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THE

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GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'A Princess of Thule,' 'Daughter of Heth,' 'Three Feathers,' 'Strange Adventures of a Phaeton,' etc.

IN CONJUNCTION WITH AN AMERICAN WRITER.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN INROAD ON PALE FACTS.

BUT we are not always to be preached at by this miniature Madame Solomon. We had not come three or four thousand miles to be lectured up hill and down dale. Even our stern teacher herself forgot her moralities when, after a long night's rain, Boston received us with breezy blue skies, cool winds, and a flashing sunlight that broke on the stirring trees. We breathed once more, after the heat of New York and the dust of Saratoga. We walked along the pavements, and, as we had always been told that Boston was peculiarly English, we began to perceive an English breadth of frame on the part of the men, an English freshness of complexion on the part of the women. We shut our eyes to the fact that the shops were more the shops of Brussels than of Brighton. Surely these were English clouds that swiftly crossed the sky; English trees and parks that shone fair in their greenness; an English lake that was rippling in waves before the brisk breeze? And then, again, away down in the business part of the city, amid tall warehouses and great blocks of stores, how could we fail to notice that that was the Atlantic itself which we suddenly caught glimpses of at the end of the thoroughfares, just as if some one, tired of the perpetual gray and red of the houses, had taken a huge brush and dashed in a stroke of brilliant cobalt across the narrow opening?

'Ships go from here to England, do they not?' asked Lady Sylvia once, as we were driving by a bit of the harbor.

'Certainly.'

She was looking wistfully at the blue water, and the moored steamers, and the smaller craft that were sailing about.

'In a fortnight one could be back in Liverpool?'

'Doubtless.'

But here our Bell broke in, laying her hand gently on the hand of her friend.

'You must not think of going back already, Lady Sylvia,' she said with a smile. 'We have got to show you all the wonders of our Western country yet. How could you go back without seeing a buffalo-hunt?'

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'Oh,' said she, hastily—and the beautiful pale face flushed somewhat—'I was not thinking of that. It was a mere fancy. It seems so long since we left England, and we have come so great a way, that it is strange to think one could be back in Surrey in a fortnight.'

'We can not allow you to play truant, you know,' said Queen T—, in her gentle way. 'What would every one say if we allowed you to go back without seeing Niagara?'

'I assure you I was not thinking of such a thing,' said Lady Sylvia, seriously, as if she were afraid of grievously offending Niagara. 'Would not every one laugh if I were to show homesickness so soon?'

But, all the same, we could see that she never looked at these blue waters of the Atlantic without a certain wistfulness: and, as it happened, we were pretty much by the sea-side at this time. For first of all we went down to Manchester—a small, scattered, picturesque watering-place overlooking Massachusetts Bay, the Swiss-looking cottages of wood dotted down anywhere on the high rocks above the strand. And when the wild sunset had died out of the western skies—the splendid colors had been blinding our sight until we turned for refuge to the dark, intense greens of the trees in shadow— we had our chairs out on the veranda, up here on the rocks, over the sea. We heard the splashing of the waves below. We could vaguely make out the line of the land running away out to Cape Cod; and now the twin lights of the Sisters began to shoot their orange rays into the purple dusk. Then the moon rose; and the Atlantic grew grey; and there was a pale radiance on the rocks around us. Our good friends talked much of England that long, still, beautiful night; and now it seemed a place very far apart from us, that we should scarcely be able to recognize when we saw it again.

Then we went to see some other friends as Newport, arriving just in time to get a glimpse of the afternoon drive before the people and their smart little vehicles disappeared into those spacious gardens in which the villas were partly hidden. The next morning we drove round by the sea; and now the sun was burning on the almost smooth water, and there was a fresh smell of sea-weed, and the tiny ripples curled crisp and white along the pebbly bays. Our Bell began to praise the sea. Here was no churned chalk; but the crystal sea-water of the northern shores that she loved. And when she turned her eyes inland, and found occasional glimpses of moorland and rock, she appealed to Lady Sylvia to say if she did not think it was like some part of Scotland, although, to be sure, there was no heather here.

'I have never been in Scotland,' said Lady Sylvia, gently, and looking down. 'I—I almost thought we should have gone this year.'

There was no tremor at all in her voice; she had bravely nerved herself on the spur of the moment.

'You must go next year; Mr. Balfour will be so proud to show his native country to you,' said Queen T——, very demurely; but we others could see some strange meaning in her eyes—some quick, full expression of confident triumph and joy.

And how is it possible to avoid some brief but grateful mention of the one beautiful day we spent at Cambridge—or, rather, outside Cambridge—in a certain garden there? It was a Sunday, fair and calm and sweet-scented, for there were cool winds blowing through the trees, and bringing the odors of flowers into the shadowed veranda. Was not that bit of landscape over there, too—the soft green hill with its patches of tree, the hedges and fields, the breezy blue sky with its floating clouds of white—a pleasant suggestion of Surrey? There was one sitting with us there who is known and well beloved wherever, all over the wide world, the English tongue is spoken; and if that gracious kindliness which seemed to be extended to all things, animate and inanimate, was more particularly shown to our poor stricken patient, who could wonder who had ever seen her sensitive mouth and pathetic eyes? Of whom was it written—

> 'Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit:
> Something within her said, "at length thy trials are ended?"'

If she could not quite say that as yet, her sorrows were for the moment at least forgotten, and she sat content and pleased and grateful. And then we had dinner in an old-fashioned room of the old-fashioned house, and much discourse of books; the

mute listener, having won the favor of all, being far more frequently addressed than any body else. The full moon was shining on the trees when we went out into the clear night. It was shining, too, on the Charles River, when we had driven on along the white road; and here, of course, we stopped to look at the wonderful picture. For beyond this flashing of silver on the rippling water, the river was bounded by a mass of houses that were black as midnight in the shadow; and here and there a dusky spire rose solemnly into the lambent sky, while down below there was a line of lamps burning in the dark like a string of ruddy jewels. These were the only points of color, those points of orange; all else was blue and silver—a dream of Venice.

What more is to be said about Boston before we leave it for the mystic woods and lakes of Chingachgook, whose ghost we hope to see emerge from the dim forest, in company with that of the simple-minded Deerslayer? Well, a word must be said about the great thoughtfulness of our good friends there, who took us to see every place and thing of note—except Bunker's Hill. They most scrupulously avoided all mention of Bunker's Hill, just as a Scotchman would rather die than mention Bannockburn in the south; and to tell the truth, we never saw the place at all. This is much to be regretted; for the visiting of such scenes is most useful in refreshing one's knowledge of history; and indeed this courtesy on the part of our Boston friends led to a good deal of confusion afterward. For, one evening up in Canada, when Bell had been busy with her maps, she suddenly cried out,

'Why, we never went to see Bunker's Hill!'

'Neither we did,' was the reply.

'And it is close to Boston!'

'Assuredly.'

She remained in deep reflection for a moment or two; and then she said, in absolute innocence,

'I do wonder that a nation that fought so well, North and South, should show such a sensitiveness as that. They never said a word about Bunker's Hill when we were at Boston. You would have thought the humiliation of that small defeat was quite forgotten by this time; for I am quite sure the South would not speak about it, and I am quite sure the North is as proud of Stonewall Jackson now as the South can be.'

Stonewall Jackson?—Bunker's Hill?

'What do you mean?' said Queen T——, severely; for she thought the young wife had taken leave of her senses.

'Well,' said she, simply, and rather ungrammatically, 'if the North was beaten, they fought well enough afterward; and when they can point to such battles as Gettysburg, they need not be afraid of the South remembering Bunker's Hill against them.'

This was too awful. She was the mother of two children. But we wrote to our friends in Boston, begging them in the future not to let any of their English friends go through the town without telling them what Bunker's Hill was all about.

Next, a word about the singular purity of the atmosphere; at mid-day, as we stood in the street or walked across the Common, we could make out with the naked eye the planet Venus, shining clear and brilliant in the blue overhead.

Finally, a word as to a certain hotel. We had gone there partly because it was conducted on the European plan, and partly because it was said to be the best in America, and we naturally wanted to see what America could do in that way. We came to the conclusion that this hotel was probably the best in America a generation ago, and that its owners, proud of its reputation, had determined that it should never be interfered with—not even by an occasional broom. It was our friend the Uhlan who waxed the most ferocious. He came down in a towering rage the first morning after our arrival.

'The best hotel in America?' he cried. 'I tell you, we have no room at all; it is a box; it is a miserable hole, without light; it is full of mosquitoes; it looks into a sort of well, over the kitchen, and it is hotter than an oven; and the noise of the quarreling in the kitchen; and I think a woman dying of—what do you call it? asthma?—in the next room— No, I will not stay here another night for a thousand pounds!'

However, we pacified him, and he did stay another night, and was richly rewarded. He came down on the second morning

with a pleased air. He had a sheet of writing-paper in his hand, on which were displayed a number of strange objects.

'Ha!' said he, with a proud smile, 'it is so kind of them to let us know the secrets of the American ladies. These things lie thick all over the room; but they are very small, and you can not easily see them for the dust. But they are very strange—oh, very strange. Did you ever see hair pins so small as these?'

He showed us a beautiful variety of these interesting objects, some of them so minute as almost to be invisible to the naked eye. Almost equally minute, too, were certain India-rubber bands. Then that tiny brush, tipped with black; what was that for? surely the thousand virgins of Cologne must have in turn inhabited this room, to have left behind them so many souvenirs.

'You have no business with those things,' said Bell, angrily. 'They dont belong to you.'

'To whom, then?' said he, meekly. 'To the Crown? Is it treasure-trove? But one thing I know very well. When we go away from this pretty hotel—from this, oh! very charming hotel—we will not shake the dust from our feet, because that would be quite unnecessary. They have enough; don't you think so?'

And then we set out on our travels once more; and during a long and beautiful day went whirling away northward through a rough, hilly, and wooded country, intersected by deep ravines, and showing here and there a clear stream running along its pebbly bed. Here and there, too, on the hills the woods were already beginning to show a yellow tinge; while at rare intervals we descried a maple that had anticipated the glowing colors of the Indian summer, and become like a flame of rose-red fire among the dark green of the pines, It was a picturesque country enough—this wilderness of rocks and streams and forest; and it might have been possible to begin and imagine the red man back again in this wilderness that they once haunted, but that, from time to time, we suddenly came on a clearing that showed a lot of bare wooden shanties, and the chances were that the place rejoiced in some such name as Cuttingsville. Cuttingsville! But perhaps, after all, there is a fitness in things; and it would have been a worse sort of desecration to steal one of the beautiful Indian names from some neighboring stream and tack it on to this tag-rag habitation of squatters.

The evening sun was red behind the dark green of the trees when, at Glenn's Falls, we left the railway, and mounted on the top of a huge coach set on high springs. Away went the four horses; and we found ourselves swinging this way and that as if we were being buffeted about by the five tides that meet off the Mull of Cantire. I was a pleasant ride, nevertheless; for it was now the cool of the evening, and we were high above the dust, and we were entering a country not only beautiful in itself, but steeped in all sorts of historical and romantic traditions. Far over there on the right —the last spur of the Adirondacks—was the mountain held by the French artillery to command the military road through these wilds, and bearing the name of French Mountains to this day. Ahead of us, hidden away in the dark woods, was the too famous Bloody Pond. And Fort William Henry?—of a surety, friend, these lovely damsels shall be safely housed tonight, and the dogs of Mingoes may carry the news to Montcalm that his prey has escaped him!

It was a plank-road that carried us away into the forest, and the monotonous fall of the horses' hoofs was the only sound that broke the stillness of the night and of the woods. The first stars came out in the pale gray overhead. Our lamps were lit now; and there was a golden glory around us—a blaze in the midst of the prevailing dusk.

And now the forest became still more dense, and the road wound in an intricate fashion through the trees. For our part, we could see no path at all. The horses seemed perpetually on the point of rushing headlong into the forest, when lo! a sharp turn would reveal another bit of road, it also seeming to disappear in the woods. And then the pace at which this chariot, with its blazing aureole, went flashing through the darkness! Mile after mile we rattled on, and the distant lake was now nowhere visible. Not thus did the crafty Hurons steal through these trees to dog the footsteps of the noble Delawares. We were almost ashamed to think that there was no danger surrounding us, and that our chief regard was about supper.

Suddenly there was a wild yell ahead, and at the same moment a black object dashed across the heads of our leaders. Then we caught sight of a vehicle underneath the lamps; and there was a shout of laughter as it flew onward after that narrow escape. The sharp turn in the road had very nearly produced another massacre of pale-faces in the neighborhood of Fort William Henry.

'Do you remember that night at Keswick?' our Uhlan said, with a laugh. 'That was near, too; was it not, madame? And now this great coach—we should have run clean over that wagonette, as you described the big steamers running over a small schooner; and the driver, did you see how smart he was in taking his leaders off the planks? It was very well done—very well done; he is a smart fellow, and I will give him another cigar, if it does not annoy you, Lady Sylvia.'

'It is very pleasant in the night air,' said our courteous guest. 'And indeed I am accustomed at home to the smell of pipes —which is a great deal worse.'

And so the Lilacs was still her home? She betrayed no embarrassment in speaking of the nest she had forsaken; but then she was sheltered by the darkness of the night.

Then at last the long, delightful drive was done; and there was a great blaze of lamps over a broad flight of stairs and a spacious hall. We turned before we entered. Down there in the dusk, and hemmed around by shadowy hills, lay the silent waters of Lake George.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF CANADA.

THERE were two people standing at a window and looking over the troubled waters of Lake George—or Lake Horicon, as they preferred to call it—on this colourless morning. The scene was a sad one enough. For far away the hills were pale under the clouded sky, and there were white mists stealing over the sombre forest, and the green islands lay desolate in the midst of the leaden sea that plashed coldly on their stony shores. Were they thinking —these two—as they watched the mournful grays of the morning change and interchange with the coming and going of the rain-clouds, that the great mother Nature was herself weeping for her red children gone away forever from this solitary lake and these silent woods? This was their domain. They had fished in these waters, they had hidden in these dense forests from the glare of the sun; for ages before the ruthless invader had come from over the seas. Or was it of a later race that these two were thinking—of persons and deeds that had first become familiar to them in the pleasant summer-time, as the yacht lay becalmed on the golden afternoons, with the mountains of Skye grown mystical in the perfect stillness? Was it of Judith Hutter, for example, and Hurry Harry, and the faithful Uncas, who had somehow got themselves so mixed up with that idling voyage that one almost imagined the inhabitants of Tobermory would be found to address one as a pale-face when the vessel drew near the shore? One of the two spoke.

'I think,' said she, slowly—but there was a peculiar proud light in her eyes—'I think I might this very minute telegraph to Mr. Balfour to come right over by the next steamer.'

The companion of this person was not in the habit of expressing surprise. He had got accustomed to the swift and occult devices of her small and subtle brain. If the member for Englebury had at that moment arrived by coach, and walked up the front steps of the hotel, he would have betrayed no astonishment whatever. So he merely said, 'Why?'

'You will see,' she continued, 'that her first thought about this lake will be its likeness to some other lake that she has known. She is always looking back to England. Last night she spoke quite cheerfully about going home. If Mr. Balfour were suddenly to meet us at Montreal—'

'Have you telegraphed to him?' demands the other, sternly; for he is never sure as to the madness of which this woman is capable.

'No.'

'Nor written to him?'

'No.'

'Then don't be a fool. Do you mean to say that two people who find their married life so unbearable that they must needs separate, are at once to be reconciled be-

cause one of them takes a trip across the Atlantic? Is that your remedy for married misery, your salt-water cure—thirty guineas return, with three pounds a head for the wine bill?'

'It was only one of them who wished for a separation,' says this gentle schemer, with a happy smile, 'and already she knows a little of what separation is like. Don't I see it? And the further we go, the more varied things we see, I know that her heart is yearning all the more to go back to its home. She speaks now of New York as if it were continents and continents away. It is not a question of time—and of your thirty guineas; it is a question of long days and nights, and solitary thinking, and strange places and strange people, and the thought of the increasing labour of one's going back. And just fancy when we have gone away across the wide prairies—oh, I know! You will see the change in her face when we turn toward England again!'

Her companion is not at all carried away by this burst of enthusiasm.

'Perhaps,' he observes, 'you will be good enough to say at what point Mr. Balfour is suddenly to appear, like a fairy in a pantomine, or a circus-rider through a hoop.'

'I never said he was to appear any where,' is the petulant reply.

'No; and therefore he is all the more likely to appear. At Niagara? Are we to increase the current with a flood of tears?'

'I tell you I have neither telegraphed nor written to him,' she says. 'I don't know where he is, and I don't care.'

'Then we are determined to have our cure complete? "Lady Sylvia Balfour before three months of moral scolding: the same after the three months: the recipe forwarded for eighteenpence in postage stamps. Apply to Professor Stickleback, on the top of Box Hill, Surrey." There is one thing quite certain—that if you are the means of reconciling these two, they will both of them most cordially hate you for the rest of their life.'

'I can not help that,' is the quiet answer. 'One must do what good one can. It isn't much at the best.'

We were almost the only occupants of the steamer that left the small pier and proceeded to cut its way through the wind-swept lake. And now, sure enough, these people began to talk about Loch Lomond, and Killarney, and Windermere, and all sorts of other places, just as if they wished to pander to this poor creature's nostalgia; it was of no use to remind them that the lake was an American lake, with associations of its own, and these far from uninteresting. Very gloomy, however, was the aspect in which Lake Horicon now presented itself to us; for the clouds seemed to come closer down, and the low and wooded hills became of a heavier purple, and darker still became the water that was dashed in hurrying waves on the sandy and rocky shore. Then we got into the narrows, and were near enough the hills to see where the forest had been on fire, the charred stems of the trees appearing in the distance like so many vine stems washed white. The lake opened out again, and on we steamed, the mountains far ahead of us growing of a still deeper purple, as if a fearful storm were impending over them. Suddenly Lady Sylvia uttered a light cry. She had by accident turned. And, lo! behind us there was a great blaze of sunlight falling on the hills and the water—the lake a sheet of dazzling silver, the islands of a brilliant and sunny green, one keen flash of blue visible among the floating clouds. And it was then, too, we saw an eagle slowly sailing over the russet woods—the only living thing visible in this wilderness of water and forest. The sunlight spread. There were glimmerings of silver in the heavy clouds lying over the region of the Adirondacks. A pale glow crossed from time to time our drying decks. When we landed to undertake the short railway journey between Lake George and Lake Champlain, we found ourselves in hot sunshine.

Lake Champlain, too, was fair and sunny and green, and the waters that the steamer churned were as clear as those of Schaffhausen, while the windy shreds of cloud that floated by the Adirondacks were of the lightest and fleeciest. But there were storms brewing somewhere. As the day waned, we had sudden fits of purple darkness, and dashes of rain went sweeping along the lake. In the evening there was a wild smoke of red in the west behind the pallid hills, and this ruddy glare here and there touched the gay-green waters of the lake with a dusky fire, and made the hull of one boat which we could see in the distance gleam like some crimson stone. As

we sat there, watching the lurid sunset and the darkening waters, we had dreams of an excursion to be made in the days to come. When Bell's long exile in the West was over, we were to meet somewhere about this point. We were suddenly to disappear from human ken into the wilds of the Adirondacks. We should live on the produce of our own guns and fishing rods; we should sleep in the log-huts on the cool summer nights; we should become as dexterous as Indians in the use of our canoes. We had heard vague rumours of similar excursions through these virgin wilds: why should not we also plunge into the forest primeval?

Mr. Von Rosen said nothing at all when he heard this proposal; but he laughed, and looked at his wife.

'When I am set free to go back to England,' said the ranch-woman, with great gentleness—for she was obviously profiting by her brief companionship with civilized folks—'I don't think—I really do not think—that you will catch me foolin' around here.'

In the mean time, however, she was just as eager to see every thing as any body else. Look, for example, at what happened on the very first morning after our arrival at Montreal. We had, on the previous evening, left Lake Chaplain at Plattsburg, and got into the train there. We had made our first acquaintance with the Canadians in the person of four as promising-looking scoundrels as could be found in any part of the world, who conversed in guttural French in whispers, and kept their unwashed faces and collarless throats so near together as to suggest a conspiracy to murder. We had parted from these gentlemen as soon as the train had crossed the St. Lawrence bridge and got into Montreal, and we had reached our hotel about midnight. Now what must this German do but insist on every one getting up at a nameless hour in the morning to start away by train and intercept a boat coming down the Lachine Rapids. His wife assented, of course; and then the other two women were not to be outdone. A solemn tryst was made. Ridicule was unavailing. And so it happened that there was a hushed hurrying to and fro in the early dawn, and two or three wretched people, who ought to have been in bed, went shivering out into the cold air. As for the Lachine Rapids, the present writer has nothing to say about them They are said to be very fine, and there is a picture of them in every bookseller's shop in Canada. It is also asserted that when the steamer goes whirling down, the passengers have a pleasing sensation of terror. All he knows is that, as he was sitting comfortably at breakfast, four objects made their appearance, and these turned out to be human beings, with blue faces and helpless hands. When they had got thawed somewhat, and able to open their mouths without breaking bones, they said that the descent of the rapids was a very fine thing indeed.

Nor was it possible for one to learn any thing of the character of the Canadian nation because of these insatiable sight-seers, The writer of these pages, finding that he would have two whole days to spend in Montreal, had proposed to himself to make an exhaustive study of the political situation in Canada, and to supplement that by a comparison between the manners, customs, costume, and domestic habits of the Canadians and those of the Americans. It was also his intention to devote a considerable portion of this time to a careful inquiry as to the number of Canadians who would prefer separation from Great Britain. But these projected studies, which would have been of immense value to the world at large, were rendered impossible by the conduct of this group of frivolous tourists, who were simply bent on profitlessly enjoying themselves. And this they seemed to do with a great good-will, for they were delighted with the cool fresh air and the brilliant atmosphere which gave to this city a singularly bright and gay appearance. They were charmed with the prettily decorated cabs in the street. When they entered the Cathedral of Notre Dame, it seemed quite appropriate to find colors and gilding there that in England would have suggested a certain institution in Leicester Square. Then we had to climb the tower to have a view over the beautiful, bright city, with its red brick houses set amid green trees; its one or two remaining tin domes, glinting back the morning sunlight; its bold sweep of the St. Lawrence reflecting the blue sky. What was that, too, about the vagus nerve, when the striking of the great bell seemed to fill our chests with a choking sound? Our ranch-woman was not ordinarily scien-

tific in her talk, but she was rather proud of the vagues nerve. Indeed, we began to have a great affection for that useful monitor within, of whose existence we had not heard before; and many a time afterward, when our desire for dinner was becoming peremptory, we only recognized the friendly offices of this hitherto unknown bellman, who, was doubtless, in his own quiet way, sounding the tocsin of the soul.

In fact, these trivial-minded people would have nothing to do with a serious study of the Canadian character. They said that they approved of the political institutions of this country because they got French bread at dinner. They were quite sure that the Canadians were most loyal subjects of the Crown, and that every thing was for the best, simply because some very kind friends called on them with a couple of carriages, and whirled them away up to the summit of the Mount Royal Park, and showed them the great plain beneath, and the city, and the broad river. They went mad about that river. You would have fancied that Bell had been born a barge-woman, and had spent her life in shooting rapids. We knew that the old-fashioned song of our youth kept continually coming back to her idle fancy, for we heard faint snatches of it hummed from time to time when the rest of us were engaged in talk.

> 'Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
> There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
> But when the wind blows off the shore,
> Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar!
>
> * * * *
>
> 'Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
> Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
> Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers—
> Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs!
> Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
> The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

And the daylight was indeed past when we left Montreal; for these unconscionable tourists insisted on starting at the unholy hour of ten at night, so that they should accomplish some foolish plan or other. It was an atrocious piece of cruelty. We got into a sleeping-car, and found the brightest and cleanest of bunks awaiting us. We were pretty tired, too, with rushing up and down belfry stairs and what not. It was no wonder, therefore, that we speedily forgot all about our having to get up in the middle of the night at some wretched place called Prescott.

We were summoned back from the calm of dreamland by a hideous noise. We staggered out of the carriage, and found ourselves in a small empty railway station at two in the morning. But the more we rubbed our eyes, the more we were bewildered. Everything was wrapped in a cold thick fog, so that the train was but the phantom of a train, and we seemed to each other as ghosts. The only light was from a solitary lamp that sent its dazzling glare into the fog, and seemed to gather about it a golden smoke. Then these fierce cries in the distance:

'Dan'l's? Who's for Dan'l's? All aboard for Dan'l's!'

The poor shivering wretches stared helplessly at each other, like ghosts waiting for Charon to take them somewhither.

'Dan'l's?' again resounded that unearthly cry, which had a peculiar rising inflection on the second syllable. 'Who's for Dan'l's? All aboard for Dan'l's?'

Then it crossed the mind of the bewildered travellers that perhaps this Dan'l's was some hostelry in the neighbourhood—some haven of refuge from this sea of fog—and so they stumbled along until they made out the glare of another lamp, and here was an omnibus with its door flung wide open.

'Dan'l's?' sung out the plaintive voice again. 'Who's for Dan'l's Hotel? All aboard for Dan'l's?'

We clambered into the small vehicle and sat down, bound for the unknown. Then the voice outside grew sharp. 'ALL ABOARD!' it cried. The door was banged to, and away we went through the fog, plunging and reeling, as if we were climbing the bed of a stream.

Then we got into the hostelry, and there was an air of drowsiness about it that was ominous. The lights were low. There was no coffee-room open.

'I think,' said the lieutenant, rubbing his hands cheerfully—'I think we could not do better than have some brandy or whiskey and hot water before going to bed.'

The clerk, who had just handed him his key, politely intimated that he could have nothing of that sort—nothing of any sort, in fact. The lieutenant turned on him.

'Do you mean to tell me that this is a temperance house?' he said, with a stare.

'No, it ain't,' said the clerk. 'Not gen-

erally. But it is on Sunday; and this is Sunday.'

It certainly was three o'clock on Sunday morning.

'Gracious heavens, man!' exclaimed the lieutenant, 'is this a civilized country? Don't you know that you will play the very mischief with our vagus nerves?'

The clerk clearly thought he had nothing to do with our vagus nerves, for he simply turned and lowered another lamp. So the lieutenant lit his candle and departed, muttering to himself.

'Dan'l's?' we heard him growl, as he went up the wooden stair. 'All aboard for Dan'l's? Confound me if I ever come within a dozen miles of Dan'l's again!'

CHAPTER XXXV.

A THOUSAND ISLANDS.

THE next day was Sunday, still, calm, and blue; and we sat or patiently walked along the wooden pier, waiting for the steamer that was to come up the broad waters of the St. Lawrence. The river lay before us like a lake. The sun was warm on the long planks. There was not a flake of cloud in the sky.

Hour after hour passed, and the steamer, that had been detained in the fog of the preceding night, did not appear. We got into a drowsy and dreamy state. We watched the people come and go by the other boats, without interest or curiosity. Who were these, for example, this motley group of Indians, with their pale olive complexion, and their oval eyes like the eyes of the Chinese? They spoke a guttural French, and they were clad in rags and tatters of all colours. Hop-pickers? The squalid descendants of the old Iroquois? And when these had gone, the only man who did remain was a big sailor-looking person, who walked up and down, and eagerly whittled a bit of of wood. Him we did regard with some languid interest; for hitherto we had not seen any one engaged in this occupation, and we wished to know the object of it. Surely this was no idle amusement, this fierce and energetic cutting down of the stick? Was he not bent on making a peg? Or in sharpening his knife? Suddenly he threw the bit of wood into the river, and shut up his knife with an air of much satis faction: the mystery remains a mystery until this day.

Perhaps it is to beguile the tedium of waiting—and be it remembered that the Lake of the Thousand Islands lay right ahead of us, and Niagara too; while at Niagara we expected to get letters from England—that one of us begins to tell a story. It is a pathetic story. It is all about a bank clerk who lived a long time ago in Camden-town, and who used to walk in every day to the City. One day, as he was passing a small shop, he saw in a corner of the window about half a dozen water-color drawings in a somewhat dirty and dilapidated state; and it occurred to him that, if he could get these cheap, he might have them fresh-mounted and framed, and then they would help to decorate a certain tiny house he had his eye on for a particular reason. He bought the pictures for a few shillings, and he very proudly carried them forthwith to a carver and gilder whose shop lay in his line of route to the City. He was to call for them on the following Monday. He called in at the appointed time, and the carver and gilder seemed suddenly to recollect that he had forgotten the drawings; they would be ready on the next Monday. The bank clerk was in no great hurry—for the fact is, he and his sweetheart had quarrelled—and he somewhat listlessly called in on the next Monday. The drawings, however, were not ready. And so it came to pass that every Monday evening as he went home to his lodgings, the bank clerk—with a sad indifference growing more and more apparent in his face—called in for the water-colours, and found that they were not in the frames yet, and promised, without any anger in his voice, to call again. Years passed, and quite mechanically, on each Monday evening, the bank clerk called in for his pictures, and just as mechanically he walked home without them to his lodgings; But these years had been dealing hardly with the bank clerk. His sweetheart had proved faithless, and he no longer cared for anything that happened to him. He grew negligent about his dress; he became prematurely gray; he could not trust his memory to the fulfilment of his duties. And so in time they had to ask him to resign his situation in the bank; and he became a

sort of messenger or hall porter somewhere, with his clothes getting dingier and his hair whiter summer by summer and autumn by autumn. And at last he fell sick, and his wages were stopped, and he thought there was nothing for him to do now but to turn his face to the wall and die. But—said the narrator of this true story—would you believe it? one night the pictures came home! There was a noise on the little wooden stair—not the heavy tramp of the undertaker, but the uncertain footsteps of the carver and gilder, who had himself grown a tottering, white-headed old man. And when he came into the room he burst into tears at sight of the poor bank clerk; but all the same he cried out, 'Now, see what I have done for you! I have kept your pictures until they have become OLD MASTERS! I have been offered £300 apiece for them; you can have the money to-morrow.' And the poor bank clerk wept too; and he got up and shook his friend by the hand; he could scarcely express his gratitude. But what does he do now? Why, on the strength of the sum of money he got for his pictures he started a Bath-chair; and you may see him any day you like being wheeled along the broad walks in Regent's Park; and whenever he sees a young man with a beard, a velveteen coat, and unwashed hands, he imagines him to be an artist, and he stops and says to him, 'I beg your pardon, Sir; but don't be hard on the poor carver and gilder. He is only increasing the value of your pictures. It will all come right in time.' This was the story of the poor bank clerk.

