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THE
CANADIAN MONTHLY,
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

Vol. I.]

MAY, 1872.

[No. 5.

THE GROWTH OF CANADIAN COMMERCE.

BY JAMES YOUNG, M. P.

NOTHING more truly indicates the condition of a nation than the rise or fall of its commerce with other countries. As its commercial tides ebb and flow, so may the nation be said to prosper or decline—advance or retrograde. A contracting annual commerce indicates “something rotten in the state of Denmark”; an expanding commerce tells not only of important resources, of national industry and enterprise, but of growing wealth, power and influence.

Looked at from this point of view, the condition of Canada, especially since the Confederation of the Provinces, may justly be described as satisfactory and hopeful. Our progress may not have been so rapid as that of particular States of the neighbouring Republic, or of one or two of the Australian Colonies, whilst under the first stimulus of the gold excitement. But it has been less fitful than the latter, and the volume of our annual commerce has been marked

by a steady, and, since the Union, a rapid expansion.

The “blue books” issued by Parliament each year have very few students. They are, it must be confessed, not very attractive to the general reader, but the facts which they contain are highly important, and deserve more consideration than they generally receive. Let us see if they cannot tell us something interesting about the extent and character of our commerce, the different nations with which we deal, and the exchanges which annually pass between us.

The Union of the Provinces, on the 1st of July, 1867, naturally divides our commercial, as it does our political, history. Prior to that time, our public records contain only the Trade Returns of Ontario and Quebec; since then, we have those of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick included. Taking these divisions in their order, we find that the annual commerce of the late Province of Canada rose from a mere trifle in 1841,

when Upper and Lower Canada were first united, to nearly \$100,000,000 before that union terminated in 1867. To prove this, and show the steadiness which marked its growth, we need not go farther back than the year 1850, from which date up to Confederation, the total value of our annual transactions (imports and exports added) was as follows:—

YEAR.	TOTAL TRADE.	YEAR.	TOTAL TRADE.
1850.....	\$29,703,497	1859.....	58,299,242
1851.....	34,805,461	1860.....	68,955,093
1852.....	35,594,100	1861.....	76,119,843
1853.....	55,782,739	1862.....	79,398,067
1854.....	63,548,515	1863.....	81,458,335
1855.....	64,274,630	1864 (½ year)	34,586,054
1856.....	75,631,404	1864-5.....	80,644,951
1857.....	66,437,222	1865-6.....	96,479,738
1858.....	52,550,461	1866-7.....	94,791,860

From these statistics, it will be observed that, with the exception of a few years succeeding the great commercial crisis of 1857, which swept over this continent like a flood, the growth of the trade of the late Province of Canada was generally steady, and at times, even rapid. Between 1850 and 1856, our annual transactions rose from the value of \$29,703,497 to the handsome sum of \$75,631,404—an increase of over 250 per cent! This result was largely due to the unusual stimulus of that wise and liberal measure negotiated by the late Lord Elgin, the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, and it could not, therefore, be expected that such a large *percentage* of increase would long be kept up. Taking the whole period quoted above, however, the result will be found satisfactory. The highest amount reached during any twelve months was \$96,479,738 in 1865-6—the year the Reciprocity Treaty terminated—and by comparing these figures with those for 1850, it will be seen that our commerce increased within a fraction of 325 per cent in fifteen years, or, in other words, doubled the original amount every five years.

We are now in the fifth year of Confederation, and the "blue books" give us the result of four years' experience. Of the

political fruits of that measure, more time may be necessary to enable an intelligent judgment to be formed; but the experience we have had, comparatively short as it has been, goes far to establish its success from a commercial point of view. This will appear by an examination of the imports and exports of the Dominion since the union, beginning with the year ending the 30th June, 1868, and ending with that of the 30th

June, 1871:—

IMPORTS.	EXPORTS.	TOTAL.
\$71,985,306.....	\$57,567,888.....	\$129,553,194
67,402,170.....	60,474,781.....	127,876,951
74,814,339.....	73,573,490.....	148,387,829
86,661,145.....	74,173,613.....	160,834,758

\$300,862,960 \$265,789,772 \$566,652,732

The returns of the first two years after Confederation, it will be noticed, were nearly equal, but since then the Dominion has bounded quickly forward in the race of commercial progress. During 1869-70 the value of our trade increased \$20,510,878 over the previous year, during 1870-1 there was a further expansion of \$12,446,929, and the current year promises to equal, if it does not surpass, them both. Our total transactions last year reached the handsome sum of \$160,834,758, and it will be seen that the Dominion's first four years' business amounts to no less than \$566,652,732. These facts we need not enlarge upon. They go far, as we remarked before, to establish the commercial success of Confederation, and point hopefully to the future.

Next in interest to its extent, we may set down the character of a nation's commerce, and the countries with which it deals. The nature of our exports are familiar to all. The great bulk of them are comprised under three heads: produce of the forest, animals and their products, and agricultural productions. Through the courtesy of John Langton, Esq., Auditor General, we are enabled to give in advance a complete return of the exports of the various Provinces comprising the Dominion, for the year ending 30th June, 1871:—

EXPORTS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA FOR 1870-I.

	ONTARIO.	QUEBEC.	NOVA SCOTIA.	NEW BRUNSWICK.	TOTAL.
Produce of the Mines	1,994,280	256,633	797,997	172,551	3,221,461
Do Fisheries.....	89,479	678,162	2,852,255	374,379	3,994,275
Do Forest.....	6,107,733	12,138,510	1,063,140	3,042,828	22,352,211
Animals and their products.....	5,786,552	6,319,351	405,568	71,454	12,582,925
Agricultural products.....	4,978,668	4,588,473	232,489	53,516	9,853,146
Manufactures.....	313,869	784,677	295,320	807,465	2,201,331
Miscellaneous.....	256,133	79,950	32,289	19,173	387,554
Ships.....		558,144			558,144
Total.....	19,526,714	25,403,909	5,679,058	4,541,366	55,151,047
Coin and bullion.....	1,261,598	5,325,402	20,350	83,000	6,690,350
Goods net produce of Canada.....	428,475	7,713,475	817,519	893,564	9,853,033
Estimated short returns.....	1,869,748	578,920			2,448,668
Manitoba.....					30,520
Total.....	23,086,535	39,021,706	6,516,927	5,517,930	74,173,618

The value of articles exported last year, which were the actual growth or produce of the Dominion, was \$55,151,047, as will be seen by the above table. Of this amount, the productions of our farms and forests make up no less than \$44,788,282, or considerably more than three-fourths of the whole. Less than one-fourth is contributed by our fisheries, mines, manufactures and shipyards, but it is gratifying to know that these branches of trade are fairly prosperous, and that the returns manifest a moderate annual increase.

The imports into Canada from Great Britain and foreign countries, during 1870-1, amounted to \$86,661,145, and embraced so many different articles that the publication of a complete list of them would take up too much space. They are chiefly composed of manufactures and tropical productions, of which the principal articles are Cottons, Woollens, Teas, Sugars, Hardware, Iron, Coal and Fancy Goods. The Trade and Navigation returns for the last year are not yet published, but we have gone over those for 1869-70, and we find our principal imports and their values in that year, to have been as follows:—

Cottons.....	\$7,270,927
Linens.....	768,828

Silks, Satins and Velvets.....	1,282,132
Hats, Caps, &c.....	632,088
Woollens.....	6,893,424
Fancy Goods.....	1,426,460
Glass and Glassware.....	549,029
Hardware.....	2,335,391
Iron.....	1,786,647
Railroad bars, axles, &c.....	917,283
Iron—pig, scrap, &c.....	1,134,001
Teas.....	3,646,977
Sugars.....	3,618,304
Molasses.....	1,429,275
Cane juice, melado, &c.....	549,898
Coal and Coke.....	1,455,936
Wines and spirits.....	1,557,339
Carpets and rugs.....	436,408
Cotton wool.....	427,479
Wool.....	799,944
Machinery.....	317,436
Watches and jewelry.....	368,602
China, Crockery, &c.....	431,525
Stationery, &c.....	537,868
Prepared oils.....	346,455
Small wares.....	1,475,921
Salt.....	540,557
Tobacco (un-manufactured).....	799,944
Leather and leather goods.....	612,264
Un-enumerated articles.....	674,434

This list of the principal classes of goods we annually import is highly suggestive, and in view of the fact that our imports increased \$19,259,275 during the last two years, and exceeded our exports during the same period by \$13,728,103, it may be properly asked: are we not importing articles which could and ought to be produced profitably among ourselves? The answer to this query must be in the affirmative, but we

have every confidence that the enterprise and skill of our artisans will speedily apply a remedy wherever practicable, and that, too, without the Government resorting to high protective duties, or any other mode of forcing capital and labour into unproductive channels.

The great bulk of our commerce is carried on with two countries—Great Britain and the United States. The West Indies—Spanish and British, Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island and France, take rank next, and in the order of their mention. The trade returns for 1865-70 contain the names of about thirty different nations with which we dealt more or less. With several of these our transactions were merely trifling. We shall, therefore, confine our list to those nations whose trade with us exceeded \$50,000, which we find after careful research to be as follows:—

COUNTRIES.	EXPORTS.	IMPORTS.
	\$	\$
Great Britain.....	24,950,925	38,595,433
United States.....	32,984,052	24,728,166
Spanish West Indies....	1,280,268	2,423,421
B. N. A. Provinces.....	1,421,423	1,268,948
British West Indies....	1,512,780	892,134
France.....	278,420	1,394,346
Germany.....	15,535	469,275
China.....		432,919
Spain.....	85,082	314,925
South America.....	340,693	
Belgium.....	13,598	161,553
British Guiana.....	166,554	384
Italy.....	159,006	9,426
Holland.....	6,735	145,774
Portugal.....	56,322	43,435
Norway.....		108,649
St. Pierre et Miquelon..	91,711	2,065
Africa.....		70,241
Brazil.....	51,861	8,504
Naples.....	61,371	

Besides the nations mentioned in the foregoing table, Australia, Switzerland and Sicily figure in the returns for considerable sums—the former buying from, and the latter two selling to us. Of the total commerce of that year, which amounted to \$148,387,829, it will be observed that no

less a share than \$121,259,176 was carried on with Great Britain and the United States.

As our two largest customers, the fluctuations of our trade with Great Britain and the United States, are worthy of attentive consideration. By tracing these changes, the immense influence of the Reciprocity Treaty becomes strikingly apparent. From 1850 to 1855—the five years preceding Reciprocity—our imports from Great Britain were (in round numbers) \$73,000,000 as against \$50,000,000 from our neighbours; during the following five years the United States sold us to the value of \$96,000,000, but the mother country only \$76,000,000. Since the repeal of the treaty, however, Great Britain has again obtained the lion's share. During the four years for which we have returns, the excess was \$48,490,007 in her favour,—the difference for 1869-70, as may be seen above, being \$13,867,267. This difference is very considerable, but it falls short of the real amount, for in the statement of our imports from the United States are several millions per annum, for grain and flour, which, although entered at our shipping ports, for the most part simply pass through this country on their way to market.

Another striking change, in the current of our commerce with the United States, has taken place of late years. We are not of those political economists who attach much importance to the "balance of trade," for Canada has only thrice had a balance in its favour during at least fifteen years, and yet who can doubt that it has steadily grown in wealth and prosperity? But if there be any virtue in it, it is gratifying to know that whilst, as between the Dominion and Great Britain, the balance continues to be against us, in the case of the United States it has turned steadily in our favour. In 1869-70, for instance, whilst we had to pay Great Britain \$13,644,508 to square up the transactions of the year, our American neighbours

had, *per contra*, to pay us \$8,256,486 for the same purpose. That this circumstance is not exceptional, but the rule, will appear by the following statement of our exports to, and imports from the United States during the last four years for which we have returns :—

YEAR.	EXPORTS.	IMPORTS.
1866-7.....	\$25,583,800.....	\$20,272,907
1867-8.....	27,534,292.....	26,315,052
1868-9.....	27,846,461.....	25,477,975
1869-70.....	32,984,652.....	24,728,166
Total.....	\$113,949,205	\$96,794,100

These statistics are exceedingly significant when the illiberal character of the present fiscal policy of our neighbours is considered. That policy was framed advisedly to protect the American farmer, by shutting out Canadian products from their markets, except on payment of exorbitant duties. But what has been the result? They have since then bought from us more largely than ever, whilst, with our markets as free to them as during Reciprocity, their sales to us have relatively declined! Under the partial free trade of the treaty, the "balance of trade" was almost invariably and largely in their favour; since they barred and bolted their markets against our productions, the balance has turned no less than \$17,155,105 against them! These facts carry their own moral. They throw considerable light on the working of the opposite systems of political economy practised by the United States and Canada, and we commend the lesson to the legislators of the two countries. The commerce of the Dominion, with nations other than Great Britain and the United States, is comparatively limited, and exhibits very few signs of progress. This is much to be regretted, for a varied commerce is almost as valuable to a country as diversi-

fied forms of industry. In order to show how sluggishly our trade advances with the nations to which we refer, we append a statement of our total transactions with the principal of them during the last two years :

COUNTRIES.	1868-9.	1869-70.
France.....	\$1,469,447.....	\$1,672,966
British West Indies...	2,468,115.....	2,494,914
B. N. A. Provinces...	2,489,198.....	2,690,371
Spanish West Indies..	(not given)..	3,703,689
Germany.....	555,733.....	484,810

These figures reveal the fact that our trade with these countries remains almost stationary, a condition of affairs which, we think, an earnest effort should be made by the Government to remedy. According to the report of the Special Commissioners who visited the West Indies on the eve of Confederation, this is quite practicable, for these gentlemen confidently affirm that there is an ample field for the sale of our productions in the British and Spanish West Indies, Mexico, Brazil and other South American countries. The establishment of regular steam communication, at least fortnightly, with some judicious tariff changes, would, we feel assured, infuse into our trade with the tropics fresh life and vigour.

Taking our commerce as a whole, the people of Canada may justly congratulate themselves on its past growth, present extent, and future prospects. It affords conclusive testimony to the great natural resources of British America, and is creditable alike to the industry and intelligence of our three millions and a half of people. It is yet, however, only in its infancy. What will its volume be twenty years hence, when the rich prairies of the North-west are peopled by millions—the continent spanned by the Canadian Pacific Railway—and the sails of our merchant marine, now the third largest in the world, whiten every sea?

NOTE.—Since this article was put in type, the writer has learned from Mr. Langton that the Returns, as finally completed, show the imports for 1870-71 to be \$86,947,482 instead of \$86,661,145. The difference does not materially affect the general inferences of the article.

THE WISDOM OF THE EAST.

BY GEORGE MURRAY, B. A.

BEFORE a Judge two Arabs came,
One to deny, and one to claim.

And one was young and one was old :
They differed—like the tale they told.

The young man spake : “ Nine days have flown
Since the hot sands I crossed alone.

“ My gold, meanwhile, I left in trust
With yon old man, reputed just.

“ My journey o’er, his tent I sought—
He swears I trusted him with nought.”

“ Name,” said the Judge, “ the sum of gold :
And where, I pray thee, was it told ?”

“ Four score gold pieces did I tell
Beneath a palm-tree, by a well.”

Then spake the Judge : “ Go, seek that tree,
And bid him hither come to me ;

“ But take my seal that he may know
To whom thou biddest him to go.”

The youth went out into the plain—
The old man and the Judge remain.

An hour passed by, but not a word
From either of the twain was heard.

At length the Judge : “ He cometh not—
Dost think the lad hath reached the spot ?”

The old man, startled, answered : “ No—
Far o’er the sands the tree doth grow.”

The Judge spoke sternly, like a king,
“ How know’st where that one palm doth spring ?”

"For in the desert, near and far,
I trow that many palm-trees are."

The youth came back and cried: "The tree
Returned answer none to me."

"He hath been here," the Judge did say,
"The gold is thine: go now thy way."

MONTREAL.

DINAH BLAKE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

CHAPTER X.

A STORMY INTERVIEW.

EMBOSOMED in the deep solitude of a mountain glen, a few miles from Carraghmore, stood Elm Lodge, the residence of Mr. Crofton, the English agent of Lord Arranmore, and of the heiress of Barrington Height. The house was a modern dwelling, built of greystone, and in the English style, its situation extremely romantic. It stood on a verdant slope, overlooking a picturesque sheet of water. Lofty rugged mountains rose precipitously around, their naked grey cliffs impending as if to shelter the quiet scene below.

It is the hour of early evening, a beautiful evening in August. The warm haze which filled the atmosphere during the day, veiling with its golden mist the gigantic mountains, is lifting itself up from their heath-clad sides, and rolling away westward in fantastic-lining masses to drape the declining sun. The front entrance to Elm Lodge is graced by a marble portico—marble being abundant in the neighbourhood. On the steps, enjoying a cigar, sits the master of the Lodge, and

beside him, busy with some fancy work, is his daughter and only child, Isabel Crofton. The agent, as he is usually styled, is a native of England, elderly and of imposing presence. The face, however, is not prepossessing. Among the tenantry of the Arranmore and Barrington estates he has the reputation of being a hard master, a fact which may be gathered from the cold gleam of his pale blue eye, and the stern decision of the thin compressed lips. The interests of the landlord are always considered by him before the well-being of the tenant; but his own interest is paramount to every other consideration. He manages the property committed to his care well, gaining for himself the gratitude of his employers, although as much could not be said regarding the often oppressed tenantry, and he has prospered in the world, building for himself the handsome residence in this secluded glen, and furnishing it in a style of modern elegance and comfort. His wife, an Irishwoman of good family, has been some years dead. Their union was not a happy one, his domineering habits, his tyrannical spirit, and cold, sullen nature had rendered existence to her a dull, monotonous misery.

All the affection he seemed capable of feeling was given to his young daughter, of whose beauty and accomplishments he seemed so proud. Hitherto she had experienced nothing but unvarying kindness from her stern father; his habitual moroseness was kept in check by the sunshine of her temper, and as yet he had not exhibited himself to her in his true character—that dark picture, however, was soon to be revealed. The green slope on which the house stood was dotted with ornamental shrubs, and two rows of young elm trees enclosed the gravel walk leading up to the hall-door. Approaching the house by this walk might now be seen half-a-dozen men dressed in the picturesque garb of the Connemara peasant—the blue frieze coat fastened by a rude clasp at the throat, and hanging loosely from the shoulders. On seeing the agent and the young lady sitting in the portico, their pace slackened, and there was a cringing servility in their look and manner as they slowly advanced. Mr. Crofton eyed them sternly, and the expression of his face was anything but encouraging. They seemed to feel the baleful influence of that cold blue eye, and hung back as if unwilling to address him. He it was who broke the silence.

“What brings you here?” he asked, in tones so harsh that Isabel started and looked at him in surprise. What a changed countenance met her eye, sending a thrill of pain through her heart!

“We came to spake about them cabins, your honour,” answered one, a little bolder than the rest. He was a powerfully-built man, with a sinister expression in his flashing grey eye.

“What’s the use of saying any more about them, Flannagan? I have already told you my mind, and—”

“But we thought sir,” broke in another of the group, timidly, “that if you knew the trouble it put us to, the grief of the wife and the childher—laving alone ourselves—at being turned from under the roof that

sheltered us so long, you’d listen to rason, and not be so hard upon us intirely.”

“And you came here for the purpose of telling me this, did you?” asked Mr. Crofton, a ring of cruel scorn in his passionate tones.

“Sure we did, your honour.”

“Then you might have spared yourselves the trouble!” broke haughtily from him. “You ought to know by this time that I am not a man to be turned from my purpose by appeals from the like of you,” and he surveyed the humble group before him with withering contempt.

“Well, if you won’t listen to the cry for marcy, maybe you will mind the threat of vingince!” fiercely exclaimed Flannagan, brandishing the knotted shillelah he held in his hand.

“What! you dare to threaten, do you?” said Mr. Crofton in the hoarse tones of intense passion.

“Be asy, Larry! can’t ye spake him civil?” whispered one of the party. “It’ll be better for us in the end, man alive!”

But Larry Flannagan’s savage nature was roused by the mocking scorn and cruel heartlessness of Lord Arranmore’s agent, maddened, too, by the prospect of ejection from the humble home where his forefathers had lived contented before him. This portion of the estate was situated in an adjacent vale, called Glenmore, through which a deep stream wound its way. The site could be made available for the erection of grist and other mills wanted in the neighbourhood; and Mr. Crofton determined on ejecting the half-dozen tenants who rented the land, and leasing it himself with the intention of building the mills, from which he could derive so much pecuniary advantage.

“There’s no use mincing matthers wid the likes of him, I tell ye!” fiercely retorted Larry Flannagan. “His heart is made of stone!” he passionately continued. “What hope is there of moving him when anything is to be gained? Isn’t the mills to be his

own? hasn't he rinted the land to himself? Its' no use palaverin' here any more; the divil himself wouldn't make him change his mind; and I tould ye that, boys, afore we come!"

"So you did, Larry avic," said one of the peasants, soothingly. "But stop, asy a while. Here's Terence Carroll, as quiet a man as ever broke bread. Let him thry what he can do. Terence ahagur, spake up like a man! Spake for the women and the childher, God help them, the crathurs! going to be turned out upon the wide world wid-out a roof to shelther them!"

"Misther Crofton, sir," began Terence, imploringly, "listen to us poor men wid the same pity Lord Arranmore himself used to do when he was to the fore—"

"I'll hear no more of this!" interrupted the agent, imperiously. "All you could say till to-morrow morning wouldn't alter my intention of ejecting the whole pack of you from Glenmore!"

This announcement was met by a wild cry of grief and indignation. "May it never do you good—may the curse of those you make homeless cling to you for ever and ever, I pray God!" was the fervid ejaculation of the passionate men as they glared upon the agent with savage hate.

"Papa, dear, is there no other place where you could build the mills?" asked Isabel, frightened by the fierce gestures and malignant countenances of the men, and sympathizing with them in their trouble.

"Yes, there is, miss!" eagerly answered Terence Carroll, "a purty little dale wid a brook running through it, where no body lives. Sorra one to be upset by building them mills at all."

"The water there is too shallow!" broke in Mr. Crofton, hastily. "Isabel, you must not interfere with things you do not understand," and his eye rested for the first time with an angry expression upon his daughter.

"Dear papa, forgive me, but it does seem so hard to turn these people from their

homes," she pleaded, with a wistful look, her bright eyes filling with tears.

"Oh, it's nothing! such things must happen—the poor are used to such trials," he replied, carelessly. Then seeing the men still lingered—their hopes aroused by the young lady's interference on their behalf—he added, with an air of haughty command: "Be off with you at once! You have got my answer, that must satisfy you!"

"Satisfy them!" repeated Isabel, moodily. "Nothing will satisfy them but some act of revenge," and she shuddered as she watched the gleam of fury in the defiant look they gave Mr. Crofton before they turned away and walked down the little avenue, gesticulating violently as they talked among themselves.

"Papa, was it wise to excite their hatred thus? Are you not afraid they will do you some harm?"

Mr. Crofton laughed scornfully. "They dare not!" was his confident answer.

"Dare not!" reiterated Isabel, somewhat derisively. "Such people dare do anything to gratify their revenge. Oh, papa, I shall not have an easy moment for the future since you have drawn upon yourself the bitter enmity of those men."

"Nonsense, Isabel! It is not the first time I have served ejectments on the Arranmore tenantry. Would the estate be so flourishing to-day if I had yielded to the whims of the tenants and not considered the proprietor's interests?"

"But this affair of the mills is your own concern," observed Isabel, boldly. She judged her father harshly, feeling that he was acting a selfish part.

"Well, and if it is," he answered hotly; "must I forego my own advantage and listen only to the pathetic appeals of these fellows?"

"It would be the wisest plan, papa; they threatened you—and their threats mean something."

"I tell you again I have nothing to fear,"

he answered impatiently. "I know what I am about, and must warn you, Isabel, against mixing yourself up in these affairs; I will brook no interference on your part—"

"But, dear papa, it is my strong fears for your safety that induce me to say a word in the matter. I know well what lawless acts have been committed by ejected tenants. Have I not reason to be afraid?"

"I tell you, no!—they will bluster and threaten, but dare not act. Curse them for a cowardly, cringing, deceitful set!" and Mr. Crofton, having vented his passion in these complimentary words, stalked away to the stables, with the intention of taking his accustomed evening ride, leaving his daughter meditating painfully on what had occurred.

This display of her father's real character pained her deeply. His indifference to the well-being of others, his want of consideration for their feelings, his selfish regard for his own interest, his passionate temper—flashed a startling revelation on the daughter's mind, making her feel how insecure were the hopes of happiness she had so fondly cherished. Of her father she had seen little since her childhood. After her mother's death she had been consigned to the care of an aunt who lived near Dublin, and the last six years had been spent at a fashionable boarding-school. Mr. Crofton, during his occasional visits to see his daughter, had taken care only to exhibit the bright side of his character. The late outburst of ill-temper had taken her by surprise, shewn her what she had in future to expect, and cast a shadow across her young life. Her fears for her father's safety, too, filled her mind, and, in spite of his assertion that he had nothing to dread, she gave way to the gloomiest forebodings. Whilst Isabel was lost in this painful reverie, the sun had descended in the western sky, and was now resting his crimson disk upon the glittering quartz peak of Muilrea—the highest mountain in Connaught—as if taking a view of

the magnificent scenery below, varied by hill and dale, mountain, glen, and lake. She looked very lovely as she sat there, all aglow in the brilliant sunlight, the golden rays glinting on her wavy hair, the colour on her rounded cheeks deepened by her late excitement, and so thinks that handsome pedestrian, who, emerging from a mountain gorge, is now rapidly making his way up the elm-walk leading to the house. The lithe, manly figure soon caught the eye of Isabel Crofton, and the vivid blush of pleasure crimsoned her face. "How becoming that clerical costume is!" she thought, as she watched his approach, "and how glad I am to see him! Just the one to confide this trouble to about papa."

This was not the first visit the Rev. Maxwell Butler had made to Elm Lodge since the arrival of Isabel Crofton. The impression she had made upon him at Barrington House had been deepened by every succeeding interview, as he got a deeper insight into the generous and noble nature of the girl whose grace and beauty had first attracted him. Very often about this time he had been in the habit of coming to spend an hour at the Lodge before returning home from his round of parochial visits. It was now some weeks since his acquaintance with Isabel commenced. No words of love had yet passed his lips, but the language of the eye, though mute, is eloquent, and Isabel learned to know the cause of his frequent visits, and to look forward to them with eager anticipation. As Mr. Crofton was usually absent at this time enjoying his daily ride, he seldom met the clergyman at his house, but he was aware of his attentions to his daughter and did not discourage them, and his absence was never regretted by the young people, who could enjoy their pleasant *tête-à-tête* and talk sentiment, unrestrained by his presence. On this evening, however, their conversation was on a graver subject.

"I am so glad you have come. I wanted

so much to tell you something that has just happened," Isabel said in her impulsive way, looking up into his face with an expression of grave anxiety clouding her brow.

Max took the white, shapely hand she offered him, and tenderly clasped it in both his, then relinquishing it reluctantly, he seated himself on the marble door-step beside her, and eagerly inquired what she had to communicate.

"Oh, something dreadful!" she answered piteously. "I never felt so frightened in my life."

"What has occurred to disturb you?" Max inquired in tones of tenderest sympathy.

"Papa is going to evict some of the Arranmore tenantry, and they have uttered threats of vengeance."

His face clouded as he listened, and Isabel saw he shared her alarm, still he spoke encouragingly.

"You must not fancy the worst. What does Mr. Crofton think about it?" he asked.

"Oh! he only laughs at my fears; says the fellows dare not carry out their threats, but I think differently; and so would you, if you saw them glare on him with such bitter hate. I shudder when I think of it. You know what lawless acts have been committed in a case like this."

"Who are the men? Where do they live?"

"In Glenmore. One of them is called Larry Flannagan, a desperate-looking man he is, who seems capable of committing any outrage. Papa is mad to arouse the enmity of such a fellow," observed Isabel gloomily.

"Why does he evict these men? Are they in arrears of rent?"

"Oh no! but he wants their land to erect mills on, which, he says, will vastly increase his income."

"Then it is to benefit himself he does this?"

"Yes; isn't it cruel and unjust? I won-

der how he can be so hard-hearted!" exclaimed Isabel, in tones half sorrowful, half-indignant.

"It is hard on the poor men to be evicted from their homes for no fault of theirs, but we must hope they will not be induced to commit any outrage on that account. Some of them belong to my flock; I will see them and preach patience and submission under these trying circumstances."

"But isn't it very cruel of papa to act so? You cannot think how it grieves me," and Isabel's eyes filled with tears. "He will be sorry for it some day when they burn the house over our heads," she added, with a choking sob.

They will do nothing of the kind," said Max, cheerfully. "You must not give way to such gloomy apprehensions. Put away these thoughts from you, and do not allow your mind to dwell on this painful subject." But although he spoke encouragingly he felt there was just cause to dread some terrible act of revenge if Mr. Crofton persevered in his intentions of rendering the tenants of Glenmore homeless to enrich himself, and he returned home that evening thoughtful and depressed, having, however, in some measure, quieted the fears of Isabel Crofton.

CHAPTER XI.

NEW CHARACTERS.

THE coast of Connemara is indented with picturesque inlets from the Atlantic, which add to the wild grandeur of the scenery. About a mile from Elm Lodge, near one of these inlets, in a secluded hollow, stood a fisherman's cabin. At the door of this humble dwelling, about a fortnight after the stormy interview between Mr. Crofton and the tenants of Glenmore, a pretty peasant girl might be seen one evening as the glorious sun was again sinking behind Muilrea, steeping its gigantic peak

in crimson and golden light. She was busily employed mending nets for her brother, the young fisherman, for whose return she now watched impatiently, throwing her eyes frequently along the road leading to Carraghmore, whither he had gone in the morning to sell fish.

"What can be keeping Dermot so long, grandmother?" she asked, addressing an old woman who sat knitting inside the cabin door.

"It's more nor I can tell, Rose; but no doubt he'll soon be here."

However, sunset faded from the mountain peaks and twilight shadows were gathering in the glens and vales before Rose Kavanagh descried her brother's stalwart figure coming along the road. Just at this moment a column of red light shot up into the darkening sky.

"Holy Biddy! what blaze is that?" exclaimed the old woman, as she came eagerly forward to watch the bright glare.

"Faith, I dunno! but it's likely Dermot will be able to tell us," was her granddaughter's reply.

A few minutes elapsed and then Dermot came rapidly up the breen or by-path leading to the cabin from the public road.

"Do you see the fire beyant there?" he asked with angry excitement.

"Sure we're not blind," responded Rose, curtly.

"Where is it, ahagur?" inquired the old woman.

"Where would it be, but in Glenmore," was the vehement reply. "It's the cabins in the vale set on fire by the peelers, afther the misfortunate crathurs was forced to quit," Dermot added, a gleam of fierce indignation in his dark blue eye.

"And that's what kept you so long, I suppose?"

"What else? and the heart-breaking sight it was to see the dacent people dhruv from their own door! and that villyn of an agent standin' by wid a face as stony as

his own heart. And it's all to betterther himself he done it," Dermot continued passionately; "to make himself rich at the expinse of others. Sure it isn't for the benefit of the landlord he's doing it at all."

"How will Mither Crofton be the betterther for it?" inquired Rose.

"Bekase he is going to build mills and make a fathory in the place; but let him take care, he'll find his match among thim he grinds so hard!" and an angry light flashed over Dermot's sunburnt face.

"They have vowed vingeance agin him?" said the old woman, interrogatively.

"Aye, have they! he'll get what he docsn't bargain for afore her death!" and Dermot laughed unpleasantly. The ring of that laugh grated on the ear of his grandmother.

"I hope you'll have no part in their revinge, Dermot," she said with grave rebuke. "I'm afear'd you mix yourself up too often with such things.

"Ach, granny! what makes ye think that?" he answered evasively. "What have I to do in this business at all? only that it rouses the sperit of a man to see his friends thrated so."

"Why did they wait till night to set the cabins on fire? was it to make a brighter bonfire," asked Rose, with a sarcastic smile.

"The agint and his bailiff couldn't get the crathurs to lave the cabins all day, till at last the peelers come, and then they had to march quick enough, I tell ye! Bad luck to the whole set of them!" Dermot added stamping his foot in fury.

"Why, where's the harm it done you that you take on so?" asked Rose in surprise. "Oh! now I undherstand," she added, after a moment's thought, "Celia Carroll's father is one of the men turned out of their little homes in Glenmore—poor Celia! and the mother so sickly herself! and the childher just out of the faver! Where will they get a roof to shelther them? Why

didn't ye bring some of them along wid ye, Dermot?"

"Well, the weather isn't cowl'd anyhow," remarked the grandmother, "and they'll have to find a home somewhere else. But sure it's hard to have to quit the one they have lived in so long, and their fathers afore them; but what help is there for it? They'll have to bear it patient like every other throuble."

"They'll not bear it patient," said Dermot, fiercely. "They'll have their revinge some day, and why not?" he added, with a defiant look at the old woman.

"Is that what the priest taches you from the althar every Sunday?" she asked reproachfully. "Doesn't he tell ye to submit yerselves to the law, and to live like quiet, dacent people?"

"That's what the priest and the parson both prache, sure enough; but for all that there's some among us will take their own coorse, and revinge their wrongs by their sthrong right arm." Dermot spoke with subdued vehemence, but there was an evil gleam in his eye as it boldly met his grandmother's.

"You'll come to no good ind, I'm afeard," she said sorrowfully.

"Ach, granny, don't say that!" broke from Rose, half indignantly. "Dermot doesn't mane to do any thing wrong; but sure he can't help feeling for them that's in such disthress this blessed night, and Celia Carroll herself among them."

"If Lord Arranmore was to the fore this would never have happened, for a better landlord couldn't be found than his own father," observed the old woman.

"Yes, but the young lord isn't like him, granny, he is a great one for spinding money in every counthry but his own, never caring where it comes from so he gets it, and laving his poor tenanthy to be thramp'd upon by an agint that has a heart as hard as Ould Nick himself. It's a pitty he has such a nice daughter," remarked Rose.

"She is so mighty purty, too, and kind-hearted. I saw her yestherday, when I went to the Lodge to sell crabs. It's the good price she gave me, never haggling about it as her father does, rich as he is."

"She is like her own mother for that," interrupted granny eagerly. "It's Mrs. Crofton was the good frind to the poor, and its many a blessing followed her to the grave. And a hard life she had herself wid that husband of hers! All the good she done was by stealth, bekase of him not caring to help any one. Och, he is the hard man, no doubt! But come in and ate your supper, Dermot, dear, it's the long fast ye had, and it's waiting for ye this long while."

