; and, seeing how small is the circle of readers they address, it cannot well be otherwise.

The "Canadian Naturalist," the "Canadian

Journal," the "Antiquarian," and the "Transactions" of our own and other Societies, as they depend for support on the contributions, literary and pecuniary, of the members of various associations devoted to literary and scientific pursuits, have continued to be issued, whether the public read them or not.

Of course, growth in the intellectuality of a population as a whole is to be measured rather by the increase in the education of the masses than by the intellectual feats of the few. What this increase really is, however, cannot be determined by the number of schools or the number of scholars, but by the system of education adopted and by its result, not only in imparting knowledge, but in stimulating the intellectual faculties of the people, and teaching them to observe and

think for themselves. Different observers will adopt different standards of comparison, and as the product is not a quantity capable of exact measurement, it follows that very different opinions as to the result will be arrived at. Into such a complicated and vexed subject I have little inclination now to enter; but I think it fair to take as another gauge of our progress in intellectuality the rate of attendance at our Universities.

McGill College, although founded in 1821, made little progress, owing to the sectarian character of its administration and other causes, till the charter was amended in 1852, and its board of governors acquired control of the High School in 1854. In that year it had 97 students in the three faculties of arts, medicine, and law.

In	1855.	1856.	1857.	1858.	1859.	1860.	1861.
Arts,	38	42	47	47	60	58	65
Med.,	57	96	90	97	108	124	146
Law,	15	16	30	30	37	47	45
	110	154	167	174	205	229	256

In	1868.	1869.	1870.	1871.	1872.	1873.	1874.	1875.
Arts,	51	46	31	29	41	40	54	54
Med.,	146	145	135	148	137	152	129	129
Law,	57	70	71	82	97	111	118	121
	254	261	237	259	275	303	301	304

Since 1854, the English-speaking population of Montreal has increased from about 60,000 to about 120,000, or 100 per cent., whereas the students in arts have increased only 42 per cent. Fifty-four students in arts is too small a contribution from so large and wealthy a population as Montreal possesses, and for the well-to-do English-speaking population of the Ottawa and Eastern Ontario. Were the advantages of a liberal education appreciated as they ought to be, the number would be vastly greater. Montreal is justly proud of her University, and several Montrealers have expressed their appreciation of its value by very substantial

contributions towards its support contributions the more necessary, as the aid from the public funds towards its maintenance has always been contemptibly small, especially when compared with the grants accorded to other educational institutions not more deserving of Government patronage. Montrealers, I say, are justly proud of their University and willing to help it with money, but in addition they would do well to send their sons to be educated within its walls.

Queen's College, Kingston, (whose usefulness is perhaps impaired by its denominational character) seldom counts over twenty students in arts, though favoured by the

Scotch of Eastern and Central Ontario ; who, however, seem out here to value less than the same class does in Scotland a liberal education for their sons.

The University of Toronto, with the advantages of a rich endowment, and of professors of eminence, attracts only 225 students to the faculty of arts.

Nor is the record of the French Universities more favourable. In Laval University, with so large a population to draw from, with the advantage of the Seminary as a source of supply, and though requiring of the students of Theology and Medicine, that they shall have passed the arts course, enrolled last year only 103 students in that faculty.

I think all these considerations make it clear that our intellectual acquirements have not kept pace with the growth in material wealth of our country. Canada has now nearly one-seventh of the population of Great Britain, and though I have pointed out good reasons why there should be proportionately less culture and less devotion to literary pursuits here than there, the disproportion is greater than it ought to be ; for rapidly there is springing up in Canada a class of wealthy men, who, with their children, enjoy both wealth and leisure. Did they rightly estimate the advantages these bestow, and did

they use them for study and for the cultivation of their higher faculties, it would be well for themselves and well for the country. We should then have a class of men educated and well-read, from whom we could draw legislators, men who could judge of what would be good or ill for the country from their knowledge of what has happened in the past, and what is taking place now in the world, and who, from the possession of wealth, would be less likely to be influenced in the formation of their opinions and in their decisions on political subjects, by considerations of pecuniary interest. It would not be well that our legislatures should be filled by men of any one class, but it certainly would be well if there were more men in them of the class I have indicated. Such men likewise, sensible of the advantage and pleasure they derive from intellectual pursuits, would be eager and active in diffusing their own spirit, and sharing their enjoyment with others ; and thus through the foundation of public libraries and the endowment of University chairs, and still more through the example of hard, honest, intellectual work, done without a hope of sordid reward, education would be encouraged among the masses.

A REMINISCENCE.

I 'LL tell thee now what sighs have told
 When life was only purple mist,
 When Youth could peacefully subsist
 On dreams that yet are scarcely old.

It was life's spring-time, when—above
 The world—the soul hath freer scope,
 And the delights of even Hope
 Are lost in the one joy of love.

The time when thy sweet eyes of blue,
 Abashed at their own softness, caught
 The mute expression of a thought
 That came from eyes mayhap as true ;

When laughing words like music cheered,
 And frowns, like cloud-drifts of the sky,
 Were by the serious wond'ring eye,
 Looked at as something to be feared ;

When modest virtue spurned the vile,
 And grief was short as joy was long,
 When the rude impress of a wrong
 Was softened by a word or smile ;

The palmy days of sweet content,
 When hours of bliss were hours of thought,
 When passing pleasures surely taught
 A rich and broader sentiment ;

The time while still with fancy strong,
 Earth's vernal hues mine eye surveyed,
 And charmed, as in a dream, I paid
 The simple tribute of this song :

Evangeline ! Evangeline !
 No longer I forbear
 To ask thee to recall a scene,
 In memory ever fair,
 When first upon the shaded green
 We dreamed—but not of care ;
 Though lips moved not in warmer speech,
 Though tender eyes were coy,
 To our young hearts they chanced to teach
 Of love without alloy,
 Until our pleasures seemed to reach
 Beyond the sphere of joy.

Evangeline, might I recite
 What oft mine eyes confessed,
 Perchance some recollection might
 Awake within thy breast,

Of days that Youth made ever bright,
 And Hope made ever blest ;
 But not in vain, ah ! not in vain
 I send this simple line,
 Though music can inspire no strain
 With sweetness such as thine,
 Yet love, sweetheart, is the refrain
 Of aught that may be mine.

And what is left to me at last,
 As years are melting in that tomb
 Of shifting light and shifting gloom,
 Into the vague receding past ?

It may be that, as they have flown,
 Some traces left upon the sand
 Have been unnoticed at my hand,
 And lie with moss and weeds o'ergrown ;

That the dust-covered, faded note
 Lies by in some neglected nook,
 That spake when wayward fancy took
 My footsteps into scenes remote.

It may be that some tender voice,
 Unheard has died upon the air,
 Or faint has grown some image fair
 That might have made this heart rejoice.

It may be there has been estranged,
 Through careless word or languid mood,
 Some friend who only saw the good
 That had been, when the dream was changed.

Thus links betimes may pass away,
 From one however wise he live ;
 Some are the price that friendships give,
 And some the debt that love must pay.

As blade of withered grass is found
 At morn replaced by yet another,
 So may we find some willing brother
 Preserving friendship's golden round.

Perchance the light the future throws,
 Shall make life's last the fairest links,
 And life be as the sun that sinks
 In richer splendour than it rose.

Yet what I fain would now impart,
 Is only what my sighs have told :
 The dearest memories of the old,
 Old days revert to thee, Sweetheart.

LOST AND WON:

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

By the author of "For King and Country."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ARNOLDS.

"But she must be courteous, she must be holy,
Pure in her spirit, the maiden I love;
Whether her birth be high or lowly,
I care no more than the angels above."

FOR the next month Alan found plenty to keep his time and his thoughts pretty fully occupied in mastering the details of his new avocations—in finding out what really devolved upon him, and in trying to accomplish it satisfactorily. Mr. Arnold was a prompt, shrewd business man, but his time and strength were over-taxed, and he was rather impatient of giving explanations. George Arnold was frank and affable enough, but he was often away on some shooting or pleasure excursion, and when he was there Alan suspected that he had not a very clear idea of the business himself.

Alan studied up the timber question pretty thoroughly, getting all the information he could from the men who had been longest in the business, as well as from his own observation. It was a congenial subject, harmonising well with his own tastes and pursuits; and his daily work gave him often long healthful walks and exciting slides on the cribs down the white foaming rapids; sometimes a long drive with George Arnold up the river to look after small rafts coming down from above.

He was not so home-sick, therefore, as he had feared he should be, though many a time his mind flew off on a reverie to Braeburn Farm or to Mapleford, and Lottie was

never far from his sleeping or waking thoughts. Sandy McAlpine had been moderately kind, and profuse in his expressions of hospitality, and Mrs. McAlpine had invited him to a party, where he felt shy and ill at ease, and from which he was very glad to get away; nor did he at all desire a recurrence of the festivity. Mr. McAlpine, however, had helped him to a boarding-house, kept by a Mrs. O'Donohue, a talkative little Irishwoman, with a couple of lumbering and rather idle Irish sons—where Alan was as comfortable as he could expect to be in his new circumstances, though it was long before he got accustomed to his caged town existence, to the want of his animal charges, and to the constant pacing of feet in the street outside. Ponto, however, followed faithfully at his heels wherever he went, finding favour and toleration in Mrs. O'Donohue's eyes, as well as in those of Mr. George Arnold, who had given Alan an invitation to go duck-shooting with him, chiefly in order that the well-trained retriever might go too.

In Philip Dunbar, Alan had found a friend kinder than he could have expected. His interest in Allan increased as he knew more of his fresh, warm-hearted nature, and he cordially invited him to come to his house whenever he felt lonely, and placed at his disposal both his counsel and his books; putting him in the way, moreover, of a competent instructor in book-keeping, so that he might make up his deficiencies in that respect.

One day, more than a fortnight after his

coming to Carrington—a wild October day, when the wind was driving the grey clouds in whirling masses across the sky, and tossing the red leaves in showers from the trees—Alan was standing superintending the piling of a quantity of newly-sawn lumber, and the despatch of a waggon-load of the great heavy oars used by raftsmen, to a point up the river, where they were wanted. Suddenly to his surprise, Ponto dashed off excitedly, and sprang, with every demonstration of delight, across to a lad who was approaching at some distance.

“Why Ben, is it you!” Alan exclaimed, delighted to see the first home face he had encountered since his new life began.

Ben smiled his grave smile and nodded. “Want you to get me work here with you, Mr. Alan,” he said, “Tired of that work up there, too hard! Here’s letters.”

And he produced from his pocket a little parcel, from which Alan eagerly drew the precious home packet. There was a letter in it from Dan.

“When did this come, Ben?” asked he, as he eagerly opened it.

“Yesterday evening. Hurried to bring it to you,” said Ben. Dan’s letter seemed to be written in good spirits, but showed an effort to seem so, Alan thought. He and Ned had reached head-quarters, had been assigned to a troop of cavalry, and were busy being drilled into all the movements; pretty hard work, Dan wrote. However, in a few days, he expected to have some real work, as a skirmish at least, was expected to take place. “That would be splendid” he wrote, but his mother was not to be alarmed. Such things were hardly ever serious for the cavalry, who had most of the fun, and very little of the danger. Beauty was well, but after the first few days, she had been taken possession of by his officer, who, however, let Dan have her sometimes, and he had, at least, the satisfaction of grooming and tending her, because no one else did it half so well. The letter

concluded with requests to be soon written to, and a great many affectionate messages.

“Poor Dan!” thought Alan. He had chosen his own path, and there was no help for it now. If only he might be preserved from all the dangers, moral and physical, of the new career, so congenial to his adventurous, reckless spirit!

As for Ben, he went with him to Mr. Arnold, and succeeded in getting him on to the slide work, a post which delighted Ben, being infinitely more congenial to his tastes than the tamer, plodding farm work he had been doing for a somewhat hard and exacting master. And then he was near Alan, towards whom he had a faithful humble affection, somewhat akin to Ponto’s. And Alan found in the presence of these two home friends, no small amount of solace.

A day or two after that, Alan got his first letter from Lottie. He had himself written twice, but knowing Lottie’s disinclination to writing, was not very much surprised at her delay in replying. The letter was a little blotted, and written in the very cramped, very angular hand she had acquired at school. It did not, however, take very long to read. It ran thus:

“MY DEAR ALAN—I now take up my pen to write to you, which I would have done before but we have been very busy. I am glad you like your work. I have missed you a great deal. We have had some very rainy, windy weather since you left. Father has been at a ‘logging-bee’ at the Turner’s. He has got in all his fall wheat. I was at Mapleford the other day and saw Jeanie. She was looking very well. I want you to get me six yards of velvet ribbon, the same colour as enclosed pattern, and send it by the next stage. It must be the same width and the same shade as the pattern. Also, two more yards lustre, like sample, and three yards of elastic. I think that’s all now. There isn’t any news. Good-bye,

“Your’s affectionately,

“LOTTIE WARD.

"P. S. I have been reading such a lovely book; the 'Woman in White' it is called. Kate Lindsay lent it to me. She is to be married in January. L. W."

It was a very different letter from those Alan had sent, and he sighed a little half-sigh of disappointment after his first eager reading; though he would not admit to himself that he was disappointed. He had always known better than to expect from Lottie either a long letter or anything like his own affectionate epistles. Still when the reality came, he felt he had hoped for something a little different. Then the letter, written in such sharp characters, in such pale ink, with various slight mistakes here and there, seemed very much less charming than Lottie herself did, and it was not easy for him to identify her as the writer. However he went and faithfully discharged her commissions that afternoon—visiting nearly all the shops in Carrington to find the ribbon of the precise shade and width, that she wished; and he added to the parcel a pretty little trifle not included in the commissions.

He had an engagement to dine with Philip Dunbar that evening, and had made an appointment to meet him at his office, and take a walk with him first. After his shopping was over, therefore, he walked down to Mr. Dunbar's office. George Arnold was on duty that day and there was nothing going on at the mills which required his presence, so he could, without difficulty, get away an hour or two earlier.

Mr. Dunbar and he walked briskly up the road which led out of the town along the banks of the larger river that flowed past Carrington, sweeping away into the distance in grand blue curves, flecked here and there by snowy rapids. Far away in the horizon a faint, blue light told of distant hills—a not very common adjunct to a Canadian landscape. The woods along the river banks still wore their autumn liveries, though the high winds had already very much thinned the brilliant foliage.

They extended their walk for some miles up the river, the road sometimes leading beside it, and then again receding from it to make a straighter line. It was a bright, bracing afternoon, with the keen air, clear atmosphere, and bright sky of fine October days. At a turn in the road they saw a small equestrian party approaching them, some of them ladies. "How Dan would have been enjoying a gallop such an afternoon as this," thought Alan, when he saw them.

"There, the lady in front is Miss Arnold, one of our Carrington belles," said Mr. Dunbar.

Alan looked eagerly, for the name naturally interested him, and he expected to see his former acquaintance, the original of the photograph. But this at any rate was not she. He saw a tall, fine-looking girl, of full, handsome figure, and rather florid complexion, a flattering female likeness, in fact, of his friend George, looking the very picture of a horsewoman as she cantered by managing her steed with perfect grace, and bowing courteously to Mr. Dunbar as she passed him, while she was also evidently keeping up a lively conversation with the gentleman at her side.

Next came another gentleman and lady, and a little behind them, apparently absorbed in watching the changing beauty of the sky, rode a small, slight figure, her black riding-habit making her look still smaller. Ah, there was the face of the photograph now; there was no mistaking those large wistful eyes, and the delicate face, into which the exercise had brought a flush of unusual colour. As she caught sight of Mr. Dunbar, she reigned in her grey pony for a moment, in order to speak to him, courteously bowing to Alan, who, from the unceremonious nature of their acquaintance, had scarcely ventured to expect a recognition.

"I am glad to see you looking so well, Miss Lenore," said Mr. Dunbar, the cynicism all dropping out of his voice, as it only did when he spoke to his favourites."

"Thank you, I am a great deal better ; so much so that I think they might let me stay at home, but Dr. Wilmot says I must go next week. I wanted to ask if you knew how poor Joseph Morgan is these last two or three days."

"Wasting away ; going fast. He has not been able to touch anything except your grapes and jelly."

"Poor boy ; and Helen ?"

"Looking like a shadow, and trying to keep on working, though her heart is breaking."

"Thank you. I've been so busy the last few days, as we have visitors, that I haven't been able to get into town to see them. But I must before I go. Good afternoon."

And seeing her companions, now somewhat in advance, looking round to see what had become of her, she put her pony into a canter, and dashed fleetly away.

"I didn't know you were acquainted with Miss Lenore Arnold," said the all-observant Mr. Dunbar, who had noticed her salutation.

"I can hardly say I am," replied Alan, and he briefly explained the circumstances under which they had met before. "But I hardly expected her to recollect me," he added.

"Oh, Lenore Arnold isn't a girl to forget a kindness or neglect a courtesy. She hasn't any of the silly punctiliousness some girls have about not bowing unless they are formally introduced, and sometimes not then, if the acquaintance doesn't please them, or isn't in their set. If she recognises a person she doesn't think it hurts her to bow politely, even if it be to one of her father's workmen. In fact, she's one of the few women I've met who have no humbug about them."

Alan smiled, and wondered whether he wouldn't say the same of his sister, Jeanie, if he knew her, and then involuntarily came the wonder what he would say of Lottie.

"I should think her a great deal prettier than her sister," he said, rather warmly.

"So do I, *entre nous* ; but the style doesn't

suit everybody's taste. The other is much more dashing and showy, and all that. And then she goes a great deal more into society, while Lenore keeps very much in the shade. They've had their life very much as they chose to make it—those girls. Their mother was a French Canadian, daughter of a *seigneur* below Montreal, a pretty little dark-eyed creature, very like Lenore. She died when the youngest of the family, little Pauline, was a baby ; and these two girls were sent to a convent for their education ; it was their mother's wish, I believe. Lenore is an enthusiastic little creature, and she fell in love with some of the nuns, and with all the romance of the quiet conventual life, and so on ; and I really believe she would have stayed there, only she's so devotedly fond of her father and brothers, that she thought it was her duty to come home and help to fill her mother's place. And it's just as well she did, for Mademoiselle Renée, the eldest, is so fond of gaiety, and so often away, that I don't know how they would get on without Lenore. She doesn't care for gaiety at all. She has an ideal of her own of life, and since she can't be a sister of mercy in a convent, she does a good deal better in being one out of it. Those people we were speaking about, now ; I couldn't tell you how kind she's been to them."

"Who are they ?" asked Alan, much interested.

"A brother and sister whose family came out from England some years ago, and who have lost one relative after another, till they are left alone now, with a bed-ridden mother. The lad was working in my office, doing all he could to make something by writing. But he's consumptive, and took a cold that settled on his lungs, and now he's dying fast, poor fellow, and his sister, a mere girl, nurses the others, and works morning, noon, and night for a dress maker, to earn what little they need. I told Miss Lenore about them some time ago, and ever since then she has been to see them as often as she is able,

and sends them fruit and delicacies, and more substantial help too. I don't know what they would have done without her. I think she feels a special interest in them, because she has been threatened with consumption herself, and, indeed, a short time ago she was so ill with a severe cold that the doctor has ordered her to go and spend the winter in Indiana, where an aunt of her's resides, and where the climate is particularly favourable."

"So that is where she is going then. I was afraid she would take cold, that rainy evening; she looked so delicate," said Alan.

"Yes, she's always been a fragile, delicate little creature, just as her mother was, but with an amount of spirit that is always going beyond her strength. They're all so fond of her at home, that it's a wonder she isn't spoiled. She can do anything she likes with her father. But don't you think we'd better turn now; we shall find it getting dark before we know where we are."

It was quite dark, and the stars were shining brilliantly in a very frosty looking sky, in which a few white streamers of the aurora were glittering, northwards, when they reached the town once more, and sat down to dinner in Mr. Dunbar's snug little dining-room, where a bright coal fire, his favourite luxury, was blazing brightly in the grate, throwing its warm light on the neatly set table, and the crimson-papered walls, hung with some photographs of foreign places, which were the only adornment of the bachelor apartment, except two small pictures above the mantelpiece; one a pretty large, coloured photograph of a lady, in a widow's cap—Mr. Dunbar's mother, Allan thought rightly; the other, a rather unfinished but spirited water-colour sketch of a young female head, with blue eyes and sunny curls—his sister, Alan thought again; but here he was wrong. There had been a little romance, unknown to most people, in Mr. Dunbar's student life in Scotland; but it had been closed and sealed up long ago;

and this slight picture, a lock of sunny hair, and a grave in the Dean's cemetery in Edinburgh, were all that were left of it now, except a memory in Philip Dunbar's heart, which no living woman he had since met had been able to displace. And this was why he was a bachelor still. There was a well-filled book-case, too, in one corner, filled, not with law books—those he kept in his office—but, in addition to a few old standards, with the best modern works on historical, philosophical, and scientific subjects, which he got as they came out, for he liked to keep himself "posted up" in most things, not only because it was in accordance with his natural tastes, but also because, as he said, "there's hardly anything that it isn't of use to a lawyer to know."

Ponto, who was an invited guest, stretched himself luxuriously on the rug, as if he had been used to coal fires all his days, whereas they never burned anything but wood in Radnor, and, indeed, little else in Carrington. It was Alan's first experience of a late dinner, and it was a pleasant novelty, accompanied as it was with the little formalities that Mr. Dunbar liked to keep up, and with his host's entertaining, well-informed conversation. Mr. Dunbar had some good wine, too, as well as ale. Alan would not have touched the whiskey that he hated with such good cause; but this was different, he thought. He enjoyed the flavour and the stimulating effect, and the influence of the unaccustomed beverage, combined with that of the brisk walk in the bracing air, threw off his shyness, and made him unusually talkative, and Mr. Dunbar drew from him a pretty full account of his old home, and of the family struggles, always excepting his father's fatal tendency, which, however, Mr. Dunbar already knew pretty well from Sandy McAlpine.

Alan was learning more and more, all the time, how many things there were which the limited range of his studies had never even touched, and was beginning to feel his com-

parative ignorance, almost painfully, under the stimulating influence of his new friend's varied knowledge, an effect of which Mr. Dunbar was wholly unconscious. But as he noticed how eagerly Alan listened to every new fact or series of facts that came in his way, he enjoyed the interest he had excited, and recommended to Alan one book after another on the subject: at most interested him, placing them cordially at his service, so that he soon had marked out for him enough solid reading to give him profitable occupation for his evenings all through the winter. Alan's original taste for reading was increasing with the time and the means for gratifying it, and he looked over the books that Mr. Dunbar placed before him with great satisfaction, his only perplexity being which to begin first. But in this, too, his kind friend gave him judicious advice.

While they were awaiting tea, and discussing the books, with which Mr. Dunbar had littered the table, the door bell rang, and the next minute George Arnold walked in, seeming to carry an atmosphere of gay good humour about him, and his usual colour heightened by the sharp night air.

"Good evening, Dunbar; good evening, Campbell; why you seem to be very literary here! Don't let me disturb your studies, I beg. I just came in with these papers, Dunbar, as I was passing. They're all ready to be copied now, I think. You can look them over at your leisure, and go on with the business as soon as possible. Oh, and here's a note Nora told me to be sure not to forget to give you, and I was just going to forget. Wouldn't I have caught it when I got home."

And bidding them a gay "good evening," he was off again, humming to himself a lively opera air.

"He's in such specially good spirits to-night, and so well got up, that it's easy to tell where he's going!" remarked Mr. Dunbar, lighting a cigar, after having offered one to Alan, which was declined, for Alan did not smoke; and throwing himself back in

his easy chair in a luxurious attitude, he proceeded to open Miss Lenore Arnold's note.

Alan looked up, puzzled, which Mr. Dunbar perceived; he could see everything, no matter what he might be doing.

"What! don't you know that little secret yet? Well, it isn't much of a secret, for all Carrington knows it. I only wonder that loquacious landlady of yours hasn't informed you before now. Well, everybody except yourself knows that Mr. George Arnold is engaged to his cousin, Miss Adelaide Junor, and the marriage will, I suppose, come off in spring or summer. She's a pretty little blonde, very gay, and very much to Miss Arnold's taste, I should fancy. As for Lenore, that is another matter."

Alan suddenly recollected the fair hair and blue draperies he had seen beside Miss Lenore in the pony carriage the day he had caught the reins.

"Is she his cousin, did you say?" he asked, following Mr. George in thought as he went on his pleasant errand, and thinking with a momentary pang of envy how far he was from Lottie.

"Yes, his own cousin. Mrs. Junor is Mr. Arnold's sister. Her husband was a partner of Mr. Arnold's once, but she has been a widow for many years. Mr. Arnold objected to the marriage for a good while on the ground of the cousinship; but Mr. George is a pretty wilful young man, and dreadfully passionate when his will is crossed, so I suppose his father had to give in."

"Is he passionate?" Alan asked, surprised. "I shouldn't have thought it."

"No; you wouldn't think the sea could ever be savage when you see it lying calm and rippling and sparkling on a summer day. But it can—savage and cruel too, and so can George Arnold! I only hope you may never see him in a passion. To do him justice, he doesn't get into one often. When he does, I believe Lenore is the only one

who can soothe him. There's her note for you to read. It's just like herself."

Alan took the dainty little note—just the faintest odour of violets stealing from the white satiny sheet—and read,

"My dear Mr. Dunbar,—As I am afraid that the Morgans may really be in want of necessaries, for I am sure poor Helen's work cannot bring in much now, may I place the enclosed sum in your hands, and ask you to take the trouble of applying it to their needs as you may see fit? Please give it anonymously, for I think they would feel less in taking it from an unknown source. Should you see that they need more when this is used up, you may draw on my brother in my absence, at your own discretion. I will try to see them once more before I go. Please excuse my giving you this trouble, but I know you can do it better than any one else.

"Very truly yours,

"LENORE A. ARNOLD.

"Ivystone, Thursday."

Alan could not help admiring the daintily folded note, and the free, graceful handwriting, nearly as much as the generous heart of the writer, for the "enclosed sum" was by no means a small one. And, in spite of himself, it suggested, by contrast, the other letter he had been reading that afternoon, though he was indignant with himself for allowing any thought to arise which could in the slightest degree disparage Lottie, even in comparison with Miss Lenore Arnold. Of course Lottie had not had her advantages, and how could he expect her to write as good a letter? What were his that he should complain of hers? But for all that, he could not help feeling the difference.

"Poor Helen Morgan," said Mr. Dunbar, "it will be a load off her mind when I tell her that I shall have for her weekly for so long a time a sum she can depend upon to eke out her earnings. Well, for some reasons, it's a nice thing to be rich. I never

feel inclined to alter my course and lay myself out for money-making except when I think what a luxury it would be to give all the help I see needed. Only all the rich people don't use their money as Miss Lenore does. If they did there wouldn't be much want in this "Canada of ours!"

And then Mr. Dunbar launched out into one of his favourite disquisitions—half political, half philosophical—as to the relative duties of wealth to poverty, of capital to labour, which was more interesting to himself, and to Alan as far as he could follow it, than it would be in these pages. He wound it up by saying—

"When I get into Parliament, those are the views I shall advocate."

"Then I suppose my cousin Sandy was right when he said he thought he should see you in Parliament some day," rejoined Alan.

"Yes; some day, perhaps he will," said Mr. Dunbar, with a peculiar smile, "but he will have to live a good while first, and so shall I. A man holding my particular opinions doesn't get in so easily."

That evening was the first of a good many pleasant ones spent by Alan in Mr. Dunbar's dining-room that winter—indeed it was the only place to which he cared to go. Not that he had a large choice, however, for as yet he had very few acquaintances in Carlington. To Ivystone he was not invited—natural as it might seem to be. Mr. Arnold, in his failing health, did not trouble himself much about inviting people, and George and Renée had their hands and minds full of more important people. Lenore, the only one who would have thought of inviting a lonely stranger because he was a lonely stranger, was away; and so Alan was apparently ignored, socially, by the family of his employer.

Then he did not fancy Mrs. McAlpine, nor enjoy the new rustling grandeur of her house, nor indeed his cousin's somewhat oppressive hospitality. But at Mr. Dunbar's, and with him, Alan felt more at home on

each visit. There he always found a cordial welcome, and talk that stimulated and drew forth his own powers, and urged him to go on in his self-appointed course of study; and Mr. Dunbar had, perhaps, quite as much pleasure in the visits as Alan. He felt strongly drawn to Alan's honest, genuine nature, and notwithstanding his youth and inexperience could talk to him more freely than he did to most people, and would sometimes unfold to him plans and projects of which he had never spoken to any one else before. In fact a strong friendship was growing up between them. And Mr. Dunbar heard from Alan all about Hugh and his ambition, and he began to form a plan for taking him into his own office as soon as there should be an opening, and help him to make his own way by giving him a small salary.

But one thing—or rather one person—Alan never spoke to Philip Dunbar about, and that was Lottie. It was partly from shyness, partly from the feeling of uncertainty regarding the result which had sprung up of late in his mind, but, as much as from either of these causes, it proceeded from an instinctive feeling that Mr. Dunbar would not admire Lottie, and he could not have spoken of her to any one who did not see her with his own eyes. All the more that at the bottom of his heart there was a little doubt of his own eyes, but no change of feeling for Lottie.

He had letters from her occasionally, rare enough, and not warmer than the first one. But as warmth was not a characteristic of Lottie's manner, when they were together, he could not expect it to characterize her letters. From home he had warm loving epistles, and Dan's tolerably regular letters to the family in general, though they always began, "My dear Mother," were always forwarded immediately to Alan. He seemed to be very well contented, on the whole; wrote of the adventures of camp life, (he had joined the army of the Potomac), as the greatest fun in the

world, and only longed, he said for an engagement, and for a scratch, at least, to show that he had "seen service." Alan sent him kind, elder-brotherly letters, full of wise counsels to keep out of harm of all kinds, and especially of the destroyer against which he had warned him when they were together. And many a prayer for the young soldier's well-being by night and by day, went up from the little household in Miss Honeydew's cottage at Mapleford.

From Miss Hepzibah, too, Alan got kind bright letters occasionally, giving him lively accounts of her experiences in the big bustling Boston, which was a very different Boston from the quiet puritan town that she used to visit when she was a girl. "The folks here put me almost frantic," she wrote, "with their airs, and their fineries, and their ridiculous fashions, and their turning of night into day—and the girls!—why they haven't got the least notion of work—nothing but lounging round, chatting, and shopping, and dressing themselves into popinjays, and wasting away of all their precious time, with their operas and theatres that they go to when they ought to be going to bed? I tell them they aint like the grandchildren of the people I remember, and that it's enough to make their grandmothers turn in their graves, the way they go on! Why, one of our Canadian girls, like your sister, or Mary Burdige, is worth them all put together. And so I tell 'em!"

November came and passed away, with its cheerless days of pouring rain, and muddy streets, and wailing winds that tore the last remaining leaves from the naked trees. Towards the end of the month, just before the severe frosts came on, Mr. Dunbar went with George Arnold and one or two Englishmen—his visitors—on a deer-hunting expedition into the woods, some distance beyond Heron Bay. Mr. Dunbar took a small packet to Mapleford for Alan in passing, where he met with a most grateful reception from the Campbells, they and he parting

mutually pleased with the new acquaintance-ship. The evening after he came home, Alan went over to see him.

"Well, how many deer did you get?" asked Alan, after Mr. Dunbar had told him the home news, and had delighted him by his praises of his mother and Jeanie, and of Hugh's cleverness and diligence.

"Two or three pretty big fellows," Mr. Dunbar replied. But the hard frost that set in two or three nights ago, played the mischief with our hunting. I got nearly frozen, waiting for hours under a rock, watching for a deer to pass that way, which it never did. However, I got a little bit of information thereby, which you will take some interest in. I only wish I could have got it sooner.

"What is that?" asked Alan.

"Well, I must tell you how it happened first. When we saw the frost was likely to last, we gave up the idea of staying out longer, and betook ourselves to the nearest tavern—close to Heron Bay, you know—to get warmed and fed. On the way back, we fell in with the surveying party, who, it seems are already making out the course of the proposed railway, though they don't say much about it till they are sure of the Government aid. I saw the chart of it that they had made out, and it struck me, from what I had seen of the lie of the land in going out, that it struck pretty close to your father's old farm. I copied out a little bit of it roughly for you, and here it is. You, of course, can tell better than I can."

Alan looked at the rough copy, his brow contracting with eagerness. There it was, sure enough; the black line indicating the proposed railway, running right along the piece of marsh land that had been considered so useless an appendage to Braeburn Farm.

"Well, am I right?" enquired Mr. Dunbar, watching Alan's excited face.

"Yes, of course, that's just it," said Alan, answering rather his own thoughts than Mr. Dunbar's question, as there flashed back

upon his mind with the vividness of yesterday, Ben's remark as to Mr. Sharpley's private survey of the marsh.

"Yes, I conclude that explains the manoeuvres of Messrs. Leggatt and Sharpley. Leggatt's had a chief hand in this railway all through, so far, and of course he had his eyes open, and knew where it was likely to come through; at least Sharpley and he together would know. They evidently had determined from the beginning to get your father's land into their hands for the least possible sum—and this explains Leggatt's trying to throw your father off his guard with his deceitful assurances of waiting till it was convenient, and then bringing him up suddenly when he wasn't expecting it."

"Yes, and the obscure way in which they advertised it, or didn't advertise it!" Alan interrupted,

"Of course! It's easy to see it all now. I always thought Sharpley must have some end of his own to serve, though it didn't strike me about the railway. I only wish it had a little sooner. Some effort might have been made to hold the land till better value could be got for it. I'm quite sure Leggatt and Sharpley really hold it now, for I put the question to Hollingsby as I came along, and I could see from the way he tried to evade it, that I was right. Of course nothing can be done now. It's one of those cases in which the letter of the law has been kept, and a gross injustice perpetrated."