The steamer! What business have we to be thinking about Regent's Park, here on the banks of the broad St. Lawrence? We enter the great vessel, and have a passing look at its vast saloons and rows of cabins and rows of life-belts. We start away into the wide stream, and go swiftly cutting through the clear green water; while the wooded and rocky banks and the occasional clusters of white houses glide noiselessly back into the sunny haze of the east. Then the vagus nerve has to be appeased; for it is a long time since we left the coffee room at Dan'l's. When we go out on the high deck again, the afternoon is wearing on, and we are nearing that great widening of the river which is known as the Lake of the Thousand Islands.

But surely this is neither a river nor a lake that begins to disclose itself—stretching all across the western horizon, with innumerable islands and gray rocks and dark clusters of firs and bold sweeps of silver where a current passes through the dark green reflections of the trees. It is more like a submerged continent just re-appearing above the surface of the sea; for as far as the eye can range there is nothing visible but this glassy plain of water, with islands of every form and magnitude, wooded down to the edge of the current. It is impossible to say which is our channel, and which the shore of the mainland; we are in a wilderness of water and rock and tree, in unceasing combinations, in perpetual, calm, dreamlike beauty. And as we open up vista after vista of this strange world—seeing no sign of life from horizon to horizon but a few wild-duck that go whirring by—the rich colors in the west deepen; the sun sinks red behind some flashing clouds of gold; there is a wild glare of rose and yellow that just misses the water, but lights up the islands as with fire; one belt of pine in the west has become of a deep violet, while all around the eastern sky there is a low-lying flush of pink. And then, after the sun has gone, behold! there is a pale, clear, beautiful green all across the west; and that is barred with russet, purple, and orange; and the shadows along the islands have grown dusky and solemn. It is a magical night. The pale, lambent twilight still fills the world, and is too strong for the stars—unless we are to regard as golden planets the distant lights of the light-houses that steadily burn above the rocks. There is a gray, metallic lustre on the surface of the lake, now ruffled by the cool winds of the night. And still we go gliding by these dark and silent islands now on this side and now on that; and still there seems to be no end to this world of shadowy foliage and rock and gleaming water. Good-night—good-night — before the darkness comes down! The Lake of a Thousand Islands has burned itself into our memory in flashes of rose-colour and gold.

What is this strange thing that awakens us in the early morning—a roaring and rushing noise outside, a swaying of the cabin that reminds us of 'the rolling Forties' in mid-Atlantic, and sudden dashes of green water across the dripping glass of the port-

hole? We stagger up on deck, and lo! there is nothing around us but driving skies and showers and hurrying masses of green water, that seem to have no boundary of main-land or island. We congregate in the forward part of the saloon, and survey this cheerless prospect; our only object of interest being the rapid flight of some wild-fowl that scud by before the wind. Have we drifted away, then, from the big, hot continent they call America, and floundered somehow into the Atlantic or Pacific? We are withdrawn from this outward spectacle by the pathetic complaints of a tall and lank Canadian, who has made friends with everybody, and is loudly discoursing—in a high, shrill, plaintive key—of his troubles, not the least of which is that he declares he will shortly be sea-sick if this plunging of the steamer continues. It appears that he came on board at some port or other about six in the morning, with his wife, who, an invalid, still remains in her cabin.

'Yes, Sir. The landlord shet up at 'leven o'clock, and we didn't know when the boat was comin' 'long; and me and the old woman we had to go bamboozlin' round moren hef the night; and that makes a man kiner clanjammery, you bet!'

He looked through the dripping winds with an uncomfortable air.

'There's a pretty riley bit o' sea on,' he remarked.

He became more and more serious, and a little pale.

'If this goes on,' he said, suddenly, 'by Gosh, I'll heave!'

So we considered it prudent to withdraw from the society of this frank and friendly person; and while the vessel went plunging on through the wild chaos of green and gray mists and vapours, we busied ourselves in purchasing knickknacks manufactured by the Canadian Indians, little dreaming that ere long we should be the guest of the red man in his wigwam in the far West, and be enabled to negotiate for the purchase of articles deposited by the innocent children of the forest at a sort of extemporized pawn-shop at the agency. It was then that one of our number—her name shall not be mentioned, even though thousands of pounds be offered—made a joke. It was not an elaborate joke. But when she said something, in a very modest and sly way, about a Pawnee, we forgave her wickedness for the sake of the beautiful colour that for a second suffused her blushing face.

Even Lake Ontario, shoreless as it seemed when we went on deck in the morning, must end some time; and so it was that at length we came in sight of its north-western boundaries, and of Toronto. By this time the weather had cleared up a bit; and we landed with the best disposition in the world toward this great collection of business buildings and private dwellings, all put down at right angles on the sandy plain adjoining the lake.

'*Now* will you study the history, literature, and political situation of Canada?' asked the only serious member of this party, when we had reached the spacious and comfortable hotel, which was an agreeable relief after being on board that fog-surrounded ship.

'I will not,' is the plain answer.

'What did you come to America for?'

If she had been honest, she would have confessed that one of her plans in coming to America was the familiar one of delivering a series of lectures—all at the head of one innocent young wife. But she says, boldly,

'To amuse myself.'

'And you have no care for the ties which bind the mother-country to these immense colonies—you have no interest in their demands—'

'Not the slightest.'

'You would see them go without concern?'

'Yes. Are we not always giving them a civil hint to that effect?'

'It is nothing to you that the enterprise of your fellow-subjects has built this great town, in a surprisingly short time, on this arid plain—'

'It is a great deal to me,' she says. 'I must buy a dust-coat if I can get one. And what about the arid plain? I see as many trees here as I have seen in any city on this side of the Atlantic.'

And so it was always; the most earnest of students would have broken down in his efforts to impress on this tourist party the necessity of learning anything. If you spoke to them about theatres, or carriages, or dry champagne, perhaps they might condescend to listen; but they treated with absolute indifference the most vital questions regarding the welfare of the nation

whose guests they were. The kindly folks who drove them about Toronto, through the busy streets of the commercial district, through sandy thoroughfares where the smart villas stood amid the gardens, and through that broad and pleasant public park, tried to awaken their concern about the doings of this person and that person whose name was in all the newspapers; and they paid no more heed than they might have done had the Legislature at Ottawa been composed of the three tailors of Tooley Street. But there was one point about Toronto which they did most honestly and warmly admire, and that was the Norman Gothic University. To tell the truth, we had not seen much that was striking in the way of architecture since we crossed the Atlantic; but the simple grace and beauty of this gray stone building wholly charmed these careless travellers; and again and again they spoke of it in after-days when our eyes could find nothing to rest upon but tawdy brick and discoloured wood. There is a high tower at this Toronto College, and we thought we might as well go to the top of it. The lieutenant, who was never at a loss for want of an introduction, speedily procured a key, and we began to explore many curious and puzzling labyrinths and secret passages. At last we stood on the flat top of the square tower, and all around us lay a fresh and smiling country, with the broad waters of Ontario coming close up to the busy town. We went walking quite carelessly about this small enclosed place; we were chatting with each other, and occasionally leaning on the parapet of gray stone.

Who was it who first called out? Far away over there, in the haze of the sunlight, over the pale ridges of high-lying woods, a faint white column rose into the still sky, and spread itself abroad like a cloud. Motionless, colourless, it hung there in the golden air; and for a time we could not make out what this strange thing might be. And then we bethought ourselves—that spectral column of white smoke, rising into the summer sky, told where Niagara lay hidden in the distant woods.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A GLANCE BACK.

MEANWHILE, what of the widower whom we left behind in England? It was fairly to be expected that Balfour, once he had seen his wife handed over to that wise and tender counsellor who was to cure her of all her sentimental sufferings, would go straightway back to England and rejoice in the new freedom that allowed him to give up the whole of his time and attention to public affairs. At all events that was what Lady Sylvia expected. Now he would have no domestic cares to trouble him. As far as his exertions were necessary to the safety of the state, England was secure. For Lady Sylvia alwaye spoke of her husband as having far more serious duties to perform than any Home Secretary or Lord Chancellor.

Balfour, having taken a last look—from the deck of his friend's yacht—at the great dark ship going out into the western horizon, got back to Queenstown again, and to London. No doubt he was free enough; and there was plenty at this time to engage the attention of members of Parliament. But he did not at all seem to rejoice in his freedom; and Englebury had about as little reason as Ballinascroon to applaud the zeal of its representative. He went down to the House, it is true, and he generally dined there; but his chief cronies discovered in him an absolute listlessness whenever, in the intervals between their small jokes, they mentioned some bill or other; while, on the other hand, he was greatly interested in finding out which of these gentlemen had made long sea-voyages, and was as anxious to get information about steamers, storms, fogs, and the American climate as if he were about to arrange for the transference of the whole population of England to the plains of Colorado. The topics of the hour seemed to have no concern whatever for this silent and brooding man, who refused all invitations, and dined either at the House or by himself at a small table at the Reform. The Public Worship Regulation Bill awoke in him neither enthusiasm nor aversion. The Duty on Third-class Passengers?—they might have made it a guinea a head if they liked. In other days he had been an

eager demonstrator of the necessity of our having a Public Prosecutor; now he had scarcely a word to say. There were only two subjects in which at this moment he seemed keenly interested—the one was the Report which Mr. Plimsoll's Commission had just published, and the other was, singularly enough, the act just passed in America about the paper currency. What earthly reason could he have for bothering about the financial arrangements of America? He did not own a red cent of the American debt.

One forenoon he was walking through St. James's Park, when he was overtaken by a certain noble lord—an ingenuous youth whom he had known at Oxford.

'Balfour,' said this young man, walking on with him, 'you are a Scotchman—you can tell me what I have to expect. Fact is, I have done rather a bold thing—I have taken a shooting of 13,000 acres, for this autumn only, in the island of Mull; and I have never been there. But I sent my own man up, and he believes the reports they gave were all right.'

'What are you to expect?' said Balfour, good-humoredly. 'Plenty of shooting, probably; and plenty of rain, certainly.'

'So they say,' continued the young man. 'And my *avant-courier* says there may be some difficulty about provisions. He hints something about hiring a small steam-yacht that we might send across to Oban at a pinch—'

'Yes, that would be advisable, if you are not near Tobermory.'

'Eighteen miles off.'

Then the young man was fired with a sudden generosity.

'Your wife has gone to America, hasn't she?'

'Yes,' was the simple answer.

'Are you booked for the 12th?'

'No.'

'Come down with me. I sha'n't leave till the 10th, if that will suit you. The House is sure to be up—in fact, you fellows have nothing to do—you are only gammoning your constituencies.'

'It's lucky for some people that they can sit in Parliament without having any constituency to gammon,' said Balfour.

'You mean we mightn't find it quite so easy so get in,' said the young man, with a modest laugh; for indeed his service in Parliament was of the slightest sort—was limited, in fact, to procuring admission for one or two lady friends on the night of a great debate. 'But what do you say to Mull? If we don't get much of a dinner, we are to have a piper to play to us while we eat. And of course there will be good whiskey. What do you say?'

'I say that it is very good of you, and I should like it extremely; but I think I shall stay in town this autumn.'

'In town?'

'Yes.'

'All the autumn?' exclaimed the young man, with an air as though he half expected this maniac to turn and bite him on the arm.

'Yes,' said Balfour; and then he stammered forth a sort of apology. 'The fact is that a married man feels himself taken at an unfair advantage if he goes any where without his wife. I hate nothing so much as dining as a single man with a lot of married people. They pity you and patronise you—'

'But, my dear fellow, there won't be any married people up at this place—I can't pronounce the name. There will be only two men beside ourselves—a regular bachelor party. You surely can't mean to stop in town the whole of the autumn, and be chased about your club by the cleaning people. You will cut your throat before the end of August.'

'And what then? The newspapers are hard pushed at that time. If I committed suicide in the hall of the Reform Club, I should deserve the gratitude of the whole country. But, seriously, I am sorry I can't go down with you to Scotland. Much obliged all the same.'

'When does Lady Sylvia return?' asked his companion carelessly.'

'About the end of October, I should think,' Balfour said; and then he added, 'Very likely we shall go to Italy for the winter.'

He spoke quite calmly. He seemed to take it as a mere matter of ordinary arrangement that Lady Sylvia and himself should decide where they should spend the winter. For of course this ingenuous youth walking with him was not to know that Lady Sylvia had separated herself from her husband of her own free will and choice.

'Good-by, Balfour,' said the young Lord

L——, as he turned off and went down toward Queen Anne's Gate. 'I would have sent you some game if Lady Sylvia had been home; it would be no use to a club man.'

Balfour walked on, and in a second or two found himself before the clock tower of the Houses of Parliament, rising in all its gilded pride into the blue summer sky. Once upon a time—and that not so long ago—all the interests of his life were centered in the great building beneath that tower. When he had first entered it—even in the humble capacity for member for Ballinascroon—a new world of activity and ambition seemed opening up before him. But at this very moment, strangely enough, the mere sight of the Houses of Parliament appeared to awaken in him a curious sort of aversion. He had been going down to a morning sitting, rather because he had nothing else to do than that he was interested in the business going forward. But this first glimpse of the Parliament buildings caused him suddenly to change his mind; he turned off into Parliament Street, and called in at the offices of Mr. Billy Bolitho.

Mr. Bolitho was as cheerful and bland as usual. Moreover, he regarded this young man with sympathy, for he noticed his reserved and troubled air, and he at once divined the cause. Did not every body known that some of these large firms were being hardly hit just then? The fine old trade in Manchester goods had broken down before markets glutted with gray shirtings and jeans. The homeward consignments of teas and silks were no longer competed for by the brokers. The speculations in cotton to which some of the larger houses had resorted were wilder than the wildest gambling on the Stock Exchange. It was a great thing, Mr. Bolitho knew, to have belonged to such a firm as Balfour, Skinner, Green, & Co., in the palmy days of commerce, but these fine times could not last forever.

'Come, Balfour,' said Mr. Bolitho, brightly, 'have a glass of sherry and a cigar. You don't look quite up to the mark this morning.'

'Thank you, I will. I believe idleness is ruining my health and spirits—there is nothing doing at the House.'

'Why don't you start a coach, and spend your forenoons that way?' said Bolitho gaily.

'I will tell you what I will do with you, if you like,' said Balfour, 'I will drive you down to The Lilacs. Come. It is a fine day, and they will give you some sort of dinner in the evening. You can be here by ten to-morrow morning.'

Mr. Bolitho was seated on a table, his legs dangling in the air, and he was carefully cutting the end of a cigar.

'Done with you,' said he, getting on his feet again, 'if you first lunch with me at the Devonshire.'

This, too, was agreed upon, and Balfour, as the two walked up to St. James's Street, did his very best to entertain this kind friend who had taken compassion on his loneliness. And as they set out in the shining afternoon to drive away down into the quiet of Surrey, Balfour strove to let his companion know that he was greatly obliged to him, and talked far more than was his wont, although his talk was mostly about such roads as Lady Sylvia knew, and about such houses as Lady Sylvia had admired.

'Have you heard the last about Englebury?' he asked.

'No.'

'Old Chorley has been struck with remorse of conscience, and has handed over that piece of filched common to the town, to make a public green.'

'That public green was nearly keeping you out of this Parliament,' observed Mr. Bolitho, with a demure smile.

'And there is to be a public gymnasium put up on the ground, and I have promised to go down and throw the thing open. What do you say, Bolitho; will you take a run down there, and drink a glass of wine with old Chorley, and show the boys how to twist round a trapeze?'

'I am very glad you have made friends with Chorley,' said Mr. Bolitho. 'He might have done you a deal of mischief. But I do think that you are becoming a little more prudent; no doubt you have found that all constituencies are not Ballinascroons.'

'I may have become more prudent,' said Balfour, with the indifference of a man who is mentally sick and out of sorts, 'but it is not from any desire to remain in Parliament. I am tired of it—I am disgusted

with it—I should like to quit it altogether.'

Bolitho was not surprised. He had known a good many of these spoiled children of fortune. And he knew that, when by chance they were robbed of some of their golden toys—say that an income of £30,000 a year was suddenly cut down to £5000—they became impatient and vexed, and spoke as if life were no longer worth having.

'Try being out of Parliament for a year or two, and see if you don't change your mind,' said Mr. Bolitho, shrewdly. 'There is something in the old proverb that says you never know the value of anything until you have lost it,'

'That is true enough,' said Balfour, with decision; but he was not thinking of Ballinascroon, nor yet of Englebury, nor of any seat in any Parliament.

It was the cool of the evening when they got down to The Lilacs, and very quiet and still and beautiful looked the cottage amidst its rose-bushes and honeysuckle. No doubt there was a deserted air about the rooms; the furniture was covered with chintz; every thing that could be locked and shut up was locked and shut up. But all the same Mr. Bolitho was glad to be taken round the place, and to be told how Lady Sylvia had done this and had done that, and how that the whole designing and decoration of the place was her own. Mr. Bolitho did not quite enter into this worship at the shrine of a departed saint, because he knew very well that if Lady Sylvia had been at The Lilacs that evening he would not have been there; but of course he professed a profound admiration for the manner in which the limited space had been made the most of, and declared that, for his part, he never went into the country and saw the delights of a country-house without wishing that Providence had seen fit to make him a farmer or squire.

And Mr. Bolitho got a fairly good dinner, too, considering that there were in the place only the housekeeper and a single servant, besides the gardener. They would not remain in-doors after dinner on such a beautiful evening. They went out to smoke a cigar in the garden, and the skies were clear over them, and the cool winds of the night were sweetened with the scent of flowers.

'They have no such refreshing coolness as this after the hot days in America,' said Balfour; 'at least so they tell me. It must be a dreadful business, after the glare of the day, to find no relief—to find the night as hot as the day. But I suppose they have got over the hottest of the weather there.'

'Where is Lady Sylvia now?' asked Mr. Bolitho, seeing that the thoughts of the young man—troubled as they must be by these commercial cares—were nevertheless often turned to the distant lands in which his wife was wandering.

'Up toward Canada, I should think,' he said. 'Soon she will be out in the West—and there it is cool even in the heat of summer.'

'I don't wonder you remained in England,' said Mr. Bolitho, frankly.

'Why?' said Balfour, who could not understand Mr. Bolitho having an opinion about the matter in any direction.

'Things have not been going well in the City,' said Mr. Bolitho, cautiously.

'I suppose not,' said Balfour, carelessly. 'But that does not concern me much. I never interfere in the business arrangements of our firm; the men whom my father trusted I can afford to trust. But I suppose you are right. There has been over-speculation. Fortunately, my partners are sufficiently cautious men; they have already made money; they don't need to gamble.'

Bolitho was troubled in his mind. Was the young man acting a part, or was he really ignorant of the rumor that his partners, finding the profits of their business gradually diminishing, and having sustained severe losses in one or two directions, had put a considerable portion of their capital into one or two investments which were at that very time being proved to be gigantic frauds? After all, Bolitho was a generously disposed man.

'Balfour,' said he, 'you won't mind my speaking frankly to you?'

'Certainly not.'

'Well, I don't know how far you examine into the details of the business transactions of your firm; but, you know, commercial things have been in a bad way of late, and you ought—I mean any man situated as you are—ought to be a little particular.'

'Oh, I am quite satisfied,' Balfour said. 'I don't know much about business; but I can understand the profit and loss and

capital accounts in the ledger, and these I periodically examine. Why, the firm gave £1000 to the last Mansion House Fund!'

Bolitho had heard before of firms hopelessly bankrupt making such dramatic displays of wealth in order to stave off the evil day; but of course he did not mention such a thing in connection with such a house as Balfour, Skinner, Green, & Co. He only said that he was glad to find that Balfour did examine the books.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FURTHER LOOKINGS BACK.

WHAT was it, then, this feeling of inexplicable unrest and anxiety, that possessed us as we drew near Niagara? Was it the fear of being disappointed? Was it the fear of being overawed? Or was it that mysterious vagus nerve catching something of the vibration that the vast cataracts sent shuddering through the land?

It was a blazing hot day, and the two scraggy horses were painfully hauling the rumbling old omnibus up a steep and dusty hill to the Clifton House hotel. Through the small window we could look down into the deep gorge, and there were no foaming rapids, but a deep, narrow, apparently motionless river of a singularly rich green colour. It was an opaque, solid green, not unlike sealing-wax, and the smooth shining surface had here and there a bold swirl of white. Then the sides of the gorge showed masses of ruddy rocks and green trees, and there was the brilliant blue overhead—altogether a German lithograph.

But why this curious unrest, while as yet the Falls were far away and out of sight? Well, there were two of us in that little omnibus who once upon a time saw a strange thing, never to be forgotten. We had climbed up from Chamounix to the small hostelry of Montanvert. We were going down the rugged little mountain path to cross the Mer de Glace. But where the great glacier lay in the high valley, and all over that, and all beyond that, nothing was visible but a vague gray mist that seemed to be inclasping the world. We stumbled on through the cold, damp atmosphere, until we found before us the great masses of ice in their spectral greens and whites. I think it was just about this time, when we had reached the edge of the glacier, that we were suddenly arrested by a wonderful sight. Right overhead, as it were, and far above the floating seas of mist, gleamed a wild break of dazzling blue, and far into this, so far away that the very distance seemed awful, rose a series of majestic peaks, their riven sides sparkling with sunlit snows. It was a terrible thing to see. All around us the solemn world of ice and shadows; above us the other and silent and bewildering world of light, with those glittering peaks cleaving the blue as if they would pierce to the very throne of heaven. The phantasmal fog-clouds went this way and that, taking strange shapes as they floated over the glacier and showed us visionary glimpses of the lower mountains; but there was neither cloud nor fog nor mist in that distant dome, and the giant peaks stood unapproachable there in their lonely and awful splendour. To have seen this sight once is a thing to be remembered during a man's lifetime; it is an experience that perhaps few of us would care to repeat. Was this strange unrest, then, a sensation of fear? Did we shrink from the first shock of a sight that might be too terrible in its majesty?

If that were so, we were speedily reassured. Through this port-hole of a window we caught a glimpse of something white and gray, and as we recognized from many pictures the American Falls, it was with a certain sense of comfort that we knew this thing to be graspable. And as we got further along, the beautiful, fair, calm picture came better into view; and it seemed to be fitting that over this silent sheet of white water, and over the mass of dark rocks and trees beyond, there should be a placid pale blue summer sky. Further on we go, and now we come in sight of something vaster, but still placid and beautiful and silent. We know from the deep indentation and the projection in the middle that these are the Horseshoe Falls; and they seem to be a stupendous semicircular wall of solid and motionless stalactites, with a touch of green at the summit of the mighty pillars of snow. We see no motion, we hear no sound; they are as frozen falls, with the sunlight touching them here and there, and leaving their shadows a pale gray. But we knew that

this vast white thing was not motionless; for in the centre of that semicircle rose a great white column of vapour, softly spreading itself abroad as it ascended into the pale blue sky, and shutting out altogether the dark table-land beyond the high line of the Falls. And as we got out of the vehicle and walked down toward the edge of the precipice, the air around us was filled with a low and murmuring sound, soft, continuous, muffled, and remote; and now we could catch the downward motion of these falling volumes of water, the friction of the air fraying the surface of the heavy masses into a soft and feathery white. There was nothing here that was awful and bewildering, but a beautiful, graceful spectacle—the white surface of the descending water looking almost lace-like in its texture—that accorded well with the still pale blue of the sky overhead. It was something to gaze on with a placid and sensuous satisfaction, perhaps because the continuous, monotonous murmur of sound was soothing, slumberous, dreamlike.

But Bell's quick eye was not directed solely to this calm and beautiful picture. She saw that Lady Sylvia was disturbed and anxious.

'Had we not better go into the hotel at once?' said she. 'There is no use trying to see Niagara in a minute. It has to be done systematically. And besides, there may be letters waiting for us.'

'Oh yes, certainly,' said Lady Sylvia; and then she added, seriously, as if her whole thoughts had been centred on the Falls, 'It is a very hopeful thing that we have not been disappointed at the first sight. They say nearly every one is. I dare say it will be some days before we get to understand the grandeur of Niagara.'

'My dear Lady Sylvia,' said one of us, as we were all walking up to the hotel, 'you might spend thirty years here in such weather as this without knowing any thing of the grandeur of Niagara. There is no mysticism possible with a pale blue sky. I will endeavour to expound this matter to you after luncheon—'

'Gott bewahre!' exclaims the German flippantly.

'—And I will show you that the size of any natural object has nothing to do with the effect it produces on the mind. I will show you how, with a proper atmospheric effect, an artist could make a more impressive picture of an insignificant island off the coast of Mull than he could if he painted Mont Blanc, under blue skies, on a canvas fifty feet square. The poetry of nature is all a question of atmosphere; failing that you may as well fall back on a drawing-master's notion of the picturesque—a broken mill-wheel and a withered tree. My dear friends—'

'Perhaps you will explain to us, then,' said Bell, not caring how she interrupted this valuable lecture, 'how if we can put grandeur into any thing by waiting till a little mist and gloom gets round it—if there is nothing in size at all—how we were so foolish as to come to Niagara at all? What did we come for?'

'I really don't know.'

'He is only talking nonsense, Bell!' says a sharper voice; and we reach the hotel.

But there are no letters.

'I thought not,' says Queen T——, cheerfully; as if news from England was a matter of profound indifference to every one of us. 'But there is no hurry. There is no chance of our missing them, as we shall be here some days.'

'I suppose they will have some English newspapers here?' suggested Lady Sylvia, just as if she had been in Brussels or Cologne.

'I should think not. If there are any, they will be old enough. What do you want with English newspapers, Lady Sylvia?'

'I want to see what has been going on in Parliament,' she answers, without the least flinching.

'What a desperate patriot you are, Lady Sylvia!' says Bell, laughing, as we go up the stairs to our rooms. 'I don't think I ever read a debate in my life—except about Mr. Plimsoll.'

'But your husband is not in Parliament,' returns Lady Sylvia, with blushing courage.

'And where your treasure is there will your heart be,' says Queen T——in a gay and careless fashion; but she has a gentle hand within her friend's arm; and then she takes the key to open the door of her room for her, treating her altogether like a spoiled child.

The after-luncheon lecture on the sublime in nature never came off; for these careless gadabouts, heedless of instruction

and the proper tuition of the mind, must needs hire a carriage to drive forthwith to the Rapids above the Falls. And Queen T——had begged Lady Sylvia to take her water-proof with her; and the lieutenant, perched up beside the driver, was furnished with a couple of umbrellas. So we set out.

And very soon we began to see something of the mighty volume of water falling over the Horseshoe Fall; for right away in there at the middle of the bend there was no white foam at all, but a projecting, unceasing bound of clear crystal of a curiously brilliant green, into which the sun struck deep. And what about the want of vapour and atmospheric effect? Presently we found ourselves in a sort of water-witch's paradise. Far below us boiled that hell-caldron of white smoke—roaring and thundering so that the ground around us trembled—and then this mighty pillar, rising and spreading over the landscape, enveloped us in clouds of shifting shapes and colours through which the gleaming green islands by the side of the road appeared to be mere fantasies of the eye. The earth and the sky seemed to be inextricably mixed up in this confusion of water and sunlight. We were in a bewilderment of rainbows—the pale colours coming right up to the wheels of the carriage, and shining between us and the flowing streams and water-weeds a few yards off. And then again we drove on and right through this Undine world; and behold! we were in hot sunshine again, and rolling along a road that sent volumes of dust over us. It was only a trick of the great mother Nature. She had been treating her poor children to a bath, and now took this effectual method of drying them. And the dust about Niagara is the most dry and choking dust in the world.

We drove away round so as to get beyond the Falls, and then descended to the side of the noble river. Here we found the inevitable museum of photographs and pebbles, and a still stranger exhibition. We were professed sight-seers; and we agreed to see the burning spring of the Indians, no matter what the wild excitement might cost. So we were conducted into a little dark room, in the floor of which there was a hole, covered over. The performer—who was not attired in the garb of the wild man of the woods, as he ought to have been—removed the lid, and began to play a great many pranks with the gas which rose from the well. It was really wonderful. Some of us were carried away in imagination to the beautiful days in which a penny paid on entrance to a canvas tent unlocked more marvels than were known to all the wise men of the East. But this performance was monotonous. In vain we waited for our friend to open another door and show us the fat woman of Scandinavia. It was merely trifling with our feelings to offer each of us a glass of the fire-water to drink. We resented this insult, and sought the outer air again, having paid—what was it?—for that revelation of the wonders of Nature.