"Are you going out to-night, Dermot, bekase the nets is all mended and the wind is fair?" asked Rose as they entered the cabin.

"Yes, I'm thinking of it, I got a good price for the fish to-day at Carraghmore, and can sell as much more to-morrow, for the town is full of people come to the election. There is quality from Dublin, too, at Barrington House. There is going to be a grand ball there, they say, and grand doings while they remain. The young heiress will be getting married one of these days.

"To her cousin, Sir Gerard?" observed Rose, interrogatively.

"No, he'll marry Parson Butler's cousin, I am thinking, if all I hear is throe. She is mighty purty intirely, no doubt."

"She'll be a happy girl to get him," observed Rose; "but what'll Miss Barrington say to that. People thought he'd marry her, you know.

"Well, and if he chooses to change his mind he has a right to plaze himself," was Dermot's cool rejoinder, as he seated himself at the humble board where his supper was laid out, doing full justice to it, as his long fast had sharpened his appetite.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

THE ball at Barrington House, which Dermot Kavanagh spoke of to his sister Rose, was a brilliant affair, and created great excitement in the neighborhood. Josephine Dormer was there looking bewilderingly beautiful. The Rev. Max had declined an invitation, keeping his determination of not being present at such festivities. In her simple, but elegant costume, Josephine outshone the heiress and others who "glittered in gold and pearls and costly array," and was pronounced to be the belle of the ball-room—*La belle parmi les belles.* Her singular beauty and grace made a deep impression on more than one of the gentlemen. visiting at Barrington House, awakening the jealous fears of Sir Gerard Trevor and increasing the passionate admiration with which he already regarded her. He began to think seriously of declaring his love for Josephine, apprehensive that some one of her other admirers would carry off the prize he coveted. Competition enhances the value of any object.

It was a few days after the ball, Sir Gerard was in the conservatory selecting a bouquet to take to Miss Dormer, when his mother, Lady Trevor, joined him.

"For which of your fair acquaintances are those flowers destined, Gerard?" she asked with apparent carelessness.

"For Miss Dormer," was the curt reply. There was a gleam of displeasure in her ladyship's eyes, which did not escape his notice, and he felt there was a hidden motive in her question.

"You are very attentive in that quarter. Eva will be jealous." There was an angry ring in her voice, and Sir Gerard knew that this interview with his lady mother would not be a pleasant one.

"No danger of Eva's feeling jealous. She does not care enough for me for that," he

answered with a light laugh, cutting off a bunch of white moss rose buds as he spoke.

"So you think! but I know better, Gerard," said Lady Trevor, eyeing the rose-buds spitefully. She felt intuitively that they were intended as a mute declaration of his passion for Josephine.

"I think you are mistaken, mother, Eva and I are good friends, affectionate cousins, but nothing more." was Sir Gerard's rather impatient remark.

"That is your own fault then," said his mother sharply. "Eva is proud and will conceal her feelings when she sees so little demonstration of affection on your part."

"I cannot show what I do not feel," he answered, irritably; "you would not have me act the hypocrite, I suppose."

"I would have you act like a sensible man," she retorted angrily. "You are aware that I have intended Eva for you, from her very childhood. Neither you nor she can be ignorant of my wishes on this point."

"I know that we have been taught to look upon ourselves as affianced, and it is precisely on that account that we have not fallen in love with each other. It would have been wiser to have thrown some obstacle in the way—some barrier to our affection. You did not display much tact in match-making, mother," Sir Gerard added with a little laugh, and he was about to leave the conservatory, anxious to end a colloquy which annoyed him.

"Stop a little longer, Gerard! allow me to make a few more remarks," said Lady Trevor, eagerly, the tones of her voice tremulous from subdued passion. "Have you seriously thought of the state of your affairs? Are you so circumstanced as to be able to marry a penniless girl? Pause and reflect before you commit yourself in this matter. Remember your encumbered estate."

"You want me to marry Eva for her money, and barter my happiness for gold," he scornfully exclaimed.

"It is the only way to recover the Trevor estate, so heavily mortgaged," she pleaded. "Besides your present income is not sufficient to permit you to marry a girl without money."

"I am not thinking of marrying just yet. It takes time to win love such as I require in a wife. Affection that will stand the test of time. If I am so fortunate as to gain the heart I covet, assuredly the want of fortune will be no consideration. My moderate income will be sufficient for our wants. Happiness can be enjoyed in a cottage as well as in Trevor Hall."

"You speak like a silly sentimentalist and not like a man of the world, Gerard," broke from Lady Trevor with angry contempt. "But if you despise money, I think you might look for birth in the woman you honour with your hand. The cousin of a country parson can scarcely be considered a suitable wife for Sir Gerard Trevor," she added loftily.

"Butler is a good family," said the baronet hotly. He was losing his temper now provoked by his lady mother's interference.

"That may be, but what was Josephine's father? a Government clerk, or rather, an inferior clerk in some Government office. No pedigree to boast of you may be sure. Think of such a man's daughter being raised to the exalted position of a baronet's wife!" There was withering scorn in Lady Trevor's look and manner as she boldly confronted her son. He, too, was not devoid of this pride of ancestry which most aristocratic families feel; but his love for Josephine conquered that and the recollection of her, so beautiful and so refined, made him passionately exclaim, "She would grace even a higher station than I can offer her!"

"Then you have made up your mind to commit this folly, this madness, Gerard."

"Mother," he said coldly but with decision, "I am not at present going to offer

my hand to Josephine. Our acquaintance is too short to justify my taking such an important step."

"You are right in that; it does require much deliberation," she interrupted warmly, "and I trust that time will cure you of this foolish fancy."

"You are quite mistaken in that opinion, mother. The love I feel for Josephine Dormer is no passing fancy, and if I am so happy as to win hers in return, I shall consider neither her want of ancestry nor fortune, but shall please myself in the selection of a wife."

"You shall never marry her with my consent!" exclaimed Lady Trevor vehemently, as she swept out of the conservatory, while her son, having gathered his bouquet, strolled in the direction of the Rev. Max Butler's home, full of angry resentment towards his haughty mother, who he knew would carry out her threat of opposing his marriage with Josephine Dormer.

On arriving at the cottage, Sir Gerard Trevor was told that Miss Dormer was not at home, that she had gone down to the beach an hour ago. The latter piece of information Winny was induced to add with womanly kindness on perceiving the look of disappointment in the young man's face.—With a brightened look the baronet turned away, smiling his thanks at Winny, and strolled towards the sea-shore, hoping to have a delightful *tête-à-tête* with the beautiful girl who filled his thoughts. His heart had been hitherto almost untouched by the arrows of Cupid: this was his first love, the first deep attachment he had ever felt towards any woman. It was not that he had never before seen a face with such perfection of feature and delicacy of colour: he had met girls equally beautiful and graceful as Josephine, but none with her beauty of expression—none who realized his ideal of all that was charming in woman—that nameless witchery which every man sees in the woman he loves—an indescribable charm

which captivates his senses, and constitutes her his destiny.

On reaching the beach, Sir Gerard cast his eye eagerly along the line of yellow sand stretching at the base of the tall grey cliffs which formed the barrier to the encroaching waves, but the graceful petite figure of Josephine was no where to be seen. He walked on for some minutes, hoping to meet her, but in vain. The weird figure of an elderly woman upon the lonely shore, at length caught his eye. She was seated on a low rock, smoking a dudeen or short pipe. Approaching her he asked if she had seen a young lady walking on the beach.

"To be sure I have. I'm not blind!" was the ungracious answer.

"Where is she now?" was the next eager question.

"Beyant there! If you have good eyes in your head you can see her yourself," and she pointed in the direction of a rocky, narrow promontory jutting far into the ocean. "She's sitting there among the rocks, reading, expecting yourself, maybe," the woman added with a grim smile.

The baronet's eager gaze sought the place pointed out, and he perceived some figure, which he supposed must be Josephine, as the woman asserted, half hidden among the rocks. She had, he thought, selected that quiet spot to enjoy her book undisturbed, as she listened to the low booming of the waves as they dashed white and foaming at the base of the promontory, for he knew that she delighted in the deep and solemn music of the ocean.

"The tide is rising fast!" he said quickly, with a startled look, as he perceived the green heaving waters rushing rapidly inland, depositing their crested masses on the yellow strand glistening in the sunshine.

"Well, what if it is? Who can stop it?" asked Dinah Blake—for it was she—puffing away with the greatest unconcern.

"But don't you see the danger threatening the young lady?" rejoined Sir Gerard im-

petuously. "It is high tide to-day, and the promontory will be flooded."

"So it is! The Lord betune her and harm!" exclaimed Dinah, with a look of dismay. "I never thought of that afore!" and putting the dudeen in her pocket, she rose to her feet with sudden alacrity.—"Something must be done to save her," she continued. "You see she axed me if there was any danger in going out there to the end of the pint, and I tould her no, forgetting intirely about the high tide."

"How could you forget?" asked the baronet with much asperity, flashing on Dinah Blake no pleasant look. "I forgot it anyhow, and there's no use in getting tearing mad about it!" she answered snappishly. "Sure I wouldn't hurt a hair of her head, though sorra tear I'd cry if she was dhrowned, for wouldn't it lift a weight off me ould heart that's crushed wid it this many a day." This concluding remark was muttered to herself, escaping the ear of Sir Gerard.

"What is to be done?" he exclaimed passionately, his handsome face pallid with fear at the danger threatening Josephine.

"Let us shout at the top of our voice both of us!" suggested Dinah. She might hear us."

"No, the noise of the waves would prevent that, and the breeze blowing inland would carry our shout in the opposite direction."

"Maybe if you ran for the bare life you might get there in time to warn her of her danger," was Dinah's next suggestion.

"I could get there in time to warn, but not to save her—the promontory lies low and will soon be flooded. If we only had a boat! Is there none about here?" and Sir Gerard half frantic with his fears for Josephine, threw his eyes wildly along the lonely shore in quest of one.

"Bedad! as luck would have it, there is a boat belonging to Pat Sullivan!" exclaimed Dinah joyfully; "it is down there on

the sthrand behind that big rock, but it's a mighty heavy one ; it'll be amost impossible to row it, yer honour."

"Better that than none : it is the only chance of saving her!" and Sir Gerard sprang towards the rock where Pat Sullivan's boat was moored, followed quickly by Dinah Blake.

"Can you lend a helping hand?" he asked eagerly as he saw her prepare to shove off the boat.

"Of coorse I can! I havn't lived all my life near the sae widout learning how to handle an oar. Besides it's partly me fault that she got into danger. I can't sit still and see her dhrowned."

"It is very fortunate that you can help, for the boat is a huge unwieldy thing. If we only had a sail observed Sir Gerard impatiently, as the boat moved slowly out to sea, his and Dinah's united strength being scarcely sufficient to propel it through the surging waters.

"A sail would be the greatest help no doubt, but what is the use of wishing for

what one can't get? It is well we have the boat anyhow," was Dinah's philosophic observation as she bent herself to the oar, and astonished her companion by her skill in rowing. "It's many a good sthroke of an oar I dhrew in me young days" she said, by way of explanation, "and many a time I was out at sae with me father, who was a fisherman. We might make a sail with me ould cloak and your honour's walking stick, if the wind was fair, but it isn't you see. It's blowing in shore, bad 'cess to it."

"We'll never reach the point in time to save her!" was Sir Gerard's despairing exclamation as he fixed his gloomy gaze upon the spot where Josephine sat, unconscious of her danger, believing she was safe above the wild rush of the waves she saw dashing madly towards her.

"There's no use in despairing, yer honour," remarked Dinah encouragingly. "Keep a brave heart, and with the help of St. Patrick we'll win the day yet agin the waves and tide."

(To be continued.)

FORSAKEN.

THE Autumn skies are dull and gray,
 Mists gather round the year's decay;
 The drooping elm's lithe branches sway
 In the wind that moaned all day;
 The twilight swiftly fades away
 And yet unveils no starry ray.

Come, enter with me yonder room,
 Silent as some buried tomb;
 Shimmering faintly through the gloom,
 The dying fire-brands half illume
 A youthful head from which youth's bloom
 Has fled before some fatal doom.

Look at the shadows fitting o'er
 The walls, the ceiling and the floor ;
 You deem them shadows, nothing more ;
 Yet Fancy through their films can pour
 Warm glow and colour, and restore
 Lost scenes that once life's brightness wore.

See, how he looks with dreamy eyes,
 While rapidly before him rise
 Green fields and cloudless azure skies ;
 A river steeped in sunset's dyes,
 On which a halcyon quiet lies,
 Unruffled by the west wind's sighs,

He sees a little shallop glide
 Along the river's glassy tide ;
 A youth and maiden side by side,
 Hand in hand, that shallop guide,
 Said each to each—"Whate'er betide,
 Nought can our hearts and lives divide !"

Far brighter than the sunset's sheen
 The maide's tender smile was seen,
 And purer than the clear serene
 Of river shone her eyes, I ween,—
 Like stars without a cloud to screen
 Their beauty from the summer e'en.

Dun shades dispersed the cloud-robcs gay,
 The robin sang his parting lay ;
 The river drank the sun's last ray,
 But still those soft eyes seemed to say,
 "My love shall light you on your way,
 And prove, when perils come, your stay !"

The scene is changed. Dark grows the night,
 The river swells with angry might ;
 Fierce rapids flash with spectral light
 Their tossing, whirling foam-wreaths white
 Before the youth's bewildered sight.
 Strive as he may, in his despite
 His boat drives on' with headlong flight.

And where is she, who, when the sky
 Was clear, and not a cloud on high,
 No rocks in sight, no whirlpools nigh,

With blushing cheek and timid eye,
 Vowed him a love that could not die?
 Oh, can such love so swiftly fly?

In safety she has reached the land.
 He sees her there unheeding stand;
 She will not stretch her fair, cold hand,
 To guide the lost one to the strand:
 Though now, as if a helm of sand,
 The rudder swerves from his command.

In vain his eyes turn towards the shore,
 In vain her pity they implore;
 She will not by a word restore
 His failing strength.—He strives no more
 To shun his doom. His bark drives o'er
 The rapids,—whelm'd amidst their roar!

The scene grows dim and fades away;
 The room assumes a deeper gray;
 But that bowed head, that eye's quenched ray,
 On which the fitful fire-gleams play,
 A sense of darker gloom convey
 Than shades that may be chased by day.

Oh, Fancy! not the darkest hue
 Thy magic chemistry can brew,
 The threads of fiction to imbue
 With mimic woes we half deem true,
 A sadder picture ever drew
 Than that reality I view.

An aching heart, a nerveless frame,
 A spirit fervid once as flame,
 And thrilling high at thought of fame,
 Yearning to win a deathless name,
 As dreams of glory crowding came,
 Indifferent now to praise or blame!

And she, so tender, pure and fair,
 Whose love he thought the one thing rare,
 Time, chance, or fate could not out-wear—
 Cold and unyielding, can she bear
 To see him perish in despair,
 Nor clasp his hand, and with him share
 A nobler life, in purer air!

L. M.

OUR PIONEER BISHOP : THE HON. AND RIGHT REVEREND JOHN STRACHAN, D. D., LL.D.

IN ancient times of Western Canadian history, when Ontario was in its cradle, and the lively young papoose was opening its eyes to gaze wonderingly at the first stray glimpses of sunshine among its pine forests and uncleared bush, a Scottish lad, then just coming of age, sailed from Greenock for New York, in the month of August, 1799. Upper Canada was the destined field of his life-work, and Kingston the place of his destination.

General Simcoe, the first Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, a man of rare sagacity and foresight, had conceived magnificent plans for the improvement of the young colony, as a rival to the recently revolted States. The site of its future capital was already selected by him on the Bay of Toronto, and the ephemeral wigwams of the Mississagua savage were giving place to more substantial log huts and frame dwellings. He had devised schemes for the liberal endowment of educational institutions adapted to the wants of the Province, when it should emerge from its infantile rudeness; and accordingly a favouring despatch from the Duke of Portland, in 1797, had responded to an address from the Provincial Parliament, praying His Majesty "to appropriate a portion of the waste lands of the Crown for the establishment and support of a Grammar School in each district, and also of a College or University for the instruction of youth in the different branches of liberal knowledge." Surely never were waste lands appropriated to wiser use. The plan was still in embryo; but every year's delay left the rising generation to grow up devoid of the training that should fit them for self-government; and the energetic Lieutenant Governor was impatient to make a beginning.

He accordingly gave authority to two members of his Council to secure the requisitely gifted instructor. They, in their turn, applied to friends in Scotland, and their first choice showed that the confidence had not been misplaced.

Among a group of students at the ancient University of St. Andrews, three youths of nearly the same age were there united together by common tastes and sympathies, in a friendship only broken by death. One of these, Thomas Duncan, died in honoured old age, Professor of Mathematics in that University; another, Thomas Chalmers, lived to fill professorial chairs at St. Andrews, Glasgow and Edinburgh, and to win himself a name among the foremost of the great and good in his native land; the third, John Strachan, survived both of his early friends, made his mark in a new world, and on a young country, that then lay in embryo among the uncleared pine-forests of Western Canada, and closed his career as Bishop of the first Diocese of the Anglican Church, built up, mainly by his own exertions, among the clearings of its vast wilderness.

Thomas Chalmers was the first choice of those entrusted with the selection of a director for the educational system of Upper Canada; and curious is it to reflect how different might have been the future, not of Canada only, but of Scotland, had his sagacious organizing abilities and wise philanthropy found an arena for their exercise in the moulding of this young State. But it was not so to be. Happily, for Scotland at least, Thomas Chalmers clung to his native soil; and so the next choice fell on his friend and fellow-student, John Strachan.

The future Bishop of Toronto was by birth and early training an Aberdonian.

His father, the overseer of a granite quarry near Aberdeen, was killed by a sudden explosion in the quarry, when his son was only in his fifteenth year. He is said to have been a non-juror, and his native district is well known as one where the old non-juring Episcopals have left many traces of their former predominance. It may be doubted, however, if this exercised any influence on the opinions of the boy. His mother was then, and remained through life, a Presbyterian. She was, moreover, a woman of much sagacity and decision of character; and from her he not only received his early training, but also inherited the energy and talent which distinguished him through his long and singularly active career. Dr. James Beattie, then Professor of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College, but better known as the author of "The Minstrel," took an interest in the orphan; found him a situation as tutor to a little boy and girl; and so enabled him ere long to carry home his little earnings—the first of many generous gifts of like kind to his widowed mother.

The bursaries and other educational endowments of Aberdeen schools and colleges are exceptionally abundant; and with their aid and his own tutorial labours, he scrambled through his preliminary studies with creditable diligence; took his degree, and soon after removed to St. Andrews, there to prosecute his theological studies with a view to the ministry of the Scottish Church. At St. Andrews he found himself in a congenial circle. In the debating society of St. Mary's College he had for fellow students, John Leyden, the poet, John Campbell, the future Lord Chancellor, and his own special friends, Thomas Duncan and Thomas Chalmers.

In an episcopal charge delivered in 1860, Dr. Strachan gave an interesting review of his own career; and of those early friends he remarks: "We were all three nearly of the same age, and our friendship only terminated with death, being kept alive by a constant correspondence during more than

sixty years." But like many another Scottish student, he had to find the means of present subsistence while prosecuting his studies; so he sought and obtained a parish school in the neighbourhood, worth about £30 per annum. Some needless sensitiveness has been displayed in reference to the early creed of the future bishop. Nothing is more certain than that an abjuration of prelacy, as well as of every other form of dissent from the Scottish Presbyterian Church, could alone secure him the mastership of a parish school. In reality we can discern in him not a few traces of the zeal of the convert; as where, in his first episcopal address, after he had been to England, and seen its Church with his own eyes, he pronounces it to be "a spotless model of the primitive Church; one august, incorruptible and glorious verity." He was still only nineteen when he learned that the more lucrative mastership of the neighbouring parish school of Kettle was vacant. He accordingly offered himself as a candidate, and we have heard him tell with lively humour of the verdict pronounced by Professor Hunter, who had undertaken to test his fitness for the post. After due examination in the prescribed requisites, the youthful candidate was encouraged to prosecute his application by this cautious verdict: "Well, you're no great things, John; but you'll be the best of the lot!" And so it proved. He was successful over much older candidates; and was forthwith placed in charge of a school numbering at times a hundred and twenty pupils,—some of them older, and many of them bigger than himself.

Among the nameless rustics who formed the pupils at Kettle Grammar School, one in whom the new master took a special interest, has since become known to all as the famed painter, Sir David Wilkie. Preceptor and scholar met in London after an interval of thirty years. They both attended the meeting of the British Association at Bir-

mingham, the same year; and the great painter gratefully recalled the interposition of his old master, by means of which his uncle was induced to place him under the celebrated painter, Sir Henry Raeburn, and so start him on the road to fame and fortune. Meanwhile to the young master the larger emoluments of the Kettle school had seemed a fortune. They enabled him to render substantial aid to his widowed mother and sisters; and for the next two years.—

“There in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.”

At the close of that brief incumbency, on the refusal of the proffered Canadian Grammar School and embryo college, with its promised salary of £80, by his friend Thomas Chalmers, it was accepted by him, and so a novel direction was given to his whole future career. He set out with more definite prospects than usually cheer the Scot in his wanderings abroad. But they proved illusory enough. He tossed about—the sport of calms and adverse winds,—in a small trading craft that tediously voyaged across the Atlantic; and then made his way overland at even slower speed, with the primitive resources for travel then in vogue; so that the wanderer who had left Greenock in August, only reached Kingston, Upper Canada, on the last day of the year and the century. He found, as it seemed to him, an Arctic wilderness, enveloped in ice and snow; and the aspect of nature only too well accorded with the prospects that awaited him. In his weary tossings on the Atlantic, he had been well-nigh forgotten by all; and when at length he presented his credentials, it was only to learn the utter failure of his hopes. General Simcoe had been recalled in the interval. Timid councils had taken the place of his far-sighted plans. The scheme for schools and colleges was pronounced to be altogether premature. He had come without official invitation or appointment; his claims for salary were ignored; and, as he long afterwards wrote

to a friend, if he had possessed £20 he would have returned home by the next ship.

Compelled to tarry, where he had thus been invited under such delusive promises, the Hon. Richard Cartwright, through whose direct influence Mr. Strachan had been brought out, offered him a home, and the tutorship of his two sons. By and by other pupils were added; and among them the sons of the Rev. Dr. Stuart, Rector of Kingston. The rector was a characteristic specimen of the founders of the infant colony. Born in Virginia in old colonial times, and brought up with the utmost strictness in the Presbyterian communion, he had adopted the views of the Church of England, and spent the first seven years of his ministerial life as a missionary among the Iroquois, in the Mohawk River Valley. There he was engaged on a translation of the New Testament into the Indian tongue when the Revolutionary war broke out, and his Indian converts took sides in the quarrel. He at once declared himself for the Royalist party, to which the large body of the Six Nation Indians adhered; accepted a chaplaincy in a provincial regiment; and when at length peace was established, he settled among his fellow-loyalists in Canada, Rector of Kingston, and father of the Episcopal Church in Western Canada. With such a friend and counsellor it is not difficult to imagine the influences now brought to bear on the young tutor. To him is mainly ascribed the change of views which led the Scottish divinity student ere long to take orders in the Church in which he rose to the rank of bishop. He was ordained a deacon, by the Bishop of Quebec in 1803, and admitted to priest's orders in the following year. Appointed soon after to the Parish of Cornwall, he found a church had still to be built. There he fairly entered on his life-work; established a school, famous in the history of the Province, from which his pupils went forth to fill its most influential positions; and he was able in

his later years to number, with pride, Senators, Chief Justices, and official functionaries of every grade, among those he had thus trained; and at last achieved his heart's desire, when, in his old age, a loved pupil of the Cornwall Grammar School was consecrated his coadjutor in the See of Toronto.

The future Bishop was a strict disciplinarian; and indeed the personal reminiscences of his biographer are rather calculated to impress the reader with an exaggerated idea of his stern rule. The boy who was to be his successor in the future bishopric, reached Cornwall on a Saturday in May, and gives this curious picture of pedagogic pomp and decorum, mingling with the more characteristic life of a Canadian village, upwards of sixty years ago. On Sunday morning he joined the gathering of boys at the school-house, nearly opposite the parsonage:—"Those outside maintained a very staid and respectable demeanour, standing in groups in their Sunday's best, or sauntering about within safe distance of the parsonage; whereas within, there was romping and tumbling, shouts of young voices, and clouds of dust. But the moment the principal presented himself in his flowing gown and powdered head at the door of the parsonage, there was a rush of every boy to the gate; a procession was formed and the whole school, two and two, marched to the church close by, the master following."—"Black Monday" followed, with its fearful array of censors' reports, Sunday tasks and exercises, and lictors' rods. No wonder if Cornwall reproduced in plenty—

"The whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

The destined co-adjutor tells us he "crept quietly in after the school had opened, and was much awed by the sights and sounds he witnessed,—the sounding lash, and the shrinkings and contortions of the unfortunate ones that were made to come under it." He adds, however, that the punish-

ment was not very severe. It was, in truth, no unfair premonition of the future rule in higher spheres. If the Bishop did not, in later years, employ the same rod of discipline for his clergy, he unquestionably ruled his large diocese with much the same authority as that with which he had been wont to regulate the Cornwall School. There was something in the very air with which the Bishop's old serving-man, in later years, was wont to receive a young clergyman who presented himself at the "Episcopal Palace" enough to scare any little remains of courage out of him, if he had any delinquency to atone for, or any petition to prefer. And if the usher looked grim, the aspect of the Bishop himself was little calculated to dispel the delinquent's fears. His photographs, without exception, give him the stern look which his face was apt to assume in repose! and this is even exaggerated in the engraved portrait attached to Mr. Fennings Taylor's "Last Three Bishops." But to all who knew him intimately his expression is associated with the smile of genial humour. He retained to the last his Aberdeenshire pronunciation,—little less strange to ordinary Scottish, than to English ears; and his incisive utterances in vigorous northern Doric have left their impress on many minds. "Well, Mr. A——, I hope I may like you better when I know more of you," was the somewhat equivocal *l'envoi* which closed the first interview of one somewhat presuming clerical intruder. "Sit doon, sir, ye're talking perfect nonsense," was the summary arrest of another's untimely utterances, when a public audience was already manifesting unequivocal symptoms of dissatisfaction. There was no equivocation with him. No one could ever challenge his sincerity or doubt his meaning. Yet, in reality, apart from the conscientious administration of a power as absolute and infallible as ever was wielded under the mitre, no more genial, or kindly man ever lived. His humour was racy; his laugh free and hearty, and he

entered into every social pleasantry with genuine sympathy.

The genial heartiness and fine social sympathies of Dr. Strachan helped him through many difficulties ; and secured the good will of his sturdiest opponents at the last. He could use his humour also at times with a quiet effectiveness that dispensed with argument ; as in his reply to a rustic deputation entrusted with the grievances of a whole parish. Their clergyman was wholly unacceptable to them ; and among other reasons, they protested that only last Sunday he preached a sermon they had heard half a dozen times before. " And what was the text ? " demanded the Bishop in his broadest Doric ; following the troublesome question round, as one deputy after another scratched his head in vain effort to recall the forgotten words. " Very good," responded the Bishop, " I'll write him to preach it over again ! " And so the delegates were bowed out of the episcopal library. The story is still repeated with great gusto by admirers of the Bishop's fatherly rule. It seems such an unanswerable reply to the impertinence of parishioners venturing to sit in judgment on their clergyman. Yet, it is just possible that neither the deputation nor the parish appreciated the fine wit of the argument, or estimated any more highly their rector's unimpressive homilies. Perhaps, indeed, if the truth were known, the pews of the neighbouring Presbyterian or Methodist congregations were a little better filled in consequence ; for men do not, after all, like to be treated as children. But it was the Bishop's way. " Not only," says Mr. Fennings Taylor, " was he a ' Father in God ' by his office, but he was by habit and experience inclined, on all seasonable occasions, to display the attributes of paternity. When he saw fit to admonish a brother, or to give a Synod a piece of his mind, it was done in a fatherly way : that is sententiously, and to the point ; and a very sharp point it was as many can

testify who felt its pungency." Few more enthusiastic admirers of the old Bishop could be appealed to : yet such " fatherly rebukes " appear even to him to have occasionally had a little too much of the father in them, possibly owing to personal experience of their sharpness ; and so he adds : " considering that he was dealing with men and not with boys, it must be allowed that he too frequently feathered his contempt with what could scarcely be distinguished from rudeness."

But we anticipate the events of Dr. Strachan's eventful life. He was a man of such indomitable energy and courage, so fertile in expedients, so firm and self-reliant, that wherever his lot was cast he must have made his influence felt. But introduced as he was to a new country, just emerging from its cradle, he found a boundless career opened to his ambition ; and no one can study, without the liveliest interest, the strangely chequered career of the inexperienced Scottish lad, transferred at the age of twenty-one from the parish school of a Fifeshire village, and its income £30, to what was then the uncleared wilderness of Upper Canada. It is far from improbable that the destined organizer of its Episcopal church had never even seen a Bishop. Episcopacy could be known to him only as a little non-juring community of Scottish separatists, existing outside the pale of legal toleration ; and carrying their zeal for the divine right of the exiled Stuarts so far that, so long as Prince Charles Edward lived, they persistently refused to recognize the reigning family even in their prayers. The death of the prince placed them in a new dilemma. Roman Catholic though he was, his " royal " confirmation had been asked on the consecration of every non-juring bishop. But now their king *de jure*, and the head of their Protestant Church, was a Romish Cardinal, Henry Benedict, Cardinal York, on whose tomb in St. Peter's, is inscribed the apocryphal title of Henry IX. King of Eng-

land. To this little sect of Jacobites it is said the Bishop's father belonged. Of his mother's creed there is no question. She was a Presbyterian dissenter of the Scottish Relief Secession.

Of England and its Church Dr. Strachan knew nothing when he set foot in Canada. Had he tarried at home, the probability is that he would have become one of the leaders in the Moderate party of the Church of Scotland; and as such have proved the uncompromising opponent of his life-long friend, Dr. Chalmers: for whatever he did, he did energetically and uncompromisingly. Ordained by Bishop Mountain, a deacon in 1803, and admitted to priest's orders the following year, Cornwall became the scene of his joint labours as schoolmaster and clergyman. The occupation of his time in the former capacity no doubt greatly curtailed his parochial visitations, yet his intercourse with the people was effectively maintained. The indefatigable energy which survived long after he had passed the allotted term of human life was displayed to its full in those early years. His school vacations were devoted to extensive missionary tours into the widely scattered settlements on every side; and it was characteristic of him that, though with no taste for music, he succeeded in mastering a long and a short metre tune so as to be able to lead the psalmody, in the primitive services of those early days. He had, indeed, a habit of whistling as he walked with short quick steps in his energetic fashion. But it was the tuneless index of a mind busily engrossed with many thoughts and plans. An old pupil of his Toronto school describes him in those later years, "distinguished then, as for nearly half a century later, by the antique ecclesiastical costume of a past age." A sign from the established watcher warned the school of his approach, "when a hushed silence would pervade the building, growing in intensity as he himself entered, and continuing unbroken so long as it pleased him

to pace the apartment, toying with the gold seals attached to his watch, and indulging in a subdued continuous whistle, for which he was noted elsewhere also, which seemed to keep time with the motion of some busy thought going on within." The experience of Scottish pastoral and catechising visitations was not lost on him; and the traditions of Cornwall still perpetuate remembrances of his public and private admonitions, his catechising of old and young: himself be it remembered slight and small of stature, and then of very youthful years;—and still more the general kindness and humour which he dispensed alike to parents and children. His interest in young people retained all its freshness to the close of his long life; and hence his great success as a teacher. He had a shrewd discernment of character, and, when it pleased him, great adaptability alike to old and young. His faculty for remembering faces was surprising; and to the last he would win the hearts of children by his cheery recognition on the street, greeting them by name, and enquiring after all the home circle with unflinching accuracy. In the characteristic autobiographical charge already referred to, he says: "When any came to me who manifested a sincere desire to know the truth, it was my duty as it was my joy to encourage and assist them in their enquiries; but if they came merely to dispute and wrangle for the sake of victory, I refused to indulge them. By such a course I gradually acquired authority, and, notwithstanding my youth and inexperience, I was able to repress superciliousness and to expose ignorance."

For nine years Mr. Strachan continued to discharge his double duties of Rector and Grammar School Master at Cornwall. In 1811, the death of his friend, Dr. Stuart, left vacant the Rectory of Kingston, to which he aspired. But the Bishop of Quebec transferred the son of the incumbent from York, as Toronto was then styled; and

in lieu of it Dr. Strachan—recently created D. D. by his old Alma Mater,—was offered the vacant Parish of York. Times have greatly changed since then. In 1811 the Rectory of Toronto was little of a prize. The removal from Cornwall involved the abandonment of its flourishing Grammar School; and though he did at length accept the offer, with the addition of the Chaplainship of the Forces and its salary of £150, we have the authority of his friend and biographer for saying that he conceived himself wronged. He never after cultivated the cordial relations that had previously existed between him and his diocesan; and he even bethought himself of cutting the colony altogether, and returning to Scotland.

The future capital of Ontario was at this time little more than a village, with a few hundred inhabitants. The Indians' wigwams still lingered at the mouth of the Don, and the wild fowl abounded in the neighbouring bay. The old Fifehire village of Kettle seemed as likely to rise to the rank of a capital city, with cathedral, collegiate and parliamentary buildings, churches, court-houses and crowded marts. It was the good fortune of Dr. Strachan to assume the parochial charge of Toronto while thus in its infancy; and, more than any other single man, he directed the steps through which it advanced with the growth of the province. He was scarcely there a year when its quiet was disturbed by the din of war. America had taken advantage of England's struggle with Napoleon to avenge real or fancied wrongs; and Canada must needs bear the brunt. The victories of Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane are the records of her gallant share in the strife. But Toronto has a different tale to tell. General Dearborn's fleet anchored off the town, landed a force of 2,500 men; and the little British garrison, compelled to retire before overwhelming odds, blew up the magazine, killing thereby General Pike, and a number

of his men. At this critical stage Dr. Strachan was put forward as mediator, and by mingled threats and remonstrances, succeeded in rescuing the little town from sack and flames, after the exasperated foe had already begun to fire the public buildings.