Alan did not reply. All his latent hatred of Sharpley, whom he rarely encountered in Carrington, partly perhaps because the lawyer rather avoided meeting him, had been roused into vehement life by this new revelation, and he dared not trust himself to speak, lest his friend should see the passionate anger that thrilled through him. Perhaps Philip Dunbar did guess something of it, calm as his own nature was, for he said, as Alan, after sitting for a few minutes, moodily gazing into the fire, rose to go.

"Don't let it worry you now, Campbell,

there's no use in fretting over what can't be mended. Perhaps I shouldn't have told you, but I wanted to make sure about the matter. Sharpley has always managed hitherto to keep within the letter of the law in his sharp practice. If I could only catch him outside it, once, wouldn't I give it to him! But be sure and don't let your father hear anything of this, for though I thought him looking wonderfully well for a man who had had a stroke of paralysis, still any painful emotion or excitement might be very injurious."

"Oh no, of course not," Alan replied, thinking that the injunction was hardly necessary. And then he bade his friend good night, and went out to walk off, in the cold November night air, the fever of resentment that was flowing in a fierce tide through his veins.

CHAPTER XV.

A CHRISTMAS VISIT.

"Yet she did know my story, knew my life

Was wrought to hers with bindings many and strong,

That I, like Israel, served for a wife,

And for the love I bare her, thought not long."

DECEMBER came, and Alan was counting the days till Christmas, when he was to pay his first visit to his home. The frosts were growing intense now, though, as yet, only a few sprinklings of snow had fallen on the hard iron-bound ground, that felt like cast metal under foot. All the little ponds and runnels were frozen, and little boys with their skates were making use of every spot where they could find a few feet of glare ice. The Arqua was so rapid, and so full of falls, that it was hardly ever thoroughly frozen, even in the depth of winter; but the larger, stiller river, after steaming profusely for a couple of days, had "taken;" and presented an expanse of glittering ice, safe for the most part, except where, here and there, [the current of a

"rapid," prevented the ice from forming firmly.

Just below the lower edge of Carrington, there was a wide still bay, where, in a cove, deeply fringed with sombre pines, was the favourite skating grounds of the Carringtonians—the spot earliest frozen, and in winter kept clear of snow, so as to form an open-air rink. Thither the greater portion of Carrington repaired with their skates one fine afternoon about the middle of December, the first day that the ice had been reported really safe, and among the rest Alan Campbell and Philip Dunbar. Alan had an easy time of it just now, for the frost had, of course, suspended lumbering operations, and even in the saw-mills there was not very much doing, so that he had a good deal of time to himself, especially as from his growing experience, he was able to get through business much more quickly than he did at first.

It was one of those lovely afternoons which sometimes come even in December, and partially redeem it from the bitter, ungenial character it is wont to bear—the air cold, but not too cold to be pleasant to brisk pedestrians muffled in warm winter wrappings; the atmosphere of a pure translucent clearness; and the western sky bright with soft rich blending tints of delicate green, and opal and rose, which the gleaming ice caught and reflected back in even lovelier tones. The ice, with its crowds of eager skaters, presented a most animated scene; the bright draperies of the girls, who in high glee were skimming gaily over its surface, contrasting prettily with the soberer dress, only enlivened by gay mufflers, of their brothers and friends.

Alan's eye was caught at once by the party from Ivystone—Miss Arnold, her cousin, Miss Junor, one or two visitors, and little Pauline, with two or three of the younger brothers. Renée glided regally about, looking imposing in the purple velvet skating costume which had often graced the Victoria Rink during her visits to Montreal. Addie Junor, in a black velvet suit, with

grebe trimmings and hat, which well set off her fair beauty and slender figure, circled round and round, performing the most complicated evolutions with a graceful ease, which excited at once Alan's admiration and envy; for though a tolerably good, he was by no means an accomplished, skater, and could neither waltz on the ice nor perform the "Dutch Roll," at which Miss Junor was quite *au fait*. Little Pauline, too, skimmed around in emulation of the others, with a fairy-like grace of her own, looking very pretty in a fanciful Red-Riding-hood sort of costume, her bright auburn "mane" floating in the breeze, and her cheeks rose-red with the brisk exercise in the cold, clear air.

Mr. Dunbar and Alan, skated in wide sweeps down the river, and back again; the former exchanging a word or two of greeting with almost every one he met. He joined the Ivystone party for a few minutes, and Alan, who was not far off, heard him ask for Miss Lenore.

"Oh, she was very well when we heard last," replied the rather high-pitched voice of Miss Arnold. "She seemed to be enjoying herself very much, and you know the ladies there have all caught the 'war fever;' they do nothing, almost, but scrape lint and make bandages, and attend hospitals, and you know that just suits Lenore. Her letters are all full of the war, too full we think; it would be pleasanter if she would say less about it!"

"Yes; it's a pity such unpleasant things as wars ever have to be—read about!" said Mr. Dunbar.

"Now Mr. Dunbar, I know you're laughing at me. You always are! But we girls aren't so strong-minded as you are, except Nora, she's awfully strong-minded! She tied up Harry's finger when it was nearly cut off, when I couldn't so much as look at it!"

"I've no doubt of it!" responded Mr. Dunbar, quietly.

"Oh yes! I know what you mean; you satirical creature! You think none of us fit

to hold a candle to Lenore. Well, she is a darling! Come Pauline, we must be going home."

But Miss Pauline was by no means ready to go. She wanted to skate till it was quite dusk, and Mr. Dunbar would take care of her—wouldn't he—and take her to Papa's office in time to go home with him?

Mr. Dunbar said he would be most happy, and Pauline had her way, as she generally had. The others took off their skates and left the ice, and Pauline, supremely happy, holding a hand of Mr. Dunbar and Alan, whose acquaintance she had made one day at the mills, skated between them away down the river, letting herself glide along, and almost shouting with delight and excitement.

But suddenly one of Mr. Dunbar's skate straps broke. They stopped, and Alan bent down to try to fasten it again, while Pauline was told to keep close by them. But the child was too excited to remain still, and while they were both occupied, she skated off by herself in the direction of the shore.

"Alan!" exclaimed Mr. Dunbar, suddenly, "never mind the strap! Go after Pauline and bring her back. There's an eddy just in there where she's going, and the ice is always weak!"

Alan was off in a moment, pursuing Pauline. It was no easy matter to come up with her, for the light wind that had risen caught her dress, and blew her along like a little ice-boat. However, he reached her at last, and just in time, for as he caught one of her hands and whirled her round in the opposite direction, the ice cracked beneath their feet in great curves. A minute more and they would have been through.

Pauline was not at all scared by her narrow escape, but only looked up at Alan and laughed as the ice crackled, and gave way behind them. "Did you come after me, for that?" she asked, as Alan and she skated rapidly up to Mr. Dunbar.

"Yes, or you would have been in!" Alan replied.

"No, I should'nt! I skated so fast the ice would'nt have had time to let me down," she replied coolly.

"Well, Miss Pauline," said Mr. Dunbar, "I hope you'll do as you're bid next time!"

"Do you do as you're bid?" she returned saucily, "and if you do, who bids you?"

"Too many people, I'm sorry to say," Mr. Dunbar replied.

"Grown up people never have to do as they're bid," pursued Pauline sentimentously. "O how I wish I was grown up! I'd never do anything I didn't like. None of them do, only Lenore."

"Then I hope you will be like your sister Lenore," said Mr. Dunbar. "That is why everybody loves her; because she does so many things that she doesn't like herself, for other people." By this time the broken strap had been temporarily repaired, and they skated homewards. Pauline insisting that they should give her another skate like that, next day.

But next day there came a fall of snow, and then there came some soft slushy weather that took it away again, and there were many theories and speculations as to whether there would be sleighing for Christmas. But a day or two before it, came another rather heavy fall, which set the sleighs going to the merry music of the bells, and the horses held up their heads, and went twice as briskly, in response to the inspiring sound.

It was the day before Christmas at last, a bright, clear winter day, and a busy day in Carrington. It was the day of the Christmas market, and the country waggons crowded the market-place, crammed with fat geese, turkeys, chickens, joints of beef and mutton, and vegetables. Then the streets were full of busy people running in and out of shops, buying Christmas dainties and Christmas presents. It was a pleasant day for the cloaked and furred ladies who drove

about in their sleighs, tucked in under the warm buffalo robes, for the muffled pedestrians with their warm fleecy "clouds" or bright mufflers pulled up about their ears; a pleasant day, too, for the children who, well-shielded from the cold, trotted past the gay toy-shops and confectioners' windows, speculating as to which of the good things they saw would find their way into their suspended stockings when "Santa Claus" made his rounds that night. But it was not so pleasant a day for those who, like poor Heler Morgan, walked along in garments thin and worn, with no Christmas presents to buy or expect, "no good time" in prospect, and only the bitter memory of former happy Christmases to make this one sadder by contrast.

Alan walked briskly along the street to make his purchases, enjoying the bright sunlit snow, and the merry sleigh-bells, and the sharp creaking sound of his feet on the snowy sidewalk. It all made him realize that it was Christmas time, and that he was going home! He was not going empty-handed either; he had received his first quarter's salary from Mr. Arnold, who was always punctual in his payments; and he felt himself quite rich with this money, the first he had ever earned on his own separate, private account; for in managing the farm he had always felt himself merely his father's agent.

He bought for his mother a soft warm shawl of the quiet colours he knew she liked. It was a long time since she had had a new one. For Hugh he got a good Greek lexicon, which he had long wanted, his old one being a good deal the worse for wear, and rather unsatisfactory. For Jeanie he selected a pretty little brooch—she had hardly any ornaments, poor girl—and this one was made of Scotch pebbles, and would please his father's and mother's eye. And for Lottie, Alan had planned a present that he hoped she would like better than anything else, a large-sized photograph of

himself in a handsome frame, of which he also took a copy in a plainer frame to his father. It was the same size as the one Lottie had had taken for him, which hung in his room and was often fondly looked at, and perhaps Alan felt as if Lottie would remember him the better for having it to look at. But besides that, remembering her personal tastes, he bought for her a pretty little ornament for the hair, which he thought would look well on her brown tresses.

And so provided, and muffled in his stout old plaid that had seen a good deal of service, he took his seat in the capacious sleigh of a farmer from near Mapleford, who had invited him to drive out with him. Soon they had left the houses and busy streets far behind them as they struck out into the open snow-clad country, with only the black rail fences and the dark masses of woods to break the white monotony. The afternoon grew colder still, as the bright blue sky clouded over a little and a wind got up; and, by the time they were approaching Blackwater Mill, Alan had got so chilled as to give him a fair excuse for telling his companions that he would walk the rest of the way if they would kindly carry on his little luggage to Mapleford. Of course the farmer and his wife saw through the little stratagem quite well, and smiled and nodded to each other, and talked of the time when they were "courting." For it is unnecessary to remark that Allan intended to stop and warm himself at the Mill.

Mrs. Ward was busy in her ample store-closet, which always smelt so deliciously of apples and spices and many other good things, and where her numerous winter stores were arranged with housewifely precision. She had just set out on the wide white-scoured shelf the array of mince pies and pumpkin pies, and fruit cakes, which she had been busy for the last day or two in preparing; for they had family gatherings at Christmas time and both the miller and she liked to have their table well supplied

with good things. But Mrs. Ward never thought of bestowing any of these good things on her poorer neighbours. All these fat turkeys and geese that were hanging up stiffly frozen in a cellar, and all these tempting pies and cakes were intended solely for home consumption. None of them were to go, in the true spirit of Christmas keeping, to those who were not fortunate enough to have fat turkeys and tempting pies of their own. Had such an idea been proposed to Mrs. Ward she would have elevated her black eyebrows in surprise, and said that she didn't see why she should slave for other people; let every one take care of themselves—that was her motto.

"Now Lottie, I guess that's all that's got to be done to-day; it's such a comfort always to have things through in good time, and then you can sit down and feel comfortable! It'd put me frantic to be like Mrs. Simpkins, always slaving away with those eight children round; I guess they hain't got any mince pies ready, nor plum-pudding' either. Everything's all ready for the plum-pudding', too, so I can mix it up in the evening and let it stand overnight. That's what makes my puddin's so good."

From which it will be seen that Mrs. Ward was careful to observe Christmas in due form, so far at least as having good things to eat was concerned. Just then came Alan's knock at the door.

"Well, now, if Alan Campbell was here, I'd say that was his knock," exclaimed Mrs. Ward, hurrying to open it. Lottie knew well enough that it was his knock. She knew from his letter that he was coming to-day, and was looking very handsome in her dark green winter dress and bright ribbons. But for all that she did not hurry, but went and stood by the kitchen window while her mother let Alan in. She was glad to see him, however; indeed, both of them were. It had been rather dull of late about the mill, and Alan's entrance seemed to bring with it a certain stir and animation, and even a sort

of waft of town life. He had plenty to tell them, and told it well, excited as he was by the meeting. Then, too, Alan had decidedly improved in manner, seemed more "wide awake," as Mrs. Ward afterwards observed, and had lately treated himself to a new suit of clothes in Carrington. All which things raised him a good deal in Lottie's estimation as well as in that of her mother, who inwardly thought what a pity it was that the young man was not "better situated with regard to worldly matters."

Lottie received the photograph very graciously, and felt a little proud of it, for it showed Alan at his best, and was a very fine picture. But the pleasure the ornament gave was of a decidedly keener nature, and she could hardly wait till Alan was gone to try its effect in her hair. Alan had brought a little remembrancer for Mrs. Ward also, which she declared was "very nice of him."

But Alan had to hurry away, for the short December evening was already closing in, and he knew that his mother would be anxiously looking out for him. So, promising to walk over to see Lottie the day after Christmas—for Christmas Day itself must, of course, be spent at home—Alan set off on his walk to Mapleford, over the frozen snowy roads, and under the glittering stars, which gleamed as brightly through the clear frosty air as they had done in an eastern sky, on a Christmas eve, many hundred years ago. But how many were the human hearts that were open to receive the message of love and good will which they might have conveyed to them.

Alan found the family in a state of eager expectation, for not only had his valise been left, with the announcement that he was on the way, but Ben, who had come by the stage, had also arrived, accompanied by Ponto, who came in for his share of delighted greeting.

It is easier to imagine than describe the little fever of excitement that Alan's arrival created—how many things everybody had

to say, all at once; how proudly Mrs. Campbell noted her son's improved appearance and bearing; how happily they all sat down to tea, with one thought of regret in the minds of all for the one who was absent; how, after tea, the presents Alan, and Ben too, had brought, instead of being orthodoxly kept till next day, were dragged forth and presented to their respective owners, thereby causing another little tumult of excitement and gratitude; how home-gifts in turn were prematurely produced; and how they all sat till near midnight around the bright log-fire that was blazing in Miss Hepzibah's sitting-room in honour of the arrivals.

Alan thought that his mother looked less anxious and harassed than he had been accustomed to see her look; and, in truth, one cause of her anxiety had been almost entirely removed in the compulsory withdrawal from her husband, by means of his illness, of the temptations which had formerly so beset him. He was no longer constantly meeting inducements to drink with others, and to do him justice, Archibald Campbell had never sunk quite to the level of "soaking," as it was expressively called by the Radnor people, *i. e.*, loving to drink alone for its own sake. Now and then, when an old friend came in to see him, he would still demand a "brew" of whiskey toddy, as he did to-night, to celebrate his son's arrival; and at such times his wife had not the heart to refuse him, but, by the exercise of her watchful care and tact, was able to keep the "brew" within bounds, not exceeding the second tumbler, always interposing a gentle "Archie, you know what the doctor says," which usually had its effect. It was probably as much owing to this cause as any other that he had recovered as far as he had, and was able now to walk shakily about the house, and even to take exercise on fine days in the verandah; and the pleasurable excitement of seeing his son made him look considerably better than

he usually did. But he would never again be what he had been.

Jeanie was looking somewhat paler and thinner. She had been studying very hard, for she was ambitious of taking a first-class certificate in Spring, and then she could command a larger salary than if she limited her ambition, as she had first thought of doing, to a second-class one. And after the active life she had always led, a comparatively sedentary one of close study told upon both her strength and her looks. Moreover, besides her study and her house-work, Jeanie had all the sewing and mending of the family to do, that her mother might have her time to apply more uninterruptedly to the plain sewing which she did so well, and of which she got from the Mapleford people as much as she was able to undertake, the proceeds of which went a good way to help their modest housekeeping. Moreover, Jeanie was the family correspondent, and wrote to Alan and Dan the long "newsy" letters which kept them so vividly *au courant* with all the home and the Radnor affairs. Dan had had himself photographed too, and Jeanie had that very morning got in his Christmas letter the much-prized *carte*, which represented Dan as a dashing young soldier in full uniform. It had been duly admired by the family, and now they enjoyed it all over again, in the admiration of Alan and of Ben, whose pride in Dan's imposing appearance was not exceeded by that of any of his own family. Alan's photograph, too, gave intense satisfaction, and poor Ben was beset, to his own great bewilderment, with entreaties to get his picture taken too, to complete the collection of absent ones.

Hugh was eager to show Alan how far he had been getting on with his studies under Mr. Abernethy's kind tuition, and Jeanie had a little modest pride in her own progress. They found, however, somewhat to their surprise, that, thanks to Mr. Dunbar's society and Alan's own studies, he was really ahead of them in knowledge of things

in general, though, of course, still far behind them in their special studies. But he had taken a look out into the great effervescing world of mind which had formerly been to him a *terra incognita*, and his ideas had taken flight far beyond the narrow sphere to which they had formerly been restricted. He had plenty, of course, to say about his new friend, Mr. Dunbar, and found that all he had to say was eagerly listened to, for Mr. Dunbar had made an easy conquest of them all during his short visit, and must have been, Alan thought, more genial and accessible than he usually was to strangers. But Mr. Dunbar had gained from Alan's conversation a considerable insight into the character of the Campbell family before he had seen them.

They had a pleasant, quiet Christmas together. Alan and Jeanie went to the little English church, looking bright with its Christmas garniture of pine boughs and rowan berries, and then they had a long walk together, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Abernethy and some others of their friends in the neighbourhood. The frost of the two or three days previous had suddenly given place to unusual mildness, and the soft air and blue sky, with its pale grey clouds, seemed almost to bear about them a breathing of the Spring, still so far away, beyond a dreary extent of frost and snow. But, as Jeanie said, they would enjoy it while it lasted, like Alan's visit; although Alan looked with some concern at the fast-melting snow, and wondered how he was to get home. He might have spared himself his anxiety, however, for he had hardly time to get back from Blackwater Mill next day, bearing an invitation to Jeanie and Hugh for an apple-paring party that Mrs. Ward meant to have on New Year's Eve, when a snow-storm set in with whirling snow-drifts, which lasted with scarcely any diminution for two or three days, and made locomotion on the country roads almost an impossibility. Alan had to content himself without

seeing Lottie for several days, which was rather a serious disappointment, though his mother and sister did their best to make his visit as pleasant as they could, and succeeded pretty well in doing so. Then he had to spend an evening at Mr. Abernethy's, and there were various other little hospitalities from neighbours not too far off to be got at through the snow-drifts, and so the days passed both swiftly and pleasantly.

At last the weather cleared up, to Mrs. Ward's great satisfaction, for she was beginning to fear lest her party should be an impossibility, which would have defeated not only her hospitable, but her housewifely intentions as well. For, by this apple-paring party, she hoped to combine pleasure to her guests, with profit to herself, and to get a good stock of apples pared, cut up and strung on cord to be hung up to dry. "Folks liked it just as well, if you gave 'em something to do," she said, "and then you got the good of it!" So her mind was greatly relieved when the day before her party, the heavy grey clouds broke up, and the blue sky appeared, and the sun shone out, bright and dazzling, on the pure untrodden snow, which glittered in the sunbeams as if it were encrusted with diamonds, and hung in great heavy masses on the long sweeping branches of the pines, and collected in little spontaneous snow-balls round the red clusters of rowan-berries on the mountain ash. The great heavy wood-sleds went about on the drifted roads, drawn by strong horses, to make a passable way for lighter vehicles, and the stage prepared to go through to Carlington, for the first time since the storm began.

Alan got out his snow-shoes, and set out on a tramp across country to the mill. The snow was still so soft and powdery, that even his snow-shoes sank in it a little, and poor Ponto, who tried to follow, floundered about, making a succession of large holes in token of his progress, and at last, tired out, and discomfited, was fain to

return. But the walk—though slower than it would otherwise have been—was a delightful one, in the exhilarating air, under an intensely blue sky, and over the dazzling white expanse, whose surface was only varied by the gentle rise of the soft snow wreaths, or through the deep dark woods, their heavily laden boughs constantly dropping little showers of snow on the ground beneath. As he came across the bridge by the mill-dam, and looked down upon the rocks below, he stopped for a few minutes to admire the fantastic forms into which the snow-wreaths had tossed themselves around the rocky wall that hemmed in the little water-fall—all white and frozen now. It seemed a miniature bit of Alpine scenery, full of snowy peaks and "horns," which wanted only the element of size to make it really grand, instead of only beautiful and curious. Then the icicles along the edge of the waterfall glittered in the sunshine, adding to the general brilliancy of the effect. Not satisfied with admiring it himself, Alan went in to get Lottie to come and admire it with him, somewhat to the discontent of Mrs. Ward, who was over head and ears in the preparations for her party, rubbing up her best china, &c., &c., in which she found plenty of need for Lottie's assistance. Indeed, she found work for Alan too, and had a long list of commissions for him to execute in Mapleford. As he walked home in the moonlight, he took another look at the snow-wreaths round the water-fall, which in the pure cold with its solemn lights and ethereal shadowy moonlight were idealised, and looked even majestic.

Jeanie, Hugh and he had a merry sleigh ride next day to the mill, with some of their young friends from Mapleford. They did not care much about Mrs. Ward's parties, and Alan, of course, would far rather have had a quiet evening with Lottie; but the excursion put them in mind of old times, when nothing was so delightful as to get into a large sleigh, tucked in among the warm

buffalo robes, and glide to the music of jingling bells along the smooth roads, with many a gleeful shout and merry laugh, as the brisk motion and the frosty air put them all into the highest spirits. The sleighing was delightful; the runners of the large sleigh glided smoothly along in the bluish shiny groove left for it by its predecessors, and almost before they had begun to think themselves half-way, they were turning through the wide gate, into the road that led past the mill, to the miller's house.

They found a good many of the party already at work, and merrily busy at the long tables where piles of apples, green, yellow, rosy, and deep crimson, were waiting to be pared, quartered, and hung up in long festoons.

There was the usual amount of gossip talked among the good-wives and spinsters, and the usual amount of joking, spoken and practical among the young people, as the hours wore on, and the piles of apples grew less. Alan hovered as near Lottie as he could, only retreating when Kate Lindsay came up and took possession of her. Kate was in high glee and conscious importance. Her *fiancé* was coming to join the party in the evening, and the other girls were half enviously "chaffing" her about it, to her pretended annoyance, though it was easy to see how thoroughly she enjoyed it.

"Jeanie!" said she and Lottie, coming up to her with a half-mischievous air: "Do look at Robert Warwick! He isn't going to break his heart because you won't look at him. Just look at him down there by Mary Burrige. He's never moved from beside her for the last hour. You'll see, that's a case!"

"Well, so much the better if it is!" returned Jeanie, stealing a sly look at Alan. "He'll get a very good wife and she'll get a good husband." And Jeanie's heart leaped up at the thought that if Mary Burrige got married, she might get her school, and live at home instead of going away and "boarding round."

At last the apples were all done, and the young men had hung them in long rows of festoons around the kitchen, and then came the tea, which had to be spread on long tables in the kitchen as well as in the best parlour. The seniors of the party had their tea there, as the place of honour, but the young people had the kitchen, and the best of the "fun," making, indeed, a rather noisy party. The "spread" was a bountiful one, comprising substantial as well as lighter fare, and Mrs. Ward delighted in the opportunity of displaying the resources of her house-keeping. There were hams and rounds of beef, and potted meats, and cold turkey, and mince pies, and pumpkin pies, and custard pies, and cakes of every variety; and the good fare was by no means unappreciated by the guests. After tea was over, the room was cleared as soon as possible, for the more festive portion of the evening's entertainment. Just as the dancing was beginning, to the tune of a Mapleford fiddle, an air was heard, and after a little commotion in the entry, and stamping of snow off feet and garments, for it was snowing slightly again, the miller threw open the door and introduced Kate Lindsay's betrothed, Mr. Marshall, from Carrington, accompanied by Mr. Sharpley. As it may be supposed, Alan did not welcome the sight of the unexpected guest, but Mrs. Ward, and even Lottie, received him with evident pleasure. This, however, Alan could have borne, if it had not been that Mr. Sharpley immediately became conspicuously assiduous in his attentions to Lottie, who was looking radiant in an elaborate toilette. In fact, he almost monopolised her for the rest of the evening, nor did she in the least resist being monopolised. Alan was stung with pain, and inwardly boiling over with impatient indignation. If he could only go to the interloper and tell him that Lottie was engaged to him, and that his attentions were unwelcome. But he could not; Lottie was not formally engaged to him now, and it was only too

evident that to her, at least, his attentions were not unwelcome. So he had to bear it, and knowing that watching eyes were upon him, to see how he took it, he endeavoured, with questionable success, to make himself agreeable, as in duty bound, to some of the other girls. It was a great relief to him when Jeanie, seeing very well how matters stood, proposed an early departure, and when he at last got away from the sight of the smiling and assiduous Sharpley, who kept repeating how "glad he was that his friend Marshall had persuaded him to come; these little country gatherings were so agreeable!"

Even the sleigh-ride home through the still moonlight, misty with light-falling snow, did not suffice to cool the fever in Alan's

blood, and when at last he fell asleep, after tossing for wakeful hours, it was to dream one of those dreams which sometimes embody in our nightly visions, fears that in our waking thoughts we strive to hide away even from our own consciousness. He dreamed that Lottie and he were peacefully floating down a summer stream, that the current suddenly rose and swelled, and the tossing white-crested waves drifted her away from his eager grasp. In vain he struggled, the waves and the current were too strong. She had disappeared, and he found himself floating alone among buffeting, raging waves, and in a horror of great darkness which awoke him, to find the first faint light of a New Year's morning stealing into his room.

(To be continued.)

The following lines were suggested by reading what George Macdonald says of the word *sad*, that it formerly meant *settled, thoughtful*.

O SWEET sad face,
Where dwells thy charm?
Lurks it in thy waving hair?
Or in thy form of grace so rare?
Come whisper to me, whisper, where?

In many a scene
Of brilliant throng,
I've watched the mazy dance, and gay,
Full many a sprightlier form I've seen,
In costlier array;

But scarcely have I
Found that look,
(Too sweet for nature oft to trace)
As if of thought and sorrow joined,
And both so deep, and so combined,
One dare not say of which, the mind.

And ever thus it seems to be,
That thought and woe together dwell,
And mingled, weave a charm.
The mind that speaks of firmest faith,
The heart, that tells a tender soul,
Have wrought such calm in thy dear face,
That beauty in an empty shell,
Might seek in vain thy witching spell.

THE LATE HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

BY THE REV. G. M. GRANT,

Author of "Ocean to Ocean."

PART II.

WHEN Howe, in 1828, became the owner and editor of a weekly newspaper, the step determined his destiny. In happier days and circumstances he might have been a poet, and he certainly could have been a *littérateur* of the first class. But at that time in the history of the world it was almost impossible to be an editor without being a politician also, not to mention the fact that, having bought a paper, he had to work hard at hack work in order to pay the price. It was the beginning of a transition period in the mother country and in the colonies. All the great questions connected with the removal of religious disabilities, with popular rights generally, with the relief of industry and commerce from the shackles of what was and is oddly enough called "Protection," were being discussed in the British Press. These questions were involved in still larger currents of thought and action that were disturbing all Europe, and they affected the colonies intimately. An editor had to follow the ebbing and flowing of the fighting all along the line, to form his own opinions, and to strike in Donnybrook or Inkerman fashion, "wherever he saw a head." Poetry had to be laid aside for odd minutes, or for other and quieter years. But though we may "cultivate the Muses on a little oatmeal," they cannot be cultivated with a divided heart. He that would be a poet must make up his mind to be nothing else. Like Mahomet, he must turn away from the gate of Damascus, scarcely allowing himself to sigh that man is allowed only one paradise.

At first it seemed as if Howe's connection with the press would develop rather than repress the poetic heart that was beginning to awake in him, by affording it a wider range, and supplying it with food convenient. Previous to 1828 he knew little even of his own Province outside of the peninsula of Halifax; but now he had to travel all over and outside it to establish agencies and transact other necessary business. In long walks and rides to the seaport towns and inland districts he was thrown into close companionship with nature. He saw her in all her varied moods and aspects. He became well acquainted with the whole face of the Province, and that love for his natal soil which was in him as patriot and as poet was nurtured into a passion. As he rode through the silent woods, or by river, lake, or seashore, crooning over some auld Scot's sonnet, or those old English ballads that have been well-springs to successive generations, or humming verses of Campbell, Mrs. Hemans, Burns, or Byron, his own impressions and feelings would shape themselves after the mould of the numbers that occupied his mind at the time, and song would flow naturally from his lips. In the evening, perhaps, by the firelight of some settler, he would jot down his effusions on scraps of paper, or on the back of an old envelope, with the hope that he might some day be able to weave them into a worthy whole. Thus it is that you cannot read his little volume of poems without being continually reminded of the greater masters of song. He was no plagiarist. His thoughts were his own; so were his

words; but they ran instinctively into the moulds that were most familiar to him, because never having given his strength to poetry, he had not attained to a style that he could call his own. Sometimes his verses limp; oftener they are overburdened with adjectives and expletives, brought in to fill up the line—a liberty that the improvisatore may take, but not the poet; for as Emerson truly says in his latest book, "Poetry teaches the enormous force of a few words, and in proportion to the inspiration checks loquacity. It requires that splendour of expression which carries with it the proof of great thoughts. Great thoughts ensure musical expressions. Every word should be the right word." But all the fused, condensed passion of a great nature is needed to give birth to such great thoughts, and to wed them to verse that neatly matches and expresses them. We find little trace of such spiritual white heat in Howe's poetry. There is actually more of it in not a few of his innumerable speeches, pamphlets, and state papers; so that his poetic reputation would have been higher had he not written verses. Is not Thomas Carlyle a poet, though he has always said in prose what he had to say? In reading Howe's poems you come upon easy flowing lines in abundance, with here and there a felicitous expression that sticks in your memory, or a diamond drop of sentiment "of purest ray serene;" but taken as a whole they are the productions of a young man who himself is as yet only in the outer courts of the temple. And he never penetrated much farther, and thus can scarcely be said to have caught more than a glimpse of

"The light that never was on sea or shore."

Still he had in him the poetic heart, and he never wholly lost it. "Poetry was my first love, but politics was the harriidan I married," he writes in his newspaper, with a half pathetic, wistful glance back at what might have been, when in the midst of one of his

fiercest party conflicts. And his first love did not in anger give him up, although he in his youth had deliberately turned his back on her, and afterwards used her to do the menial work of mere political squib writing. She solaced many a weary hour for him; she inspired him with true literary taste and appreciation of all literary effort; and dictated a few stanzas and not a few lines that may survive when his political works shall have been wholly forgotten. Surely he was a poet who wrote the ode to "Our Fathers." It was written as his contribution to the first Provincial Industrial Exhibition of Nova Scotia, held in October, 1854. As he looks on all that the Province can show as memorials of genius and industry, on the products of the field, the forest, and the mine, his thoughts revert to those who first took possession of the land, and left it as a fair inheritance to their children, and he claims tribute

"For those, and for their works, who are not here.

"Not here? Oh! yes, our hearts their presence feel,
Viewless not voiceless, from the deepest shells
On memory's shore harmonious echoes steal,
And names, which in the days gone by were
spells,
Are blent with that soft music."

"Verses on Sable Island," Lines to his Wife and Sister, and his "Centenary Song" are of this same quality.

Had he given himself to poetry, he would not have been a poet after the fashion of some of our most modern schools—neither of the love-lorn extreme who spend their strength in "spinning their own bowels into cobwebs," nor of that other extreme who mistake the rage of fever for strength. He would have given us healthy, hearty poetry that the common people could understand; songs, ringing ballads, faithful descriptions of scenery, lessons from nature, and sketches woven with a fireside glow. What he has given us is evidently healthy. Home and country are to him as to every true poet, re-

alities supremely loved. He writes of father and mother, of wife, sister, children, and loved ones. His thoughts go back from the present—so all engrossing with most of us—to the past, and not to a past of romance or cloudland but to the actual past of Nova Scotia. His heart ever goes out with his countrymen in all their labours; with the settler breaking with his axe the deep spells of woodland solitude, or contending with the savage; with the farmer, winning fruitful fields from the forest; with the fisherman mending his nets in his lowly cabin, or spelling out to wife and family a letter from their absent boy; with the "coaster" sailing through the storm and sleet of winter; "every harbour from Sable to Canso a home." The pines, the wild-cherry tree, the mayflower, the firefly, the pleasant streams, everything in his native land is dear to him. The sight of a moose in bondage in the *Jardin des Plantes* is enough to recall all Nova Scotia to him and set him rhyming. On the banks of the Rhine he thinks not so much of its legends and historic interest as of the gentle streams three thousand miles away that are dearer far to him.

" I see them winding through the vales
 The clover's breath perfumes,
 Where, fluttering in the summer gales
 The scented Wild Rose blooms;
 And where the elms with graceful ease,
 Their fringed branches droop;
 And where the tasselled alder trees
 To kiss their waters stoop;
 While glittering in the rosy light
 At day's serene decline,
 They murmur onwards, calm and bright,
 Those pleasant streams of mine.