There was a grander sight outside—the great rapids whirling by at our very feet toward the sudden and sheer descent. The wild plain of waters seemed broader than any river; the horizon line was as the horizon of the sea, but it was a line broken by the wild tossing of the waves as they came hurrying on to their doom. High over the green masses of the water the white crests were flung this way and that; in the maddening race and whirl these wild uprearings resembled—who made this suggestion?—the eager outstretched hands of the dense crowd of worshippers who strove for the holy fire passing over their heads. And here, too, the noise of the rushing of the waters still sounded muffled and remote, as if the great river were falling, not into the chasm below, but into the very bowels of the earth, too far away from us to be seen or heard.

A fiery red sunset was burning over the green woods and the level landscape and the dusty roads as we drove away back again, and down to the whirlpool below the Falls. Indeed, by the time we reached the point from which we were to descend into the gorge, the sun had gone down, the west had paled, and there was a cold twilight over the deep chasm through which the dark green river rolls. There was something very impressive in these sombre waters—their rapidity and force only marked by the whirling by of successive pine-trees—and in the sheer precipices on each side, scarred with ruddy rocks and sunless woods. Down here, too, there were no photographs, or Indians selling sham trinkets, or museums; only the solemnity of the gathering dusk, and the awful whirl-

ing by of the sullen water, and the distant and unceasing roar. The outlines of the landscape were lost, and we began to think of the sea.

And very pleasant it was that evening to sit up in the high balcony, as the night came on and the moon rose over the dark trees, and watch the growing light touch the edge of the far-reaching falls just where the water plunged. The great pillar of foam was dark now, and the American Falls, opposite us, were no longer white, but of a mystic gray; but out there at the head of the Horseshoe Falls, the moonlight caught the water sharply, gleaming between the black rocks and trees of Goat Island and the black rocks and trees of the mainland.

It was a beautiful sight, calm and peaceful, and we could almost have imagined that we were once more on the deck of the great vessel, with the placid night around us, and the sound of the waves in our ears, and Bell singing to us, 'Row, brothers, row, the daylight's past.' You see, no human being is ever satisfied with what is before his eyes. If he is on land, he is thinking of the sea; if he is on the sea, he is dreaming of the land. What madness possessed us in England that we should crave to see the plains of the far West, knowing that our first thought there would be directed back to England? For Bell and her husband all this business was a duty; for us, a dream. And now that we had come to these Niagara Falls, which are famous all over the world, and now that we could sit and look at them with all the mystery and magic of a summer night around us, of what were we thinking?

'It will be beautiful up on Mickleham Downs to-night,' says Bell, suddenly.

It is the belief of the present writer that every one of these senseless people was thinking of his or her home at this moment, for they set off at once to talk about Surrey as if there was nothing in the world but that familiar English county; and you would have imagined that a stroll on Mickleham Downs on a moonlight night was the extreme point to which the happiness of a human being could attain.

'Lady Sylvia,' says Queen T——, in a gentle under-tone, and she puts a kindly hand on the hand of her friend, 'shall we put on our bonnets and walk over to The Lilacs now? There might be a light in the windows.'

(*To be continued.*)

PRÆTERITA EX INSTANTIBUS.

HOW strange it is that, in the after age,—
When Time's clepsydra will be nearer dry,—
That all the accustomed things we now pass by
Unmarked, because familiar, shall engage
The antique reverence of men to be;
And that quaint interest which prompts the sage
The silent fathoms of the past to gauge
Shall keep alive our own past memory,
Making all great of ours—the garb we wear—
Our voiceless cities, reft of roof and spire—
The very skull whence now the eye of fire
Glances bright sign of what the soul can dare.
So shall our annals make an envied lore,
And men shall say, 'Thus did the men of yore.'

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

TITLES IN CANADA.

IT is not probable that many persons have ever given any thought to the fact that in the early settlement of Canada as well as of the United States, an effort was made to establish a titled aristocracy amid the forests of the new world. The attempt of course proved an entire failure, but it was not the fault of the originators if we have not now a Herald's College in this new Dominion to arrange and explain the coats-of-arms appertaining to the dignities and titles which were offered some centuries ago to settlers in the wilderness. Think what we have lost since we have had no writers in Canada, as in the older countries of Europe, to waste a world of learning and research in wild controversies concerning Arms of Assumption, Arms of Concession, Arms of Succession, and the countless pretensions of the science of Heraldry. It is true many of us have our crests and armorial bearings, which we like amazingly well to display now and then on fashionable note paper and envelopes, but these are only the little pardonable vanities we inherit from our ancesters, who, no doubt, had a perfect right to claim them in the mother land where shields and escutcheons really have some historical significance. But we must not forget that we, too, in America, were near having a nobility of our own—not a borrowed *noblesse*, but one founded and adapted expressly for the meridian of the new world. In all probability it will not be uninteresting or unprofitable to recall the circumstances which led to these futile efforts to establish institutions which are entirely incompatible with the genius and situation of a young people, whose energies must be naturally devoted to building up their new home, and laying the foundations of future empires, rather than to the nursing of those titular honours and dignities which more properly belong to the old communities of Europe.

It is a curious fact that the first attempt to establish a purely American order of nobility, should have originated with a great philosophic thinker, whose mind, one would suppose, was above such mere terrestrial phantasms. When John Locke, the author of that Essay on the Human Understanding, which has formed the basis of more than one school of modern philosophy, turned his attention to the new world, he was disgusted with purely democratic principles, and like many others who had espoused the cause of civil liberty in those times, believed that the true safeguard against arbitrary power was to be found among the aristocracy of England. Under the influence of those sentiments, he saw, in the establishment of a Colonial Nobility, the best guarantees for the future liberties of the New Englands which he and Shaftesbury, and the greater Raleigh before them both, wished to found among the forests of America. The fair Palmetto State was the chosen ground of this new experiment in theoretical government. The proprietors of the territory were to form an Upper House, 'a diet of Starosts,' whose dignities were hereditary, and could only be perpetuated by their choosing successors in the case of the failure of natural heirs. Two orders of nobility, one landgrave or earl, and two caciques or barons, were established for each of the Counties into which the large territory of the State was divided. The proprietaries, or Chief Lords, and the lesser nobles held two-fifths of the land, which was inalienable or indivisible. The other three-fifths was reserved for what was called the people, and might be held by lords of manors who were not hereditary legislators, but, like the nobility, exercised judicial powers in their baronial courts. The number of the nobility might neither be increased nor diminished; election supplied the places left vacant for want of heirs; for, by an agrarian principle, estates and dignities were not allowed to accumulate.* The franchise of those early colonial

* 2 Bancroft, ch. xiii.

times must certainly seem restricted to us Canadians who, now-a-days, have the right to vote on a very small income or property, and enjoy special privileges above all other classes if we have the good fortune to be farmers' sons. No freeholder of less than fifty acres could vote in the Palmetto State, and an aspirant to legislative dignities must possess no less than five hundred. Besides the ordinary judicial courts there were others to overlook 'fashions and sports,' as well as 'ceremonies and pedigrees.' It is a pity such a court does not obtain now-a-days either in the Palmetto State or the new Dominion. It is not at all unlikely that a good many aristocratic pretensions would be shattered when the Committee of Pedigrees held its session. It is also equally probable that the Court of Fashions and Sports would look askance at chignons and hoops, and discountenance croquet as a fashionable snare.

This constitutional farce was solemnly commenced in South Carolina, and all the actors put on their theatrical costumes, evidently with the intention of playing it out to the end. The Duke of Albemarle, that George Monk who, says Gurzot, 'was a man capable of great things, though he had no greatness of soul,' became the first Palatine or Prince of the new region; but the title proved the most barren of all his honours, and South Carolina now only remembers his early connection with her infancy by the fact that an inlet of the Southern Atlantic coast still bears the title of his ducal dignity. Two beautiful rivers of the same classic ground of the Southern States are also associated with the memory, for they bear the name of another famous man, the Earl of Shaftesbury (Ashley Cooper), at whose instigation Locke drew up his famous charter for South Carolina. By the side of those silvery streams can still be seen the plantations and the ruins of the stately hospitable mansions of many of the proprietors of the old colonial times, to whom the English philosoper gave titular dignities. The writer has himself seen an old stone, moss-covered, and almost defaced by age, on a grave near the Black River. The inscription shows it is a memorial of a famous man in his day:

Here lyeth ye Body of ye Right Honorable
Thomas Smith, Esquire,
one of ye landgraves of Carolina,
who departed this life ye 16th November, 1694,
Governor of ye Province,
in ye 46th year of his age.

Many of the best families of this noble State can claim descent from the nobles of Locke's aristocratic constitution, but the old dignities and titles which he conceived from a fertile imagination are no longer heard of among the oaks and palmettos of the State. In the woods of Carolina there was no room for feudal distinctions and old world dignities. Earls and barons were sadly out of place in the log cabins of a region of forest and river, and the free instincts of the commonalty asserted themselves the moment the colonists were relieved from the trammels of old world prejudices and institutions, and ever prevented them sinking to the level of mere retainers and 'leet men' of rich proprietors whose titles had no natural root in the soil, but were simply the emanations of a philosophic theorist and an erratic statesman.

If there were any communities of old colonial times where there seemed a prospect of establishing hereditary titles and dignities, those communities were assuredly South Carolina and Virginia. Not a few of the pioneers of those colonies were men of noble descent and aristocratic culture. Scions of old cavaliers here kept up a lordly state on their noble domains, which stretched over thousands of acres. No more interesting or picturesque picture of early times in America can be drawn than that which illustrates the lives which the old planters of those days led in their comfortable mansions, in the midst of their slaves and followers. No doctrine of social equality obtained in those days, when Landgrave Smith was lord of the manor in Yeoman's Hall, and the eccentric Lord Fairfax held patriarchal sway and dispensed a lavish hospitality in old Greenway Court. Stately coaches and four, driven by black coachmen, swept through stately avenues to take the family to church. Regularly every year, the great proprietor, *en grand tenue*, presided like his prototype in England at the County Court, and awed the curious crowd by the dignity of his demeanor, while he probably often astonished the legal lights by the originality of his law. But with the Revolution the old class of aristocratic planters, whose hearts were still in

the 'old home' across the sea, gradually disappeared and gave place to the men of the new ideas. Many remained faithful to the land of their adoption, but others no doubt felt as did old Lord Fairfax when he heard of the defeat of Cornwallis: 'Take me to bed, Joe, it is time for me to die.' But the influence of the aristocratic sympathies and pretensions of the proprietors of the old colonial times never entirely disappeared from South Carolina and Virginia. Slavery itself naturally fostered an exclusive class in a democratic country. Though Palatines, Landgraves, and Caciques were no longer the rulers of the land, yet the great slaveholding proprietors always exhibited an aristocratic culture, which was the natural heritage left them by their ancestors who were Locke's noblesse of the South. The great civil war has impoverished and destroyed in a great measure the exclusiveness of what was essentially a separate class, but even with the loss of wealth, its influence must long be felt in the South in the direction of that refinement which is naturally the outcome of generations of aristocratic usages.

This constitutional experiment may be considered as the only substantial attempt that was ever made to introduce the institutions of aristocratic countries into America, though it appears that the early Dutch colonizers of New York had an idea somewhat in the same direction. In the early part of the seventeenth century it was proposed by the States-General of the Netherlands to establish their new colonies by the Hudson on a basis like the lordships in the parent state. All those who would plant a colony of fifty souls in the New Netherlands within four years, were to possess absolutely the lands they might colonize, and become Patroons or Lords of the Manor. The first of these Patroons was Killean Van Rensellaer, whose name is still perpetuated among the best families of the State of New York. When the English took possession of the territory, the privileges which the Patroons enjoyed by virtue of their Dutch charter, ceased, but their title was still given in courtesy for many a generation of the old colonial times. The Patroons and Knickerbockers, like the Planters of the Palmetto State and of the Old Dominion, were the great men of their respective colonies. They held estates larger than many a German Principality, and entertained the best society of the country in right lordly style. More than one spacious, venerable mansion still remains to attest the hospitality and comfort of the ancient landed aristocracy of New York. The 'old families' of the State naturally take a pride in their connection with those famous proprietors whose patriarchial state and hospitable cheer are among the pleasantest memories of the past.

Turning our attention to Canada, we find that, at a very early era in its history, an effort was made to establish a new order of nobility in connection with the old colony of Acadia. One of the famous men of the seventeenth century was William Alexander, who was considered something of a poet in his day, though we hardly think that his metrical lectures upon state policy and the moral virtues, or his stilted adulation of the virtues of a king like James, would please the poetic tastes of the present critical age. But Alexander was one of those canny Scots who know on which side their bread is buttered. He never wrote poetry unless he had an object in view. King James, for instance, was told among other things—

'The world long'd for thy birth three hundred years.'

The result was more profitable than most poetry now-a-days. King James liked that sort of thing, and bestowed honours and rewards on 'his philosophical poet.' He not only knighted him, but granted him the whole territory of Nova Scotia, with which was to be connected a new order of baronets. The scheme was, however, laid aside during the last years of James's reign, and it was not revived until the time of Charles I, when Sir William, who was created Earl of Stirling and Viscount of Canada, held out the greatest inducements to adventurers in his pamphlet published in 1625, entitled 'An Encouragement to Colonies.' Charles, in a letter dated 19th July, 1625, and addressed to the Privy Council of Scotland, conferred on each Baronet of Nova Scotia an area of land three miles wide by six miles long in New Scotland. Some of the new nobles had even their manors assigned them in the lonely, desolate island of Anticosti. The number of baronets was limited to one hundred and fifty in all. It was ordered by Charles, in his patent defining their rights and privileges: 'Everyone of them and

their heires male to weare and carrie about their neckes in all time coming an orang tannie silk ribbon, whereon shall heing pendant in a scutcheon argent a saltaire azure (commonly called a blue cross) thereon, and an inescutcheon of the armes of Scotland, with an Imperiall crowne above the scutcheon and encircled with this motto, *Fax mentis honestæ, gloria.*" The charter first granted by James, and afterwards ratified by Charles, conveyed great seigniorial and commercial privileges, and gave the grantee and his successors the right, either personally or by deputy, of a voice and vote in all the legislative assemblies, parliaments, councils, and conventions of the province. The document affords a very striking illustration of the summary way in which the monarchy of old English times disposed of the lands and the liberties of the colonies. For instance, it grants ' the possession of houses, buildings erected and to be erected, gardens, valleys, woods, swamps, roads, cross-roads, ponds, streams, meadows, pasture lands, mills, the exclusive right to grind corn, the shooting of birds and wild animals, the right to fish, the right to turf and turf lands, coal and coal-pits, rabbits and warrens, doves and dove-cots, workshops, forges, heaths, wheat fields, forests, merchantable timber, small trees, quarries, limestone, courts of justice and their dependencies, the right to remit sentences, the right of receiving gifts in marriages, the right to erect gallows and gibbets, the right of *cul de fosse*, the right of *franche* court, of sokman, of sak, of thole, of thane, of infangthief, of outhangthief, of outwark, of wavi, of week, of venysome, of pit and gallows, etc.' But the Earl of Stirling and his descendants never gained any pecuniary advantage, nor indeed any other profit, from the Charter, which, like other attempts to dispose of a colonial future by parchment, amounted in the end to as much waste paper. Certain Baronets of Nova Scotia were created, but none of them had any connection with the province. The order is still attached to certain ancient Scottish families: the eldest son takes the rank, but it does not entitle him to the designation of Sir.* Not very many years ago no less than a hundred and eleven of these individuals made claims to 16,000 acres of land in Nova Scotia, and to the titles appertaining to such; and a strenuous effort was made to interest the British Government in these claims ; but it was very obvious on investigation that these persons had really no legal or even equitable rights. Two centuries and a half have passed away since the Charter was first given to the Premier Baronets, and during that long period neither the descendants of the Earl of Stirling, nor any of those who have claimed the title, ever took up the lands or attempted to execute the conditions of the grant. If these conditions had been carried out, we might now have a Canadian Baronetage, and many a fair dame in Nova Scotia would be a Lady in her own right; but the Fates have adjudged it otherwise, and the most notable attempt after Locke's constitution to establish an order of nobility for a colony of the Crown proved entirely abortive.

Under the French régime the conditions of society would appear to have been favorable to the development of a landed aristocracy. Old feudal customs were established from the very first settlement of the Province of Quebec. When Richelieu formed the Company of the Hundred Associates, he obtained for it the right of erecting on its infeoffed lands, 'duchies, marquisates, counties, viscounties, and baronies,' which had to be subject, as a matter of course, to royal confirmation. But it was deemed absurd in the infancy of the country to erect duchies or baronies, and the territory was accordingly divided into simple seigniories. Garneau tells us that the first fief entered on the Canadian feudal registers was that of St. Joseph, on the river St. Charles, which was conceded in 1626—about the time Baronets were being created for Acadia—to Louis Hébert, Sieur de L'Espinay, by the Duke de Ventadour. The Seigniories, in the course of time, embraced the most valuable domain of the colony, and were subdivided into numerous small farms, with a very narrow frontage, for which the *censitaire* had to pay a small ground-rent, besides engaging to have his grain floured at the Seignior's mill, and to perform other obligations in token of his vassalage. The result of this system was the establishment of an aristocratic class, from which, in all probability, if the French rule had continued, there would have arisen a French Canadian order

* Murdoch's Nova Scotia, vol. 1, 69.

of nobility. Very many of these Seigneurs were connected with the old families of France, and must have exercised sufficient influence to have obtained the erection of their seigniories into the duchies and baronies contemplated in the charter under which the colony was first settled. But there is only one instance of a Canadian Seigneur having been raised to the dignity of a Baron by the King of France, and that was the case of Charles Le Moyne, a descendant of an illustrious family, who was created the Baron de Longueil. The Royal Patent by which his Seigniory is raised to a Barony, sets forth at length his services to his country, and notably illustrates the wealth and state of a Canadian Seigneur of the old régime, as the following extract will show the reader: 'That in carrying out our intentions for settling Canada, the said Charles Le Moyne, the eldest son, has spent large sums in establishing inhabitants on the domain and seigniory of Longueil, which comprises about two leagues in breadth on the St. Lawrence, and three leagues and a half in depth, the whole held from us with *haute, moyenne et basse justice*, wherein he is trying to establish three parishes, and whereat, in order to protect the residents in time of war, he has erected at his own cost, a fort supported by four strong towers of stone and masonry, with a guard-house, several large dwellings, a fine church, bearing all the insignia of nobility; a spacious farm-yard, in which there is a barn, a stable, a sheep-pen, a dove-cot, and other buildings, all of which are within the area of the said fort; next to which stands a *banal* mill, a fine brewery of masonry, together with a large retinue of servants, horses and equipages, the cost of which buildings amounts to some 60,000 livres; so much so that this seigniory is one of the most valuable of the whole country, and the only one fortified and built up in this way.' *

But with the conquest of Canada the prospect of establishing a titled aristocracy in Lower Canada passed away, while the Seigniors, in the course of time, were deprived of their ancient privileges, and the masses of the habitants relieved of a feudal tenure, which was antagonistic to the spirit of colonial progress. Most of the families, once all-powerful under the old régime, have disappeared, but still there are a few descendants of the original aristocracy of New France, who are prominent in different professions, or live on large estates. But the influence of the Seigneurs, as a class, is a thing of the past. The French Canadian Seigneur must henceforth be considered among the memorials of a state of society which would not be possible in a country of popular institutions like this, where an exclusive class with hereditary privileges can never obtain a permanent foothold.

It is quite likely that even now in republican America some persons sigh for those titles and dignities which Locke would have engrafted on the institutions of the old colonies. We all remember the sarcasms of Dickens when he describes Martin Chuzzlewit's visit to a certain New York family who had been in England and made the acquaintance of all the leading members of the titled aristocracy. Their intimacy with Dukes and Duchesses, with Earls and Countesses, was something very remarkable. No wonder Martin Chuzzlewit thought it 'rather strange, and in some sort inconsistent, that during the whole of these narrations, and in the very meridian of their enjoyment thereof, both Mr. Norris the father, and Mr. Norris junior, the son (who corresponded, every post, with four members of the English peerage), enlarged upon the inestimable advantage of having no such arbitrary distinctions in that enlightened land, where there were no noblemen but nature's noblemen, and where all society was based on one broad level of brotherly love and natural equality.' But we all know that this human hankering after titles of some sort has found a vent in a very indiscriminate use of Militia and Legislative designations. Every member of a State Legislature becomes an 'Honorable' for the remainder of his natural life. Once it was insulting to call any gentleman by any title below 'Colonel.' When Mark Twain was leaving the wharf at San Francisco, in response to the salute of a friend in the crowd he called out, 'Good-bye, Colonel,' and thereupon every man among the hundreds present took off his hat in acknowledgment of the title. But then we must make excuse for these little

* Le Moine's Maple Leaves, 1873, pp. 42-3.

weaknesses of human nature. We have heard it said that we, too, in Canada are exhibiting a tendency in the same direction; that the plain 'Mr.' of English society must soon become obsolete, or else a sign of social inferiority in times when titles can be so cheaply won and so readily worn.

Now we come to a question which intrudes itself at times upon our notice when we see some mention of the fact that certain titles have been conferred upon Canadians. Are such titles likely to be generally introduced and perpetuated in this country? No doubt it is gratifying to find that England gives at times, through her Government, some recognition of the claims of distinguished Canadians to Imperial distinctions. It is natural that the descendants of Englishmen—that all those who take a pride in British ancestry—should be pleased to find that Canada is still acknowledged to be a part of the British Empire. When the distinguished order of the Bath, which has long been associated with the names of eminent men in the mother-country, is conferred upon a leading Canadian, it is but proper we should deem it an honour conferred upon the Dominion itself. It is questionable, however, if there can be as much gratification felt when Orders are invented especially for colonial decoration. Canadians no doubt must appreciate the praiseworthy intention, and will wear the decoration gracefully when it is given as the recognition of substantial merit, and not as the result of powerful connection or influence at the Colonial Office; but still these newly invented honours can never bring with them the same valuable associations that one attached to the Bath, the Thistle, or other institution of an historic past. But it is not probable we shall ever be called upon to discuss seriously the propriety of introducing titles to any extent among us.

Whenever titles or decorations are now bestowed on Canadians, they are of a temporary character, and are supposed to be given as a reward for services which are directly or indirectly of Imperial import. Both in England and in Canada there appears to be a feeling that hereditary distinctions are incompatible with the circumstances of this country. We have not in Canada the material out of which to establish hereditary Barons and Baronets. Not that Canadians acknowledge any inferiority in intellectual vigour or natural dignity to sustain the highest of Imperial honours, but because in a state of society like ours, where men are all labourers, and have no hereditary acres or family past, it is impossible to establish titular distinctions and an exclusive class, with any chance of success. A titled aristocracy must have a broad acreage and a long rent-roll, to pass from father to son, if it is to sustain its dignity and evoke respect. Neither wealth nor genius can be hereditary. The statesman who rules the country to-day may have a dolt for a son; the merchant prince who controls a vast fortune in the present may die a bankrupt. We can never have in this country proprietors of vast landed estates; the tendency is to the division of property, and its constant change of ownership. Money must ever be passing from hand to hand, and commercial speculation and enterprize will ever prevent the accumulation of large fortunes to found families in the English sense of the term. An aristocracy must grow up with the land, must be associated with its history, and entwine around it in the course of centuries the interest and affections of a peasantry. In the stately homes of England a titled aristocracy must naturally evoke respect and admiration. In the mother-land itself the *nouveaux riches*, the men of the present, greater in talent, perhaps, in not a few cases than many of the nobles, naturally feel how much there is to envy in the hereditary dignity of an English aristocratic family who have been living for generations on their broad estates. It is Lever who puts these words in the mouth of one of his characters who is contemplating one of these dignified retreats: 'What would not I give to be the son of a house like this, with an old and honored name, with an ancestry strong enough to build upon for future fortunes, and then with an old home, peaceful, tranquil, and unmolested, where, as in such a spot as this, one might dream of great things, and perhaps achieve them' And then he asks a question which the *noblesse* of to-day must often ask themselves: 'How is a man to enjoy his estate, if he is put upon his title every day of the week?'

Canadians have not the stately manors and palaces of England, but they have much to which they can point with honor-

able pride. They can point to a prosperous country, won within a century from the forest and looking forward to a great future. They have happy homes, and need build no Poor Houses like those which cumber every county in England. The work they have to perform is that of the pioneer, which, if rugged and hard at the outset, must sooner or later bring with it that feeling of pride and gratification which generally results from successful endeavor and achievement. It is true that, as the country becomes well settled and society assumes the customs and aspect of old communities, some may aspire to a more special recognition of honorable service and eminent merit than seems possible in a colonial condition. A piece of ribbon may be very insignificant in itself, but men value it as a testimony of their right to public recognition. It may be justly said, that if such decorations are to be bestowed on Canadians, they should not be confined to a few persons who happen to be influential, by some means or other, at the colonial office; neither should politicians monopolize all the honours and dignities of the country. The services of men who have distinguished themselves in different pursuits are as deserving of public acknowledgment as though they had the peculiar talents necessary to control a constituency. But men eminent in the political arena, in the professions, in the public service of the country, will, in the nature of things, have to be satisfied with that reward which is, after all, more substantial and enduring than any mere decoration or title, that is, the estimation and respect of their fellow countrymen. Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Burke, and Gladstone will not fade away from the memories of Englishmen and their descendants because they did not wear a title. The poems of Dryden and Tennyson, or the works of Fielding and Thackeray, will not be less immortal wherever English literature is read because those great poets and novelists are not found in De Brett's Peerage. Neither is it likely that any Canadian who is working to build up the fortunes of his country, and establish its prosperity on sure and stable foundations, will stand less high in the estimation of his fellow countrymen, because he does not happen to bear one of those titles which few eminent Englishmen now-a-days care about accepting.

J. G. BOURINOT.

A MADRIGAL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I THOUGHT that the swallow was wooing already
His mate to the nest;
I thought that the skylark was singing already
To her he loved best;
I thought that the south wind with kisses already
The first rose pressed,
And that thou wert clasping me, love, already
Close to thy breast.

How bitter and winterly waxed last night
The air that was mild;
How nipped with frost were the flowers last night
That at dawning smiled;
How the lark lost the tune of the song last night,
Which the warmth beguiled;
And how thou forgottest last night, last night,
Thy poor, poor child!

ALICE HORTON.

SOME RAMBLING NOTES OF AN IDLE EXCURSION.*

I.

ALL the journeyings I had ever done had been purely in the way of business. The pleasant May weather suggested a novelty, namely, a trip for pure recreation, the bread-and-butter element left out. The Reverend said he would go, too: a good man, one of the best of men, although a clergyman. By eleven at night we were in New Haven and on board the New York boat. We bought our tickets, and then went wandering around, here and there, in the solid comfort of being free and idle, and of putting distance between ourselves and the mails and telegraphs.

After a while I went to my state-room and undressed, but the night was too enticing for bed. We were moving down the bay now, and it was pleasant to stand at the window and take the cool night-breeze and watch the gliding lights on shore. Presently, two elderly men sat down under that window and began a conversation. Their talk was properly no business of mine, yet I was feeling friendly toward the world and willing to be entertained. I soon gathered that they were brothers, that they were from a small Connecticut village, and that the matter in hand concerned the cemetery. Said one,—

'Now, John, we talked it all over amongst ourselves, and this is what we've done. You see, everybody was a-movin' from the old buryin' ground, and our folks was most about left to theirselves, as you may say. They was crowded, too, as you know; lot wa'n't big enough in the first place; and last year, when Seth's wife died, we couldn't hardly tuck her in. She sort o' overlaid Deacon Shorb's lot, and he soured on her, so to speak, and on the rest of us, too. So we talked it over, and I was for a lay-out in the new simitery on the hill. They wa'n't unwilling, if it was cheap. Well, the two best and biggest plots was No. 8 and No. 9,—both of a size; nice comfortable room for twenty-six,—twenty-six full-growns, that is; but you reckon in children and other shorts, and strike an average, and I should say you might lay in thirty, or may be thirty two or three, pretty genteel,—no crowdin' to signify.'

'That's a plenty, William. Which one did you buy?'

'Well, I'm a-coming to that, John. You see, No. 8 was thirteen dollars, No. 9 fourteen'—

'I see. So's't you took No. 8.'

'You wait. I took No. 9. And I'll tell you for why. In the first place, Deacon Shorb wanted it. Well, after the way he'd gone on about Seth's wife overlappin' his prem'ses, I'd 'a' beat him out of that No. 9 if I'd 'a' had to stand two dollars extra, let alone one. That's the way I felt about it. Says I, what's a dollar, any way? Life's on'y a pilgrimage, says I; we ain't here for good, and we can't take it with us, says I. So I just dumped it down, knowin' the Lord don't suffer a good deed to go for nothin', and cal'latin' to take it out o' somebody in the course o' trade. Then there was another reason, John. No. 9's a long way the handiest lot in the simitery, and the likeliest for situation. It lays right on top of a knoll in the dead centre of the buryin' ground; and you can see Millport from there, and Tracy's, and Hopper Mount, and a raft o' farms and so on. There ain't no better outlook from a buryin' plot in the State. Si Higgins says so, and I reckon he ought to know. Well, and that ain't all. Course Shorb had to take No. 8; wa'n't no help for't. Now, No. 8 jines on to No. 9, but it's on the slope of the hill, and every time it rains it'll soak right down on to the Shorbs. Si Higgins says 't when the deacon's time comes, he better take out fire and marine insurance both on his remains.'