Dr. Strachan was now one of the most influential men in the colony. Already one of his pupils was Attorney General; others were among its civil and military leaders; and many more were to succeed to the highest offices in the province. There is now preserved in Trinity College a massive silver epergne, bequeathed by him to the favourite institution of his later years. On its pedestal are engraved the names of forty-two of his pupils, by whom it was presented to him in 1833. These include three chief justices, a bishop, a chancellor, a speaker of the House of Assembly, puisne and county judges, members of parliament, deans, rectors, bankers and doctors. No wonder that he should stamp his character on the young country in which he played his part at so critical a stage. It had been as wax to be impressed and moulded to his will.

The early population of Western Canada differed equally from the adventurers of Virginia and the pilgrim-fathers of New England. The loyalists who had flocked in and taken possession of the wilderness, which they were then clearing and settling with indomitable industry, had in many cases sacrificed everything to their fidelity to their sovereign and the empire. Some of them were men of birth and culture; all of them were enthusiastically loyal. They had fled from revolution; but not till they had borne their share in the contest, both by word and sword, on behalf of the civil and religious rights that were periled. Society was reduced to a primitive and patriarchal condition; and the management of its affairs as naturally devolved on the recognized chiefs of the little community, as did the rule of the old Hierarchy on its Saxon eoldermen. The U. E. Loyalist was an undisguised Tory of the old

colonial type. General Simcoe, indeed, held a citizen of the new Republic in such undisguised abhorrence, that the British Government abruptly recalled him, to avert a precipitation of the war which broke out at a later date. The new Lieutenant-Governor, and every succeeding one, found a little compact body of loyal councillors, to whose advice they implicitly yielded. The settlers who slowly colonized the young province, had enough to do, at first, in their own struggles with the wilderness, without troubling their heads about colonial administration; and thus there grew up, by the most natural process, a little Canadian aristocracy, the members of which regarded all beyond their privileged pale very much as the old Norman did the Saxon churl. They intermarried and shared among themselves—at first justly enough—all patronage and privileges. It was, in truth, the very realisation of Carlyle's ideal perfection of human government: *la carrière ouverte aux talents*: according to him "our ultimate political evangel, wherein alone can liberty lie."

Such was the natural origin of "the Family Compact," an aristocracy very memorable in later years of Canadian history. Of this Dr. Strachan was the moving spirit. Appointed Rector of York in 1812, he became by Royal warrant a member of the Executive Council in 1818; in 1825 he was made Archdeacon, and in 1839 consecrated Bishop of Toronto, with a diocese extending from the Ottawa westward to Rupert's Land, and northward to the Arctic circle. He had set before his mind the clear aim of establishing in Canada a church supported by tithes and landed endowments after the model of the Church of England in its palmiest days of dominancy and privilege. Richelieu and the Bourbons had found no difficulty in establishing a Gallican unanimity of faith and worship: why might not a corresponding Anglican uniformity be the crowning triumph of British supremacy? Of the very limited powers of an English bishop of that day,

and the easy relations of dean and prebend, archdeacon, rector and vicar with their episcopal head, he knew absolutely nothing by personal experience. He appears to have conceived in his mind an ideal not unlike that which an old Archdeacon of Huntingdon framed, after that memorable visit to Presbyterian Scotland in 1617, in which, with grief of heart, Dr. Laud declared that he found there "no religion at all that he could see!" In carrying out his ideal of a "religious unanimity in the future generations of Protestants who shall occupy these fine and extensive countries," he received hearty support from men who still dreamt in this nineteenth century of an absolute and willing conformity to the Church of England.

The ministers of religion were scarce, and the poor emigrant craved its rites and consolations in any acceptable form. We have heard an old clergyman tell of a Scottish grandame bringing her grandchild to the font. The good man was the sole Protestant minister of a region as large as an English diocese. She had overcome her sectarian prejudices, and watched with interest the novel baptismal service, till he came to make the sign of the cross on the infant's brow, in token of its faithful Christian service hereafter. The Presbyterian prejudices of the old Scottish dame could stand it no longer, and seizing the clergyman by the wrist, she exclaimed: "Na! na! I'll no ha'e the mark o' the beast on my bairn!" With such a community, conciliation was a very needful means towards success. But in carrying out his schemes, conciliation or concession formed no part of Dr. Strachan's plan. His first enthusiastic biographer says of him: "Matters of principle did not, in the Bishop's opinion, admit of conditions, and hence he was always ready to contend for what he believed to be 'pure,' being comparatively indifferent whether the strife was peaceful or the reverse. There was little moderation in his character, and, on

matters theological, less generosity.—Throughout the earlier portion of his life he had absolutely ruled boys, and in his maturer years he had been required conditionally to govern men. He had been accustomed to direct, and not to argue, and when accident imposed the latter duty upon him he seemed occasionally to be seized with a sensation of surprise, apparently because his opinions were questioned, or his judgment doubted. It seldom occurred to him that he might be right only in part, and he rarely doubted that those who opposed him were altogether wrong.”

By an Imperial Act of 1791 one seventh of all the unappropriated lands of the province had been reserved “for the support and maintenance of a Protestant clergy.” As surveys proceeded every seventh two-hundred-acre lot in each township was as duly reserved, as the right shoulder of the Hebrews’ peace offering was for the sons of Aaron. But the country filled up slowly, and no proceeds were available from the ecclesiastical reserves. Their whole revenue up to the year 1818, when Dr. Strachan was sworn in a privy councillor, had scarcely exceeded £600; and no claim had been made on it for clerical support. In the following year, however, all was changed. The episcopal clergy were incorporated; the great ecclesiastical endowment of the future was entrusted to their management; and ere long the strife began, which went on with ever increasing bitterness till the secularisation of the Clergy Reserves in 1854. The terms in which all other denominations were then spoken of read now as an inconceivable anachronism of this nineteenth century. The ministers of the Church of Scotland were the first to advance a claim to the title of “Protestant;” but the opinion of “John Patterson, an able and rising lawyer in England,” was procured by Archdeacon Strachan, to the effect that if they “be let in, there is no reason why any other denomination of dissenters should not also be

admitted; and the words ‘a Protestant Clergy’ must then be taken to mean Protestant ministers or teachers—which appears to me absurd.” Attorney-General Hagerman enforced the absurdity in this contemptuous fashion: “How can you possibly place yourselves in comparison with the Church of the State, or imagine yourselves anything else in Canada than a merely tolerated sect? Are you not tied down by degrading disabilities? Can your clergymen perform the marriage ceremony even among their own people without having to dance attendance on the contemptible Court of Quarter Sessions? Does not everything show that you are meant to be, and must be simply a dissenting sect, existing at all in Canada, but by sufferance?” It seemed as if the gracious spirit of the martyred Laud had returned to earth, to conciliate the young province into loving uniformity!

In the arguments by which the exclusive Anglican claims were asserted, dissent and disloyalty were assumed to be nearly synonymous terms; and the idea found many sympathizers in the Home Government; though the friends of a wise toleration were not silent. Mr. Dunning, Lord Ashburton, had long before asserted that “the offering up to the Creator of that worship which they conceived to be most acceptable to Him, is a natural right of mankind;” while Burke had commended to the colonists “the generous example set by the treaty of Westphalia, by which the worship of the Roman Catholic, the Lutheran, and the Reformed Religions, was carried on in the same church on the same day.” No idea could be more remote from the means by which Dr. Strachan hoped to promote the best interests of the province. Sketching the rise and progress of “The Church” in Canada, in his sermon on the death of Bishop Mountain, he speaks of itinerant preachers “who, leaving steady employment, betake themselves to preaching from idleness, or a zeal without knowledge, by which

they are induced, without any preparation, to teach what they do not know, and what, from their pride, they disdain to learn."

For long years the Clergy Reserves proved an ever increasing source of strife and heart-burning. In vain the House of Assembly, as representative of the popular will, protested against this and other grievances, till the revolutionary crash of 1837 compelled the Home Government to interfere, and place the government of the people under their own constitutional control. Seventeen more years elapsed before the strife was ended by the secularization of the Clergy Reserves; but by that time, not only had Presbyterians and Methodists made good their claim to rank as "Protestant clergy," but the Roman Catholic Church was enjoying an equal share with them in this "Protestant" endowment.

It was with a view to the organization of Grammar Schools and a University of the Province, that Dr. Strachan had been originally invited to resign the parish school of Kettle; itself an integral part of the Scottish Established Church. No wonder, therefore, that he devoted himself with characteristic zeal to the organization of District schools, and the establishment of King's College, on sound Church principles. The name of the new college, we imagine, was selected in pleasant memorial of his own Alma Mater. In 1825 Sir Peregrine Maitland sent home a despatch recommending the appropriation of valuable Crown lands for a university endowment, and in the following March Dr. Strachan paid his first visit to England, and saw for himself its cathedrals, parish churches, and universities, in "all the beauty of holiness." There he pushed the scheme of a colonial University on sound Church principles, so effectually, that money, as well as lands, was appropriated for the purpose, and a Royal charter duly set forth that His Majesty, George IV., "of his special grace ordained that there shall be established at York, in

the Province of Upper Canada, a college, with the style and privileges of a university, to continue for ever, to be called King's College." It also further ordained, "that our trusty and well-beloved, the Right Reverend Father in God, Charles James, Bishop of Quebec" should be Visitor, and the Rev. John Strachan, D.D., Archdeacon of York, President, and his successor in all time coming as archdeacons, to fill the same presidential office. It further provided for seven professors, who "shall be members of the Established United Church of England and Ireland, and shall previously to their admission into the said college council, severally sign and subscribe the thirty-nine articles of religion, as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer."

"Complete success" says his biographer, "had crowned the efforts of Dr. Strachan; and the day-dream of his youth and of his mature manhood was at length realized;" and he comments on the admirable charter, as "the most open and liberal that had ever been granted," since it exempted undergraduates in other faculties than Divinity from religious tests. In reality, the "complete success" was of a very equivocal kind. The charter proved wholly unworkable; and the university which His Majesty, King George IV had graciously declared should "continue for ever," never existed in any other form than the parchment adorned with his royal autograph. So in 1827 we again find Dr. Strachan in England, once more prosecuting his suit for a workable university charter, on Church principles. While busily engaged writing pamphlets—"An appeal in favour of our college;" another on emigration; an abstract of colonial reports for the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, &c.—he found time to enjoy English society; was present at an Oxford commemoration; made a run to Scotland; spent some pleasant days with his old friends, Professors Hunter and Duncan, and Dr. Chalmers, at St. Andrews; visited his brother at Aberdeen; and

in London mingled with the varied circles of the great metropolis. His letters tell of meetings with Malthus, Horne Tooke, Lockhart, Wilkie, the poet Campbell, &c., in addition to the statesmen with whom his diplomatic mission lay. While still prosecuting his suit, the dissolution of the Liverpool Administration transferred the Government to other hands; but he was able to write home: "I am happy to tell you that I had the good fortune to accomplish the most material parts of my mission before the crash of the Ministry took place. My University charter issued on the 22nd of March." Again he writes, characteristically, "I got Lord Bathurst to give directions concerning the endowment of our University, a few days before he resigned; and one of the very last despatches that his lordship signed was one settling our Courts of Law upon a basis which I had drawn up; for you see, we colonists are obliged to turn our hand to everything." He applies to Oxford, unsuccessfully, for books for the University library; in spite of the opposition of Bishop Blomfield, he gets a more favourable response from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; obtains from the Church Missionary Society a promise of £100 per annum for a Professor of the Indian languages and a corresponding sum to educate Indian missionaries; and so he turns his face homeward, happy in the conviction that he had not laboured in vain.

What he did return to was, as his biographer says, "a storm of unprecedented fierceness," based on his home representations as to Church matters in Canada. According to his own description to a friend in Scotland: "The flood-gates of a most licentious press were opened upon me." But he adds, "having very good nerves, I permitted them to rail on and, conscious of my integrity, I maintained an invariable silence." This did not, however, preclude a defence of himself in the Legislative Council, in which he maintained the exclu-

sive rights of "The Church" to the whole Clergy Reserves, and triumphantly produced the legal opinion already quoted, which characterised the claim of the clergy of the Kirk of Scotland to be a Protestant clergy as "absurd."

Meanwhile one step was secured by the establishment of Upper Canada College, the great public school of the province. As to the University, as Bishop Bethune says, "all that was done for many subsequent years was to quarrel over the details of its charter, and have it modified, if possible, into such a shape as would meet the popular demands." Sir James Mackintosh had wisely remarked of the original charter: "I see with astonishment, that in a country where the majority of the people do not belong to the Church of England, the professors must all sign the thirty-nine articles; so that if Adam Smith were alive, he could not fill the chair of Political Economy; and Dr. Black would be excluded from the chair of Chemistry. In short, these regulations would exclude almost all the great teachers and illustrious men of the last age, and that too in a country where no such thing as a Test Act is known." Lord Stanley in like manner contended that "if any exclusive privileges be given to the Church of England, the measure will be repugnant to every principle of sound legislation." The old charter was utterly impracticable. Of the new one, Bishop Bethune says, "in King's College, with its original features materially changed, there was nevertheless much retained that would remind the world of its being a Christian and a Church institution": and this was even more strongly manifest in its personal organisation.

The history of the struggle which followed is that of one which has since been carried on at home with little less bitterness and with like results. A Committee of the British House of Commons recommended the abolition of all tests, and the establishment of theological chairs, at least

of the Presbyterian as well as the Episcopal Church. By such means the different denominations have been successfully united in the common work of higher education in an Australian colony; but Dr. Strachan would hear of no compromise. In all his addresses and appeals the Bishop showed his absolute conviction that his Church was "The Church," his faith, "The Faith"; nor was it wholly without provocation that his antagonists loved to remind him that he had come to Canada a member of the very Church he was forward to denounce as schismatical. Lord Goderich pressed on him the proposal to receive one half of the University endowment as the exclusive property of the Church of England, with the original charter unchanged; and Bishop Bethune does not conceal his conviction that there was little wisdom shown by his predecessor in the refusal of so liberal an offer. What he did get, instead of this, was a college of which he was still president, a staff of professors actually, though not necessarily, of the Church of England, a Divinity faculty of the same church, and a college chapel conducted according to the forms of the English Prayer Book, but from attendance on which students of other denominations were exempted.

In 1841 Sir Charles Bagot succeeded to the Colonial Governorship left vacant by the death of Lord Sydenham. He was a man of culture, and took a warm interest in university organization. Advantage was accordingly taken of his countenance and favour to inaugurate the new college with all becoming ceremonial. On St. George's Day, April 23rd, 1842, the corner stone of King's College was laid by his Excellency in person. The description of "the vast procession," and all its magnificent accompaniments, receives due prominence in the Bishop's biography:—"The sun shone out with cloudless meridian splendour on perhaps the fairest scene that Canada has ever beheld. The Governor's rich Lord Lieu-

tenant's dress, the Bishop's seemly vestments, the judicial ermine of the Chief Justice, the splendid convocation robes of Dr. McCaul, the gorgeous uniforms of the suite, the neat accoutrements of the firemen,"—and so the "glorious spectacle" is recorded to its minutest details. "To none was this a more joyous day than to the Bishop of Toronto." Alas for the brightest human hopes! The building thus auspiciously begun, remains an incompleting fragment. It has long ceased to resound with the prelections of professors or the exuberant demonstrations of undergraduates. But—

"Great wits to madness nearly are allied;"

and so the Canadian Government turned it to account as a branch of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum. But this is an incident of recent years. At the earlier date now referred to, all seemed replete with promise of success. The unoccupied Parliamentary Buildings were temporarily appropriated to the use of the college; its senate chamber was fitted up with stalls and other appliances as a college chapel; and to some, at least, the long-delayed triumph of Governor Simcoe's plans for higher education seemed happily accomplished. Professors of Divinity, Classics, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry were appointed. On the 8th of June, 1843, the college was publicly opened. In spite of its modified charter it was still, as Bishop Bethune says, "thoroughly English in tone and style; the changes effected were, practically, merely sentimental; they had no bearing or influence on its work or its spirit." "The solemnities of the day," says the *Church* newspaper, "commenced with the performance of Divine service in the college chapel," and the addresses and inaugural lectures which followed, are pronounced by the same authority "to have added fresh lustre to the theological, literary and scientific character of that best instructor of Britons,—the Church of the Empire." It was; an unpropitious announcement.

"There was," says the Bishop's biographer, "an undisguised jealousy of its connection with the Church;" and it may be doubted if the steps which were taken were calculated to allay such jealousy.

Bishop Bethune, in detailing all the gratifying incidents of the Triennial Episcopal Visitation, only four years later: the Bishop's impressive address, his earnestness and practical manner of exhibiting "the Church as a bulwark against heresy and schism," and "the readiness with which Dissenters cast off all regard for the forms and usages of the Church of the Apostles;"—closes with an enthusiastic description of the special choral services in the Chapel of the University of King's College, with its "plaintive tone of sacred song, conducted by the rule of the ancient chants," and "the AMEN of the choristers and people, following the dirge-like petitions of the minister," at the close of which the clergy repaired to the episcopal residence, or "Palace," as it was customarily called. The plain, substantial red brick dwelling aspired to no palatial magnificence; but the old Bishop used to repeat, good-humouredly, the exclamation of his brother, who made his way from Aberdeen to the episcopal mansion; and, lost in wonder at his brother's good fortune, exclaimed in homely vernacular: "Eh! Jock! is a' this honestly come by?" The associations of that deserted mansion are replete with memories of genial hospitality, wit, and kindly humour to many. The host was full of anecdote about the events and characters of early Canadian history; and the guest who sat down for the first time at the Bishop's table, was surprised to find that the uncompromising antagonist of every ecclesiastical and political opponent, could welcome those very men to his table, and make their differences the subject of lively banter and repartee. But this pointed to no concession or compromise on such points of difference.

To this hospitable mansion the clergy re-

paired from the Choral Service of King's College Chapel, on the evening of the 3rd of June, 1847, to partake of the hospitalities customary at those triennial assemblages, and to present to him a massive silver inkstand, since appropriated to the use of his episcopal successors in perpetuity. No wonder that the impressions produced by all this were "of the most gratifying and refreshing nature" to Churchmen; but as for the "Dissenters," whose lack of "deference to the authority of the Church" had been one of the special subjects of denunciation in the Triennial Address of the morning: some of the proceedings were little calculated to persuade them that they had yet got a college in which students of all sects and creeds were to enjoy equal rights and privileges. In reality the University question was unhappily involved in all the bitterness of ecclesiastical rivalry in regard to Clergy Reserves and other matters; and so ere long the Episcopal King's College had a rival Presbyterian Queen's College, and a Roman Catholic Regiopolis College at Kingston, a Methodist Victoria College at Cobourg; and in recent years, an Episcopal Methodist Albert College at Belleville: of all of which Dr. Strachan may be very legitimately regarded as founder. But the good Bishop went on his way without doubt or hesitation. His heart was set on the realisation of a grand ideal, which he did accomplish at last, though after a very different fashion from that of his youthful dream.

When the full control of provincial government was conceded to the Canadian Legislature, the education question was anew taken in hand. A general scheme of Grammar and Common Schools was adopted on strictly non-denominational principles; and the University of King's College was reorganized in harmony with the general scheme. The leading object of the new University Bill was to place all denominations on a perfect equality; or, as the Bishop stated, in his protest, "to place all forms of error

upon an equality with truth, by patronizing equally within the same institution an unlimited number of sects whose doctrines are absolutely irreconcilable"; a principle which he accordingly denounced as "atheistical" and more monstrous in its inevitable results than the madness of the French Revolution!

With such views any further relations with the remodelled University were impossible. The Bishop seemed to have spent the labour of a life-time for nought. He now set to work with characteristic energy to establish a Church University, on the model of his original charter; headed the subscription list with his own generous gift of £1,000; appealed for contributions in money and land; and after meeting with a hearty response from his own people, the aged Bishop, now in his seventy-third year, started once more for England, and there obtained £15,000 sterling in money, and the promise of a Royal charter for a new college, which should realise all that had been guaranteed in the abortive charter of George IV. upwards of a quarter of a century before. On the 30th of April, 1851, another foundation-stone was laid. The bishop himself now officiated. He pronounced the new College to be "a burst of Christian benevolence, to remedy an intolerable act of injustice; and to prove that all oppression is short-sighted, and sure in God's own time to be overruled for good. It is," said he, "peculiarly the child of the Church; from her it springs, and under her wing it desires to nestle;" and so Trinity College was inaugurated, and now stands the most fitting and worthy monument of the venerable Bishop, to whose energy and indomitable zeal its existence and its special characteristics as an exclusive Church institution are alike due.

But the courageous resolution and intrepidity of Dr. Strachan found in other ways fitting opportunities for their exertion. Not a few of his own doings, both as Executive Councillor and Bishop were regarded by op-

ponents as high-handed enough. When a like course roused him to opposition, he proved all the more formidable as an antagonist. The war of 1812 was no sooner well over than the soldiers and sailors who had served in the defence of Canada in many cases returned to settle in its clearings. The Bathurst district was chiefly filled up by a sturdy band of Scottish emigrants; and then, in their wake, followed the Earl of Selkirk, with a scheme for settling the Red River region of the far West, which, had it been encouraged might have rescued that wilderness from Crees and buffaloes, and organized the Province of Manitoba a full half century earlier. But rival fur companies watched the project with distrust, and the Scottish Earl, finding his project thwarted where the only law was that of force, adopted "the good old rule, the simple plan;" and so Montreal, the headquarters of the North-West Fur Company, was startled with the news that he and his Scottish followers had captured Fort William, and imprisoned the company's factors. Dr. Strachan had no idea of neutrality. He threw himself with characteristic energy into the contest and wrote a pamphlet against Lord Selkirk, exposing both his acts and aims as opposed to right and justice. Whatever may now be thought of the merits of the question as a whole, the collision between the rival parties had been attended with acts of violence and bloodshed, such as a Christian minister might well denounce; and so Lord Selkirk made a hasty retreat home.

But it is with no mingling doubt as to the merits of the cause that we turn to contemplate him as a Christian minister. In all the charitable social relations of life. His cheery greeting, and kindly sympathetic enquiries for the afflicted, were neither limited to the circle of his friends, nor to the members of his own communion. There, at least he was catholic in the largest sense. If the most uncompromising opponent—the clerical abettor of denominational poachers on his Clerical Reserves fund, the

political pamphleteer, or newspaper assailant of his cherished schemes—were laid prostrate by sickness, Dr. Strachan was among the foremost with proffered sympathy, or, if need were, substantial aid. With open heart and liberal hand he dispensed the charities of a generous nature; and in the hour of convalescence would cheer his old antagonist with bantering challenge to renewed warfare. It is pleasant so to think of him: welcome wherever he visited, in joy or sorrow, and everywhere a special favourite with the young. His kindly greeting was shared even by the household dog; and in his own later years, not the least characteristic feature of the bishop's library was his huge tom-cat comfortably coiled on the well-cushioned easy chair. Or again, in equally pleasant contrast to such homely scenes, we recall him on his long and toilsome missionary tours and episcopal visitations, undaunted by cold, hunger, fatigue, or privation; as genial and kindly among the poor settlers in their frontier log-cabin, as in the best society that Toronto could supply; and even in old age shaming the youngest of his clergy by the cheerfulness with which he bore the inevitable fastings and privations of their journeys into the wilds of Canada. Again, his fearless labours attract attention under another aspect. When during the terrible outbreak of cholera in 1832, it was computed that a fourth of the whole population of Toronto were attacked, and upwards of a twelfth died of the malignant disease. While hundreds were fleeing from the plague-stricken city, Dr. Strachan devoted himself to tending on the sick and dying with such self-sacrificing zeal, that the admiration excited by his conduct found ex-

pression in the form of a beautiful silver vase presented to him by his fellow-citizens, the inscription on which records that it is a memorial of respect and gratitude for his fearless and humane devotion to the duties of Christian philanthropy during the visitation of an appalling pestilence.

As his long and busy life drew towards its end, many of the earlier causes of strife and contention had been removed; and it seemed as if the calm of a beautiful autumnal evening gathered around life's close. The hand of time had been laid gently on him; yet as he approached his ninetieth year it was impossible that he should not feel the pressure of many exacting official duties. In 1866, accordingly, his old pupil and friend, Dr. A. N. Bethune, Archdeacon of Toronto, was elected his coadjutor in the episcopate, and he felt himself free to spend the few remaining months of life in kindly, genial intercourse with old friends, and with some also who had been old opponents. When at length, on the 1st of November, 1867, he expired at the venerable age of ninety, men of all creeds in religion and in politics united to do honour to his memory. His integrity of purpose was universally acknowledged; his liberal charities, so unostentatiously distributed, were recalled with grateful recognition; and many were ready to own that they owed to his generosity the assistance which had been rendered to them in the hour of adversity, or the means which enabled them to start on a successful career. He was a man of mark; and whatever be thought of the ideal he pursued with such zeal and singleness of purpose, he has left his enduring impress on the country of his adoption.

BOOKS.

BY ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

"My library was dukedom large enough."
—*Shakspeare.*

WE once heard an enthusiastic hunter, after an exciting day's sport, exclaim, "Surely the man who does not love hunting can have no soul!" The hunting spirit never having got hold of us, we therefore could hardly join in the sentiment. But we have sometimes thought that the man who does not love books must be sadly deficient somewhere in the upper story. We have even wondered if he could have any upper story at all, when he preferred to live away down among the grubs and the gossips, to associating with the great immortals. But be that as it may, some men never read any thing but the "prices current," catalogues and almanacs. Others read merely for amusement, or to help to pass an idle hour, or put in a rainy day, and could do well enough without it. But with us books are an every day necessity, and have been so ever since that long delightful summer of our boyhood when we lived on the Island of Juan Fernandez in company with Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday. That was our first acquaintance with books—it was indeed an era in our existence, for it shaped and coloured our life-long journey. After leaving the island we set out on our travels with Mungo Park through the centre of Africa; and after "doing that region," we started on a voyage of discovery with Captain Cook, and after circumnavigating the world, returned only to set out again for "fresh fields and pastures new"—to range through the kingdoms of science, literature and art. We are likely to continue our journey to the end of life's chapter, for the more we travel the farther

the fields extend, and are all the time growing more wonderful and incomprehensible,

"And realms of which we nothing know,
Keep multiplying as we go."

"Books," says Milton, "are not absolutely dead things, but do convey a potency of life in them to be as active as the soul was, whose progeny they were: nay, they do preserve as in a phial, the purest efficacy and extraction of the living intellect that bred them." To us they are veritable beings, living souls, dear companions! to whom we go in joy or in sorrow. Our experiences, good or bad, are not new to them, for they have felt exactly as we feel, and can therefore sympathize with us, and in the deepest and the darkest hour we hear their voices whispering "courage."

Books are the mirrors of humanity; yea, the stage on which the dead appear to re-enact "life's tragedy again." Most people do not believe in ghosts. But look there! what is that? Lo! it is the "melancholy Dane," still soliloquizing, and exclaiming,

"To be or not to be!"

And here comes something far more wonderful than any ghost, even Falstaff himself, lacking not an ounce of flesh, and hale and hearty as when he fought the "men in buckram." There also comes the knight of La Mancha, still prancing on his Rosinante and exclaiming, "There is still sunshine on the wall." Lift a volume, open the leaves, and lo! as if by magic, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Babylon and Assyria appear, and pass like panoramic pictures before us, with Britain and America in the distance, and many more following each other like the progeny

of Banquo, "as if the line would stretch out to the crack of doom."

There are some books of which we never weary, for they are fresh and new after the fiftieth reading. We never fathom them, for they are deep wells of thought, from which the bucket always comes up overflowing. Every time we drink at those inexhaustible fountains we are refreshed; every time we look into their unfathomable depths we are filled with awe and wonder, and are elevated thereby. When we open a real book we cease to be ourselves, we get into the author's sphere, and he literally takes possession of us; we see with his eyes, we hear with his ears, think with his mind, and judge with his understanding. He recreates all nature for us anew, and we are mirthful or melancholy at his pleasure. If we open "Paradise Lost," we are instantly taken away from this little petty peddling, bargain-making time, and transported into the dawn of a glorious day, and the beings with whom we come in contact are all of preternatural stature, and have a shadowy grandeur about them; and we wonder at the degeneracy of mankind. People tell us they do not believe in magic, and yet what magic there is in thus giving to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name"! What magic in thus giving to immaterial thought a permanent form, which defies the power of space, of death, and time! We can never be without good company if we have a few good books, for they contain the life experiences of the greatest men. We can have their opinion on all the great problems that have perplexed mankind. They are raised above the petty passions and interests of the hour, and talk to us with a sublime serenity. What a joy they have always been to the sad and the solitary! They have peopled the desert, and filled the solitude with aerial

voices, and introduced even to the shanty of the backwoodsman, company that a king might envy.

At one period it was our lot to live away back in the bush, where intercourse with our fellow men was rare, and save for the few books we had, the solitude would have been insupportable. But we were not without company, for

My cabin seemed a whole world-wide,
Kings entered in without their pride,
And warriors laid their swords aside.

There came the Saxon, there the Celt,
And all had knelt where I had knelt,
For all had felt what I had felt.

I saw, from clime and creed apart,
Heaving beneath their robes of art,
One universal human heart.

And Homer and Sir Walter Scott
Came to me in that humble cot,
And cheered with tales my lowly lot.

And Burns came singing songs divine,
His great heart heaving in each line;
A glorious company was mine!

I was the brother of the great!
Shakespeare himself on me did wait
With leaves torn from the Book of Fate.

They asked me not of rank or creed,
And yet supplied my spirit's need:
O they were comforters indeed!

And showed me by their magic art,
Those awful things at which we start—
That hover round the human heart—

Fate, ever watching with her shears,
And mixing all our hopes with fears,
And drenching all our joys with tears.

They showed how contradictions throng—
How, by our weakness, we are strong;
And how we're righted by the wrong;

Unveiled new regions to my sight,
Transformed the weary winter's night,
Into a spring-time of delight.

THE NINE HOURS MOVEMENT.

BY C. HENRY STEPHENS.

IT is not our purpose to argue this question from any particular point of view, or to speak of it with any object other than that of obtaining as much light on the question as possible, and aiding society, as far as in us lies, in its proper solution.

It is a question—next to that of war or peace, of life or death—of paramount importance to all classes, and affects all in a greater or less degree. It is a question, moreover, of so complicated and intricate a nature, that it requires not only the most careful study, but facilities for examining it in all its bearings, in order to form anything like a just idea of its operation and results. We therefore propose to consider it by the light of whatever data and sagacity we can bring to bear upon it, from these two points:

From what it springs.

To what it tends.

That there is a great social revolution going on in the world, is a fact patent to the most casual observer. Nor is this to be considered in itself as new or strange. At no period in the history of the world, we believe, has its social condition been entirely at rest—at least among civilized nations. The nature of civilization is revolutionary and progressive. Among savage and barbarous nations—such as the negroes of South Africa or the natives of the South Sea Isles—the social status is necessarily always the same. It is true they acknowledge a chief or king, as the case may be; but besides these, distinctions of class—of high and low, of rich and poor, of educated and illiterate, of employer and working-man—are unknown.

And as it is these which constitute what

we call social condition, the status must ever remain the same, the elements of change being wanting. But in civilized life these elements are as numerous as the sands on the sea shore, and subject to almost as many changes. Those which are uppermost to-day, airing themselves in all the sunshine of prosperity, are to-morrow borne down by the waves of an ever-changing existence and buried fathoms deep in obscurity. In like manner others, who for long years have remained unseen, unknown, unheard of, are continually being brought to the surface by the same influences. The more modern and advanced the civilization, the more rapid and varied these changes become—the more numerous the elements and the more indistinguishable the shades of difference between them. When civilization was in its crude and early stages the distinctions between class and class were more marked and striking and the mutations less rapid. Whole centuries were required to effect as great a revolution in the social arrangements of a people then as can now be accomplished in a single year. The action was more like the encroachments of the ocean on its banks, than the shifting of the sands which composed them.

These lines of separation, however, instead of being worn away and obliterated by the process, have, on the contrary, been parcelled out and divided up into innumerable smaller ones; so that in a division of society, where one line could be drawn before, there may now be drawn twenty. The working-man commenced as a serf and the employer as a lord. It was so in old Rome,

and it was so also in new Britain. The changes in social status were slow, and the progress of civilization was still slower. The former, indeed, may be said to have been a constituent and essential part of the latter; whether it will continue so, or not, still remains to be seen. In the course of ages, the great wall of separation between the employer and working-man was broken down. The serf was made free; was conceded the right of enjoying the fruits of his labours; was conceded the right to liberty of action, within certain restrictions necessary to the protection and welfare of society; was conceded the right of education and the right to call himself a representative man and a constituent part of the state.

But the breaking up of one distinction created "a hundred others new." The right of the working-man to the fruit of his own labour gave rise to an aristocracy of wealth, and in process of time to a thousand subordinate distinctions of this nature; and the right of education, to a thousand differences in learning and intelligence. In this manner society has become so complicated and the interests of society so varied and conflicting, that legislation is entirely unable to keep pace with it; and all the experience of the past, all the wisdom bequeathed to us by our ancestors, and all the advantages of the present generation, utterly fail to furnish our modern economists with a solution of the social problems of the day. Unceasingly, remorselessly the stream of time carries away now that pleasant point of land on which thousands have stood securely in bygone days and watched the rolling of its tide; and now that jutting rock, which was once so firm and strong as to challenge the admiration of all, leaves the statesman, who has devoted all his life to these questions, lost in bewilderment and doubt and unable to do more than utter the most random speculations as to the result.

Throughout all these changes it is worthy of remark, that the career of the working-man

has resembled very much a triumphal progress, in the midst of which the words "Onward and Upward" have ever been conspicuous. The serf has possessed himself of freedom, of education, of representation, and of a power which, in this work-a-day world, controls, to a great extent, the operations of trade, and dictates terms even at the foot of the throne.