" I see them from the mountain gush,
 Where wave the ancient woods,
 O'er rock and steeps impetuous rush
 To blend their sparkling floods.
 Now wandering through the forest glade,
 To sylvan lakes expand;
 In every form of beauty made,
 To bless the pleasant land.
 And midst the charms that greet me here
 Beside the swelling Rhine,

Their voices steal upon my ear,
 Those far-off streams of mine."

But he could not give himself to poetry. Other thoughts engrossed him in his rides and rambles through the Province. In a new country all men have to be practical. Howe had a wife to support, and his newspaper to establish. He had to fight with his own hand, and to fight single-handed. When he commenced "there was not a single individual, with one exception, capable of writing a paragraph upon whom he could fall back." He had to do all himself; to report the debates in the House of Assembly and important trials in the courts, to write the local items as well as the editorials, to prepare digests of British, Foreign, and Colonial news; in a word, to "run the whole machine." He wrote voluminous descriptions of every part of the Province that he visited, under the title of "Eastern and Western Ramblings." Those rambles laid the foundation of much of his future political power and popularity. He became familiar not only with the Province and the character and extent of its resources, but also with every nook and corner of the popular heart, our ways of looking at things, our feelings, prejudices, idioms, till at length he was able to play on every string in our hearts as it suited him. He graduated with honours at the only college he ever attended—what he called "the best of colleges—a farmer's fireside." He was admirably qualified physically and socially for this kind of life. He didn't know that he had a stomach; was ready to eat anything and to sleep anywhere. These were strong points in his favour; for in our hospitable country, if a visitor does not eat a Benjamin's portion, the good woman of the house suspects that he does not like the food, and that he is pining for the dainties of the city. He would talk farm, fish, or horse with the people as readily as politics or religion. He made himself, or rather he really felt, equally at

home in the fisherman's cabin or the log house of the new settler, as with the substantial farmer or well to do merchant ; would kiss the women, remember all about the last sickness of the baby, share the jokes and thoughts of the men, and be popular with all alike. In those days when there were few roads in the Province, or when bridle paths were dignified with the name of roads ; when the fishermen and farmers along the coast did their business with Halifax by semi-annual visits in their boats or smacks ; when the postman carried Her Majesty's mail to Annapolis in a queer little gig that *could* accommodate one passenger ; when the mail to Pictou and the Gulf of St. Lawrence was stowed away in one of the great-coat pockets of a sturdy pedestrian who kept the other pocket free for the partridges he shot on the way, we can fancy what an event in almost any part of the Province the appearance of Joe Howe must have been. He came along fresh, hearty, full of sunlight, brimming over with news, fresh from contact with the great people in Halifax—yet one of themselves, hailing them Tom and Jack, and as happy with them as if in the king's palace. "Joe Howe came to our house last night," bragged a little girl as she skipped along to school next morning, "he kissed mamma and kissed me too." The familiarity was seldom rebuked, for his heartiness was contagious. He was as full of jokes as a pedlar, and had as few airs. A brusqueness of manner and a coarseness of speech which was partly natural became thus ingrained in him. His manners never had

"that repose

Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere ;"

and his cultivation of the hail-fellow-well-met style did not tend to give that refinement which some strange people fancy to be incompatible with strength. There was a lack of perception of the fitting that flowed from this absence of refinement that often

made him speak loosely, even when men and women were by to whom such a style gave positive pain. No doubt much of his coarseness, like that of Montaigne and every humourist, was based on honesty and hatred of shams. When he saw silly peacocks strutting about and trying to fill the horizon with their tails, he could not help ruffling their feathers, and making them scream, were it only to let the world know how unmelodious their voices were. It was generally in the presence of prudes that he referred to unnameable things ; and he affected low phrases most when he talked to very superfine people. Still, the vein of coarseness was in him, like the baser stuffs in the ores of precious metals ; but his literary taste kept his writings—especially those that he revised—pure.

From his 23rd to his 31st year, his education went on in connection with his editorial and other professional work. He became intimate with the leading men in the city. He had trusty friends all over the country. His paper and he were identified as paper and editor have seldom been. All correspondence was addressed, not to an unknown figure of vast, because ill-defined, proportions called Mr. Editor, but simply to Joseph Howe. Even when it was known that he was absent in Europe, the country correspondence always came, and was published in the old way : "Mr. Joseph Howe, Sir." He cordially welcomed literary talent of all kinds, giving every man full swing on his own hobby, and changing rapidly from grave to gay, from lively to severe. He cultivated from the first that true journalistic spirit of giving fair play, in his columns, to both sides, even when one of the sides was the editor or the proprietor. The speeches of opponents were as fully and promptly reported as his own, after he entered the House of Assembly. Able men—and the Province could boast then of an extraordinary number of really able men—gathered round him or sent contributions to the paper, while from

all parts of the country came correspondence, telling Mr. Howe what was going on. As he began to feel his powers, and to know that he had power in reserve; to hold his own with older and better educated men; and to take the sweets of popular applause, that fame which he, like all young poets, had affected to despise, appeared beautiful and beckoned him onwards. He loved his country from the first, and as it responded to him that love increased, and it became one of his chief objects to excite in the bosoms of the people that attachment to the soil that gave them birth, which is the fruitful parent of the virtues of every great people.

To promote this object he made many sacrifices. He published, between 1828 and 1839, ten volumes, connected with the history, the law, and the literature of the province, some of them at his own risk. There was no such thing as a History of Nova Scotia till he published, at pecuniary loss to himself, Haliburton's work. He introduced to the world, through his columns, that "fellow of infinite jest," Mr. Samuel Slick, who made all creation acquainted with the natural resources of Nova Scotia, while seemingly only "making everlastin' fun" of everybody. Before this, Nova Scotia had been known abroad only as "the misshapen brat" of Burke; or from the racy denunciations of its soil and climate by Cobbett, who had served as a soldier in Halifax; or from the Indian bead-work and snow-shoes that officers would send home as the productions of the natives; or from the accounts of its fogs, that captains of the old ten gun brigs gave when explaining why the voyages extended over fifty or sixty days. "Good harbours in Nova Scotia!" was their cry. "Yes, if the fog would only let you see them." But now the good work that Agricola's letters had commenced in 1819 was carried on, till abroad Nova Scotia became known more truly, and something like a patriotic spirit became strong in Nova Scotians. This

object of making them fond of their country, Howe adhered to with the utmost tenacity; and this deep-seated spirit in him, and the corresponding feeling it excited in them, helps to explain some otherwise puzzling facts in his and their history. He would at times speak of Nova Scotia as if it could stand against the world like ancient Greece. "You don't need a big field to raise a big turnip," he would proudly say. When, in 1838, he first visited England, he wrote back glowing descriptions of its marvellous cultivation, its verdure, ivy-mantled trees, walls, and vines; the wondrous gardens, with their flowers grouped as in pictures; the summer-houses; the elaborate iron railings, and the perfection of everything; but he breaks off to go back in thought, and to vow unshaken fealty to "that small spot of earth between Cape Sable and Cape North that is our own," and to exhort his fellow-countrymen to visit other lands only that they may be able to improve and adorn their own.

Perhaps the great lesson that Howe's earlier years teaches is the one so hard to learn, that there is no royal road to success. When a man wakes up some fine morning to find himself famous, we may be sure that he has earned the success by years of previous toil, of which the world knew nothing, or if the fame has grown in the night, it will perish at mid-day. Howe must have been a very glutton for work in those early years. He was editor, publisher, reporter, and 'our own correspondent' rolled into one. He carried his load, as a true Englishman takes even his punishment, smiling, and many, therefore, supposed that to him it was not a load. And the light heart does lighten the load, but this is one of the open secrets. Under all his press of work, he was as jolly as if he did not own or owe a farthing. Yet, as every man must be who has many irons in the fire, he was thoroughly methodical, and never neglected business, being especially thorough

with his political campaigns, and careful in seeing that election bills were paid. He never failed to answer a letter, nor put off till to-morrow what could be done to-day. His firm, precise handwriting was an index of the real man. His copy was clean, legible, without blots or erasures. And, like every man who has found out by experience how much it is possible to do, he never allowed the excuse to be put in that a thing could not be done. A journeyman in his office once said, half grumblingly, "he'll tell us some evening to set up a new edition of the Bible, and have it struck off by the morning." Word was sent him from the *Gazette* office, on one occasion when he was head of the Government, that it was impossible to execute a certain order in the time allowed. "Impossible!" said he; "go and say that if it is not done, we'll very soon find another Queen's Printer." It was done. Like Napoleon, he hated that "*bête*" of a word, impossible.

When he had any special work to do, he did it with all his might. In after years, in order to be free from interruptions, he would go up into the country and shut himself in a quiet little room somewhere or another, and prepare his State papers, great speeches, or public letters, sparing no pains to make them effective. He took pains, knowing that easy writing is very hard reading. His style is simply delightful, and so uniformly good that justice is not done to it by quotations. "Saxon, by the soul of Hengist," a modern Cedric is forced to cry out with delight. John Bright does not give us purer English. It is so luxurious that we see without effort the idea he would convey, and so easy and rythmical, that we are never tired. We think as we read, not of the style, but of the subject; fancying, perhaps, like the sour old nurse concerning Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night: "why, what else could he have said; it's just what he saw every night in his own father's house." But if any one imagines that such a style comes by

the light of nature, as a gift of the gods, they are as much mistaken as the old dame, who, doubtless, believed that she could have written Burns's poem as well as the poet. Only as the result of days and nights of toil continued for years, only as the outcome of a disciplined mind, is the art that conceals art attained.

Thus far I have spoken of Howe's earlier years, the stock he came of, the education he had or had not, his appearance, manners, aims, work, and character. Considering his poetic nature and brilliant social qualities; considering also that his occupation led to late and irregular hours, and that in those days hard drinking was ranked as a virtue, and men were advised to make their heads when young, the way in which the amorous, impulsive, strong-willed boy-poet had settled down to hard work and a regular life is to me wonderful. There seemed no reason why he should not continue to lead a quiet life. The arena in which he moved was contracted, and he had got into a comfortable groove. All that he had to do was to leave well alone.

Exactly! And thus sober friends advised him. "Keep out of politics," they urged, "and you are sure to do well. Meddle with politics and you will be in perpetual hot water. You will ruin yourself and do no good?" Excellent advice, could it only have been taken. But fancy a number of judicious hens earnestly advising a young duck not to go into a lovely pond beside the poultry yard!

Here it is necessary to speak a little of the political condition of the Province in those days, and of the social order of things in Halifax. Nova Scotia had essentially the same kind of political constitution as the other colonies before the days of the Reform Bill. Whatever its merits, it was not British, and every colony with a population of British descent, or nurtured on British traditions, has repudiated it so unanimously that it is difficult, and perhaps unnecessary,

to attempt to make people understand what kind of a thing it was. Briefly stated, it was the result of an effort to combine representative and irresponsible government. The people had votes, and they sent their representatives to a House of Assembly. Assembled there, the representatives could talk, but that was about all they could do. They did not control the revenue, and could neither make nor unmake the ministry. There was a second house, called the Council, consisting of twelve gentlemen appointed by the King, and practically holding their offices for life, in whom all real power was vested. The Council sat with closed doors, because it acknowledged no responsibility to the people. Yet it was a distinct branch of the legislature. No bill could pass without its consent. The Council was also a judicial body. As a Court of Divorce it exercised supreme judicial functions. The Council was also the Executive. All the functions of Government were discharged by it; all patronage was vested in it; all honours flowed from it; though its administration was condemned by every one of the representatives of the people, the Council remained unaffected. Its policy, like itself, remained unchanged. Representatives came and went every seven years; but the Council held on for ever.

The pendulum has swung to the other extreme in our days. We should now think it intolerable to have an Executive removed from popular influence for four years or four days. We are too democratic to think of annexation. We can hardly conceive a man to be sane who would defend the old order of things. Yet it is little more than thirty years since Responsible Government was called in Nova Scotia by very intelligent men, "responsible nonsense." It seemed to be considered, as Howe put it in his first letter to Lord John Russell, "that the selection of an Executive Council, who upon most points of domestic policy would differ from the great body of the people and the

majority of their representatives, was indispensable to the very existence of Colonial institutions; and that if it were otherwise, the colony would fly off, by the operation of some latent principle of mischief. By those who entertain this view it is assumed that Great Britain is indebted for the preservation of her colonies; not to the natural affection of their inhabitants, to their pride in her history, to their participation in the benefit of her warlike, scientific, or literary achievements, but to the disinterested patriotism of a dozen or two of persons, who are remarkable for nothing above their neighbours in the colony, except perhaps the enjoyment of offices too richly endowed." In Halifax, as in Toronto, this official and ruling class was designated as "the Family Compact;" though what Lord Durham, in his celebrated Report, said of the name in the one case would apply to the other—that it was "not much more appropriate than party designations usually are, inasmuch as there is, in truth, very little of family connection among the persons thus united." At the same time there were special features about the constitution of the Council in Nova Scotia that made it specially obnoxious and specially strong.

The presence in the Council of the heads of Departments appointed from Britain, the most influential of them being the Collector of Customs, was perhaps necessary, owing to the old commercial policy of the Empire, a policy which denied commercial freedom to the Colonies, in their own interest, it was supposed, as well as in the interest of the Mother Country. As Earl Grey points out in his "Colonial Policy of the Administration of Lord John Russell," European nations formerly desired to have colonies simply because of the gain supposed to accrue from the monopoly of their commerce. The relation was not meant, however, to be selfish; it was paternal. The Mother Country gave to Colonial produce, in return, a preference in its own markets.

And when Free Trade became the policy of the Empire, it was argued that to extend it to the Colonies was equivalent to abandoning them. In Britain, the Manchester School argued that the country had no interest in keeping colonies, as it desired no special commercial privileges from them; and a similar class of persons in every colony argued that there was no benefit in continuing the connection when colonists were not allowed their old privileges in the markets of the Mother Country. Because we see it right to strike off the gilded shackles that in love we bound round each other, therefore we must cease to be the same Empire, was an extraordinary *non sequitur*; but it imposed on people who considered that the whole duty of man was to buy in the cheapest and to sell in the dearest market, and who thought that the idea of nationality could be destroyed and the world reconstructed on a commercial hobby. However, the crotchets of the Manchester School have been consigned to the tomb of all the Capulets; and we can well afford now to think only of the good its leaders accomplished as economists. At any rate, "while it was British policy to maintain a monopoly of the trade of the Colonies, it was necessary for the Home Government to exercise a considerable control over their internal administration, because, otherwise, this monopoly would certainly have been evaded . . . ; and accordingly the interference of the servants of the Crown in their internal affairs, and the differences which that interference occasioned, arose almost entirely from the endeavour to uphold the commercial system then in force." A radical change from this system to its opposite was dreaded by the Colonists generally; not only by the officials whose bread depended on it, but by most persons actually engaged in trade, by those who had made their money, and who believed that monopoly was an excellent thing for the country because it had done well for them.

But the Council was by no means composed exclusively of Heads of Departments, whose presence might be considered a necessary evil. Another member was the Bishop of the Anglican Church. Bishops sat in the House of Lords; therefore a Colonial Bishop ought to be a member of the Cabinet. The Chief Justice also had a seat. As a member of the Legislature he made the law; as one of the Executive he administered the law; and as Judge he interpreted the law.

But perhaps the most potent element in the Council was that of the bankers. After all, the Council was only a plutocracy. When there was no bank in Nova Scotia, the Province had issued notes, for the redemption of which the revenues of the Province were pledged; and of course these notes floated readily. Some wise men in Halifax thereupon started a bank, and issued notes payable in gold, silver, or Provincial paper. Five out of the eight co-partners in this bank were members of the Council. What a paradisaical state of things for bankers! Only one bank in Nova Scotia, its notes not redeemable in specie, and whenever there was a run on the bank, get the Province to issue some more of its paper, until on a great strain the Province paper itself became depreciated. Just think of it! A poor man in need—say of £100, paid the bank 6 per cent. or a trifle more for the notes he received, and those notes cost the bank only the paper on which they were printed. What a Mogul a Bank Director must have been in Halifax in that golden age! If he refused you accommodation, you were helpless. There was no other shop to go to. How thankful you were when he took your securities; yet all the time he was giving you paper and you were giving him hard money! But language fails to express the indignation that was felt when Mr. Howe and others contended that paper money should be issued only on the assurance that it would be redeemed with coin, and when they contended that there should be competition in banking. They were told

that no bank could do business in Halifax on such principles, because the balance of trade was against us, and as for a second bank—why, it would bring universal ruin on the merchants. It may be noted here as a beautiful illustration of a well-known trait in human nature, that not a few of those who fought with him for a second bank, on the pleas of the advantages of competition and of securing some independence for those who needed accommodation, were among the fiercest opponents of a proposed third bank. “A third, you know, will only do mischief. The thing ought to be put down!”

I have referred to the constitution of the Council to indicate the large questions and interests that were involved in the political contests of Howe's youth. Mere agitation would never have effected a Reform, though it could have injured the Province. The Colonial and Commercial policy of the Empire was a vast and complicated machine. Rash, unskilful hands could indeed damage it and themselves too; but only men who understood and loved the machine could mend, change, and adapt it to the times. The political constitution of all the British American Colonies was modelled on the same pattern; in all of them, about this time, discontent was becoming general, and in each of them there was something special to aggravate the political dissatisfaction. In New Brunswick the edifice seemed strong, but it was really weak, and its downfall was brought about with little effort and accompanied with but little noise. In Lower Canada, the struggle of races dwarfed and almost extinguished the struggle of political principles. The problem was complicated in Upper Canada, by such local causes as its rapid growth, the enormous number of emigrants who poured into it between 1826 and 1837, by the Clergy Reserve Question, and the fact that it had one Sir Francis Head as Governor. What it cost to demolish the unseemly edifice of Government by favouritism in these two Colonies, we all know.

Nowhere was the old system so strong as in Nova Scotia, because nowhere else had it existed so long; nowhere else had it been administered with so much real efficiency and honesty, and consequently in none of the sister Colonies was there so little popular discontent; and nowhere else was it butressed and beautified by so many local and accidental facts and associations. Halifax, then was not only the nominal, but the real Capital of the Province; in fact it *was* the Province. The only other port in Nova Scotia proper that vessels could enter with foreign produce was Pictou. A few Halifax merchants did all the trade of the Province. Halifax was an old city, as Colonial cities count. It was near Great Britain as compared with Quebec, Kingston, or Toronto; of course much nearer relatively than now. The harbour was open all the year round. There was unbroken communication thus with the mother-country. Halifax had a large garrison, and it was summer headquarters of the North American fleet. On all these and other accounts, it seemed to be the most desirable place for a British gentleman to settle in, and many accordingly did settle in it. Their children as they grew up entered the army, or navy, or civil service, and many of them highly distinguished themselves, and all this strengthened the conservatism of Halifax society. From this class the Council was recruited, and the leading office holders appointed. “Society” in Halifax meant a distinct class, a charmed circle the entrance to which was guarded jealously. In no German capital were the lines drawn more distinctly. In no hall of Highland Chief was the distinction between those who sat above and those who sat below the salt better known. If a young girl not of the privileged class were seen walking with an officer, her character was ruined, for marriage between the two was considered out of the question. “It was something to go to a ball in Halifax in those days,” sighed an old lady to me lately; “there

were people then that one could look up to. Why, I remember," continued she with inspiring eloquence, "how the Bishop's lady once swept out of the ball-room with her daughters, because she saw the wife of a baker, who had made money, coming in at the door."

Political and social causes combined to make the Council strong; and in addition, civil, ecclesiastical, and educational forces were all rallied round it. He who objected to the existing order of things was an enemy of Halifax. Eleven out of the twelve members of the Council were from the city. From eight to ten were members of the Church of England. The only College in the Province was King's College, Windsor, fairly well endowed with money and land by the Province. There most of the privileged class had received the education and manners of gentlemen, and while there the statutes forbade them "to frequent the Romish Mass, or the meeting houses of Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, or the Conventicles of any other dissenters from the Church of England." All these elements combined to form and build up an aristocracy in Halifax; and, as the actual result, in no other city in British America was there an aristocracy that combined such undoubted power, such refinement of manners, such social prestige, and so much real ability. The bench and bar, the church, the college, the city, the banking and great mercantile interests, the influences of the army and navy, all contributed to form or strengthen the edifice; and it was fitly crowned by the stately figure of a Governor, who was the direct representative of the Crown, and whose power no one questioned. The edifice looked well; and as the people of Nova Scotia were loyal, rather prosperous, and generally contented, there seemed no reason why it should not endure, even though changes were made elsewhere. So its advocates pleaded. They tossed the other Provinces to the wolf of Reform, but

they cried, spare Nova Scotia. New Brunswick is Yankee, Lower Canada is French, Upper Canada is democratic, let them go; but leave us alone. They scouted the very mention of Union with the other Provinces. In 1839, the Council promptly and vehemently attacked Lord Durham's report, chiefly on the ground that in the last paragraphs his lordship had briefly recommended such an Union. The edifice, I say, looked well, but it had two grand defects. First, it was not broad-based on the will of the people; that is, it was Anti-British. Secondly, it was not based upon justice; it did not give equal rights to all. It was attacked by one whom his opponents called a printer's boy. It was defended by men who, compared to him, seemed giants. It was taken, and—just because the printer's boy was a statesman and not a demagogue—taken without the expenditure of blood and treasure, without the wide-spread ruin and confiscation that attended and followed the agitations of a Papineau and a Lyon Mackenzie. It was taken and levelled with the ground so completely, that it is almost as difficult to find a trace of it, as to find the ruins of Carthage. I may be accused of using extravagant language; but the fact is that the present generation in Nova Scotia have no conception of what the old order of things was. From a secret and irresponsible body of twelve men, all honours and emoluments flowed. Sheriffs, prothonotaries, judges of probate, deputy registrars of deeds, coroners, school commissioners, magistrates, clerks of the peace, militia officers, and all other officials were appointed by them. No man who had not faithfully done *Kotow* to the Council need apply. Pertinent questions were quietly asked concerning him; "what are his politics!" "what paper does he take," "what church does he attend," "who was his father," "who is he likely to marry?" The answers determined whether he got or did not get the appointment. A councillor openly made the re-

mark on an occasion when there was a vacancy on the Bench, and an eminent lawyer had applied for it, that "he wondered how the gentleman could have the impudence to apply, after his opposition to the Council whilst a member of the Assembly." A member of the House of Assembly was nobody, even in his own county, unless he sympathised with the Council; and when he did sympathise with it he was not much. In that case he got the crumbs.

How came it about that the Joe Howe I have described, should have been the man to attack this august, all-powerful Council? In this wise. During the years in which he reported for his paper the debates of the House of Assembly, he became gradually familiarized with the working of the Constitution and its radical defects. In those days there were men of extraordinary ability in the House. The leaders of the minority, or party in sympathy with the Council, had been educated at Windsor, and most of the leaders of the popular party were men of University Education. The reporters' gallery was one of Howe's colleges. Important questions were discussed in the Assembly, he could not hear without taking sides, and he leaned more and more to the popular side. About the same time he became both a Reformer and a Free Trader. At a time when most men were deceived by the plausible arguments that can always be urged in favour of Protection, he saw clearly what a cheat the whole thing is and ever must be, untenable in theory, vicious in practice; the fruitful parent of rings, lobbying and bribery about Legislatures, the robbery of the community at large for special classes, and the pauperising of mechanics and manufacturers; for how else shall you define paupers than as a class that have to be sustained by a tax on the whole community? He was a Free Trader from principle; doubly so, as the native of a Province whose ships sail on every sea, take freights to and from every port, and bring home wealth

from every shore. He would allow only those limitations on Free Trade that all Free Traders allow; first, the artificial encouragement of what the safety of a country imperatively demanded; secondly, that as a revenue must be raised, all the industries of countries must bear their fair share of the burden. As he became more decided in his political views, his paper gave forth a more certain sound; and naturally enough he offended many who would have patted him on the head had he stuck to poetry and descriptions of country scenery. He had to take his choice; to do his duty like a man and make enemies; or, as not a few religious people seem to think a more excellent way, to shirk his duty like a good Christian for the sake of peace. Bankers whose interests were attacked would blackball the paper, and call the editor a low fellow; public officers whose emoluments were threatened would send none of their printing to his office; merchants under obligations to either of these classes would not advertise in his columns. All such opposition, or intimidation of a more downright kind, did not amount to much in his eyes. He was constitutionally combative, and it was rather a relish—sometimes, it may be, a kind of red rag—to him. Thus things went on for a few years. His paper increased in circulation, and he became well known in town and country to all young Nova Scotia outside of the official and ruling class. That he was to be a politician and a reformer was now certain; but according to all the indications so far, he was to do service with his pen and not with his voice. An apparent accident decided otherwise, and pointed out his true vocation.

On the 1st of January, 1835, a letter appeared in the *Nova Scotian*, accusing the magistrates of Halifax of neglect, mismanagement, and corruption, in the government of the city. The letter now would be considered mild: no names were mentioned, the tone was playful rather than indignant,

but the magistrates were sensitive and prosecuted Howe for libel. "At this time there was not an incorporated city in any part of the Province. All were governed by magistrates who held their commission from the Crown."* When Howe received the Attorney-General's notice of trial he went to two or three lawyers in succession, and asked their opinion. They told him that he had no case, as no considerations were allowed to mitigate the severe principles of those days, that "the greater the truth the greater the libel." He resolved to defend himself. The next two weeks he gave up wholly to mastering the law of libel and the principles upon which it was based, and to selecting his facts and documents. With his head full of the subject, and only the two opening paragraphs of his speech written out and committed to memory, he faced the jury. He had spoken before, but only to small meetings, and on no subjects that touched him keenly. Now the Court House was crowded; popular sympathy entirely on his side, and the real subject himself. That magic in the tone that sends a magnetic thrill through an audience sounded for

*So says Mr. Annand in his introduction to "Howe's Letters and Speeches." But Mr. Hannay, of St. John, N.B., informs me that "St. John was incorporated by Royal Charter fifty years before, and that Charter was confirmed by Act of Assembly that same year."

the first time in his voice. All eyes turned to him; all faces gleamed on him; he noticed the tears trickling down one old gentleman's cheeks; he received the sympathy of the crowd, and without knowing, gave it back in eloquence. He spoke for six hours and a quarter, and though the Chief Justice adjourned the Court to the next day, the spell was unbroken. He was not only acquitted, but borne home in triumph on the shoulders of the crowd, the first, but by no means the last, time that such an extremely inconvenient and ridiculous honour was paid him by the Halifax populace. When he got inside his own house, he rushed to his room and, throwing himself on his bed, burst into passionate weeping, tears of pride, joy, and overwrought emotion—the tears of one who has discovered new fountains of feeling, and new forces in himself.

A word here to my young friends who would be orators and wield at will the fierce democracy. Demosthenes' orations smelled of the lamp. So do all orations that move men. Easy speaking is hard hearing. Joe Howe was in his thirty-first year when he made what might be called his first speech. He had spent twelve previous years of assiduous labour in the practice of composition. He gave up the previous fortnight to thoroughly master the subject on hand, and he slept soundly the night before he spoke.

MARGUERITE'S HYMN TO THE MATER DOLOROSA.

From Goethe's "Faust."

A niche in the wall in which stands the image of the Virgin. Gretchen places fresh flowers before it..

BEND thou down
Whom sorrows crown,
With mercy in thy face for me !

The pangs are fierce
Thy heart that pierce
To see thy Son's great agony ;

As to the Father, kneeling
And tearfully appealing,
Thy groans ascend, for Him and thee!

Who can feel
Or heal
The anguish I have known ?
Why this poor heart so trembleth here,
What its desire, and what its fear
Thou knowest—thou alone.

Wherever I may go
Nought will this woe—this woe—
From out my bosom take !
Scarce can I be alone,
But weep, must I, and moan,
My very heart will break !

The pots before my window
This morn did I bedew
With tears, alas ! in plucking
The flowers that here I strew.

When early in my chamber
The sun its brightness shed,
Long since had I been sitting
In sorrow on my bed.

For help in shame I kneel to thee—
Bend thou down
Whom sorrows crown,
With mercy in thy face for me !

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY AND REVIVALISM.

BY LAON.

THE evangelizing labours of Messrs. Moody and Sankey have furnished almost the chief topic of interest and of discussion in the mother-country during the past two months. It cannot be expected that, on such a subject, there will be anything like unanimity of opinion; and it is decidedly better that each writer should frankly state his own view, whatever it may be, than that he should endeavour, by stringing together a number of doubtful and evasive phrases, to give a measure of satisfaction to all classes of minds, or at least to avoid offending any. Never is the press more seriously recreant to its duty than when, instead of putting the best thoughts of its best writers before the public, it seeks and strives merely to echo what is being said in the streets, and so to flatter the masses with the notion of their own infallibility. With regard to the preaching of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, we have had only too many non-committal judgments from the press; but we have had, on the other hand, some honest and distinct expressions of opinion. In dealing with this subject everything, it seems to us, depends upon the answer each one for himself is prepared to give to the following question:—Are the views of these men in the main true?

It is impossible, in fact, to take one satisfactory step until this point is decided. Now the case stands simply thus: if Messrs. Moody and Sankey have a true theory of the universe, or man's destiny, of his obligations, of the means by which his highest interests are to be secured, then all that we dignify by the name of "modern culture" is a damnable illu-

sion and fraud. The whole current of thought for the last generation or two has been setting in an altogether false direction, carrying people away from, instead of towards, that which is their only hope, and training them in all kinds of mental habits wholly unfavourable to the reception of what on this theory we must regard as, in the highest sense, *the truth*. The best thing, therefore, for us to do, if it were in our power, would be to destroy by far the greater portion of all that we have held most valuable in the literature of the century, and establish ourselves once more upon the ideas of our grandfathers. There is no exaggeration whatever in this language, for what concord can there possibly be between the teachings of the revivalists and those of our Carlyles, Tennysons, and Arnolds? According to the views of the former, man is by nature ruined and lost, and only by availing himself of a special machinery devised for the purpose can he hope to redeem himself from eventual and irremediable destruction. They do not dwell much, we are told, on the terrors of future punishment; but their vast audiences know full well what is the *ultima ratio* of every argument and appeal; every "unconverted" person in these assemblies is made thoroughly to understand that he is suspended by only the frailest and most uncertain of cords over the abyss. From this terrible position the only rescue possible is by an act of faith. All natural striving after goodness and truth is of no avail. We can do nothing for ourselves or by ourselves; let us purify our motives and moralize our lives to the utmost of our power, and we only succeed in clothing ourselves in "filthy

rag's." Human knowledge is as vain as human goodness ; there is only one thing worth knowing, and that is what Paul resolved to know exclusively while labouring amongst the Corinthians. As knowledge is no advantage, ignorance is no drawback ; in fact, according to these authorities, the more ignorant a man is, the more contracted his mental horizon, the more likely it is that God has given him a mission to enlighten his neighbours and the world. Their faith is so strong that nothing staggers it. Eminent scholars and theologians may have their doubts about Noah's Ark, or the falling down of the walls of Jericho at the blowing of Israelitish horns ; but Messrs. Moody and Sankey have the same comfortable assurance about these marvels as they have with respect to the best-attested of contemporary facts.

We are perfectly willing to admit that the revivalists *may* be right. It may be that people are dropping into eternal fire every hour of every day, and that the smoke of the torment of untold millions of our fellow-creatures in past generations has been ceaselessly ascending for ages, and will continue to ascend, augmented by that of millions yet to be lost, through absolutely limitless time. It may be that all scientific and historical objections to any portion whatever of the Bible are as idle as human folly and presumption can make them ; but, if so, then surely the most educated classes of the present day have many, many steps to retrace. If these things are true, then the books and magazines that are received with complacency and discussed with perfect coolness and self-possession by thousands of persons who call themselves Christians, should be shunned as containing the most virulent of moral poisons. The novelists who challenge our admiration and sympathy for natural goodness, and who make us feel that the best qualities any one can possess are heroism,

honour, and disinterestedness, and that these are spontaneously developed in certain natures—the Scotts, the Dickenses, the Thackerays—should be treated as spreaders of the rankest heresy, and classed, in the most decided and profoundest sense, as immoral writers. The poet who hints that "good may somehow be the final goal of ill," and that some virtue may reside in "honest doubt,"—what terms of execration can be too strong for him ? The essayist who, instead of warning us to flee from the wrath to come, insists on the paramount importance of *culture*; the philosopher whose theory of the origin of things is at complete variance with the book of Genesis ; the accomplished journalist who wants to know everything among men except the theological "plan of salvation"—what shall we say of these, where shall they appear ?

There are few persons we think, comparatively speaking, who like to bring important questions to definite issues ; and many will object to having the contrast drawn clear and sharp between the intellectual system of the revivalists (who, apparently, are "doing so much good" in England) and modern culture. Still there is no reconciling the two, and the question is which is really based on truth. If the system of the revivalists, then there is a vast work of undoing and of demolition before us. There are names now in honour that must be consigned to disgrace, and ideas now regarded as salutary and ennobling that we must recognise as so many exhalations from the pit. In fact, the very foundations of modern thought will have to be re-laid. On the contrary if modern culture is right in its tendencies, if its science and criticism are, in the main, right in their methods, if a disbelief in the eternity of evil and suffering is the offspring of a true instinct, if an unwillingness to view the miracles recorded in Jewish history in any different light from those recorded in Roman, Grecian or Indian history is the

result of a true rectification of our standards of judgment, then Messrs. Moody and Sankey, whatever good they may do on the one hand, by rousing sluggish natures into something like moral life, must, on the other, be doing evil on no small scale by fortifying in the minds of thousands the most irrational beliefs, and thus exposing those whom they influence to subsequent moral shipwreck whenever they are brought to recognise the untenableness of the ideas bound up with their spiritual experiences.