Here there was the sound of a low, placid,

* Published from advance sheets by arrangement with the author and his American publishers.

duplicate chuckle of appreciation and satisfaction.

'Now, John, here's a little rough draft of the ground, that I've made on a piece of paper. Up here in the left-hand corner we've bunched the departed; took them from the old grave-yard and stowed them one along side o' t'other, on a first-come-first-served plan, no partialities, with gran'ther Jones for a starter, on'y because it happened so, and windin' up indiscriminate with Seth's twins. A little crowded towards the end of the lay out, may be, but we reckoned 't wa'n't best to scatter the twins. Well, next comes the livin'. Here, where it's marked A, we're goin' to put Mariar and her family, when they're called; B, that's for brother Hosea and his'n; C, Calvin and tribe. What's left is these two lots here,—just the gem of the whole patch for general style and outlook; they're for me and my folks and you and yourn. Which of them would you ruther be buried in?'

'I swan you've took me mighty unexpected, William! It sort of started the shivers. Fact is, I was thinkin' so busy about makin' things comfortable for the others, I had n't thought about being buried myself.'

'Life's on'y a fleetin' show, John, as the sayin' is. We've all got to go, sooner or later. To go with a clean record's the main thing. Fact is, it's the on'y thing worth strivin' for, John.'

'Yes, that's so, William, that's so; there ain't no getting around it. Which of these lots would you recommend?'

'Well, it depends, John. Are you particular about outlook?'

'I don't say I am, William; I don't say I ain't. Reely, I don't know. But mainly, I reckon, I'd set store by a south exposure.'

'That's easy fixed, John. They're both south exposure. They take the sun, and the Shorbs get the shade.'

'How about sile, William?'

'D's a sandy sile, E's mostly loom.'

'You may gimme E, then, William; a sandy sile caves in, more or less, and costs for repairs.'

'All right; set your name down here, John, under E. Now, if you don't mind payin' me your share of the fourteen dollars, John, while we're on the business, everything's fixed.'

After some higgling and sharp bargaining the money was paid, and John bade his brother good-night and took his leave. There was a silence for some moments; then a soft chuckle welled up from the lonely William, and he muttered: 'I declare for 't, if I haven't made a mistake! It's D that's mostly loom, not E. And John's booked for a sandy sile after all.'

There was another soft chuckle, and William departed to his rest, also.

The next day, in New York, was a hot one. Still we managed to get more or less entertainment out of it. Toward the middle of the afternoon we arrived on board the staunch Steamship Bermuda, with bag and baggage, and hunted for a shady place. It was blazing summer weather, until we were half way down the harbour. Then I buttoned my coat closely; half an hour later I put on a spring overcoat and buttoned that. As we passed the light-ship I added an ulster and tied a handkerchief around the collar to hold it snug up to my neck. So rapidly had the summer gone and the winter come again!

By nightfall we were far out at sea, with no land in sight. No telegrams could come here, no letters, no news. It was an uplifting thought. It was still more uplifting to reflect that the millions of harrassed people on shore behind us were suffering just as usual.

The next day brought us into the midst of the Atlantic solitudes,—out of smoke-coloured soundings into fathomless deep blue; no ships visible anywhere over the wide ocean; no company but Mother Cary's chickens, wheeling, darting, skimming the waves in the sun. There were some sea-faring men among the passengers, and the conversation drifted into matters concerning ships and sailors. One said that 'true as a needle to the pole' was a bad figure, since the needle seldom pointed to the pole. He said a ship's compass was not faithful to any particular point, but was the most fickle and treacherous of the servants of man. It was forever changing. It changed every day in the year; consequently the amount of the daily variation had to be ciphered out and allowance made for it, else the mariner would go utterly astray. Another said there was a vast fortune waiting for the genius who should invent a compass that would not be affected by the local influences of an iron ship. He said there was only one creature more

fickle than a wooden ship's compass, and that was the compass of an iron ship. Then came reference to the well-known fact that an experienced mariner can look at the compass of a new iron vessel, thousands of miles from her birthplace, and tell which way her head was pointing when she was in process of building.

Now an ancient whale-ship master fell to talking about the sort of crews they used to have in his early days. Said he,—

'Sometimes we'd have a batch of college students. Queer lot. Ignorant? Why, they didn't know the cat-heads from the main brace. But if you took them for fools you'd get bit, sure. They'd learn more in a month than another man would in a year. We had one, once, in the Mary Ann, that came on board with gold spectacles on. And besides, he was rigged out from main-truck to keelson in the nobbiest clothes that ever saw a fo'castle. He had a chest full, too: cloaks, and broadcloth coats, and velvet vests; everything swell, you know; and didn't the salt water fix them out for him? I guess not! Well, going to sea, the mate told him to go aloft and help shake out the fore-to'-gallants'l. Up he shins to the fore-top, with his spectacles on, and in a minute down he comes again, looking insulted. Says the mate, "What did you come down for?" Says the chap, "P'raps you didn't notice that there ain't any ladders above there." You see we hadn't any shrouds above the foretop. The men bursted out in a laugh such as I guess you never heard the like of. Next night, which was dark and rainy, the mate ordered this chap to go aloft about something, and I'm dummed if he didn't start up with an umbrella and a lantern! But no matter; he made a mighty good sailor before the voyage was done, and we had to hunt up something else to laugh at. Y:ars afterwards, when I had forgot all abc.it him, I comes into Bostom, mate of a s.iip, and was loafing about town with the second mate, and it so happened that we stepped into the Revere House, thinking may be we would chance the salt-horse in that big dining-room for a flyer, as the boys say. Some fellows were talking just at our elbow, and one says, "Yonder's the new governor of Massachusetts,—at that table over there, with the ladies.' We took a good look, my mate and I, for we hadn't either of us seen a governor before. I looked and looked at that face, and then all of a sudden it popped on me. But I didn't give any sign. Says I, "Mate, I've a notion to go over and shake hands with him." Says he, "I think I see you doing it, Tom." Says I, "Mate, I'm a-going to do it." Says he, "Oh, yes, I guess so! May be you don't want to bet you will, Tom?" Says I, "I don't mind going a V on it, mate." Says he, "Put it up." "Up she goes," says I, planking the cash. This surprised him. But he covered it, and says, pretty sarcastic, "Hadn't you better take your grub with the governor and the ladies, Tom?" Says I, "Upon second thoughts, I will." Says he, "Well, Tom, you *are* a dum fool." Says I, "May be I am, may be I ain't; but the main question is, Do you want to risk two and a half that I won't do it?" "Make it a V," says he. "Done," says I. I started, him a-giggling and slapping his hand on his thigh, he felt so good. I went over there and leaned my knuckles on the table a minute and looked the governor in the face, and says I, "Mister Gardner, don't you know me?" He stared, and I stared, and he stared. Then all of a sudden he sings out, "Tom Bowling, by the holy poker! Ladies, it's old Tom Bowling, that you've heard me talk about,—shipmate of mine in the Mary Ann." He rose up and shook hands with me ever so hearty,—I sort of glanced around and took a realizing sense of my mate's saucer eyes,—and then says the governor, 'Plant yourself, Tom, plant yourself; you can't cat your anchor again till you 've had a feed with me and the ladies!' I planted myself alongside the governor, and canted my eye around towards my mate. Well, sir, his dead-lights were bugged out like tompions; and his mouth stood that wide open that you could have laid a ham in it without noticing it.'

There was great applause at the conclusion of the old captain's story; then, after a moment's silence, a grave, pale young man said,—

'Had you ever met the governor before?'

The old captain looked steadily at this inquirer a while, and then got up and walked aft without making any reply. One passenger after another stole a furtive glance at the inquirer, but failed to make

him out, and so gave him up. It took some little work to get the talk machinery to running smoothly again after this derangement; but at length a conversation sprang up about that important and jealously guarded instrument, a ship's timekeeper, its exceeding delicate accuracy, and the wreck and destruction that have sometimes resulted from its varying a few seemingly trifling moments from the true time; then, in due course, my comrade, the Reverend, got off on a yarn, with a fair wind and everything drawing. It was a true story, too,—about Captain Rounceville's shipwreck,—true in every detail. It was to this effect:—

Captain Rounceville's vessel was lost in mid-Atlantic, and likewise his wife and his two little children. Captain Rounceville and seven seamen escaped with life, but with little else. A small rudely constructed raft was to be their home for eight days. They had neither provisions nor water. They had scarcely any clothing; no one had a coat but the captain. This coat was changing hands all the time, for the weather was very cold. Whenever a man became exhausted with the cold, they put the coat on him and laid him down between two shipmates until the garment and their bodies had warmed life into him again. Among the sailors was a Portuguese who knew no English. He seemed to have no thought of his own calamity, but was concerned only about the captain's bitter loss of wife and children. By day, he would look his dumb compassion in the captain's face; and by night, in the darkness and the driving spray and rain, he would seek out the captain and try to comfort him with caressing pats on the shoulder. One day, when hunger and thirst were making their sure inroads upon the men's strength and spirits, a floating barrel was seen at a distance. It seemed a great find, for doubtless it contained food of some sort. A brave fellow swam to it, and after long and exhausting effort got it to the raft. It was eagerly opened. It was a barrel of magnesia! On the fifth day an onion was spied. A sailor swam off and got it. Although perishing with hunger, he brought it in its integrity and put it into the captain's hand. The history of the sea teaches that among starving, shipwrecked men, selfishness is rare, and a wonder-compelling magnanimity the rule. The onion was equally divided into eight parts, and eaten with deep thanksgivings. On the eighth day a distant ship was sighted. Attempts were made to hoist an oar, with Captain Rounceville's coat on it for a signal. There were many failures, for the men were but skeletons now, and strengthless. At last success was achieved, but the signal brought no help. The ship faded out of sight and left despair behind her. By and by another ship appeared, and passed so near that the castaways, every eye eloquent with gratitude, made ready to welcome the boat that would be sent to save them. But this ship also drove on, and left these men staring their unutterable surprise and dismay into each other's ashen faces. Late in the day, still another ship came up out of the distance, but the men noted with a pang that her course was one which would not bring her nearer. Their remnant of life was nearly spent; their lips and tongues were swollen, parched, cracked with eight days' thirst; their bodies starved; and here was their last chance gliding relentlessly from them; they would not be alive when the next sun rose. For a day or two past the men had lost their voices, but now Captain Rounceville whispered, 'Let us pray.' The Portuguese patted him on the shoulder in sign of deep approval. All knelt at the base of the oar that was waving the signal-coat aloft, and bowed their heads. The sea was tossing; the sun rested, a red, rayless disk, on the sea-line in the west. When the men presently raised their heads they would have roared a hallelujah if they had had a voice: the ships sails lay wrinkled and flapping against her masts, she was going about! Here was rescue at last, and in the very last instant of time that was left for it. No, not rescue yet,—only the imminent prospect of it. The red disk sank under the sea and darkness blotted out the ship. By and by came a pleasant sound, —oars moving in a boat's rowlocks, Nearer it came, and nearer,—within thirty steps, but nothing visible. Then a deep voice: 'Hol-*lo!*' The castaways could not answer; their swollen tongues refused voice. The boat skirted round and round the raft, started away—the agony of it!—returned, rested on the oars, close at hand, listening, no doubt. The deep voice again: 'Hol-*lo!*

Where are ye, shipmates?' Captain Rounceville whispered to his men, saying: 'Whisper your best, boys! now—all at once!' So they sent out an eight-fold whisper in hoarse concert: 'Here!' There was life in it if it succeeded; death if it failed. After that supreme moment Captain Rounceville was conscious of nothing until he came to himself on board of the saving ship. Said the Reverend, concluding,—

'There was one little moment of time in which that raft could be visible from that ship, and only one. If that one little fleeting moment had passed unfruitful, those men's doom was sealed. As close as that does God shave events foreordained from the beginning of the world. When the sun reached the water's edge that day, the captain of that ship was sitting on deck reading his prayer-book. The book fell; he stooped to pick it up, and happened to glance at the sun. In that instant that far-off raft appeared for a second against the red disk, its needle-like oar and diminutive signal cut sharp and black against the bright surface, and in the next instant was thrust away into the dusk again. But that ship, that captain, and that pregnant instant had had their work appointed for them in the dawn of time and could not fail of the performance. The chronometer of God never errs!'

There was deep, thoughtful silence for some moments. Then the grave, pale young man said,—

'What is the chronometer of God?'

MARK TWAIN.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN'S POEMS AND SONGS.

I FIRST learned that Canada had a poet, Alexander McLachlan, from an article on 'The Scottish-American Poets,' in the *Scottish American Journal*, of Jan. 20th, 1876. I therein read, among other things: 'Alexander McLachlan, judging by his poems, is no ordinary man or mere rhymster. He thinks and ponders over the great problems of life in the solitude of his rural home, and, if we do not always agree with his conclusions, we are bound to admire the honesty with which he expresses his opinions and the manner in which he clothes them. As a poet, for sentiment, simile, and grace, he is at least equal to any of his countrymen here,' &c. The article came to me like a revelation; and, as I was then specially interested in Canadian Literature, nothing, except the poems themselves, could have been more welcome. Of course, I wanted, if possible, to get a hold of such poetry; and still more was that desire increased when, about the same time, I had Morgan's 'Bibliotheca Canadensis' put into my hands, and therein read such favorable notices of the same poet's works from critics so competent as the late Dr. George, the Hon. D'Arcy McGee, and Sir Archibald Alison. 'We have always taken a deep interest in Canada,' Sir Archibald is therein represented as saying, 'and will henceforth take a deeper interest, from knowing that it contains a citizen so truly inspired with the genius of poetry as the author of these beautiful Lyrics,'—his 'Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems.' And from the Toronto *Globe*, which is usually sound and trustworthy in its literary criticisms, if not in its political representations, we have this high commendation of 'The Emigrant and other Poems:'—'No one capable of judging of high poetical talent can rise from the perusal of this volume without the conviction, that, at length, a poet has arisen among us. The world has innumerable good versifiers,

but McLachlan takes his place far above the choir of mere euphonious singers. He is obviously one of those gifted men who add to the real capital of the world's stock of thought. It may take some time, yet assuredly the day will come when every Scotchman of taste will place these poems in his library near the poems of Burns, and, in doing so, will feel a generous pride in thinking, that if his country produced in the last century the greatest of all lyrical poets, the same country has given birth, in the present century, to another poet, sprung also from the labouring class, whose songs will ere long be sung with delight in many parts of the world, and whose weighty thoughts, in fragments of verse, will yet be woven into the common speech of men.' And still further and again, in one of the notices of Charles Sangster's poetry in the same volume, I found the following sentence in reference to McLachlan's: 'But in strong human sympathy, in subtle appreciation of character, in deep natural pathos, and in those gushes of noble and manly feeling which awaken the responsive echoes of every true heart, McLachlan is peerless.'

On reading such laudatory notices and extracts my first thought and enquiry was, can it be that I have been in Canada for four years—in Halifax, St. John, Montreal, Toronto, and other centres of thought and activity, and among men who were supposed to be interested in literature as well as in politics and merchandise, and that I have never once heard the name of a poet such as McLachlan is here represented to be?—that I have never even once seen him referred to before by magazine or newspaper as a poet of worth? It could not be, I thought, that I had not been interested in these things, or on the look-out for notices of books; for I had been looking into a very fair proportion of magazines and newspapers; and whatever else might escape me, notices and reviews of poetry and of books, and references to prominent Canadian authors, could hardly pass unnoticed. I was somewhat puzzled, I confess, between the high eulogies that I had lately seen passed on the poetry on the one hand, and the seeming ignorance, on the other, of all classes of the people with its very existence. And my wonder was not in the least lessened, when, having sent through the bookseller for the volumes I had seen named, I was told that they were not to be had—that there was not one of them in print, and that the only volume of McLachlan's which was in the market was 'Poems and Songs,' which I had not before heard of! The inference seemed to be, either that the notices I had seen of his poetry were laudatory out of all proportion to its merit, or that Canadians were sadly blind or indifferent to the merit of their own poet's productions; for if they had had anything like the same appreciation of them that the reviewers, whose notices I had seen, apparently had, there would not likely have been much difficulty, I thought, in procuring a copy of at least some one of the volumes wanted. The appreciation of them would have been accompanied by a demand for them, and the demand for them would soon have called forth new editions to supply it. So at least it seemed to me; and so, no doubt, it would have been. But it was not so.

Whether the lack of supply to which I have referred was owing to the want of due appreciation on the part of the public, or of real merit on the part of the volumes asked for, or to the want of something else, might possibly be a point of dispute among men of different minds and tastes; but, since reading with some care all that I could get of Mr. McLachlan's poetical works, and taking note of other things, I am inclined to believe that, in a very large measure, it is the same old story over again, viz., that 'a prophet is not without honour save in his own country' and in his own times. 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?' it was asked of old; and Canadians, by birth and adoption, have been asking of their own country, in the same sceptical way, can anything good from a literary point of view come out of her? And so doubtful have they been of the fact, that no work which is originally published within the Dominion, I am told, is likely to succeed financially, unless it be sold by subscription and be specially canvassed; but if it first be published in the Old Country, or in the neighbouring Republic, and then appear as a reprint, it may sell—but hardly otherwise so as to pay. *That*, we have reason to believe, is a fact; and a noteworthy fact it is, and one which is not very favourable to the growth of a native literature.

But there is no use in complaining. The growth of national life and feeling is not the work of a day; and Canada is no worse in that respect than other nations at a similar period of their history. It is not a great many years since Dr. Channing made a like complaint of the people of the United States,* and, to this day, they are looking abroad rather than at home for books of merit and men of mark, and are apparently more ready to welcome them than their own. But what is the remedy for these things? The only thing that will be likely to overcome such a tendency in a country, is the production within itself of works of sterling merit, and the calling attention to such, in speech and writing, by those who know of their existence. And believing, as I do, that we have in Alexander McLachlan a man whose genius has not yet been recognized for what it is worth, and that the knowledge and due appreciation of his poetry might tend in no small measure to the awakening of a more healthy and vigorous national life and pride of country among Canadians, I would now give some account of the drift and spirit of his 'Poems and Songs,' in the hope that it may not be without its effect in stimulating others who may know them to a more careful perusal of his works, and a desire in some, perhaps, who may not have been fortunate enough to have read them already, to procure them for themselves and make a study of them. We say a study; for there are some of his pieces whose beauty and force cannot be perceived on a mere superficial and hasty reading. Power of thought and beauty of language need power and sensibility, with care, for their recognition.

A man's chosen companions and friends and favourite authors are a pretty sure indication of what he is himself in his moral and intellectual tendencies; they are his *alter ego* in large proportions, and the drift of their teaching is likely to show the bent of his inclinations. We see that in the case of the man whose volume is before us. Knowing something of the men and authors who have had a share of his moral and intellectual sympathies, we have a knowledge of what may be expected in his works. 'My Old Schoolmaster',* Burns, and Wordsworth, and Byron, Carlyle, De Quincey, and Emerson mean manly independence of spirit, and freedom of thought and expression; fulness and intensity of genuine human sympathies, and revellings in Nature's beauty and sublimity; hatred of all that is mean, and scorn of pompous airs and pretensions of birth, and so on. And these are some of Mr. Lachlan's characteristics, read on almost every page. We feel that we have to do with a man who has escaped in a large measure from conventionalities and cant; who lives somewhat at the heart of Nature with her eternal verities; and who, in the expression of his thoughts and feelings, 'pipes but as the linnets sing'—as naturally nearly, and as sweetly. Except a stray, conventional 'ah me'! and 'oh dear!' there is nothing that sounds unreal or hollow in his song; it comes as from the heart, and is, for the most part, strong and healthful in its tendencies. But there is sometimes the expression in his verses of a fatalism which is as a fly in the ointment, and which suggests perhaps a weakness somewhere in his moral character. For when a man is morally strong he is not likely to feel and say with 'The Backwoods Philosopher,' that we are like trees, and the grass of the field, which grow without any will in their own formation —that we are right or wrong 'despite our wishes or our will,' or, as it is elsewhere expressed in the volume, just as 'God and circumstances make us.' That is apt to be the opinion of those who have yielded to some evil passion till it has become their master and tyrant, and who are seeking an excuse for their failing. But take away our wishes and will, and where would be the right or wrong of our conduct to speak of? Philosophically we may be free or not free according to the ideas of freedom with which we start; but, on any reasonable theory, our wishes and our wills have surely something to do with the formation of our character, and the right and wrong of conduct.

* See his paper on 'The Importance and Means of a National Literature.'

* See the poem so named in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for April last. 'My old Schoolmaster, John Fraser,' says the poet, 'had a very powerful influence in the direction of my mind, and gave it a liberal cast both in politics and religion. He was the very god of my boyish idolatry, and I was perhaps more indebted to him than to any author.'

No mere general estimate, however, of a man's poetry can convey a fair or adequate idea of it to readers previously unacquainted with it; and we must illustrate our remarks as we go along by quotations showing the drift and spirit of that with which we have now to do, and the relation of the poet McLachlan towards the universe of things, and his ways of looking at them. We shall have thereby a short biographical sketch of the inner man as well as an account of his poetry. The italics will show the lines on which more of the strength is laid.

In the poems entitled 'The Wee Laddie's' Summer Day,' and 'I Winna Gang Hame,' and in others, we have indications of the whereabouts of the poet's birthplace, and most natural and pleasing pictures of his boyish plays amid the joys and beauties of Nature. The 'Hie-Craig rock,' up which, in company with others, he 'speeled' as a laddie, we have heard of before in auld Scotland dear; and the 'toun' from which he 'scampert' to speel that rock, was Johnston, Renfrewshire—the place where he was born. It is close by the now classic 'Braes o' Gleniffer' and the modern representative of the 'Bonnie Wood o' Craigielee,' so sweetly sung by Tannahill—and a bonnie wood indeed it is (that which now stands) for rambling round in the quiet of a summer morning or evening, when the trees and the very air seem voiced with song, and where game of all descriptions cross one's path, dashing the dew from the grass as they run. No better place for nursing poetic thought and feeling could one be born near; and young McLachlan, no doubt, received unconsciously, while at play around the place, some of those influences which now appear as grace and rhythm in song. He tells us how they romped as boys through the dells and woods till these rang with their joy; and how they went a-nesting or dug in the turf for the honey of the bee, or sat on the daisied lawn, or deep in the green retreat, listening to the song of the wild bird. And while they sat among flowers and trees, which glassed themselves in the water, and leaned to hear its song, drinking in the music of the groves,

'The burnie brattled down the brae
In her ain blithe merry din,
And lept the rocks in a cloud o' spray,
And roared in the boiling linn:
And churned hersel' into silver white,
Into bubbles green and gay,
And rumbled round in her wild delight
'Neath the rainbow's lovely ray;
And swirled, and sank, and rose to the brim,
Like the snaw-drift on the lee,
And then in bells o' the rainbow's rim,
She sang awa to the sea.'

But the heedless, romping, playful days do not last for ever; and all who attain to a real insight into Nature's deep analogies and subtle shades of thought and utterance, and to a living sympathy with all that is divinely human, must in some way or other, like those who enter heaven, pass through tribulation. And McLachlan, as we may gather abundantly from his poems, had to pass through his baptism of sorrow for song.

'Oh, why did I leave thee! Oh why did I part
Frae thee, lovely Cartha, thou stream of my heart?
Oh, why did I leave thee, and wander awa
Frae the hame of my childhood, Gleniffer an' a'?
The thocht o' thee aye mak's my bosom o'erflow
Wi' a langing that nane save the weary can know.'

Much of his trial, it would seem, has come through doubt, intense doubt and scepticism. He feels oppressively at times what Wordsworth calls 'the burthen of the mystery, the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world,' and hears the groaning of creation with a sigh of sadness, knowing only this, that, as travelling woes, we are bound for—we know not where.

'We hear the splash and the heavy dash,
And the weary, weary moan,
And only know we embarked in woe,
And are bound for the great unknown.'

There is so much change, indeed, so much delusion and illusion of the senses everywhere, that in true Fichtean mood he questions even whether the world he sees is not all as shadowy and unsubstantial as a dream. Nay, he avers that it is.

'Oh! Creation's but a vision
Seen by the reflective eye;
But a panoramic pageant
Pictur'd on the evening sky:
There is nothing here abiding—
There is nothing what it seems;
Airy all and unsubstantial,
Wavering in a world of dreams.'

He cannot get rid indeed of the thought and feeling that he himself *is*; he may be a terror to himself, a 'terror with a glory crowned,' yet he *is*; but is it not possible—may it not be after all, that men are not immortal as they think? May they not, as

only 'shades of Joy and Woe,' be 'rubb'd out' by death 'as they ne'er had been?'

> 'I ponder'd long on this weary life,
> And I cried, 'Are we what we seem?
> Or sail we here in a phantom ship
> In search of a vanished dream?—
> From deep to deep, from doubt to doubt,
> While the night still deeper grows?
> Who knows the meaning of this life?'
> When a voice replied, 'Who knows?'
>
> 'Shall it always be a mystery?
> Are there none to lift the veil?
> Knows no one aught of the land we left,
> Or the port to which we sail?
> Poor shipwrecked mariners driven about
> By every wind that blows:
> Is there a haven of rest at all?'
> And the voice replied, 'Who knows?'
>
> Oh! why have we longings infinite,
> And affections deep and high,
> And glorious dreams of immortal things,
> If they are but born to die?
> Are they will-o'-wisps that gleam
> Where the deadly nightshade grows?
> Do they end in dust and ashes all?'
> And the voice still cried, 'Who knows?'

But dawn succeeds the darkest night, and hope and faith arise to him once more in gladness. The light has come again; rejoice!

> 'Then sing, for the dark veil at last is withdrawn:
> Rejoice in the light of the glorious dawn;
> We hoped against hope through the weariful past,
> But faith's superseded by knowledge at last;
> We stumble no longer 'twixt doubt and despair,
> For we know there's a region surpassingly fair,
> We know that the summer-land's shining up there.'

We have made these quotations from different pieces in 'Poems and Songs' to show the intensity of the gloom of doubt and despair into which the poet's soul has sometimes sunk; for that is one of the things which most persistently forces itself on the attention of the reader in the first part of the volume. The frequency indeed with which it appears amounts almost to morbidity. But it shows at the same time the thoughtful earnestness and power of the poet, and brings him into immediate sympathy with all who have pondered on the darker problems of existence, and been haunted with them, it may be, as by spectres of despair. The greater the soul, the deeper may be its plunge into darkness, and the more awful and agonising its troubles. But, on the other hand, when free from doubt, it may rise correspondingly to heights of more rapturous joy. And so the soul of our poet is sometimes whirled into a wild ecstasy—a very madness of delight, in which he sees all Nature revelling with him in his gladness. We might give here in illustration his boundingly joyous and beautiful 'May,' which reminds us, by its words and spirit, of Wordsworth's glorious 'Ode on the Intimations of Immortality,' and which in some respects is worthy of being placed side by side with it. But not to multiply unduly our quotations, we pass at once to another feature of the Poems and Songs, and that is:—

That, notwithstanding the expression of doubts and perplexities, they bring the unseen spiritual world very near to us, and lift us up in sympathy to it; they tend, and that very powerfully, to make us feel a hallowing Power and Presence everywhere around us—that a sanctity broods around and rests upon the world, yea dwells in it throughout. For

> 'There's a presence in each stone;
> All the air is full of eyes
> Looking on us with surprise;
> Sympathies run everywhere,
> Thoughts are hurrying through the air,
> Bringing near related souls,
> Though asunder as the poles:
> Marvel upon marvel!—still
> Miracle on miracle!'

And so all material Nature becomes to the poet as a medium for the communication of spirit with spirit and ghost with ghost—a revelation of the Divine and Infinite to the eye and ear continually. 'These,' he says, when speaking of the flowers of earth in relation to their God and ours,—

> 'These Thy preachers of the wild-wood,
> Keep they not the heart of childhood
> Fresh within us still?
> Spite of all our life's sad story,
> *There are gleams of Thee and glory*
> *In the daffodil.*'

And in that spirit, and with that power of vision, he feels, when gazing upon setting suns, as in presence of the very shechinah where he can only kneel in silence and adore.