The working-man becomes a guild, a league, a body corporate, at whose meetings the highest in the land are proud to preside—a political army at whose head are found those of great intellect and of titled birth, both alike ambitious of leading them on. Have they anything to ask of the state, hundreds of supple tongues are ready to become their champions; have they a grievance to redress or a whim to carry out, an impecunious press stands willing to espouse their cause. They are "The People," and woe to the man or the institution which would say them nay.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, notwithstanding the advantages which the working-man of to-day possesses over him of ten, five or one hundred years ago, it is unfortunately too true that he is but the working-man after all. He is the man who labours from a stated hour in the morning until a stated hour in the evening to earn bread for his family and himself; he is the man who lives in a humble tenement, who dresses in a humble garb and, socially, commands the least influence and respect. This we fear must continue to be the normal and unalterable condition of the working-man despite all the changes of time and the concessions of his fellow-creatures. It is impossible, we well know, for all to be wealthy, for all to be capitalists and employers, and, that being so, it is unavoidable that he who has least money, who has the fewest elements of social strength in his possession, shall occupy, in appearance at least, a position inferior to his who commands both money and influence. This is an inevitable

corollary of our existence ; but, while admitting its absoluteness, we cannot but admit, in contemplating the design and governance of the Almighty-Ruler of the Universe, how imperative it is that the capitalist who possesses power and means should concede all that can be conceded to the comfort and amelioration of the condition of the working-man, consistently with the general welfare of the state and of society. Placing the two classes—employer and employed—on an equal footing as far as civil rights are concerned, it may be and has been argued, that perfect justice is done. It has been said that the employee, if he do not like one situation or locality, can go to another, and that no employer can force a man to work against his will. But it has been proved that this is a very poor sort of justice indeed. It has been found not only that he was entitled to perfect freedom in this respect, but that legislation was actually necessary, as far as it dared to interpose between him and the exactions of his taskmaster.

But legislation could not go far enough in the matter. It could not raise the standard of wages or dictate the terms of the agreement between employer and employee in any respect. But of late years a remedy has been found. The philosopher's stone of the working-classes has been discovered—"Union is Strength."

By this they have done what legislation could not do, and which, carried to its ultimate consequences, must create a revolution of no mean magnitude in the social world. It has already emancipated them from a state of servile dependence, and raised them to a position of something like equality with their employers. It was but a few weeks ago that the foreman of a manufacturing establishment in this country, on being requested by the proprietors to discharge one of the hands, refused to do so ; and when the employer did so himself, the whole establishment struck work, and the unfortunate proprietor was allowed to help himself

in the best way he could. What the upshot of the strike was we cannot say, but the incident is a very fair indication of the power of which workingmen are beginning to feel themselves possessed ; and it is this consciousness of power that has led to the present agitation for a lessening of the hours of labour.

What are the natural tendencies of that agitation, and what its probable results, we have yet to consider.

As we write, the news comes that the operatives in the flax mills of Leeds have struck for a reduction of their time of labour to nine hours a day. "The number of persons on strike," says the telegram, "is estimated at between 10,000 and 11,000." Ten thousand people—an army—in one town ! What a power to work with, a power which gives to every request the force of a determinate demand, and one which cannot be lightly disregarded. The nine-hours' movement is the latest development of that restless progressive spirit of civilization of which we have been speaking. It is now about four years old, and is the offspring of the labouring classes in the United States. Several times the matter was brought up in Congress, and urged with more or less energy and force of argument, by those who had undertaken to champion it.

It was thrown out on two different occasions, but was at last carried, and is now in operation in the public works of the different States.

There is, however, one important difference to be noted, and that is, that there it is eight hours instead of nine, but only eight are paid for. And, moreover, so far as these concessions are concerned, no branch of trade is affected thereby, as no branch of trade is dependent on them. What the effect on the men themselves is we are unable to say ; but we presume they enjoy their extra time for recreation as best they can, without being either much wiser, richer or happier for the change. The movement next made its ap-

pearance in England. Last spring the engineers of Sunderland demanded the reduction of time to nine hours, and stopped work until they got it. The joiners and carpenters of Newcastle and Gateshead followed suit, and in these places held out from May until September, a period of four months. In the latter month the agitation broke out in New York, and on Wednesday, the 13th of September, a procession of over 25,000 persons was held in that city, composed of mechanics and labouring men "on strike." From there the contagion has at last spread to Canada, and bids fair, in a short time, to be raging with considerable fury.

And what are the arguments put forward to justify this despotism of the working classes? Is their time of labour oppressive? Is their condition such as demands amendment? We fear this last question must be answered in the affirmative. In the large manufacturing towns and cities the operative or mechanic does not get his share of the comforts of life, considering his importance in the community, and the amount of labour he performs. This is more especially the case in the large manufacturing centres of England and the United States. There the working-man learns what it is to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, almost before he can comprehend the meaning of the phrase.

He toils on from year to year, he develops his physical and muscular powers, he arrives at manhood, he marries and begets children, and, though he obtains work from one end of the year to the other—regular and un-intermitting work—he finds that he has almost more than he can accomplish to provide the necessaries of life for those dependent on him. If his family be large, his labour has often to be supplemented by that of his wife, to provide even these; and, if he yield at all to the great curse of the civilized world, and spend his pennies in taverns, his way of life is thorny indeed.

And when we consider that this condition of affairs is shared in by what we—both English and American—are fond of designating a free and enlightened people, we cannot wonder that they will do what they can towards amelioration. We cannot wonder that they will league themselves together and do all in their power to improve their position and to render it more in accordance with the plain rules of justice. They argue, and no doubt with reason, that the man who does a hard, honest day's work every lawfi' day in the year, is entitled to as much of the fruits of his labour as will keep him in decency and comfort. But will a reduction in the hours of labour effect this much desired improvement? We confess we cannot see how. Even admitting that he will be drawing the same amount of wages at the end of the week, will he have gained by the change? Not at all: but, on the contrary, if the movement be a general one in the branch of trade or manufactures to which he belongs, the price of that article will necessarily rise.

And though it may not affect him directly or materially, still, "what is sauce for the goose," according to the time-honoured proverb, "is sauce also for the gander"; and the other branches of trade and manufactures will necessarily do the same thing; and the price of everything affected thereby will naturally rise ten per cent. to balance the account. This is inevitable. Even assuming that the manufacturer and other employer of regular labour will be induced to concede one hour out of the day's work, and pay the same price for the balance, it cannot be supposed for a moment that he is going to hand over to his employees a tenth part of the value he is accustomed to receive from them.

The merest tyro in human affairs would laugh at such an idea. He would tell you that the manufacture, whatever it may be, must be raised in proportion; and the farmer, finding he has to pay more for manu-

factured goods, must raise his produce accordingly; and the employee in turn must pay more for both. This is the circle in which the current of trade runs, and in which—no matter how the current may for the time being be disturbed—the common level must be maintained. Thus, if the operatives in boot and shoe factories demand the nine hours' system, and it is conceded to them, boots and shoes will inevitably rise all over the country; and, if this be the case with other fabricated articles in general use, there will follow an upward tendency in every article of household consumption. The result would be just the same as if the labouring power of the country were reduced by one-tenth, creating a scarcity of labour. Every one knows that when this has been the case, high prices have ruled. The operation of trade in this respect is as simple as the action of a water course, which goes up hill or down hill according as it finds its proper level. It will be easily seen then that the workman would gain but little pecuniarily by the change.

There is another phase of the subject, and one which, notwithstanding it has been already pretty thoroughly discussed in the press and elsewhere, it would be well to consider. This is the system of coercion—the tone of absolutism which the Labour League has thought proper to adopt. Without laughing as *Punch* did, a year or two ago, when a body of tailors on strike in London published their "ultimatum," it is impossible to regard the action of the League as other than ill-advised and foolish. When one considers the impracticability of applying any inflexible rule to all parts of the country, and to all departments of trade, the folly is at once apparent. What may be expedient in one case may be wholly inexpedient in another. Where it may be simple justice in one case, it may involve a gross injustice in another. Thus there are some trades which are peculiarly exhausting, and some which

are peculiarly unhealthy; while others, on the contrary, are not only neither of these, but are absolutely conducive to health and happiness when engaged in at the moderate rate of ten hours per day. Of the two former classes are iron-smelting, painting, stone-cutting, and glass-blowing. These are occupations the least of all to be envied, and those engaged in them are entitled to as much indulgence as possible in this respect. In opposition to these may be placed such occupations as that of a carpenter, a machinist, or a civil engineer, where the interest is so well sustained, where the proportions of physical and mental labour are so nicely balanced as to render them a pleasure rather than a burden. In cases like these there would be an injustice, not only to the employer but to the workmen themselves, in forcing them, if such a thing were possible, to work a smaller number of hours than they found expedient and profitable. In some cases again, and eminently those first above mentioned, very little risk is incurred in shortening the hours of labour, inasmuch as those branches of trade are not subject to such international competition as to be affected materially by a change of this kind; while others, on the contrary, such as the manufacturers of cottons, woollens, and leathers might suffer very sensibly from this cause. Nor does it seem that the operatives in these branches are at all oppressed by working ten hours a day. Tanning, without being peculiarly fatiguing, is notoriously a healthy occupation, while the work in cotton and woollen factories is so light as to be supplied chiefly by boys and girls. It may be said that this very fact would make it desirable to shorten the hours of labour. It may be urged that ten hours work is too great a strain on the physical endurance of one of premature years, but those who have had opportunities of observing, must have noticed that the great majority of boys and girls employed in factories go to and leave their work with just as much cheerfulness as others

more fortunately situated go to or leave school ; and, that they are, the year through, as healthy, contented and happy. And then there is, besides the impracticability of attempting to apply one rule to all branches of industry with anything like justice, the apprehension and distrust which may arise from the imperative, dogmatical manner in which the League has gone to work. We grant them the most perfect right to speak of their "ultimatum," and use any expressions with which an unabridged Webster may provide them, or which may be used by any other class of people, proletarian or capitalist, gentle or simple. But there can be no doubt that when a comparatively small body of workmen—at least a small proportion of the population of the country—can league themselves together and demand that this or that system shall be adopted one or two months hence throughout the land, it is time that society should wake up to a knowledge of the fact, that money is no longer the ruling power of the commercial world, and that the old terms of master and man must be speedily reversed. It is time it should awake if only to realize the new position in which it stands, and learn to adapt itself to the new order of things. There can be no doubt that the threatening stand which the working-men have taken is unwise. Every one must admit that it is calculated to sow distrust between the two great classes of society, and to frighten capital from the country. It is not the interest of the capitalist only, but that of the working-man in particular, that the most cordial understanding should exist between the two. To destroy this is to discourage the investment of capital in those very branches of industry which employ the greatest number of people.

There is another aspect of the question, however, and one which makes it incumbent on employers to move very cautiously in the matter. It will not do for them, however much they may be convinced of the justice of the

step to accede too hastily to the demand for a reduction of time. We believe some may be led to do this from a fondness for the little temporary popularity they may gain by it, without duly considering the consequences which are to follow. It is possible that the action of a single firm may cause such a disturbance in that particular branch of trade as to be fatal to the standing, not only of themselves, but of many others in all parts of the country. A whole department of manufactures may be placed in such a position in relation to other countries as to be entirely destroyed.

Canada is now struggling in the manufacture of cottons, woollens, and other staple branches of commerce to compete with other and older countries, where, notwithstanding that labour is very much cheaper there than it is here, or can be expected to be for many years, they have strenuously opposed for the most part any concession of this kind. We have already seen that such a movement if generally carried out must inevitably raise the price of manufactured goods and must, in an inverse proportion to this increase, lower our ability to compete with other countries ; and this too when many are crying out against the small modicum of protection afforded to our manufacturers already. This is a phase of the subject which requires the most careful consideration.

The great difficulty with writers on this question generally is that they can only see it from one point of view—either as employers or employees ; and some of them, in their eagerness to establish their case, step right over the question, and unconsciously argue against themselves. Thus, a writer in a prominent daily journal, discussing the matter on behalf of the working-men, says that if the labour of 5000 men a day were reduced by an hour each, 500 men would not be lost to the community, as they would still remain as consumers, while other 500 would come in to make up the difference. This, on examination, will be found to be

very poor logic, if indeed it contain any logic at all, for its argument is rather implied than stated. We cannot see how either the working-man or the country is to be benefited by the result which is pointed out. If that man is a blessing to his country who makes two blades of grass to grow where one grew before, then surely 500 men who produce nothing, but who are fed by the labour of others, must be the very reverse. This is the true light in which to place the question. And again, how is it to benefit the working-man that every thing he has to buy, already higher than he has been accustomed to pay for it, owing to a reduction of labour, is raised still higher by the fact that there are so many more to feed who produce nothing? The same writer goes on to ask: "what right have the buyers in Europe to expect that Canadian workmen will manufacture at a figure to suit their pockets? especially as many of this class came here to escape the degradingly low wages prevailing in some parts of that continent?" This is the most childish argument imaginable.— Does the workman anywhere ever manufacture to suit the pockets of the buyer? Or, as we suppose he means, what right has the manufacturer here to produce a cheap article so as to suit the pockets of the buyer elsewhere?

Except it is to support himself and find employment for his workmen, we confess the question is unanswerable. If his employer did not manufacture so as to compete with other countries, whether cheap labour is employed or not, what would be the result to the workman? Would he get higher wages? Scarcely! The employer having no market would be obliged to shut up his establishment, and the workman would be obliged to return to the "degradingly low wages" of which he speaks. This would be the inevitable result, and will probably be found to be the result of a too hasty adoption of the nine hours' system in many branches of business.

There are, however, many favourable points in connection with the movement which are worthy of consideration.

There is every day an increasing disposition in the world to consider the working-man as a thinking, reading, intelligent being, the equal of his employer in every respect but that of wealth, and the position which wealth commands. There is an increasing disposition to consider him as one whose birthright is an equal share of what joys and comforts the world will afford, and one entitled, by the laws of justice and equity, to every amelioration of his position, which can, with a due respect for the rights of others, be accorded him. This principle is so thoroughly recognized in the neighbouring States, that many establishments are conducted on the joint-stock or mutual interest system; and in others, where they have been unable to concede the nine hours' movement, they have given to their employees a trifling interest in the business, and so tided over the difficulty entirely. This method was found to be most effectual, and one of the best that could be pursued in those parts of the country where labour was scarce, and where the business would suffer materially by the withdrawal of any portion of its force. But what are the other advantages which might be expected to follow a general adoption of the nine hours' system? One of them would undoubtedly be, that in large manufacturing towns and other places, where the labour market was crowded, the work to be done, and the wages to be distributed, would be more equally divided among those who stood in need of them. The "out of employment" class would stand a chance of receiving something to do; their families would be provided with the necessaries of life; and a vast deal of misery and discontent saved to the community. This certainly would be a great object gained. There would be fewer paupers in the poor-house, and society would be relieved to a great extent from a burden, which, instead of diminishing, goes on in-

creasing year by year. The last return of London pauperism shows that there were 33,875 in work-houses, and that 82,580 received out-door relief, making a total of 116,455 persons dependent to a greater or less degree on the charity of society for support. This is the return for one city alone, but we may safely assume that in all the other thickly populated cities, pauperism is in much the same proportion. According to another statement, it is said that the wool industry alone in England supports over a million people. If the day's work of all these were reduced to nine hours, *i. e.* reduced by a tenth, there would be a hundred thousand people at once provided for, and pauperism would be reduced in proportion. And this would be in connection with a single branch of industry. But we have principally to do with the result in this country, where pauperism is almost entirely unknown, and where everybody who is not disabled by misfortune or old age can obtain a day's work and a day's wages. Under these circumstances it is only left to us to enquire, whether the operative, the mechanic, and all those coming under the operation of the new system would be benefited in a moral or intellectual sense by the change. If the extra hour were taken in the morning, and the workman went to his daily labour at eight o'clock instead of at seven, as is pretty generally the case at present, it is safe to say that it would, for the most part be spent in bed. If in the evening, it is hard to say what would be done with it. In summer time, especially, it would, no doubt, be very much appreciated by many. The father of a family would have a longer evening to spend with his wife and children, to walk with them, or shop with them, if he were so inclined. The young man of studious ten-

dencies would have a longer time for mental improvement, and would come to it less exhausted than he would be had he worked through the entire length of an average day. The girls, of whom large numbers are employed in factories in every country, would have increased time to attend to those thousand and one mysterious little matters so inseparably connected with a young lady's existence,—by which, in spite of the most discouraging circumstances, they are enabled to maintain their appearance and self-respect. Finally we would recommend to the working classes, wherever the population is sufficiently large, to make a faithful and strenuous effort to establish and conduct stores on the co-operative system. If they wish to take a greater interest in life; if they wish to cultivate a business way of thinking; if they wish to reduce the profits of the capitalist of which they complain so much; if they wish to live cheaper and enjoy more of the comforts of life, they will find this one great means to that end. It has been tried, we are aware, frequently where it has failed; but this was not from any innate defect in the principle, but from the manner in which it was attempted to be carried out. It has been tried in London, and is now being carried on there with great success. It is estimated that some 50,000 people there are obtaining their necessaries in this way, with much advantage. Let the workmen of Canada learn to do this; let them learn to live frugally, temperately, and with a high and proper sense of the power and responsibility with which they are entrusted, and they will do more to ameliorate their position than by any reduction of their hours of labour, or any fictitious appearance of material gain.

LET US LAUNCH OUR BOAT.

BY MISS M. B. SMITH.

LET us launch our boat on a sunny sea,
Where the bright waves dimple and glow,
Dip into its waters rolling free,
And toy with the sea-weed that, restlessly,
Is swayed by its ebb and flow.

Far under its waters, clear and blue,
There are strange and delicate things :
Frail sea shells, bright with a roseate hue,
And pearls that shimmer like slumbering dew,
And gems for the crowns of kings.

Oh, look ! where the coral rocks lie bare,
Is a sea-nymph sporting free,
A sunbeam plays on her golden hair,
And touches her form with a beauty rare,
As she frolics and laughs in glee.

But she dives far down where her sisters sleep,
And she wakes them with her mirth ;
And there on the water a dance they keep,
And they laugh and laugh but never weep,
Nor dream of the tears of earth.

Gray is the sky, and the sun has set,
And a cold faint breeze blows by,
And sullen the tones of the breakers fret—
For where is the shore? We have found as yet
But shadows and clouds come nigh !

The sea-nymphs—where? They have passed from sight
They were made but of sunlit foam,
They are gone with their eyes and their tresses bright
And over the wave comes the hue of night—
Let us turn our boat towards home.

MARGUERITE KNELLER, ARTIST AND WOMAN.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW CHRISTIAN KNELLER LET MARGUERITE
HAVE HER WAY.

THE same day, when her father had dined and was enjoying his pipe, seated by his favourite window, Marguerite came behind him and, leaning over his chair, said very quietly :

"Father, listen to me ; I have something to tell you. Maurice and I have found out that we don't suit each other, and that it is better for us not to marry."

"What is that, Marguerite? Let me hear that again," said Christian Kneller.

Marguerite repeated her words as quietly as before.

"I told you that long ago, did I not?" said her father.

"Yes, father, but I did not believe you then. You were right, however, and you see we have found it out before it was too late. You are glad of that, father, are you not?"

"Yes, Marguerite, if thou art content ; thy happiness is mine."

And Marguerite answered her father, as she had answered Maurice, "I am content." Then she continued : "But, father, I have something else to say. Claire and he were made for each other ; let Claire be his wife instead of me."

"Claire ! Does he want to marry Claire ? I see it all, Marguerite. I always knew this young troubadour-painter was not worthy of you, and now see what has happened. He has deserted thee for Claire's pretty face." and he laid down his pipe with an emphatic gesture of disgust.

"He has not deserted me, father ; he

would have married me if I had consented. But I would not consent. I wish him to marry Claire."

"Come round here, Marguerite," said her father, "come opposite to me. Let me see thy face."

Very unwillingly, Marguerite obeyed. It was an ordeal from which she shrank, but she trusted that the crimson tints reflected from the stained glass of the window would conceal her paleness.

"Kneel down, child—here, close beside my chair," said Christian Kneller, "I want to get a good look at that honest face, which knows not how to deceive. Marguerite ! Marguerite !" he exclaimed, "when wert thou wont to have those ashen cheeks and lips, and those dark circles under such dull and heavy eyes? I understand it all, my poor girl. The heartless fool ! He shall never have Claire."

There was a little pause. Then Marguerite rose, and sitting on the arm of her father's chair, put her arm round his neck and said softly. "Father, you say you understand all this ; but I think you do not understand everything. Suppose I had dreamed, or imagined, from some cause or other, that Maurice did not love me as well as he used to do, what would you have me do? Would you have me marry him still?"

"God forbid ! Thou art too rare a jewel, my Marguerite of Marguerites, my pearl of all pearls, to be worn by any one who did not prize thee beyond anything else on earth."

"Well, then, father, ought I to die of a broken heart, or pine away my life in hopeless sorrow? Ought I not rather to forget I had ever loved him?"

"But that is impossible for thee," said her father, shaking his head—"I know thee too well."

"Father," said Marguerite, "you have often called me strong; now is the time for me to prove that I am so. But you must help me. You must let Claire marry Maurice."

"Never, Marguerite, never!"

"She loves him, father, and he adores her. He will make her a good husband. It is not his fault that he loves Claire better than me; he cannot help it. She is beautiful as an angel, gay, sweet, bright-hearted——"

"And thou, my Marguerite, art the noblest of women. As for him, he is selfish, heartless and false."

"No, father, he is not heartless, he is not false—he did not mean to be selfish. He deceived himself when he thought he loved me, that was all. Many a one has done the same."

"Yes, many a one among the vain, the weak, the fickle. And shall such a one be made happy with a loving and lovely wife like Claire, after having trampled on such a heart as thine? I say again, never!"

"But you must not say it, father. Do not grieve for me, beloved father. Shall I not have all that sufficed to make me abundantly happy before I knew him? Shall I not have the glorious heavens and the beautiful earth, my beloved father, and my divine art? But before I can be happy you must let Claire marry Maurice. Trust to me, father, he is good, and kind, and honourable, and he will make our Claire happy."

"Well, daughter," said Christian Kneller, "I have never refused thee aught, and I suppose I must not begin now. I am glad thou art not to marry Master Maurice, I own; and I have no doubt thou wilt soon rejoice, in thy escape as much as I do. Kiss me, my brave girl, and let it be as thou wilt."

"That means, father, that Claire has your permission to marry Maurice."

"Yes, yes. To please thee, Marguerite, I would consent to anything."

Marguerite kissed her father gratefully, and then left him to finish his pipe and his afternoon slumber.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW MARGUERITE BEARS HER PAIN.

THE next few weeks were like a wild bewildering dream to Marguerite, in which past, present, and future seemed all mingled together, filled with a confused throng of fleeting images of misty objects and shadowy faces—vague, unmeaning words and uncertain voices sounding in her ears. When not engaged with her father, she employed herself on Claire's new wardrobe, and other preparations for the marriage, which was to take place immediately. Her only thought about herself was that she must not have a moment's time for rest or reflection. Day after day she persisted in walking to the most distant part of Paris, to make the purchases that were needed; and, coming home foot-sore and weary, would sit down to work at her needle far into the night; till, at last, thoroughly exhausted and worn out, she would throw herself on her bed and in sleep, more resembling the stupor of disease than healthful slumber, find a short oblivion. From this she would waken dizzy and bewildered, only conscious that a burden, no effort could remove and no eye must see, oppressed her, till the truth would pierce her heart with a sudden pang, and she would rush up and hasten to find some work to do—something that might aid in the struggle against thought and feeling, which now filled her days. Yet she looked better at this time than perhaps she had ever looked before. The strained tension of mind, the hurry of spirits, the

forced excitement, with which she tried to banish thought and deaden feeling, flushed her cheeks and gave a false brightness to her eyes, which made her as unlike the stereotyped love-lorn damsel as could possibly be; and no one ever seemed to suspect that, instead of being signs of health and happiness, they were only the symptoms of that fever of the heart which is, perhaps, the very worst phase of anguish. Claire never doubted that Marguerite, who was so strong and wise, was able to give or take away her love just as she chose, and, therefore, had ceased to love Maurice the very instant she had known that he no longer loved her; and Maurice, in the brief moments he thought of her at all, came to the same satisfactory conclusion. Even her father, seeing more colour and animation in her face, than had been there for many a day, and finding her ready hand and kind voice always near him when he needed them, smoked his pipe in peace, and said, "She is not weak and silly like other women. If she gave away her heart foolishly, she took it back bravely, when she found the gift was slighted. I can forgive the fellow now, when I find he has planted no thorn in her breast. He is far better fitted for Claire than for Marguerite."

The only one, who sometimes said that it was the canker within which gave such an unnatural brightness to Marguerite's cheek and eye, and such hectic energy to her frame, was Mère Monica; and with watchful and silent affection the faithful woman strove to save her from every annoyance and discomfort she could keep away from her. Claire she treated, half with pity, half with anger, as a selfish and silly child, and for Maurice she had always a short answer and a gloomy brow, though he had once been a great favourite with her. But her sympathy, pity and anger were alike thrown away on them all. Maurice and Claire were too much absorbed in each other to notice any change in Monica; and though Marguerite

lived in a region very different from theirs, it was far beyond the reach of all around her.

Sometimes Monica would contrive to get Marguerite into the garden, when she knew that Claire and Maurice were not there, by begging her help in gathering fruits or vegetables. Then she would try to rouse her interest by descriptions of country work and country pleasures in fair Normandy, where she had lived when a girl. On this theme Monica would grow almost eloquent, and it was one which had always possessed strong attractions for the city girl. As she listened, the picturesque old Norman chateau and farm houses seemed to rise up before Marguerite, bringing with them glimpses of great strong horses; of patient cows, of gentle sheep;—of fowls strutting and cackling round the barn-doors; pigeons fluttering and cooing, swallows twittering:—visions of all the sights and sounds of happy rustic life and labour. She saw the gnarled old orchard trees, so laden with fruit that their branches bent to the ground; the fields of golden grain; the little patches of woodland with wild flowers growing in every opening. There were the brown hay-cocks rising in the stripped meadows, the rustling shocks of yellow corn; the ripe, juicy apples gathered for the cider-press;—and there too were the dance and song when the day's work was over, the village Fêtes on Saints' days and Sundays. She saw a bright little fishing village, with the fishermen's nets spread on the beach, the little children at play among them, and the fishing craft riding at anchor near; the shining sands strewn with shells and sea-weed, over which tiny waves danced in pleasant weather, or tumbled swollen and dark in the wild autumn gales. Even now, when Monica repeated her oft-told tale, in spite of herself, Marguerite would listen, and sometimes as she did so, a breath of peace and quietness, as if blown from that simple country life seemed to pass over the weary girl's spirit, and she

would long to be where she could hear the free wind sounding through the forest branches, or rustling the waving corn—the birds singing among the leaves, the streamlet rippling over its pebbly bed, or the waves dashing on the shingly shore. She longed to stand among the ripening corn and gather the blue scabious, or the scarlet poppy yet “crumpled from its sheath,” to catch the scent of wild thyme when the bees were clustering, and sit on banks yellow with cowslips or purple with violets—or, best of all, to bury herself in the depth of leafy woods, and forgetting the dark and mocking past, live a new life alone with that benign nature, which

“Never yet betrayed the heart that loved her!”

CHAPTER XVII.

A GLIMPSE OF ANOTHER LIFE.

AT last Claire's wedding-day came. She was married in an old, very old church, brown with age, which stood at the opposite side of the street; and which, during all the years it had been standing there, and among all the bridal parties that had entered its doors, could never have received a fairer bride. Immediately after, she set out with her young husband to spend the honeymoon at his old home in beautiful Provence.

On the evening of that day so eventful to those few hearts who make up the little world of this simple story, Christian Kneller had fallen into his usual afternoon's slumbers; Mère Monica had begun to put the house into order after the late hurry and bustle which had somewhat disarranged the regularity of its arrangements; and, for the first time for several weeks, Marguerite went into her *atelier* and sat down by the window.

“Now it is all over,” she said, “now I may be quiet!” But in less than a minute

she moved restlessly. “I cannot be quiet,” she said wildly, “for quiet brings thought, and thought maddens me.”

Starting up, she went to a table, on which lay some of her favourite volumes. One was a copy of the first Aldine edition of Dante, bearing the date 1502, and the simple title of “Le Terze Rime di Dante.” Maurice had sent it to her from Italy before doubt had come to darken the brightness which his love for her had cast over the world, and the sight of it made her start as if the ghost of her lost happiness had risen before her. Throwing a piece of cardboard over it, she took up Goethe's Egmont, and began to read where the volume first opened.

“MOTHER.—Youth and happy love have an end, and there comes a time when one thanks God if one has any corner to creep into.

“CLARA. (*shudders, and after a pause stands up*).—Mother! let that time come, like death! To think of it beforehand is horrible. And if it come—if we must—then we will bear ourselves as we may! Live without thee, Egmont! (*weeping*) No! it is impossible!”

Hastily turning from Clara's joyful surprise as her lover enters, Marguerite found her death scene, and read it eagerly. Then she shut the book. “I will paint her,” she said, “holding the phial to Brackenburch with one hand, and pointing to the lamp with the other, the pale and livid hues of despair, and of the deadly draught she has taken, darkening her beauty, but the great might of her love still illumining her eyes, and shining through the gathering shadows of the grave. I see her standing before me now, and I hear her softly saying, ‘Extinguish the lamp silently, and without delay. I am going to rest. Steal quietly away. Close the door after thee. Be still. Wake not my mother!’”

In getting pencils and paper to make a sketch of the picture she had been imagin-

ing, she caught sight of the picture of Apollo and Clymene still on the easel. There was the face of Maurice, beautified and exalted as the light of her love and genius had beautified and exalted it, his radiant eyes shining into her own. Back on her memory rushed all the glad hopes, the bright visions which had filled her with such happiness while she had worked at that picture. While she had painted it she had thought only of Maurice, she had worked only for him; his pleasure and praise were to have been her great reward,—and now, the picture and she who had painted it were alike indifferent to him.

Hastily covering it, she began her sketch, but very soon she had to stop to brush away the tears which, in spite of all her efforts, began to fall in large drops from her eyes. Soon she could not wipe them away as fast as they came, and throwing down her brush, she let them flow without making any effort to restrain them.

“I think I will never paint any more,” she said within herself. “What do I care for any success, any triumph now? And how could I achieve any if I tried, when my very soul seems dead within me. But what then am I to do? I cannot die as Clara did, and break my father’s heart. No one shall suffer through me, least of all he who alone has truly loved me. If I live I must have work, but not such work as I have hitherto loved. Work that will blunt the imagination and stifle the feelings, work that will make me as cold, mechanical and insensible as a machine—that is the work I must find to do now. Farewell love and hope and fancy—farewell poetry and art; bright visions of ideal beauty and perfection, farewell! Henceforth I am to live a dull, monotonous, joyless, uninspired existence, a life from which all the sunshine and glory have fled!”

At that instant the bells in the old church began to toll a slow, sad funeral dirge, yet with a soft and soothing under-

tone in their chimes, like a faint whisper of hope amidst a wail of sorrow. The church, as has been said before, was very old, and the bells were very old too, but the tones were wonderfully rich and harmonious. Marguerite had always loved the strange and solemn music of those old bells, laden, as she often thought, with the sufferings and sorrows, the hopes and prayers of all the long centuries through which they had sounded; and now their plaintive tones, their fitful changes, their unearthly sweetness seemed to penetrate the room with a holy pathos and power, drawing her soul away from earth and all its anguish towards that diviner region where passion and pain shall cease and vanish, merged in everlasting rest. Softly she opened the window, and kneeling down as she had knelt on that night of agony which now seemed so far away, she listened to the deep, clear, dropping tones, every one of which seemed to fall on her aching heart like dew on the parched earth, bringing healing as it fell.

As she thus knelt and listened, softened and subdued, she saw through the grey November evening a funeral train coming down the street. There was a bier covered with its long black pall, and attended by a little company of black-robed priests and mourners; and as the slow procession moved along with measured tread, a strain of rich music seemed to float before them. The priests and choristers were chanting an ancient Latin hymn, well known and loved, in Dr. Neale’s English translation:—

“Oh one! Oh, only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And joy has no alloy!
Thy ageless walls are bonded
With amethysts unpriced,
The saints build up its fabric,
And the corner stone is Christ!”

“Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright Day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!”

Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy power.
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower !"

The voices of the singers were very sweet and tuneful, and their execution did not mar the beautiful music to which St. Bernard's grand old hymn was set. Marguerite had often heard it, but never before had it impressed her so deeply. The contrast between the dark despair that had been surging in her heart, and the song of triumphant joy now sounding in her ears and thrilling through all her being, brought to her mind that great army of martyrs, saints and heroes, made perfect through suffering—"whose heroic agonies rise up forever out of all lands, a sacred *Miserere* to Heaven, their heroic actions also, a boundless, everlasting psalm of triumph !" She thought of all those suffering ones who had known all the bitterness this world can give, and never tasted of its sweetness, yet they had gone on their way brave, patient, strong, unmindful of their own bleeding feet and torn garments, binding up the scars of the wounded, comforting the sorrowful, strengthening the feeble—living wholly for the sake of others. What was her pain compared with theirs, and yet how weakly and impatiently she had borne it. But with God's help, it should be so no longer. Words which she had read—she did not now remember where—seemed to spring out of her memory in characters of light: "Do good to others, and God will heal in your heart the wounds of sorrow."—A little while ago she had asked herself: "Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul, which long for death, yet it cometh not, and dig for it more than for hidden treasures?" She believed that the answer had come.

Slowly, solemnly the funeral train entered the church, and for a while there was silence. Then the organ began to play Spohr's beautiful anthem—"Blest are the Departed !" Marguerite could hear every note distinctly,

as their melodious sounds floated through the grey mists of evening and seemed to gather round her, till they wrapped her in an atmosphere of peace. When the anthem was over, she rose from her knees, and calmed, comforted, strengthened, she went down stairs to her household labours.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER SIX YEARS.

Six years after his marriage, Maurice Valazé was the most celebrated portrait painter in Paris. He had almost given up all other painting; for he no longer aspired to give form and being to his conceptions of the beautiful and true; he only strove for wealth and reputation; and skilful portrait-painting was a far surer road to these than works of higher art, which would take years to execute, and for which no purchaser might be found. And he had perfectly succeeded in his aims. He received prices for his pictures that to poor struggling artists seemed fabulous; he had a distinguished reputation, a magnificent house, a beautiful and amiable wife and lovely children. He was the favourite of society, courted and flattered by high-born beauties, princes and statesmen, and fortune seemed never weary of showering her gifts on his head.

And where now was Marguerite?

Living in her old home in the quiet and shadowy street, neither house nor street in any way changed, except that the honest, kindly face of Christian Kneller was now never seen there. The good Christian was dead, and Marguerite had only her faithful Monica now. She had conquered the love which she had found so sweet in its beginning, so bitter in its ending, and her life was calm and peaceful. She had returned to her beloved art, and she gained by her labours more than enough to satisfy all her wants, and provide her with such simple

pleasures as she desired. She had her books and her garden, she had congenial work, which was not so much work, as the spontaneous language of her being, and every day her hand grew more skillful in expressing the conceptions of the spirit that guided it. And though she lived a life as retired as a nun's, she did not forget the lesson she had learned that dark November day, six years ago, when she knelt at the window and listened to the hymn of St. Bernard, as the funeral train passed by. She had made her own burden: light by striving to lessen the burdens that others had to bear. Many a homeless victim of want, many a wretched hope-abandoned outcast found the way to that quiet dwelling, and none ever came there without receiving help and comfort.