We know there is a cynical idea abroad that culture is for the favoured few and superstition for the masses, but that idea we most earnestly repudiate. We do not in the least see what can be gained by depraving the reason of any human being; on the contrary, it appears to us the most unassailable of truths, that nothing would so conduce to the good of society as the cultivation among all classes, of sober accurate and rational habits of thought. It is by no means so clear as some people seem to believe that society is held together chiefly by the popular belief in heaven and hell; but it is as clear as noon-day that the confusion of thought and the logical contradictions which are regarded as perfectly in place in the theological region overflow into other regions, to the great detriment of common sense and common honesty. If it is a solemn duty to sum up two and two, and find the product five in theology, is it any wonder if people do similar sums to their own advantage in the ordinary transactions of life? If an argument that seems to have resistless force may be met with a smile of derision or a frown of condemnation in theology, why, in other matters, should greater respect be shown to any arguments one does not like? We hold that it is simply impossible that candour and intellectual honesty should be common virtues so long as there is one whole department of thought from which they are all but totally excluded; and as the efforts of the Evangelists are directed towards shutting

people up more closely than ever in an arbitrary and unnatural system, and so perpetuating and intensifying the prevailing intellectual confusion of the time, we cannot recognise such success as they are having as affording any ground for congratulation.

There is no need whatever of raising the question of the sincerity of these gentlemen. It is only fair and decent, in the absence of all evidence to the contrary, to suppose them thoroughly sincere. Moreover, the effects they produce seem to place the matter wholly beyond doubt. Some would go further than this, and say that the effects they produce prove the truth of their doctrines. To this we cannot assent. As a "revivalist" Notre Dame de Lourdes leaves the two Americans far behind. We do not pretend to have at our command any philosophy of revivals, but they seem to us to be occasions on which the multitude fly to some central influence that promises to aid them in shaking off the listlessness and monotony of their ordinary lives, and escaping from that secret discontent from which few human souls are wholly free. What people in this state of mind want, is not any demonstration of truth, but some powerful appeal to feeling. They must have, in the first place, their expectations raised, and be made to feel that they are not left to struggle alone, but that some mighty power is coming to their aid. To excite hope in this manner is already more than half the battle; it is like the breath of spring upon an ice-bound river, mysteriously loosening the edges of its chilly burden until with one grand movement it is carried out of sight, while the liberated waters dance and sparkle in the eye of heaven. But these periods of excitement and exaltation cannot, in the nature of the case, be enduring; and the weak point of such a revival, particularly, as that now being conducted by Messrs. Moody and Sankey, is that when the wave of feeling which they have set in motion has subsided, when thought begins to assert its

claims, and to assert them with all the greater peremptoriness for the all but complete neglect with which, during a certain period, they have been treated, will be found that the Evangelists have left nothing behind them but the echo, getting daily fainter, of their songs and their stories, that they have given the mind nothing to feed upon, nothing to aid its growth, no permanent defence against its ancient enemies. To realize vividly the falling down of the walls of Jericho, to believe intensely that Noah manufactured an ark, and that the beasts of the four quarters of the globe came trooping into it under divine guidance, does not constitute the best preparation for

living in an age of the world in which, so far as any human eye can see, everything takes place in obedience to natural law. Yet these are the precise incidents which Mr. Moody brings forward to illustrate and clinch his arguments, and which therefore he requires should be absolutely fixed points in every hearer's mind. Of course there are very many who will disagree with us, but we must express our sincere conviction that a revival based upon such a faith as this cannot advance the moral education of society, or result in any permanent good to mankind. The teaching that cannot rouse the conscience without insulting the intellect is not adapted to the nineteenth century.

MEDICINE AND MATRIMONY.

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

BY ARNE.

CHAPTER I.

MR. JAMES, or Jamie, or Jim Rossèl, already bachelor of arts, had just received the degree of medicine and surgery from the most distinguished college of his Province.

He had left the crowded Convocation hall, returned to what he hoped was at length the very last in the varied series of dingy boarding-houses, and sought his own room in the second story.

For the first time he experienced an unrestrained feeling of freedom. The long and severe course of mental application that had kept his entire energies centred in one field, that of text-books and lectures, which had been of the most important benefit to his head, had taken no note of the existence of his heart, and had reduced him to a mea-

gre shadow, was now at an end. The strain suddenly removed, his whole being, through its tingling pulses, went dancing along unaccustomed roads, in a grand celebration and jubilee, and he began to discover that the age of four-and-twenty was still the age of youth.

Excitedly and buoyantly stepping back and forth in his chamber, convincing himself that he was truly in no wise shackled, the novel sense of liberty sought expression outwardly. He threw aside his coat, arraying himself in a fantastic, many-hued, patched and tattered dressing-gown, the tough hero of many battles, in which he rushed over to a long shelf of grim-looking calf-bound books, and shook his fist violently at them. He then looked up defiantly to the top of the cupboard from whence a skull that had long since lost its teeth was grinning down

at him, and returned the grin with extravagant grimace, pulled open the door of a long narrow closet where a solitary skeleton was standing in an attitude of profound dismay, and exclaimed in an indescribable tone, "Ah, you old brute!" kicked over a box of bones, and finally ended his triumphal progress by flinging wide the window to the breeze, and stretching forth his arms as if they were wings, and he must needs fly.

The fresh April air was life to his senses, it cooled his hot temples and refreshed his heart. The strong spring sun poured down its wealth upon the earth, and made even the town glad. There was a glimpse to be had of the rich blue sky that reached so impenetrably far above the tall tinned steeple. And as he sniffed the keen life-bringing breeze that blew down upon him from the mountain, he felt as if it were spring too in his soul.

It seemed to him that all his past lay behind him in his dingy room, and the future, the vague, the hopeful, the brilliant future stretched out before him through the open window. He looked forth curiously, but with delight.

"It is spring, spring, spring!" he exclaimed to himself exultingly. "I and the spring go forth together."

He stood and planned out with splendid achievements this long, long spring-time. Here was no foreshadow of the autumn. If clouds appeared upon the horizon, they were rose-tinted ones, tinted by the dawn. To one determination he earnestly came, namely, that he would *deserve* success.

In the meantime up and down upon the sidewalks beneath him, a slender stream of people constantly went by. The street, being an unfashionable retired one, was not much frequented, and, if any thought at all of the passers-by had entered into his meditations, he had only connected them with himself as possible patients. The whole world he could not now avoid regarding as in some measure a prospective lazar-house, from any

point of which practice, that necessary avenue to fame and prosperity, might open towards him.

But his attention became at length gradually arrested by a large, dark, rapidly moving mass that was hurrying down the street upon the opposite side. It was a number of his fellow-students, the happy Passed, the much injured, much-sinned against, Plucked, and those, the free from care, the independent, the gay, who had not ventured their fortunes at all before the dread tribuna! of examiners. They would now pay a visit of congratulation to their favourite, Jamie, who had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from their midst, when the day's sitting of Convocation had been dismissed.

Pausing in front of the open window and beholding him standing there in the full blaze of day in his grotesque attire, and in what they chose to consider a sentimental attitude, it was not in their nature to resist a salute. Certain extraordinary sounds broke forth, though not loud enough to reach the ears of any policeman *errant* whom an unusual destiny might have impelled on that direction.

On an occasion of this kind Mr. James Rossè's genius or inventive faculty never forsook him. He now bent himself down half-way out of the window to reply, and from this position entered into an animated conversation with his delighted friends, during which he expressed himself by means of antics that would have been wonderful in a wanderer.

In the midst of an exhibition more original even than any that had gone before, he became aware that another object of interest than himself was occupying the minds of the group opposite. Pausing, his glance followed theirs and went downwards.

It was only a young lady who approached, and who from a pair of the most beautiful dark eyes looked up at him in astonishment.

I have said, a young lady. But Mr. James

Rossel could by no means, at least at first, give that account of the affair. Shot at thus by those dark and radiant arrows, he felt a peculiar quivering along every nerve of sensation, and, stammeringly, he wondered and questioned if it were a vision, a revelation, or a dream that had floated up to him on the breath of a fine odour from a foreign world. With his mouth and his eyes wide open he leaned out transfixed, while his confused impression of black and white striped drapery, quaintly gauze-frilled throat, and "basiliken and vampyren" glances floated on down the sidewalk and out of sight.

"Am I then turned into a salt-pillar by a woman's gaze?" he exclaimed at last coming to himself, and forgetting the true history of Lot's wife.

His friends, with a thousand sallies on their lips, were rushing across the street and into the house.

It was with a strange feeling that he went forth to meet them, for within the last five minutes he had risen from a medical student into a man.

CHAPTER II.

FOUR or five weeks passed, and posted upon the stone walls of a house in a more central and popular street, were to be seen two strips of paper, disposed diagonally, upon which was printed, in large black type, the legend:

DR. JAMES ROSSEL.

Sitting within this, his domain, one morning, he received from his uncle, the Judge, a letter, which the following is a faithful sketch:—

The letter writer began by addressing the letter receiver as his dear Jim. Referring first to the gratification which he had ever derived from a correspondence carried on, at least upon Jim's side, with a constancy that furnished a model for all nephews, he

proceeded to congratulate him upon his successful University career, just terminated. This, he said, had been a credit not only to Jim himself, but to him, the Judge. All expenses and anxieties were thus amply repaid. He, Jim, was now master of a profession which, with attention and prudence, and the skill that must necessarily follow, would no doubt soon yield him a handsome income.

Here occurred something that orally would have been expressed by a slight clearing of the throat, but which on paper took the form of a long dash.

The writer then went on to state that he had on that day made over to his nephew absolutely the sum of \$5,000, which was at present lying in a certain bank, and bearing interest at the rate of seven per cent., adding a counsel to leave it there, and to use the interest alone, until such time as altered circumstances, or some unforeseen exigency, might demand the drawing of the whole.

The conclusion of the letter conveyed, with equal delicacy and decision, the hint that Jim was not to look for any further assistance from his uncle, at least for the present. He need not point out, he observed, that this was by no means the provision which he had intended making for his dear nephew, but the fact was, that he himself was entering, or about entering, into plans which, until very recently, he had not anticipated, and which if carried out, would, for the future materially alter their mutual relations. Unfortunately, he could not now speak more explicitly, but he desired at least this much of an understanding between them, that his nephew might not, at the very outset of his career, set sail under false colours.

Hoping that they would meet during the course of the summer, he remained his dear Jim's ever affectionate uncle.

"As an uncle and a Judge," thought Jim, putting down the letter.

If he had been building any air-castles on

the foundation of a possible inheritance from that quarter, they were now effectually popped over by this unexpected Post-fall. That such air-architecture would have been but natural is evident, from the fact that his wifeless and childless relative had in part adopted and educated him, and this, notwithstanding other good claims upon that relative's affections and means. Perhaps, however, this change in his prospects was more a matter of chagrin to him than of real regret. Certain little contemplated arrangements must be foregone, it was true, but what of that? The great question of life and work was no more and no less to be faced now than before.

Giving a few sighs then to a fortune which he had lost before possessing, he began whistling softly to himself, while his thoughts strayed far from both inheritances and uncles.

Dr. James Rossel might now be said to be fairly on his own feet at last. Practically beginning the world, he found himself possessor of a brave heart and a determined head, in his pocket a quite slender purse, and in his soul an admirably clear photograph of a pair of dark eyes.

Yes, it must be confessed that since the day upon which that vision revealed itself to him from the sidewalk, he had not only persistently treasured its memory, but had endeavoured to get another and a fairer view of the reality. He did not profess to have fallen in love at first sight with a girl, if girl she was to be, of whom he knew nothing whatever, not even the name. But he did profess to entertain an earnest curiosity to meet once more the glance that had sent so extraordinary a thrill through him. He had already discussed that thrill with himself several times. It might have been a chill instead, precursor of the disagreeable cold in his head that had soon after attacked him; or the shock of surprise at finding himself performing before an unbidden audience; a neuralgic or rheumatic affection. But at all these suggestions, after carefully

considering them, he shook his head. A nobler chord had been touched.

Up to this moment he had not been very much in the habit of looking at ladies, having, indeed, been too engrossed with the anatomy of the human frame in the abstract, to pay particular attention to the mere external individual appearance. And now that he had begun his quest for the unknown, he could not help being struck by many things in the course of his investigations, all of which he carefully laid up for future reference. His search, however, continued to be in vain. In vain had he paraded the streets, stared out of his own and into shop and other windows, attended church morning and evening, and the choral litany in the afternoon. Under innumerable coquettish hats had he looked, and through an infinity of black gossamer veils. He saw many pairs of eyes, and many varied expressions therein of sweetness, of archness, or of intellect, but never all these combined as he saw them in the invisible, faithful picture that had been taken at one brief glance in the April sun.

While thus softly whistling and reflecting, his door unceremoniously opened, admitting a young friend and fellow doctor from the flat above, who was known in his own familiar circle by the silvery-sounding name of Spoons.

He was smoking a long pipe, and he proceeded to make himself comfortable. When he was finally settled in a chair, which he had tilted back against the wall at a somewhat alarming angle, he looked at his host for the first time, and said to him in an easy voice—

"And how goes the world with you this morning, Jamie, my boy? Indifferently well, I should say; for upon a closer examination, I see that you look a little, just a little, you know, like a love-sick girl pining for the man in the moon."

Jamie became slightly confused, as if he had really been detected moon-gazing. He

laughed, however, and his eye falling upon the lately-received letter, he tossed it across to his friend, saying—

“Read that, Spoons!”

Spoons took it leisurely. Before either opening it, or even examining the address, he cast a quick observant glance at the countenance before him.

“It strikes me, Jim,” he remarked, “that this is about to be a case of ‘my prophetic soul, my uncle!’”

He read the letter attentively.

“H’m!” said he, oracularly, after folding it up again.

“Does my uncle,” he then asked, “carry his bank and railroad-stock, saw-mills, *et cetera*, into the kingdom of heaven with him intact?”

“Only into that of matrimony, I imagine,” replied Jim.

Spoons gave a short series of nods of enlightenment.

There was a pause; a second pipe was lit, and smoked even more slowly than the first. It became a question if any further conversation was to ensue.

Suddenly, however, the silence was broken by Spoons.

“My dear sir,” he exclaimed, and he had so exactly caught the intonation of the physician about to pronounce a judgment, that Jim involuntarily looked up. “What you want is sea-air.”

“Sea-air; sea-air?” repeated Jim. “You don’t mean anything so atrocious as that I want to see myself an heir, do you?”

“Not precisely,” said Spoons, smiling. “But there, read that,” and he in his turn tossed a letter over to the other.

It was addressed to Spoons, and contained an invitation to that young physician to take immediate advantage of a very good opening that had just presented itself up the country. The former aged physician had recently died, the practice was in admirable standing, the country charming, the neighbourhood desirable, and so on.

“There, you see,” said Spoons, becoming animated. “Country air, village life, fishing, boating, pic-nicing, driving about on your rounds in the fragrant morning, with the atmosphere redolent of new-mown hay and clover, fresh milk, unsophisticated natures, health, and fortune! That settles me. Now for you, Jamie, my boy. I have a proposal to make to you, and that’s what brought me down just now.”

He then proceeded to give an elegant description of certain salt-water summer resorts down the river. The proprietor of the hotel at one of these places had made him certain offers if he would consent to accompany him thither as resident physician during the approaching season.

“The position is not overpoweringly brilliant,” said he, “but a fellow might spend a summer in a worse. The management of the T— hotel cannot be impeached, mine host is a prince, the labour light,” and, in short, this offer he now proposed that Jim should accept in his place, as he had fully made up his mind to leave at once for the country.

“Is this the hotel under whose front verandah the whale is advertised to spout?” asked Jim.

“The same. You will find there whales, seals, porpoises, and I dare say a good variety of gulls.”

“You are a friendly fellow, Spoons,” exclaimed Jim, reaching out his hand. “I am infinitely obliged to you, and if you think that positively no objections would be raised to my going instead of you, why I gratefully accept.”

“None in the least. So that’s all right. Be ready to leave by the last of June, and now ta-ta.”

CHAPTER III.

IT was during one of these same spring months, either in the latter part of April or the beginning of May, that two travellers,

a middle-aged and a young lady, stood knocking at the door of a country mansion. The mansion was built on the banks of a beautiful river, and the river flowed out of the North.

And when the hostess herself opened the door, she gave a little scream of surprise, and immediately afterwards another different one of delight, before she fell heartily to kissing the travellers, who kissed her as heartily in return.

"But, dear Aunt Meiklejohn," she began, drawing them into a handsomely-furnished, sun-filled, flower-blooming parlour, where two canaries sang charmingly at the top of their voices.

"I know, my dear," returned Mrs. Meiklejohn, "that we left town intending to proceed first to the West; but Klari, for whom your lovely place has an extraordinary fascination, and whom I believe you must all have bewitched the last time she was here, begged me, after we were fairly on our way, to pay our first visit to Cousin Margareta. I really do not know how I was thus over-persuaded to change my plans for this Miss Caprice, but so it is. We turned back from P—, my dear; and you did not receive my telegram?"

Mercantile pursuits were not quite happily combined with telegraphy in the village, and messages were sometimes delayed. Mrs. Meiklejohn's, however, arrived quite safely a few minutes after herself, with her niece's groceries.

But telegram or no telegram, Mrs. and Miss Meiklejohn would still have been as welcome to their friends in that hospitable house, as the flowers themselves in May.

Klari took her cousin aside on the first opportunity.

"You have heard of Macchiavelli?" asked she, anxiously.

Margareta hesitated. "There was the Doge of Venice, and Massaniello —"

"I feel so wretchedly artful," Klari went on hurriedly. "You see, dear Margareta,

all this change of plan is a scheme of my own to prevent myself from accompanying aunt to the West, and to get away, if possible, for a few weeks from the grand, all-absorbing, tiresome question of my marriage."

"Your marriage, dear Klari? You are then engaged, and have not told me!"

No, indeed, dear, I am not. The Fates have not yet been so benignant. It is only that aunt has fully made up her mind that I shall marry, and at once. Ah, you don't know what that means. Or rather, you and your husband fell in love with each other so earnestly, so exclusively, and so immediately, that aunt had no occasion to worry you. But with me it is quite different. You know that I have never thought of marrying, and for that very reason I have got on so happily until now. Not having any designs upon my gentlemen acquaintances, I have always been quite frank towards them."

"Yes, you have always been a great flirt, Klari," said Margareta.

Klari shook her head. "No," said she sadly, "every one misunderstands me. But what I wished to say is that now everything is so different. To the feeling of fearlessness and independence with which I have always met the approach of gentlemen there has suddenly succeeded another of the most uncomfortable restraint. I feel myself to be like a bag of potatoes or a cart-load of cabbages and other vegetables standing in the market, labelled, 'This lot for disposal.' I dare scarcely raise my eyes."

"And that is perhaps as well for the peace of mind of these same approaching gentlemen," said Margareta.

"And then the consequent life that we have been leading," continued Klari. "I consider the whole affair more like marketing than anything else, as I have already said, but aunt treats it in a martial spirit, and campaigns. Of course dress is our *mitrailleuse*, and for months past, dear Margareta, it seems to me that I have been occupied upon nothing but dressing and

undressing. 'Dress well that you may attract attention. Being dressed, show yourself in as many places as possible; these, with 'Eat much that you may continue to be fat and rosy,' constitute aunt's bugle calls when she is not shouting through her trumpet: 'Get married!'"

"But you used formerly to delight in gaiety."

"Yes, but that was gaiety for its own sake, not gaiety as now with a humiliating, matrimonial *arrière-pensée*. And if you knew, dear Margareta, how tired I am, and how I have longed to be with you here in this sweet *Sainte des Eaux*, far from the pomps of battle, and with even my war-implements safely packed up in my trunks! Now, aunt as usual has shut up her house in town for the summer, and we have entered on another phase. Our present destination is this little Western country town, celebrated, I believe, for two or three remarkable and desirable *partis*. So you see we are carrying the war into Africa. Ah, if aunt would but consent to let me remain here with you for a while! You would keep me, dear, would you not?"

"Dear child, replied Margareta," affectionately stroking her cousin's arm, "entrust it to me. I will myself speak to Aunt Meiklejohn. But Klari," she added with some hesitation, "you will not surely deny that it is the duty of every young lady, especially of those who like you, (and as I myself formerly did), depend entirely upon the bounty of others, sooner or later to settle herself in life."

"Yes, I know," answered Klari despondingly. "That is just what Aunt Meiklejohn is constantly saying."

That handsome and persevering campaigner gave her elder niece an opportunity of pressing her demands the very next morning.

The three ladies were alone. Klari lolled, with many cushions at her back, in the corner of a large sofa near the window, utterly indifferent to the conversation, and with an

appearance of the greatest listlessness, occasionally looking out upon the river as the sound of a wave coming ashore met her ear.

Mrs. Meiklejohn, keenly aware of this lack of interest, sat up.

"My dear Margareta," said she, in a tone of importance, "I wish to appeal to you as a woman of sense. You observe Klari? Just in that manner has she gone through the greater part of this past winter. I have had a dressmaker in the house constantly for months. I have accepted every invitation that has been sent us. I purchased tickets to the rink, and had Klari dress for both masquerades. I gave 5 o'clock teas, tobogganing and snow-shoe parties, two dances and three *musicales*, besides attending every concert and reading that was worth attending, and taking tables at two bazaars. No girl ever had so many chances placed directly in her way. And yet what is the result of my winter's work?"

She paused. No reply. Margareta sat in an attitude of listening attention, and Klari had not moved.

Mrs. Meiklejohn continued, "Before we left town, there were at least four, I might indeed say five, advantageous alliances at her disposal, if she had but given the slightest encouragement to any of the amiable suitors. But her manner towards them to the last, at least in my presence, was that of a cold queen."

"The amiable suitor who led the forlorn hope," now observed Klari, but never dropping her listless air, "being the little, old, oily, auburn-wigged Mr. Augustus Spicer; so you can judge of the others."

"They were advantageous alliances," replied Mrs. Meiklejohn with emphasis. "When I first adopted Klari after your marriage, Margareta, no one was more brilliant and more sought after than she. I anticipated for her a splendid future. But the years passed on, and she evinced no desire to alter her position. It is one of my

firmly settled habits, adopted after conscientious convictions, never under any circumstances to tell my own age or that of any of my family, but there can be no imprudence in stating here at this moment that Klari has now reached the age of three-and-twenty. And at three-and-twenty it is no longer optional, it is imperative, that a young lady should marry. Yet Klari, who fascinates when she chooses, now chooses absolutely to repel. And this notwithstanding my anxiety to see her well settled, which I do not hide from her, and my daily-repeated maxims. I assure you, Margaretta, that I am not only deeply mortified at Klari's behaviour, but I am utterly puzzled to account for the extraordinary change that has come over her."

"Dear Aunt Meiklejohn," interposed Margaretta at this point, "you began by appealing to me as a sensible woman, and I now propose that instead of taking Klari with you to repeat the scenes which she has just gone through, you should leave her

with me for a while. It is my opinion that she is fagged out. Here she will have perfect quiet, both physical and mental, rest from the subjects that have lately occupied her; in fact a complete change in every way that cannot but be beneficial to her. I have a theory, you know, that the country is a kind of medicine, of a little of which every system occasionally stands in need."

Klari listening to the shore-coming waves with one ear, and to the hum of voices with the other, raised dark eyes of gratitude to her cousin.

Mrs. Meiklejohn hesitated. But being really puzzled over Klari's present state of mind, here was a safe chance of respite from the riddle for a few weeks at least, which after some reflection, she thought it best to accept. So she finally gave her consent, and a few days afterwards went away down the river, a blessing, as has sometimes happened, brightening as it took its flight.

(To be continued.)

MOHAMMED AND MOHAMMEDANISM.

THE appearance of a work such as that of Mr. Smith,* and the fact that the four lectures of which it consists were delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and by a master in one of the great public schools of England, are signs of the increasing toleration evinced by men of

culture towards opinions differing from their own. A generation ago the work would have met with a storm of opprobrium from all quarters: now it is received with sympathetic appreciation and praise. This increasing tenderness of treatment of other people's ideas has been especially noticeable during the last fifteen years, since the publication of the late Mr. Mill's noble essay on "Liberty;" and is, perhaps, as much due to that work as to any other cause. Be the causes what they may, however, the fact is patent, and is one for which all liberal-minded men have much reason for thankfulness. It is indeed with a sense of shame that every large-hearted

* Mohammed and Mohammedanism. Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in February and March, 1874. By R. Bosworth Smith, M. A., Assistant Master in Harrow School; late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1874; New York: Harper & Bros., 1875; Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co. [The quotations throughout the present article are from Mr. Smith's work, unless otherwise credited.]

Christian, who holds that the universal charity which his religion inculcates was intended to be something more than mere profession, must recollect that it is only within the present generation—after twelve hundred years of libel and vilification—that the character of the man who founded a religion which is the creed of one-sixth of the human race, is becoming appreciated at its true worth, and his name and memory relieved from the calumnious aspersions of those professing a nobler and purer faith; to whom he has been, sometimes Antichrist, sometimes the Man of Sin, sometimes the Little Horn, or Gog and Magog in one, or a Devil, a first born child of Satan*—an impostor always.† Mr. Smith's eloquent book is in fact the first really popular account of the life and religion of the great Arabian prophet which has appeared in the English language. As such it will be hailed with pleasure by all who value freedom of conscience, and will no doubt mark an epoch in the popular appreciation of the man and the creed which are its subject. Such being the character of the work, it seems to us that it may serve a useful purpose to give our readers a brief summary of its contents, and a short sketch of the career of the great Prophet. Previous to doing so, however, it

* Literary Remains of Emanuel Deutsch, pp. 61-4.

† Even while we write, the half-a-million of children in the Public Schools of Ontario are, through the medium of Authorised Text Books, being taught to look upon Mohammed as a common impostor. It is but a few months back, too, that one of the most celebrated English preachers of the Gospel, in one of the largest churches in Toronto, an edifice devoted to the service of the God of Truth, in a discourse delivered to a congregation of some two thousand people, is reported to have used the words, "the impostures of the Prophet of Mecca." See a report of a sermon, by the Rev. Gervase Smith, in the *Toronto Globe*, of 21st September, 1874. When there is so plentiful a lack of knowledge on the part of public teachers, the depth of ignorance of the taught must indeed be such as no plummet can fathom.

may be as well to dispose at once of the charge of imposture.

On this point Carlyle, writing over thirty years ago, says: "I confess I can make nothing of the critic, in these times, who would accuse Mahomet of deceit *prepense*; of conscious deceit generally, or perhaps at all; still more, of living in a mere element of conscious deceit, and writing this Koran as a forger and juggler would have done! Every candid eye, I think, will read this Koran far otherwise than so. It is the confused ferment of a great rude human soul . . . fervent, earnest. . . . Sincerity, in all senses, seems to me the merit of the Koran."* The Rev. J. M. Rodwell, author of the best translation of the Koran into English, says: "The evidence rather shows that in all he did and wrote, Mohammed was actuated by a sincere desire to deliver his countrymen from the grossness of debasing idolatries—that he was urged on by an intense desire to proclaim the great truth of the Unity of the Godhead which had taken full possession of his own soul."† The late Emanuel Deutsch, perhaps the greatest oriental scholar of the age says: "Mohammed, whatever view of his character . . . be held, has earned a place in the golden book of Humanity."‡ Another able reviewer, writing in the strictly orthodox organ of the English nonconformists, says: "We may dismiss without examination the exploded theory that once looked on Mahomet as a conscious impostor from the beginning of his career to the end. . . . Of Mahomet's thorough sincerity, of his honest faith in the truth of his own mission, at all events, during the first stages of his career, there can, we think, be no reasonable doubt; indeed, the opposite view seems no longer to have any adherents of whom much heed may be taken. The early Suras . . . carry with them the stamp of perfect sincerity.

* Heroes and Hero-worship.

† Preface to his translation of the Koran, p. xxi. 1861.

‡ Literary Remains, Article "Islam," p. 64.

These early chapters are the outpourings of the heart of the man himself, . . . of a man whose whole soul is given up to the contemplation of the goodness of God, and of the ingratitude and wickedness of mankind. It is only gradually that Mahomet assumes the character of a preacher, of a Prophet sent by God to announce to man the last revelation of His will. How far then was he sincere, and, if sincere, how far was he justified in thus assuming the character of a divine messenger? Of his sincerity, as we have already said, there can be no doubt. It is impossible to conceive any motive, except faith in his own mission, which could have borne him up through the contempt and persecution which he underwent as long as he abode at Mecca.* Mr. Smith's own opinion will be evident as we proceed. Having to some extent cleared the ground of prejudice, we proceed to the contents of his book, hoping that our imperfect summary may induce our readers to go to the work itself for fuller information.

Previous to the birth of Mohammed, and from time immemorial, Arabia had "been split up into a vast number of independent tribes, always at war with each other. The scanty sustenance which an arid soil yielded, they were fain to eke out either by trading themselves, or by plundering others who conducted caravans along the sea coast. Their hand was against every man, and every man's hand against them. Nor were they as uncivilized as has often been supposed. They were as passionately fond of poetry as they were of war and plunder." What the Olympic games did for Greece, the annual fairs at Okatz and Mujanira did for Arabia. "Here tribes made up their dissensions, exchanged prisoners of war, and competed with one another in extempore poetic contests." Each tribe had its poet-laureate, and the best poems were transcribed in letters of gold, or suspended on the wall of the en-

trance of the Kaaba at Mecca, where they could be seen by every pilgrim who might visit the most sacred place in the country. "There was a wild chivalry too, about them, a contempt for danger and a sensibility to honour, which lends a charm to all we hear of their loves and their wars, their greed and their hospitality, their rapine and their revenge. The Bedouin has been the same in these respects in all ages. 'Be good enough to take off that garment of yours,' says the Bedouin robber politely to his victim; 'it is wanted by my wife,' and the victim submits, with as good a grace as he can muster, to the somewhat unreasonable demands of a hypothetical lady." Such were the people of the country. With regard to their religion, our author says: "There is reason to believe that both the great religions of the Eastern world existing in [Mohammed's] time, Sabæanism, that is, and Magianism, had been, in their origin at least, vaguely monotheistic. They had passed through the inevitable stages of spirituality, misunderstanding, decline, and lastly, intentional corruption, till the God whom Abraham, according to the well-known Mussulman legend, had been the first to worship, because, while He made the stars and sun to rise and set, He never rose nor set Himself, had withdrawn behind them altogether; the heavenly bodies, from being symbols, had become the thing symbolized; temples were erected in their honour, and idols filled the temples. And as with Sabæanism, so with Magianism; Ormuzd and Ahri-man were no longer the principles brought into existence, or existing by the permission of the one true God. . . . Fire had itself become the Divinity; and what offering could be more acceptable to such a god than the human victim, overwhelmed by the mysterious flame whose divine power he denied." Besides these two religions, there was also the grossest Fetishism, "the worship of stocks and stones, or of the grim array of 360 idols in the Kaaba; among which the aerolite, once believed to have

* *British Quarterly Review*, January, 1872, Article "Mahomet," p. 60.

been of dazzling whiteness, but long since blackened by the kisses of sinful men, was at once the most ancient and the most sacred." It would seem also that corrupted forms of both Judaism and Christianity were not unknown in the peninsula.

Such were the people and such their religions at the time of Mohammed's advent. But this was not all. It would seem that there was also "a general social and religious upheaving at the head of which the Prophet placed himself, and which partly carried him on with it, partly he himself carried it on; the train was already laid, and the spark from heaven was all that was needed to set the Arab world ablaze." Arabia was expecting her prophet. The Jews in Arabia are said to have watched for his appearance. And at last he came.

Under such circumstances, and in the year 571* was born Mohammed, at Mecca, the holy city of Arabia, and of the tribe of Koreish, the noblest stock of the country. Of earthly possessions he had few or none. In early life he was a shepherd. "His tending his employer's flocks; his journeys to Syria; possibly his short-lived friendship there with Sergius or Bahira, a Nestorian monk; his famous vow to succour the oppressed; his employment by Kadajah in a trade venture, and his subsequent happy marriage with her, are about the only noteworthy external incidents. Up to the age of forty there is nothing to show that any serious scruple had occurred to him as to the worship of idols, and in particular of the Black Stone, of which his family were the hereditary guardians." He would often retire to the caverns of Mount Hira "for solitude, meditation, and prayer. He was melancholic in temperament" and subject to epileptic fits. "Dejection alternated with excitement; these gave place to ecstasy or

* Some authors give 569 or 570 as the date of Mohammed's birth, but Mr. Deutsch gives 571, and his authority on such a point is probably conclusive. See "Literary Remains," p. 68.

dreams; and in a dream, or trance, or fit, he saw an angel in human form, but flooded with celestial light, and displaying a silver roll. 'Read,' said the angel. 'I cannot read,' said Mohammed. The injunction and the answer were twice repeated. 'Read' at last cried the angel, 'in the name of the Lord, who created man out of a clot of blood; read, in the name of the Most High, who taught man the use of the pen, who sheds on his soul the ray of knowledge, and teaches him what before he knew not.' Upon this Mohammed felt the heavenly inspiration, and read the decrees of God, which he afterwards promulgated in the Koran. Then came the announcement, 'O Mohammed, of a truth thou art the Prophet of God, and I am his angel Gabriel.' This was the crisis of Mohammed's life. It was his call to renounce idolatry, and to take the office of a prophet. Like Isaiah, he could not at first believe that so unworthy an instrument could be chosen for such a purpose. . . . Trembling and agitated, Mohammed tottered to Kadajah and told her his vision and his agony of mind." She reassured him, soothed him, and ended by becoming his first convert. Zeid and Waraka were the next to believe in him. But Mohammed himself was not satisfied. "A long period of hesitation, doubt, and preparation followed." At one time he thought of suicide, but was restrained by an unseen hand. In three years only fourteen proselytes attached themselves to him. "His rising hopes were crushed. People pointed the finger of scorn at him as he passed by: 'There goeth the son of Abdallah, who hath his converse with the heavens.' They called him a driveller, a star-gazer, a maniac-poet. His uncles sneered, and the main body of the citizens treated him with contemptuous indifference. . . . At times his distress was insupportable:

'And had not his poor heart
Spoken with that, which being every where
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.'