> 'But I cannot write of the marvellous sight
> At his setting last I saw;
> *I can only feel, I can only kneel,*
> *With a trembling fear and awe.*'

In the same way also human nature becomes to him expressive of the Divine, and woman, as a messenger of peace, brings to him a holy consolation and the hope of a youth immortal. Of Martha he says:—

> 'What a world of love there lies
> Mirrored in her deep blue eyes!
> What a ray of quiet beauty
> They throw around each daily duty!
> How it is I cannot tell,
> Yet I feel the magic spell
> Of the quiet Sabbath grace
> Always breathing from her face;
> And her voice so calm and clear
> Lifts me to a higher sphere,
> And unlocks my spirit's powers,—
> Gentle thoughts spring up like flowers,
> Gems deep hidden in my heart
> Into life and being start:
> *When that saintly face I see,*
> *Heaven and immortality*
> *They grow clearer unto me.*'

And of 'Old Adam'—a poem which, because of its excellence, we should like to quote entire, it combines so much quaint humour with such tenderness of feeling and minuteness of description, and withal with so much sound philosophy—of Old Adam it is said—

> 'His heart was just a living spring,
> Wi' sympathy o'erflowing;
> And round its brim the sweetest flowers,
> Of Love and Hope, were flowing.
> To see him—and to hear him speak—
> To look but in his face,
> *It made you fa' in love somehow,*
> *Wi' a' the human race.*'

What could be more beautiful and suggestive than the last two lines? True love to *one* implicitly embracing all humanity, sustaining brotherhood the world over, and proving the race a unit—that is about the meaning of them. And what a fine old man that Adam must have been to be sure! and what could beat in pith and humour this description of his goodness?

> 'The maist o' folk wha would be guid,
> And keep frae doing evil,
> Maun aft hae battles wi' themselves
> As weel as wi' the deevil.
> And some are guid by grace o' God,
> And some hae to be skelpit; '
> *But he was guid—and just because*
> *He wasna fit tae help it.*'

That is a touch worthy of Burns in his most joyous, good-natured mood. No higher meed of praise could be given to Old Adam in even a whole oration than that he was guid, and—'just because he wasna fit tae help it.'

But not only are Nature, as seen, and the 'human face divine' thus radiant to him with Diety; the very viewless air is full of eyes and ears, and crowded with immortal life, and we may walk as in heaven, continually among the dear departed. In a later and a beautiful poem, 'Gaun Hame,' which appeared in the *Scottish American Journal*, the dying one says to Mary,

> 'I've them wi' me ye canna see, Mary,
> I feel the firm grip o' a haun;
> Though a' here is darkness to thee, Mary,
> They're leading me unto the dawn.
>
> The dear anes that left us lang-syne, Mary,—
> Ah! left us our wearifu' lane!—
> But never were out o' our min', Mary,
> Are a' comin' round me again.
> Ah! there's our ain Willie and Jean, Mary,
> And wi' them a bricht shining train,
> Wha say through their pitying een, Mary,
> Ye winna be left a' your lane.'

And into that 'bricht shining train' he hopes, in spite of creeds and catechisms and the orthodoxy of the Church, that all will at last be admitted. He has no very firm belief, it would seem, but a yearning, rather, and a wish, that such will be the case. Once, indeed, he affirms his belief in universalism:

> 'We believe, "Almighty Father,"
> Thou wilt all thy children gather
> Where the light eternal flows,
> And no wanderer asks, "Who knows?"'

But again, like the poet Laureate, he seems to falter where he firmly trod, and can only 'faintly trust the larger hope.' He knows what *he* would do if only he could have things his own way, and he has a dim hope that his way will be found at last to be the way of the All-Good. The following lines, we think, will find an echo in nearly every heart:

> 'There's ne'er been country yet nor kin
> But has some weary flaw,
> And he's the likest God aboon
> Wha loves them ane and a';
> *And after a' that's come and gane,*
> *What human heart but yearns*
> *To meet at last in licht and love,*
> *Wi' a John Tamson's bairns.*'

His large-heartedness, it will be seen, thus leads him somewhat beyond the bounds of orthodoxy and the sympathy of a large mass of the religious public. He will consequently be looked upon by many

as 'dangerous'; and the more so when they find him sometimes giving expression to a liberalism which seems to place nearly all theological beliefs on an equal footing. For there are many who have no tolerance for the expression, especially in print, of such beliefs and tendencies. They think it leads to license rather than liberty. But not as it exists in 'Poems and Songs,' if taken in connection with what is otherwise taught; for there is a constant inculcation of the principle that every departure from moral principle—from law, whether natural or spiritual—bears with it its penalty—that 'God and Nature can't be cheated.' Even the 'Backwoods Philosopher,' notwithstanding his belief that we are merely the creatures of circumstances, would tell you that; and the 'unco guid' themselves would do well to give heed to what he says in that respect:

'Another thing which took my eye
Was Natur's moral statur;
For Natur will not tell a lie,
Nor wont have lies will Natur;
A tree will fall the way she's cut,
No words aside can win her,
And smash you splay, if in her way,
Let you be saint or sinner.

'And when you go to square her up,
Nor heed what fools may say,
Cut to the chalk, aye, that's the talk!
Let chips strike who they may.
He who would talk you off the straight,
You tell him that he drivels;
The right is right! 'twill stand the light,
Be't God's law or the devil's.

'And he's no better than a fool,
A little silly critter,
Who thinks by cunnin' to out-pull
Or cheat Old Mother Natur.'

Of the three divisions of 'Poems and Songs,' the 'Idyls of the Dominion' are upon the whole the least satisfactory, both in thought and expression. There is in them a good deal that seems commonplace and tame; various limping and broken rhymes; and some indications of coarseness—which latter fault may belong perhaps to the subjects dealt with. For there is much that is rough in the backwoods. But why should subjects incompatible with true artistic taste be introduced into poetry at all? There are many delightful idyls, however,—such as 'O! Come to the Greenwood Shade,' 'Neighbour John,' 'Indian Summer,' 'October,' 'To a Humming Bird,' and 'Bobolink'—some of which give a very pleasing picture of the Dominion. And through all the idyls there breathes that spirit of youthful freedom and independence which is so enjoyable, and which every old countryman must feel on coming to this side of the Atlantic. We cannot give any more extracts; but there is a poem in full which will make a fitting close to our quotations. It is quite a little gem of its kind—so simple and neat, so tender and expressive. Hark!

'There is a lonely spirit,
Which wanders through the wood,
And tells its mournful story
In every solitude:
It comes abroad at eventide,
And hangs beside the rill,
And murmurs to the passer-by—
"Whip-poor-Will."

O, 'tis a hapless spirit,
In likeness of a bird!
A grief that cannot utter
Another woeful word;
A soul that seeks for sympathy,
A woe that won't be still,
A wandering sorrow murmuring—
"Whip-poor-Will."'

It will be seen that, while the volume we are reviewing is called 'Poems and Songs,' we have so far said nothing as to the songs. And the reason is, we believe that the title is somewhat misleading—a misnomer. It might lead critics who were disposed to be captious to say, The Poems we see, but where are the Songs?' A song, properly so called—verse that is fitted for vocal music—a species of composition in which some of the greatest, the most subtle and melodious of poets have failed of success—Spenser for instance, and Coleridge, and Shelley. And, judging from the volume before us, we are inclined to believe that McLachlan must be placed among the number of those who have failed. Of all the pieces in the volume, not one, perhaps, looks more like a song than 'Garibaldi;' yet, overlooking its resemblance to 'Scots wha hae,' we do not know that such similes as, 'Like lava of your burning lake,' 'Like Ætna belching forth her flame,' could very well be translated into music. There is a something there which tone and semitone could not convey. Perhaps it would have been as well had nothing been said about songs on the title-page or the back of the volume.

And now, in concluding our remarks

upon Mr. McLachlan's poetry, though we have considered the thought and spirit of it rather than its artistic form, we think we have given enough of it to show that Canada has a poet within her bounds whose power and greatness, let us say it, she has hardly yet begun to recognize and acknowledge. It is true, as we have seen, that very appreciative notices of his poetry have been given in newspapers, by lecture, and otherwise; but the great mass of even what may be called the reading public do not yet so much as know that there is any poet in Canada of the name of McLachlan,—nor any worth speaking of. Now, with every desire to avoid exageration, and while acknowledging that now and again he may show some apparent want of taste in expression, we venture to say, that for spiritualizing power, by which we mean the power of inspiring us with a sense of present Deity and the sanctity of life; for force of fusing passion; for sympathy with Nature and with human nature; and for manly independence of sentiment, if not for grace and rhythm and beauty of language on the whole, there is not a poet on the American continent that we would place before Alexander McLachlan, of Ontario; and we do not know of a volume of poetry of any author, and of a similar compass, in which there are more passages which we would feel like marking with a pencil as noteworthy, than his 'Poems and Songs.' Yet we do not know that we can expect him ever to become a very popular poet. He is continually overshadowed by too great a mystery; there is too much expression of doubt, and too much thought and insight into Nature in her deeper moods and aspects on the one hand, and too little bubbling humour and direct simplicity of story on the other, to win the sympathy and applause of the crowd. He is a reflective and meditative poet of the Wordsworthian stamp, and is likely to have the fate of such in public estimation. But while Shakespeare and Milton, though so much talked of, remain so little read, and while Chaucer and Spenser are known only to scholars, McLachlan may console himself with the thought that a man's greatness is not always correctly measured by his degree of popularity. The greatest of men, and the best, may be the most unpopular. The history of Christianity should have taught us that.

In bidding bood-bye to our subject, we would venture to express the hope that Mr. McLachlan may ere long publish, in a neat and portable form, a collected edition of his works. With a little judicious selecting and sifting, he might give us a volume which would be at once an honour to himself, and a joy and praise to the country of his adoption.

W. P. Begg.

THE CHARMED LIFE:

AN INDIAN ENGINEER'S STORY.

'We were talking of narrow escapes just now,' said Mr. K——, 'and I've had my share of them, like everybody else. I've had a musket fired at me so close that the flash singed my hair; I've seen a loaded waggon pull up just as the wheel was within two inches of my body; I've woke and found a snake, whose bite was certain death, rolled comfortably up on my chest. It was just touch-and-go with me, every one of those three times—and I don't think I should care to try any of them over again; but *the* nearest shave I ever saw (one that I wouldn't have believed if I hadn't seen it, and that very likely *you* won't believe either, though I could find you plenty of men to vouch for it) was a thing that befel one of my

own men; and the way it happened was this:

'We were at work on one of the smaller lines in the Punjab, where the country's all cut up by rivers and water-courses; so that, of course, the biggest half of our work was perpetual bridge-making, beginning a new one before the last was well finished. Mighty tough work it was, I can tell you, in the hot season; and what was worse, three or four of my comrades knocked up altogether, so that the whole strain of the overlooking came upon *me* for more than a month. I tell you, I've been so done up at times, with sticking to it night and day, that many a time I've had fairly to dip my face in a bucket of water to keep my eyes open at all. However, a man isn't sent into the world to lie on a sofa; and that job was the first thing that made me heard of, and helped to get me this berth that I'm in now; so it's an ill wind that blows no one good, after all.

'Do I think the natives good workers? Well, yes, I do, on the whole; but they're a troublesome lot to manage, for all that. They have a way of their own in doing everything, and as for getting them out of that, you might as well try to eat soup with a one-pronged fork. I daresay you've heard that story of how the darkeys used to carry the earth on their heads in little baskets, till at last wheelbarrows were served out to them; and the next day they were seen carrying the *wheelbarrows* on their heads, filled with earth, just as they had done with the baskets! Well, that story's true enough; and I was one of the men who saw it done.

'The only Englishman in my gang, as Paddy would say, was a Scotchman; but he was worth his weight in gold. For downright hard work, I never met his equal; and the way he heartened up the natives, and kept them going, just with a word or two now and then, was a sight to see. Now, I needn't tell *you*, who have been so much abroad, how it draws fellows together to be the only men of British blood among a crowd of dark faces; and so it came about that Sandy MacFarlane and I soon got to be more like two brothers than like master and servant. In fact, he was a man that anybody might take to; one of those grave, clear-headed, well-read men, who are safe to come uppermost, throw them where you will; and I have seen him many a time, when he had finished his work and washed the clay off his hands, sit down to a book on chemistry or geology, as if he were a professor at Cambridge. The only objection that one could possibly make to him was, that he was stark mad.'

'Well, that certainly *might* be a slight objection,' said I, laughing.

'Well, when I say stark mad, you must understand me. I don't mean that he was one of the regular Tom-of-Bedlam sort, with straw in his hair, and his eyes flying out of his head, going about challenging the sun and moon to a game of skittles; but on *one* point he was as mad as a March hatter—hare, I mean. What do you think of his telling me, quite gravely, that he believed in presentiments, and that he had himself foretold, more than once, the day and hour that a man was to die?'

'O, that's quite a common superstition—what the Scotch call "the second-sight."'

'Well, it may be second, or third, or fourth, or whatever else it likes,' said my friend, rather crustily, 'provided it don't come in my way again; I had quite enough of it that time, and something over. However, you musn't imagine that Sandy was at all a morose or melancholy fellow; Dean Ramsay himself never had such a collection of good stories. I wish you could have seen him, with his hard old face as grave as an inspecting commission, and just the least bit of a twinkle in the corner of his little gray eye, finishing the yarn of the Laird of Bonnymoor and his servant Watty—how the Laird rode home from a drinking-bout with his face to his horse's tail, and, when the beast went down to drink, rolled right off into the river:

'"The Laird just kenned by the splash that there was *somethin'* fa'n into the watter; but he was that fou', honest man, that ne'er a bit did he ever suspect it was himsel'.

'"'Watty,' says he, in an unco thick kind o' voice, 'Watty, my man, there's somethin' fa'n into the burn.'

'"'Deed ye may say *that*,' says Watty, ready to whammle (tumble) off his horse wi' laughter, 'for it's just yersel', Laird!'

'"'Hoot na, Watty!' says the Laird, sittin' up unco gravely in the middle o' the burn, wi' the watter till his chin, 'it canna be *me*, ye ken, for I'm *here!*'"

'Well, one day old Sandy and I had

been arguing about this second-sight of his, or whatever you call it; and at last I got so riled with him (for arguing with a man like that is just like hammering a rail—it only fixes him tighter) that, at last, I up and said: "Well, Sandy, if you can foresee other men's deaths, I should have thought you'd be able to foresee your own, too!"

'"And sae I can," he answered, in the most matter-of-fact way possible; "I ken just *this* aboot it, that the day of my birth will be the day o' my death!"

'Now, it happened that Sandy's birthday was just a week past at the time; so I tried to turn it off by saying, as lightly as I could:

'"Well, Sandy, my lad, you've chosen your day well; it'll give you nearly a twelvemonth longer to live, anyhow!"

'But Sandy only shook his head.

'"Maister Francis," said he, so solemnly that it quite took me aback for the moment, "laugh as you will at anything else, but no at that; its nae laughin' maitter."

'The next day there was a bit of rock to be blasted, and I went to see it done. I had just turned my back for a moment, when suddenly there came a flash and a bang, and then a terrible cry; and when I turned round, there was MacFarlane standing over something that was lying on the ground, and all the rest staring at him as if they couldn't believe their own eyes. And well they might. By some fatal mischance the powder had exploded too soon, and a huge piece of the rock had hit a poor fellow who was standing actually shoulder-to-shoulder with Sandy—rather *behind* him, if anything—and struck him dead on the spot, without touching the Scotchman!*

'This, of itself, was startling enough in all conscience; but it was a mere nothing to what came after. About a month later we set about making a bridge across one of those deep narrow gorges, just like dried-up canals, which are so common in India. You've seen the big bridge at Clifton, and the other at Fribourg? Well, this was just the same kind of place on a small scale—a great high cliff on either side, and below, just under where the bridge was to be, a flat slab of hard rock, with a little pool of water in the middle.

'Well, the men were at work upon it, and I was standing below looking up at them, when, all of a sudden, I thought I saw one of the girders begin to shake. Then, in a moment, one end of it tilted up, and the other went down, and all the ten men who were on it fell off just in one bunch. Poor fellows! it was a horrid sight! I turned away my head not to see it; but I could *hear* the fall, and that was worse still.

'When I got to the spot, I saw at once that two of them were killed outright, and seven more very badly injured. But the tenth man (believe it or not as you like) scrambled slowly to his feet just as I came up, and *walked right up the bank without any help!*'

'"And he, of course, was Sandy Mac Farlane."

'Just so. Whether the bodies of his comrades saved him, or the pool of water, I can't say; but the height of the fall, as we measured it afterwards, was *fifty-four feet.**

'Well, after this second miracle, I was really, for the time being, almost as firm a believer in Sandy's second-sight as he was himself. The more I thought of the whole thing, the more marvellous and inexplicable it seemed; and more than once I caught myself watching Sandy as his birthday began to draw near again, to see if he would show any sign of fear. But not a bit of it; he was just the same as ever till the very eve of the fatal anniversary; and then he came to me after work was over and brought me all his money, and his old silver watch, saying, as quietly as I say it now:

'"Maister Francis, ye hae aye been a gude freend to me—ye'll gie yon siller to the auld wife at Kilmarnock (meaning his mother), and ye'll tell her that Sandy thocht o' her at the lang last."

'"Pooh, pooh!" said I, clapping him on the shoulder, "what's the good of talking

* A similar case is recorded, from his own personal experience, by Captain Marryat.

* Astounding as this story may seem, it is by no means without parallel. The police reports of the last few years contain the case of a burglar who leaped from a third-story window without sustaining any serious injury. History itself gives us the case of Councillors Slavata and Martinitz, who, when flung from the window of their council chamber (a height of *eighty feet*) by the Bohemian insurgents of 1618, escaped with their lives.—D. K.

like that, man, when you may be a better life than any of us?"

'"Ye're a kind laddie," he answered, "but it's nae use; the auld man's time's come at last, and he maun e'en gang. God be wi' ye."

'You'll laugh at me, I daresay, if I tell you that I didn't sleep a wink that night; and all the next day I fidgeted round old Sandy like a hen with one chick. But when evening came, and nothing had gone wrong, I began to crow.

'"The day's no dune yet," answered he, as we walked back to the huts together. "Ye mind General Pendergrass, that said he wad dee at Malplaquet? and when the battle was ower, and they a' thought him safe, the last shot firit that day strak aff his heid!"

'The words weren't well out, when he gave a sudden cry, and dropped at my feet as if he were shot. I stood quite dumbfounded for a minute; but just then I saw a cobra wriggling away into the bushes, and then I knew all.

'Well, I don't know that there's any more to be said. He died half-an-hour later, quietly as a lamb, holding my hand to the very last—poor old Sandy! There, I mustn't talk about it any more just now, or I shall be making a fool of myself.'

DAVID KER.

DE PROFUNDIS.

A RIFLE shot in the clear night air,
  Ringing out 'cross the plain from the copse on the knoll;
Only the answer: '*mort pour la patrie,*'
  When they called in the morning the muster-roll.
A village in France; a pale face at the pane;
  The troops marching past to the sound of the drum;
Only a mother who watches and waits
  For her soldier boy who will never come.

A ship homeward-bound in the eventide;
  A little cloud in the western skies:
Only a sailor dead at dawn,
  Rocked by the waves as they fall and rise.
A white-porched cot on the Devon coast;
  A woman sitting with child at knee:
Only a common sailor's wife,
  Gazing tearfully out on the smiling sea.

All still on the river—a stealthy step
  By the bridge—a plunge—a struggle for breath;
All still again save the midnight chimes:
  Only an outcast 'gone to her death.'
A lonely home in the Odenwald;
  An old man kneeling at evening prayer:
Only a father, and in his hand
  A tiny curl of a baby's hair.

So the busy world goes ever on,
  And the tide of humanity ebbs and flows;
Each day with it's tale of blighted lives,
  Of heart-aches that only the stricken one knows.
Well? What should I care? Let the world move on.
  What are all these to you or to me?
What!—O God! How full of creeds,
  How void is the world of charity!

X. Y.

POETRY AND DOGMA.

IT is a remarkable and significant fact, not so generally recognised as it deserves to be, that all the supreme poets of Christendom have either wholly ignored the distinctive doctrines of Christianity in their poetry, treating it in a conventional and purely æsthetic manner, or have showed themselves more or less sceptical or heretical towards its dogmas. As poets have not less but more faith than ordinary mortals, and 'heaven descended poesy,' like love,

> 'delightedly believes
> Divinities, being itself divine,'

such attitudes of indifference, doubt, or denial, assumed by the mightiest masters of song towards the Christian formulæ of their times may surely be considered very strong proof that the souls which above all others hunger for celestial food can find no true nourishment in dogmatic theology, but are forever escaping from its dry and withered herbage into

> 'fresh woods, and pastures new.'

That such attitudes have actually been assumed, or at any rate exhibited, by all the greatest poets towards the orthodox Christian creed, regarded as a standard of faith and morals by which their lives and writings were to be governed and regulated, a brief summary of what all the reading world knows about them and their works will show.

Dante,superfically considered,might seem a striking exception to our rule, but looked at from a deeper point of view it becomes evident that beneath his acquiescence in the mediæval idea of the universe as a whole, lay a subtle spirit of doubt and questioning as to particulars. Carlyle says, his face, like his life, was that of one in continual protest, and the critical and metaphysical tendencies which, a couple of centuries later, quickened and emancipated the minds of men from the torpor and bondage of the Middle Ages, were already developed in him. 'It is not only,' writes Auguste Comte, 'that his poem contains severe attacks upon the Popes and the clergy; its whole conception is in a manner sacrilegious, usurping as it does the power of conferring apotheosis or damnation in a way that would never have been attempted where the infallibility of Catholicism was still unquestioned.'

Chaucer was a student of metaphysics and a devout believer in the lore of Aristotle; but he was still more learned in the lore of life and human nature. He was a man of the world and of affairs; a soldier and a courtier as well as a poet and a scholar; and he has been truly characterised as the gayest and most joyous writer in the English language. He vividly exposed and satirised the corruption and charlatanism of Priests and Pardoners, and it has been thought probable that he may have been intellectually inclined towards the doctrines of the Lollards. Some reasons have indeed been found for believing that he was a friend of Wycliffe's, and that his 'poor parson of a town' was drawn from that great reformer. But the pleasure-loving, joyous side of his happy, healthy, genial organization no more consented to the gloomy and rigorous code of life held by the Lollards, than his truth and honesty and natural piety approved of the vices and superstitions against which those early Puritans were fighting. Chaucer's nature, like that of Shakespeare, was broad and tolerant, and his clear and wise appreciation of the weaknesses and mistakes incident to humanity, and his humorous sympathy with its whims and follies, preserved his shrewd satire from all Pharisaical gall and bitterness.

Spenser has been called the Rubens of poetry, and his Fairy Queen has been denounced by an accomplished Roman Catholic prelate as containing such highly-coloured sensuous imagery and descriptions as must inevitably corrupt the imaginations of youthful readers. Milton calls him 'the sage and serious Spenser,' and

his moral is always high and noble; but it is undeniable that the 'pomp and prodigality' of his luxuriant muse are as little in harmony with the severe and restrained view of art held by earnest Christians in our own day, as the lays of those Italian poets, 'in the footing of whose feet' Spenser loved to walk, and whose works the Piagnoni of Florence burned on the Pyramid of Vanities, were in accord with the sombre and ascetic teaching of Savonarola and his disciples.

And now we come to the greatest of all poets. By no possible effort can Shakspere be ranged on the side of any theological system. It has been thought doubtful whether he called himself Catholic or Protestant, but it is certain his plays and poetry, as well as his profession of actor, put him out of the pale of Puritanism. His writings show plainly enough that to him creeds were matters of small importance, but no doubt freedom to think his own thoughts, and live his own life, unfettered by the narrow dogmas of priest or pietist, was of the greatest. 'When we tire of the saints,' says Emerson, 'Shakspere is our city of refuge. His name carries joy and emancipation to the souls of men.' His religion, like his genius, was 'not for an age, but for all time,' and no Church, or sect, or system of doctrine, can claim him.

Milton was a deeply learned and philosophical theologian, and embodied his opinions in his poems; but he was also 'a bold inquirer into morals and religion,' and his creed was never that of any orthodox church. He opposed Presbyters as strongly as he had opposed Priests, and his views as to the godhead of Christ and the dogma of the atonement were such as all orthodox Christians consider fatally wrong. He even dared to sing of some future Golden Age, when

'Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.'

It scarcely requires to be pointed out that the genius of Dryden, prostituted to please 'a ribald king and court,' was not at all influenced by the strict and strait form of Puritanism in which he had been educated—except, perhaps, by a violent reaction from its yoke—or by any other form of the Christian religion. Sir Walter Scott, in his life of the poet, shows strong cause for assuming that the 'Religio Laici' no more inferred any real faith in the doctrines of Christianity than the sacrifice of a cock to Æsculapius proved that Socrates had any belief in such a divinity. Perhaps we may go farther without any great breach of charity, and conclude that there was as little reality in the Catholic Christianity of 'The Hind and Panther' as in the Protestant Christianity of the 'Religio Laici.'

Passing on to Pope, we see in his 'Universal Prayer,' and in the 'Essay on Man,' how little place any Christian dogma held in his theory of religion.

Though a tomb in England's Valhalla was denied to Byron, more for his liberal opinions than his moral delinquencies, and though ignorant prejudices and narrow-souled bigotry have done their utmost to consign his poetry to oblivion, his splendid genius is now assuming again its rightful place among the greatest poets in the English language. Naturally endowed with a keen appreciation of all that is honest, truthful, and manly, and with a sincere hatred of cant, falsehood, and affectation (though he afterwards perversely fell into these faults himself), he seems to have had his whole character thwarted and tainted by his early Calvinistic teaching. His keen, logical, precocious intellect was fed in his childhood on the doctrines of original sin, predestination, and everlasting punishment, as then taught in Aberdeen. Sunday after Sunday, as he sat in church, he heard these horrible dogmas preached, and his only escape from the dismal nightmare with which they oppressed him was to stick pins in his mother's elbow. Made sceptical by his strong intellectual perceptions, but unable to shake off altogether the superstitious influences of his Scotch blood and early training, he craved for some infallible answer to his doubts and questionings, and finding none,

'The passionate heart of the poet was whirled into folly and vice.'

'With longer life, all things might have been hoped for from Byron,' said Carlyle, 'for he loved truth in his inmost heart.' But long life was not given to him. In the 'mezzo del cammin' of man's allotted days, when the turning point of his destiny seemed to have come, and if he had found no heavenly faith to rest in, he had, at least, found a noble earthly one to act on,

that of elevating himself to the service of an heroic cause, his stormy life was calmed in what Tennyson has called, the wisdom of great Death.

Keats, though dying, as Shelley says in 'Adonais,' long before his spirit had filled its crescent sphere, has left us some poems perfect and peerless of their kind, and, in his fragment of 'Hyperion,' a magnificent proof of powers never destined to reach maturity. Filled to overflowing with the beautiful mythology of Greece, as he calls it in his touching preface to Endymion, there is scarcely a line or a word in his poetry to indicate that he had ever heard of the Christian creed, except the picturesque use he makes of the symbols and imagery of Catholicism in his 'Eve of St. Agnes.' His religion seems to have been a pure Nature-worship, and like the Grecian Urn of his exquisite ode, he thought,

> 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'

Shelley, a poet of winged and ethereal genius, who soared to the uttermost heights of song, and perished in a more glorious prime than Keats or any other poet known to us, 'as if the sun should set ere noon;' —Shelley, whose soul was filled with a sacred fire of indignation against all the ills and oppressions on earth, and yet with a love that embraced the whole world—in his revolt against traditional dogmas proclaimed himself an atheist. But one who knew him well tells us that his soul overflowed with piety; that he was pious towards Nature, towards his friends, towards the whole human race, towards the meanest insect of the forest. His atheism seems to have been in reality only a poetised form of the pantheism of Spinoza, which has had so great an influence on the philosophy, theology, and poetry of this age. 'Shelley's atheism would not have scared me,' Coleridge said. 'For me it would have been a semi-transparent larva soon to be sloughed, and through which I could have seen the true image, the final metamorphosis. Besides I have ever thought that kind of atheism the next best religion to Christianity, nor does the better faith I have learned from Paul and John interfere with the cordial reverence I feel for Benedict Spinoza.'

In truth Shelley's pantheism was not very different, except in seeming, from the philosophy of Coleridge, nor from that which Wordsworth held, though in them it was curiously draped with Christian theology. When Wordsworth writes of the soul that moves through all Nature,

> 'from link to link,
> The soul of all the worlds,'

what is it but the world-soul, or over-soul of Spinoza and Goethe? Again, he writes of 'that something,'

> 'Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
> A motion and a spirit which impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
> And rolls through all things.'

Returning to Coleridge, we find his idea of the universe forming itself into perfect pantheism in these lines:

> 'And what if all of animated nature
> Be but organic harps diversely framed,
> That tremble into thought as o'er them sweeps,
> Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
> At once the soul of each, and God of all.'

In the period of his greatest poetic inspiration, Wordsworth's religious utterances were extremely vague and formless. In his old age, when he wrote 'Ecclesiastical Sonnets,' and 'Sonnets in Defence of Capital Punishment,' his transcendental theosophy had apparently come down to a lower level, and crystallized into some sort of mystical High Churchism. Coleridge's religion always remained more fluid and variable. In his writings he tried to reconcile dogmatic Christianity with transcendental philosophy, but he wrote with a divided mind. Sometimes one system predominates, sometimes the other, thus exemplifying his characteristic infirmity of will, which was so great that he could never choose on which side of the garden path to walk. In spite of all his efforts to the contrary, he remained unorthodox to the last, as his 'Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit,' published after his death, proved.

Burns, the poet *par excellence* of religious and Bible-reading Scotland, a man of vigorous intellect and fervid patriotism, and a poet of such vivid and original genius as in itself would have sufficed to give any land a title to fame, repudiated and lived in direct opposition to the dogmatic creed of his country.