Sometimes Claire would drive up in a handsome carriage, and looking as gay, as sweet, as beautiful, as ever, get out and trip into the grey old house, her rich bright dress, her golden hair, and lovely looks making "a sunshine in the shady place." She would give Marguerite and Monica a hasty kiss each, repeat for the thousandth time her entreaties that they would leave that gloomy old house, and come and live with her; and then, half laughing, half angry with Marguerite for refusing her con-

sent, and wondering again and again how she could bear to live such a dull and lonely life, she would kiss her once more, say a few loving words, trip back to her carriage, and drive away, like a beautiful princess in a fairy tale, escaping from some grim enchanted dwelling.

Marguerite, though she loved her as fondly as ever, never went to visit Claire. She lived in an atmosphere of artificial glitter and excitement, of show and seeming, in which Marguerite could not have existed for a day. But if she had been in want, or in sorrow, she would have found Marguerite's love as faithful and as tender as in the days when she had knelt by her bedside and sung her to sleep, with all a mother's fondness stirring her girlish heart. Maurice, Marguerite never saw, and when Claire talked of him as the most fashionable artist of his day, the courted companion of men and women of rank, the idol of drawing-rooms, she felt it hard to believe that this could be that Maurice who had sat beside her in the dear old garden, planning a life rich with all the divinest possibilities of man, while she listened with undoubting faith, and believed that to share that life, and follow where he led, would be the noblest destiny earth could give to woman.

(To be continued.)

THE BARD.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

O HEAVEN-gifted, Poet-soul,
 Stand up erect amid thy peers,
 And let thy mellow thunders roll
 Like music down the coming years.
 From age to age the world has groaned
 Beneath some grievous weight of wrong,
 But much in mercy is atoned
 In justice to the Poet's song.

Where Falsehood shows its venom'd sting,
 Let slip the golden dart of Truth,
 And shield, as with a seraph's wing,
 The many-passion'd heart of youth.
 Thy song should be ambrosial food,
 Soul-manna, making wise and just ;
 The mental-nectar of the good ;
 Thou, worthy of thy sacred trust.

Nature's designed interpreter,
 Her great High Priest, her Prince of Love,
 Whose hymnings, Hope-inspired, stir
 The pride of earth, the heavens above.
 A high, a holy mission thine ;
 Be brave, and battle for the right ;
 Mount up, as one whose flight divine,
 Like morning's, makes the darkness bright.

Thine is the heart that grows not old,
 The sweet eternal youth reigns there,
 Mild as the Zephyr, and as bold
 As thunder when it shakes the air.
 Teacher of Beauty, Goodness, Joy,
 Calm joy, and mirth that stirs the brain ;
 In manhood great, in soul the boy
 That treads his native hills again.

Thine is the mission, too, to preach
 The law of Kindness far and wide,
 The hate of hatred, and to teach
 Forgiveness, blest and glorified.
Exponent of the higher laws,
 On thy firm rock of safety stand,
 And leave the human rooks and daws
 To rear their temples on the sand.

Man of the restless brain and heart,
 The dreamy, speculative eye,
 Living in thine own world, apart
 From all the pomp that passes by ;
 Unknown and uninterpreted,
 Unfathomed by the common herd ;
 Dead living, living most when dead,
 Whole nations pondering o'er thy word.

The ages' standard-bearer thou,
 The banneret ordained to scale,
 With conquering tread and dauntless brow,
 The battlements where Doubt must fail ;
 The toilsome hills of life to climb,
 All heart and soul, and hope, and trust,
 In fancy-dreams and moods sublime
 Obtaining respite from the dust.

Scorning the earth, but not in scorn,
 Thy footsteps here, thine eye above,
 In expectation of a morn
 More perfect, to be born of love ;
 And like the airy Mercury,
 Using thy winged gift to soar,
 In sweetest meditation free,
 Among the stars for evermore.

OTTAWA.

YACHTING.

BY AN AMATEUR.

THE growing interest, which is at present manifested in Yachting in all civilized countries, will warrant an appeal to Canadians on behalf of a great national amusement—one which has no equal in the popular enthusiasm which it creates, the health-invigorating exercise which it furnishes, and the noble sport to which it gives birth.

The history of Yachting yet remains to be written—and, as a consequence, one is compelled partially to grope in the dark in the search for early and reliable data concerning the origin and subsequent development of Yachting and Yacht Clubs. The Royal Cork Yacht Club, founded in 1720, heads the list of regularly organized Yacht Clubs ; and from that date to the founding of the

Royal London in 1849, there were 17 Yacht Clubs established in various parts of the United Kingdom—ten of which were English, four Irish, two Scotch and one Welsh. During the years 1848-9 a great deal of enterprise was shown in the construction of a large number of first-class yachts, which were unsurpassed for completeness of outfit and perfection of workmanship. Up to this time Yacht Clubs were confined to the United Kingdom, but the success of yachtsmen in the Old World stimulated kindred spirits in the New to give their attention to a now national amusement, and in June, 1848, the "New York Yacht Club" was organized. Little was known in England about American yachting beyond the

performances of the New York pilot boats, which had long been famous for their speed and sea-going qualities. Previous to the year 1851, judging from the records of that date, English yacht-builders and yachtsmen were firm in the belief that they possessed the fleetest yachts and the best skilled sailors in the world. Repeated triumphs evidently confirmed their right to be thus considered, and to furnish grounds for the unqualified statement made in the "Yacht List" for 1851, that "yacht-building was an art in which England was unrivalled, and that she was distinguished pre-eminently and alone for the perfection of science in handling them." These were strong words, and yet they doubtless conveyed the honest judgment, not only of the writer, but of foreign yachtsmen generally. The success of yachting in the United Kingdom led to the building of a yacht in the United States, to test the powers of the long conceded English champions. It was decided to construct a yacht, cross the ocean with her, and challenge a trial of speed in a contest open to all nations. The originality of the proposal was only equalled by the originality of the model and general outfit of the yacht, which was at once built.

In view of the fact that skilful yacht-builders in England, for nearly half a century, had been constantly striving to produce fast yachts, and with abundant experience to guide them, the successful defeat of their favourite system surely marks an important era in the history of Yachting. "No Englishman," says a writer in *Times* in 1851, "ever dreamed that any nation could produce a yacht with the least pretensions to match the efforts of White, Camper, Ratsey and other eminent builders." The English system of yacht building was that of deep draught, narrow breadth of beam, straight water lines forward, and with the greatest breadth of beam abreast the *foremast*. The weakness of this old system was demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of the most obstinate and incredulous, by the

splendid victory of the *America* in 1857, in the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta for the Queen's Cup.

To George Steers, of New York, belongs the credit of inventing—for invention it really was—a new system of yacht-modelling. He zealously contended that breadth of beam furnished the best buoyancy, and that hollow water lines forward, with the greatest breadth of beam abaft the *mainmast*, should supersede the old system. Steers believed that sails could force a yacht *over* the water more easily and swiftly than *through* it—and so his system was distinguished by great breadth of beam and comparatively light draught. The theory advocated by this great yachtsman at first found little favour among American yachtsmen, and so he built the *America* to prove that his views were correct. The performances of this yacht were so satisfactory that Commodore Stevens, of the New York Yacht-Club, took her to England, and at once issued a challenge to all foreign yachts to sail a race for "\$10,000, a cup or a piece of plate." The presence of this American yacht in English waters created a degree of enthusiasm before unparalleled. The "cheek" of her builders and backers, in boldly throwing down the gauntlet to all comers, was a subject of general comment—and of many a jest and sneer as well.

But despite funny criticisms and the great number of foreign yachts against which she would have to contend, the *America's* challenge was made in good faith, and sustained by yachtsmen who were seriously in earnest. The Annual Regatta, at Cowes, came off shortly after the arrival of the *America*; but the latter yacht was ruled out for valid reasons, and for some days it was feared that a test race would be made. The appearance of the "Yankee Craft" was somehow not altogether pleasing, and while English yachtsmen were confident they could beat her, they still showed a remarkable reluctance about making the attempt. However, after the first flurry of excitement had sub-

sided, a race round the Isle of Wight was arranged, for a cup presented by Her Majesty to come off on the 22nd of August. This event opened up a new era in yachting, for it may justly be claimed that the result of this contest lent a lustre to, and gained a prominence for, yachting before unequalled. The year 1851 is celebrated in sporting annals for the first International Regatta—and for the largest number of starters ever known for the Derby.

The 22nd of August dawned with a clear sky and favouring breeze. Thousands of spectators lined the shore, watching with enthusiastic interest the preparations for the "start." Abreast of Cowes the sight presented was one of surpassing beauty. More than a hundred yachts were in sight, sailing "off and on," their white canvass looking like huge wings sweeping over the surface of the sea—restless and yet graceful—their owners apparently anxious for the race to commence. Fifteen yachts started—the finest and fleetest in the United Kingdom—among which were the *Volante*, *Constance*, *Alarm*, *Beatrice* and *Gipsy Queen*. The *America* was the last to get under way, but she gradually gained upon her antagonists, and was the first to pass the winning buoy—beating the fleet nearly eight miles.

On her return there were innumerable yachts off Cowes, and on every side was heard the hail, "Is the *America* first?"—The answer, "Yes." "What's second?"—The reply, "Nothing." The Queen was an interested spectator during the race, and after it was ended she went on board of the *America*, and expressed herself delighted with the appearance of the yacht. The English yachtsmen gracefully acknowledged their defeat, and gave their fortunate rivals a grand banquet in honour of the victory. Mr. R. Stephenson, a leading English yachtsman, was not fully satisfied with the test of the 22nd of August and therefore backed his iron yacht *Titania*, of 100 tons, to sail against the *America* for £100. The contest came off on the

28th, when the *Titania* was as signally defeated as the rest. The *America* beat her opponent 52 minutes out of six hours and a half—leaving her eight miles astern. This victory settled the question of the superiority of the *America* over all foreign yachts, and she returned to the United States, taking with her the coveted Queen's Cup. She made a record there which will stand as a monument to the genius of her builder as long as yachts are built to plough the ocean's bosom.

It is both instructive and amusing to read the criticisms on this first International Regatta in the current news of that day. The easy victory of the *America* utterly bewildered foreign yachtsmen. Their boasted prestige, as victorious yacht-builders and yacht-owners, had been lost in the first great contest, and the best and poorest of excuses were equally unsatisfactory.

A few beaten rivals consoled themselves with the sneering remark that the *America* was only a "racing machine!" But this excuse found little sanction among the best of England's yachtsmen. Capt. Watson, of the Royal Navy, in the *Times*, thus commented on this class of criticisms:—"A writer in your journal lately wished to make it appear that such a vessel as the *America*, a mere 'racing craft,' must be useless for all practical purposes; and he, facetiously, remarks that you might as well compare a Derby three-year-old to a comfortable hackney as the *America* to an English yacht. But, Sir, we must allow that a little 'breeding' is no bad thing—either in a pack-horse or a weight-carrying hunter. So, also, may our clumsy hulls be modified by modern ingenuity and improvements, when our ship-owners and ship-builders become less prone to adhere to their old forms and fashions."

The facts are, however, that this victory of the *America* completely changed the system of yacht-modelling; and although the change grew by slow degrees, yet it was nevertheless true that the greatest breadth of beam was gradually extended aft, until it very nearl

approximated to the model of the *America* in this respect. Yacht builders before the *America's* day believed that it was necessary to make a yacht full forward, *i. e.* to have the greatest breadth of beam abreast the foremast, so as to make her buoyant in a head sea. The sharp bow and hollow water lines of the *America* were in striking contrast with the full bows and straight water lines of her competitors; and not a few sage "old salts" predicted that the *America* would be swept "fore-and-aft" in a sharp head sea. The result of the trial of the two systems is thus described by a *Times'* reporter:—"While the cutters were thrashing through the water, sending the spray over their bows, and the schooners were wet up to the foot of the foremast, the *America* was as 'dry as a bone.'" We have commented rather fully on this Regatta, for it was from this contest that modern yachting received its greatest impulse; and, moreover, the model of the *America* has been proved to be *one* of the best ever produced, as we shall have occasion to show hereafter. The second memorable event in the history of Yachting, beyond the yearly regattas of established Yacht Clubs, was the Great Ocean Yacht Race between the *Henrietta*, *Fleetwing* and *Vesta*, of the N. Y. Yacht Club. These yachts left Sandy Hook Light Ship on the 11th Dec. 1866, and the *Henrietta* arrived off the Needles, Isle of Wight, England, at 5.45 p.m., 26th Dec. 1866, winning the race and making the run in 13 days, 22 hours mean time. The *Fleetwing* arrived 8 hours afterwards, and the *Vesta* 1½ hours after the *Fleetwing*. The remarkable sailing time made by these splendid yachts, and the slight difference in the time of their arrival, was the subject of much comment; and it was pretty generally conceded in England that yachting in the United States had attained a high standard of excellence. The pluck, enterprise and enthusiasm shown in contests like those already mentioned, excited the popular interest to the highest pitch—and won for

yachting the first place in the estimation of the people as a great national amusement.

The ocean race between the *Cambria* and *Dauntless*, during the summer of 1870, is still fresh in the minds of yachtsmen—and, indeed, all classes were intensely interested at the time in the result. Day after day passed while "asking eyes" eagerly scanned the horizon off the Narrows in anxious search for the on-coming yachts. At last the *Cambria* hove in sight, and passed the light ship ahead, the winner of the race—while the *Dauntless* followed in less than *two hours* afterwards.

The challenge race of the *Cambria* over the N. Y. Y. Club course, for the Queen's Cup, was witnessed by more spectators than any regatta ever held before or since, for it was conceded that more than a million of people watched the progress of the race. Indeed, the sight presented was one never to be forgotten by any beholder of the magnificent spectacle. The harbour was literally covered with sailing craft of every size and description: steamers crowded to their utmost capacity; ferry boats fairly alive with passengers; grim "men-of-war" and deeply laden jolly-boats—all packed with interested spectators. The fleet of yachts moored, ready for the start, was beyond question the finest and most complete afloat. Many of them had already become famous in yachting annals. Conspicuous among them was the old *America*—she that so gallantly won the Cup a score of years before, appearing fresh in her new sails and new coat of paint, while her raking spars and saucy look betokened that she had not lost the vigour of her youth. The *Dauntless*, too, was in line—snug and trim in her outfit—ready to "try again" the fleet *Cambria*, and to prove, if possible, that "luck" had been against her in the ocean race.

The *Fleetwing*, *Magic*, *Henrietta* and many others were moored "in line, but the *Cambria* bore off the palm in general interest. Her plucky commander had crossed the ocean avowedly to redeem the Cup, and

many hoped that his true British daring would be rewarded with success.

At last the signal is given, and away speed the 18 yachts, amid the cheers of the multitude! Another scene, and this ends the grand aquatic drama. It is the return. The *Magic* is first, the *Dauntless* second, the *Palmer* third and the *America* fourth, while the *Cambria* was badly distanced.

There is something deeply interesting in the performances of the yacht *America*. With all the combined skill of builders of crack yachts, both in England and America, but little real progress has been made in the past 20 years, for it is believed by competent judges, that had the *America* been properly manned and fitted out, she would have won this race. This fact is worthy the study of yachtsmen.

During the past year the excitement in yachting circles in New York was at fever heat, over the challenge races with Commodore Ashbury's new yacht *Livonia*. Believing that the *Cambria* could not win the Queen's Cup, the persevering Mr. Ashbury built a new one for this purpose. The result is familiar to all. She came, she worthily contested, but she was beaten. Sincerely as we regret the *Livonia's* failure, we yet believe that yachting has had no more zealous promoter than Commodore Ashbury. He failed, it is true, in his cherished hopes, but his courageous *endeavours* to possess the Cup have imparted new life into yachting circles the world over. As the record stands now the American yachtsmen are masters of the situation. Why are they almost invariably victorious in contests with English yachts? The answer is, because English yachtsmen fail in the *fitting out* of yachts. They over-load them with heavy spars and rigging, and thus deaden them with superfluous weight. The lines of the *Livonia* were beautiful, her hull was admirably constructed, but her spars rigging and sails were altogether too heavy. It was quite generally conceded, in well informed circles in New

York, that had the *Livonia* been *fitted out* as well as were her antagonists in the late contests for the "Queen's Cup," her record would have been far more brilliant.

Equally as much depends on the proper rig and trim as on the model of a yacht. The great point to be attained is to secure a *maximum of speed* with a *minimum of weight*. Each unnecessary pound of rigging is as detrimental to a fast yacht, as is extra "dead weight" to a race-horse. It is true that great skill and experience are indispensably necessary to enable one to determine, with reasonable certainty, what the proper outfit of a yacht should be. If too light, a break-down is the penalty; if too heavy, a defeat is the consequence. Foreign yachtsmen claim that the Americans fit out their yachts too lightly, and point to the frequent "carrying away" of some part of the rigging or spars as proof of the assertion. The answer to this should be that it is better *occasionally* to "break down" than to be *invariably* beaten. The rigging of the *Livonia* (and of the *Cambria* as well) was strong enough for a "fore-and-after," and the extra weight above deck acted as a constant purchase to press her into the water, and to cant her over to leeward when under sail. This weight was a comparatively trifling burden, it may justly be claimed—but it should also be remembered that she crossed the winning line only a trifle behind the winner. When Michael Angelo was accused of spending too much time over a statue which he was rounding into marvellous perfection, and of paying needless attention to "mere trifles," he thoughtfully replied—"It is true that these touches are but trifles, but trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." What Angelo's trifles were to the statue, the trifles in rigging and fitting are to the victorious yacht. In fact, yacht-building is an art, and one of the most abstruse of the arts. It is neither guess-work nor chance, but intelligent appreciation and application of the laws of cause and effect.

The old prejudices are gradually giving way to newer and better forms; and the graceful yachts of to-day are in striking contrast with the clumsy hulls of thirty years ago. National competition has been one great cause of this marked development; and this spirit of commendable rivalry is constantly inspiring yachtsmen to perfect themselves in the subtle subject of yacht-building. A wide-spread interest is taken in yachting,—for the “Yacht List” of 1861—the latest data we have on hand—gives the number of yachts owned in England, Scotland, and Wales, alone, as 1173; and the nine organized clubs in the United States, show an aggregate number of 213 yachts. This paper has been hastily prepared, in the hope of creating a more general interest in yachting in Canada.

An Amateur, for one, would like to see an effort—A CANADIAN EFFORT—made to win the Cup which, for twenty years, has remained as a standing challenge to all the world. Surely a cup, which was the gift of our beloved Queen, should stir us to make, at least, an attempt to possess the coveted trophy! If—“and there’s the rub”—this could be done, what an inviting field would be opened up for our American friends, as a summer cruising ground! Along our magnificent water course, there are points of interest far surpassing any that the sultry tropics afford. The pure sweet water, the broad open lakes, the populous cities on their borders, the beauties of the St. Lawrence, the grandeur of the scenery of Lake Superior, with the infinite intermediate attractions, are all yet in store for American yachtsmen, should they ever find it necessary to visit our lakes, to win back their lost Cup! This may seem visionary to the timid, but earnest effort *may* make the idea a reality.

To the zealous and persistent all things are possible. It is true that we are but a comparatively little people,—but little folks sometimes do historical things—as the story

of little David with his sling,—and little George Washington with his hatchet, abundantly prove! If we try and fail, we shall do well nevertheless. If we long for the prize, but fail to make an effort to win it, we shall continue to sit in the “shadow,” while American yachtsmen bask in the “sunshine” of well-earned victory.

Aside from this consideration,—the greatest one of all—is that which will occur to every spirited Canadian yachtsman,—*the desirability of fostering yachting among ourselves.* The opportunities for yachting along our lakes and rivers are absolutely unsurpassed. From the head waters of Lake Superior to the outlet of the St. Lawrence,—over three thousand miles,—there is one continuous succession of beautiful scenery, thriving cities and convenient harbours. New resources are being constantly developed, and the attractions for yachtsmen are yearly becoming more and more delightful. There is every reason why Canadians should foster and commend a national yachting spirit. Second to no people in the development of the useful arts of peace, we should strive to compete successfully for the honours which fall to victorious yachtsmen in great international regattas. It is a little surprising that thus far, notwithstanding the unsurpassed facilities for yachting and yacht-building, not a single representative Canadian yacht has yet been a contestant in any great international contest. A splendid chance is now open for our yachtsmen to win a worthy fame in foreign fields.

It yet remains for some future yacht club in Canada to enter upon its list of yachts a single one, the victories of which are famous beyond our own borders. How long must this charge hold good? Let the spirited yachtsmen of our Dominion—embracing half a continent within its boundaries—answer the inquiry! The noble sport of yachting is fostered among us by many whose energy, enterprise, and zeal, warrant

us in the prediction that in the near future,
—when capital is more largely developed,
and the attention of our public-spirited citi-
zens is called to this subject,—we shall

look with admiring pride upon Canadian
yachts, equal in all their appointments to
any in England or the United States.

ELOÏSE.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

E LOÏSE ! Eloïse !

It is morn on the seas,
And the waters are curling and flashing ;
And our rock-sheltered seat,
Where the waves ever beat
With a cadenced and rhythmical dashing,
Is here—just here :
But I miss thee, dear !
And the sunbeams around me are flashing.
O seat, by the lonely sea,
O seat, that she shared with me,
Thou art all unfilled to-day !
And the plaintive, grieving main
Hath a moan of hopeless pain
That it had not yesterday.

Eloïse ! Eloïse !

It is noon ; and the breeze
Through the shadowy woodland is straying ;
And our green, mossy seat,
Where the flowers kissed thy feet,
While the zephyrs around thee were playing,
Is here—just here :
But I miss thee, dear !
And the breezes around me are straying.
O seat, by the greenwood tree,
O seat, that she shared with me,
Thou art all unfilled to-day !
And the sighing, shivering leaves
Have a voice like one that grieves,
That they had not yesterday.

Eloïse ! Eloïse !
It is eve ; and the trees
With the gold of the sunset are glowing ;
And our low, grassy seat,
With the brook at its feet
Ever singing, and rippling, and flowing,
Is here—just here :
But I miss thee, dear !
And the sunset is over me glowing.
O seat, by the brooklet free,
O seat, that she shared with me,
Thou art all unfilled to-day !
And the brook, to me alone,
Hath a tender, grieving tone,
That it had not yesterday.

Eloïse ! Eloïse !
It is night on the seas,
And the winds and the waters are sleeping ;
And the seat where we prayed,
'Neath our home's blessed shade,
With the soft shadows over us creeping,
Is here—just here :
But I miss thee, dear !
And the drear night around me is sleeping.
O seat, where she prayed of yore,
O seat, where she prays no more,
I am kneeling alone to-night !
And the stern, unyielding grave
Will restore not the gift I gave
To its bosom yesternight.

CONCERNING OLD AGE.

BY C. T. CAMPBELL, M. D.

IT has never yet been satisfactorily decided whether "length of days" is a thing to be desired or not. If "the first commandment with blessing" would seem to indicate an affirmative answer to the question, the inconveniences and discomforts so often attendant on old age would as clearly point to a negative. Differences of opinion, however, will depend on the varying circumstances and conditions of the individual. In times of mental depression, bodily illness, or personal poverty, desire may fail and life become a burden. But with favourable surroundings few people will discuss, even theoretically, the advisability of praying for shortness of life. Not many are like the quaint old physician, Sir Thomas Browne, who seemed scarcely to approve of any one who should desire "to surpass the days of our Saviour, or wish to outlive that age wherein He thought fittest to die;" and for this reason, among others, that "if (as divinity affirms) there shall be no grey hairs in heaven, but all shall rise in the perfect state of men, we do but outlive these perfections in this world to be recalled to them by a greater miracle in the next, and run on here but to retrograde hereafter." Yet we never heard that Sir Thomas lamented greatly the prolongation of his own life to the age of seventy-seven.

Despite any theorising, life certainly seems to the general mind something worthy to be clung to with a most tenacious grasp. He was no unwise observer of men and things who gave it as his opinion that though in philosophic moments Hamlet might gravely soliloquize "To be or not to be!" yet should some one suddenly point a pistol at his head

he would shout "be!" without a moment's hesitation. Even the strongest religious faith, though it may have a confident assurance of a happier home "over the river," will often hesitate on the bank, loath to say farewell to life. The evidence of things not seen may be strong, but it cannot altogether destroy the influence of the things that are seen.

Just how long a man might live or ought to live is another of the disputed questions involved in the consideration of old age. Moses (was it not he?) set down the limit at three score and ten; yet he himself, regardless of consistency, lived out full six score, and even then "his eye was not dim, nor his natural strength abated." Hufeland, who wrote pleasantly on "The Art of Prolonging Life," thought people might reach 200 years, if they only took care of themselves. But he died at 74; presumably, he did not take care of himself. Buffon, calculating from the ratio which the life of an animal bears to the years of its growth, held "that the man who did not die of accidental causes, reached everywhere the age of ninety or one hundred." Others who have written and talked on this subject adopt various opinions as to the duration of life. Individually, they have generally tried to live as long as possible.

That people do at times reach an age far beyond the ordinary limit is evidenced by the records of history. It is often difficult, though, to decide how far romance enters into the composition of some of the marvellous stories of longevity we hear. In the case of a sheik of Smyrna still living at the advanced age of 600, or in that of one Astephius, who claimed for himself not less

than 1,025 years, there need be no question. But in the multitude of cases credited with varying ages from 100 to 200, there is more room for doubt. Yet the evidence is sometimes very clear. Take the Countess of Desmond for an example, among those generally accepted as true. Born in 1465 she is said to have danced with Richard the Third while yet Duke of Gloucester, and to have outlived all the English sovereigns of the Houses of York and Tudor, dying during the reign of James I., at the age of 140. A lively old lady she must have been, if the tradition be true, which attributes her death to a fall from a cherry tree! Then there is Henry Jenkins, of whom it was said, that in his youth he was present at the battle of Flodden. He died in 1670, and could not, therefore, have been less than 170. But the evidence is not so satisfactory in his case as in that of Thomas Parr, who was born in 1483. We are told that he married his first wife at the age of 80, and his second at 120. Gay young bridegroom! worse than the perhaps mythical John Weeks who married his tenth wife when he was 106, she being then only "sweet sixteen." Parr survived his second and last matrimonial effort 32 years, dying at the age of 152. There are several other cases on record of whose truthfulness we can have little doubt, where persons have passed the century mile-post of life's journey, and got some distance beyond; but we shall not occupy space with their names.

The best evidence that people think it desirable to live long, is to be found in the exertions that have been made in all ages to accomplish this end. The Egyptians supposed life could be lengthened by the free use of sudorifics and emetics. They tried to "keep the pores open," as the old women,—professional and non-professional—say. Two emetics per month were considered the proper thing in Egypt. If classic poets are to be credited, Medea, a philosophic young lady, much given to

chemical experiments, rejuvenated her father-in-law, Æson, and, we presume, prolonged his life by a very free venesection, followed by the injection of certain vegetable juices into his veins. Very probably this was the origin of the regimen favoured by some medical men—not yet dead—who used to recommend a bleeding every spring, followed by a course of bitters to purify the system.

The alchemists were all earnest seekers after some *elixir vite*—some magic potion which should preserve youth and vigour for ever. None succeeded, judging from the fact that they all died themselves; but some of them imagined they had discovered what would prolong if not perpetuate life. Friar Bacon compounded a nostrum of gold, coral, vipers, rosemary, aloes, the bone of a stag's heart, and certain other mysterious ingredients. Arnoldus de Villâ, a French physician, proposed to feed the seeker after long life on pullets fattened on vipers, which, after being whipped to death, were to have their heads and tails cut off, and be stewed in a mixture of rosemary and fennel. This formed the *pièce de resistance* of the feast; the *entremets* were composed of emeralds, rubies and other precious stones dissolved. There would not be much objection to the latter articles; but most people would prefer them raw rather than cooked.

Commend us, however, to the prescription of Claudius Hermippus, who taught a school of girls in Rome, and died at the age of 115, having thus prolonged his life, in his own opinion, by "exposing himself, daily, to the breath of innocent young maids." The remedy might not be unpleasant, even if it should not succeed as well in this nineteenth century as in the days of the Roman dominie. If, however, a deeper meaning is to be placed upon it than appears on the surface, it will not be so ridiculous as it looks. Read the prescription in the words of old Marshal de Schomberg, who was

killed at the Battle of the Boyne, hale and vigorous, though 83, who used to say that "when he was young he conversed with old men to gain experience, and when old delighted in the company of the young to keep up his spirits."

Hippocrates, the leading physician of his day, long ago—died at 109, tradition says—advised pure air, cleanliness, moderation in all things, exercise, and a daily friction of the *day*. It does not appear that modern doctors are able to improve on his prescription, and they generally content themselves with following the divine old man of Cos. Cases are found, however, which show long life to be quite compatible with the absence of these conditions. There was the Rev. W. Davis, an English clergyman, who lived to the age of 105; for the last 35 years of his life he took no out-door exercise; daily had his hot buttered rolls for breakfast, and roast beef for supper, with abundance of wine to wash it down. In the year 1806, there died in London a noted character of her day, Mrs. Lawson, aged 106; she never washed herself, very seldom as much as swept her rooms; her labours at the toilet were confined to smearing her face and neck with hog's lard, with an occasional touch of rouge. We can quite believe the report that her chief companions were cats and dogs.

While these cases and many others show that old age is possible in defiance of all commonly-received rules of hygiene, so also the evidences are clear that neither climate, occupation nor condition of life can be specially depended upon; more particularly in regard to extreme longevity. According to Finlaison's Tables, "Rural districts have the advantage of about one in two hundred deaths above city districts, and one in five hundred above the town districts." Country, therefore, is not so much better than city; and hot climates differ but little from cold.

The female sex seems to have somewhat the advantage of the male in the

average duration of life; though there are more instances of extreme longevity among the latter than the former. It is said, but we really are not sure about it, that matrimony is conducive to long life. Hufeland gives a solemn warning to bachelors. He says: "There is not one instance of a bachelor having attained a great age." Now, while it may be that, by a wise dispensation of Providence, these comparatively useless members of the social world die off sooner than their brethren who have conjugated, yet the assertion of the Prussian authority is altogether too sweeping. Kant lived to 80, Swedenborg to 84, Alexander von Humboldt to 90, Hobbes to 91; besides many other single gentlemen who reached a most venerable age. But Hufeland was evidently prejudiced in favour of matrimony; for he says further: "All people who have been very old were married more than once;" and he instances the case of one De Longueville, who attained the age of 110, and had ten wives, the last in his 99th year! Poor man! to be thus untimely cut off in the midst of a career of usefulness! But perhaps if he had not been so matrimonially inclined he might have lived much longer.

Even though we take into consideration the occupation and surrounding circumstances of the individual, we do not arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to what is most conducive to longevity. Among clergymen, we find cases like those of Cardinal de Solis, who live to be 110; Dr. Totty, an English rector, of Hastings, 101; Bishop Morton of Litchfield, 95. Lawyers have generally been long-lived, as witness Lords Lyndhurst; Brougham, Mansfield, Stowell and Eldon, all of whom died in the neighbourhood of 90. Physicians shew few examples of longevity; more are to be found among literary men, like Samuel Rogers, living to 93, and Fontenelle who completed his century. In the arts, we read of Michael Angelo, who wore the four crowns of archi-

ecture, sculpture, painting and poetry to the age of 90 ; Sir Christopher Wren finding rest after a life of 91 years ; Titian dying of the plague at 99. Kings and princes who have lived active lives, provide us with few cases of extreme age. So, too, with soldiers, though one case comes up before us—one who was both soldier and king—blind old Dandolo, chosen Doge of Venice at 84, storming Constantinople at the head of his troops when 94, refusing to accept the offered throne of the Eastern Empire, to which he was elected, at 96, and dying Doge at 97.

If, then, extreme old age be possible under so many and so varying conditions, we may well ask the question, upon what does longevity depend? "Chiefly," replies Sir John Sinclair (*Code of Health and Longevity*), "upon a certain bodily and mental predisposition to longevity." An indefinite answer, amounting in effect to little more than this, that certain people live long because they do not die sooner. And yet it may be as good as we can give. For as some people are born with a predisposition to grow tall, while others for no better reason remain short, so this unexplainable "predisposition" may increase or diminish by many years the length of a man's life.

Another element of longevity is also to a great extent beyond the control of the individual ; and that is a complacent, self-satisfied disposition, an even temper, not easily ruffled by the excitement of life, a calm indifference to adverse circumstances ; in other words, that peculiar temperament possessed by some people which leads them to "take things easy." A marked example of this is found in the history of Lodowick Cornaro, a Venetian gentleman, whose "Treatise on Temperance" was translated into English as far back as 1678. Signor Cornaro had no public cares, for his family had a taint of treason which shut them out from public life ; he had no domestic cares ; he possessed an ample competence which

preserved him from all personal cares ; he had an abundant supply of self-conceit, which his friends doubtless pampered till he began to look on himself as "monarch of all he surveyed ;" he had nothing to do, and he did nothing, except to exercise on himself his favourite hygienic hobby—the only marked feature of his life. From the age of thirty-six till his death, at over one hundred, he kept steadily to a diet of twelve ounces of solid food and fourteen of liquid daily. But what had more effect in prolonging his life than his regular diet was the complete control under which he had brought his emotions, so that, to use his own confession, "the death of relatives and friends could make no impression on him but for a moment or two, and then it was over."

Judging from Cornaro's case, as well as from others, we may safely conclude that while temperate and regular habits are conducive to long life, the most important elements of all are easy circumstances, a philosophic self-complacency, and that very moderate exercise of bodily and mental powers which is oftener and connected with mediocrity than with genius of a higher order. All experience teaches that there is a close relationship between the intensity and extensity of life. By intensity we mean the rate of living ; by extensity, its duration. The faster we live the sooner we die. All over-work, whether mental or physical, whether valuable labour or reckless dissipation, is a draft on the future ; and the draft will have to be paid with heavy interest. In this very rapid age the mass of mankind is over-worked, rather than under-worked. And instead of trying to ease the strain on the machinery, most of us are doing our utmost to crowd on more steam. Theoretically we may acknowledge the risk we run but it makes little difference in our practices. Life is short, we say, let us work while we can.