But out of weakness came forth strength at last; out of doubt certainty; out of humiliation victory. Another vision, in which he was commanded to preach publicly, followed; and now he called the Koreishites together, those who had most to lose and least to gain by reform, and boldly announced his mission. They tried persuasion, entreaties, bribes, and threats. 'Should they array against me the sun on my right hand, and the moon on my left,' said Mohammed, 'yet while God should command me I would not renounce my purpose.' These are not the words, nor this the course of an impostor. Ten years passed away; his doctrine fought its way amidst the greatest discouragements and dangers by purely moral means. Kadijah was dead; Abu Taleb, his uncle and protector, died also. Most of Mohammed's disciples had taken refuge in Abyssinia, and at last Mohammed himself was driven to fly for his life, with one companion, his early convert, Abu Bakr. For three days he lay concealed in a cavern, a league from Mecca. The Koreishite pursuers scoured the country, thirsting for his blood. They approached the cavern. 'We are only two,' said his trembling companion. 'There is a third,' said Mohammed; 'it is God himself.' The Koreishites reached the cave; a spider, we are told, had woven its web across the mouth, and a pigeon was sitting on its nest in seemingly undisturbed repose. The Koreishites retreated, for it was evident the solitude of the place was unviolated; and by a sound instinct, one of the sublimest stories in all history has been made the era of Mohammedan Chronology." Respecting the facts of Mohammed's life thus far, Mr. Smith goes on to remark truly that no one "could have done what Mohammed did without the most profound faith in the reality and goodness of his cause. Fairly considered, there is no single trait in his character up to the time of the Hegira which calmly itself could couple with imposture;

on the contrary, there is everything to prove the real enthusiast arriving slowly and painfully at what he believed to be the truth." Gibbon exaggerates nothing when he says, "that no incipient prophet ever passed through so severe an ordeal as Mohammed." The subsequent events of his career may be briefly told. After his flight to Medina his followers seem to have rapidly increased. He becomes strong enough to make a treaty with the rulers of Mecca, on a breach of which he marches against the holy city. His enemies meet him on the way, submit and become converts, and the Prophet enters the city in triumph. The holy place is purified and the idols are cast down, with the memorable words, "Truth is come, let falsehood disappear." One by one the Arabian tribes are gathered into the faith of Allah, and the obedience of the Prophet, who now adds to that character, that of founder of a nation, and founder of an empire. In the tenth year of the Hegira he undertook his last solemn pilgrimage to Mecca, with over 40,000 disciples, and there on Mount Arafat blessed them, like Moses, and repeated his last exhortations; chiefly telling them to protect the weak, the poor, and the women, and to abstain from usury. And then comes the last grand scene of all when, just as the great Arabian was girding up his strength to measure it against the mighty Empire of Rome, he was called away by a higher Power, as he had always told his doubting followers he must be, and "Omar, the Simon Peter of Islam, in the agony of his grief drew his scimitar and wildly rushing in among the weeping Mussulmans swore that he would strike off the head of any one who dared to say that the Prophet was dead—the Prophet could not be dead—it was by a gentle reminder of what the Prophet himself had always taught, that the venerable Abu Bakr, the earliest of the Prophet's friends, and his successor in the Kaliphate, calmed his excitement: 'Is it then Mohammed, or the God of Mohammed, that

we have learned to worship?' Thus then, on the 8th of June, 632, in the sixty-second year of his age and the tenth of the Hegira, he died, his head upon the lap of his beloved wife, Ayesha, his eyes gazing upwards, and the words "No, the companions above . . . in Paradise" upon his lips. There seems to be no foundation for the legend that his death was due to slow poison, administered by a Jew to test his divine character.

Minute and trustworthy accounts have been preserved of his personal appearance and private character. He "was of middle height and of a strongly built frame; his head was large, and across his ample forehead, and above finely arching eyebrows, ran a strongly marked vein, which, when he was angry, would turn black and throb visibly. His eyes were coal black, and piercing in their brightness; his hair curled slightly; and a long beard, which, like other orientals, he would stroke when in deep thought, added to the general impressiveness of his appearance. His step was quick and firm, 'like that of one descending a hill.' Between his shoulders was the famous mark, the size of a pigeon's egg, which his disciples persisted in believing to be a sign of his prophetic office; while the light which kindled in his eye, they called the light of prophecy. In his intercourse with others he would sit silent for a long time together, but truly, his silence was more eloquent than other men's speech, for the moment speech was called for, it was forthcoming in the shape of some weighty apothegm or proverb, such as the Arabs loved to hear. When he laughed, he laughed heartily, shaking his sides, and showing his teeth, which 'looked as if they were hailstones.' He was easy of approach to all who wished to see him, even as 'the river bank to him that draweth water therefrom.' He was fond of animals, and they were fond of him. He seldom passed a group of children playing, without a few kind words to them; and he was never the first to with-

draw his hand from the grasp of one who offered his. If the warmth of his attachment may be measured by the depth of his friends' devotion to him, no truer friend than Mohammed ever lived. Around him, in early days, gathered what was best and noblest in Mecca, and in no single instance, through all the vicissitudes of his chequered life, was the friendship then formed ever broken. He wept like a child over the death of his faithful servant Zeid. He visited his mother's tomb some fifty years after her death, and he wept there because he believed that God had forbidden him to pray for her. He was naturally shy and retiring; 'as bashful,' said Ayesha, 'as a veiled virgin.' He was kind and forgiving to all. 'I served him from the time I was eight years old,' said his servant Anas, 'and he never scolded me for anything, though I spoiled much.' The most noteworthy of his external characteristics was a sweet gravity and a quiet dignity, which drew involuntary respect, and which was the best and often the only protection he enjoyed from insult. His ordinary dress was plain, even to coarseness; yet he was fastidious in arranging it to the best advantage. He was fond of ablutions and fonder still of perfumes; and he prided himself on the neatness of his hair, and the pearly whiteness of his teeth. His life was simple in all its details. He lived with his wives in a row of humble cottages, separated from one another by palm branches cemented with mud. He would kindle the fire, sweep the floor, and milk the goats himself. He slept upon a leathern mat, mended his own clothes, and clouted his shoes with his own hand. Sometimes for months together he did not get a sufficient meal. The little food that he had was always shared with those who dropped in to partake of it. Outside his house was a bench or gallery, on which were always to be found a number of the poor who lived entirely on the Prophet's generosity and were hence called 'the people of the bench.' His ordinary food was

dates and water, or barley bread ; milk and honey were luxuries of which he was fond, but which he rarely allowed himself. The fare of the desert seemed most congenial to him, even when sovereign of Arabia." The grand simplicity of his character was maintained to the end. Such is the striking sketch given by our author of this most lovable man. One of the truest tests of greatness is the amount of personal influence which a leader exercises over his followers and those who come in contact with him, and his capacity for inspiring them with something of his own enthusiasm. Judged by such a test there can be no question of Mohammed's greatness. Many striking instances of his power in this respect might be given ; perhaps the most striking of all is that wonderful scene described in the fourth volume of Muir's *Life*, which is thus sketched by an able writer : " It may have been weakness to show the trust and favour which he showed to late and unwilling converts. Yet it was in the spirit of the highest wisdom, of that daring which is oft-times the truest prudence—it was in the spirit of a leader who could read the hearts of the men he led—that Mohammed won back his discontented followers, the Helpers [of Medina] of his early days, by the sublime appeal that he had given the things of earth to the men who cared for the things of earth, but to them he had given the higher gift that the Prophet of God had come to dwell among them. Appeals somewhat of the same kind are recorded of mere worldly leaders, of Alexander and of Cæsar ; but no challenge of mere human loyalty could have called forth such a burst of passionate remorse as when the Helpers with one voice answered, with tears running down upon their beards, that they were content with the lot which their Prophet gave them."*

With disciples left behind, who had caught

so much of their master's spirit, his death had scarcely an appreciable effect on the progress of his religion. Some of the Arabian tribes fall away, but Abu Bakr and Omar soon recall them to their allegiance, and the united people, in the name of God and the Prophet, go forth to the conquest of the world. And never since the world began had there been seen anything like the triumphant progress of the armies of enthusiasts and fanatics which now burst upon the older empires. Persia and the Eastern Provinces of Rome are conquered almost at once ; and before the lapse of a century, the faith of Mohammed is taught in the temples of Cordova and the temples of Samarkand ; and the Caliph of Islam reigns alike on the banks of the Jihon, and on the banks of the Tagus ; over a region so vast that before it even the mighty empire of Alexander, and the still mightier empire of Rome must hide their diminished heads. The temporal reign of the Caliph has long since passed away, but the religion remains. Spain has been wrested from it, but it has more than made up for the loss by gains in other directions. In Africa, it is making giant strides, so that now it embraces the whole northern region between the Mediterranean and the fifth parallel of north latitude ; and it was only the other day we heard of the perturbation among the missionaries of South Africa, caused by the success of Mohammedan pilgrims in making converts there. In India, it probably numbers as believers between fifty and sixty millions. " Within the last eight years a vast tract of country, called Western Chinese Tartary or Eastern Turkestan, has thrown off the yoke of China," and been added to the list of Mussulman kingdoms. In the East Indian Archipelago, in Java, Sumatra, Borneo and Celebes, Islam has raised the natives in the scale of civilization, and long been the dominant faith. It has even crossed the Atlantic with the coolies to Guiana in South America. The total number of believers cannot number much less than two hundred

* " British Quarterly Review," January, 1872, p. 66.

and fifty millions. Mr. Smith believes that wherever it penetrates, it proves an almost unmixed blessing, and that it is better for most of the people who own its sway, than even Christianity would be. He seems to have no hope that the latter religion will make any impression upon it for centuries to come, if ever. The quality to which it owes its power of propagandism, appears to be its sublime simplicity. Its theology may almost be summed up in the sentence, "Allahu-Akbar—God is great, there is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet." Such is the creed. "Man must resign his will to God's, and find his highest happiness in so doing." Such is the Mussulman life. The other articles of faith; the written revelation, man's responsibility, the existence of angels and Jinn, heaven and hell, the resurrection and last judgment; and the practical duties—prayer, almsgiving, fasting, and pilgrimage, were not original with Mohammed, being common to other religions.

The great blot upon the character of Mohammed, sensuality, and the great blot upon his religion, polygamy, must not be overlooked. But even here he has not received fair treatment. On both points he was in advance of his age and country. Polygamy in its most degrading forms had existed from time immemorial, and it would have been quite impossible to extirpate it. But Mohammed did the next best thing; he swept away the worst of its accompaniments—the slaying of female infants being one of them; and reduced the number of wives allowable by law to four, whereas previously the number had been unlimited. Nor must it be forgotten that he remained absolutely faithful to his first wife—a woman fifteen years older than himself—till the day of her death, when he himself was about fifty years of age. After that event it is not to be denied that he gave the reins to the one weakness of his nature, by allowing to himself even a larger number of wives than he allowed to his followers.

But our space is exhausted, and we must hasten to conclude our imperfect notice of Mr. Smith's admirable book, by quoting its eloquent closing sentences, those in which he gives a final estimate of the great Arabian; an estimate in which most of his readers, we think, will substantially coincide. "Compare Mohammed with the long roll of men, whom the world by common consent has called 'Great;' while I admit that there is no one point in his character in which he is not surpassed by one or other, take him all in all, what he was, and what he did, and what those inspired by him have done, he seems to me to stand alone, above and beyond them all. . . . By a fortune absolutely unique in history, Mohammed is a threefold founder—'of a nation, of an empire, and of a religion.' Illiterate himself, scarce able to read or write, he was yet the author of a book which is a poem, a code of laws, a Book of Common Prayer, and a Bible in one, and is revered to this day by a sixth of the whole human race, as a miracle of purity of style, of wisdom, and of truth. It was the one miracle claimed by Mohammed—his 'standing miracle' he called it; and a miracle indeed it is. But looking to the circumstances of the time, at the unbounded reverence of his followers, and comparing him with the Fathers of the Church or with Mediæval saints, to my mind the most miraculous thing about Mohammed is, that he never claimed the power of working miracles. Whatever he had said he could do, his disciples would straightway have seen him do. They could not help attributing to him miraculous acts which he never did, and which he always denied he could do. What more crowning proof of his sincerity is needed? Mohammed to the end of his life claimed for himself that title only with which he had begun, and which the highest philosophy and the truest Christianity will one day, I venture to believe, agree in yielding to him—that of a Prophet, a very Prophet of God. The religion, indeed, that he taught is below the purest form of

our own, as the central figure of the Moham-
medan religion is below the central figure of
the Christian—a difference vast and incom-
mensurable; but, in my opinion, he comes
next to Him in the long roll of the great
benefactors of the human race; next to Him
longo intervallo certainly, but still next. He
had faults, and great ones, which he was
always the first himself, according to his light,
to confess and to deplore; and the best
homage we can render to the noble sincerity
of his character is to state them, as I hope
I have tried to do, exactly as they were. 'It

was the fashion of old,' to quote the words
of our greatest novelist and greatest psycho-
logist.* 'It was the fashion of old, when an
ox was led out for sacrifice to Jupiter, to
chalk the dark spots, and give the offering a
false show of unblemished whiteness. Let us
fling away the chalk, and boldly say—the
victim *is* spotted, but it is not therefore in
vain that his mighty heart is laid on the altar
of men's highest hopes.'"

* George Eliot.

CENTRAL AMERICAN SKETCHES.

BY H. H.

IV.

Ancient ruins—Native languages—Costumes—Early
marriages—Honesty of the Indians—Primitive
agriculture—Indian towns—Economy in furni-
ture—Municipal government—Elections—Land
Tenure—Taxes—Whipping posts—Hiring
labourers—Religious observances—Fees for
priestly services—Anecdote—A new way of ven-
tilating a grievance.

THE system of government introduced
by Spain into its American colonies
was, of necessity, one of paternal despotism.
The conquered races were in every respect
an inferior people to their conquerors.
What little civilization they may at that
time have possessed was soon destroyed,
and very few traces exist of original great-
ness. There are here and there found
ruins of sculptured idols, which show that
at one time there were tribes of Indians
who had attained a considerable amount of
skill in masonry, but no mention is made
by any early Spanish writers of what are
now the ruins of Copan, Palenque, and
Uxmal, and it is not improbable that they

were in ruins, or abandoned, at the early oc-
cupation of the country by the Spaniards.

Other ruins exist besides those which
have been described by the American
writer, Stephens, but they are of buildings
of altogether a different and very inferior
construction, and have signs of being of
more recent date. It appears to have
been the policy of the conquerors to allow
the destruction of every written record of
the country which was found. The clergy
formed the only educated portion of the
new occupants of the soil, and with that
thoroughness which characterized every-
thing they did, they effectually stamped out
all that could remind the Indians of the re-
ligion they had formerly professed, and at
the same time wiped out every page of the
country's history previous to the conquest;
and the only thing to be learnt from exist-
ing ruins is that human sacrifice must have
been the chief feature of their religion pre-
vious to their conversion to Christianity.

Guatemala has a population of about a million and a quarter of inhabitants, of whom nearly nine hundred thousand are pure Indians. Their principal characteristics are more or less the same. They are divided into tribes, using different languages and different dress. The principal languages or idioms are the Katchiquel, which prevails over the western part of the country, the Mams, the Pocomams, the Maya, and the Lacondon; and these are again subdivided into dialects which have little resemblance to the roots from which they are derived. The individuals of each tribe dress exactly alike, their dress never varies, and, perhaps, has not done so for many generations. The men of all the tribes wear straw hats, some white and others black. The shirt of most tribes is made something between a jacket and a shirt, and is embroidered with rude figures of birds or animals. The trowsers come down to the knee, are wide, and are usually made of coarse white cotton. Some tribes wear over these a wide pair of drawers, open half-way up the outer side of the leg, of dark woollen cloth, called *gerga*, and those of the colder climates have doublets of the same material. Their feet are always bare, but on a journey they wear a kind of sandal, of thick half-tanned hide, called *quaites*. The women wear their hair adorned in different fashions, according to their tribes, but all have it tied or bound in some manner with red or orange-coloured braid. Their covering for the upper part of the body is a kind of chemise, called a *gupil*, a short loose garment reaching a little below the waist, and which is nothing more than a piece of cotton cloth, with a hole in the centre, through which to pass the head, with other holes for the arms, with embroidery round the neck and arm holes. The skirt is of heavy cotton material, woven by themselves; it reaches down to the knees, and is of different colour, according to the tribe of the wearer. The skirt has no stitching, but is

arranged by the Indian, when she puts it on, in large plaits round her waist, which she binds together with a broad band of thick striped cotton, which forms a girdle and great adornment. The only difference which exists in the dress of women of the same tribe is in the matter of the necklace, which is generally of coral interspersed with coins, the latter more or less valuable as the rank of the woman is higher or lower, and some of these necklaces are even hung with heavy silver dollars. They have the feet bare, and the covering for the head, called a *re-boso*, is a long cotton scarf, which they throw over it on going out. It is almost impossible to meet with a more picturesque sight than an Indian market-place, between the hours of 8 and 9 in the morning, especially that of one of the larger Indian towns. The bright colours of the dresses, and their scrupulous cleanliness, the variety formed by the addition of a mixture of tribes, and the delicate tints in which the houses are painted or washed, are all set off by the clearness and brilliancy of the climate, and form a *tout ensemble* both lively and interesting in the extreme. With small exception, the clothing both of male and female is homespun, and every Indian girl's education is complete when she can spin well enough to clothe herself and her husband.

Apart from drunkenness, which is the Indian's curse, they are a moral and decently-behaved people. They marry very young, the men at from 16 to 18, the women as young as 11 years, and usually are faithful to their marriage vows; indeed in this respect they form a favourable contrast to the governing class of *Ladinos*.

They are often pilferers of little things, but are in many respects remarkably trustworthy and honest. It is the custom of the owners of plantations, and also of tradesmen, to send them long distances with gold or silver coin. Sometimes one man will have a thousand dollars or more to carry four or five days' journey, and I never knew a case of these

messengers failing in their trust, though, perhaps, the man who had thus been trusted on the road with a large amount of money would pilfer cigars, or any other little thing which might lie in his reach.

Unlike their nomadic brethren in the United States, they are essentially an agricultural race; but their system of agriculture is of the most primitive kind. They live in towns or townships, but every head of a family has his maize fields, usually one on the mountain slopes, and another smaller one in the vicinity of the town. The mountain plantation is that which gives the largest crop, and the system is to cut down the timber and undergrowth in the dryest part of the year, then as soon as it is dry to set fire to it, and the day after maize is dibbled into the soil without further preparation, the in-

fluence of the wood ashes, and the heavy rains which usually fall shortly after the time of planting, acting in the place of other cultivation of the soil. The weeds are cut down with a long knife, and about three weeks after the maize is planted it is hilled with a hoe, after which it is left to grow until the cobs are formed, when the stalks are bent over.

At harvest time the corn is stowed away in a little hut, on the same plot of ground, and brought down to the town-house on the Indian's back as his needs require. The same plot of ground is never planted two seasons together, each Indian having, by right of custom, the privilege of the land above him in a direct line to the mountain top. The land planted one year is altogether abandoned after being cropped, and the high bush again grows on it for several years, when it is again planted in the same fashion. April and May are the months for burning off, and the whole country is filled with smoke during those months to such an extent as to completely hide the sun, though there is not otherwise a cloud in the sky.

The towns of the Indians are, as a rule, models of order and cleanliness; the streets

are wide, and all converge towards the Plaza, or market-place, on one side of which are the Church and Convent, on the other, the Cabildo or Town-hall.

The Indians rarely build their houses to the street; they usually lie far back from the road, each house being surrounded by a garden, in which are grown black beans, which, with cakes of maize, form the Indian's principal food. The fences towards the road are generally made with a stinging plant of high growth, called Chichicaste. They are kept well trimmed, and have a pretty appearance, though when touched by the naked hand they cause large blisters, which produce very painful effects. A few primitive flowers are grown in front of the house, for decorating the saint, or for fastening as offerings on the crosses which are placed at the corners of the streets. The outsides of the huts are usually more inviting in appearance than the inside, which is not always clean. The Indians do not require any furniture beyond a saint and a table to put it on, a hammock, and a low stool. These, with a stone on which grind the corn, and a pot to cook the beans in, are, as a rule, all the Indian's household furniture.

The towns are governed locally by a municipality, consisting of a Governor, who is elected for a term of years; under him are the Mayor, Sub-Mayor, syndic, four "regidores," or councillors, and twelve auxiliaries, who act as messengers or police, as the case may require. It being a rare thing to find an Indian who can read and write, the secretary is generally of the Ladino class, and acts in the double capacity of secretary to the municipality and school-master to the town.

The elections for municipalities take place on the first Sunday in December, each householder having a vote. The result of the election is sent to the head of the department, for the Chief Governor's approbation, and at midnight on the 31st of

December, the new municipality is sworn in, the wands of office being handed over to them by their predecessors. The municipalities have their functions very clearly defined by law. They are responsible for order, and the punishment of minor offences. The Alcalde (Mayor) has to attend daily at his court-room, and little opportunity is given him for his private affairs during his term of office. Each municipality possesses the land on which the town is built, with a square league of land surrounding it, and no such thing as freehold exists in the town limits; but a person living in the town, or occupying land belonging to it, retains right of possession so long as he pays ground rent or "Censo," and he can transfer it or sell it at will, at his own price, without any interference from the municipality. Every male has to pay an annual tax of about half a dollar, and in addition he is compelled to work three days, at two seasons of the year, in repairing the roads outside the town, and also has to give gratuitous service for keeping the Church, Convent, or any other public building in repair. In front of the Cabildo, or Town-hall, in the Indian towns, is a whipping post, personal chastisement being the form of punishment most used in minor offences, both on men and women. One great and important duty of the Indian authorities is the distribution of what is called "Habilitacion." No Indian will work without part of his wages being paid in advance, and there are many towns whose inhabitants are sought after by estate owners, far and wide, owing to the aptitude of those particular Indians for field-work. When a person needs labourers, he first applies for an order from the Governor of the Department, for the "Alcalde" of the town to give him facilities for obtaining the number of men he requires, from 50 to 200, as he may need. The Alcalde, on receipt of the order, sends a drum round the town to call the people together, and on their assembling at the "Cabildo," the person seeking

workmen gives over to the Alcalde the money he is willing to advance to each man whose name is put down by the secretary, and the Alcalde receives a *douceur* of so much a head. The men are not always forthcoming, but as the Alcalde is certain of a reprimand from the Governor if the number is not completed, and even in some cases is imprisoned, the Indians are sometimes taken by force and compelled to receive the money. Once paid in presence of the Alcalde, the man is bound to work until he has earned as much as he has received, and thousands of Indians are taken sometimes as far away from home as 200 miles, on foot, to earn three or four dollars which they have received against their will. It is very natural that many cases occur where the men try to run away to escape the work, and the system is a great evil both for masters and workpeople.

Religious observances forming so large a part of Indian life, the connection between the municipality and the priest is a very close one. All the Sacristans and minor officers of the church are appointed by the town authorities, and have to serve without remuneration, and as there is a daily celebration of mass, in addition to numerous baptisms, burials (marriages are always celebrated during mass), and visits with the host to the sick people, the number of persons employed in church matters is large.

If the priest is a good man, he has great influence in the town, and is treated with great deference and respect. The revenue of the priests in most of the Indian towns is large, and is derived directly from the people. The fee for a mass ranges from a dollar to fifteen dollars, according to its solemnity. The fees for burial are so high, if the priest attends, that such cases are extremely rare; instead of the priest, three Sacristans precede the body, who bear large silver crosses, and in some towns there are Indian women who make it their business to cry at funerals, and who are hired out for

this purpose. Marriages are necessarily performed by the priest, who has a scale of charges for the ceremony, ranging from three to twenty dollars, and amongst the Indians the baptism fee is half a dollar.

Although the Indians are never wanting in outward respect for the priest, they maintain a perfectly independent spirit in dealing with him. Should his general conduct be distasteful to them, they send their authorities to the Governor of the department to ask for his removal. Sometimes their petition is not attended to, but they are very persistent, and the following anecdote is a very good illustration of their shrewdness in dealing with their superiors:—

The priest of a town in Vera Paz, a Dominican Friar from Mexico, made himself unpopular, owing to his scandalous disregard of his vows of celibacy. This was not an uncommon fault amongst the Dominicans, but this one exceeded all bounds, and lived openly with the mother of his children.

The Indians complained of him many times to the Governor, and finding it was vain, went to the Government; but all their complaints being unheeded, they determined to pay a visit to the Archbishop, who lived in Guatemala City, preparatory to which they made five cheeses, one large one, one a little less, and three small ones.

The Archbishop was a man of great piety and virtue, very simple in his habits, and in every respect an estimable man. All the principal inhabitants of the town went to see him, and on their being ushered into the room, the Archbishop asked affectionately as to themselves, their families, their town, and then asked—

“How is the Tata Cura (Father Curate)?”

“Oh, he is in excellent health, thank God.”

“And did you tell him you were coming to see me?”

“No, Father, we didn't say a word to him; we wanted to give you a little surprise, so we came away very quietly that you might not know beforehand of our visit.”

Here the largest of the cheeses was unfolded from a clean white cloth, and the Alcalde went up to the Archbishop, before whom he knelt, saying—

“Will the good Father Archbishop deign to take from his children this little present?”

“But, my children, what a deal of trouble you have had. Have you come all this way to give me this nice cheese?”

“Yes, Father, we have; we had heard of you, and how you loved us, so we said amongst ourselves, ‘we ought to go and see the good Father Archbishop; and here we are.’”

Whilst this was going on, another was unfolding the smaller cheese, and handing it to the Alcalde, he said—

“And, Father, though we do not see her with you, we have brought another cheese for the Mrs. Archbishop.”

“What is that? Oh, dear, my children, what are you saying?”

Imperturbably the Alcalde went on—

“Yes, Father, we brought this cheese for your wife, and we have also brought these three little cheeses for the Archbishop's sweet little babies.”

The poor Archbishop was dumbfounded. Wife and sweet little babies! Quite bewildered, he asked—

“But, my children, do not you know that I am a priest? How can you have lived in a Christian country without knowing that I cannot have either wife or children?”

The Alcalde went up to the Archbishop, and, kissing the ring on his finger, said—

“Pardon us, we are poor ignorant people, and know no better, but seeing that our priest had his wife and children, we made sure that if a simple priest had them, so great a man as the Archbishop would be sure to have them also.

The Indians gained their point. They had barely reached home when the offender was recalled, and his place was taken by one whose life was above reproach.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE announcement of Lieutenant-Governor Crawford's premature demise was followed by sincere expressions of regret throughout the Province. Party feelings have sometimes gone sad lengths, and, with in our recollection, found angry utterance even around the grave; but the healthy instincts of humanity may be trusted to keep such ebullitions in check. In the case of Mr. Crawford, there were many reasons why political opponents, as well as political friends, should regret that his career had been cut short by the un pitying scythe of death. Mr. Howe died shortly after he entered Government House at Halifax, but he was full of years, and it had been obvious before his appointment that for all vigorous purpose or exertion the work of his life was done. Mr. Crawford, on the other hand, appeared to have years of work in him. According to human probability, as far as most of us were judges, he had at least a decade in prospect, for labour or for retirement. There is something which goes home to the heart of every man in the intelligence that another has been snatched away with his life-work a fragment—bequeathed to us as a torso—unrounded and incomplete. Perhaps, to turn to another sphere, the gorgeous exaggerations of Macaulay, and the honest, but dangerous, fallacies of Buckle, would have imperilled the interests of history and philosophy less if they had been spared to bring them to "the end." Certainly Dickens and Thackeray added to the popular regard and regret, by leaving "Edwin Drood" and "Paul Duval" unfinished. Humanity has not yet learned that honest and earnest work is too often marred and fractured, and that its author seldom can, at last, claim to be "*in se ipso totus, teres atque rotundus*"—perfect in himself, polished and rounded as an ivory ball. Hence, a reminder that in the midst of life, and in the midst of active labour, we are face to face with death, adds force and point to our regrets.

Mr. Crawford's position as a politician was clearly and honourably defined; yet we doubt if he could lay claim to the title of partisanship during his parliamentary career. His party proclivities were inherited, rather than the result of deliberate conviction. He was a Conservative by accident, and fought loyally under the standard; but he might, with equal propriety, have been a Reformer—say of Mr. Baldwin's school. He was beyond question sincere in the opinions he had imbibed; but politics seem always to have been a *dilettante* pursuit with him. Certainly he made no enemies by his partisanship; perhaps he was too closely connected with his opponents in material interests and associations to have given room for bitterness to the most spiteful of them. He was not even an ambitious member of the profession to which he was attached; his tastes led him rather to the building-up of monetary institutions intimately connected with the progress of his native country. Hence he gave little scope for political enmity, because he toiled in a field where he and his opponents were as one. The most rabid party man could hardly fight with one whom he met at the same green-baize board, or from whom he solicited discounts in the counting-room.

On the other hand, Lieutenant-Governor Crawford was not by any means of colourless character. As the chief personage in Provincial affairs he acted with singular industry, even after a regard for health might

have disposed him to indolent indulgence. He was by nature a man of active business habits ; work was a necessity to him, and he indulged in it by predilection and without stint.

The intelligence of his death was, to many, the first intimation of his danger. We have nothing to add to the general regret, except that we sincerely share it with men of all parties, as we do also in their condolence with the deeper sorrow of those who were nearest to him. To them the loss must have been quite as great as if it had been unexpected. We cannot speak of relatives and friends as being prepared by anticipation of death as a probable contingency. Most of us know how affection proves the mother of fallacious hope, and how, also, although the event is clearly anticipated, the blow is never appreciated in its painful reality until it has fallen.

The appointment of the Hon. Mr. Macdonald as Lieutenant-Governor of the Province is in every way unexceptionable. So long as it is a recognized maxim in our politics that the victors have a right to the spoils, it is desirable that Lieutenant-Governors should not be of a disagreeable stripe of partisanship. We expect a party man to be covered all over with the war-paint of savagery, but it should not be tattooed, or, like Hoyle's prints, impressed in "fast colours." We must admit, however, that the appointment of Mr. Brown would not have been distasteful even to his political foes. The *Mail* went so far as to demand him of Mr. Mackenzie, although that may have been in irony. No doubt the Senator had the refusal of the office and refused it. A little reflection would have shown him that he had done wrong. Mr. Brown has many excellent and serviceable qualities, to which his opponents would willingly bear tribute, and of which his friends, perhaps, are not quite aware. We are speaking with perfect sincerity, and from some personal knowledge, when we say that, party bitter-

ness and a certain amount of domineering temper apart—both the probable result of strong convictions—we know no man who can be more genial in social intercourse, more hospitable in his heart, or more thoroughly to be depended upon as a faithful and honest friend and *collaborateur* than he. If once the scales of party were removed from his eyes—in short, if he were in Government House, and the *Globe* transformed into an independent journal and raised to the serener sky of impartial judgment on public events, the political atmosphere of Canada would grow exceptionally clear. As Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Brown would have purged his mental vision ; for he is too conscientious to be a party man in a station which calls for impartiality, and the *Globe* might be something better than the *Times* of Canada. However, as Falstaff says, "that's past praying for"—at least for the present.

The late Postmaster-General will be cheerfully accepted as a worthy successor of Messrs. Howland and Crawford. In the first place, though a Liberal of the straightest sect, he has never rendered himself distasteful to any one, unless, perhaps, to a few members of the country press. Moreover, he is, by descent, a Highland Scotchman, and notwithstanding what has been said of the clannishness of North Britons, we have seen none of them hitherto at the top of the tree since Lord Elgin's time. Besides, he is a Roman Catholic of a liberal and reasonable type, and that appears to us an additional reason for his elevation ; not because we desire to see religion made a test of official qualification, but because in a Province overwhelmingly Protestant it is a graceful act to appoint an adherent of the minority to a post of honour, if he be otherwise qualified for it. It will show the Ultramontanes of Quebec, who are eternally whimpering about the intolerance of Ontario, that we are thoroughly in earnest about religious equality.

The appointment of the Postmaster-General to the Lieutenant-Governorship has rendered necessary a partial reconstruction of the Privy Council. Of this, we have perhaps only the first instalment in the accession of Mr. Blake, as Minister of Justice, and the transference of Mr. Fournier to the office just vacated by Mr. Macdonald. It may be expected, if we may put our trust in the *gobemouches*, that further changes are in prospect. It is said that M. Fournier has some notion of following his predecessor to the Bench, though he can hardly be chargeable with aiming so high as M. Dorion leaped at one bound. As M. Fournier's former office is usually a stepping-stone to judicial honour, it cannot be said that his ambition is unreasonable. In the event of such an elevation, Mr. Holton would naturally join the Government as the last of "all the talents."