The two great poetical luminaries of Germany, Goethe and Schiller, both held themselves apart from all creeds and churches. Above all things, Goethe insisted on the right of every soul to form its own religion, and to keep its inner being free from the bondage of prescribed dogmas. His own faith was moulded on the system of Spinoza, with such modifications as his poetical organisation and vivid love and reverence for Nature in all its manifestations demanded. Schiller's theories of life and religion were very similar to those of his friend, though he had arrived at them by a different and more toilsome road. He, like Goethe, had deep religious sentiments, but complete scepticism towards all dogmatic formulæ; and he too wove for himself a faith out of the teachings of Spinoza and the Greek philosophers.

> 'All that we know is, nothing can be known!'

So Socrates said and Byron sang, and the same cry comes from Tennyson:

> 'Behold we know not anything!'

All that is wisest, holiest, and best in Christianity illumines 'In Memoriam,' but there is no dogmatic religion to be found there.

One other living poet may be mentioned, because, like Tennyson, he has been placed by all the canons of poetic art among the immortals while still on earth. Victor Hugo, the greatest poet France has produced, and who has shown himself in prose and verse one of the most enthusiastic and devout philanthropists that ever lived, is so intensely inimical to religious creeds and dogmas, that he has been stigmatised by the worshippers of these formidable idols as 'the arch-apostle of atheism and anarchy.'

Poetry, from whose sacred flame the dullest mortals catch some wandering rays of light and warmth, can never be hostile to the truly religious spirit, but that all the mighty masters here named should either have wholly rejected the Christian creed, received it in some modified or transcendental sense, or tacitly ignored the authority of its peculiar tenets, seems no slight evidence that the divine afflatus has been and is antagonistic to dogmatic Christianity.

LOUISA MURRAY.

THE TEMPERANCE PROBLEM.

AS has been already remarked, the Temperance problem can hardly be too fully discussed from all points of view. No apology, therefore, is needed for reviewing the second article of Mr. Allen, and examining the merits of the arguments therein adduced against prohibitory legislation; the said arguments applying, it must be remembered, almost as fully against all license laws whatsoever, as against prohibitory legislation. And this, it would appear, is the only consistent position, since, if the right of the State to restrict be once conceded, it would be difficult to disprove the right to prohibit.

Though somewhat aside from the main question, Mr. Allen's introductory paragraph provokes the query, What would become of mankind were the emotional forces of 'religion, patriotism, and the family affections' withdrawn from the human constitution? Apart from the circumstance that these emotions and capacities for emotion have, as most of us believe, been implanted or evolved by the Divine Designer, in order to aid man in reaching his destined goal, and that therefore the highest reasoning power and the fullest healthful development of these emotions must needs perfectly harmonize, we may well ask, whether, supposing even their present partial and often misdirected force were withdrawn, man would become more amenable to the highest reason and the 'clear, uncoloured light of Truth,' or would sink in abject bondage to the tyranny of a selfish animal nature.

It must be observed that there was nothing in the previous article of FIDELIS to justify the following sentence in Mr. Allen's last article :—'What care we what inconveniences we put others to, what satisfaction we deprive them of, in view of this widespread desolating evil?' This was far from being the position of the present writer. It was admitted that 'there is some hardship involved in debarring temperate men from the opportunity to purchase freely that of which they may make no wrong use.' But it was asked whether a slight inconvenience, which is the utmost it could fairly be called, could be put for a moment in comparison with the unutterable misery of thousands, the disease, poverty, despair, crime, insanity, and death, caused by the demon drink! And it was asked whether, since men less 'advanced than we, have been willing to endure severe privation, physical suffering, the spoiling of their goods, and death itself in terrible forms, for the good of their country, for their altars and their firesides,' we might not agree to give up, for the sake of the social well-being, to save thousands of our fellow-countrymen from worse than death, a single luxury which in the majority of instances is at least unsafe or injurious, and which nearly all of us are better without? To suppose men incapable of rising to so very moderate a degree of heroism as this, would be, surely, to suppose them less than men! He who can not dispense with his ale or his wine to save his neighbour from destruction is, surely, rather a slave to his sensual nature than an emancipated lover of Truth. And it was furthermore argued that, since the evils of the liquor traffic are so widespread as to affect, in some way, almost every member of the community, the whole community has a direct interest in its suppression, and, as a community, has a right so to act. And the basis of mutual agreement, not arbitrary imposition, was expressly implied, since the view of a majority is practically the only way of arriving at the expression of mutual agreement in regard to large measures concerning which there is wide difference of opinion. So long as the voice of the majority legalizes the liquor traffic, so long must the minority quietly submit to what they deem a terrible evil and injury to the community at large. But if the majority, awakened to a sense of the evil, declare that this evil shall no longer be tolerated among them, it is difficult to see how the minority could consider themselves oppressed, if they in their turn should be called upon to submit to its suppression. Although the present writer would not uphold the misused adage, '*Vox populi vox dei*,' yet, in the case of an evil which concerns the community as a whole, the community as a whole, *i. e.*, by a majority, has the right to say what it will do. Until the majority in a country is convinced that prohibition is right, few prohibitionists would desire to see the measure carried, even if it were possible. When the majority shall be so convinced, the measure will become the voice of the people, and the people have the right to decide as to what so vitally affects them. To persuade men to the mutual agreement to put away the evil—not to urge an arbitrary and despotic measure—is the true work of the advocate of Prohibition.

But Mr. Allen argues that, even if adopted by the voice of the people, the measure infringes on natural rights, and so could never be a justifiable one. Some things have already been said on the subject of natural rights, and which Mr. Allen has quietly passed over without attempting to meet them. Let us, however, look at it anew. What natural rights can a man claim which are at war with the general good of the community? Not his property,—that is forfeited in many cases when his possession of it conflicts with the general good, as in the case of all taxation, and the whole system of pecuniary fines, forfeitures, &c., which are nevertheless considered, in general, just and right. Not his liberty,—that is forfeited at once by the strong arm of the law whenever it appears that his continued possession of it conflicts with the public good. Not his life itself, as every death sentence testifies. For such sentence is pronounced, not so much because the criminal deserves death, though this is implied in it, as because it is inconsistent with the general good that he should continue to live. For, after all, it is not man, but God, who can weigh unto each his due; human justice can only approximate roughly, and take its measures rather as regards the peace of society than the merits of the offender. But the whole criminal code clearly recognises that

a man can claim no 'natural rights' which conflict with the good of society at large. Indeed, on utilitarian principles, the general good is the very test of right,—and rights which could be proved injurious to society would be a contradiction in terms. Now it is the very contention of advocates of Prohibition that the liquor traffic, as at present conducted, is absolutely inconsistent with the good of society, its physical and mental health, its peace, good order, and prosperity, and this their position they think they have proved by abundant evidence. And to urge that any man or set of men have a right to pursue a calling that is shown to be antagonistic to the general good simply because they think they can thus gain a living on easier terms,—is to assert what cannot be vindicated, certainly on any sound basis of consistent utilitarian philosophy; and what few would be inclined to vindicate, viewed simply as an abstract principle. Take any parallel case in matters purely physical. It might be asserted that a manufacturing or mining company has the right to pursue its operations on its own premises in such a way as will best promote its prosperity, and that society has no right to interfere with it in so doing. But if such a company puts up any furnace or works, the gas generated by which is injurious to the health of the neighbourhood, society interferes at once, and its interference is supported by the general sense of right. Or if, similarly, the water of any stream is poisoned by the chemicals of a manufacturer, even though he should own the ground on its banks for miles, society, so far from recognising his right to do so, interferes with his action without hesitation. Mr. Beecher, in a fine sermon on individual liberty, lately said: 'All that government had a right to do is to say to individual men: "You shall exercise your powers without damage to one another. You shall not employ your rights so as to destroy any other man's rights; and we will see to it that you comply with this rule."'*

* Exactly in accordance with this rule is the surveillance exercised by society over such things as weights and measures. If we protect the physically weaker from the oppression of brute force, why not as well protect the mentally weaker from the oppression of cunning avarice?

Now it is the very contention of the advocates of Prohibition that the liquor dealer cannot ply his trade without damaging others, and destroying other men's rights. As has been already maintained by the present writer—and never disputed—its exercise conflicts with the rights of wife and children to the support and protection of husband and father; with the rights of employers to the faithful service of the employed; with the rights of quiet and sober citizens to live in unmolested security to life and property. It is because the natural fruits of liquor-selling are pauperism, domestic brutality, careless work, and breach of contracts, and reckless injury to property and life that the traffic cannot be classed among the ordinary industrial callings which every man has a right to practice if he will. Of course the opponents of Prohibition may question or attack these positions; may assert that the fullest license permitted to the traffic is quite compatible with the public weal, and that, therefore, interference with it is illegitimate. If so they will have to prove their position by counter-evidence against an overwhelming body of evidence on the other side. But here is the real issue. Is the liquor traffic prejudicial to the public weal, or not? Will prohibitory measures restrain it, or not? Till both these queries can be conclusively answered in the affirmative, it is of no manner of use to beg the whole question by asserting *a priori*, that interference with the traffic interferes with a natural right. If it be asked how tyranny is to be prevented, if society is to be permitted to interfere with individual liberty, even when the exercise of that liberty is prejudicial to the general weal—we answer, precisely where lies the safeguard against all tyranny; in the enlightenment of the public mind, so that it may be able to judge as to what the general good is. No indiscriminate assertion of the principle of individual liberty or license; of the right of every man to do as he pleases, reckless as to how his action affects the weal of others; will be half so good a safeguard against either public tyranny or the still worse—because more subtle—tyranny of individual selfishness. The highest good of the whole community is, and must be, the only true basis of social legislation, and all the so-called 'rights' which conflict with this, are simply not rights at all.

But then, apart from the enquiry as to the ground on which stand individual 'rights,' there should be a distinction made between those 'rights' which, in ordinary circumstances, belong to individual liberty, and those which belong to an individual as a member of the community, as, for instance, the right of franchise. These, being created by the organization of the community, may also cease to exist, or be seriously modified by reason of a change in its organization. To this class of 'rights' must certainly belong the right to sell any commodity, since, but for the existence of the community and the protection afforded by its legislation, the 'traffic' could not exist. In the case of poisons this is conceded by almost all, and the right to sell these is restricted because the community will protect itself from needless danger even at the cost of abridging the liberty to sell,—a social rather an individual privilege. It is entirely the right to sell which is denied by Prohibitory measures. The right to use—a personal right—is not interfered with at all directly. If any one cares to manufacture stimulants for himself, as in primitive times, before a social organization had created the traffic, he is not interfered with in so doing.[*] If the measure involves the restriction of opportunity for procuring intoxicants, this is a consequence of the measure; the measure concerns itself only with the traffic. There might be many other circumstances which might interfere with the use of this or any other luxury, as, for instance, residence in a neighbourhood where it was difficult to procure it, or lack of the means of purchasing it. In these cases the individuals so restricted recognise the preventing circumstances, but do not consider themselves victims of tyranny. Nay, more, there are certain localities controlled by individuals or private corporations, in which the sale of intoxicants is not permitted, as, for instance, certain islands in the St. Lawrence. Those who go to reside there, knowing the conditions, submit to them as a matter of course, without dreaming of tyranny. Why should the case be changed when the field of operations is enlarged to a city, a township, a province, or a whole country?

[* Is it possible that FIDELIS has never heard of such a thing as illicit distilling?—ED. C. M.]

Few, again, refuse to recognize the wisdom of the action of our Government in preventing the extermination of the Indians of the North West by prohibiting the sale to them of ardent spirits. But if this destroyer proves as destructive in the case of many white skins as of the red skin himself, on what ground can the same Government refuse to protect the victims of our own race equally with that of our red brother? And if these victims cannot be protected except at the cost of a general prohibitory law, what valid reason can exist why a majority of the people—including, as such a majority certainly would do, the better and soberer portion—should not pass a measure which would preserve their weaker brethren from destruction, even at the cost of abridging their own luxuries? As for the argument that properly manufactured stimulants are not poisons except when taken in excess, the answer is that they are largely used in excess, and therefore used as poisons, and that no means have yet been devised for restricting the excessive use without restricting the moderate use as well. If they are positively beneficial in certain circumstances, there are few poisons of which the same might not be said, and as has already been observed, such cases are expressely provided for in all prohibitory legislation. It certainly seems to the present writer that infinitely too much capital has been made out of the petty sensuous enjoyment which is curtailed by Prohibition. An article in a recent number of the *Contemporory Review* would almost make it appear that intoxicating stimulants, used in moderation, were the very *elixir vitæ*, without which ordinary existence were stale, flat, unprofitable—in fact almost unendurable. Whereas the experience of multitudes of total abstainers in Canada as elsewhere, has proved that entire abstinence is, in ordinary cases, far more conducive to the maintenance of the *mens sana in corpore sano*, than even the most 'moderate drinking,' not to speak of the constant danger that the moderate drinker may soon become the excessive one. How then, by any manly man, the privation of a mere luxury, unnecessary in ordinary health, and so often injurious even in what is called moderation, could be for a moment placed in comparison with the rescue of thousands from overpowering

temptation ending in utter ruin, it is indeed difficult to understand! If men cannot make even this small sacrifice for their country's good—supposing that it could be shown to be so—then the heroes of old days who suffered and died to gain less for their land must put us, 'the heirs of all the ages,' to inexpressible shame!

It appears that the writer, in a former article, misconceived Mr. Allen's meaning in supposing that he referred to the compensation question, in speaking of a government 'taking of the goods or earnings of A. in order to carry out its system of benefiting B.' The mistake was surely not an unnatural one, as the question of compensation has been so often brought forward by antagonists of Prohibition, and without more explicit language on Mr. Allen's part it certainly never would have occurred to the present writer to suppose that his objection referred to the cost of enforcing prohibitory legislation. Why, it is one of the very strongest points of a properly enforced prohibitory measure, that it would tend largely to reduce our whole criminal expenditure, by tending to prevent that large proportion of crime of all degrees which, as the most competent witnesses testify, is caused directly by the agency of intoxicating drinks. And if it be wrong in any circumstances, even for the sake of the general good, to tax one man for the benefit of another, then it is wrong to tax A., who may not have a cartload of movable property, for the support of a police force which will benefit his neighbour B., a man of overflowing possessions. Similarly our school taxes could be proved to be unjust, and in fact almost all taxation whatsoever; and those who accept the recognized system of taxing individuals for the good of the whole, though this necessarily involves greater benefit to some individuals than to others, cannot consistently complain of the expense attending the enforcement of prohibitory measures. The sole question is this:—Does the good to the community which is to be reasonably expected from the measure, warrant the expense of enforcing it? Advocates of Prohibition think that it certainly does, even as regards mere financial and material prosperity.

The 'strange dogmatism' to which Mr. Allen refers on the part of the writer as regards the example of Christ, exists only in his, doubtless unintentional, misrepresentation of the words of FIDELIS. There was no 'assertion' that what Christ did in Judæa in the year A.D. 30, he would not do in Canada to-day. Such assertion would be most presumptuous. What was said was, 'that what was simply a kindly and loving act in the circumstances of Judæa, A.D. 30, would be a very different kind of act in Canada A.D. 1877, and with the very different stimulants most in use among ourselves.' This is an assertion that few people will be inclined to deny, who have ever thoughtfully observed the consequences, direct and indirect, of convivial drinking to-day. If the inference is that Christ would not have sanctioned this convivial drinking, that is not the fault of FIDELIS. We may and must have our impressions as to what He would or would not have done in the circumstances of our actual life, drawn, not from an isolated act, in which different circumstances would completely alter the case, but from the whole tenor of His life and teaching. And it is certainly difficult to imagine that He whose sternest denunciations fell upon those who caused one of these little ones (or weak ones) to offend, would ever in any way have sanctioned the liquor traffic of to-day. If any reply that He did that which has been misconstrued into a partial sanction, we reply that the history of His life and words is addressed to men as reasonable, discriminating beings, who can understand and apply principles, not as blind slaves to the mere letter of detail. While, as has been said before, Christ did not concern Himself with legislation, but with a working of a spirit of love to God and man, which is eventually to supersede the need of legislation at all, still the whole spirit of His life and teaching is clearly on the side of those who are willing to sacrifice ever so small a portion of their outward life, 'lest that which is weak be not turned out of the way, but that it rather be healed.' And St. Paul, as we all know, expressed himself willing to do that in regard to meat, which advocates of Prohibition are willing to do, and wish to induce others to be willing to do, with regard to drink. As to there being no trace of prohibitory laws in the 'whole course of the Dispensations,' Mr. Allen will find a good many prohibitory laws in the Old Testament Dispensation regarding va-

rious things, wine not excluded, as in the case of the Nazarites; and he will find the descendants of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, warmly commended for obeying a prohibitory law enforced by its founder on a large family of the ancient Jews. As for the New Testament, as has been said before, that is the gospel, not the law; and we might as well be accused of preferring the Paganism of ancient Rome to Christianity, because our criminal code resembles it more than it does the words of Christ, as charged with preferring the Mohammedan system if we desire prohibitory legislation.

Mr. Allen's statement that the consumption of spirits in Gothenburg has largely increased, does not make it less true that FIDELIS did not assert that the system had effected the good so sanguinely anticipated by its authors. The very different assertion that its extended operation has been warmly advocated on the ground of seeming success, is strictly true, as will be seen by any one who refers to Mr. Chamberlain's first article in the *Fortnightly Review*. As is the case with most prohibitory legislation, the testimony is most conflicting. And, with regard to another point, Mr. Allen will not surely maintain that 'premises' are identical with 'corollaries.'

Mr. Allen's argument against the perpetuation of a weakly physique is surely not directed against prohibitionists, one of whose chief pleas is that the 'legalized liquor traffic' produces and perpetuates a weakly and diseased physique. There is no plan yet devised for exterminating drunkards as individuals. Even though they may die prematurely, they most frequently leave behind them families inheriting the degenerate system and fatal craving. As we cannot cut off this poisoned stream, we desire to stop its prolific source in the liquor traffic, which makes the weak weaker, and is constantly degenerating a physique which might otherwise become a healthy one.

The remarks quoted from Mr. Herbert Spencer are entirely in favour of the argument for prohibition. It is desired because we desire to cease, through the liquor-traffic, to 'deliberately store up misery for future generations.' It is because we desire to prevent the liquor-seller and liquor-drinker combined, from 'bequeathing to posterity an increasing population of imbeciles and idlers and criminals;' and 'in effect to provide for our descendants a multitude of enemies;' because we wish, instead of the small 'direct mitigation' of keeping the drunkard's family from starving, we desire not to ignore the 'indirect mischief' which is the main source of the starvation and the misery. Prohibition certainly does not aim at fostering the good-for-nothing at the expense of the good, but at the very reverse,—at making those who are at present good-for-nothing, respectable and useful citizens, by withdrawing the temptations cast in their way by reckless and selfish men, which lead them to expend in the public-house or saloon the earnings which should go to maintain their families, which, under the present system, when starving with cold or hunger, have to be maintained at the 'expense of the good.' And if all artificial intervention to save and strengthen the weak be an unjustifiable interference with the relentless forces of Nature, then not only our charitable and philanthropic enterprises are a mistake; but nearly our whole medical profession is doing worse than useless work, and 'humanity' is a misnomer. More than this, the tender father or mother who, by dint of the most careful tendance, rears a family of delicate children, is as guilty of interference with the beneficial purifying processes of Nature, as the philanthrophist who desires to nurture his physically and morally weak brother into physical and moral strength. But will our race be more or less 'advanced' when parental and family affection, friendly and philanthrophic sympathy, cease to interfere with the 'beneficial purifying process' of Nature, and the old, the sick, the feeble, and the helpless are turned out to die uncared-for, while all the self-preserving and selfish passions gain paramount ascendancy, and human society turns into an anarchy of brute force? Even Mr. Herbert Spencer would not call this the consummation devoutely to be wished! As he remarks, these counteracting forces of human affection and charity are 'in the order of things,' and therefore just as much to be considered 'forces of Nature' as is 'molecular motion.' And most of us believe in man as a moral and spiritual, as well as a physical being, and regard this present stage of his development as an education for a higher life, in which much

that seemed evil in the present shall prove to have been the seed of a higher good. From this point of view, will not 'the overdraw on the energies' of those who, by caring for their weaker brethren here, may lose somewhat of this lower life, be infintely over-balanced by the rapid growth of that moral and spiritual life which is the true life of man. Another instance of the truth of the saying, 'He that will save his life shall lose it, and he that will lose his life for my sake shall save it.' Christianity gives no uncertain sound on this point, and a true philosophy in no respect contravenes it. From an able work by Mr. Murphy, on the 'Scientific Basis of Faith,' the following words are quoted: 'The Utilitarian theory tests the morality of any action, not by immediate results, but by general tendency, Now if the prevailing morality of any age or country were to sanction suicide or murder as a means of ridding the world of the burden of infirm old persons, hopeless invalids, or sickly children, it is impossible to deny that a great amount of misery would be prevented; but the loss would be infinitely greater than the gain; for such morality would be in the highest degree unfavourable to the formation of that most precious and lovely kind of character which delights in ministering to the aged, the sick, and the helpless; and would thus poison happiness at its source.' And it may be added that the hope of the 'alleviation of present misery,' not only 'compatibly with,' but so as to advance the interests of posterity, is the very inspiring motive of the Prohibition movement.

While disagreeing with Mr. Allen on so many points, it is a satisfaction to FIDELIS to agree with him thoroughly on one point, the reason why men drink; mainly to satisfy the restless craving of human nature which might show it its kinship with something higher. 'Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the spirit,' shews at once the mistaken and the real remedy for this craving,—the elevation of man to that communion with the Divine for which he was created, and without which he can never be satisfied. But the habitual disobeying of the first injunction must make it more and more impossible that the second should be obeyed; and therefore it is that we desire to shield men from overmastering temptation till they can grow up to an elevation from whence they shall be strong to resist it; just as we endeavour to shield an invalid from all unfavourable influences, until, through healthful ones, his constitution has acquired its normal tone. And in reply to the objection, that the case of restrictions in contagious maladies is not a parallel, because the infection is taken involuntarily, while the drinker voluntarily yields to the temptation, we say, that on principles which Mr. Allen accepts, it is just as inevitable, humanly speaking, that when this temptation is powerfully brought to bear upon an individual of certain idiosyncracy, it will be yielded to, as that the infection of small-pox will take effect in certain circumstances. And in our calculations on which we found our actions, we have to do with the natural and probable consequences of things, not with exceptional circumstances which may alter the result.

The question, whether a government possesses rights of a kind distinct from those possessed by individuals, is too long a one to be entered upon here. It certainly would seem self-evident that a government, as a constitutional authority representing the moral sentiment of the community as a whole, must, in order to be a government at all, claim the right to exercise a power which individuals, as such, cannot claim. But so long as we practically admit its right to do so in other matters, we cannot consistently maintain this objection to prohibitory legislation.

Mr. Allen has referred — unnecessarily as the writer thinks—to the contest concerning the Dunkin Act in Kingston, and his reference would be passed over in silence, but for the somewhat remarkable assertion that 'the good sense of the community (and much else not so good) prevented its adoption.' To those who observed the contest most closely, it appeared that in Kingston, as in other towns, the main cause of its non-adoption was the strength of the liquor interest and the zeal of those pecuniarily interested, combined with the aversion to the measure of the very class whom it would most have benefited. One might be quite willing to concede that the 'good sense of the community' was *divided* on a complex and difficult question. But considering the character and standing of the men who, in Kingston and other places,

advocated and worked, heart and soul, for the measure, considering also the character of most of the opposition speeches and of many of the opposition voters, the assertion that it was 'the good sense of the community' which had prevented it, is so surprising, that one is tempted to refer it to the 'disturbing element' of which Mr. Allen has spoken in his first paragraph.

As for the success or non-success of the Dunkin Law, it is certainly vain to expect it to succeed in places where its supporters are not prepared to enforce it; and no man should vote for it who does not lay his account with doing all that lies in his power to secure its observance. It will be found that this, as well as other measures, have been successful or unsuccessful just in proportion to the determination or perseverance of its advocates.

As regards the working of the Maine Liquor Law, the present writer has testimony to present of far higher value than floating newspaper statements, or even the conclusions of a visitor of six weeks to a country village. The voice of the Hon. Neal Dow must claim a most respectful hearing, as that of a man of unquestioned probity, and not only a supporter and a watcher for many years of the Maine Liquor Law and its effects, but also an heroic and fearless enforcer of its provisions. Having submitted to him the statements contained in Mr. Allen's article as to the working of the Law, the writer received a letter from him, from which the following passages are extracts;

'PORTLAND, Sept. 3, 1877.

'I have just now returned home from my recent visit to Canada, and lay aside everything that I may speedily write you a note about our Maine Law, as you wished me to do when I had the pleasure of meeting you a few days ago.

'The paragraph of Mr. Allen's article—to which you particularly referred me—quoted from "Mr. Dodds," and read by him (Dodds) from the *Portland Argus*, has been the rounds of the press in this country and in Europe, and from many quarters [has been sent to me with a request for an answer. One of these answers is given in the note below.*]

* The following extracts are taken from a published letter of enquiry addressed to Mr. Dow, and his reply thereto.

PHILADELPHIA, July 27, 1877.

'Hon. Neal Dow, My dear Sir:

'It has been publicly asserted here, many times in the past few months, that the Maine Prohibitory Law was a failure; that liquors were openly and freely sold in Maine, very much as in States where no such law exists; and that the law is ineffectual as a preventive of intemperance and crime.

'Very truly yours,

'JOSHUA L. BAILY.'

'PORTLAND, July 31, 1877.

'My Dear Mr. Baily:

'Your letter of the 27th reached me yesterday, and I take the earliest opportunity to reply. Ever since the law of prohibition to the liquor traffic in Maine was adopted, twenty-six years ago, it has been constantly asserted by men, impelled either by interest or appetite, that the statute was a failure, that it did not in any degree diminish the sale or consumption of strong drinks.

'The liquor traffic in Maine is reduced to very small proportions, and is *entirely suppressed* except in two or three of the larger towns, and is there confined to the lowest and vilest of the foreign population, and is carried on with the utmost secrecy and caution, and it will continue in that way until it shall be declared by law to be a felony, and be punished as such, and it will very soon come to that in Maine.

'There is now no one in this State engaged, however covertly, in the liquor traffic, except such as are willing to hazard the gaol for the sake of the large profits made in that infamous trade.

'There comes from the Bursar of Statistics, the statement that the expenditure for intoxicating liquors in the United States is about $27,000.000, reckoning cost and loss. Before the Maine law our people consumed their full share of these liquors or worse. But now the drink bill of Maine is not more than $1,000,000, if it is so much, and the difference between these two sums represents our annual savings in this one department of expenditure, and the consequence is that Maine has suffered far less than any other part of the country from the present financial crisis and stagnation in business.

'I repeat here that there never was a time when the policy of prohibition to the liquor traffic was more firmly established in the public opinion of Maine than it is now. The original Maine Law was passed through the legislature of 1851 by a vote of 86 to 40 in the House, and 18 to 10 in the Senate. At the last session of our legislature, January, 1877, after an experience of twenty-six years of the results of prohibition, an Act additional, with greatly increased penalties, passed through both Houses without a dissenting vote.

'This remarkable fact indicates the opinion and the deliberate resolve of the people of Maine upon the matter, better than any quantity of speeches and resolutions and temperance meetings could do it. The people of Maine regard the liquor traffic as "the gigantic crime of crimes," and the time is not distant when it will be treated as such in our laws.

'Very truly yours,

'NEAL DOW.'

'Mr. Allen quotes a clergyman (from Canada) who had been in Maine six weeks, who told him there was more drunkenness than he had ever witnessed in any village in Canada of the same population. I

dare say this same man, if asked, would declare that there was more liquor sold in Maine than in Canada, in proportion to the population. Now I have lived in Maine more than half a century, and I say the quantity of liquor sold here is not one-tenth as much as it was before the Maine Law. In our rural districts—our villages and smaller towns—the liquor traffic is absolutely unknown; it is carried on clandestinely in our larger towns, on a small scale, almost exclusively by the lowest part of our foreign population. It is not I alone who say this; I quote from certificates sent to England, from the Governor of Maine, and every member of our Executive Council; from all our Senators and Members of Congress; from Judges of Courts, Mayors, and ex-Mayors, Aldermen and Councilmen, adding this, that the condition of the people of Maine in all their interests has been wonderfully improved by the Maine Law, and the suppression of the liquor traffic by its operation.'

Mr. Dow further says that he has just returned from a visit paid to Bangor, since the above was written, and 'finds all the material statements of an article in the *Boston Post*,' respecting the criminal statistics of that city (copied into some Canadian papers), to be false.

This is strong and direct testimony, and the following extract from a letter from Mr. Dow to the *Alliance News*, published in London, England, in the issue for September 1, 1877, will answer the query whether the people of Maine are likely to reject their Liquor Law.

PORTLAND, August, 14, 1877.

'Last evening the State Committee of the Democratic party had a meeting in this city to arrange for the business of the Democratic State Convention, which has been held to-day. At this meeting of the committee the subject of prohibition and license was discussed, and the vote was unanimous that the platform should contain no word in opposition to prohibition.

'At the convention to-day a committee on resolutions was chosen as usual. This committee consists of one from each county in the State, who is selected by the delegation from each county, so that he may fairly represent the opinions of the Democrats of the locality. This committee reported a series of resolutions, but not one of them even alluded to license, whereupon a lawyer from Bangor moved an amendment which was intended to commit the party to the policy of licensed grog shops. When the vote was taken, only a very few persons arose in its favour. When the negative was called, the immense assembly sprang to their feet with cheer upon cheer, and continued cheers. That settles the Maine Law for Maine for all future time, if there could be any doubt about it before.