And, after all the grave lectures of health

reformers, there is some sense in this idea. In itself old age is not a desirable thing. There are accessory circumstances which may render it enviable; but these do not always exist. The tendency is to esteem and honour those over whose heads many years have passed, because we suppose that with the passing of years wisdom has come. "Intellect is the essence of age," says Emerson. The superficial observer sees the snowy locks and wrinkled brow, and takes these as the evidences of that ripened intellect which he is prepared to venerate. But the age of the wise man is to be computed from his studies, not from his wrinkles. The intensity of a life of two-score years may have had richer results than the even tenor of four-score. This is the idea of the old Veda: "He that can discriminate is the father of his father." And is not the man who has worked with every nerve and muscle till fifty, of as much value to society as he who has dawdled out a century? Has he not done more? Does he not know more? And can he not then step aside from a busy life to a deserved rest, leaving his memory enshrined in the affection and esteem of the circle where he moved—leaving a name more honourable far than he whose chief notoriety is from his many years—years which we begin to count, as some one has said, when there is nothing else to count?

The legend of Tithonus does not exaggerate the evils of a physical immortality; and when statisticians assure us positively that more than half the people over eighty years are totally infirm in mind and body, we scarcely feel tempted to desire a longevity that shall take us into the regions of disability. When the prophets of hygiene point us to our blunders, and lay down rules for our guidance like those of Cornaro, or per-

haps more cast-iron still, we are apt to say with the old satirist, "*Longa dies igitur quid contulit?*" What pleasure even in anticipating a comparatively vigorous senility, if we outlive our generation and outlive our usefulness? The grand-children become the men and women who govern the world; and they seldom work harmoniously with the grand-fathers. "Old age for counsel!" But the busy workers have little time to consult old age, and little inclination to follow its advice when adverse. Will the mere fact of having lived many years console Old Age for his physical inconveniences, for his failing powers, for the neglect of his juniors, for the loss of all his friends and companions? Where will the happiness be for the lonely centenarian—

"When the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed,
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear,
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb?"

As he looks on life's busy whirl, so changeless in its activity, its energy, and its vigour, yet ever changing in its forms and modes, so different from what it was when he was young, will he not cry with him of old:

"Yet hold me not forever in thine East;
How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground."

Better far to work while there is strength to work and when strength fails to cease from labour, and enter into rest there,

"Where beyond these voices there is peace."

GREAT BRITAIN, CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

EDITORIAL.

WHEN our last number went to press the question between Great Britain and the United States was still in a somewhat undeveloped condition. We now propose, as the most useful contribution which it is in our power to make to the discussion, to re-state a few facts which have been buried under ever-increasing piles of fiction, and the knowledge of which is necessary to enable us to do justice to the mother country, and in some measure also to Canada, whose Southern sympathies real or supposed, were included among the causes of offence. In the dispute which has arisen about the Treaty between the two parties at Ottawa, we have no inclination to take part. An occasion for reviewing their respective policy may present itself hereafter.

Slavery had divided the Union politically and socially into two distinct and antagonistic communities. All the world expected that between these two communities a rupture would some day come. It came at last, when, by the triumph of the Republican party in the Presidential Election of 1860, the Southerners lost their political control over the Union, and with it security for the maintenance of their own institutions. The Union then split into two groups of States, and the Southern group formed itself into a new confederation, having African slavery as its distinctive basis.

For this event no one was responsible but the people of the United States themselves, who had recognized slavery in their constitution, and who continued to recognize it till a military necessity enforced its abolition. Least of all could any blame be said to rest on Great Britain, who had abolished by a great national sacrifice slavery in her

own colonies; who, at the Congress of Vienna, while other powers demanded territory, demanded nothing but treaties for the suppression of the slave trade; and who for nearly half a century had maintained a constant crusade against the trade, in which she had met with discouragement and even with obstruction from the Government of the United States.

Secession was facilitated, and the conduct of its authors was more or less justified in the eyes of many Americans and in those of the world at large by the idea prevalent at the South, and extensively entertained even at the North, as to the individual sovereignty of the States, an idea somewhat loosely expressed by the phrase State Right. Many even of those who did not admit the doctrine of State Right, regarded the Union as a voluntary association, in which the States could never be held by force. Dr. Channing, in enforcing the necessity of political virtue as a bond of cohesion, had said "our Union is not like that of other nations, confirmed by the habits of ages and riveted by force. It is a recent and still more a voluntary union. It is idle to talk of force as binding us together. Nothing can retain a member of this confederacy when resolved on separation. The only bonds that can permanently unite us are moral ones."* The Declaration of Independence laid it down as a universal principle that governments derive their authority from the consent of

*" Discourse on Spiritual Freedom," Channing's works, People's edition, vol. II, pages 96, 97. We are informed by the correspondent to whom we owe the extract, that in an edition of Channing's works published at Boston, during the civil war, this passage is suppressed, If so, its significance is increased.

the governed, and to that avowal ex-President Adams had appealed as his justification for presenting a petition from some citizens of Massachusetts for the dissolution of the Union.* President Lincoln, himself had used language in the early part of his career which reads almost like a vindication of the Southern Revolution. The idea of secession was not unfamiliar even in New England, when New England was groaning under the ascendancy of the Democratic party. These things are mentioned not to prove that secession was right; but to prove that those who thought coercion wrong were not necessarily enemies of mankind or even of the American people.

The new confederation had from the first *de facto* the characteristics of a nation. It had a regular government deriving its power from popular suffrage and completely commanding the obedience of the people throughout the whole of a vast and compact territory. It was perfectly organized for all the purposes of legislation, administration and public justice. It had on foot armaments sufficient to defend its territory, and enforce the respect of foreign powers.

After a vain attempt to effect a reconciliation by offering fresh guarantees to slavery,† the Northern Confederation proceeded to subjugate the Southern by force of arms. Its object in doing so was to restore the Union, in other words to recover lost territory and power. With the same object George III had attempted to subjugate the seceding colonies; but George III had not recognized the dependence of government on the will of the governed. With a small minority the desire to destroy slavery was from the first the ruling motive. But on behalf of the Government such a motive was distinctly disclaimed by Mr. Seward, who instructed his representative in England to

state that slavery was in no way threatened, and to reject any sympathy tendered on anti-slavery grounds. The recovery of lost territory and power was a natural object, and perhaps as the world goes not immoral; but it was not one which could be expected to excite the unanimous and enthusiastic sympathy of the human race, or in favour of which other nations could be called upon to suspend all ordinary rules of action. Great Britain especially might be excused for regarding it with comparative coolness, as she was warned from the first, with the usual violence of vituperation, by leading organs of American opinion that as soon as the South had been crushed, the victorious arms of the re-united republic would be turned against her American possessions.

The war was waged from the beginning to the end as a regular war between nations. In no single instance did the North venture to treat the Southerners or any of them as rebels. General Butler was lauded for having "hanged a rebel" at New Orleans; but the man in question was hanged, not for rebellion, but under the laws of war, for rising against the garrison after the surrender of the city. That the Southerners were mere rebels was a fiction which derived some colour from the circumstance of Secession and which was very naturally cherished at the North; but the conduct of foreign powers was necessarily regulated, and must in reason be judged, by facts and not by fictions. The trophies of which the North is full are not trophies of a victory over an insurrection; they are trophies of a conquest.

On the continent of Europe the war excited comparatively little interest. But Great Britain was so intimately connected by origin, language and commercial ties with the United States that the conflict may be said to have morally extended to her shores. The first feeling among the British was that of alarm at the impending ruin of the cotton trade, and with it of the industry which supported millions of the peo-

*Congressional Globe, vol. II: p. 168.

†See the resolutions of Congress and those of the House of Representatives. Feb. 1861.

ple. This feeling rose almost to the point of anguish, though already, as those who were in the United States at the time testify, the Americans were ascribing the war to the machinations of Great Britain. The feeling against slavery and its partisans was also strong, and general. England was pledged to the Anti-slavery cause by her avowed principles, by her most cherished memories, by a great expenditure not only of treasure but of blood. If the aristocratic party at heart viewed the disruption of the great democratic power with not unnatural complacency, it did not venture openly to defy the traditional sentiment of the nation; and even the *Times* wrote against the slave-owners. But the avowal of the Northern Government that the war was not directed against slavery, the language of the American press, the publication by the American Government of the offensive despatch of Mr. Cassius Clay, the heroic energy and valour displayed by the South, the apparent want during the early part of the struggle of similar qualities on the side of the North, the Trent affair, the wearisome protraction of the conflict, and a growing impatience of the ruinous suspension of British industry—these circumstances, combined with the skilful propagandism of the South, wrought in course of time a partial change. The aristocratic party no longer feared to avow their political sympathy with the Southern aristocracy, and they were joined by a large commercial party which had its centre in the great cotton port.

On the other hand the popular party continued to manifest its unwavering and ardent sympathy with the North. It held public meetings in all the great cities; it waged an incessant war of opinion through the press; and in spite of a limited franchise, and an unreformed representation, it was strong enough, not only to prevent Great Britain from lending aid to the Confederates, but to prevent any motion for the recognition of the Confederacy from being even put to the vote

in the House of Commons. Nor were there any adherents of the Northern cause more staunch than the mechanics, whose bread was taken from their mouths and whose prospects were involved in the deepest gloom by the prolongation of the war. That these things are not forgotten by the people of the United States, appears from the use which they now make of the speeches of their old English friends and allies in framing their indictments against England.

Between the two parties whose sympathies were pronounced, there was a great mass which could scarcely be said to sympathize with either; but which, so far as it was swayed at all, was swayed partly by a vague feeling in favour of the weaker side, partly by the desire that the war might come to an end, and that the cotton trade might be restored. The feeling of aversion to a bloody, ruinous and apparently hopeless conflict largely prevailed, apart from any other sentiment, and was perfectly distinguishable from sympathy with slavery or with the South, though visited by the Americans with the same reprobation.

What the personal feelings of the several members of the British Government were, is not really known. It is confidently asserted that Lord Palmerston was friendly to the slave-owners; yet he had more than once embroiled England with foreign powers by his almost fanatical hostility to the slave trade. The Duke of Argyll and Mr. Milner Gibson were, it may safely be said, friendly to the North; and the Duke of Newcastle, a man singularly steady in love and hatred, retained a very warm recollection of the hospitable reception which he had met with in the States when he visited them in company with the Prince of Wales. Collectively, however, the Government took up and maintained to the end a position of neutrality. It refused to recognize the South. It refused to receive the Southern envoys. Even social courtesy was withheld from them by the Prime Minister, lest it should seem

to imply official recognition. When intervention was proposed by the Emperor of the French, in the interest of his Mexican satrapy, the British Government at once rejected the proposal, though by acceptance it would have broken the power of an inveterate enemy, secured a powerful ally on this continent, strengthened its cherished connexion with France, and saved England from what appeared a yawning gulf of commercial ruin.

To say that the British Government was neutral, is in fact saying too little. The Southern Confederacy, as has already been remarked, however objectionable its origin, however evil its institutions, presented the ordinary features of nationality. And in steadily refusing to recognize it as a nation, the British Government, it may safely be averred, was in some measure swayed by moral hostility to a slave-power. Had Great Britain recognized after Chancellorsville, there can be little doubt that the other powers would have followed her example. It is evident from the language of the American ambassador to his Government, that he felt great misgivings, as well he might, with regard to his position and the prospect of his being received by Great Britain as the *de jure* representative of all the States, when in fact he no more represented the Southern half of them than he represented France; and he clearly was much relieved when his misgivings were set at rest. It ought not to be forgotten that in all this the British Government was braving the resentment of the then victorious South, and that to a British Government, British interests may not unreasonably be to some extent a care.

That the Americans made great sacrifices in this war for the restoration of their Union is undoubted: but if the question is which made the greater sacrifices for the abolition of slavery, America or Great Britain, the answer must be, Great Britain.

The presence of a British squadron on the scene of maritime war, and the intimacy of

our commercial connection with the South, rendered it incumbent on the Crown, at an early date, to issue a proclamation of neutrality for the guidance of our officers and for the purpose of restraining British subjects from taking part in the war. With a view to the latter object, the prompt adoption of the measure was strongly advocated by the leading friends of the North. France issued a similar proclamation almost at the same moment, and the other powers speedily followed, Spain receiving a letter of thanks from the American Ambassador on the occasion. The proclamation of neutrality recognized the existence of a state of war, which was tantamount to recognizing the sun at noon.

It has been since asserted that the existence of a war ought to have been recognized on land only; and that while the Federals were treating General Lee and his soldiers as regular belligerents on land, we ought to have treated them as pirates on the seas. The Creator, we are told, in the beginning divided the dry land from the waters. This argument is at least as rational as any other that can be advanced in defence of the position.

It happened that the proclamation was issued when Mr. Adams, the new American Ambassador, had just landed, and before he had been communicated with. He could have brought no instructions which would have relieved the Government from the necessity of taking the step upon which it had determined; but the circumstance was unfortunate and might well have formed the subject of a courteous explanation. Unluckily Lord Russell, then Foreign Minister, was not much in the habit of making courteous explanations, and his example may serve as a signal warning to other Ministers of the mischief sometimes done by the omission of a gracious word. Mr. Adams, however, objected to the action of the British Government in declaring its neutrality only as "a little more rapid than the

occasion actually required." So far from taking it as a demonstration of hostility, he told his Government that it was not to be regarded in that light. Such was the original molehill which, under the influence of vindictive rhetoric, now towers up into a mountain of massive wrong.

Mr. Adams at the same period informed his Government that he had found British sentiment, even at Liverpool, still fluctuating. He might yet have fixed it in his own favour, had he been instructed to declare that the abolition of slavery was the object of the war. But he was instructed to declare that it was not.

The Proclamation was followed by orders interdicting the belligerents from bringing prizes into British ports, of which the Confederates complained bitterly, and which Mr. Seward regarded as "a death blow to Southern privateering."

The conduct of the British Government in thus recognizing the existence of a state of war, and applying to it the rules dictated by humanity and by the policy of nations, was endorsed by all the other maritime powers, and is approved by all sane men. But it did not satisfy Mr. Sumner. Mr. Sumner, in a speech on foreign relations, made during the war, insisted that Her Britannic Majesty should not only refuse to recognize the Southern government, but "spew it forth," and "blast" it by proclamation, and thus put the South on the footing of a Cain among the nations. Every moment of hesitation to issue such a proclamation, was according to him a moment of apostasy. "Not to blast was to bless." The Confederacy was a "Magnum Latrocinium, whose fellowship could have nothing but the filthiness of evil," "a mighty house of ill-fame," "an Ishmael," "a brood of harpies defiling ail which it could not steal," "a one-eyed Cyclops of nations;" "a soulless monster of Frankenstein;" "a wretched creation of mental science without God." "Who," proceeded the orator, "can welcome such a creation?

who can consort with it? There is something loathsome in the idea. There is contamination even in the thought. If you live with the lame, says the ancient proverb, you will learn to limp; if you keep in the kitchen you will smell of smoke; if you touch pitch you will be defiled. But what lameness so pitiful as that of this pretended power? What smoke so foul as its breath! What pitch so defiling as its touch! It is an Oriental saying, that a cistern of rose water will become impure if a dog is dropped into it; but a continent of rose water with rebel slave-mongers could be changed into a vulgar puddle. Imagine if you please whatever is most disgusting, and this pretended power is more disgusting still. Naturalists report that the pike will swallow anything except the toad, but this it cannot do. The experiment has been tried, and though this fish in its voracity always gulps whatever is thrown to it, yet invariably it spews the nuisance from its throat. But our slave-monger pretension is worse than the toad, and yet there are foreign nations which instead of spewing it forth are already turning it like a precious morsel on the tongue." "Ædipus," so went on Mr. Sumner, "in the saddest tale of antiquity, weds his own mother without knowing it, but England will wed the slave power with full knowledge that the relation, if not incestuous, is vile." And then "the foul attorneys of the slave-monger power, reeking with slavery, will have their letters of license as the ambassadors of slavery, to rove from court to court, over foreign carpets, talking, drinking, spitting slavery and poisoning that air which has been nobly pronounced too pure for a slave to breathe." All reasonable men must see that to follow the suggestions of this orator, would have been to follow the suggestions of fanaticism aggravated by the bitter memory of personal injury. Yet, Mr. Sumner has been practically allowed to guide the people of the United States in this matter, and it is on the faith of his rep.

resentations that they bring forward charges and prefer demands, which, if insisted on, must lead to war. We can compare his influence only to that of the witch-seers in reliance on whose supernatural perceptions his New England forefathers sent a multitude of innocent persons to the gallows.

The Southerners when their own ports were closed, tried, in violation of our neutrality, to build ships of war in British docks and take them to sea from British ports, thus making our shores the basis of their naval war. The machinations which they employed for this purpose, were, in one instance, successful in evading what Captain Semmes calls "the anxiously guarded neutrality of England." The *Alabama*, against which evidence had been submitted by the American ambassador, and which was under surveillance, escaped from port when the order for her detention was on its way. She sailed without a clearance on a pretended trial trip, masking her real purpose by taking a pleasure party on board. She was pursued to Nassau, her supposed destination. But she had gone to Terceira, in the Azores, out of British jurisdiction, where she took on board her armament. Notwithstanding the haze of mendacious rhetoric with which the transaction has been surrounded, the fact is that the *Alabama* left England unarmed and without a single enlisted man.

The case has never been properly investigated, as it is to be hoped it will be if the British taxpayer is called upon to pay the damages. But it appears that there was neglect or treachery, or both, on the part of some of the British officials. A fatal delay was caused at the critical moment by the mental malady (which has since proved incurable) of the law officer before whom the papers were; but it was the business of the Under-Secretary of State for the Foreign Department to make inquiry when he found that the papers were not returned. Somebody must also have betrayed, by telegram to Captain Semmes at Liverpool, the reso-

lution of the Cabinet at London. The Confederate emissaries were active and provided with the means of corruption. Any Government may be betrayed by a corrupt subordinate, as the Government of the United States has good reason to know.

The South gained nothing by this criminal and calamitous violation of British neutrality. The barbarous warfare carried on by the *Alabama* and her consorts against merchantmen could not influence the result of the main struggle. The party favourable to the South or opposed to the war in the Northern States, which it ought to have been the first aim of the Southerners to foster and support, was discredited and estranged. Many Englishmen who, though hostile to slavery, had taken no part against the South before, came forward when attempts were made, by violating British neutrality, to drag Great Britain into the war; and thus recognition was rendered more hopeless than ever. Of the wealthy ship-builder who imperilled the honour and interests of his country for his private gain, it is needless to speak; his name will be infamous for ever.

Many thought that the *Alabama*, having violated our neutrality, ought to be hunted down as a malefactor, or at least excluded from our ports. But the Government was advised that, having gone into the foreign port of Terceira, she must be thenceforth treated as an ordinary ship of war; and though we believe the advice to have been over-technical and wrong, there can be no doubt that it was honest. Sir Roundell Palmer, the Attorney-General, was a man of the very highest character, and friendly to the North. Neutrals are bound by the existing rules of international law; they cannot alter those rules *pendente bello*, without committing an act of hostility against one of the belligerents.

Before the escape of the *Alabama*, the *Orto*, afterwards called the *Florida*, secretly built for the Confederates, had left a British

port. But no tangible evidence had been produced of her ownership or destination ; and it must be remembered that the building of men of war, as well as merchantmen, for foreign nations, was a regular trade which could not be stopped because the United States were at war. The *Florida* took on board her armament at Green Key, an islet near the Bahamas, and went into the Confederate port of Mobile ; whence, not from a British port, she commenced her cruise. The *Georgia* and *Shenandoah* were merchantmen, not built for war, nor in any way adapted for warlike purposes within the British Dominions. The *Alexandra* was detained, though, as appeared on the trial, the evidence against her was defective. The steam-rams *El Monassir* and *El Toussoon* were seized, and the evidence being insufficient, the Government cut the knot by purchasing the rams. The ordinary sale of vessels out of the navy was suspended, lest they should fall into Confederate hands ; and when the fleet of gun-boats procured by Captain Sherard Osborn for the Emperor of China was sold off, the British Government undertook the sale, guaranteeing the Chinese Government against loss, an operation which cost Great Britain more than half a million of dollars. Inquiry was instituted in numerous cases at the instance of Mr. Adams, and there were five prosecutions under the Foreign Enlistment Act.

Great Britain is charged with the deprivations of the *Sumter* and *Nashville*, vessels fitted out from Confederate ports and manned by Confederate seamen, with which she had no more to do than with any German or French cruiser in the late war.

No privilege was ever granted to a Confederate cruiser in any British port, which was not equally granted to Federal cruisers. Nor did Great Britain stand alone in receiving these vessels, though she is singled out by American hatred as though she had. They were received in the ports of all nations alike. The first port into which the

Alabama went, after commencing her cruise, was the French port of Martinique, where she was welcomed with as much enthusiasm by her partisans, as in any British dependency. From a French port she came forth to her last fight. The *Florida* repaired and coaled at Brest, having been refused permission to coal at Bermuda. The *Sumter* having been allowed to put into a Dutch port, Mr. Seward addressed a threatening letter to the Dutch Government. The Dutch Government answered with spirit and found the benefit of that course.

It was a subject of deep regret to many Englishmen at the time that some of the Confederate cruisers were manned, in part, by British seamen. But the armies of the North swarmed with foreigners, many of them British subjects, and recruited in virtual, if not in technical, violation of neutrality along the Canadian border. All nations, maritime nations especially, and not least the nation of Walker and his filibusters, have among their people roving adventurers who can scarcely be deemed citizens. British sailors serving in Confederate cruisers were struck off the list of the naval reserve.

It was equally a source of sorrow to the same section of Englishmen, that British subjects were the principal blockade-runners. But where there are blockades, there will be blockade-running ; the trade was in no way sheltered or facilitated by the British Government ; and Great Britain was not bound to assist the Federals in maintaining the blockade—she was bound to abstain from doing so. An order was issued prohibiting officers in the British navy from taking part in blockade-running. The Government could do no more.

Both belligerents freely purchased arms in British markets. The Northern troops in the early part of the war were to a great extent armed with British rifles. That the British Government has ever been guilty of selling arms to a belligerent is an utter cal-

umny, whatever any other government may have done.

The British Government did not gag its press or manacle private sympathy. Some British citizens made a bad use of their liberty. The London *Times* poured upon the North in its hour of depression a stream of contumely and slander which more than any act of the Government led to the present bitterness; and some members of Parliament so far forgot themselves as to cheer the *Alabama* in the House of Commons—an offence only inferior in gravity to that committed by the American House of Representatives, when by a majority of 172 to 71, it voted, in the name of the people of the United States, an address of welcome to the Fenian patriots (30 Jan., 1871). No language, however held by any British journalist or speaker against the war and its authors, could possibly exceed in violence the language held by a large party among the people of the United States themselves. The most offensive things perhaps that appeared in the British press, were the letters of "Manhattan," published in the *Standard*, but written in New York.

An eminent Italian jurist, the professor of International Law in the University of Pavia, has pronounced the neutrality of Great Britain blameless in respect of both the contending parties, setting aside the case of the *Alabama*, which, misled by persistent and accumulated falsehood, he believes to have been armed and manned in England under the eye of the British Government, and to have brought her prizes into British ports. But what the North really demanded of Great Britain was not neutrality but participation in the war on the Federal side.

Good sense and regard for British honour required that in the case of the *Alabama* all doubt should at once be cleared up, and, if reparation appeared to be due, that it should be promptly made. But diplomacy chose first to repudiate all responsibility, then to

slide into concession, and finally into the imbroglia which we now see.

After much wrangling, the two Governments framed a convention for the mutual settlement of claims. This treaty, though signed in London, was virtually drawn up at Washington, for the British Government acceded to all the proposals of Mr. Seward, and when he wished to amend his original terms, acceded to his amendment also. The American ambassador dined too much in public and made too many friendly speeches, probably with a view to facilitate his negotiation. But this was not the fault of the British Government, nor could the British Government go behind his credentials and inquire whether he really represented the nation. His appointment had been unanimously confirmed by the Senate, including Mr. Sumner, who, it has been positively and repeatedly stated, specially commended Mr. Reverdy Johnson to Mr. Bright, and afterwards wrote to the same statesmen a letter which was equivalent to one of congratulation on the conclusion of the treaty.

Under these circumstances Great Britain was entitled at least to courtesy. But the treaty was flung out by the Senate with every mark of contumely. The rule of secrecy was suspended that the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations might publish an inflammatory libel against the British Government and nation. A torrent of unprovoked abuse and menace was poured forth against Great Britain by all the organs of American opinion, which, however, somewhat changed their tone when the effect of their language was perceived, and began to rally the British on their baseless fears, having no idea that a nation assailed with the most odious calumnies could feel wounded in its honour. The fact, indeed, is that some deduction ought probably to be made from the offensiveness of American charges on the ground of the habitual use of injurious imputations as ordinary weapons of debate among American politicians.

The mover of the rejection of the treaty, and the author of the libellous speech published with the sanction of the Senate, was Mr. Sumner, a statesman of whose good sense we have already seen a specimen, and whose philanthropic eloquence was one of the immediate causes of the civil war, and is now likely to lead to a standing quarrel, and perhaps ultimately to a war, between two nations. From the lapse of time the real facts of the case had been so far forgotten that Mr. Sumner was enabled to substitute for them in the minds of his countrymen a portentous fiction of his own imagination. The action of the British Government in regard to the Proclamation of Neutrality, which, to the sufficiently critical mind of Mr. Adams, at the time, had appeared only "a little more rapid than the occasion required" now became a colossal wrong and the inception of a dark conspiracy, the consummation of which was the launching of a swarm of British corsairs to prey upon American commerce. The fact that other nations had issued an exactly similar proclamation and had received the cruisers in their ports as duly commissioned men-of-war was of course suppressed. Great Britain was charged with the hopes founded by the Confederation on her supposed subserviency to the cotton interest, hopes which she had nobly disappointed. It was asserted that the Southerners though they were fighting not only for national independence but for social position, property and all that made life dear, and though they were encouraged by the most brilliant victories gained against great odds, had been sustained during the last two years of the war only by the depredations of the *Alabama* and her consorts, and by the expectation of aid from a nation which constantly refused even to receive their envoys. The offending nation was declared liable to be charged with the cost of two years of the war, and, in addition, to the losses caused by the decay of the mercantile marine of the United States, which American economists

distinctly trace to the exclusion of materials for shipbuilding under the protective system. Every artifice of rhetoric was employed to inflame American feeling against Great Britain, and the speaker concluded with professions of his ardent desire to promote peace and good will among nations.

It is not necessary again to analyse this angry figment, the character of which was happily depicted by its author, when he said, in the terms which would have been used by a mythologist in describing the growth of a fable, that the mountain of wrong looked bigger as you went further from its base. The American Government has abandoned the position in reference to the declaration of neutrality, which formed the foundation of Mr. Sumner's superstructure of charges and claims, though it retains the superstructure without the foundation. Mr. Sumner's guilt is enhanced by the fact that he had spent some time as a guest in England and was well acquainted with the statesmen against whose characters he levelled these groundless imputations.

Mr. Thornton has stated in a despatch that at this time he received hints from more than one quarter that Great Britain might compound for her breaches of transcendental morality by the cession of her North American possessions. A notable editorial to the same effect appeared about the same time in the *New York Tribune*, and there were literary traces of a connection between the editorial and Mr. Sumner's speech.

If consequential damages are to be assessed for the havoc wrought by the war the assessor may, perhaps, have to resort to a quarter where no citizen of the United States ever believes that the slightest responsibility can rest. The American people themselves by recognizing and maintaining for their political and commercial purposes the institution of slavery, which they now declare to have been flagrantly immoral, were responsible for the inevitable rupture which ensued,

and for all the calamities which followed to themselves and to mankind.

The prolongation of the war, which is the ground on which General Grant claims his consequential damages, and which he now imputes wholly to the attitude and conduct of Great Britain, was once imputed by the same authority to a very different agency. In a letter to Mr. Washburne, dated Aug. 16, 1864, and published for the purpose of influencing the then approaching Presidential Election, General Grant said, "I state to all citizens who visit me that all we want now to ensure an early restoration of the Union is a determined unity of sentiment North. * * * * With this drain upon them (the rebels), the end is not far distant if we will only be true to ourselves. Their only hope, now, is in a divided North. * * * * I have no doubt but the enemy are exceedingly anxious to hold out until after the Presidential Election. They have many hopes from its effects. They hope a counter-revolution. They hope the election of a peace candidate. In fact, like Micawber, they hope for something to turn up." The letter, which may be seen in the *Rebellion Record*, contains not the faintest allusion to any Southern hopes fed by Great Britain, or by any allies or sympathizers other than the Democratic party at the North. It would seem, therefore, that when damages for the prolongation of the war are levied, the Democratic party at the North should, at least, be called upon to contribute its share.

Mr. Sumner's charges were embodied by Mr. Fish in a despatch which Mr. Motley was directed to read to Lord Clarendon. Lord Clarendon did not meet this attack on the honour of the country, nor have his successors met similar attacks with the dignity which sound policy as well as self-respect and regard for the national character required. But he sent an exhaustive and conclusive reply to Mr. Fish's statement. This reply was published in England, but in America it was

suppressed by Mr. Fish. One great difficulty in dealing with the people of the United States is that the facts do not reach them. They are fenced by their politicians and journalists against unwelcome truth, and thus they are led blindfold into the designs of men for whom they themselves profess no respect.

After another period of moral war, aggravated by ill-timed and humiliating demonstrations of cordiality on the part of Great Britain, negotiations were resumed and ended in the Treaty of Washington, which was not only to settle all differences and restore halcyon days between the two nations, but to open a new era for humanity by introducing the great principle of international arbitration.

When the terms of the treaty were made known it became at once evident that the British negotiators by consenting to a retrospective modification of international law had compromised the rights and impaired the security of neutrals, whose interests are at least as deserving of protection as those of powers which involve the world in war. Still the apology tendered on the part of Great Britain for the escape of the *Alabama* was well received; the feeling of the people in the United States appeared good; and there was a general tendency among Englishmen to accept the treaty as the best practicable termination of the state of moral war.

Soon, however, it transpired that the British Commissioners had submitted to a peremptory refusal of the Americans to consider the Fenian claims. It may safely be said that the failure to detain a single vessel, furtively built by a foreign power, in time of war, and under all the difficulties incident to the maintenance of neutrality between passionate and unscrupulous belligerents, will bear no comparison in point of criminality with the deliberate permission and encouragement, through a series of years and in time of peace, of an organi-

zation openly levying war against a neighbouring and friendly nation. If the material damage done by the Fenians in Canada was not great—though it included the killing of several Canadians and the wounding of more—the Americans, as they professed, were seeking, not so much the payment of material damages, as the vindication of moral principles. In peremptorily refusing to consider the Fenian claims, they in effect declared that other nations should be answerable for their actions, but the American Republic should not. Here was an end at once of all the moral advantages which were to accrue to humanity from the treaty. Instead of being a signal example of the submission of great powers to the moral law, it became an almost unparalleled assertion, on the part of the United States, of immunity from moral obligations.

At length the "American case" was produced. Its character is best described in the words of the great organ of German opinion, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. "The tribute," says that Journal, "which Germany draws from France, after a complete victory, is insignificant compared with the compensation that the American government demands, in virtue of a treaty which enthusiasts describe as the inauguration of a new era of peace and friendship. The most hostile and contemptuous despatches of Prince Bismarck to the French government are courteous and friendly in comparison with the indictment for which the President and his Cabinet are responsible. An idle attempt has been made to shift this responsibility by attributing the unexampled coarseness and malignity of the attack to the lawyers who drew it up. It may be true that the American negotiators have discredited themselves; but they have also discredited the character of their country." An auspicious opening of the new moral era of international arbitration!

On the vexed question of legal interpretation, we have given a paper drawn up by a

legal hand. On the moral point and the point of honour, there can scarcely be room for doubt. The British Commissioners were known to have entered into the negotiations with the special object of excluding the indirect claims, and reducing the case to such a claim for specific damages as England might with safety and honour consent to submit to arbitration. The word "amicable," applied in the treaty to the settlement, would seem itself to shut out demands, which, it is obvious, could only be enforced by war. It was manifestly on this understanding that the British Commissioners had consented to retrospective modifications of international law, and had tendered an apology, the acceptance of which alone would be decisive against the resumption of a hostile attitude in the court of honour. In that belief they had been suffered to go through the negotiations. In that belief they had been suffered to depart. One of their number and Lord Granville had afterwards been allowed publicly to give this version of the treaty without being corrected. Then, Great Britain being, as it seemed, finally committed to the arbitration, the indirect claims were sprung.

It is suggested that these indirect claims were merely foisted in by the lawyers who drew the case, and who, in a great international cause, used this pettifogging artifice of their trade to impose on the arbitrators and swell the damages. Those who walk in beaten paths, are not likely to be very successful in divining the motives of American politicians.

It is possible that it may have been thought desirable for political purposes to re-open a profitable quarrel. But the only thing which can be safely asserted, is that whatever was done, the paramount object was to influence the result of the approaching Presidential Election.

What is certain is, that if the British Ministers allow the indirect claims to be submitted in any form or under any disguise,

they will be guilty of treason, not only against the interests and honour of their own country, but against all nations. All nations are now, in place of the promised millennium, threatened with the establishment of a rule under which any overbearing power, after filling the world with all the evils of war, will be enabled to assess the cost of the war upon its weaker neighbours, under pretence of levying consequential damages for those breaches of neutrality, which, when belligerents are transported with lawless passions, it is hardly possible altogether to prevent. A small power like Canada might be sold up by the United States, under pretence of levying indirect damages for the escape of a single privateer, or for such an occurrence as the St. Albans' raid. A Belgian publicist, M. de Lavergne, has justly observed that neutrals, if they had the slightest reason to fear that they had laid themselves open to indirect claims, would deem it their best policy at once to enter into the war, and thus war, instead of being extinguished, would become universal.

The tribunal is novel, the procedure is unsettled, the judges are untried, nor can anyone tell to what influences they may be subject. And to this tribunal Great Britain is to submit the question whether she shall be visited with ruin and dishonour; the other party to the proceeding, on whose moderation and scrupulousness something so unprecedented and so delicate a process must depend, being her inveterate foe whose hatred has singled her out from among all the nations of Europe for the present attack, and whose President would at once secure his own re-election and the triumph of his party, if by any means whatever he could inflict heavy disgrace and loss upon the British nation! Would the American Government consent to set its character and fortunes on such a die?