It might have been predicted that Mr. Blake's appointment would give satisfaction to everybody; but it would appear that it does not. It seems the untoward fate of an independent statesman in our time to raise suspicion, whatever course he may adopt. When the member for South Bruce first took office at Ottawa, he was blamed; when he resigned it, he was abused; and now that he re-assumes the responsibility he is fairly badgered. To begin with a new-found friend, the *Globe*—whose air of patronage must be the bitterest drop in Mr. Blake's cup—we discover at bottom no solid satisfaction at the new departure. Even the ostentatious effort to appear contented with the delusion that a recalcitrant ally has been captured and muzzled is evidently half-hearted. The smile appears upon a countenance visibly pallid with the apprehension that a white elephant has been gained in the political raffle. Mr. Blake enters the school of the prophets, but who is to ensure that he will not beguile the teachers? *Quis custodiet custodes ipsos?*

The Opposition are annoyed, but for a different reason. They have been engaged in the laudable attempt to dissociate Mr. Blake from his former connections. A definitive schism in the ranks of the dominant party was obviously desirable from their point of view. The first tentative effort was ingenious, but the bait which will attract the gudgeon fails to lure the salmon. It was in vain to assure Mr. Blake that his proper rôle was desertion to the Opposition ranks. The result was a design to embitter the quarrel between the wings of the Government party. This also failed. Its only success, if success it could be called, consisted in his accession to the Cabinet, not as one who has forgotten or forsaken his principles, but as one who is in a position to enforce them.

For our own part, we have no regret to express, because everything appears plain to those who do not depend upon the party optician. There is no necessity for the question raised in some of the papers, "Who has compromised, Mr. Blake or Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Brown?" There would have been no sacrifice of principle if Mr. Mackenzie had taken in Sir J. A. Macdonald with Mr. Blake. In the appointment of the latter, however, we can afford to rejoice, because it ensures the presence of at least one independent spirit, by whom the pliant subserviency of the ordinary placeman and the insolence of the party dictator will be encountered with the scorn they merit. For the rest, the electorate may afford to trust in the abilities, the experience, and the integrity of the new Minister of Justice.

The only contested election not due to a decision of the judges was held at South Simcoe last week. The death of Mr. D'Arcy Boulton, soon after the general election, left the seat for South Simcoe vacant. We rejoice in the election of Mr. William McDougall, not because he is a member of the Opposition—although in so weak a com-

pany every head counts—but because he possesses exactly that knowledge, experience, and political tact in which the Opposition, whether taken singly or as a body, are woefully deficient. The course of the “Reform” journals was rather characteristic than consistent. They have always complained of the lamentable weakness of the Opposition; they re-echoed the low, stifled discontent of their opponents at the fitful character of Mr. Matthew Cameron’s leadership; and yet no sooner has a man of capacity and leisure made his appearance, than he is set upon as wolves set upon their prey. It is true that none of the Ministers joined in the onslaught, and we think they showed a delicate sense of propriety in taking that course. With the press, however, it was otherwise. The clipping school of politicians came forward with extracts to show that Mr. McDougall had uttered some sharp things about Mr. Cameron, at a time when the latter strongly opposed Confederation, in company, it should have been added, with Mr. John Macdonald, M.P. for Centre Toronto, and other Reformers. The gravamen of the charge against Mr. McDougall, however, was the terrible discovery that he had joined the Tories. Not to dwell here upon the absurdity of these party distinctions, the accusation shows a lamentable ignorance, or something worse, of the plainest facts of history. Indeed, it is the first time it has been gravely formulated as a political maxim that men of different parties are forbidden to act together when in Opposition. Coalitions on the Treasury Bench have often been denounced as immoral, but never when men have been thrown into common action by circumstances, on the shady side of Mr. Speaker. From the days of Walpole until now, English history is full of instances in point. Men of the present generation can point to similar precedents in Canada. What drove Mr. Baldwin from office on the

Chancery question, but a coalition? Who was it that sat, spoke, and voted with Sir Allan McNab, Sir J. A. Macdonald and Mr. Cayley, and supported them at the polls? A Reform “Cave” under the guidance of Senator Brown. Moreover, on both these occasions, grave differences of principle ought to have kept the divisions asunder—differences as great as those now existing between the extreme Right and the extreme Left in France. To speak of divergences in principle between parties in the Ontario Legislature now, is puerile in the extreme. The Government organs would probably admit that Messrs. Cameron and Macdougall might justifiably take office together; but is it not evident to any one who uses his brains that Mr. Mowat could include them both in the Cabinet without sacrificing his consistency or theirs? We have no idea that Mr. Macdougall will offer captious opposition to the Government; on the contrary, we believe he will do them essential service by purifying the miasmatic atmosphere on the Left, and bringing his knowledge and experience to their assistance in the proper business of legislation.

The election of Mr. John Macdonald for Centre Toronto reflects great credit upon that important constituency. In the first place, he is an intelligent and active representative of the commercial class, and, as such, a valuable acquisition to an assembly not over-blessed with knowledge on fiscal questions. It may be admitted that class interests should be kept well in hand; but that is no reason why they should be inadequately represented in Parliament. That Montreal, the commercial metropolis, should return three lawyers, seems, to say the least of it, an anomaly. At the present juncture, our trading and manufacturing interests are assuming portentous importance. Sooner or later, our commercial policy will take form and shape, and, thus stereotyped, may obtain for generations to come. In that

case it is surely desirable that it should be such as to command the approval of posterity. Had the intelligent representative scheme propounded in Parliament during the Commonwealth been grafted upon the constitution, or had even the tentative proposals of the younger Pitt found favour with our oligarchical legislators, not only would the entire commercial policy of Europe have run in a different direction, but the history of the world might have been different, and Sir Stafford Northcote spared the necessity of devising schemes for breaking off periodical chips from the mill-stone of debt which hangs about England's neck. But this was not to be; the commercial spirit was kept in subjection and also in ignorance, for the great families continued to rule the country, as by right divine, with Squire Western and his brethren at their backs.

Mr. Macdonald, moreover, is not only a merchant who has studied the wants of his class and of his country; but he is also one independent enough to act as well as think for himself. Though cherishing what are vaguely called "Reform principles," he is clearly not bound hand and foot by the swaddling clothes of party. When last in Parliament he opposed, against his leader, the scheme of Confederation. In that we think he erred; but he was honest at any rate, and that is the next best thing to being right as well as honest. From that time until now he has shown his impatience of dictation, as his memorable denunciation of the Brown-Thornton treaty demonstrated. The Conservative party acted prudently in not opposing Mr. Macdonald; at the same time it would be affectation to assert that the leaders were impressed by any such considerations as the above—they simply abstained from opposition because they could not find a candidate for immolation.

The method of party nomination at this election was not so satisfactory as its result. A public meeting was called ostensibly "for the purpose of selecting a candidate" in the

Reform interest. Such meetings have often been called before on equally hypocritical pretences; but it may be well to expose the system occasionally. The meeting was not called to "select" at all; the selection had been made long before the meeting assembled. The ward-politicians and the party wire-pullers had taken order for it in advance, and all that the meeting could do was humbly to follow the behests of their minor dictators by giving an automatic assent. Now mark the "phantasmagoria," as the *Globe* editor would say, which followed. Everybody who had act or part in the management of the show was well aware that Mr. Wilkes had declined to stand, or been made to decline, perhaps we should say. Yet a gentleman appeared before the audience and with an earnestness which must have had a strange effect on those in the secret, pressed, in vigorous language, the claims of Mr. Wilkes; a seconder arose and did likewise. Their remarks were received with loud applause, even by those who would not have supported that gentleman, had he been proposed in sober earnest. It was then Mr. Wilkes's cue, and to the credit of his good-nature be it said, he passed through the ordeal bravely, ending, of course, with the genuine, after declining the sham, nomination.

We have no hesitation in saying that this miserable wire-pulling and more miserable exhibition of it is a shameful depravation of the electoral system. It transcends in impudence the system of conventions, because even there those who work the puppets cannot always ensure success when so many wires are in hand; but it has the merit of simplicity, and is adopted therefore whenever circumstances favour. It seems to us that the previous member has a prescriptive right to the privilege of meeting his constituents and asking their approval. Having received their trust in the face of day, to use the words of Burke at Bristol, in the face of day he ought, if need be, to accept their dismissal—not

in the penetralia of a cabal. We believe that Mr. Dymond is of the same opinion, notwithstanding his call for a convention. The ex-member for North York, although we differ from him widely on many points, we believe to be an able and conscientious worker. If Atlas could only fling the burden from his shoulders, he might be a serviceable representative in Parliament. The mention of his constituency reminds us of a predecessor whose name will survive in Canadian history as a conspicuous actor in the memorable struggle for constitutional rights—Robert Baldwin. It would seem absurd to ask those who have studied his career to fancy him standing or retiring at the will of wire-pullers, or dancing attendance upon the party dictator in the editorial room of a newspaper office. When he last appeared as a candidate in his old constituency, he was defeated by the intrigues of a cabal, and when he was nominated, as a fitting reward of long and invaluable services, to the Legislative Council, he was again met with the same weapons, and disappeared from the political arena forever. Conventions are bad enough, as every student of American history knows, but sometimes they result in "the survival of the fittest;" the new *mode*, for the most part, in the survival of the least fitted, but most subservient—an inverted kind of evolution not recognised by Darwin. It will not do, as in the case of Centre Toronto, to allege that wire-pulling sometimes serves a good purpose and brings forward an independent man. Certainly, is the reply; but only when it cannot find one available who would be more subservient and obedient to the clique whose servant he is. A representative should know no responsibility save to his constituents, and every scheme which deprives the electorate of the real choice, and rests it in the hands of a "ring," stands *ipso facto* condemned as a fraud upon the elective system. It is in fact the old aristocratic nomination system in popular guise, and the men it usually turns

out are incomparably inferior to those placed in public life by its doomed predecessor.

It is to be feared that people generally do not sufficiently sympathise with the judges in the terrible infliction of dreary and monotonous labour resulting from election petitions. When other men of means and leisure are off for their annual holiday, they must sit, in the heat of the dog-days, listening to the oft-repeated story of Jones treating all hands at the bar and throwing down fifty cents in payment, and to the momentous questions whether Jones was an agent, whether the lemonade had or had not "a stick" in it, and if any of those who drank were voters, and so on interminably. All this labour is necessary, no doubt, but it must be wearing work nevertheless. Even the Premiership has its hours of ease and its well-earned holiday to be enjoyed at long intervals, as Mr. Mackenzie, we are pleased to see, is about to enjoy it; but the bench is no longer a rest for the weary. Moreover, a member may be unseated, but unless he be absolutely disqualified, the judge can give no guarantee that he will not crop up again in a few months for a new trial, like one risen from the dead. Messrs. Irving and Wood, of Hamilton, for example, have been again returned, though by somewhat decreased majorities; yet they have no assurance that they will not be again cut down before the winter. Mr. McDougall, of South Renfrew, knows something of this terrible uncertainty by an extended and disagreeable experience. It is satisfactory to know that after a prolonged season of adversity, poetical justice has been rendered him in the last chapter of the book.

Two of the newly elected members of the Local House have been unseated and disqualified, one from each party. We imagine that, had the opportunity offered, they would have had recourse to what may be termed the ducking process—in other words, bent

their necks gracefully to the storm, or perhaps, we should say, to the axe. Fortune, however, was against them, and, in the end, they were broken on the wheel. It seems, no doubt, hard to them that they should have suffered so severely, when others, guilty of grosser offences possibly, escaped the major excommunication by a questionable stratagem. So long as that practice is permitted, it cannot be said that even-handed justice is done; yet the escape of other and graver offenders is no adequate defence for those actually brought to book. In North Wentworth, and in Halton, the facts, as established, showed no systematic violation of the law; but as one transgression is sufficient for the purpose, inasmuch as it shows a disposition to disregard or ignore the statute, there can be no doubt of the substantial justice of these decisions. In both these cases, the party journals have taken care to betray a want of the judicial spirit, by endeavouring to rehabilitate their own friend, and deepen the guilt of their opponent. That editors writing with an avowed bias should venture to review the decisions of the bench, and affect, with mock gravity, to expound law and weigh evidence would surprise us, if we could any longer feel surprise at any of the freaks of party.

In the case of Mr. Stock, the offence charged and proved was treating—he having been present, countenancing his agent in the violation of the statute. This act, occurring alone, so far as the evidence goes, though that is by no means conclusive of its being the only one, voided Mr. Stock's seat, and disqualified him by law as effectually as if he had repeated it at every tavern in the riding. The respondent's friends affect to consider it peculiarly hard that he should suffer for one trivial offence. We fail to see the hardship. The law has been at great pains to purge the exercise of the franchise from every corrupt influence. Treating is such an influence, and with some men a more potent one than direct bribery by money; moreover,

the Legislature, in order to check, as far as possible, for it is evidently impossible to prevent, drinking, closes the taverns and liquor-shops. Every candidate, therefore, who does his part towards renewing the drunken orgies of old, either on the polling-day or before it, should meet with his deserts. The fact that it is a first or solitary offence is beside the question. The language of the law to every candidate is: "*Obsta principiis*, and if you do not, care will be taken that your further progress shall be prevented, at least for a term of years." Nor is thoughtlessness, even were it susceptible of proof, an adequate excuse. Nature makes no allowance for it, when her laws are transgressed, but exacts the penalty to the uttermost farthing, and there is no reason why man should do otherwise, when the purity of his most cherished institutions is attacked.

The Halton case turned on a different question. The respondent was found guilty by Chief Justice Draper, of promising a Mrs. Robins "a valuable present," if she succeeded in procuring her husband's vote for him. The evidence adduced in proof of the promise, was the testimony of the wife, the husband, and the son, who swore distinctly to the fact. On the other hand, Mr. Barber, the respondent, while admitting that he retired with Mrs. Robins to a distant part of the room, solemnly denied on oath that he made any such promise. Mr. McCraney, an agent, swore, not that Mr. Barber made no such promise, but that he did not hear it, and believed that he must have heard it had it been made. The inference, of course, being that if the agent, who was sitting at the stove talking to the father and the son, failed to hear the promise, neither could they have heard it. This, however, by no means follows. Assuming the truth of the Robins's story, McCraney would be at the stove purposely to keep the two men from interfering, and would have no motive for listening; they, on the other hand, would naturally have their

suspicions aroused, and would listen not to McCraney, but to Barber.

On the whole case, there are a few general reflections which should have great weight with any one who desires to form an impartial judgment on the case. Where there is a conflict of testimony, the effect left upon the trained mind of a judge is entitled to vastly preponderating weight. From constant and prolonged experience, he is the best appraiser of the relative value and trustworthiness of witnesses. He sees, as his critics do not, their demeanour, the style in which they give their evidence, the manner in which they pass the ordeal of cross-examination—embracing frequently a hundred minute points, which a less acute or imperfectly trained intellect would fail to observe. Moreover, the ordinary laws of evidence are dimly understood by those not professionally engaged in the study and application of them. In one of his orations (*pro Milone*) Cicero puts a test question—"Cui bono fuerit?" "for whose advantage would it be," that a certain state of facts should be established? Applied to this case, it unquestionably bears against the respondent. Since the trial a number of charges have been made against the Robins' family, so as to throw discredit upon their veracity. Why were they not produced at the trial of the petitioner? Mr. Barber must have known of them from their very nature; yet he made no effort to impeach the trustworthiness of people into whose power he had thrown himself under suspicious circumstances. We have no intention to refer to the crookedness of that gentleman's political career, or his intense devotion to his personal interests. Having no acquaintance with him, we have no motive in pressing upon him unduly, nor should we do so in any case. It may be, of course, that after all he was imprudent merely, misinterpreted by the adverse witnesses, and thus involved in trouble he did not fully deserve—if so, he is a fit subject for sympathy. It has not been cheerfully that the case has been referred to

at such length, yet not reluctantly, because it has been made the occasion of another of those unworthy assaults upon the bench, which call for public reprehension whenever they are made. We know not what the future may have in store; but, at present, the healthy instincts of Canadians will cause them to protest against light and causeless attacks upon the judges, and to frown upon every attempt to introduce here in any guise the repulsive features of Kenealy's *Englishman*.

Mgr. Bourget, R. C. Bishop of Montreal, has issued a pastoral to his clergy, touching the local elections in Quebec. It contains some excellent advice to the people on the importance and solemnity of the duty they are about to perform. They are admonished to prepare for the exercise of the franchise by prayer and meditation, so that they may be preserved from evil passions, intemperance, frauds, false oaths, and violence. They are also to keep their skirts clear of bribery, treating, and other violations of the law. It would not be amiss, perhaps, if such admonitions were oftener heard from the lips of Christian bishops and pastors. In the Church of Rome, which holds each of its members by a mystic thread, they are uttered with potent effect. That it will be disobeyed by many thousands who notwithstanding are and will remain Catholics is no doubt true; but, if episcopal influence fail, there is nothing else, in the shape of moral suasion, to invoke. The use of this influence for so laudable a purpose is highly to be commended. Unfortunately, as we shall see in the sequel, it may also be illegitimately and mischievously exerted.

In the Province of Quebec, the Roman Catholic Church is in a somewhat anomalous position. In many points it resembles an Establishment, but it wants some of the essential marks of such an institution. Its rights and privileges are guaranteed by treaty or sanctioned by Imperial legislation. The

clergy have a right to the tithes from the members of the church in every parish—a right enforceable in a court of law, and the entire fabric is hedged about with privileges with but one saving-clause—"Subject always to the law of England." None of these rights and privileges is in the slightest peril, nor is there anything the clergy could reasonably claim, which has not been conceded. As far as we know, they have not actually laid claim to any liberty they do not possess already. So entirely are they masters of the field that there is no country in the world where their church is so free—so completely unfettered by the civil power.

Such being the case, it might be reasonably expected that they, in turn, would conscientiously abstain from intermeddling with political affairs. For the most part the bishops did, in former days, leave Roman Catholics to the free exercise of their political opinions. Archbishop Baillargeon declared that every man had the right to vote according to his own conscience, without regard to the convictions of another; and his opinion was echoed by other members of the hierarchy. That time, however, has gone by. The *Globe* speaks of bishops who "do not think with the Bishop of Montreal." Unfortunately the verb should be put in the past tense instead of the present. The utmost diligence on the part of our contemporary will fail to discover one such thought expressed in any pastoral issued since the adjournment of the Vatican Council. Rome then assumed the offensive, and even in Quebec, where it is endowed with the most complete freedom of action, it is palpably aggressive. The first call to action was a pastoral of the Bishop of Three Rivers, in April, 1871. At that time the Conservative party was in close league with the hierarchy and received its warmest support. Mr. Cartier's star was yet in the ascendant, and the *Parti National* was under the ban, not having as yet had an opportunity of displaying exoteric zeal for views they despised. The Bishop's

pastoral was adopted as the back-bone of the celebrated Catholic "programme." It is comparatively mild in tone, but we recognise, in germ, what is now being more clearly unfolded. "It is impossible to deny," he said, "that politics are closely linked with religion, and that the separation of Church and State is a doctrine absurd and impious. This is especially true under constitutional rule which, assigning the entire legislative power to Parliament, places in the hands of those who compose it a two-edged weapon which might prove terrible." Translated out of Vaticanese into English this signifies that the depository of power is Parliament; that the separation of Church and State, in other words the subordination of the former to the latter, is absurd and impious; therefore the Church ought, by manipulating the elections, to turn the tables on the State and grasp the supreme authority. Having endeavoured, by some further observations, to render his children "wise as serpents," if not "harmless as doves," he proceeded to give general rules in certain cases. If two Conservatives appeared in the field, they were to support the man who assented to the programme. When a man of each party presented himself, they were to vote for the Conservative and not for a Liberal (*un adepte de l'école libérale*). If both were Liberals, they should support the one who would subscribe to the required conditions. Then came the trial of his Lordship's casuistry. Suppose the struggle should be between a Conservative rejecting the "programme" and a Liberal even (*quand même*) accepting it. "The position," observed the Bishop, "would be very delicate." By accepting the Conservative they would surrender their main object. By voting for the other they would put the Conservative party, which "we" desire to see powerful, in peril. The knot was cut, rather than untied, by the advice that electors should stay at home.

Since the spring of 1871, many changes have taken place. Sir George Cartier lost the

friendship of the hierarchy, and the latter was fain to seek out new allies. It found them, strange as it may appear, in *l'école libérale*, but the league was too insincere on both sides for permanence. We are hardly in a position to judge yet how far the breach will extend, but it can hardly be expected that the Bishop will support Conservatives for the Local Parliament, and send Liberals to Ottawa. Before proceeding to Mgr. Bourget's pastoral, let us correct another error into which the *Globe* has fallen. The Bishop did not say "that if they have taken such money" (*i.e.* as bribes), "they are obliged to return it." His Lordship has been better instructed in Christian ethics not to comprehend a sounder doctrine on the subtle distinctions between *meum*, *tuum*, and *suum*. What he did say was, "You cannot retain this money, because you have acquired it dishonestly; therefore, you must give it, not to him from whom you have received it, because he has no right to it, on account of his double-dealing, but to the poor, in the shape of alms, and as penance for the fault committed." In other words, he gave it to you, yet it is not yours; it is not his, because he gave it to you; therefore it is mine;" and it is held *in mortuâ manu*, in the dead hand of the Church—that great almoner of the diocese of Montreal.

Let us now glance at those portions of the pastoral which really constitute its main purpose, and to which we venture to take strong exception. In the first place, Mgr. Bourget has a Syllabus of his own, within which the Papal Syllabus is enshrined. Amongst other classes of men to be repudiated as candidates for popular suffrage are the following:—Those "who wish the Church to be separated from the State; who maintain the propositions condemned by the Syllabus; who reject all intervention of the Pope, Bishops, and Priests in the affairs of governments, as if these governments were not subject to the principles which God has revealed to the Church for

the good government of the peoples; who dare to teach that the Church has no business to interfere in political matters, and that she makes a mistake when she does so . . . who, *in spite of their protestations in favour of religion*, efficaciously aid and employ newspapers, books, and societies which the Church reproveth and condemns," &c.

If proof were wanting that the Church "makes a mistake," and a very grave one, when she interferes in civil affairs, Mgr. Bourget has supplied it. That a prelate of whom, because of his high position and sacred office, we desire to speak with every respect, that a ruler in the Church should propose to any free people such a test of political qualification as the Papal Syllabus almost passes comprehension. Judge Drummond laughed the very reference to it out of court in scorn; Dr. Newman, in his reply to Mr. Gladstone, boldly denied its binding force on the Church, and yet the Bishop of Montreal forbids any Catholic to vote for a candidate who is not prepared to deny the right of freedom in press or pulpit, the validity of marriage by civil contract, the privilege of the Church to persecute, the right of the State to establish schools for all classes, or the error that the religion of the Queen is a form of Christianity!

It is not necessary to notice the eulogy passed upon the gentlemen concerned in the infamous Tanneries job; but we must refer briefly to the censure upon those who did, like MM. Masson and Mousseau, assert "the rights of the people of Manitoba to the general amnesty which was promised them, and of the Catholics of New Brunswick to separate schools, of which an unjust and vexatious law despoiled them." When, it may be asked, was an amnesty promised at all, and by whom that had a right to give the promise? Bishop Bourget seems to forget that he is dealing with a Royal Prerogative, or, perhaps, that he is living in the British Empire, and is a British subject. If so, he had better refer the matter to Cardinal

Manning and Mr. Gladstone, who know something about "civil allegiance," with Earl Carnarvon as umpire. So far as New Brunswick is concerned, the matter rests with the people of that Province, and it ill becomes the Catholics of Quebec, who owe their rights to the justice of Great Britain, and the safeguards provided by her laws, to seek to trample upon the rights of their neighbours. We have already expressed our regret that the people of the Maritime Province have not seen the justice and policy of yielding to Catholic demands, but until they do, there is nothing for it but patience and remonstrance. The *Globe* thinks the attempt to control the elections by spiritual terrors merely "illiberal and imprudent." If our contemporary had not been of late in strange company, he would agree with us that a prelate, having such machinery as Mgr. Bourget can command—almost omnipotent as it is in many constituencies—who can thus use it, is chargeable with what is usually styled as "undue influence and intimidation."

The energy displayed by the Department of Agriculture in prosecuting the arduous work of collecting or copying documents of historical value, is worthy of all praise. The task should have been undertaken long ago; but the subject is one not calculated to evoke any fervid enthusiasm from the general public. So far as we are aware, the only step taken, prior to the systematic efforts now in progress, began and ended with the publication of two works of great importance—the Memorials of the Jesuits, and the Edicts and Ordinances of the French Kings. We are speaking, of course, only of such documents as have been translated and printed by Government. From a period dating back many years, literary and historical societies in the Province of Quebec, and single workers in the field, especially amongst the French clergy and laity, have honourably distinguished themselves by their

persistent ardour in research. Students in history beyond the limits of the Province are, perhaps, chiefly acquainted with our early annals through the works of Mr. Parkman, whose examination of the French archives, cursory though it appears to have been, has proved of considerable value. His histories, however, especially the latest of them, have not approved themselves to the French scholar, because of the unfavourable view he has felt it his duty to take of the influence of the Bishops and Jesuits.

All these efforts, highly creditable though they are to the associations and individuals who made them, partake too much of a sporadic character to satisfy the needs of the historian. To be thoroughly performed the work must be undertaken and carried on as a recognised branch of departmental business, for many years, at least, if not *en permanence*. It is a reproach to us that we have been so far outstripped by our neighbours. The bulky volumes from several of the States standing on the shelves of our public libraries, broad of beam, prim and self-assertive, have always appeared to us as if looking down upon Canadians with a contemptuous air of superiority. A year or two ago the Government at length resolved to commence, in good earnest, the work of collection. During the interval which has elapsed, considerable progress has been made, chiefly and of necessity in the examination and cataloguing of papers in the English and French record establishments.

The report of the Minister of Agriculture for 1874 is in the press, and we only refer to the subject now in order, to direct the attention of students, journalists, and all who take an interest in early Canada, to its importance. For the present, there is nothing more recent than the report of 1873, to which brief reference may be made. The Department first commissioned Mr. Brymner, of Montreal, to visit Halifax and London, and constitute a thorough search for all papers of importance in the public offices bearing

upon the history of Canada. The Halifax papers extend over the long period from 1779 to 1870, many of them relating to military operations being of importance. These have been transferred to the Dominion by the military authorities, and are now at Ottawa. In London, Mr. Brymner found "that much of the labour expended in the prosecution of the search would be barren of result;" but he also found that he must expend the labour because "the titles of documents but imperfectly represented the nature of their contents." Another obstacle presented itself in this way:—"A considerable number of the papers were written in French, and in a style of handwriting which it is often difficult to decipher; and many of those in English being also very difficult to read." There can be no doubt that, as regards both the barren toil and the provoking crabbedness of chirography, many another worker amongst these musty records has had the experience of Mr. Brymner. The Government might, we should think, profitably lessen the labour and expedite the progress of the search by empowering the commissioner to engage the services of one or more experts. The depositories searched included the Tower, the Record and War Offices, and the British Museum. In the last of these, Mr. Brymner appears to have reaped his most abundant harvest, especially in two valuable collections—the Bouquet and the Haldimand papers.

M. L'Abbé Verrault, the record of whose labours will be embodied in the coming report, is the commissioner to France. The concluding sentences of Mr. Brymner's report refer to "scattered papers." They consist of family papers, "the contents of which would throw much light on events in the history of the B. N. A. Provinces." We are informed that many of those in present possession of these papers "are unwilling to let it be known"—why, it seems difficult to say. Where they are really of importance to Canadian history, we should suppose they

would be exceedingly glad to have the power of contributing their share to the general sum. Where the originals are valued for family reasons they may be copied, and ample security provided against the publication of personal matters the holders desire to keep from the eye of the curious. It is desirable that the information to be embodied in the next report should receive more prominent notice from the press, so that those who possess documentary information of value may clearly understand the nature of the work, and be induced to co-operate with the officers of the department.

American affairs are decked in summer garb, that is to say, have grown exceedingly dull. Wall Street, shoddy and oil, with their fair daughters, have packed up, and are off to Paris, Chamounix, the Rhine, Florence, St. Petersburg, or some other locality where lions may be seen and hunted. Even the New York Legislature has gone about its business, and there is nothing now to talk about except the Centennial, Mr. Beecher, and the pest-heaps of the Harlem Flats. Of the latter subject—a very savoury one when the thermometer ranges between eighty and ninety—the *Herald* has been obliged, by force of circumstances, to make a specialty. The only political event of note is the meeting of the Republican State Convention of Pennsylvania. Mr. Hartrauft was again nominated for Governor, so that unless the Democratic re-action makes more headway before the autumn than at present appears likely, that gentleman will be the second national luminary at the great Centennial. The Convention, however, further distinguished itself by "a firm, unqualified adherence to the unwritten law of the Republic," sanctioned by "the most venerable of examples," and declared itself "unalterably opposed to the election to the Presidency of any person for a third term." In spite, however, of the formidable opposition to his cherished hope, there is a prevailing

impression that General Grant has not abandoned it, but that he is, even now, working like a mole "i' the earth." To ordinary seeming there is no method by which he can compass his object unless it be a systematic, patient manipulation of office-holders all over the country so as to ensure a packed National Convention.

Mr. Disraeli can hardly have pleased any one, not even himself, when he made the unprecedented threat that he would not advise Her Majesty to prorogue Parliament until every one of the Government Bills had passed. Mr. Gladstone, who has not been in the melting mood of late, characterized the threat as more sweeping than had ever been uttered by a Prime Minister. The ex-Premier used to be charged with imperiousness of temper himself, but he is evidently determined not to endure it in a Conservative leader, who began the session with a manner at once childlike and bland. Mr. Disraeli will scarcely be able to make his words good, unless he is prepared to see his cerebral offspring mangled before his face. Sir S. Northcote's financial measures, including his pet project as to the Debt, are yet unfledged. The Duke of Richmond's Land Bill will meet with merciless treatment when the Commons get at it. Then there is the Artizan Dwellings Bill, the Sanitary Bill, and a number of others, some hardly out of long clothes. The Premier, on a question of confidence, is, of course, backed by numbers; but his majority is evidently not to be relied on in all matters, and when Bills are committed it becomes rather too fluid for security.

Lord Belmore introduced the Lepine case to the House of Lords, in connection with the general question of gubernatorial pardons. There was singular unanimity amongst the Colonial Secretaries, past and present, on the general bearing of the subject. Lord Lisgar also spoke in commendation of the course adopted by Lord Dufferin. Nothing new was elicited in the shape of fact, unless, per-

haps the statement that the Governor-General had asked advice on the subject, as his instructions required, before acting on his own responsibility, but that the advice had not been committed to writing. We can easily perceive why it was not embodied in a minute of Council, and are prepared, all things considered, to acquiesce. Still it is a rather dangerous precedent; for if Ministers are to continue responsible to Parliament for advice tendered to the Crown, it is necessary that that advice should be producible when called for; otherwise, how is Parliament to pass judgment upon it? At the last moment, the *Saturday Review* of the 15th ult., has come to hand, with a furious onslaught on Canada for disloyalty to the Empire in attempting to abolish, by a sidewind, appeals to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Sir John Macdonald's ratification has been fulfilled, and we shall probably hear enough about the un-British character of the Supreme Court Act shortly. In the end it may probably be disallowed. We observe that the *Review* has the notion that the Speaker of the Senate holds an analogous position to that of the English Speaker. What would it say if it knew that Mr. Speaker Christie is really the Canadian Lord Chancellor; that he votes on every occasion, with a casting vote in reserve; and that, on the occasion referred to, he devoted both to the service of M. Fournier? After all the grumbling in which he indulges, it would appear that the English journalist does not so much object to the abolition of the jurisdiction *per se*, as to the manner in which it was effected: "The significance of the Canadian Bill consists in the haste and levity with which a Sovereign prerogative is abolished."

The Archbishop of Canterbury has imprudently written a letter, as many learned and amiable prelates have done before. The "evangelical" world of London appears to be deeply stirred at present by the ministrations of Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

The more thoughtful are looking to their ordinary spiritual guides for some expression of opinion upon this novel mode of arousing religious feeling. Some have answered the appeal by "patronizing" the evangelists; others, all unheeding, continue to plod over the old road at the conventional pace; being head of the Church, as by law established, Dr. Tait has thought it his duty to indite a letter on the subject. As far as can be gathered from the imperfect cable report, the Archbishop is prepared to give a distant recognition to the movement, such an inclination of the head, in fact, as a countess would concede to a younger daughter of the county member. He is pleased to hear that great masses of persons assemble to hear "simple addresses on Gospel doctrines," and the clergy are "rejoiced that the truth is being urged upon the people's consciences." Yet we speedily find that it is *not* the "truth;" being on the one hand defective, and on the other adulterated by "crude errors," not to mention his Grace's "original objection," which is ominously held in reserve. Finally, as though to make the contradiction more palpable, the letter concludes with a hope that "the clergy will endeavour to deepen the *salutary* impressions produced by the revivalists." Now bishops must be cautious and non-committal we may admit, without perceiving any reason why they should be illogical.

The accounts which reach us are so conflicting that it is difficult—perhaps impossible—to form an accurate estimate of the real significance of the "movement." We have no doubt that its importance is greatly exaggerated, and but little faith in its permanence as an abiding element in the life of the people. It is not necessary to take into account here the precise value of the truths inculcated. To those who have surrendered their belief in God, immortality, and revelation, the teaching of the "evangelists" are of course *superstitiones aniles*—"old wives' fables." To those who have put to themselves Strauss's

question, "Are we yet Christians?" and answered it in the negative, Christianity in any form is a superstition, and therefore the creeds of Manning, Liddon, Stanley, Martineau, or Moody are as one. *Cela va sans dire*. Indeed it is not certain that they do not welcome the somewhat grotesque style of exaggerated realism in Mr. Moody, as a *reductio ad absurdum* of all Christianity, even in the cultured and ether'ized form which has been adopted by Matthew Arnold. To them *Glaube* and *Aberglaube*, faith and superstition, mean the same thing. For the present, however, as through all ages, religion is felt as a necessity of man's nature; and it even crops up in the most unpromising soils, as the *cultus* of the Kosmos, the Inscrutable, the Unknown and Unknowable, or as the Religion of Humanity. With an overwhelming majority in Europe and America, Christianity still obtains as a Divine Revelation, and therefore holds at least a prescriptive right to be heard on its own ground. That is exactly the ground on which Mr. Moody professedly stands, and therefore the only question—a most difficult one unfortunately—to be solved is, whether, from a Christian stand-point, his teaching—in which we include his method—is deserving of censure or approval. It is not enough to attribute motives to the hearers who flock to the Agricultural Hall or the Opera House. A large, or say an overwhelming majority of them, if you like, may be impelled thither by curiosity, by *ennui*, by sympathy with passing fashion, by love of excitement, by a desire to see or hear something new, or by any other idle motive; but if of these, or of the residuum, only a handful are led to live purer and better lives, who shall pronounce the movement to be utterly in vain? Whether such are the actual results it is difficult for any man to say.