'This is a very great event, because the situation is this: An intelligent people, having the full right and power of entire self-government, after an experience of the results of prohibition for more than a quarter of a century, have now deliberately and unanimously re-affirmed their adhesion to it, and have adopted it as the settled and fixed policy of the State. This could not possibly be unless the operation of that policy had been useful and beneficial to the State and people.

'This position of Prohibition in our State is particularly important to the general movement for the legal supression of the liquor traffic, because here, where that policy has been in operation longer and more thoroughly than in any part of the world, the wisdom of it has been deliberately and solemnly pronounced upon, and re-affirmed by the unanimous voice of the people. We understand well that Maine is the key of the whole ground on which the battle of Prohibition is now in progress. We hold our position beyond all possibility of being driven from it, and our guns sweep the field in every direction. The final victory is assured. With glad and grateful hearts, let us praise the Lord who has strengthened and inspired us with courage and resolution, and has enabled us to accomplish this great and glorious work, so infinitely important to every human interest for time and eternity.

'Ever very truly,
'NEAL DOW.'

This testimony is as strong as could well be desired as to the working of the Maine Liquor Law in Maine, and it were well that it should receive full consideration from those who are ever ready, on the slenderest proof, to pronounce the Maine Law a failure. And if Prohibition works thus beneficially in Maine, is there any good reason why it should not work just as beneficially in Canada. If it would, that should settle the question.

Mr. Allen has, unintentionally doubtless, somewhat misconstrued the avowal of the present writer that Prohibition is only an experiment, not a finality, that at the best and in our best efforts we are but groping through the dark, etc., etc. Mr. Allen treats this admission as if it concerned Prohibition alone; whereas the writer wished to call attention to our imperfect vision in all our efforts, whether for the good of others or ourselves. But are we therefore to sit passive and do nothing? If no man ever ventured on a step of which he could not clearly see the remotest consequences in all their complications, he would never move at all; certainly he would never 'act, act in the living present,'—the noblest duty of a rational being. Every great advance in the history of humanity has been reached only through a long series of blundering attempts and discouraging failures, simply because man has to live and learn. But if nothing had been attempted, nothing would ever have been done, and reforms in which

to-day we rejoice as accomplished facts, would still by many have been relegated to an impossible Utopia. And are we to expect that the Temperance Problem is to be easier of settlement than all other great problems have been, or to conclude that because it is difficult we will make no attempts. Rather let each one do his best, according to his light. If others show them a better way to the same end, prohibitionists will rejoice and give honour where honour is due. If we do not regard Prohibition as a finality it is because the sobriety of society is the finality aimed at. That secured, Prohibition might well drop out of sight, as a severe remedy no longer needed. If we speak of it as an experiment, it is by no means as one of mere philosophical curiosity, no *experimentum in corpore vili*, but the sort of experiment which is tried when our nearest and dearest is prostrated by serious illness, and every remedy tried so far has failed. How often in such circumstances is the new remedy, not yet tried, eagerly grasped at, and how often does the perplexed physician say, doubtfully enough, 'we can but try it.' And so, since the demon of drunkenness has been ravaging human health, life, and happiness so long, sapping the springs of social life and prosperity, hanging as a dead weight on the wheels of human progress, here is a remedy which has worked well in some cases; let us at least try it. If it should fail, we can hardly be worse off than we were before.

And that the disease *is* a desperate one, few indeed would venture to deny. Here is a picture, or a set of pictures, which has burned itself into the souls of those who are seeking the most effectual means of rooting out the poison growth. We quote from Dr. Holland in a recent number of *Scribner's Monthly*, and who will say that the colouring is too strong?

'He saw at the corner of every street the magazines of liquid death doing their poisonous work on body and soul, licensed and cherished by the politics of a great city, and intrenched behind the strongholds of law and public opinion. He saw comfortable men going in, day after day, and coming out poor and debauched, imbibing with their intoxicating and debasing draughts the habits of idleness which inevitably made paupers of them and of their wives and children. He saw ten thousand grog-shops absorbing not only the hard earnings of the poor, but the mistaken gifts of the benevolent, who were trying to give them bread. He saw uncounted masses of men, women, and children, poisoned through and through with drink, and dark figures moving among them influenced to cruelty and crime, and he realized that the little he had done to stem this tide of degradation was only to be compared to the holding of his hand in the rapids of a Niagara. He looked around him, among the rich and the good, and saw them apathetic—overawed by, or content with the respectability of a traffic and a practice which were the daily source of more misery, debasement, poverty, and crime than any which he knew, and felt that he was regarded by them either as a weak enthusiast or an impracticable fanatic. No voice of warning that he could raise would be heard amid the jeers of the scoffing crowd.'

But while seeking the uprooting of the traffic, the friends of Prohibition are willing to welcome any and every means of alleviating the evil. They have no desire to set up Prohibition in opposition to 'moral suasion.' Some of the strongest prohibitionists have for years been expending their best energies in moral suasion, as, for instance, the warm prohibitionist and noble temperance advocate, Father Stafford. With these it is just because they have been so earnest in the work of persuasion, that they so desire the suppression of the traffic which, to a great extent, thwarts their best efforts. But they are ready to welcome every ally of whatever kind. They would gladly see every possible influence brought to bear for the elevation of the uneducated classes, —the providing higher and nobler interests to replace the need of grosser stimulants, and places of pleasant meeting where men may meet to gratify the social impulse and find innocent recreation without being exposed to the destroying temptation. All these and more, prohibitionists will gladly welcome and aid. Let the opponents of Prohibition show themselves equally in earnest in combating this foe to humanity by whatever means may seem to them best. If we differ, as we must, by reason of the imperfection of human sight, let us at least differ honestly and *earnestly*, and show our earnestness by our earnest work for the cause which all profess to have at heart—

'On, onward strain
Brave barks, through light and darkness too;
Through winds and tides one compass guides,
To that and your own selves be true.'

FIDELIS.

ORANGISM, CATHOLICISM, AND SIR FRANCIS HINCKS.

IN past uncivilized times Protestants persecuted Catholics, and Catholics Protestants, and we and they had equally our penal laws. But now, wherever the English language is spoken, Protestants have proclaimed all persecution for religion's sake, as, in practice and principle, immoral and irreligious. To force a man to profess what he does not believe, we regard as grotesque and horrible. This is of the very essence of our mode of thinking —*an integral portion of our Protestant faith and of our Protestant selves.* Whatever differences among us may exist, there is no difference here. To this we have grown irreversibly under the tuition of a common Protestantism.

But can the same be said of Catholicism? Has this, too, been rising out of the slough of the past? Has the teaching of the Ages impressed the same lesson on the Church of Rome? Now, that that lesson has never been learned *there,* is what fills the minds of Protestants with a feeling of insecurity: and this feeling, the late decree vesting infallibility in one man; the making absolute submission to the will of the Pope the duty of all Catholics; and the news of a new 'Universal Catholic League,' having for its end the annihilation of all individualism and of the free play of the human faculties, have tended largely to augment.

Is the Protestant mind alarming itself needlessly? When, in Spain, an archbishop commands the people to vote for no one who tolerates the heretical doctrine of liberty of speech or liberty of worship; and this (he says) because the Pope commands it; and when he and his subordinates try to gag the press and so strangle in its cradle this Hercules of our liberties, what are we to infer? And then compare the magnificent men of this magnificent country, now plunged in half-anarchy and whole ignorance, with the same country under its Moorish rulers, holding up the beacon-lights of learning and science to a dark and distracted age.

Is it not a strange phenomenon, which the results of Christian teaching have brought into such relief on the very foreground of our human history, that a religion based on the paramount claims of conscience and the purity of the affections, and of which it is a fundamental principle, that, whatever other gifts we may possess, 'without charity we are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal,' should, through the perversity and dogmatism of the human mind,* be so transmuted, that men have hated one another with the hatred almost of fiends, and persecuted to the death, with fearful tortures, their fellow-men, under the horrible delusion that they were honouring God by destroying His creatures? †

And this seems especially strange when it is considered that the Founder of their Faith had not only rebuked all persecution, but had laid down *the broadest principles of universal toleration;* for, when appealed to on this subject by His disciples, He replied, let the tares and the wheat grow up *together* in the world *until* the harvest at the end of it, then will God see that the bad be separated from amongst the good, (Matth. xiii., 24-30).

It is singular, too, that that which is not formally and precisely defined—the dogmatic creed—should have usurped the place of that which is of essential and

* The Latin proverb—'*Deorum offensa Diis cura,*' Offences against the gods are the gods' affair, which may thus be paraphrased: Crimes against man are man's concern; the gods are competent to guard the rights of gods—is worth attending to. If this short proverb had been duly weighed; if the command of Christ, to suffer the tares and the wheat to grow together until the end of the world, had been obeyed; what oceans of blood; what crimes, and murders, and miseries, and madness would have been spared the world. This would, indeed, have been a gospel of peace; but what has 'Infallibility' done for us, but set the world by the ears, embittering existence and poisoning humanity at its source,

† The reader—and every one ought to be a reader here—will find some very able and striking remarks on this aspect of our subject, in an article on 'The Ethics of Vivisection,' in the July number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY.

primary importance—the character of the individual; and that instead of man's destiny being made to depend on his obedience to the behests of his conscience according to the best lights he can attain to, he is believed to be a subject for punishment however fearful, because of not believing some dogma, which, owing to the native build of his mind, or the fashioning conditions of his life, or to both, it is morally impossible that he ever can believe. And yet men have persecuted one another for not being able to scale this wall of iron impossibility. They might just as well persecute them for not being able to climb to the moon.

One would think that a man might be saved, who, trying to believe aright, strove conscientiously to do his duty to God and man, whether he held to transubstantiation or believed it an absurdity; or that the earth rolls on its axis and not the sun round it: for what have these outside questions of the intellect to do with the ethics of the heart, or the goodness of the life, or the spirituality of the man? But, then, the ecclesiastic mind is something wonderful.

But it is said, 'let him hear the Church.' He may be gentle, generous, true, and noble in all the relations of life; *but* this one fatal flaw of not believing the infallibility of one man in Rome—for it really amounts to this—spoils all, and he, for this, becomes an outcast from heaven. And yet we read in these sacred writings, that 'pure *religion*, and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.' And, really, this looks not so ill beside the decrees of Trent—anathemas and all! But then, religion and theology stand very wide apart.

But the whole thing looks so grotesque and unreasonable, that prior to its adoption into the creed of any sane man, the foundation for such a belief ought to be subjected to the most searching criticism. We proceed, then, to examine the whole passage, text and context. If, says Christ, (Matth. xviii, 15)—'if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between him and thee alone; and if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he *neglect* to hear them, tell it to the Church (*ecclesia*, assembly); but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican.'

Now remark that the case put by Christ is not one of *faith* at all—not one of orthodox or heterodoxy—but simply of *wrong done* by one member of the Church in any particular locality to another member of the same. If he neglect to hear you privately, or the brethren you take with you, or the church; if he *ignore or spurn* all advice tendered from every quarter, he must be content to be henceforth to you no more than any other outsider; and all this being premised, God ratifies your decree of exclusion against him, till at least he repents (v. 21, 22, &c.). Of course, the church means the assembly of believers *in that place*; for that *every private misunderstanding between man and man* should be carried to Rome could scarcely have been contemplated. But what has all this to do with the Council of Trent and its whole lumber of obsolete, unbelievable dogmas, or with the Vatican Council, or with the Pope's infallibility? *And what a monstrous superstructure to build on so slight a base!* Did the world ever behold the like of it?

But 'thou art Peter': what do you make of *that?* I certainly do *not* make of it, that Peter is Pope Pius the IX. But to proceed: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell (Hades) shall not prevail against it.'

Now the argument takes this shape: the word Peter (Petros) means a rock, and on this rock (Petra) Christ built his church. But Peter (Petros) does *not* mean a rock, but only a rock-fragment. The Greek word for *rock*, i.e., the underlying rock on which a building would be raised, is quite a different word —Petra. Now in this, the true sense of the word, Paul tells us that '*other* foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Christ Jesus' (1 Cor. iii, 11.) If this be admitted, then not Peter but Christ is the foundation rock, the Petra, on which the church is built. But there is a sense in which Peter and the other Apostles might be said to be the foundation of the building, to wit, if it, the building commenced with them as its first or foundation stones, each of them a petros. But

what, in the name of common sense, has 'thou art Peter' to do with an old gentleman in Rome 1800 years after. Peter had just said, 'thou art the Christ, the son of the living God.' Whereupon Christ says, thou art Peter (Petros), and 'upon *this rock* (Petra) will I build my church.' I am the Christ, and upon this rock, this basis of thy confession, or myself, I will build my church. It was a mode of speaking, characteristically Christ's own. When (John ii.) he drove the Jews out of the temple, and they demanded a miracle in proof of his assumed authority, he said 'destroy, *this temple*, and in three days I will raise it up.' Then said the Jews, 'forty and six years was *this temple* in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days.' But though he does not seem to have vouchsafed them the slightest intimation of the temple that was in his thoughts, his disciples inform us that he was all the while talking of *the temple of his body*.

But in whatever way the similarity of sound and the affinity of sense of these two cognate words may strike, at first sight, the casual reader of this passage, the far more obvious literality of interpretation involved apparently in the words '*this* temple' (in or close to which they were then standing), ought to lead to extreme caution in giving to an obscure passage an interpretation which unfolds such fearful consequences; just as their interpretation of 'the sun stood still,' &c., once led the Roman Church to infer that the earth was the centre of the universe, as poor Galileo found to his cost, and that our present system of astronomy was a fearful heresy.

In this connection, it is curious to notice that when Pope Gregory VII. stripped Henry of his Crown and conferred it on Rodolph, he employed this hexameter—'Petra dedit Petro, Petros diadema Rodolpho': i.e., the Rock gave the crown to Peter, Peter to Rodolph; so that I have infallibility with me in my interpretation. But if it be still insisted that the church is built on Peter, what can that have to do with Protestantism or Popery? Nothing, absolutely nothing. But He does not say that he will build His church on Peter, but changes the word petros (a masculine noun) to petra (a feminine noun), a word of an altogether different meaning, petra being the word a Greek would employ in speaking of the underlying Silurian rock-stratum of this part of Canada, as we say the Silurian *rock*. We build *with* a Petros *on* a Petra. But only look at the absurdity of the thing. Christ built His church on Peter; ergo, an old man in Rome—and, oh, how chosen!—long centuries after, has the sole power to declare what every man in the world shall think and how he shall act. But whatever be the sufferings of the church in *this* world, 'the gates of Hades,'—the place of the dead—shall not avail to hold them in, for my people shall rise again in immortality, having burst the barriers of death and hell.

But he is Peter's *successor*! Of that you know as little as I do, and that is simply *nothing at all*. But what if he be? How does that alter the case. Did Christ say likewise that the church is built on the *successors* of Peter. If so, then I say, God help them! What! Built on Nicholas III, on Boniface VIII, or Alexander VI, with his sweet Cardinal son, Cæsar Borgia, or on two Popes excommunicating one another, or on three! Surely, in so stupendously important a matter we ought not to be left *without the clearest and minutest information*. But we read nothing about it—nothing of a stationary infallible tribunal in Rome for shutting down the valves of thought, and gagging the Galileos of science for venturing to affirm what every man *today*, from the Pope to his postilion, equally believes, as one of the solidest, most unassailable facts of the world. And what is *the use* of an infallibility, which the more it dogmatises, the more surely it goes wrong? Surely by this time they ought to give it up as a most unfortunate business.

But Popes have been so confessedly fallible in so many instances, that ecclesiastics have had to invent for them an *ex cathedra* way—or new church-patent—for getting over that. Still now arises a new question, as to what *is* ex cathedra and what is *not*, some affirming, some denying, so that they will have to call another general council to determine that. But, perhaps, they will not; since it is a handy kind of doctrine; for when one prefers any particular notion, he can affirm the ex cathedra; and if he finds it inconvenient, he may take the other side. So that, as Dean Swift once wittily said, they might as well be without infallibility as not know where to find it when they want it. But then Dean Swift was a blockhead, for this kind of

moral see-sawing just answers to a nicety the views of the ecclesiastics. Still—and here is the peril—an occasion might arise to quicken men into *unanimity*, and then, ah then . . . . But I must hasten to another arm of my subject.

Now the Pope and Sir Francis Hincks have no strong liking for Orangemen. The Pope is opposed to all secret societies, and therefore institutes the greatest the world has ever known—this new 'UNIVERSAL CATHOLIC LEAGUE,' which is to 'absorb all existing associations, such as Catholic Clubs, the Militia of Jesus Christ, and the like,' with its 'centre in Rome,' and its fingers in every man's affairs.* And yet, in presence of this vivid, gigantic, all-ramifying secret society, how pales and dwarfs this little association of Orangemen.

To give some idea of the objects of the League, and of the scheme of its organization, I shall present the reader with some extracts from the London *Daily News* :

1. The centre of the league shall be at Rome.
2. The general presidence of the league shall reside in the Vatican, and, with it, the personnel of a general sectarial board.
5. The office of the general presidence shall have seven directions, each with a head division, and with secretaries.
Division first—Union of Catholic jurists; second, Catholic workingmen's societies; third, central committees; fourth, Catholic regions; fifth, diocesan functionaries; sixth, general depot; seventh, academic committee for the union of the learned in the scientific efforts of Catholicism.
The league shall have for its objects :
1. The defence of right and freedom in face of the laws restricting the church and the Pope. The restoration of the temporal power, of which the Pope has been despoiled in violation of the rights of the Holy See and Christianity—a restoration to be effected in the sight of justice, human and divine.
2. To expound and demonstrate the dangers of liberty falsely so-called.
3. To combat individualism.
6. To countermine the press.
9. To reunite all the forces of civilized society, its intelligence and its material resources, for the benefit of the holy cause.
10. To institute a central press for the reception and distribution of communications to all Catholic journalism.
11, To institute popular schools for technical instruction; to institute Catholic libraries, banks for the immediate advance of money, mixed clubs of the noblesse and bourgeoisie, directing clubs for the active agents of the league, workmen's aid societies.
13. To effect the coalition of the noblesse and the clergy in the grand struggle for the freedom and ultimate empire of the church; to consolidate the union of the clergy with the bishops, and of the bishops with the pope, 'All for One and One for All.'
14. Pecuniary largess and formation of the bonds of fellowship between the several cities, communes, boroughs, and persons, for the maintenance of the directing missionary priests, and for promoting harmony of the means of action.
15. Establishment of telegraphic bureaus in the great centres in correspondence with the central one at the Vatican, for the concurrence of all the Catholic forces in union.

The real objects, however, may be reduced to the one of Article 3—'to combat individualism.' Yes, *that* it is against which has been directed from the infancy of the world, the enginery of all the despots, political and religious, the world has ever seen—to grind down, in their mill, THE MAN; to fuse him into the mass; not indeed to destroy his thinking powers, but to index the direction they are to take, the groove they are to run in; to comb him down and sleekly discipline him to the service of ecclesiasticism; to rob himself of the brain that nature has given him, and to give him one clipped and pared to the pleasure of the Pope; and by stinting and stunting to reduce the stalwart limbs, and so force some grand Copernicus into the breeches of a dwarf. And poor Galileo! This man, of a free, bold intellect, had embraced the doctrine of a central sun and a rotating world. This was *then* a frightful heresy. Summoned to Rome, and the terrors of the Inquisition brought to bear on him—and he knew well what they meant—the poor, terrified soul of him, humbled and broken, uttered this shameful lie: 'With a sincere heart and unfeigned faith, *I abjure, curse, and detest* the said errors and heresies.' Had he not learned with a vengeance what 'combating individualism' meant? And is it to be wondered at if we Protestants have some repugnance to this system of de-individualization?

Article 13 simply means that, in this crusade against the liberties of mankind, 'the noblesse and the clergy,' the Aristocracies and the Ecclesiastics the world over, are to unite their forces—a new nineteenth century oligarchy of the two great castes of the world to bend their efforts to achieve for the new age what they had effected so *happily* for the old; to issue, as it did

* Were this league to be disolved to-morrow, or to be non-existent, my reasoning would not be thereby invalidated.

before, in the darkness of a night of centuries, in priestcraft and indulgences, in inquisitions and autos-da-fé; to react again in the volcanic terrors of French Revolutions—the final outcome of the outraged feelings, the inhuman miseries, and the insulted rights of mankind. No; we want no little Churchies with their fingers in our British pie. Stand off, gentlemen, your meddling has never been for good with us—or with any.

And for this 'holy cause' (Art. 9) is invoked the union of all the forces of civilised society, its intelligence, and its material resources. Forewarned is forearmed—said to be. *Material resources*, mark! Yes, that sounds like business, and has a new-old ugly look about it, and summons up no very pleasant pictures of the past—of Albigenses, and Waldenses, and St. Dominics, and Philips of Spain, and Dukes of Alva, and dark deeds of horror which ring through history with wailing and warning sounds. And if Orangemen, Sir Francis, read of these things, and can put two and two together and not make five of them, is it any wonder if they are not, at all times, very calm. They are men, Sir Francis, only men. And men cannot always be as impassive as—well, to make a dash at it—as other men may require them to be; and when, *after yielding wisely*, they find that a great wrong is done, their blood will sometimes boil. If, when poor Hackett was murdered, you and I, Sir Francis, had been Orangemen, and had gone with Orangemen to Montreal, with no intention to harm any one, only out of sympathy to our dead brother, and a resolution not to be put down while paying the last dues of sepulture to the poor dead, who had been murdered at noonday, in the midst of our civilisation (!), in a public thoroughfare of a large city, after eighteen centuries of Christian teaching, I suppose we (like the others) would have been put down by Alderman Donovan as 'blackguards and ruffians and cut-throats,' whom no law was bound to protect.

Can Alderman Donovan never look at any question from the standpoint of another? Can he not imagine—granting even that they were absurdly mistaken—that they might have been enthusiastically earnest, all aglow with the intensity of their feelings, wound up to the point of being ready to venture all, even life itself, in the heroic resolve to stand by the right or what seemed to them the right. Armed though they were, they were only a handful among thousands armed too. They meant to do no harm and they returned without doing any—only to bury a dead brother, and with their lives in their hands, they resolved to do or *die;* and they proved at least their manhood, if they did nothing else. All honour to the brave and true! All honour to the men, who, whatever else they be, can look grinning death in the face, and can dare to be martyrs for a principle and to die for a right.

I have ever shewn myself the friend of Catholics; but of Catholicism I am no friend. I consider it a religion in *clear and definite* opposition alike to the teaching of Christ and to the reason of man; but I can feel for and with the honest Catholic. I can look at things from his standpoint, feel the rockings of his emotions, the tremblings of his heart. How *could* I be intolerant or unfeeling toward him. I say to myself, the Pope even cannot help himself; he was born to his creed like most of us; moulded and kneaded in soft childhood to a fixed mental cast, which became indurated with manhood and advancing years, till the twist of culture became the set of brain. How *dare* I be intolerant, then, when I know that the mere accident of birth, the geographical limits within which we are born, become the very force which determines the creed of the millions of mankind, Protestant, Papist, Turk, Greek, and Hindoo. But the man who expects me to admire the stout-hearted, iron-willed, fiery-souled Loyola, refuses his admiration to the Orangeman who dares all things for a principle, and who, judged by a true standard of right, has generally such a sense of it as the great Jesuit leader seems never to have approached. The Orangeman and the Catholic are only phases of our civilization. Both are of one blood, with the pulses of a common humanity beating beneath their skins. That they differ in opinion can scarcely be a reason why they should murder or injure or hate one another. 'The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God,' while the command, 'be pitiful,' is too often overlooked. Yet controversies ought to go on. How can I, if there be any good in me, see my neighbour possessed of an

opinion injurious to himself or to society, without trying to instill a better. I *am* 'my brother's keeper,' and he is mine. And I honour Catholics and Protestants, and all, who, believing that they possess an ennobling idea, are zealous to propagate it. I am not angry with the Pope or his subordinates for their U. C. League. Knowing, as they do, no better, they give us the best they can. Thinking that the enthralment of the intellect is for the good of the soul, they give us the decrees of Trent, with the anathemas affixed, to alarm us; and, half or whole-convinced that they alone know all things, feel themselves quite competent to undertake the education of the world.

This we Protestants dispute. We do not think them competent. We think that in the past they have shewn themselves to be failures; that they have retrograded in religion from the Christianity of Christ; that their philosophy, tethered to theology, rendered the darkness darker still; that their discipline was not such as to make us long for its recurrence; and that in science they made an awful mess of it.

In the programme of *the future*, too, we discover few indications of amendment. *Roma semper eadem* seems shining through every line and ringing in every sentence. What individual Orangemen may think I am not in a position to learn; but I do know that as a body—and growingly so—they do not wish to injure in person or estate, or to curtail the rights of, any Catholic. But Orangemen do, I think, fear, not that Catholics would injure them, but that the doctrines of the church are such, that if a time should come when it would be no longer unsafe or inexpedient or startling to the general mind to avow it, the leaders of Catholicism might revert to the old policy of persecution, with a view to force Protestants within the fold, and thus render the world once again one huge Aceldama—one vast field of blood. They hope, they hope ardently, that this day may never come; but they wish, so far as their little organization is concerned, to meet it not wholly unprepared; and, with all their faults and infirmities (and they are many), they are men of stout hearts and steady resolution, who, like Cromwell's immortal Ironsides, would never disappoint the general that led them to the fray, and who might, in any crisis, become the nucleus round which could rally, in defence of civil and religious liberty, the hosts, not of Protestantism only, but of protesting Catholics—for there are millions of such—Catholics who would tell the ecclesiastics that before they were Catholics they were *men*, that liberty was a boon too precious to be parted with for theoretic considerations, and that no man ought to be forced to lie to his conscience, or say that what he believed not, he believed.

But while we learn that a great, organized corporation, with its headquarters in the Vatican, and its ramifications throughout the civilized world; with its devoted missionaries in every city and town and village of the land, and of every land; with its keen and disciplined spirits to direct its movements to the one common end of putting everything at the feet of Rome—our religion, our institutions, our civilization, our liberties, and our laws, and of planing down all the diversities of intellect, sentiment, and aspiration to the one dead level of uniformity, to the destruction of all thought not in harmony with the thought of one man in Rome—one man who, sitting in the central office of the world, sends his mandates through a thousand wires to tell us what to do and how to think;—is Protestantism to sit by with folded arms waiting to be devoured? This is the question, I suppose, that Orangemen ask themselves. And how can they avoid this feeling of uneasiness? In one way only,—by an authoritative declaration of a complete reversal of the whole secular policy of Rome! We have here to-day the Pope's Legate. Let him declare to his Holiness the wishes of these men and of ourselves. Let him tell him that he may call us schismatics, heretics, disturbers of the peace of the church, 'the tares' of Christendom, and the enemies of religion, and that he may assail our common Protestantism by every weapon in the armory of the Vatican, wielded by all the ablest and most practised officers of his church, *if* he will only *pronounce it ex Cathedra as a principle*, that no man *ought* to enforce religion by physical penalties, and that all persecution of every kind for theological opinions is *immoral and inhuman.* Then only will there exist any solid ground for peace.

That greatest of Parliamentarians.

John Pym, said, in the famous Parliament of 1640, 'By this means a dangerous party is cherished and increased, who are ready to close with any opportunity of disturbing the peace and safety of the state. Yet he did not desire any new laws against Popery, or any rigorous courses in the execution of those already in force, he was far from seeking the ruin of their persons or estates; only he wished they might be kept in such a condition as should restrain them from doing hurt. It may be objected that there are moderate and discreet men amongst them, men of estates, such as have an interest in the peace and prosperity of the kingdom as well as we. These were not to be considered according to *their own* disposition, *but according to the nature of the body whereof they are parties.* The planets have several and particular motions of their own, *yet are they* all rapt and transported into a contrary course by *the superior orb which comprehends them all.*' So, he adds, 'the Pope's command will move them, *against their own* private disposition; yea, against their own reason and judgment, to obey *him.*'

Now this was the deliberate judgment of one of the coolest and calmest brains in England—of a student of history and of man, who, looking at his subject on all sides of it, and weighing well every fact in its every aspect, drew the only conclusion he thought warranted by the facts. And if this subtle and powerful athlete can find no means of escaping the toils of the retiarius, is it to be wondered at if a few uninstructed Orangemen feel sometimes impatient and inclined to snap their fingers at it all. But then, Sir Francis, 'Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit,' even possibly yourself.