The British negotiators behaved like men of honour, and brought no stain in that respect upon the character of the Empire;

but it would be difficult to award them any other praise. The indirect claims had never, it is true, been formally preferred by the American Government; but they had been preferred in the speech of Mr. Sumner, which was published with the sanction of the American Senate, and the general line of which was followed in the despatch of Mr. Fish. Prudence therefore would seem to have obviously required that these claims should be expressly barred by the British negotiators, especially considering the well-known and often experienced habits of American diplomacy. It was weakness to take mere silence, amicable professions and the acceptance of an apology as sufficient securities without an explicit renunciation. The premature and somewhat ignominious exultation of the British Government at the conclusion of the Treaty, its hasty bestowal of extravagant rewards on the commissioners, and the foolish self-gratulations of some of the commissioners themselves, notably of Sir Stafford Northcote, could not fail to produce a bad effect, and probably had no small share in encouraging the adversary to resume his hostile tone and attempt further extortions.

With regard to the question between Great Britain and Canada, it is not our intention to raise any discussion as to the construction put by the Canadian Premier and his colleagues upon the instrument investing him with his powers and prescribing his duties as a member of the High Joint Commission. This much, however, is certain, that the British Government and nation did sincerely desire to give to Canada full security for the due consideration of her special interests, and at the same time a proof that she is cordially associated with the Mother Country in the power and dignity, as well as in the interests and responsibilities of the Empire. The Prime Minister of this country was included in the Commission avowedly with these objects, and whatever may have been the formal nature of his authority and functions,

there can be no doubt that he had practically in the last resort a veto on the Canadian portion of the Treaty, since his declared dissent would have rendered it impossible for the British Ministry to obtain the acquiescence even of their own followers in the British Parliament. Not only so, but, whereas the Treaty is not submitted for ratification to the Parliament of Great Britain, it is, by a special provision, submitted for ratification to the Parliament of Canada, which is thus, in this instance, treated with more consideration than the Supreme Legislature itself. That, in deciding on the acceptance or refusal of the Treaty, the Canadian Parliament is morally bound to have regard to Imperial as well as to Colonial interests is perfectly true; but that the Canadian Parliament was not intended to have a real voice in the matter is a statement which can hardly be made in good faith, and which, at all events, is totally unfounded.

There is more reason in the allegation, that it would have been better to keep the case of the Alabama claims and that of the Fisheries distinct, and to make them the subject of separate negotiations. But the case of the Alabama claims cannot be treated as one in which Canada has no concern. So long as we are a part of the Empire, all Imperial questions are Canadian and all Canadian questions are Imperial. If we say that we have nothing to do with the *Alabama*, the people of Great Britain will say that they have nothing to do with the Fisheries, and the unity of the Empire will be dissolved. The awkwardness of the double diplomacy is manifest; but a double diplomacy is inevitable where two communities, each having national interests and questions of its own, are combined under one Crown. Compensation must be looked for in the other consequences of the connection.

Without discussing again the merits of the Canadian portion of the Treaty, we may safely say that any charge against the Moth-

er Country of a deliberate sacrifice of the interests of the Colony is sufficiently rebutted by the favourable reception of the Treaty among a considerable section of our own people. We have already referred to the fact, which cannot be doubted, that Great Britain might have purchased immunity for herself by abandoning her North American Colonies. But not only was the proposal never entertained by her,—the most distant allusion to it was always met on her part with scornful indignation.

The conduct of our Mother Country towards her Colonies may not have been faultless, but for a generation, at all events, it has been free from serious blame, and at the worst of times it was better than that of any other mother country in history, unless we think fit to except those parent states, which, like the States of Ancient Greece, left their colonies independent from the beginning, and thus escaped all the difficult and angry questions, which the connection with a distant and adult colony cannot fail to breed. Of this the condition of the British Colonies, trained as they are to self-government, and ripe with all the elements of a powerful nationality, is at once the most decisive and the noblest proof. The colonial expenditure of Great Britain may not have been up to the standard of ideal self-sacrifice, but it has been tenfold greater than that of any other country, and it has been sustained under a load of debt and taxation, which constitutes not only a fiscal burden, but a grave political danger, as the popular outbreak caused the other day by the match-tax proved. The little island has done great things, in proportion to her size, for herself and for her children; she has secured to her children the amplest, fairest, and most hopeful heritage in the world, and held it for them, during their minority, against the world's arms. But there is a limit to her power. To say that she has become a cypher in the council of nations is absurd: prostrate France

implored her mediation, and imperilled Belgium eagerly accepted her guarantee. Her strength, so far from having declined, is at this moment greater than ever. But the strength of her rivals has increased, and she is no longer, as at the close of the Napoleonic war, sole mistress of the seas. She is threatened by the jealousy of European powers, by Russian aggression, by American rancour, and burdened with the exigencies and anxieties of that vast and multifarious empire, of which, after all, the North American Colonies are but a part. This is a state of things calling on her side for frankness,

and on our side for deliberation. But let us not degrade Canada in the eyes of the world by joining with the enemies of the empire in calumnious disparagement of a mother country, of which, on the whole, we have good reason to be proud, and our kindly relations with which will always be valuable to us, even in a material point of view, and as the source of our best immigration, whatever our political destiny may be. It is possible that the hour of Canadian nationality may be drawing near. If so, let us prepare to found the nation, not in ingratitude, but in truth and honour.

TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

THE SWORD POINT.

(Translated for THE CANADIAN MONTHLY, from the German of Liebetreu.)

YOU need not be surprised, old friend ; with all your Greek and Latin, you will never captivate a lady's heart. If you do not wish to be overlooked in society and kept constantly in dread of throwing down, with your elbow, the tea-service from the sideboard ; or if you do not choose to remain in danger of repeating again all the little blunders you have lately perpetrated in company, you must have recourse to the only way of escape, that is, you must learn fencing and dancing.

This moral lecture I received from one of my friends many years ago, after I had confessed the awkwardness of which I had been guilty—to the delight of some ladies on a previous evening, at the party of Professor R——h. But my friend did more for me than this. He gave me the address of a certain French refugee, who called himself Monsieur Fernand ; and certainly there appeared to be nothing better for me than to pay a visit to this Doctor of Politeness. I

soon found his lodgings. His servant showed me into his apartments, announced me, and Monsieur Fernand soon made his appearance : a military figure, with wavy hair, and a kind smile on his face.

“ Good day, Sir,—Do you speak French ? ”

“ *Un peu, Monsieur.* ”

“ *Eh bien,* ” and now we continued the conversation in his language. “ How can I serve you, Sir ? ”

“ My friend, Mr. B——g, was so kind as to give me your address, assuring me that you would be able to add to my education the accomplishments of dancing and fencing.”

“ Well, very well. When do you wish to begin ? ”

“ Immediately, if it is convenient to you.”

“ Very well, I am at your service.”

“ But,” said I, delaying, “ we must arrange about the conditions.”

“ Conditions ? ”

"Yes, I mean the terms."

"Yes,—well,—I did not think of that. It is not agreeable to speak about that." I could see it was disagreeable.—"Twelve lessons, two Fréderics d'or? Is that —?"

"Very well, Sir,"—much easier—"Let us now commence, if you please."

He now walked before me into a large room, having many windows, and furnished with a piano. On nails between the windows hung fencing gloves and wire masks, and in one corner stood about a half dozen foils.

"Now, Sir, please stand over here: That's right. The arm easy, hanging down. *Comme ça*!"

The old gentleman's manners told of a different position and calling from that in which he was now occupied and I could see, notwithstanding his noble bearing, a slight limping of the right foot, which seemed to come from a stiff knee-joint. A strange thing, thought I, to learn fencing and dancing from an old lame gentleman, but I soon found that he was complete master of his weapon.

"That will suffice for to-day," said he, after half an hour's exercise.

"Now for the dancing, if *Monsieur* is not already too tired."

"Not in the least, Sir."

He took from the piano a small violin, and struck a few chords.

"Please place yourself—*comme ça*—You see! One—two—three—*voilà tout*. First, second, third position. No, no! You are wrong. Please, try once more. Peste! My leg is miserable to-day! I cannot dance."

"Let us leave off to-day, I'll come again."

"Not at all, Sir,—a minute!" He went to the door, opened it, and called, "Julie! get your dancing shoes on. Be quick, and come into the hall."

Julie came. A strange girl! She was tall, had large black eyes, a small mouth, with full lips, but her cheeks were hollow, and the whole figure lean and emaciated. She wore a dress which she had outgrown long ago. The expression of her face was, in spite of the hardness of the lines, childlike. In short, she was like a child of ten years who, when we look through a telescope, appears to be eighteen.

"Mademoiselle Julie Fernand, my daughter,

Monsieur Forster," said the old gentleman. She bowed according to the rules of etiquette, and I tried to return the salutation with as much grace as possible. "Julie," continued the old gentleman, "my leg troubles me very much to-day; you will have the honour to instruct the gentleman in dancing."

"*Oui, mon père!*"

"If you please, then, one, two, three. Please notice Mademoiselle's feet carefully, and then make the same movements!" *One, two, three;* and so it went on with the monotonous *one, two, three* for nearly an hour. Julie, with the greatest patience, instructed me in the movements, her father gliding sometimes with his fingers, sometimes with his bow, over his little violin. "Very well," he said, at last, "you have life, you have blood, hot blood; I mean to say, you have a good ear. You keep step. I shall gain credit by you."

"Julie, pay your compliments."

"*Bonjour, Monsieur,*" said Julie, and left the room.

"When shall I have the honour again?" asked Monsieur Fernand.

"I shall have the pleasure the day after tomorrow," I answered.

"Very well, Sir, I hope my leg will not disappoint us. *Bonjour, Monsieur.*"

The old gentleman arose. I could see his leg pained him; but it did not prevent him from accompanying me to the door, and taking his leave of me with a gentle bow.

On the appointed day I again returned. "*Ah, Monsieur!*" said the old gentleman, when he had received me, "You are very unlucky. I cannot use my leg at all to-day. Your German climate does not suit the wounds of an old soldier. The sun of France is warmer," he added, with a light sigh.

"I can come another day, with the greatest pleasure, I answered.

"O, no! Certainly not. That is not necessary, Julie will teach you. Will you be kind enough to open the door? It is impossible for me to rise." I did as he requested and he called, "Julie! Julie! come quick; get your shoes and your shield." Julie came in with a little leather breastplate in her hand.

"Good day, *Monsieur.*"

"Good day, *Mademoiselle.*"

"Well, Monsieur Forster, *Mademoiselle* will

instruct you," said Monsieur Fernand while he buckled her shield, and tied the mask before her face. "Now in position! Julie, in position! So!" Julie acted with great ease and gracefulness. She seemed to have inherited this from her father. "Now, will you please, look at *Mademoiselle's* hand, not at her eyes. That you may do, when you are more proficient. Now, on your guard. Well done! *Quarte*, so, *tierce*! Not so high. That is too high. That is too high. Now, thrust!" I did so as skilfully as possible, while Julie, the foil in her left hand, let the fingers of her right glide along on my sword to support the crossing of the blades, just like an old fencer. "*Ah bah! Monsieur!*" said the old gentleman, "you are not so expert yet as to be dangerous to *Mademoiselle*. Once more now! More force with the upper part of the body. *Mademoiselle* will save herself. So! Now *quarte*! Thrust! Parry! That's better. Once more!"

It was very disagreeable for me to strike forcibly against the breast of a girl, but she was my instructor, and I could do nothing else.

We went through all the *passades*, Julie always in the right position, always parrying with grace and skill, so that I soon discovered Julie could fence just as well as her father, Monsieur Fernand.

The old gentleman's leg had not improved during the next week, and Julie gave me my lessons. My eyes soon began to seek hers behind the wire mask. I had improved under her instructions so far as to be able to cross blades in a regular attack. And I noticed, in these encounters, the childlike, careless expression of her face vanished, and that an expression of womanhood came over her countenance. The eye had not the staring inquisitiveness of the child, or the steady glance of the trained fencer, but that strange restlessness sometimes seen in a deep, glittering, dark eye.

One day the old gentleman himself instructed me. It chanced that I had brought with me a little box of chocolate, which I gave to Monsieur Fernand. He ate a few pieces and handed the box to his daughter, while he gave me my fencing lesson. Julie remained in the room to be in readiness for the dancing lesson. When the fencing was over, "Now for my chocolate," said my instructor. At these words Julie started as if she had been in a deep dream. "But,

child," said her father, laughing, and looking into the box, "you have eaten all the chocolate! *Coquine!* What a little epicure you are."

She blushed; the tears came into her eyes; but she uttered not a word.

"There! I have broken a string," said the old man, tuning his violin. "Julie, go and fetch me a string. No—I will go myself. You would not find them. I beg your pardon a minute, Sir, *Mademoiselle* will play a piece on the piano till I return."

The old gentleman left us, and Julie sat down at the piano. When I opened it, she said to me with tears in her eyes, "You must think me very fond of dainties."

I answered laughing: "Did you finish the whole box?"

"It is true," said she, hesitating; "but I have not eaten anything else since Sunday, but a small piece of bread; and yesterday I ate nothing at all."

"For Heaven's sake, child, what do you say? Nothing to eat since Sunday! You'll destroy yourself! at your age!"

"At my age? We had nothing to eat; for after the servant had done, nothing was left!"

"Poor, poor child! and I, the wretch, have not paid your father yet. Why did your father not tell me he was——!"

"Monsieur Fernand would sooner die of hunger," she replied, with the air of a princess.

"I will pay your father immediately, fool that I am! I might have read it in your face."

"Do I look so starved?" she said, with a sad look.

"Poor child!" said I embarrassed. "Poor child!"

"Child? I am seventeen, *Monsieur*."

"Really? How sorry I am. But I'll speak to you——"

"For heaven's sake, not now," she cried. "I never would have said a word, but I could not bear your regarding me as a greedy child.— Promise never to say a word about this to my father. He would never forgive me."

"You may rely upon me, *Mademoiselle*," I answered.

Monsieur Fernand returned. A new string had been supplied, and he played with the usual kindly expression on his face. Julie and I danced.

"*One, two, three!* Julie! *plus machinale-*

ment! The gentleman is here to learn dancing, not to dance for pleasure. *Plus machinalement*, more quietly, more quietly, *comme ça!*"

So we danced to the tune of the violin. But as soon as we danced with more animation than was necessary for the object of instruction, we were restored to propriety by the old gentleman's *plus machinalement*.

At the end of the lesson I told Monsieur Fernand that I should very likely leave town for a few days, and begged him to accept the fee for the lessons.

"But Monsieur forgets," was the reply.—"The courses are not yet finished, therefore there is no need to pay now."

"But you would oblige me very much if you would allow me to do so: for it is unpleasant for me to leave the town without paying my debts."

"*Bien*," answered my instructor; and put the gold pieces, with the greatest *nonchalance*, into his vest pocket. His manner was so dignified, that I could have laughed to myself, if I had not heard Julie's sad story. I left, and watched for a little at the street corner. After a short time the servant left the house of Monsieur Fernand, with a basket, and returned, bringing what I had expected—a basket-full of victuals. I returned home with a light heart, and promised to myself to protect Julie, at least, from hunger.

After about eight days I returned to continue my lessons. The change was remarkable: Julie was a virgin, a blooming virgin. Almost magical was the change which the food had effected. Her dress, too, had been changed, and rendered more suitable to her age. Monsieur Fernand did not show the least change. He was dignified, but affable as ever. When his leg permitted, he instructed, and I fenced with him, while Julie played. Afterwards I danced with Julie, and her father played; but very often we were interrupted by the old gentleman's "*plus machinalement*, Julie!"

In this way a few months passed, till one day Monsieur Fernand said to me: "Sir, you may now discontinue your lessons; for you are an excellent fencer, only you must continue to practise a little for some time; but I cannot take your money any longer; for you can learn nothing more from me." I urged him strongly to give me another course, as I wished to learn

how to disarm an adversary. "Very well, Sir, one course more; but my arm is now as stiff as my leg; Mademoiselle must therefore teach you. Julie's hand is as firm as steel. If you are able to disarm Mademoiselle you are a complete fencer."

I came to my lessons as formerly, but without the old interest. I was entirely changed, How had it happened? Well, the reason was this: one evening while visiting some relations, I had met a young lady, looked too deeply into her brown eyes, and had been caught in her net. I thought of her, and dreamed about her night and day. Fencing and dancing, as well as everything else, lost interest for me. Before the last lesson, I met Monsieur Fernand and his daughter on the street. I bowed in recognition. "Who was that?" said my betrothed, whom I had taken out in that capacity, for the first time.

"My fencing master and his child," I answered.

"His child!" was the somewhat lengthened reply.

"Well then, his daughter. I take my last lesson to-morrow."

"Ah!" said my betrothed, and was unusually quiet during the remainder of the day.

The next day I went to Monsieur Fernand's and met Julie alone. The old gentleman had a visitor. He came in only for a moment, and politely excused himself. Julie had no mask over her face, and stood opposite me, with the rapier in her right hand.

"Well, Julie," said I—we lately had called each other by our Christian names—this is the last lesson."

"My name is Mademoiselle Fernand. Who was that fair haired lady in your company yesterday?"

"Well, a lady," said I, somewhat bewildered, but attempting to laugh, "who in two months will become my wife. But what is the matter, Julie? Are you ill?"

"O, no! Nothing is amiss."

"But why without masks to-day?"

"We do not always fight like children, Monsieur," she answered, with a hard voice.

I threw away my mask. We commenced; I was perfectly collected, but she seemed to be very excited. Her attacks were violent. With eagerness she rushed upon me. In parrying

my blade glided along hers, and I perceived that the iron button was broken off from the point of her foil. "You must have made a mistake, *Mademoiselle*," I said, "your foil has no button."

"Well observed, Sir," she replied, with flashing eyes. "I pointed the blade myself! In four weeks a wedding! Your bride loves your false face. She shall not have it. I'll cut it in pieces, as you have done my heart! *En garde, Monsieur*."

"But, Julie"—

"*En garde, Monsieur!*" and her eyes glittered like those of a lioness. "Save yourself if you wish to have a wedding at all." She struck out again with violence. I had to parry with all my skill, but without success. Her sharp *fleuret* cut the flesh of my arm, from the hand to the shoulder.

As soon as she saw my blood flowing, she threw her foil into a corner, and raised me up in her arms. I had sense enough left to tell her to break the point off the foil, before I fainted. When I recovered my senses I found my arm bandaged. Though I could not move, I heard her moaning, and calling out, "Ernest, dear Ernest, I have killed you. I would gladly have died for you a thousand times, and now I have killed you. Oh, Ernest, dear Ernest, don't die," she cried, in deep agony.

I was soon able to speak. "Be quiet, child; but first give me the sword point." When it was brought to me, I examined it and found the point sharp as a needle.

Monsieur Fernand came in. "What has happened?" he cried, in the greatest excitement. "How was this possible?"

"Very simply," I replied. "The button of the foil broke off, and Julie has wounded me accidentally."

"How careless, child; but where is the point? It must be somewhere. I'll speak to the sword-maker for sending me such a blade as this. I am very, very sorry."

After a while the old gentleman begged to excuse himself. He must go to his guest. He left us, telling Julie she must keep me company. Julie came to me deeply affected, and begged me to forgive her.

"With all my heart I forgive you," I answered, looking into her deep dark, but now tearful eyes. "You shall love me, my dear Julie, not as a bride but as a sister; confide in me in everything, and I'll watch over you as a brother." Sighing, she bent over my wounded arm, and burning tears fell upon it. She looked up into my eyes, so grieved, so afflicted; she seemed to think it useless to speak of refusing my request. The heart only could hear the "*No!*" he uttered. While she tried to master her feelings, she said sorrowfully, "I will love you as a brother."

Monsieur Fernand again entered. I soon found myself strong enough to drive home; and with a hearty salute from the old gentleman, and a long hot glance from Julie, I bade adieu to my generous instructor and his warm-hearted daughter. * * * *

* * Ten years have passed away since then. I sit by a writing-table. The children are terribly noisy to-day. "Silence!" All quiet at once, but soon the noise begins again.

"Pa, pa, look what I have found," says my eldest girl.

"Come, child, I have no time now."

"But isn't it sharp?" said the child.—"Sharp." I became interested. "What is sharp?"

"Here, pa."

"Dinner ready," calls my wife, from the dining room.

"Come here, darling," I reply.

"What is it, Ernest?"

"Look here, Julie, do you know this sword point?" My wife blushes. Her eyes look into mine as they did ten years ago. She had improved from a small tiny bud, and had grown up into a beautiful rose, smiling; she puts her arms around my neck and kisses me again and again, till I say playfully: "*Plus machinalment*, Julie!

The wound had made my arm stiff; my betrothed rejected me. She did not wish to marry a cripple. Julie became my wife. She gave up fencing, for she has now enough to keep her employed with the care of our children.

HOW I WAS RUSTICATED FROM CAMBRIDGE.

From TEMPLE BAR for April.

I ALWAYS thought it a very hard case, but I could never bring my irate father and my weeping mother to view the matter in that light. I appeal to an impartial public. This was how it happened :—

My name was put on the boards of St. Blasius in October, 185—, and after a most tender parting from my household gods in Warwickshire, I commenced residence in all the glory of a promising freshman. I do not know that I ever had very sanguine hopes of academic distinction, so I received the full blessing of expecting nothing, inasmuch as, in this respect, I met no disappointment. I had a hard battle with my revered father, and afterwards with the tutor of the college, to be allowed to rent an extra room in which I might carry on my favourite relaxation. This was the unusual pursuit of amateur organ-building. My father said that the idea was preposterous and expensive. The tutor affirmed that such things ruined a young man's prospects, and made him idle. But, nevertheless, I carried the day through the intercession of my mother; and my carpenter's bench, with the appurtenances thereof, were duly accommodated in a small room opening out of my gyp-room, on staircase letter C. I was not long in maturing my plans for erecting a small chamber-organ of two manuals, with all kinds of ingenious mechanical appliances in the way of stops and couplers. I was naturally both of a mechanical and musical turn of mind; so, by my favourite pursuit, I gratified both sides of my disposition. I often tried to convince my father that it was a most economical step thus to kill two birds with one stone, but he could not see it. I explained how I might develop my mechanical talent by building an expensive steam-engine, and indulge my musical propensities by insisting on running up to London every week to enjoy the Opera or Philharmonic concerts. I proved on

paper that this method would consume more time and money than a little quiet organ-building could ever absorb. But it was all no use. My father had not a logical mind, and he drove away conviction in a manner most irritating to a sound reasoner like myself. However, I had my own way at Cambridge, but under protest.

Now the organ in the Chapel of St. Blasius was an old organ, which had been renovated and added to by several builders, till the inside of the instrument was crowded beyond all reason. For the most ordinary processes of tuning and regulating, the unfortunate operator had to perform the feat of an acrobat before he could get at either pipes or key-action. The bellows had to be emptied and the swell closed before he could get in at all. And after he was in, it was only by getting over sundry massive beams, under cross-beams not more than two feet from the ground, and through apertures scarcely big enough for a rabbit, that any of the important working-parts of the instrument could be reached. To tie oneself into a knot, as tumblers do, was nothing to this. Unless a man could double himself up into the space of a cubic foot or so, unless he could wriggle along yards upon his back, and stand for many miserable minutes in the most apoplectic postures, he could not hope to do anything to the interior of the St. Blasius organ. It was from this untoward instrument that I obtained all my patterns and measurements for my own chamber-organ. I formed the acquaintance of the organist, and, after a vast amount of strategy, won his consent to my venturing into the hidden depths of his hideous old machine. Week after week did I attempt new feats with the view of getting hints for my own amateur work. I lived in a chronic state of broken head and contused shins. Every now and then I appeared with one or more black eyes; and on two occasions I was most suspiciously

cross-examined by the Dean as to presumed pugilistic propensities.

But in the midst of all these difficulties I progressed most satisfactorily with my work, and was proud to think that all my evolutions in the St. Blasius organ, however detrimental to my own bodily comfort and personal appearance, brought... after all no damage whatever to the venerable and sacred instrument itself. So long as this state of things continued, perfect amity prevailed between the organist and myself. He did not object to any amount of punishment wherewith I punished my own cranium or limbs, but he swore a deep oath that the moment I injured a hair in his precious organ, that moment I should be to him as a heathen man and a publican.

Four terms passed by without any accident. My studies were in a most backward state, but, oh joy! my chamber-organ was on the high-road to completion. The tutor complained of my idleness. My father upbraided me for neglecting my reading, but I hugged myself with the thought that once the organ was finished, I would buckle to and make my running with the college subjects. In the midst of my good resolutions, a most lamentable accident took place. I was, one day, standing inside the chapel organ, resting on my left knee, with one foot wedged in between two pipes, the other suspended delicately in the air, my head tucked out of the way under my right arm, while I held a long screw-driver in my left hand. In this pleasant position I had stood for nearly ten minutes, examining a portion of the wind-chest work, when by an overpowering impulse I was compelled to sneeze, and in the act I dropped the screw-driver. Down it fell heavily on the swell-trackers, and forthwith snap went the trackers, and my implement travelled on to further mischief below. At this juncture I heard a familiar voice.

"Hallo!—what's that?"

"Oh, nothing!" I replied.

"You get out of that, sir, and let me see what you have been at."

Like a guilty hound, I extracted myself from the organ. The organist pulled out a few of the swell-stops, and ran lightly over the keys. In two seconds my fatal delinquency came to light. I knew it was all over. I put down the key of the organ on the stool, and, without a

word, silently and mournfully left the chapel. The organist, on asking for the services of an organ-builder, had to give an account of the accident, and consequently got soundly wigged by the Dean for "dreaming of allowing a wild young undergraduate to meddle with and injure so noble and valuable an instrument."

In that hour I knew there was no more help to be obtained by me from "that noble and valuable," etc. I was thrown on my own resources. My organ progressed but slowly; my work, from being imitative, became tentative; and often times I fitted twenty different pieces of wood in a given place before I got it right. Week after week I toiled away laboriously, with a patience worthy of a better cause. I chafed a good deal at my constant obstacles, and twice did I attempt to make it up with the organist. But it was no use.

"No, sir," he said, peremptorily: "there will be no more damage done to the organ by you again, if I can help it."

By this time I had finished the key-action, bellows, sound-board, and wind-chest. The pipe-work, so far as it was metal, I did not attempt. This portion of my organ was supplied by an organ-builder in London. The stop-work was also finished, and I was now engaged in putting on some composition-pedals. In this there were one or two intricacies which I could not solve, and I at last determined that I would attempt furtively to get into the chapel organ and examine the composition-pedals there. But at this I was staggered by the difficulty of the project. To get the keys of the organ was impossible. To force an entrance was, of course, out of the question. My only chance was to watch an opportunity when the organ should be left open, and the organist absent. For this combination of circumstances I watched and waited in vain for nearly three weeks. At last, one Sunday morning, I was late for chapel, and passing up the ante-chapel I found the choir-gates closed, and the service well advanced. I had *nothing* particular to do, so I thought I would sit down in the ante-chapel to hear the antiem. So I made myself comfortable near the screen, looking up every now and then to the "noble and valuable" old instrument above me. Towards the end of the Psalms a frightful ciphering took place, or (in untechnical language) several notes

struck down inside the organ, and sounded various and discordant pipes whether the organist liked it or no. This "ciphering" I at once perceived was on the swell. In a second I heard a handful of swell-stops pushed hastily in, and the Psalms were finished on the Great and Choir. When the Anthem began, the first few chords told me, plainly enough, that the swell was now all right—the ciphering had been cured.

Now I knew, that in all probability, the organist must have got at the key action to effect this, and I also knew that, in that clumsily-arranged instrument, he could not do this without going inside. At once it struck me—had he left the little side door open? If he had, now was my opportunity. I slipped up the winding stair-case, and crept cautiously along the top of the screen till I hid myself behind the organ. Unfortunately for me, the side door was near the bellows-handle, and so long as the man who blew sat near I could do nothing. However, as this was a sermon Sunday, I had plenty of time; so I kept still in my hiding place, and bided my time. The bellows-blower might go to sleep, or he might leave the organ-loft for a few minutes during the sermon. The Dean gave out his text, and commenced one of his dreary and lengthy compositions. I cannot say I was very attentive. I was too fully occupied in watching my man. Slowly and ponderously the learned Dean got through his introduction and the first of his three heads. Just as he proceeded with "Secondly," the bellows-blower, to my great joy, softly left the organ loft, while the organist was all right in front, listening hard, it is to be hoped, to the Dean's sermon. In a moment I slipped round, when I found the coast was clear, and came upon the little side door open! I doubled myself up and got in. I went cautiously on hands and knees across the top of the bellows, and after several hairbreadth escapes reached the rods of the great organ tops, with the composition rollers working above and below. I softly got off the bellows at the side farthest from the side door, and here I had to place myself into the most uncomfortable position it is possible to conceive. I had just room for my two legs, but none for the upper part of my body. A large beam projected just into the very spot where my shoulders ought

to have been; so I had to bend my head forward over the top of the reservoir-bellows, with a row of sharp wire screw-ends above, lying across the nape of the neck. The composition pedal-work was now in front of me nearly, and, pulling out a small rule, I immediately commenced my investigation and measurement. Meanwhile, I could hear the heavy theological Dean droning out his interminable sermon. For the first time in my life I admired his rolixity, for every additional subdivision of his subject gave me so much more time for my work. I knew full well that, when the sermon came to an end, my little excursion must also terminate, for the organist would then commence his concluding voluntary. I heard a faint sound at the back of the organ, of which, however, I did not take much notice. I supposed (and rightly) that it was the blower returning to his post, and I naturally calculated the small gratuity which would suffice to buy his silence when I made my exit through the dark little door opposite. How far the Dean had advanced in his sermon I could not tell exactly, but I knew he was deep in "Thirdly," and I thought to myself it was nearly time for me to get out. I had just resolved upon this, and was folding up my two-foot rule and my paper of memoranda, when my attention was attracted by a subdued, creaking sound. I looked round; and by the dusty twilight which prevailed inside the organ, I just saw enough to suspect that the bellows-blower had begun to put in the wind. In the greatest consternation I put my hand upon the top of the reservoir-bellows just before me. Yes, it was too true; the wind was put in, ready for the concluding voluntary. It must be remembered that my head was of necessity bent forward, that my face was looking down upon the top of the bellows, and that I was so securely wedged into this position that it was only by scrambling across the top of the bellows I could possibly get out; and this was only possible when the wind was out and the bellows at its lowest level. Immediately when I saw the difficulty I endeavoured to get one leg upon the bellows, in the hope I might be able to scramble over it to the other side before it rose much higher. But it had already risen too high for this. Every movement of the handle, worked by the man outside, raised the large moving surface an ad-

ditional inch or so. It was now breast high, within two inches of my face. To raise my head was impossible, for, as I before remarked, a row of sharp screw ends (technically called "tapped wires") was directly over the nape of my neck. All this time, though it was but a few seconds, I was acutely conscious of the steady progress of the sermon. I can even now remember every word of the enormous Dean's peroration. A sudden thought flashed across my mind: "What a fool I am!—why not open the escape valve?" Now the escape valve, which is an arrangement for preventing the bellows from bursting, was as usual, in the middle of the wide expanse of the bellows' top. If I could only press this down, the air would escape, the bellows would sink and I might yet get free. I strained and reached, but in vain; my longest finger could not be got within six inches of the valve. I thought of my two foot rule; but, alas! in r consternation I had let it drop. On went t. . sermon; "beat, beat," went my heart. The bellows top was now touching my nose, and the sharp points were being gradually driven into the back of my neck. I struggled, but in vain. It was no use. I was wedged in like some poor victim in a torture machine of the Inquisition. "Pump, pump," went the bellows-handle; down came the blood from innumerable punctures in the back of my neck. My agony was intense. My face was literally jammed between the ever-rising bellows below and those hideous spikes above. I dare not cry out; for was not the Dean in the finest passage of his peroration?

In the midst of my agony I heard a sound, and felt a movement in the mechanism near me. It was the organist pulling out the great organ-stops. At the same instant my eyes caught

sight of the "pull-downs" leading from the great organ wind-chest. Some little demon whispered in my ear; and in a moment I saw my only hope of release from the intense and increasing agony I was suffering. I must open the nearest pipes, and thus release the accumulating wind. I knew, of course, the uproar I should cause, and I still heard the interminable Dean at his interminable sermon. But I could not help it. With one hand I grasped about eight of the brass "pull-downs," and with the other I laid hold of the nearest pedal-trackers. A roar of the most awful character ensued: it was as though fifty healthy bulls and five active volcanoes had burst into the chapel. The Dean's sermon was effectually quenched. One of his finest periods was brought to an unexpected full stop. The unfortunate organist bounded off his stool, and swore audibly. The bellows-blower rushed off, thinking, no doubt, the devil was inside the organ. But, oh joy! the bellows sank, and in a fainting state I clambered over the top, stumbled out through the little side-door, and fell into the arms of two Senior Fellows who had hastened up to the scene of disaster. The commotion among the gownsmen in the chapel, I was afterwards told, beggared description. Laughter, horror, exclamations of surprise and indignation, were all to the front by turns. The Blessing was pronounced amidst the greatest confusion; and altogether the scene was such as those sacred walls had never witnessed before.

I was politely conducted to my rooms. The next morning I appeared before the Master and Seniors, and though I pleaded loud and long, I was rusticated for two terms. I never went back to Cambridge. I always considered that I had been very badly treated.

BOOK REVIEWS.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS AND HER LATEST ENGLISH HISTORIAN. A Narrative of the Principal Events in the Life of Mary Stuart; with some remarks on Mr. Froude's History of England. By James F. Meline. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

It is the duty of those who have surrendered their judgments to Mr. Froude and who have formed their opinions of historical characters under the influence of his seductive rhetoric, to read this book. We only wish there were reason to hope that the duty would be fulfilled. It is so much more pleasant to float through pages of picturesque narrative, sweetened with mellifluous sentiment, than to inquire whether the narrative is true. There could not be a stronger proof of the general ignorance of history and the general carelessness as to historical fact than the reception given to the writings of Mr. Froude.

Unfortunately the reproach cannot be confined to the mass of readers, who have no access to original authorities and no time for critical investigation. Professed critics, writing in literary journals, have disgraced themselves as much as the most glib girl. Worse than that, Mr. Burton, in his recent history of Scotland, not only joins in the general adulation of Mr. Froude, but follows him almost blindfold. Our own estimate of Mr. Burton's trustworthiness was never very high, but in common repute he holds a respectable and even an eminent position.