We certainly do not imagine that Mr. Moody's addresses can commend themselves to the cultured class; but that class forms but a drop in the bucket of humanity. The preaching which seems vulgar and despicable

to the man of culture may find a welcome elsewhere. Culture may be found divorced from religion, or in association with it; but religion, to be worthy of its name, must be accessible and adaptable to all—cultured and uncultured alike. But it by no means follows that the spiritual insight is as refined in one man as in another. What to the one is sober faith, his neighbour may regard as superstition; and, conversely, the clearer ether to which the soul of one delights to soar, may daze and confound the grosser sense of his less favoured brother. They may subscribe to the same creed, and worship beneath the same fane, and yet their spiritual as well as their intellectual natures may be wide asunder as the poles. Religion, therefore, may exist without culture; but culture cannot be a substitute for religion. Until the conditions of human life undergo a radical change, culture in any ennobling sense cannot be the possession of the many; and even if it could, it would still want the essential and characteristic qualities of religion. If again we adopt from Comte the three stages of human progress—theological, metaphysical, and positive—we must also admit with him that, in our age, the vast mass of humanity have not emerged and will not emerge from the first.

We affect no admiration for the preaching of Mr. Moody; to us his *bizarreries* are exceedingly distasteful; but we have no right, on that account, to deny that his method, and especially his apparent earnestness, may, with the "environment" of contagious sympathy, impress some minds and hearts for good. In America, revivalism under excitement does not commend itself to the approval of the sober-minded: most of the resolutions formed, and the greater part of the spiritual fervour, have proved ephemeral in their power over the life; yet it is not so in all cases, and these are exactly the cases which are not obtruded upon public attention. We have no doubt that the labours of Messrs. Moody and Sankey will

run the usual course, and result in the normal effects of all similar movements.

In one respect the French war panic has been a boon to the Government. When M. Buffet read his Conservative programme, on meeting the Assembly for the first time as Minister, the disruption of the new alliance between the Centres and the Left was obviously a question of time. The *tendresse* between the two parties had been too demonstrative to be lasting. M. Gambetta has, with some difficulty, kept the centrifugal elements of his section in subjection, but it has not been without some loss of prestige. When a leader of the people accepts the rôle of brakesman, he may act from patriotic motives, but he will not get the credit of them. His ingenious speech at Belleville was adroitly phrased so as to persuade the Radicals that they had out-manœuvred their allies, without unnecessarily alarming the latter. The Left have received too much credit of late for the self-denying spirit in which they have surrendered cherished dreams, and consented to the establishment of obnoxious institutions. The truth is they are only biding their time. If they were to break up the alliance now, they know full well that they might bid good-bye to the prospect of a speedy dissolution. The Assembly once dissolved, as it will probably be in October, then, but not before, will the mask be thrown off, and the Radicals will shake hands with moderation and go their own way. Even now, although it is obviously their policy to be quiet, they cannot help turning restive. The question whether members should be elected, as heretofore, *en bloc* by departments, or by *arrondissements* or districts, was a lion in the path; but M. Buffet appears to have cut the Gordian knot by that last expedient of desperate politicians—he has made it an open question. There is a new Committee of Thirty, of whom twenty belong to the Left and Left Centre, only four are attached to M. Wallon, the father of the

new Constitution, and six graciously given to the Right by their opponents. These six are, of course, out of the reckoning, for they will either resign or refuse to act. M. Buffet declined to fix any day for the general election, "because foreign complications may arise" in the meantime. When it does take place the Radicals may discover that they have been too confident of success, and that the great majority of the people strongly prefer the Conservative Republic, and next to it the Empire, rather than the Radicalism of Paris, Lyons, and Bordeaux.

In the years immediately following 1848, the eye grew familiar with the official bulletin—"France is tranquil." Less than thirty years have elapsed, and people have ceased to care much for the internal repose of France. The absorbing question of the hour is the state of Germany's temper. Bishop Berkeley's prophecy has scored a palpable miss; for "the star of empire" has taken an easterly course. The air of Europe has not been perfectly cleared by the movement; unhappily, on the contrary, it is charged with war-clouds, and though the rumbling of distant thunder has ceased for the time, the sky is as dark and lowering as ever. So far as Belgium is concerned, the passage of the law to place an offer to assassinate on the same level as a threat, will probably be the end of that *imbroglio*. The German announcement that Bismarck had no hostile designs on the independence of Belgium, his only desire being to replace the Ultramontane Cabinet by a Liberal one, has done his friends a serious

disservice, for the Liberals have been thereby constrained to rally round the standard they detest, and vote confidence in their enemies. English journals are divided as to the actual position of Franco-German relations. One thing seems clear from the announcement made by the Government, and that is, that some diplomatic "unpleasantness" has occurred between Berlin and Paris. Otherwise it can hardly be supposed that Lord Derby would ask Bismarck for an explanation of his attitude towards France. Of course England "received a satisfactory reply;" she always does, and goes to sleep again until awakened by the booming of cannon, as in 1870. When the "scare" was at its height the Czar reached Berlin, some said as a peace-maker; others, as a conspirator. He with Bismarck, and Bismarck with Gortschakoff, held mysterious interviews, and that is all the public is permitted to know about it. Another meeting at which the three Emperors are to consult, is to be held shortly at Ems. There is little doubt that the visit of Francis Joseph to Victor Emanuel at Venice, caused some uneasiness at Berlin. The *Saturday Review* hints that Bismarck was apprehensive that the alliance between France, Austria, and Italy, which would have been arranged by Napoleon, if he had not precipitated hostilities, was again on the *tapis*. If we may trust the *North German Gazette*, Bismarck's organ, as reported by cable, the Holy Alliance is *un fait accompli*; for it tells us that the visit of the King of Sweden has a political significance, that Monarch having given in his adhesion to the policy of the three Emperors.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

IN the *Contemporary Review* for May, Prof. Lightfoot, after a brief interval of repose, renews his onslaught upon "Supernatural Religion" with unabated vigour, but with far less acrimony. The subject of the present paper is Polycarp of Smyrna. The interest attaching to the name of this venerable martyr, "he owes," says Dr. Lightfoot, "to his peculiar position rather than to any marked greatness or originality of character. Two long lives—those of St. John and Polycarp—span the period which elapsed between the ministry of our Lord and the great Christian teachers living at the close of the second century. Polycarp was the disciple of St. John, and Irenæus was the disciple of Polycarp." Now, as we know the teaching of St. John, if the canonical books bearing his name are genuine, and as "we are fully acquainted with the tenets of Irenæus," it follows that any genuine utterance of Polycarp would bridge a century during which the literature is meagre and scanty. Such it is claimed we have in what purports to be an Epistle to the Philippians by Polycarp; thus the authenticity and bearing of this epistle become points in dispute. The author of "Supernatural Religion" devotes only nine pages (vol. i. 274-282) to Polycarp, but as the authenticity of the Ignatian epistles forms part of this particular section of the controversy, the sixteen pages immediately preceding may also be taken in. The first thing noticeable in Prof. Lightfoot's argument is an important admission which shows an essential change of front on the part of apologists under the fire of hostile criticism. He says:—"Of a Canon of the New Testament, strictly so called, it is not probable that Polycarp knew anything. This was necessarily, as Dr. Westcott has shown, the growth of time." Comparing the Smyrniote Bishop with the Roman Clement, he remarks:—"The New Testament has exchanged places with the Old, at least so far as practical use is concerned;" that is to say, Polycarp ceases to quote the Old Testament and substitutes the sayings of Jesus or of St. Paul, although not under the name of Scripture in the Jewish sense of the word. Polycarp's life, according to Dr. Lightfoot, extended from A.D. 69 or 70 to A.D. 155 or 156. The author of "Supernatural Religion" places the date of his death at A.D. 166 or 167, which would make a very important difference so far as his intercourse with St. John is concerned. Irenæus, who, as a disciple of Polycarp, ought to have been well informed,

asserts that the latter was appointed Bishop by St. John. Now Polycarp's age at the time of his martyrdom is fixed by his own words. When urged to save his life by recantation, "he declared himself unable to blaspheme a Master whom he had served for *eighty-six* years, and from whom he had received no wrong." Now, as St. John died about A.D. 98, if the later date be the correct one, Polycarp must have been only 18 or 19 years of age at that time, and it is hardly likely that he could have been ordained at that early age; but by the prior date, he would be nearly 30 years old. The cause of the difference in these dates admits of ready explanation. The anonymous author follows Eusebius in fixing Polycarp's death at 166 or 167. It appears, however, that a careful examination of the proconsular *fasti* of Asia Minor has put another face on the matter. Polycarp was burnt to death during the proconsulship of Statius Quadratus, *i. e.* according to newly found inscriptions, in 154 or 155. Renan accepts the change, but, for other reasons, prefers the following year 156. An important point which renders the authenticity of Polycarp's Philippian Epistle an important matter is the fact that it would at once cut the ground from beneath the fabric reared at such pains by the Tübingen School on the supposed antagonism between the followers of St. Paul and St. John. The Bishop of Smyrna, the disciple of St. John, quotes St. Paul's epistles—perhaps as many as eleven out of the thirteen—with marked deference. As evidence of their authenticity this is of no great consequence, since the first four epistles are beyond the reach of criticism, and of the rest, all but the pastorals are very generally admitted even by rationalists. Polycarp's testimony regarding the Gospels is, however, of vital importance. This is why such vigorous attempts are put forth to impugn or establish the genuineness of the Ignatian Epistles and Polycarp's Philippian Epistle. We are inclined to think that Drs. Lightfoot and Westcott have much the best of the argument, and that therefore a complete *catena* has been stretched across the chasm between the first half of the first and the close of the second centuries. When Polycarp quotes the "Logia" or discourses of our Lord, they are substantially those in the Synoptic Gospels—not always quoted as a Jew would quote the Law and the Prophets, but with sufficient approximation for practical purposes. Any one turning to "Supernatural Religion"

(p. 279) will see how very slender is the basis of the opposing argument, when once the authority of Polycarp's Epistle is admitted.

Sir Thomas Watson's brief paper on "Vivisection," will meet with general approval in its conclusions. No reasonable man ought to object to the infliction of pain on animals, when it is absolutely necessary for the establishment of any scientific truth of primary importance to humanity. The cases in which these experiments cannot be performed while the animal is under the influence of anæsthetic agents are not exceedingly numerous; and where that is clear the objection falls to the ground, subject to such limitations as those suggested by the writer of this paper. These are, that no experiment should be made at random, to see what will happen; that no man should make such experiments without the necessary skill, judgment, and previous knowledge, or without proper apparatus; that one who has previously satisfied himself by experiment of any physiological fact, ought not to repeat the experiment to satisfy the morbid curiosity of others; and that, in case a point remains in dispute, a single experiment ought to be allowed. The question is now before Parliament in the shape of two bills—one introduced by Lord Henniker, and the other by Dr. Lyon Playfair—the latter representing the views of the humanitarian division of the scientific world.

Mr. Macleod's answer to the question, "What is Political Economy?" is that it, or Economics as he prefers to call it, "is the science which treats of the laws which govern the relations of exchangeable quantities." It is impracticable to give even a *resumé* of the paper, which is in great part an historical sketch from Aristotle downwards. Much of what remains consists of arguments for or against contemporary definitions, unintelligible unless the texts cited were given in *extenso*. We think it not difficult to show that Mr. Macleod has done Mr. Mill gross injustice in attempting to make that logical thinker contradict himself in his chapter, "On Credit as a Substitute for Money." There is in reality no contradiction at all, as any one may safely assert, before examining the passages. At the same time, Mr. Macleod has done essential service by sweeping away a good deal of rubbish, and giving a clear and at the same time simple definition of the science. Mr. Grant Duff's "Notes of an Indian Journey" are in diary form. They record the impressions of an acute observer on the occasion of a first visit to India, but are scarcely available here. "Mr. Chappell and Professor Helmholtz," is a defence of the learned German's "Theory of Tone-perceptions" against the evident misapprehensions of it entertained by so eminent an authority as the author of the History of Music. Prof. Major's review of Mr. Jukes's work on "The Restitution of All Things," is a well-reasoned plea for the final restoration of the human

race. "The question of the endless duration of future punishment," writes Prof. Major, "may be discussed on the ground of reason (of natural religion, as Butler would say) and on the ground of revelation." He then gives a *resumé* of Mr. Jukes's arguments, of which he substantially approves, including, of course, under the second head, Prof. Maurice's celebrated *brochure* on the much-debated word *aiouios*. The scheme is consistent in its form and matter, but might, it appears to us, be pressed into the service of metempsychosis. Dr. Carpenter gives the second part of his reply to Dr. Huxley's doctrine of Human Automatism. The learned physiologist also falls foul of Prof. Clifford and Herbert Spencer. We have only room for one sentence referring to the former:—"My contention with Professor Clifford, therefore, is that until he can show that he knows all about matter and its dynamical relations, Prof. Huxley's assertion—based on 'the normal experience of healthy men'—that running a pin into one's flesh is the *cause* of the state of consciousness which we call pain, and my assertion that those states of the conscious Ego which we call volitions and emotions are the *causes* of bodily actions that execute the former and express the latter, have a better claim to be accepted as truths of science than Prof. Clifford's assertion that such statements are simply 'nonsense.'" The immediate purpose of the fifth instalment of Matthew Arnold's "Review of Objections to 'Literature and Dogma,'" is to establish the genuine character of the Fourth Gospel. Taking a motto from Homer, (Il. xx. 249), "Wide is the range of words! words make this way or that way," he enters upon an elaborate dissection of the tactics employed by Strauss and the Tübingen School, and mercilessly exposes the inherent weakness of their microscopic criticism. We need hardly say that their English adapter, the author of "Supernatural Religion," receives his share of Mr. Arnold's attention.

The *Fortnightly* opens with the first part of an essay by Mr. Swinburne, on "The Three Stages of Shakespeare." There is nothing original in the writer's principle of interpretation, but much in its application. It is simply that of "tracing the course of his work, by the growth and development, through various moods and changes, of his metre," especially in the matter of rhyme. On another occasion we may be able to command space to give a sketch of Mr. Swinburne's method. For the present, crowded into a corner as we unfortunately find ourselves, we can only say that the paper is very pleasant reading, and that it is in many respects a relief after the tedious prosings of some commentators. Still the style is too "gushing," and appears somewhat wanting in ballast. The paper on "Hesiod"—the father of pastoral poetry, the bard of common life—is from the pen of Mr. Synonds, to whom the world is

already in debt for his studies on Dante. An exceedingly instructive account is given of both the Bœotian poet's great works—the "Theogonia" and the "Works and Days." Mr. Morley's "Diderot" is still in progress. As a psychological study, this monogram is of great interest. The prominent features of the current part are Diderot's experiments with the blind, with a view to the confirmation of his materialistic philosophy, the story of his imprisonment under a *lettre de cachet*, and his wretched domestic life. There is a very striking account of the opinions of Nicholas Saunderson, the blind Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge. His anticipation of Darwin's theory of the "survival of the fittest," is clear and remarkable, although we think something like it may be found in the patristic and scholastic writings. As for the rest of the reported arguments of Saunderson against Theism, we are somewhat sceptical. They bear too clear a resemblance to Diderot's own arguments, and

were put into Saunderson's mouth at a time when the former had evidently some motive for dissimulation. Signor Pozzoni's sketch of "The Old and the New Economists in Italy," is interesting. The old school adheres to the system of Adam Smith, as developed by Say, McCulloch, Ricardo, and Mill; the new repudiates in part or *in toto* the *laissez faire* doctrine, and follows the German Socialistic school in clamouring for State interference. Mr. Pollock's account of "Cosmic Philosophy," a new work by Prof. Fiske, of Harvard, contains little that is new. The American writer undertakes to give, in manageable form, the entire results, so far, of the Evolution doctrine, as interpreted by Darwin and Spencer. Mr. Fiske appears to have done his work thoroughly, and thus the "Outlines" will be a boon to those who wish to master the teachings of the great masters of modern science and philosophy without wading through the entire literature of the subject.

BOOK REVIEWS.

NATURE AND THE BIBLE. A Course of Lectures on the Morse Foundation of the Union Theological Seminary. By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., and Principal of McGill College. New York: Robt. Carter & Bros. Montreal: W. Drysdale & Co. 1875.

This little volume is only a popular statement of views expressed at greater length and strengthened by a fuller statement of facts and arguments in the author's larger work, "Archaia." It consists of six lectures, with illustrative appendices, and is further improved by engravings of extinct animals, fossil remains, &c., as well as by tabulated statements of the Mosaic and Palæontological periods. After an interesting survey of the "general relations of science to the Bible," including an elucidation of the ideas of Monotheism, the unity of nature, law, order, use and plan, Prof. Dawson proceeds to a comparison of the Biblical and geological accounts of creation, especially as they bear upon the "Origin and Early History of Man." The concluding lecture is an admirable summary of the views advanced by Spencer, Mill, Bastian, Huxley, Tylor, Lubbock, Max Müller, and Kingsley.

It will thus be seen that "Nature and the Bible" covers extensive ground, and, it may be added, covers it conscientiously and completely so far as the necessarily contracted

limits of a lecture-course permit. Since so many have failed, it might reasonably be expected that even the learning and piety which Principal Dawson has brought to the task would not enable him to bring about a complete reconciliation between the Mosaic cosmogony and modern science. This is virtually admitted when recourse is had to the possibility of future discoveries as an element in the case, as we shall see presently.

Before pointing out the assailable points, we must refer briefly to a singular error into which Prof. Huxley fell, and to another of which Dr. Dawson is the victim. In his Recreational address, at Aberdeen, the former took occasion to blow off a little rhetorical steam at the expense of Addison, quoting the well-known hymn beginning, "The spacious firmament on high," originally published in the *Spectator*, (No. 465) but now enshrined in English hymnology. Prof. Huxley proceeded very gravely to reprove Addison for his serious astronomical errors. He added that "if he had consulted a scientific friend," he would have been spared making such an exhibition of himself. Now Addison had a friend of that description named Newton, but he flourished in the times of ignorance, when humility had not yet ceased to be regarded as a virtue by scientific men. If, however, he had ventured to complain to Addison—and we are sure, with the *Spectator* in his

hand he would not—the answer would have been promptly given. Poets are not scientific people; they use the language of common life, dignified by so much of genius or art as they can command. Addison's hymn, as appears from its context, was scarcely a paraphrase of the nineteenth Psalm, but an inspiration from it. It is difficult to see why Prof. Huxley should have attacked Addison's verses in preference to other verses, unless it be because they recognize design in creation and intelligence in the Creator, otherwise he might, with equal propriety, have assailed Byron for the beautiful lines which open *The Curse of Minerva* and the third canto of *The Corsair*:

"Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun."

Addison might have substituted for the "dark terrestrial ball," "the splendid solar ball," for that would have counted just as well on the fingers; but Addison, though not a born poet, was a better judge of poetical *chiaro-oscuro* than Prof. Huxley. Moreover, if the Professor had known a little more of the writings of Addison he would have said less; for in many passages in the *Spectator* (e. g. No. 412) he shows an entirely correct idea of the immensity of the universe and of the position of the earth in the Solar System. Dr. Dawson, in turn, falls into the mistake of attributing error to Prof. Huxley, adducing as "a singular exemplification of the difficulty of avoiding error in even the most simple scientific statement, that the Professor's 'emendation' is 'equally faulty,' for though the planets move round the 'splendid solar ball,' the stars do not." Prof. Huxley never said that they did, as our author may see in his own extract (p. 17); at any rate that would not make the diverse proposition true, that the stars move round the earth. Still further, it is astonishing to find Dr. Dawson asserting that the beautiful simile of the bridegroom (Psalm xix., 5, 6) affords "no peg whereon to hang any criticism;" it is distinctly the error of Byron, which Prof. Huxley did not reprove because he was in search of nobler quarry.

The general scheme of reconciliation between Genesis and science forms, as we have hinted, the bulk of Dr. Dawson's work. He repudiates the forced interpretations of Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Pye Smith, not only because they are forced, but because there was no such chasm as they are bound to suppose between the Tertiary period and man's appearance. Our author's own explanation seems to approach as near to a solution of the serious difficulties in the path as we are ever likely to attain. At the same time, we must confess to feeling constantly haunted by the uncomfortable idea that Dr. Dawson is unconsciously reading into Genesis what he wishes to find there. The same method, if applied to Hesiod and the physical school of Greek Philosophy, or to Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, might evolve similar

results. In order that the reader may compare the geological record with Dr. Dawson's view of the initial chapter of Genesis, we may state in order the alterations he proposes in our version. The word translated "day" should read ages or æons; "creeping things" includes all the lowest organizations, in fact all invertebrate animals, "with the fishes and a few of the humbler members of the other vertebrate groups"—the term thus translated not applying "to their locomotion, but to their reproduction;" and "great whales" (*tanninim*) should be translated "saurians," *tannin* being the generic name of the crocodile tribe. By now collating the natural and revealed orders of creation in tabular form and comparing the work of the each æon with its counterpart in the rocks, Dr. Dawson claims to have reconciled the two. With regard to the creation of man there is little difficulty, although, on account of recent anthropological theories, that branch of the subject demands fuller consideration. Many scientific men believe that man existed in the pre-glacial period, and nearly all admit that he was, in Europe, the contemporary of the mammoth, the reindeer, and the giant elk. In Genesis, he is made, not developed, during the same epoch as the higher mammalia.

The difficulties in the way must be very shortly stated. The existence of light, not before the creation of the sun, but before he was "set" to rule the day, has always been a pet objection with sceptical writers. We cannot say that it seems to us to deserve much weight. The primitive state of the earth after its crust had solidified may be the subject of theory, but it is too far removed from anything like human experience to enable us to affirm positively regarding the forces then at work. Dr. Dawson does not state his views here as clearly as could be wished. He includes in *or*, the word translated "light," all the forces of nature and speaks of it as related to *αιθηρ*; but although the word *ether* was unquestionably connected with light and heat by derivation, no Greek could have understood it as including gravitation, electricity and chemical affinity. Mention is made also by our author of a photosphere around the earth, but that must surely have been when it was in a state of incandescence. There is, however, another, and a still graver difficulty. Geologically, animals and land-plants did not appear in the order represented in scripture. Of course such herbage as the lower organisms might require may have existed simultaneously, without leaving any trace; but that will not meet the objection, for, in the Mosaic account, (vs. 11 and 12), the vegetable kingdom appears complete, even including fruit trees, in the third age, whilst the sun is not set as the ruler of the day and the great fosterer of vegetation until the fourth, and animal nature does not appear till the fifth. To this Dr. Dawson can only urge feebly—"Either there is some

discrepancy between the two records, or there is an old plant-bearing formation yet undiscovered,"—a forlorn hope, we take it. There is the further difficulty between the first and second chapters, which must be familiar to our readers through the Colenso controversy; this our author does not mention.

On the whole, these are objections of detail, and do not mar the general narrative. With regard to the existence of trees out of their geological order, Dr. Dawson's suggestion seems not unduly strained. Vegetation of a very low kind may have existed on the land in the third age, as we know it did at a very early period and it may be that, in the history, the general subject was mentioned *en bloc* at the time of its first appearance. Or as we should prefer putting it, the *æons* or periods, instead of absolutely succeeding each other, overlap.

Whether these difficulties be solved or no, Dr. Dawson is right in saying that the points of agreement under the circumstances are so wonderful as to be inexplicable by the suggestion of guesswork. There are here several prominent ideas, perfectly unique, and entirely original with the author of Genesis. The unity of God, the unity, order, and purpose of creation by Him, and the gradual progress of organic nature from lower forms to higher. So far as the lower animals are concerned, the text plainly hints at creation by development in obedience to law; and that this is no mere modern shift to get over a difficulty is proved by the fact that St. Augustine and Thomas Aquinas, as well as other Fathers and Schoolmen, gathered the doctrine therefrom centuries before evolution was dreamed of as a scientific hypothesis.

We should like to have made a few remarks on the concluding chapter; but we have already occupied too much space. We close, therefore, with a recommendation to all who feel stirred by the formidable problems of the day, to read this little volume, as an introduction to a deeper acquaintanceship with the serious questions at issue.

ENGLISH PORTRAITS. By C. A. Ste. Beuve. Selected and translated from the "Causeries du Lundi." With an Introductory Chapter on Ste. Beuve's Life and Writings. London: Daldy, Isbister & Co.

We confess to a feeling of sympathy with a man who tries to introduce Ste. Beuve to English readers. In the first place he must himself appreciate Ste. Beuve, or the idea would not have occurred to him; and that is a point in his favour, as it shows that his literary taste is good. In the second place, the task he undertakes is likely to be far more laborious than glorious. Ste. Beuve is an extremely difficult author to render into English; and, when the rendering is done, how many are there that will care for it? In his own country, Ste.

Beuve was highly thought of as a critic, and may almost be said to have had for years no rival in the region of criticism; but he was never what could be called a popular writer. And in England, or on this continent, it is only the few who can find a real interest in the delicate, ingenious, and elaborate essays that were the result of his life-long activity. The type of the English essayist adapted for popularity is Macaulay. Here you have bold and vivid portraiture, logical sequence, firmly-drawn conclusions. You see the point you start from, you know whither you are being carried, and have perfect confidence that you will not be carried too far. Macaulay's positive and dogmatic spirit seeks no collaboration on the part of the reader; throws upon him no burden of doubt, no responsibility for a decision; but simply asks an attention which it is really easier to grant than to refuse to so vivacious, enthusiastic, and withal so instructive a pleader. Very different is the mode of the French critic. With him criticism is simply seeing every object in the light, and from the point of view, best adapted for enabling us to grasp its essential qualities. He did not practise his art for edification, or with the view of adding strength to any set of opinions or principles; he had nothing in him of the spirit either of the advocate or of the prosecuting counsel. He did not feel that he was responsible for things *being* as they were; his business, he held, was to try to *know* them as they were, so that he might judge them as far as possible with comprehension and sympathy. To those who are not themselves in a hurry to pronounce final opinions, who are more anxious to understand than to attribute praise or blame, his essays, especially if they can be read in the original, will be full of interest. He always leaves the characters he is discussing plenty of room to breathe; he neither smothers them with praise, nor does he, after the boa-constrictor fashion of certain critics, throw around them the coils of a merciless logic from which there is no escape. He can be keen upon occasion; but he takes no pleasure in the "back-breaking" criticism for which his countrymen have invented a name.

We have left ourselves we fear but little space in which to discuss the merits of the present translation. It includes critical biographies of Mary Queen of Scots, Lord Chesterfield, Benjamin Franklin, Gibbon, Cowper, and Pope, and also an appraisal of "Taine's History of English Literature." This selection, which has been made, we cannot doubt, more with the view of interesting English readers than of exhibiting the great critic's powers to the best advantage, is the justification of the title given to the work of "English Portraits." It would be a mistake to expect any translation to reproduce the peculiar merits of a writer like Ste. Beuve, so far as these are connected with style. The present translator might,

however, we think, have given us a better version than he has done of the essays he has taken in hand to translate. He is not a tyro in the art of translation; and, as an original writer, his own style is excellent. How then did he come to give us such sentences as the following? "This practical man [Franklin] had nothing in him deterrent from Utopia; he rather was in accord with it by his novelities and the facilities of perception he seemed to open out on the side of the future." (page 110). "Or this? "Yet she had to take part in the work; she had to entice Darnley into the snare by a feigned renewal of tenderness, who was then recovering from the small-pox." It was Darnley, of course, who was recovering from the small-pox, and not "tenderness;" but why should a man, who can write well, express himself in such an awkward manner? There are many pages of the book, however, that read well, and in general the version is lively and expressive; though too often, to those who are familiar with French phraseology, it will recall the structure of the original. One fault of the present translator is that he stands too much on ceremony with his author. If you want to get good English out of good French, you must take the French to pieces, and fuse it over again till its primitive organic structure is utterly destroyed; so that you can throw the essential meaning into the native forms of English speech. It is hard to do this sometimes; the foreign forms seem to lodge themselves in the mind, and to defy all reduction. Still, if the author is worth translating at all, nothing less than the complete effacement of the original language ought to satisfy the translator. We have said that the translator treats his author with too much ceremony; we may add that he is painfully punctilious towards little adverbial forms of speech like "du reste," "d'ailleurs," "pourtant," and others, which often have next to no meaning in French, and for which, in many cases, an English sentence will afford no harbourage whatever. Here is an example: "He confesses that at a period of inexperience he gave way to indulgence in wine and other excesses to which, moreover, he was not naturally prone." (Page 24). Now what has the word "moreover" to do in this sentence? Absolutely nothing; in fact it makes nonsense. In scanning the book we have observed a number of cases of this kind, where the translator has allowed himself to be embarrassed by some little phrase in the original which ought to have been wholly neglected. One might as well try to translate all the $\mu\epsilon\nu$ (s) and $\delta\epsilon$ (s) in a Greek oration as to reproduce in English every little adverbial clause for which French style finds room.

An interesting and valuable feature in the work before us is the Introductory Chapter on the Life and Writings of Ste. Beuve. This is well done. The author seems to have taken

great pains in gathering his facts; and his critical judgments, sound in themselves and felicitously expressed, are enforced with an abundance of literary illustration.

LETTERS FROM EAST LONGITUDES: Sketches of Travel in Egypt, The Holy Land, Greece, and Cities of the Levant. By Thomas S. Jarvis, Student-at-Law. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

The young writer of these notes of travel, we fear, has committed literary *hari-kari* in giving them the publicity of print without first purging from them those outbursts of jocosity in which he so frequently, and often so inopportunistly, indulges, and which, though they may give spice, of a pardonable kind, to letters passing between friends or relatives, can only be considered as a serious blemish when thrown into a work having any literary pretensions. As a native production, and the work of one at an age when literary manipulation is more often directed by the heels than the head, it may be expected to be read and criticised with bodily and mental eyes purblind for the occasion. But the book has so much merit, that the author, despite his numberless offences against propriety and good taste, really interests us in his travels, so that we could have wished that some judicious friend, or some remorseless publishers' reader, had been permitted to place the MS. in literary quarantine before it reached the printer's hands. The title of the book, and its dedication to Lord Dufferin, recall the well-known work of that distinguished *littérateur*, and Mr. Jarvis's book consequently suffers by comparison, as it lacks that felicitous ease in composition, and that grace and dignity of style, which is so characteristic of "Letters from High Latitudes." The subject of Mr. Jarvis's book, also,—notes of travel 'mid the "sacred shrines and holy places" of the East,—places him again at a disadvantage, for the scores of works which have become classic in the language naturally suggest themselves in contrast with the Letters of this young Canadian traveller. But our Canadian tourist bears himself well; and if his animal spirits too often break out incongruously, and to the hindrance of our enjoyment of his book, we are sure to respond to his hearty enthusiasm, and to appreciate the cheerfulness and *bouhonnie* which makes him ever tolerant of the discomforts and disappointments he experienced, and which are incident to all travel. But for the zest given to the narrative by the presence of these qualities, the work would lack much of its interest, for the descriptive parts of it, though often freshly and graphically written, are not such as to lead one to substitute our author for the better and graver authorities extant, or even to induce one to relinquish in its favour any of the excellent guide-books to the East which one may be possessed of. Indeed,

we cannot but regret that Mr. Jarvis pitched upon the East as the field for his holiday disportings, and that, when he came so suddenly to the determination to accompany his American friends to Egypt and Syria, he went in so exuberant a mood, and in such company. The effect of this is traceable all through the book. We not only find our traveller working off his superabundant vitality in originating all sorts of humorisms, which disfigure the narrative, but doing so after the questionable models of Mark Twain and his own *compagnon de voyage*, Jimmy, whom we are informed "lives out West." What, for instance, can be more repugnant to the feelings of every reader of these letters than the irreverent manner in which the beautiful "Hymn of the Nativity" is introduced on pages 97-98, and the levity with which reference is made to the "adorned grottoes" to be found at all points of sacred interest in Palestine, and which culminates in representing the Shepherds at the nativity as gathered round a fire in one of these caves at Bethlehem "having a quiet rubber."

There are repeated instances in the volume of similar violations of propriety and good taste, but they seem to be more the product of thoughtlessness, and of a demonstrativeness of manner which even the rain-storms and the discomforts experienced during the author's sojourn in Syria could not repress, than of any warp in his moral nature. There are nevertheless, many passages, even of beauty, expressive of a devout feeling and sympathy with the scenes visited, which partially atone for these offences; such, for instance, as the one describing "a Sunday in Jerusalem and service on Mount Zion," at pages 75-76.

The limitation of space forbids our making any selection from the volume, or extending our remarks further; but we may add that we shall not be sorry to renew our acquaintance with the author; though we should recommend the rough untrodden ground of our great North-West as the scene of his future explorations, or any land not so sacred to Christendom as the one he writes of in the present volume, and of which a Ritter, a Robinson, a Tristram, and a Farrar, have been the eloquent and devout historians.