The secret of Mary Stuart's character is buried in her grave and in the graves which hold so many of the secrets of those dark and tragic times. No one trained to historical investigation and sensible of the duty of measuring his judgment by the evidence will commit himself to a decisive verdict. We confess, however, that Mr. Meline has made a strong impression on our mind in Mary's favour. Above all he has, we think, completely turned the balance of evidence against the authenticity of the famous Casket Letters which form the most important element of the case against her. We may almost say that he has proved them to be forgeries. And if he has proved them to be forgeries, he has not merely relieved Mary of the weight of their testimony against her, but created a general presumption of her innocence; since, if her enemies deemed it necessary to resort to forgery, they must have been

conscious that there was no genuine evidence sufficient to support their accusations. Not only so, but their villainous conduct towards her in this instance renders it highly probable that in all other matters between her and them, respecting which historical controversy has arisen, the villainy was on their side.

But whatever may be the result of the inquiry as to the character of Mary, Queen of Scots, one thing is certain. Unless Mr. Meline can be answered, he has convicted Mr. Froude not only of inaccuracy, not only of carelessness, not only of prejudice, but of tampering with documents, perverting evidence, practising disingenuous artifices and habitually disregarding truth—of offences, in short, which if committed in the ordinary affairs of life would entail a loss of honour, and which can hardly be regarded as mere literary blemishes when committed by a writer of history.

It would be impossible for us to lay before our readers, in the form of extracts, adequate specimens of the investigation and its results. Such artists as Mr. Froude do not in general lay themselves open to palpable and overwhelming exposure by broad mis-statements and gross fabrications. They weave a pervading web of artifice and misrepresentation, the unravelling of which is a minute and intricate process, and can be appreciated only by following it throughout. Even the garbling of documents is usually managed so as to be distinctly appreciable only by those who are thoroughly aware of its bearing upon the case which it is intended to affect. One or two instances, however, may perhaps be selected. Mr. Froude, well understanding how essential are the Casket Letters to the case against Mary, labours with all the artifices of which he has a sinister command to prepossess the mind of his readers in favour of their authenticity. But not contented with this he attempts to involve Mary herself in an admission of the existence of the letters prior to the date at which they were produced, and at which, if they were forgeries, the forgery in all probability took place. He gives an elaborate account of the interview between Murray and his sister at Lochleven, founded on a letter of the English envoy, Throckmorton, who had the details from Murray himself. Throckmorton is represented by Mr. Froude as writing—"He (Murray) had forced her to see both her ignominy and her danger,

but he would not leave her without some words of consolation. He told her that he would assure her life, and if possible would *shield her reputation and prevent the publication of her letters.*" The effect of the words in italics is obvious: they import at least a tacit admission on the part of Mary of the existence of letters compromising to her reputation: in other words, of the Casket Letters. Now, Mr. Meline declares that Throckmorton's letter, which he cites in due form (Keith, vol. 2, p. 734) contains nothing of the kind. He asserts that what Throckmorton really says is merely: "They began where they left over night, and after those his reprehensions he used some words of consolation unto her tending to this, that he would assure her of her life and as much as lay in him the preservation of her honour." Mary's damaging admission, therefore, appears to be pure invention on the part of Mr. Froude: anything less culpable than invention it cannot be called. Again, in the scene of Rizzio's murder, Mr. Froude introduces a colloquy pregnant with deadly significance between the Queen and Darnley. "Catching sight of the empty scabbard at his side she asked him where his dagger was. He said he did not know. 'It will' be known hereafter; *it shall be dear blood to some of you if David's be spilt.*" "This," remarks Mr. Meline, "is a specimen of able workmanship. According to Keith, Mary's answer was, 'It will be known hereafter.' According to Ellis, Mary had *previously* said to Ruthven, 'Well, sayeth she,' speaking to Ruthven, 'it shall be dear blood to some of you.' (Ellis, vol. II. p. 212.) Now, let the reader observe that Mr. Froude takes these two phrases, found in two different authorities, addressed separately to two different persons, reverses the order in which they are spoken, and puts them into one sentence, which he makes Mary address to Darnley. Do you see why so much industry and ingenuity should be exerted? *Because in this form the phrase is a threat of murder;* and thus the foundation is laid broad and deep in the reader's mind for the belief that from that moment Mary had a design upon Darnley's life." In another place Mr. Froude gives what he pretends is a version of a letter from Mary to Elizabeth: "In an autograph letter of passionate gratitude Mary Stuart placed herself, as it were, under her sister's protection; she told her that in tracing the history of the late conspiracy she had found that the lords had intended to imprison her for life, and if England or France came to her assistance they had meant to kill her. She implored Elizabeth to *shut her ears to the calumnies which they would spread against her,* and with engaging frankness she begged that the past might be forgotten; she had experienced too deeply the ingratitude of those

by whom she was surrounded to allow herself to be tempted any more into dangerous enterprises; for her own part, she was resolved never to give offence to her good sister again; nothing should be wanting to restore the happy relations which had once existed between them; and should she recover safely from her confinement, she hoped that in the summer Elizabeth would make a progress to the north, and that at last she might have the opportunity of thanking her in person for her kindness and forbearance." Mr. Meline prints the real letter by the side of this pretended version, and it appears that the passages in italics are mere interpolations made with the view of influencing the moral position of Mary and the questions between her and Elizabeth in a sense which can scarcely be missed by any reader, and which is glaringly obvious to any one who has the details of the history in his mind.

Compared with the garbling of documents or the perversion of facts for the purposes of historical calumny, exaggerations and misrepresentations for the purpose of the romantic and the picturesque are venial evils. Mary Stuart, according to Mr. Meline, says, in a letter, that she has ridden twenty miles in five hours; but Mr. Froude turns five into two, and does the ride, as Mr. Meline says, *tempo agitato*—"away, away—past Restalrig, past Arthur's Seat, across the bridge and across the field of Musselburgh, past Seton, past Prestonpans, fast as their horses could speed." Most interesting traces of character are found by the historian in the handwriting of a fierce, dauntless, and haughty letter from Mary to Elizabeth—"the strokes thick and slightly uneven from excitement, but strong, firm and without sign of trembling." The prosaic fact, according to Mr. Meline, is that the letter was written by an amanuensis, only the salutation and signature being in Mary's hand.

A passage in one of the early chapters of Mr. Meline's book (which originally appeared as a series of articles in the *Catholic World*) drew forth a reply in the shape of an editorial in the *New York Tribune*, so characteristic of Mr. Froude, that we should almost be safe in assuming that it was inspired by him. It sought to create sympathy, by representing as a charge of "forgery" what in fact was not a charge at all, but simply a statement that a letter, which Mr. Froude had cited as existing in the Record Office, was found not to exist there; and it appealed to Protestant prejudice against Mr. Stevenson, of the Record Office, who, it seems, is a Catholic. It also attempted to cast the blame on that universal scapegoat the "compositor," who must have a singular method in his misprinting, if he substitutes the name of Randolph, at the head of a despatch, for that of the Earl of Bedford.

Mr. Froude's hatred of Mary Stuart, which, though always at work, is generally concealed with a good deal of art, breaks out with what most people have felt to be unworthy and almost unmanly virulence in the death-scene. Here, also, if Mr. Meline's citation is accurate, Mr. Froude grossly falsifies a quotation, to make an eye-witness represent Mary's bearing as theatrical, whereas, the sense of the passage, when fairly cited, is quite the reverse. The falsification is effected by substituting a period for a comma, and suppressing the latter half of the passage. He concludes with a venomous allusion to her false hair, as though it had been peculiar to her, and typical of her falsehood of character, whereas, it was the regular fashion of the ladies of that time in general, and of Queen Elizabeth in particular.

It was natural that Mr. Meline's indignation at the artful calumnies which he was exposing, should sometimes disturb the calmness of his critical style, which, however, he had better have preserved. In one instance, he allows his emotion to disturb not only his style but his moral judgment. The Regent Murray may have been, and probably was, a scoundrel; but this does not palliate the crime of Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, who killed Murray, not because he was a scoundrel, but because he was the great enemy of the Hamiltons. These, however, are but slight deductions from the debt due to one who, by a laborious investigation, for which no meed of popularity can be hoped, sweeps history clear of a mass of slanderous falsehoods. To us the exposure of Mr. Froude's character is no new revelation, for we have long regarded him as one of the most unconscientious and untrustworthy writers who ever tampered with the calling of an historian. We propose, in an early number, to give some of the reasons for our opinion.

THREE CENTURIES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.—

By Charles Duke Yonge, Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If the reader of this volume looks for a connected and organic history of English literature during three centuries he will be disappointed. The work is merely a course of short biographies, critiques and extracts. The biographies, however, are compact; the critiques, if not profound, are sensible and in good taste; and the extracts are not ill chosen, though we might have proposed some changes—*e. g.* the insertion of Collins' Ode to Evening, and the substitution for the extracts from the *Lady of the Lake* of the battle in *Marmion*, in which Scott is at his best, and which is almost the only thing in modern literature really like Homer. A place among great writers is hardly due either to Marryat or to Cooper,

neither of whom was a master of style, or in any high sense an artist. Chalmers also must owe his admission rather to Professor Yonge's reverence for his character and opinions than to his literary superiority to many writers of the same class who are excluded. Among the notable omissions are Bolingbroke and Adam Smith. Pym's speeches are superior to any which Professor Yonge has given, and those of Walpole are better models of Parliamentary oratory—though not of philosophic eloquence—than those of Burke. The introduction of Alison among the representatives of English literature is ridiculous: there is not a worse writer in the English language. He owes his position, such as it is, solely to his subject, the tremendous interest of which not even the pomp of his ungrammatical commonplaces could destroy. But the weakest thing in the book is the suppression of Shelley's history, on the ground of religious heterodoxy, while an extract—and a pretty heterodox one—is given from his poems. *Spectabitur quia non visitur*. Professor Yonge's readers will run at once to a life of Shelley. But surely there is a weak point in the morality, we may say even in the theology, which turns with pious horror from poor, misguided Shelley, and gazes without scruple upon Swift.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE; an Autobiographical Story.

By George Macdonald. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

POOR MISS FINCH; a Domestic Story. By Wilkie Collins. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

It would be difficult to name two contemporary works of fiction which present stronger or more clearly defined points of contrast than these—the latest productions of Dr. George Macdonald and Mr. Wilkie Collins, respectively. It is not merely that the authors are dissimilar in style, in diction, or in the choice and treatment of their subjects. Every writer, whose talents are respectable enough to elevate him above the servile herd of imitators, is sure to infuse a good deal of his individuality into his work. Peculiarities of mental constitution, differences of temperament, the bias of nationality and education, the prejudices of class, profession and religious or philosophical belief, will inevitably reveal themselves, whether the subjects of them are conscious or unconscious of their influence, or even of their existence. Of course, we do not mean to assert that, in comparing the products of any two independent minds, we can indicate the presence of all these causes of diversity. Individual character is the result of a combination, in proportions infinitely variable, of many elements—physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual—moulded by such a multiplicity of in-

fluences that no two minds are precisely alike ; and yet, they often approach each other so closely as to be indistinguishable by our rude methods of mental analysis. With George Macdonald and Wilkie Collins we encounter no such difficulty. The contrast is so plainly marked that their novels scarcely present a single feature of similarity. The authors differ *toto celo* ; their minds have nothing whatever in common ; they move in parallel grooves, and, therefore, present no point of coincidence. In their views of the world, of human nature, of moral and religious duty, and even of the aim and manipulation of the art they both employ, they are hopelessly apart. Both delight in mystery, it is true ; but even here the resemblance, which is only apparent, serves to measure the gulf fixed between them. The one puzzles his readers and perhaps himself with spiritual fancies ; the other keeps us in suspense, and heightens the interest by a series of difficult situations. The one has all the haziness of the mystic ; the other claims only to be a skilful weaver of plots.

Dr. Macdonald is, in many respects, an attractive writer. He possesses a subtle and delicate fancy, high and pure aims, sensitiveness of the most ethereal order, and a graceful and nervous style. His works, although strongly impregnated with the religious spirit are not of the species known as "goody." He can be dogmatic enough at times, but his theology seems to sit loosely upon him. An author, who appears to believe, with Schleiermacher, in a Christian consciousness revealing all truth to its possessor, cannot hold to a very strict theory of biblical inspiration. Some keen scenter after heterodoxy is even said to have discovered in *Wilfrid Cumberland* the germs of Universalism. It is hardly fair to the author to bring him to logica tests. He appears to look upon fiction as the play-ground of emotion where that peculiar description of fancy, which he would probably call "spiritual insight," may have full and free exercise. We doubt not that, if examined, we shall not say before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council because that body is notoriously latitudinarian, but say before the Consistory Court, or one of the General Assemblies at Edinburgh, he would acquit himself to the satisfaction of the indubitably orthodox. As a novelist, however, the author of *Wilfrid Cumberland* has a theory, in which we presume, he believes more or less, and to which the exigencies of art require that he should be faithful.

He approaches humanity from the emotional side. Intellect has nothing to do with the immortal destiny of our race. Belief is the condition precedent of knowledge ; knowledge is the fruit of belief. As St. Anselm tells us, we ought not to seek knowledge as the basis of belief, but rather to believe in order

that we may know*. The author's views, even of external nature are rigidly subjective. He gives us fresh and vigorous descriptions of scenery, but they are only introduced upon the canvass as the background to psychological effects. His *dramatis personæ* have no vitality ; they lack the first essential of humanity—as we alone know it—corporeal existence. They resemble rather those beings encountered by Æneas on the banks of the Styx—thin, airy sprites, without body, flitting to and fro under the hollow semblance of a human form. Take Wilfrid Cumberlande himself, Charley Osborne, Geoffrey Brotherton, Mary and Clara and throw old "grannie" and the rest in as additional raw material, and you will not find the makings of one solid, flesh-and-blood man or woman in the mass. The account of *Wilfrid Cumberlande's* childhood and youth is interesting enough, but so utterly unreal as to be valueless for psychological purposes. The opening chapters of *David Copperfield* give some reminiscences of infancy which, though fanciful in appearance, have an air of verisimilitude about them ; but what shall we say of a hero whose earliest wish, as a child, was that "he had watched while God was making him, so that he might have remembered how he did it?" And so Wilfrid goes on, in maundering and moping introspection, as if life were indeed a feverish sleep, whose highest enjoyment is to be found in the misty splendour of spiritual dreams.

Let us give one instance of the manner in which Dr. Macdonald deals with a question of taste. Many reasons could undoubtedly be given for breaking through the traditional practice of winding up a story to the music of wedding bells. Our author's reason (given in *Robert Falconer*) is that "not woman but God is the centre of the universe" which, though an undoubted truth, has not the slightest bearing upon the question. The peculiarly spiritual air in which the author seeks to involve his subject, permeates the whole book. We are constantly treated to such sententious remarks as this,— "Death never comes near us ; it lies behind the back of God,"— which may be a profound truth, for aught we know ; if it is, it might be expressed in a clearer and, perhaps, in a more reverent manner. So again— "When it comes, death will be as natural as birth." If Dr. Macdonald merely means that both are in the ordinary course of nature, he is putting himself to unnecessary trouble in stating a truism ; if more than that, he is transcending the limits of human knowledge, since regarding birth and death alike we are completely in the dark—"our little life is rounded by a sleep." We have thought it necessary to object to the semi-inspired tone in which *Wilfrid*

* "Neque enim quero intelligero ut credam, sed credo ut intelligam."

Cumbermede is written because the example of Dr. Macdonald is seductive, and therefore dangerous. He is possessed of abilities of no mean order; he is sure of ardent admirers, and, in consequence, of a motley crowd of imitators. His own motives are unquestionably high and pure, and we have very little doubt that he will be of service in his day and generation. It does not follow, however, that because some protest seems necessary against the prevailing tendencies of the age, we ought to swing violently round to the opposite pole of thought. It may be well to avoid the Scylla of Materialism, but it is not so clear that, in the effort to do so, we need fall into the Charybdis of Mysticism. Dr. Macdonald's views of man and nature, if carried to their logical results, would place feeling upon the throne of reason, replace fact by morbid fancy, render religion the servant of mere intuition or caprice; and substitute the ravings of hysteria for the soberness of Christian devotion.

In Wilfrid Cumbermede the incipient tendencies only may be traced, not the ultimate extravagances. With the qualifications we have made, the work may be safely commended, as at once elevated in design, graceful in style, and earnest and impressive in tone.

Mr. Wilkie Collins is a being of another order. He does not trouble himself about psychology, subjective analysis, or the how and the why of individual character. To his view "the main element in the attraction of all stories is the interest of curiosity and the excitement of surprise." Life is a sort of chess-board, in which the pieces have indeed a different value; but this arises not from anything in the material of which they are made, but from the particular moves to which, by the laws of the game, they are restricted. The on-looker must, of course, be mystified as to the progress of the game, but he must make no mistake about the value of the pieces. By one or two strong daubs of colouring, Mr. Wilkie Collins marks his men beyond the possibility of mistake. In "Poor Miss Finch," the author begins by enumerating his human stock-in-trade—"a blind girl, two (twin) brothers, a skilful surgeon and a curious foreign woman." To which needs only be added a little nitrate of silver, administered to one of the brothers to give him a blue face, for the purpose not of distinction, but of confusion—and you have all the materials of Mr. Wilkie Collins' legerdemain. Madame Praeger is a very companionable governess, and the story of the blind girl, though rather too finely drawn out, is touchingly told. Herr Grosse is a sort of reformed Count Fosco; he is skilful in his profession, fond of Mayonnaise, and addicted to an unearthly style of swearing, perfectly incomprehensible to us, unless a residence in New York may account for it. We

shall not attempt any sketch of the plot, because that would be high treason in the author's eyes. "Poor Miss Finch" is perhaps, scarcely equal to some of Mr. Collins' former works, but it is sure to be read with interest from cover to cover, by any one who once takes it up.

We have only to add that these stories are admirably printed and profusely illustrated. They are issued by arrangement with the authors, and form the latest issues of the Canadian Copyright series in course of publication, by Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. On this account, apart altogether from their intrinsic value, they deserve the favourable consideration of the Canadian public.

RED RIVER. By Joseph James Hargrave, F.R.G.S. Montreal: Printed for the Author by John Lovell, 1871.

Voltaire, in his *Charles XII*, makes a remark to the effect that, under the operation of some law of mental perspective, men are apt to imagine that the events of their own time and country, passing, as such events do, under their own immediate observation, are the most momentous that have befallen the human race since the creation of the world. It is only upon some principle of this kind, that such a phenomenon as the publication of a work like the present can be accounted for. The author is a native of Great Britain, who, in 1861, emigrated to the scene of his labours, where he has resided ever since. A residence of ten years, among a scattered population of less than 12,000 souls, all told, in a remote region, isolated from the rest of the world, seems to have had the effect which one would naturally expect. Events which happen out of the ordinary dull and monotonous routine of life in such a place, no matter how trivial in themselves, or how unimportant to the outside world, have acquired in the mind of the author, solely by reason of their rarity, a historic dignity.

The first four chapters, containing a description of the author's journey by sea and land from Liverpool to St. Paul's are quite out of place in a semi-historical work. The trip was more than usually uneventful, and the story of it is not told in a manner to redeem any deficiency in the matter. Besides, it has been told over and over again, and by such men as Lyell, Dickens, Peto, Dilke, Hepworth Dixon, W. F. Rae, Dr. Russell, Anthony Trollope, and others, most of them accomplished writers capable of imparting interest to the dullest theme. But what possible interest is there to a person wishing to study the history of Manitoba, in ordinary commonplace remarks upon the usual stock subjects of travellers to America: the sea voyage, sea-sickness, custom-house troubles, the value of American silver, the railways,

railway carriages and sleeping cars, the Victoria Bridge, the city of Montreal and the theatre there, with the performances of the "Wizard of the North," the Canadian elections of 1861 and the party spirit displayed, the Mississippi steamers, wayside prairie inns, stage-coaches and their passengers, American whiskey and brandy, Wilkie Collins' "Woman in White," and its appreciation by Mr. Morgan, a fellow traveller, &c., &c.

Chapter 5 will pass, containing, as it does, an interesting account of a trip across the prairies and down the Red River, from St. Paul's to Fort Garry—a truly primitive method of transport, in carts made altogether of wood and without springs; and in a steamer, from the bow of which a long "sweep" had to be used as an additional rudder, to round the sharp corners of the river, soon to be a thing of the past, if it is not so already; but the description has some permanent value as shewing what the mode of travel was in that region, so late as 1861.

Chapters 6, 7, and 8 are among the few contained in the book which have any real worth. They detail the history, so far as there is a history, and mode of government of the North West Territory from the earliest visits of Europeans till shortly before the author's arrival. From them we learn that in 1640 the French trappers, or "*coureurs des bois*," first extended their explorations to the height of land west of Lake Superior, which however was not crossed till 1731, when the passage was effected by a party under the direction of Varennes de la Verendrye, not by De la Verendrye himself as the author supposes. That enthusiastic pioneer did not join the party till two years later, when however the exploration of the country was vigorously proceeded with, and in the course of the following ten years, opened up along the Saskatchewan as far as the Rocky Mountains. The extension in 1774 of the trade of the Hudson Bay Co. from the vicinity of the Bay into the interior is referred to, though no mention is made of Mr. Hearne's discoveries of the Coppermine River and Arctic Ocean in 1769 and 1771 which led to the extension of trade. The organization in 1783 of the North West Company, and shortly afterwards of the X. Y. Company and

their rivalry and bloody feuds with the Hudson's Bay Company until amalgamated with it by Mr. Ellice in 1821; the colonization of Red River by Lord Selkirk in 1811 and the acquisition of the Indian title to the lands occupied by settlers, in return for an annual subsidy of 200 lbs. of tobacco; the hardships of the early settlers, and other matters are also detailed. Though most of the facts have been related before by Garneau and others, we cheerfully give the author credit for considerable industry in the collection of the materials for this portion of his work.

Chapters 9 and 10 contain what the author calls a history of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches. They contain little more than lists of the names of the ministers and priests who have lived in the settlement, with the dates of their entrances and exits, and of the names of the churches with dates of erection.

In Chapters 11, 12 and 13, we have, in as copious detail as the rest of the book, the occurrences of the period just previous to the author's arrival and a description of the annual routine of life in the settlement. The trivial character of most of the incidents recorded, may be judged from the fact that "the starting of the Northern Packet" is called "one of the great annual events." (p. 155.)

The rest of the book, comprising about two-thirds, may be very briefly dismissed. It is a chronicle of events, great and small, from 1861 to 1868. On the title page are found the figures—1871, but the narrative does not come within three years of that date, so that the recent troubles are not touched upon, nor indeed do we find anything tending to throw light upon the causes of those troubles, or to indicate a forecast of them by the author.

As a whole, the work, though containing some valuable facts, is prolix. The amount of valuable matter bears almost as small a ratio to that which is of no importance to any one except the author, as Falstaff's bread did to his "intolerable quantity of sack." A master of the art of writing could easily compress all that is of any permanent value in its five hundred and odd pages within the limits of 100 or 150.

LITERARY NOTES.

The death of Joseph Mazzini has taken a great writer as well as a conspicuous actor from the world's stage; for he was a master of the words which gave themselves on men's hearts, and he owed in part to this gift his vast influence over the minds of Italian youth. Nor was his eloquence unstained by a corresponding force and dignity of thought. What-

ever we may think of his political principles, or of his mode of propagating them, he was a memorable enthusiast, and his name will live in his Italy for ever. Often confounded in common estimation with the French revolutionists, he in reality looked down with the disdain of a superior nature on terrorism, petroleum, and all the doings of the "Red Fool-fury

of the Seine." Though an unbeliever in Revelation and the mortal enemy of what he deemed the degenerate Papacy, he was in his way deeply religious; and his conception of nationality as a divinely appointed organ for the service of humanity at large, soared far above the narrow patriotism of the countrymen of Napoleon, and indeed above the patriotism of even the most liberal minds in most nations. Contact with him could not fail to leave an impression on any man, however opposed to him in sentiment, who had an eye for greatness of character. He remained, even in exile, the heart of the Italian movement, though he lacked some qualities necessary to make him its head.

By the death of the Rev. F. D. Maurice, we lose one to whom, considering the number and eminence of his disciples, it is impossible to deny the title of a great teacher, though to many, perhaps to most, utterances appeared merely dark, which to disciples appeared "dark with excess of light." Mr. Maurice had himself deeply imbibed the religious philosophy of Coleridge, whose pre-eminent virtue was not clearness. The essence of his teaching, and the source of his power as a teacher, seem to us to have been his conviction of the truth of Christianity as the one key to human nature and to man's relations with God, independently of any questions of ecclesiastical dogma or even of history. This, in fact, is the essence of Broad Churchmanship, of which Mr. Maurice was perhaps the best known type. So decidedly "Broad Church" was he, that he was forced to retire from his Professorship in King's College; but Lincoln's Inn, of which he was chaplain, refused to receive his resignation; and the University of Cambridge did not scruple to elect him to her chair of Moral Philosophy. The best of his theological works, as well as the least obscure seems to us to be still his "Kingdom of Christ." On more practical questions of personal and social morality, he was clear as well as impressive. Of the value of his efforts as a social reformer, an educator of the working classes, and a mediator between them and the wealthier classes, there can be no doubt. As little doubt can there be of the nobleness, beauty and truly Christian excellence of the character which attached to him in no ordinary degree a circle of no ordinary friends.

Another name, not so well known to the general reader, must be added to the obituary of the month—Mr. William Henry Smith, of the Middle Temple. A quiet, retiring student, whose nature shrank from the elbowing struggle for success necessary in the profession he had chosen, he early retired to Keswick to pursue his reading and his meditations in the quiet atmosphere of the Lake District. His "Discourse on Ethics" has been of service to many, and even his talents as a dramatist so far attracted Macready that he produced "Athelwold" on the boards of Drury Lane. The work by which he is best known is "Thorndale or the Conflict of Opinions"—a book well and favourably known to many Canadian readers. He was a warmly attached friend of Prof. Maurice, whose death preceded his own but by a few days.

The number of works on Religious and Philosophical subjects constantly issuing from the press is so great as to be almost bewildering. We can only notice a few of the more prominent books in this department. Principal Tulloch announces an elaborate work, in two volumes, on Rational Theology

and Christian Philosophy in England, in the 17th Century, which will doubtless prove a valuable contribution to church history, from the author's point of view. Dr. Dollinger, the Alt-Catholic leader, is at present, delivering a course of lectures at Munich on the re-union of the Christian churches, of which an English translation is promised. Judging from a report of the lecture on the English Church taken from the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, Dollinger's views are not dissimilar to those of Dr. Pusey in his celebrated *Eirenicon*. Another noble author, Lord Ormathwaite, better known as Sir John Walsh, has taken the field as a controversialist. "Astronomy and Geology Compared," (New York: Appleton) is the name of the little work; it is, however, only the title of the first part of the essay. The second and third parts are written with no small ability; the objections to Darwin and Buckle, and the author's theory of civilization are, to a large extent, original and are stated in terse and forcible language. The book will, no doubt, be very generally read. The Rev. Stopford Brooke, one of the Queen's Chaplains, has published a series of discourses under the title of "Christ in Modern Life." (New York: Appleton.) The style is rather florid, but we have no doubt they were well received by the aristocratic congregation of St. James' Chapel. Mr. Brooke rejects the doctrine of endless punishment in strong and vehement terms, but generally speaking his gospel is the orthodox one, flavoured to suit patrician ears. "Man and his Dwelling-Place," by James Hinton (New York: Appleton) is a work of considerable interest from the Unitarian side. His views of eternal death do not differ materially from those of Mr. Brooke. The style of the work is eminently earnest and devout, and we cordially sympathize with the author's tone, even where we cannot agree with his theory. President Porter, of Yale, like Dr. Paine, of New York, has published an elaborate work on "The Human Intellect, with an introduction on Psychology and the Soul," and Professor Hickok, of Amherst College, a learned treatise on "The Creator and Creation," in which he tries to give an *a priori* demonstration of theism and of the ideas of space, time, cause and effect. "Paul of Tarsus; an Inquiry into the Times and the Gospel of the Apostle to Gentiles," by a Graduate, (Boston: Roberts) handles the history of St. Paul in a similar style to that adopted by the author of "Ecce Homo" in treating of the life of our Saviour. The work has not yet reached us, but it has already attracted general attention in England. The Rev. W. Sanday, a Fellow of Trinity, Oxon., is the author of a critical essay on the "Authorship and Historical Character of the Fourth Gospel," with special reference to the contents of the Gospel itself. A series of lectures by the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt on the interesting subject of Christian Art and Symbolism will shortly appear. The Rev. Dr. Bartle re-opens the *questio vexata* of the intermediate state of the dead, in a work of considerable learning and judgment—"The Scriptural Doctrine of Hades." It contains a critical examination of man's nature, the state of the dead, the redemption of the world and "a refutation of the unscriptural creed of professing Christendom in reference to the Atonement." Dr. Bartle, we may mention, is the Principal of Freshfield College, Liverpool. We conclude with the odd title of a book not yet published:—"The Martyrdom of Man and his Apotheosis," by Win-

wood Reade. It would appear to be a faithful application or rather extension of Mr. Darwin's theory to the entire universe and to the history of nations. It begins not with the Animalcules of the Primeval Sea, but far before that era with the formation of the Solar System (by natural selection, we presume) out of a gas, and after discoursing on all conceivable subjects, ends with the "invention of immortality" and our migration into space. By way of an addendum, there are "some remarks on the duties and responsibilities of Creators," with II. Esdras VII. 46 as a motto.

In Biography, this month we note three works of merit by female authors:—Miss Strickland's Lives of the last four Stuart Princesses, Mrs. Oliphant's long-promised Life of Count Montalembert, and Mrs. Hookham's Life of Margaret of Anjou, one of the best and most complete views of England during the 15th century yet written. Baron Hübnér's Memoir of Pope Sixtus the Fifth is shortly to appear in an English dress, translated by Mr. Herbert Jerningham. "Yesterdays with Authors," by Mr. J. T. Fields (J. R. Osgood & Co.), is a capital book, gossipy and fresh in style, and introducing us into the inner life of Dickens, Thackeray and Hawthorne, as they appeared behind the scenes of public literary life. Though there is nothing very profound in the work, it is exceedingly fresh and interesting. We are glad to hear that Canon Kingsley will shortly contribute a Life of Frederick Denison Maurice to the pages of *Mamillan's Magazine*, Mr. Kingsley is perhaps better able to give an appreciative estimate of his departed friend than any man with whom he came in contact. Mr. Ward, well-known as H. M. Minister to the Hanse Towns announces a book which ought to be worth something: "Experiences of a Diplomatist; Recollections of Germany from 1840 to 1870." Of historical works, the principal are those relating to the Franco-Germanic war which continue to issue from either side in great profusion. Mr. E. A. Freeman, the author of the History of the Norman Conquest, is about to re-produce his lectures on "The Growth of English Constitution from the Earliest Times." It will be published at a reasonable price, and will unquestionably serve as a valuable compendium of information on an important subject.

The subject of British colonization is intimately connected with British commerce; we may therefore note here the announcement by Messrs. Longman, of "A Colonist on the Colonial Question." The author, Mr. Mathews, of Toronto, has been connected with the daily press of this city for some years. In this work his object is to show the advantages of a more intimate connection between England and the out-lying members of the Empire, and to suggest means of strengthening the tie. Without committing ourselves entirely to Mr. Mathews' schemes or opinions, we take pleasure in commending the work to the attention of our readers.

In Geography and Travels, perhaps, the most noteworthy is Colonel Yule's new translation, with maps and illustrations, of the travels of "Ser Marco Polo," in which advantage is taken of recent research to elucidate the book of the great explorer. "Unexplored Syria" is a new work, by Capt. R. F. Burton, assisted by Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, to appear early this month. One of the most attractive books of mountain-climbing we have seen since the pub-

lication of Tyndall and Whymper's Alpine experience, is Mr. Clarence King's "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.). The descriptive portions are of the raciest—the adventures quite as thrilling as any the Alpine Club can boast, and odd stories of the wild life in the West are told with appreciative skill, and yet without a trace of coarseness or vulgarity. "Sorties from Gib, (i. e. Gibraltar,) in quest of sensation and sentiment," by Mr. Fenton, late a Captain of the 86th, is a capital summer book, full of that youthful fun for fun's sake often found amongst the young officers of a garrison. "The Great Lone Land," is a work on Manitoba and the Saskatchewan, by Capt. Butler, an officer attached to the Red River Expedition of 1869-70. The title is not very happily chosen; of the book itself we shall be better able to speak hereafter. "Saunterings," by Chas. Dudley Warner, is a book of travel-sketches, giving glimpses of Paris, the Rhine-country, Bavaria and Italy. It has not yet reached us, but if it is as well written as the author's previous work, "My Summer in a Garden," it cannot fail to take.

In Science, our list must be brief. The most prominent work in the publishers' lists is the new edition of Lyell's Principles of Geology, in which Sir Charles takes note of the latest discoveries; as, for example, the recent deep sea soundings in the Mediterranean. An admirable series of Science Primers is in course of publication in England and New York (Messrs. Appleton) simultaneously. The introductory treatise is by Prof. Huxley, and it is followed by others on Chemistry, by Prof. Roscoe, and on Physics, by Prof. Balfour Stewart.

In Poetry and Fiction, we may mention Mr. Bayard Taylor's latest work—"The Masque of the Gods." The author has appeared in many aspects as a poet, a lecturer, a translator and a traveller; this new poem is an additional proof of his versatility. It is well conceived and skillfully executed, though, we fear, the position occupied by Elohim with Jove, Baal and Odin will hardly satisfy the orthodox. Mr. Geo. Macdonald's "Within and Without," a story in verse, and "The Days of Jezebel," a drama, by Peter Bayne, the well-known essayist, are noteworthy. Mr. Browning's new poem on the Woman Question is to be entitled "Fifine at the Fair." In Fiction, the appearance of *Middlemarch*, Part III., "Waiting for Death," deserves special mention. "The story of the Plébiscite, by one of the 7,500,000 who voted Yes," by MM. Eckmann-Chatrian appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* originally, and is well worth reading. "She was Young and He was Old," "Hornby Mills," &c., by Henry Kingsley, and Mr. Shand's "Shooting the Rapids," are all readable enough as novels go. Of the announcements in this department we remark "Robert Ainsleigh," by the indefatigable Miss Braddon, "An Open Question," the scene of which is laid in Europe, by Prof. De Mille, and "Country Stories, New and Old," by Holme Lee. In conclusion, we commend to our readers, as especially worth having at hand, a little work entitled, "Sayings, Wise, Witty and Tender," from the writings of George Elliot, in prose and verse. The quotations are made with taste and discrimination, and the little work is provided with an excellent index. It is published by Blackwood, of Edinburgh, and the Harpers of New York, simultaneously.