From the department of the Clerk of Routine and Records we have always received the courtesy of being placed in possession of the numerous documents which Government has, in its wisdom, deemed necessary to issue for the information of the country, and the publication of which is considered one of the inalienable privileges of Parliament. We need hardly say that we refer to those national registers of information and culture—the *Blue Books*—hitherto we may have been heard to speak not altogether respectfully of these monuments of enterprise in figures; but we have found, of late, that

they, too, illustrate the development theory, and, through the agency of natural selection, are subject to improvements in race and breed, as they pass through the hands or brains of the *genus* Civil Service.

Recognising the influences to which we have alluded, as having given increased value to the species, and having derived some pleasure from the perusal of several specimens recently to hand, we hasten to make acknowledgment of the fact, and, in some degree, to atone for the scant justice we have hitherto done this branch of literature. It might be invidious, after this confession, to indicate the particular Report that has brought us to a juster sense of the value of these multitudinous treatises. We shall not, therefore, indicate this more precisely than by saying that we have had the satisfaction of examining the 3rd volume of The Census of 1871, just to hand; of consulting the Report on the state of the Militia for 1874; and of looking over the interesting documents emanating from the Departments of the Interior and of Marine and Fisheries. We do not wish to be understood as eulogising Blue Books in the mass, or of commending the study of their facts and figures as aids to any high culture. Nor can we quite comprehend the bent of mind which can place itself in that intense and absolute relation to the world of facts stored in their pages, which characterizes the Annalist and Statistician. Still we are free to say that if Blue Books are not attractive reading, they have some reason for complaint if their uses are not fully recognised, and their value duly appreciated. Where shall we look for incidents more impressive, for lessons more emphatic, and for utterances more prompt and conclusive, than are to be found in the pages of a Blue Book? To parody Jefferson's words with reference to newspapers, one might safely say: "If I had to choose between a Government without Blue Books, and Blue Books without a Government, I should prefer the latter." After what we have said, we should consider it would be treating the subject with too much levity, if we asked whether the public has any intelligent apprehension of how much is annually spent in Ottawa on this interesting species of literature. It is not the least remarkable feature in the economy of Blue Books, nor the least signal feature of their triumph, that they possess immunity from all criticism, and that their circulation is independent of any popular caprice.

We have a further acknowledgment to make in a department of industry somewhat akin to the one above referred to—except that the service is rendered by private labour and enterprise. We allude to Mr. Morgan's new issue of the "Parliamentary Companion," a compilation which each year increases in interest and usefulness, and correspondingly enlarges its claims upon the gratitude of the public.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE principal events of the past month in the operatic and dramatic world have been the performances of the celebrated Kellogg Opera Troupe, in the one sphere, and those of the well-known English comedian, Mr. Toole, in the other. The troupe which Miss Kellogg's excellent abilities as a manager have enabled her to bring and keep together is unquestionably the finest operatic company on this continent; and their short season in Toronto gave those whom the high prices of admission did not debar from the pleasure, an opportunity of seeing serious opera performed in a style such as has never before been witnessed here. The troupe is a very complete one, numbering altogether some seventy performers, including a very fine orchestra and chorus. Among the solo performers there are no less than four or five prima donnas, Miss Kellogg herself, Madame Van Zandt, and Madame Julia Rosswald (*sopranos*); Miss Beaumont (*mezzo-soprano*); and Miss Annandale (*contralto*). The male element is almost equally strong, including Mr. Maas and Mr. Castle (*tenors*); Mr. Carleton and Mr. Hall (*baritones*); and Mr. Coily (*bass*). The *répertoire*, as performed here, was a varied one, embracing Verdi's "Ernani" and "Il Trovatore"; Ambroise's Thomas's "Mignon"; Flotow's "Martha"; Balfé's posthumous opera "The Talisman," and for the Saturday *matinée* a selection consisting of the second act of Gounod's Faust and the last two acts of Balfé's "Bohemian Girl." Miss Kellogg herself appeared only in two characters, *Mignon* in "Mignon," and *Edith Plantaganet* in "The Talisman." The production of the latter opera, for the first time in Canada, was the event of the week. As regards *mise en scène*, costumes, and accessories, it was magnificently put on the stage. In a musical and dramatic point of view, however, the opera is somewhat uninteresting, and we doubt if it will secure a permanent place on the lyric stage. Like all Balfé's operas, however, it has several tuneful numbers; the principal being a plaintive love story "The Lady Eveline" for *Edith*, and the Rose song for *Sir Kenneth* (Mr. Maas), in the first act; a quaint and pretty romance "La guerra appena" for *Queen Berengaria* (Miss Beaumont), and the Ring duet between *Edith* and *Sir Kenneth*, in the second act; and a brilliant *bravura* "Radiant Splendours" for *Edith*, in the last act. These five numbers, however, are hardly sufficient to carry the opera through successfully; so that—the rest of the music being for the most

part somewhat heavy and tame—it dragged a good deal at times, especially during the first half; a fact, however, no doubt due also in a great measure to the libretto, which is unmistakably dull and lacking in dramatic interest. Miss Kellogg sang the music of *Edith* very finely, being encored in the duet with *Sir Kenneth*, and in the air "Radiant Splendours," which, latter, however, she declined to repeat. Dramatically, the part of *Edith* is an insignificant one, but it was gracefully acted by Miss Kellogg. Miss Beaumont is fortunate in the possession of a very fine stage presence, and she looked the part of *Queen Berengaria* admirably. She also sang the romance in the second act so well as to secure the first encore of the evening. Mr. Maas, who has a magnificent tenor voice, sang *Sir Kenneth's* music very finely, but the part is one which affords little little scope for acting, and was rendered tamer by Mr. Maas's lack of histrionic power. Mr. Carleton is a fine singer and actor, and did full justice, in both respects, to the arduous part of *Richard Cœur de Lion*.

Thomas's "Mignon" is a much more interesting opera, dramatically speaking, than "The Talisman," and here Miss Kellogg's excellent qualities as an actress had full scope for display. Miss Kellogg is not a great lyric artist; we cannot imagine her carrying away an audience, or exciting them to enthusiasm, after the manner of a Nilsson or a Patti. Her powers fit her more for light parts, such as *Mignon*; and she sang and acted it admirably. She was ably seconded by the other leading soprano of the troupe, Mdme Van Zandt. This lady has a very fine voice, equally powerful and brilliant; and she sang the bravura music allotted to *Filina*, in splendid style. Mr. Castle's vocal powers are somewhat impaired, but as the hero, *Wilhelm*, he sang and acted like a genuine artist. Mr. Hall acted the part of *Lothario* well, but appeared to be suffering from hoarseness.

Mdme Van Zandt's best impersonation, however, was unquestionably the title *rôle* in "Martha," in which she sang and acted really delightfully throughout. Though this lady's *forte* is evidently in comedy parts, she nevertheless displayed a good deal of dramatic power in the tragic *rôles* of *Elvira* in "Ernani," and *Leonora* in "Il Trovatore," especially the latter. Madame Van Zandt came to Toronto unheralded and almost unknown, but long before she left she had firmly established herself as a genuine favourite, and will, no doubt, be very heartily welcomed should she ever revisit us. The

same may be said of Mr. Maas. This gentleman sang superbly in the three parts taken by him, *Sir Kenneth*, *Lionel* in "Martha," and *Manrico* in "Il Trovatore." His weak point is in acting, and it is to this branch of his art that he should principally direct his efforts for improvement, otherwise he can never hope to attain that place on the lyric stage to which his voice and singing would entitle him. Mr. Carleton, the leading baritone of the troupe, was also new to Toronto. He has a fine voice, though it is somewhat deficient in power and volume. His best effort was the *Count di Luna* in "Il Trovatore," in which he achieved a well-deserved encore for his fine rendering of the well-known "Tempest of the Heart."

At the matinée on Saturday, Madame Julia Rosewald, a young prima donna who has but recently made her *début* on the stage, made her first and only appearance here, in the second act of Gounod's "Faust." The genius of Goethe shines throughout this scene, even in its operatic guise. It is, perhaps, the most beautiful and touching love episode in the whole range of dramatic literature, outside "Romeo and Juliet." The character of the heroine has received various interpretations. That of Mme Rosewald was the German Gretchen, not the French Marguerite; and exquisitely natural and truthful was her acting throughout. In fact, in the hands of this youthful artiste the dramatic interest is so absorbing that the musical setting is not so much heard, as felt, and becomes quite a secondary and subordinate element, thus practically realizing the theory of Wagner as to "The Music of the Future." We never came so near to subscribing to that theory as when witnessing this performance of the second act of Gounod's "Faust." It is obvious, however, that in order to carry out Wagner's idea completely, operatic librettos must be far stronger than they are at present. Mme. Rosewald was well supported by Mr. Castle as *Faust*, and Mr. Conly as *Mephistopheles*, the latter being particularly good. The last two acts of the "Bohemian Girl" were very well done. Miss Beaumont, as *Arline*, made a charming gipsy girl, and sang the music very nicely; but her acting was somewhat deficient in feeling. The *Devilshoof* of Mr. Cayla was remarkably good, especially in the third act, in which he was exceedingly amusing. Miss Annandale, as the *Gipsy Queen*, manifested considerable power, and sang the beautiful air "Bliss forever past" with much pathos; still, she did not quite equal the splendid performance of Mrs. Se-

guin in this part, two years ago, at the old Lyceum. Mr. Castle was encored in "Then you'll remember me," and "The fair land of Poland." The short operatic season wound up with "Il Trovatore." Having incidentally noticed the other principal singers in this, it only remains to add that Miss Beaumont's *Azuena* was a powerful and striking performance. The contrast to her *Arline* was so great as to prove conclusively that her chief powers lie in a tragic direction. The orchestra and chorus are by far the best ever heard in opera in Toronto, and performed their arduous part of the week's entertainment admirably.

Respecting Mr. Toole's merits as a comedian and character actor, we are inclined to think either that they have been somewhat over-rated, or that he is past his best day. As a general rule an actor does not acquire so great a reputation as that of Mr. Toole without good grounds; the latter supposition then is the more probable one, and his general style makes it more probable still. Both his humour and his pathos are of a somewhat stereotyped description, and the former occasionally degenerates into buffoonery. It would be absurd to deny, however, that Mr. Toole still possesses very considerable and versatile powers. Among comic parts he was at his best as *Spriggins*, in "The Steeplechase," and *Mr. Grumly*, in "Domestic Economy," in both of which his humour was natural, genuine, and irresistible. He was at his worst in parts such as the one filled by him in "The Pretty Horsebreaker." In this his tendency to exaggeration, his constant reiteration of gags and stock phrases, and his mannerisms generally, were somewhat wearisome; and the same exception may be taken to his *Artful Dodger*, and some of his other characters. As *Paul Pry*, and as *Billy Lackaday*, in "Sweethearts and Wives," he displayed less exaggeration, and was consequently more satisfactory. Mr. Toole is also an excellent "character" actor. In the semi-tragic drunken scene (*solus*) in "Dearer than Life," and in the scene in "Uncle Dick's Darling," where he wakes from his terrible dream, he displayed great powers of a realistic order. We have only space to add that throughout his two engagements, Mr. Toole was admirably supported by Mrs. Morrison's stock company, and by Miss Johnston and Mr. Herbert, an actress and actor who have accompanied him from England.

EXHIBITION OF THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

THE change of quarters occupied by the Exhibition of Ontario Artists from the Music Hall to a back office is, we trust, not symbolical. The artists may console themselves with the reflection that last year they suffered from lack of light, which after all is more disastrous than deficiency of space, for viewing pictures, as may be learnt from certain rooms in Europe, no larger than the scanty ones rented this season by the Society of Artists, where pictures are on view by the chiefs of the art world. After all, the growth of artistic power is not contingent upon public displays, still less on public applause. Indeed there is a danger that exhibitions may serve to do harm to the artists as such, by stimulating their industry at the expense of their patience, and by their most laudable desire to make a good living by their work inducing them to hurry through as many pictures as possible for the yearly show, with the same thought that milliners have when preparing for their season's reopening after their annual "return from Paris," by way of the Custom House and an express van.

We should regret saying ought to weaken public interest in these exhibitions, as they are most helpful in quickening the dormant sense of the charm of pictorial beauty, and in teaching how much deeper is the fascination exercised by an original work than by mechanical transcripts. Still we must say that there is not the fresh vitality manifest this year which gives promise of an enduring permanence to the Artists' Society. The fruit borne by some of the older trees shows pleasant signs of wise husbandry in cultivation, but of others it must be urged, as of the fig-tree in the parable, that they be digged about and dunged, and if they bear then better fruit, well; if not, they should be cut down as cumberers of the ground. What is, however, chiefly to be regretted is that the Artist-orchard seems not to be stocked with young plants whose blossoms would be full of hope and gladness and promise for the future. Able as are some of the pictures—as able as any ever hung by this Society—they are too exclusively mere repetitions of subjects treated before to rouse any enthusiasm in the connoisseur, or delight the public, who in art see things as in a glass darkly, and need some touch of nature—their own nature—to place them in such kinship to a picture as will enable them to understand and love it. Landscape, infinite in its varieties to the vision which Art has opened and scaled, is to the common eye monotonous; it stirs no chord which vibrates through their emotional, reflective, or imaginative spheres; its power therefore to interest is

transient. An exhibition of landscapes appeals then only to the few, to those to whom rocks and trees and water and atmospheric phenomena are as living and lovable as their own kind, often more so, being so rich in those subtleties of colour harmony which touch their souls as a strain of noble music, and of a beauty so perfect as to give the imagination the strange joy of ease. But to such the standard is high of what a landscape on canvas should be—must be, indeed, to be a work of art at all; and it is painfully evident that many of the pictures shown this season not only do not reach this, but fall below the excellence attained by learners at a very early stage of pupilage. We mention none in detail; it is needless for those we write for, and we urge upon the artists to so reorganize their institution, as to exclude from an artists' exhibition, pictures which many amateurs would never show to their friends save in fun. There is too much of the Thomson's Seasons character about the works of this Society; we prefer—and the taste is universal—to have glades and woods and moors and stream banks peopled as Shakspeare fills his canvas, as the great masters of landscape enliven theirs, from Claude to Birket Foster. This, however, necessitates a discipline and tutoring which Canada does not yet afford her sons whose instincts lead them to follow Art as a vocation, without which there will remain an elementary crudeness in all the art work produced here. The ordeal for our artists would be severe for a time, but full of hopeful stimulus to those who have the gift of learning, a most precious possession, were the artists' exhibition made also, as in English provincial towns, a display of high class works from foreign easels, to be loaned by their fortunate owners, who could thus do their country an act of patriotism in elevating the national taste while gratifying their own. Our artists need not fear any loss of commissions by such a conjunction of native and foreign talent; nay, they would look at it with hope and confidence did they fully realize how surely the taste for possession comes from the pleasure of transient enjoyment, or were they but sensible how richly would their own powers be vivified and expanded by the familiar study of a few masterpieces of ancient and modern skill. But the need is for a School of Art, where will be taught and practised precision in drawing, accuracy of perspective, faithfulness to natural laws of form and vision, and those principles of colour harmony and their technical expression which are the heritage left by generations of talent, and which to neglect or disdain or be deprived of is for the

path of the modern painter to be as obscure as would be that of an astronomical student shut off from the light which has arisen on that science since the days of Copernicus. The exhibition of a painting of a foot or hand true to nature in anatomical expression and coloring, would be a brighter, surer sign of the rising of the sun of Canadian art than a gallery of landscapes, however attractive. It would show that the genius of patient study had given that inspiration of technical skill which is the source of all that is true in art, being to it the outward visible sign of fidelity to divine law which is the living spring of all that is beautiful, worthy, and enduring, in all the arts, all the sciences, all the domain of human feeling and thought.

A friend of ours, when a lad, called on Chantrey for lessons as a sculptor. The master threw a towel on a nail and said, "Copy that for me in plaster." It was done, and Chantrey, from that work, pronounced him worthy his tuition, which he gave him without fee or recompence. That youth, now a noted sculptor, told us he was so angered at being set to so ignoble a task as towel modelling, that he was tempted to withdraw in a pet from the

studio; but, said he, "I know now what Chantrey was after, he tested my ability severely, but my spirit as an artist far more so, for as Chantrey himself put it, 'If you do so well, so thoroughly, what is without interest or value, I know what you can do on better work.'" That spirit of conscientious *thoroughness* to the last detail is the very life-blood of art, it is the fruition of inborn genius developed and trained under wise discipline, and to that cultivation alone we look for such progress in the fine arts in this Dominion, as will enable our artists to appeal for appreciation and reward beyond their locality to that wide world of art lovers which has no geographical expression or boundaries. Whether Canadian scenery affords equally good subjects to European, is disputable; but this none can question, that Canadian men, women, and children, historic or living, could be so painted as to rival in artistic interest any work ever touched by a brush.

An episode of Canadian life on canvas would touch a nobler chord than mere patriotism; it would stir the common heart of humanity. Who is there preparing to step into this gap and make himself and his country illustrious?

LITERARY NOTES.

The service rendered to a community by literary or scientific institutes and public libraries, so far as Canada is concerned, has, we fear, yet to be adequately acknowledged. Anything in the form of a literary society, hitherto established in our midst, has had but little vitality, or has experienced strange vicissitudes. As for a public library, the soil has never seemed congenial enough in which to plant the seeds of such an institution. While public gardens, parks, and promenades, with their health-giving functions, have never enlisted the interest, or called out the public spirit of our citizens, it is not to be wondered at that institutes and libraries, with their beneficent attractions, have never had their claims recognized. With the growth of the city in population and intelligence, it is to be hoped that, whatever have been our shortcomings in the past, we shall soon awake to the necessity for establishing such organisations as will tend to bring our

educated classes together, and for giving an equipment to such institutions as will best serve their objects and secure their permanence.

Having long despaired of seeing any fresh project for the establishment of a Literary Institute in Toronto, we are glad to find that the Council of one of our oldest and most important societies, the Canadian Institute, have decided to erect a new and suitable building, to inaugurate courses of scientific lectures, and to extend their existing library. The Institute is possessed of the nucleus of what might readily be expanded into a most important and influential society, and such resources as they at present possess may, by the plan they propose, be so easily augmented as to equip and endow an institute, with its accompaniments of Library, Lecture Rooms, &c., which may be productive of the greatest service to the community at large. We hope to have the opportunity of again referring to this project, and of indicating what seems to us the re-

quirements of such an institute. Meantime, we wish the scheme now on foot the amplest success ; and we trust that no time will be lost in taking the first step towards realizing the project—that of providing the necessary building.

The publishers of General Sherman's Memoirs, which are creating so much excitement in military and political circles in the United States, announce the twentieth thousand of the work as being in press, though it is barely a fortnight published.

A new volume from the pen of John Ruskin is now ready, entitled, "Frondees Agrèstes: Readings in 'Modern Painters.'" A reprint of this, bound up with the author's recent production, "Mornings in Florence," is to be undertaken by a New York House.

Mr. Carlyle's recent contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*, "The Early Kings of Norway," and "An Essay on the Portraits of John Knox," have been issued in a volume by his London publishers.

Jean Ingelow's new story, "Fated to be Free," a sequel, we believe, to her previous work, "Off the Skelligs," is announced for immediate republication in Boston.

Reprints of two rather notable books, which are occupying the attention of critics in England just now, are announced on this side the Atlantic. We refer to "The Keys of the Creeds," and "The Unseen Universe; or Physical Speculations on a Futute State." The latter work is an attempt to harmonize the facts of science with those of revelation ; and is said to be the joint production of Prof. Guthrie Tait, of Edinburgh, and Prof. Balfour Stewart, of Owen's College, Manchester.

Messrs. Appleton have just contributed another original volume to the International Scientific Series in Prof. Whitney's "The Life and

Growth of Language : an outline of Linguistic Science." The new addition to their Library of Popular Science, is a reprint of Mr. Galton's "English Men of Science. their Nature and Nurture." An important contribution to Ethnology, is also appearing from this house. We refer to Mr. Hubert Bancroft's great work on "The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America," the first two volumes of which have just appeared, and have been most favourably received by those on both sides of the Atlantic who are interested in the early civilization of this Continent. The work is designed to be completed in five octavo volumes.

It is announced that the Duke of Argyll is engaged on a work, "Law and Theology," which is shortly to appear. Mr. Tennyson's new work, the subject of which it is said is, "Mary Tudor" may also be shortly expected from the press.

The latest English novels of which we have had reprints on this side, are Mr. Wm. Black's "Three Feathers," from *Cornhill*; and a new work, "Signa," by Ouida. Canadian reprints have just appeared of Mrs. Stowe's new work of fiction, "We and Our Neighbours," issued by Messrs. Belford, Brothers, Toronto ; "White-ladies," by Mrs. Oliphant, from the press of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. ; and "The Boudoir Cabal," by Mr. Grenville Murray, issued by Messrs. Rogers and Larminie, Toronto. The latter, it will be remembered, was issued serially in the *Globe*, and is a cleverly written and interesting story.

We learn that Mr. W. D. Pearman, M. A., Classical Tutor of University College, Toronto, has in preparation for the press, an edition of Cicero's *De Legibus*, with notes, which is intended to be brought out in England, in the early autumn. Mr. Pearman was formerly a Scholar of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and his classical attainments are of a high order.

a grand jury brought in a true bill, and on trial before the governor and council, who sat as a general court, the petit jury found him guilty of murder, and Cartet was hanged accordingly, under a warrant from the governor, on 13th September.

1750. Commissioners met in Paris to determine the boundaries of Nova Scotia. The British commissioners were William Shirley (Governor of Massachusetts) and William Mildmay. The French commissioners were the Marquis de la Galissonnière and M. Etienne de Silhouette. The conferences lasted for three years, but were practically useless owing to the impossibility of reconciling the conflicting claims of the two parties.—M. de la Jonquière caused a fort (named Fort Rouillé, after M. Rouillé de Jouy, then foreign minister at Paris) to be erected on the site now occupied by the City of Toronto.—Notwithstanding the appointment of a commission to determine the boundaries of the English and French possessions in North America, a feeling of mutual distrust was rapidly spreading amongst the subjects of both crowns, and M. de la Jonquière was most energetic in devising means of checking the encroachments of the English colonists. He strengthened the post at Detroit, and despatched reinforcements to the Alleghanies; whilst at the same time the Chevalier de la Corne was instructed to lose no time in organizing the Acadians, and opposing, by every means in his power, the advance of British settlements in Nova Scotia. The possession of Chignecto at once became an object of importance to both parties, and whilst La Corne erected a fort at Beauséjour, around which Father Le Loutre* col-

lected his Acadians, Major Lawrence was despatched from Halifax to erect a fort on the eastern side of the Missiguash, afterwards known as Fort Lawrence.—Sir Danvers Osborne, Bart.,† arrived at Halifax in the *Saltash* sloop on the 23rd August, and was sworn in as one of His Majesty's Council for Nova Scotia on 29th August.—Edward How was treacherously shot through the heart by a party of Indians under Le Loutre, whilst holding parley with a French officer across the Missiguash river (Chignecto).

1751. Count de Raymond succeeded M. Desherbiers as Governor of Louisburg. Dartmouth, (opposite Halifax) Nova Scotia, attacked by Indians in May, and, notwithstanding the presence of a company of rangers, a number of persons were killed, and others carried away as prisoners before the Indians were driven off.

1752. The Marquis de la Jonquière died at Quebec on the 17th May, and Charles le Moyne, Baron de Longueuil, Governor of Montreal, replaced him pending the appointment of a successor. Captain the Marquis Duquesne de Menneville, an officer of marine, was appointed to succeed M. de la Jonquière.—Two ships laden with wheat were despatched from Quebec to Marseilles,

In 1740 he was missionary to the Micmacs in Nova Scotia. In 1743 he led a body of Abenaki Indians in an attack upon Annapolis. De Loutre held the office of Vicar-General in Acadia, and was a most determined opponent of British power in America. After having misled the unfortunate Acadians by his pernicious counsels, he deserted them at their greatest need, and went to Quebec, where he found a very cold reception. He then sailed for France, but the vessel in which he sailed was captured by the English, and he was sent a prisoner to Jersey, where he remained until the conclusion of peace in 1763 when he returned to France.

† Sir Danvers Osborne was M. P. for Bedfordshire in 1747; was appointed Governor of New York in June, 1753; and died in that province a few days after his arrival

* Louis Joseph de la Loutre was sent to Canada the Society of Foreign Missions at Paris in 1737.

being, in all probability, the first cargoes of wheat shipped from Canada.—Peregrine Thomas Hopson, colonel of the 40th regiment, was sworn in as Governor of Nova Scotia, on 3rd August, in place of Governor Cornwallis, who returned to England.—Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable Robert Monckton (who afterwards fought at Quebec) was appointed to command at Chignecto, (Fort Lawrence).

1753. Fort Duquesne (on the site of the modern city of Pittsburg) was built at the confluence of the Monongahela and the Alleghany rivers with the Ohio, by M. de Contrecoeur, acting under the instructions of M. Duquesne. Fort Venango was also erected at the same time, at the junction of the Rivière aux Bœufs with the Alleghany. To counteract the influence of the French, the English built a fort on the Monongahela, which was called Fort Necessity, and was erected under the superintendence of Lieutenant-Colonel George Washington.*—A settlement was made at Lunenburg (Nova Scotia) by a number of German emigrants, who arrived there from Halifax on 7th June.—Governor Hopson sailed from Halifax for England on 1st November, leaving Charles Lawrence as Lieutenant-Governor.—The German settlers at Lunenburg (Nova Scotia) became so dissatisfied, mainly owing, no doubt, to their ignorance of the English laws and language, that they broke into open rebellion, and Colonel Monckton was sent down from Halifax with two hundred regulars to restore order. The ringleader, Hoffman, was arrested, and taken prisoner to Halifax, when order was soon restored.

* It was whilst engaged in these expeditions against the French on the Monongahela, that Washington laid the foundation of that great reputation as a military commander, which he acquired in after years.

1754. Jonathan Belcher appointed Chief Justice of Nova Scotia.—William Osgoode, first Chief Justice of Upper Canada, born in March.—M. de Jumonville,* a French officer, was killed on 28th May, in a skirmish near Fort Duquesne, between a small party of Canadians under his command, and a body of Virginia militia under Lieutenant-Colonel George Washington. On 28th June M. de Contrecoeur despatched a force of six hundred French and one hundred Indians from Fort Duquesne, under the command of M. de Villiers, to attack Washington's force wherever it might be found.—On the 3rd July M. de Villiers attacked the Virginians, who had reached Fort Necessity; after sustaining the French fire for ten hours, Washington, having lost ninety men, was, on 4th July, obliged to surrender. The garrison were, however, permitted to march out with the honors of war, and to return to Virginia with everything but their artillery, which was to be destroyed by the captors.—The Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours at Montreal was destroyed by fire.

1755. The Marquis Duquesne, desiring to re-enter the naval service, requested his recall, and was succeeded by Pierre Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil-Cavagnal—Governor of Louisiana—who was born at Quebec in 1698.—A large fleet, under Admiral de la Mothe, sailed from Brest at the end of April, having on board the new governor, and upwards of 3000 men under the command of Major-General the Baron Dieskau. Admiral Boscawen, with an English fleet, was despatched to intercept the French fleet, and succeeded

* The circumstance attending the death of Jumonville gave rise to much angry recrimination, it being held by the French that he was shot whilst bearing a message under a flag of truce, whilst Washington explicitly denies that any foundation existed for such a statement.

in taking two men-of-war off Cape Race; the remainder of the fleet reached Quebec in safety in July. — Major-General Braddock arrived at New York with reinforcements, and immediately took the field, but met with a most disastrous repulse on the 9th of July, whilst advancing on Fort Duquesne; upwards of sixty British officers were killed and wounded. General Braddock received a shot which passed through his right arm into his lungs, from the effects of which he died on the 13th. M. de Beaujeu, who commanded the French, was also among the slain. — Colonel Washington, who was present on this occasion on the staff of General Braddock, was one of the few officers who escaped unhurt, and he was thus enabled to render valuable service in conducting the retreat of the remnants of the British force. — Sir William Johnson, who had marched against Crown Point with a force of militia and a small body of Indians, was more successful, having, on the 8th September, completely defeated Baron Dieskau, who was severely wounded and taken prisoner. — An expedition under Colonels Winslow and Monckton against the Acadian settlements in the vicinity of Baie Verte was also attended with success. Fort Beauséjour (commanded by M. Vergor Duchambon) was attacked by Colonel Monckton, and, after a few days' resistance, surrendered on the 16th June. Fort Gaspereaux was taken by Colonel Winslow on the 18th. The capture of these forts placed the Acadian population entirely at the mercy of their conquerors, and, after much consideration, the council of Nova Scotia came to the conclusion that the only safe means of preventing the return of the Acadian families and their formation into a compact body always ready to act adversely to Bri-

tish interests, was to distribute them amongst the colonies from Georgia to New England, and this was accordingly done. Many of the Acadians, however, with that love of country with which they were so deeply imbued, found their way in after years to the land of their birth, and very many of their descendants are counted in the present population of Nova Scotia. — General Shirley, who, on the death of General Braddock, succeeded to the command of the army, was despatched with a strong force to act against Fort Niagara, but, after throwing a reinforcement of seven hundred men into Oswego, he returned to Albany. — Fort William Henry was erected by Sir William Johnson, on the site of his action with the French under the Baron Dieskau.

1756. The Earl of Loudon* was appointed Governor of Virginia, and Commander of the British forces in America, and the Marquis de Montcalm to a similar position in Canada. With the Marquis de Montcalm came the Chevalier de Lévis, M. de Bougainville, and M. Bourlamaque, officers of distinguished merit, and troops to the number of about a thousand. — War was declared between France and Great Britain, (on 18th May in London, and on 9th June at Versailles). — Charles Lawrence† was appointed Captain-

* John Campbell, fourth Earl of Loudon, was born in 1705; succeeded his father in the earldom November 1731. He raised a regiment of Highlanders to oppose the Pretender in 1745; became Colonel of the 30th regiment of foot in 1749; Colonel of the 60th Royal Americans in 1755; Colonel of a regiment of Foot Guards in 1770; and died, unmarried, on 27th April, 1782, aged 77.

† Charles Lawrence was Major in Warburton's regiment of foot; he went to Halifax with the troops in 1749, and was sworn in as a member of the council on 31st July of that year, by Governor Cornwallis. He was gazetted Colonel in 1757, and commanded a brigade at the siege of Louisburg in 1758. Colonel Lawrence died, unmarried, at Halifax on 19th Octo-

General and Governor-in-Chief; and Robert Monckton Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia,† by royal commission, and they were sworn in on 23rd July.—Fort Oswego, on the River Chouagen, was invested by the Marquis de Montcalm, and after a short resistance, was taken on the 16th August. Large stores of ammunition and provisions, one hundred and twenty-one guns, seven armed vessels, a large sum of money, and 1600 prisoners, (chiefly of Shirley's and Pepperell's regiments), fell into the hands of the enemy.—War was publicly declared against France in Halifax on 9th August.

1757. An expedition, under the Earl of Loudon and Admiral Holburne, was despatched against Louisburg, but finding the French had (including the Indians) a garrison of 10,000 men, and a fleet of fifteen men-of-war, the expedition was abandoned. Lord Loudon strengthened the garrisons of Halifax, and of the forts in the Bay of Fundy,

ber, 1760. He was much respected, and a monument was erected to his memory in St. Paul's Church, Halifax, by the Legislature of Nova Scotia.

† The Honorable Robert Monckton was the second son of the first Viscount Galway, and his wife, Lady Elizabeth Manners, who was a daughter of the Duke of Rutland, and a grand-daughter of Lord William Russel, who was beheaded in 1683. Robert Monckton commenced his military career in Flanders in 1742, and was present at the battle of Dettingen. He was sent to Halifax in 1753. He commanded at the reduction of Beauséjour in 1755. In 1757 he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the 4th Battalion of the Royal Americans, and joined the army under Lord Loudon. He commanded a battalion at the siege of Louisburg; and served as Brigadier-General under Wolfe at the capture of Quebec, when he was wounded in the lungs; for these services he was given the Colonelcy of the 17th regiment. In 1761 Monckton became a Major-General, and shortly after Governor of New York, from whence he proceeded in command of the expedition against Martinico, returning to New York after its capture. The appointment of Governor of Berwick was conferred upon Monckton in 1766; he was made a Lieutenant-General in 1770; Governor of Portsmouth (which place he represented in Parliament) in 1778; he died in 1782.

and returned to New York.—An expedition, under M. de Rigaud, (brother to M. de Vaudreuil), was despatched to attack Fort William Henry about the end of February. It was hoped, by making the attack unexpectedly, the garrison might be surprised, and forced to surrender; the attempt was, however, a failure; and after burning as many of the outworks, batteaux, palisades, &c., as possible, M. de Rigaud returned.—A second expedition, under M. de Montcalm, accompanied by De Lévis, De Rigaud, Bourlamaque, and Bougainville, started for Fort William Henry on 30th July. The attacking force consisted of 3,000 regulars, about 3,000 Canadian militia, and some 1,700 or 1,800 Indians. The fort was commanded by Colonel Monroe, and contained a garrison of about 2,700 men. Operations were commenced on 4th August, and after a spirited defence, in which the besieged lost some 200 men, a capitulation was agreed upon on the 9th August; the garrison was to march out with the honors of war, on condition that they did not serve again during the war. The British, having accepted their terms, started on their march to Fort Edward, but had barely gone a mile when they were fallen upon by the Indians, and a large number most barbarously massacred—Garneau says that nearly 600 reached Fort Edward; but as 2,372 surrendered, and only 200 or 300 are claimed to have been carried off by the Indians, (most of whom were subsequently ransomed by Montcalm), and 500 to have succeeded in getting back into the Fort, there remain about 1,000 to be accounted for. When it became known that Montcalm—with a force of 6,000 regulars and militia on the spot—had permitted this massacre to be perpetrated under his very eyes, the deepest indignation was felt throughout the British Pro-