Was this conclusion of the great Pym the result of ancient prejudice? We shall see presently. Mr. Gladstone lately published a pamphlet with the object mainly of proving that the late Vatican decree of infallibility, and of the obligation of passive submission in all things to the will of the Pontiff on the part of every Catholic, had changed the whole aspect of Catholicism towards the civil rulers of every country; and that 'the world at large . . . are entitled *on purely civil grounds* to expect from Roman Catholics some declaration or manifestation of opinion, in reply to that ecclesiastical party in their church, who have laid down, *in their name*, principles adverse to the purity and integrity of civil government.' He also showed that at the period when a generous public wished to grant Catholic Emancipation, and when some Protestants, taking these views of Mr. Pym, got alarmed, 'the eminent and able Bishop Doyle did not scruple to write as follows: 'We are taunted with the proceedings of Popes. What, my Lord, have we Catholics to do with the proceedings of Popes, or why should *we* be made accountable for *them.*' Now this might seem to lead to the inference that British Protestants were by these representations deceived, or *misled.*'

To this question, Lord Acton,* a Catholic nobleman, replies thus: 'Dear Mr. Gladstone, ... the doctrines against which you are contending *did not begin with the Vatican Council.* At the time when the Catholic oath was repealed, the Pope had *the same right and power* to excommunicate those who denied his authority *to depose princes* that he possesses *now.* The writers most esteemed at Rome held that doctrine as *an article of faith*; a modern Pontiff has affirmed that it cannot be abandoned without *taint of heresy*, and that those who questioned and restricted his authority in *temporal* matters, were *worse* than those that rejected it in spirituals, and accordingly men suffered *death for this* cause as others did for blasphemy and atheism. . . . . . I will explain my meaning by an example. A Pope who lived in Catholic times, and who is famous in history as the author of the first crusade, decided that it is no murder to *kill* excommunicated persons. This rule was incor-

* The question which Lord Acton had to answer was, as adopted and expressed in his own letter, the following: 'How shall we persuade the Protestants that we are not acting *in defiance of honour and good faith* if, having declared that infallibility was *not* an article of our faith, *while* we were contending for our rights, we should, *now that we have got what we wanted, withdraw from* our public declaration, and affirm the contrary.' But he thinks (and I think) that 'there has been, and I believe there is still, some exaggeration in the idea men form of the agreement in thought and deed which authority *can* accomplish. As far as decrees, censures, and persecution could commit the Court of Rome, it was committed to the denial of the Copernican system.' Such is his statement. Nevertheless, as he shows, *nous avons changé tout cela.* I ought to add that here and elsewhere I have taken the privilege of italicising freely.

porated in *the Canon law*. . . It appears in *every* reprint of the "Corpus Juris." It has been for 700 years, and *continues to be*, part of the Ecclesiastical law. Far from having been a *dead letter*, it obtained a new *application* in the days of the Inquisition. . . . . Pius V., the only Pope who had been proclaimed a *saint* for many centuries, having deprived Elizabeth, commissioned *an assassin to take her life*; and his next successor, on learning that the Protestants were being massacred in France, pronounced the action *glorious and holy*, but comparatively barren of results; and *implored* the king, during two months, by his nuncio and his legate, to carry the work on to the bitter end, until every Huguenot had recanted or *perished*.' In short, he argues that Protestants *ought not* to have been misled.

But why quote more, and worse, of what is utterly sickening, and which degrades Christianity into literal Thugism. If this had been written by an Orangeman, half the world and Sir Francis would cry 'shame,' and would feel bound to protest against it as an insult and most disgraceful caricature. Yet it is the statement of an able and courteous Catholic Nobleman. But is Sir Francis Hincks's indignation so wholly expended on Orangemen that he has none left for this? No swellings of indignation? No word of censure, or reproof? Yet what, compared with this, is our little Orange affair, even (say) with its ascendancy, and colours, and regalia? Is there not in it, Sir Francis, much to justify the utmost extravagance imputed to the most extreme Orangeman in his most excited moments? But I believe there are millions of Catholic people who repudiate these doctrines of ecclesiastics, and I cannot help hoping that the enlightenment which is gaining ground, the advanced statesmanship of the age, the pity of the human heart, the sense of justice that is born with us, the growing knowledge of the foundations of belief, the principles of toleration inculcated by Christ and by all the good and wise of every age, and the public conscience of Christendom, will present such a moral inertia of resistance to this mad fever-movement of Ecclesiasticism, as will save the world from the worst evil that can befall it—a government of priests. Do they imagine at Rome that the world is a toy for them to play with? Do ecclesiastics forget that for evoking such a spirit the world would hold *them* responsible? that they would not be those who would suffer least or last? that reprisals and fearful vengeance would take the place of law and peace? and that society itself must cease to exist, were their theories to be reduced to practice?

But if Catholic Theologians think that some verse in the Bible leads to this stupendous and inhuman result, how much wiser, *if driven to it*, to believe that such isolated passage—not having any necessary connection with what goes before or follows after—had been inserted into the text, by mistake, from some marginal or interlined comment of an early copyist of a New Testament manuscript, and so had crept into general adoption; or even by design, in the interest of priest-power or of a foregone conclusion, as, beyond all reasonable doubt, some texts have crept in,—than to believe that God has handed over mankind, tied hand and foot, absolutely, unreservedly, for their belief and their conduct, their political institutions, and social and domestic arrangements, for their literature and their science—for it comes to that—to one man of a succession of men, some of whom were, acknowledgedly, foolish men, some indifferently good, and some bad men. It is a notion so extraordinary that every man of strong sense rejects it as an absurdity *in limine*, no matter by whom or by what asserted.

I am no theologian. I only try to understand the meaning of a passage in the Bible as I would that of a passage in any ancient book—of Xenophon or Horace, say—by text and context interpreted by common sense, and in that way I have questioned the text 'hear the Church,' and tried to elicit its meaning. But I should like to put a question to the Pope. You Pius the 9th have *much* faith. Now a text of Scripture affirms that if you have only a *grain* of faith, you can remove a mountain (Matth. xvii, 20). Now—I drop the second person as seemingly irreverent—there are Vesuvius and the Himalayas—dont laugh; it is a subject more properly for tears—let him try his hand on *them*, for is it not a text as clear as 'thou art Peter.' There are many engineering difficulties in the world where it would be very convenient to employ this power. Let him transplant Vesuvius—the

farmers in its neighbourhood, I am sure, would not complain—into the deadly Pontine Marshes at his very door, and he will do more towards removing the Unbelief of the Orangemen in him than by a thousand musty tomes of bog logic in bog latin. Why spend his time in weaving moonbeams into arguments, when practical life lies before him, where he can be, if he has the tiniest grain of faith, of real assistance. But why all this? I reply, in order to shew how a *theologian*—and, a fortiori, a thousand theologians hair-splitting for a thousand years—lighting on a text of obscure meaning, can wring out of it any absurdity by hammering at it with a will; for if, after all, he can force nothing out of it, he can at least force something into it, and from 'thou art Peter' can prove that the Pope is divinely warranted to govern the outer and inner life of every man in the world. And because Orangemen have an inaptitude for such a belief, it only shews what stupid and bad men Orangemen must be; or even that they have forfeited the right to be at all.

Still I never favoured Orangism. I thought that playing their party tunes hardly edified our Catholic fellow-citizens, that it did not exhibit Protestantism in its most amiable and winning form, and that it was provocative of counter displays. I thought it unnecessarily offensive, and therefore not in good taste; that some of the leaders were using their humbler brethren for political ends; and that their gatherings were at times accompanied by some of those baleful evils of social gatherings generally. But these are only accidental to such meetings, not essentials of the organization, and will, I have reason to hope, where wrong, be discontinued and improved. But when they celebrate among themselves 'the Battle of the Boyne;' when they talk of the brave deeds, and enduring fortitude, and resolute courage. and unflinching faith of the men, often their forefathers, who fought for their principles in that bloody fight, it is not in human nature for them not to feel the elation of the hour. It was a conflict pregnant with big consequences to them and to the world. But here I must go back a little.

The wars of religion (really of theology) in France and Germany, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Marian persecution in England, the wholesale slaughter paying off old scores not a few in Ireland, had led Protestants to believe that public security was compatible only with Catholic disability to hurt. Catholics, on the other hand, bleeding under the persecutions of Elizabeth and the remorseless slaughter at Drogheda, the sufferings of their priests and the constant irritations and fearful hardships of penal laws, believed that their only hopes lay in victory and James; while the Protestants looked to William of Orange for relief from the despotism and cruelty of Jeffreys and James. Hearts and hopes beat high on both sides, while, shrouded in the darkness of the uncertain future, arose before the perturbed spirit many a spectre of possible despair. And when the battle was won—a battle which, had it gone against us, might possibly have reversed the whole course of English history and the very currents of the world—is it any wonder that the memory of it should have burnt itself into the hearts and brains of the descendants of those who had risked life and all things on the issue of that fight? No: it is one of those things that men never can, and never ought to be expected to, forget.

And with what results to Catholics *today*? We have flung our fears to the wind, stripped ourselves of every special safeguard of the constitution, and ventured all on the open ocean of peril and the future, for the sake of putting every Catholic on the soil of Britain on a full footing of equality with ourselves. The seed sown then has grown into a tree of liberty for all, flowering and fruiting for Protestant and Catholic alike. So that, as an outcome of the whole, Catholics may listen, without too much discomposure, to the victory of the Boyne; and Orangemen, without being 'ruffians and blackguards,' may be allowed their thankfulness and their triumph. Still their triumph will, I hope, be tempered with that modesty of demeanor which sits so well on the truly manful soul. But 'Croppies lie down' belongs to another age, when the sword of final arbitrament is unsheathed and argument has ceased. It is offensive, and therefore wrong. Still, there were, I believe, few, if any, who knew the words or the import of the tune they played or heard. It must be remembered, too, that we are all of us only emer

ging slowly out of the less wholesome atmosphere of the past.

But to return. A principal object contemplated by this 'U. C. League' is 'the restoration of the temporal power' of the Pope (Art. 1). That is, he is to be forced by the bayonets of foreigners, by whom he is little known, upon the people of Rome, who know him well—who know him so well that they don't want him; indeed, want anything rather than *him*. Would this be just or patriotic? How should we in Canada like to have a government forced on *us* by foreigners? The people of Rome are Catholies. Rome for a thousand years has been the very focus and head-quarters of Catholicism; and yet the whole combined teaching of Pope, and Priests, and Jesuits, has not been able to reconcile the Romans to the government of the Pope. Has this no lesson for Catholics? Whereas Garibaldi, without ancient prestige, with nothing to recommend him but his brave naked soul, his disinterestedness, and his truth, is a name of magic, loved and all but worshipped *there*. And he lives to-day THE FRIEND OF MAN; while Rome, in the ecclesiastical sense, is the moral solecism of this nineteenth century, and a standing menace to the world.

In the famous Syllabus and Encyclical of the present Pope, all are condemned 'who maintain the liberty of the press,' 'of conscience,' 'of worship,' 'of speech,' . . . . or 'that the church may not employ force,' . . . . or 'that the Roman Pontiff ought to come to terms with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization,' . . . . or that in 'countries called Catholic the free exercise of their religions may laudably be allowed' (see Mr. Gladstone's 'Expostulation'). Now, if these doctrines of the Popedom are to come into practice—and the Pope seems terribly in earnest—we have come to this pass, that either civil government will be brought to a dead lock, or that the sword will have to be drawn in defence of human liberties and rights. Does he want, or does he not want, a return of the happy times; that a Pope of Rome may put the Kingdom of England, the Republic of the United States, and the Empire of Russia under the terrors and confusion of an *Interdict?*—a return to times when men's sense of right—for you may educate or de-educate a man to almost anything—will be so perverted that the most appalling crimes, if committed by the *clergy* and tried by the ordinary tribunals of law and justice, will horrify the mind ecclesiastical?—a return to the times of Becket? 'Then'—I quote from the historian Froude—'then,' say Becket's despairing biographers, 'was seen the mournful spectacle of priests and deacons, who had committed murder, manslaughter, theft, robbery, and other crimes, carried in carts before the King's commissioners and punished as if they had been ordinary men!' To us this reads as if they had been enjoying the drollery of the thing! but, no, this was their solemn belief. *As if they had been ordinary men!* Truly may it be said that man is the creature of his circumstances, when that featherless biped can be reduced to think like this! Yet to us it seems a climax of pervertibility hardly reachable by any mortal. But not so; the churchman-mind is not governed by ordinary rules. He has a little world and an ideal of his own; and he dwells and dreams apart; and he does some wonderful feats of thinking; and he looks at this, his microcosm, so long and so lovingly, and it is so near to him, and the big world of life and reality and other men so far away, that the one looms up before him bigger and bigger as he looks, and the other fades into the far off, until the mighty Sirius in the distance is no bigger than a speck. And what cares he for your arguments, and science, and facts? They do not belong to *his world*. Besides, he has a faith-menstruum of his own—a universal celestial solvent—by which he can melt down the hardest facts in the universe, and thus mould and shape them to fit any theory he adopts. And this practice of mental legerdemain keeps growing into a habit of universal perversion, until, at last, the world becomes so topsy-turvied that things stand in reversed order to his mind; and hence he thinks, without a consciousness of its absurdity, how 'mournful a spectacle' it is, that judges should punish ecclesiastics for crimes 'as if they were ordinary men.' No: we should have an *imperium in imperio* for our murder-committing *saints*—an exceptional rule for the demigods of humanity, in whose veins forever courses the ichor of the gods. But what stupid louts our Orangemen, that they cannot recognize this beauty of the coming age! Why, Sir, such men see little

to be grateful for in the goings on of Pope's Legates in the good old times (King John, Act iii.), when a minister of Rome could say (Act v., scene 1):

> 'It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
> Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope:
> But, since you are a gentle convertite,
> My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
> And make fair weather in your blustering land.'

And so they blew the tempest up or made fair weather, to suit the whim or interest of Rome, and make or mar the welfare of the world.

Speak I thus to wound? Nothing can be farther from my thoughts. But I wish to warn, where I think the danger demands it. There are so many Catholics—many of them old friends—whom willingly I would not offend. But, if there be any manhood in me, I must speak out freely what I think, and what they do not believe, that their great leaders hold these views, and are pushing things to all extremities. Catholic laymen and the better-informed and more liberal of their teachers ought to make themselves heard before it is too late. But, happen what will, a good dose of truth is good for all men; and, if what I write be false, no one will be more pleased than I shall be to see it proved so. If true, they can come over to my side. They are not bound to this Catholicism as to a profession or trade which they have learned and cannot readily give up to take to another. If I have anything to impart, I am bound to impart it: emasculated thought is no proper thought at all. I know that Catholics do not realize the consequences to mankind of the theories of Rome. They accept things as they are, without thinking very much about them in a questioning way. It is the religion of their parents and their grandparents, and their earliest and strongest and gentlest sentiments of awe and reverence twine themselves round it, and, possibly, round some high-souled teacher or gentle nun, who represents to their minds the highest exemplars of all that is purest and noblest in humanity. And they hear of a Xavier in India wearing himself out in the service of the faith, and of an Elizabeth of Hungary, purest and saintliest of women; and they read the lives of the saints, and they think that Christianity could never have become corrupted with armies of priests and bishops to keep it pure; and they read of that arch-rebel and apostate, Luther; and they shudder as they read.

But they read little of church history, and know not that widespread ignorance, and superstition, and ambition, and intrigue, and false doctrine, and a foolishness and childishness unimaginable of teachers and of taught, stamp nearly every chapter of the history of the church, till, what with the crimes and licentiousness of some Popes, the grasping selfishness of ecclesiastics, and the dense ignorance throughout, things had reached such a climax as to justify Luther in making that REFORMATION so sadly needed by the church. In the fifteenth century, at the general council of Pisa, the Bishop of Novara said, that 'our former Popes had *disregarded the honour of God and the good of Christianity, and had broken their oaths.*' The Lord Cardinal of Florence said, that 'the church must be *reformed in faith and morals, in the head and members.*' In the sixteenth century (A.D. 1512, only five years before the great Reformation itself), Pope Julius II. declared that he 'had nothing more at heart than that . . . the state of the Roman Church should be *reformed;*' and the Bishop of Modrusch, at the fifth council of Lateran, under Pope Leo X., A.D. 1513, urged the need of reformation, for that 'faith, piety, and religion had grown so cold . . . that *scarcely any vestiges of them remain.*' If we be asked, then, why Luther set about reforming the Church of Rome, I say because the Pope of Rome had said that it *ought* to be reformed; and if he was infallible, the more reason why Luther should act upon his advice. But though Bishop, Cardinal, and Pope, with hosts of others, had alike testified to the need of reformation, yet Luther is held up to reprobation, because, only four years after the last quoted utterance, he did in good earnest, with all the tremendous energy of the man, commence that very REFORMATION—a reformation '*in faith and morals, in the head and members;*' for, once commenced, his soul all afire, when he made a sweep, he made a clean one.

Noble Luther, how little do they know of thee! That great, solid soul of thine, with its force and fearlessness and straight-seeing, how wholly incomprehensible to the

scholastic mind weaving cobwebs. Poor, simple-hearted Luther, when first he heard of Tetzel with his indulgences for sale, bartering sins for gold, how horribly shocked and indignant he was. And he appealed against him to Archbishop and Pope; but since it was Pope Leo himself who had 'sent his letters and bulls with ample promises of the full pardon of sins, and of eternal salvation to such as would purchase them with money' (Sleidan), his appeal was in vain. And soon his eyes began to open, and ever more and more, to the tremendous wrongs and errors of the Roman Church: and this imposition on credulity, this trampling on the rights of conscience, roused the spirit, and braced the energies, and nerved the arm, and lifted the voice of this noble man, and he tore half Europe from the Papacy; and that spirit of his awakened a kindred sympathy in many a soul, and hearts of oak and heads of vigour gathered round this leader—this born king of men—and he became the emancipator of Christendom and the benefactor of mankind. A stranger to fear, when his friends advised him, in their alarm, not to go to Worms, whither were assembling the Emperor and the Princes and the Pope's legate and the great ones of the earth, before whom he was to be tried, Luther replied, 'If there were as many devils between here and Worms as there are tiles on the houses, I would go.' And he went.

He had, it is true, his infirmities of intellect and of character, and he did not know all that we and Sir Francis Hincks know to-day. Granted! Yet it was a most roomy soul—a soul full of all sublimities and generosities and, withal, of sweet feminine gentleness. But he belonged to a rough age, and if he was too strong against some men and tore their small sophistries to shreds, it was because he scorned their littlenesses and pitied the entangled weak. And when in that august assembly at Worms, of the princes and nobles of the empire, how grand and colossal he looks—growing with the occasion, and equal always to every event; while the politic Erasmus, the friend of Rome, writes of him: '*the life* of the man is extolled even by those who cannot bear his doctrines.' But Luther, who did not wholly like Erasmus or his ways, said, 'Erasmus always tries to walk on eggs without cracking them.' Need I say that it was not a feat that Luther ever attempted. His genius lay in quite another line. I fear indeed that he—this terrible Luther—was half an Orangeman; and wholly one, on the question of civil rights. Let *them* be touched, and you would hear that trumpet voice of his from Gaspe to Sarnia, and over the Rocky Mountains, and in every outskirt valley and sequestered shanty of our land; and, while snorting his defiance, you would then believe, Sir, that on this question hung issues . . . . well, much more important than Sir Francis Hincks may believe. And how that big, burly thinker would close with our deft-handed and quite capable-in-his-way Sir Francis, and how with his '*Romanus civis sum*,' he would batter him as he was used to batter his adversaries of old. And when Sir Francis retires to a distance and fires what he deems a round shot at him, Luther shouts, 'What, Sir Francis, do you think to knock me over with a soap-bubble;' and he laughs his great hearty laugh: 'try again, man.' And again Sir Francis tries with a heavier shot. And again he shouts, 'Try again, Sir Francis; but take my dimensions better than to think to upset me with that paper-pellet'; and Sir Francis tries a third time, and—wishes in fact that he had never tried at all. For with this big Teuton setting his great feet squarely down on the solid earth, what avail your soap-bubbles, or paper-pellets, or sky-rockets of any kind? And then he gives one of his great good-humoured but half-contemptuous laughs; and he strokes him down half-playfully—but it seems horse-play to Sir Francis—with his *Romanus civis sum*. You feel grieved in your soul, because a handful of Orangemen parade your streets a few times, since it vexes the souls of your citizens, who, instead of being nobly tolerant, take it so terribly to heart; but you seem never to have asked yourself how many times, for the last fifty years—when, on the Fête Dieu, the host is borne on high—are the streets so wholly thronged, that Protestants are not able to reach their homes or places of worship through them; and how many have been forced on their knees; and how many hats knocked off and heads hurt by the long staffs of the Catholic beadles? And have you never lifted up your voice against this, Sir Francis? But if you mean that Rome is to

have a monopoly of such displays, and that she may tread with impunity on every man's corns, then I say again, *Romanus civis sum*, and claim from others the same rights that I grant; and more than that, I will enforce them; aye, and if it be necessary, by another battle of the Boyne. We are the peacefullest creatures in the word, if let alone; but we will take no nonsense. We hold our lives *by sufferance* in presence of that gigantic organisation. Yet you, Sir Francis, say nothing about *it*, but a great deal about our very small Orange affair. And what a reversal of the whole order of things, to make such a hubbub about a rat in your hen-loft, while you suffer a lion rampant to ravage your flocks and herds! Or is it that you can chase the one with impunity, but that the other you dare not confront? Come out and beard this lion, and no longer will we hold you cheap.

And then he turns round on the others. Am I to be a civis in Toronto or Halifax, and not in Montreal or Quebec? May I wear what I like, and praise what I think praiseworthy, and say what I wish about that great, resolute man, who, through a storm of bullets, fought with and for my forefathers and the right and me, if I think well to do so, granting the same right to others, which they take care to use, and abuse *too*? May I do this only among my own kith and kin—only where we are more numerous and have private friends to back us? Am I a British citizen only where public sentiment runs with me, but when that sentiment runs counter to me, does Britain relieve herself of the peril of my defence? Is the ægis of her power to be held *between me and murder*, only when I need not her protection; but as soon as the balance inclines the other way, am I to be flung adrift, an outcast and an outlaw—a Huss or a Jerome, without sign-manual or safe-conduct which king or council or populace is bound to respect.

What we want is, not to suppress or be suppressed, but only a fair, open world for ourselves and all men. Nothing more we want, nothing less we'll take.

J. A. ALLEN.

SELMA:

A TALE OF THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

VII.

THEY YIELD TO FATE.

> . . . Thy fate and mine are sealed;
> I strove against the stream and all in vain:
> Let the great river take me to the main.
> —*Tennyson.*

Walter's case would have been desperate indeed had he not prospered under the care of two such nurses as Maurice Smith and Selma. One or other of them was always at his side, ministering to his wants, or trying to beguile the languid hours with every device which kindness could contrive,—Smith in his calm, uneffusive way, and Selma with an eager tenderness which she did not now strive to conceal.

Nor did Mary Jane withhold her sympathy and assistance, for although she never so far overcame her apprehensions as to venture alone and unprotected into the sick man's presence, she cheerfully performed such services on his account as were not inconsistent with decorum.

To Jacob fell the task of bringing the doctor every day from the Point, and taking him back again, a duty which he performed with a due sense of responsibility. In his solitary meditations during the long rows thus rendered necessary, Jacob arrived at a private theory of his own

as to the cause of the accident. He suspected that Mr. Dean carried with him one of those convenient instruments known as 'pocket-pistols,' which gentlemen could always produce from somewhere about their persons, and that, if the truth were told, it was this dangerous weapon to which the young gentleman's injuries might be attributed. He confided his opinion to Anatole, in the seclusion of that individual's light-boat, and Anatole hastened to confirm it. Jacob was further strengthened in his view when Mr. Dean informed him one morning that as soon as he was well he proposed to carry him (Jacob) to the nearest Temperance Lodge, in order that they might 'swear off' together. After this a sense of his danger kept Jacob remarkably steady.

But there was one person who never came near the patient, nor Jacob's Island, as long as he was there, and that was Anatole.

'It ain't as Anatole don't feel interested, Mr. Dean,' Jacob apologized, 'for when I told him what had happened, I never see a man so took back. He got as white as this here counterpin, and he ketched me by the arm, and he says, says Anatole, in his kinder pious French way, "Holy Mother! don't say he won't get well," and I says, "Be easy on that point, Anatole, he's as spry as ever he was, barring a game leg, and a dashed sight spryer than ever you'll be;" and Anatole he seemed mighty glad to hear that, for he let go my arm, and heaved a powerful sigh, and run his hand over his eyes—so!'

'Anatole is sorry for you, I'm sure,' said Selma the charitable, 'and all the more because you were not very good friends. Perhaps he keeps away on that account, and because he fancies you wouldn't care to see him. I don't think we understand Anatole.'

'No, I don't think we do,' said Walter, drily, and the subject was dropped.

We know in what a conflict of feeling Selma had been left when Walter had bidden her good-bye. Like Walter, she had tried to convince herself that what seemed unattainable was not an object of her wishes, and had refused to admit to herself that the result of a week's association with that graceful idler, was a desire in her heart to live the rest of her life by his side. This regret for his absence, she had told herself in her self-examination, was no doubt due to the fact that he was the representative of a world of brightness and refinement for which she sometimes sighed, and to which, in his company, she seemed to be nearer, rather than to any personal regard she felt towards Walter himself. This being the case, with the return of active duties peace of mind would also come back to her. Thus had she reasoned with herself, though not without faltering. Perhaps she was right, and was not very much in love with Walter Dean. That passion, like any other, has degrees, and she may not have reached the superlative or comparative stage; perhaps not even the positive. In that event her actions in the boathouse were somewhat inexplicable. It may be so, but she was a woman, and this chronicler does not undertake to account for every feminine impulse.

But however dubious and unsettled her feelings towards Walter may have been, it is certain that when she found he was to be left for an indefinite period in her care, helpless and dependent, though not in actual danger, her heart leapt up with a gladness which she felt to be reprehensible under the circumstances. The wounded youth's own demeanour under the trial of pain and enforced inaction, was such as would have charmed a colder heart than Selma's. His gentleness, patience, gratefulness, and gaiety amazed even Smith, who thought he knew him. It was in such circumstances as these, indeed, that whatever of firmness and sweetness there was in Walter's disposition was displayed. When he found that he must remain a prisoner to his bed and tent for some weeks, dependent upon the good offices of others, he resigned himself to his lot with complete good humour, and seemed to have but one thought—how he could trouble his friends as little as possible. He made light of his own condition, and magnified the services of those who ministered to his needs. He was as thankful to receive as he was reluctant to exact the smallest attention.

He allowed no twinge of pain, no weariness, to draw a murmur from his lips, but met his troubles with a humour that never failed, even if there was sometimes a touch of pathos in it. In fact there never was a patient on whose weakness it was more of

a labour of love to wait. Mary Jane lost her heart completely, and confided the fact with despondency to a trusted friend. Poor Selma said nothing, but she felt that if this pallid, even-tempered youth was fascinating in health, in sickness he had the spell of an enchanter.

But the unsuspecting Smith forever set at rest the question, if the matter were really doubtful, whether Selma should bestow her affections without reserve on Walter Dean.

In conversation soon after the accident, he disclosed the real reason why Walter had swum the river, assuming, as a matter of course, that Selma knew it. When she heard the truth she fairly trembled; she became dizzy with a rush of sensations. Then he really cared about her? In her worldly wisdom she had distrusted his sincerity, frank as his admiration was; but young gentlemen, however inclined to trifling, were not in the habit of risking their lives to bid one good-bye, in pure levity! The performance, insignificant as it was in Walter's opinion, assumed in her eyes the dimensions of a deed of chivalry. It even occurred to her that she was really the cause of all his sufferings. If he had not crossed the stream for her sake, he would not have stumbled over the rocks in the dark. And she had dared to find fault with him for his hardihood! Well, she still blamed him, but with a very different appreciation of the offence. When she reflected on what had come to her knowledge, she felt strangely humbled and grateful, self-reproachful and fond.

If he had gone away from her for ever on that dreadful night, she would have striven to forget him; she believed that she would have succeeded. And sometimes now she felt horrified to think that this might have happened. However, Providence had ordained that he should not be taken from her; that he should be left with her in a state which appealed to all womanly compassion and loving-kindness. What right had she to withhold them; it could never be intended that she should. There might be separation, sorrow in the future; for the present, she yielded to circumstances. She consented to be floated down the stream, and resigned herself to the luxury of loving.

Walter accepted the situation like a philosopher. The combination of circumstances which had brought him to his present position he recognized as Fate, and the end to which they seemed to point he called Manifest Destiny. When events were looked at under this comfortable nomenclature, it was obvious that it would be disagreeable, if not impious, to try and oppose them. In his languid state this view of things suited him. He was not strong enough to challenge objections and obstacles, and grapple with them; so he quietly permitted them to remain out of sight. He too yielded to Fate.

He lay there day after day, drinking in every motion, glance, word of Selma's as he drank in the cool air and the sunlight; and it would be hard to say which were the more effective medicaments. There were times when Walter felt that he did not want to get altogether well. What had life to offer more agreeable than to lie in the restful langour of convalescence, soothed by the low musical voice of the girl he loved, or musing with half-shut eyes on the beloved outlines of her face and figure. He could have put up with that sort of thing for any length of time. But, as we know, Walter Dean was reprehensibly lazy.

However, no such unworthy desire was to be gratified, for each day, if it left him deeper in love, also left him, after the first week of prostration, steadily regaining strength and recovering from his wounds. Soon after the mishap he had been moved into the tent at his own express wish, that he might not inconvenience the inmates of the cottage. Maurice slept on a mattrass laid on the ground beside his bed. The tent stood beneath a spreading beech, shaded from the midsummer sun, and penetrated by the pure invigorating breeze which hardly ever slept on the St. Lawrence.

Something more than three weeks had elapsed since he had been hurt, when Walter announced that he was not going to allow Smith to waste any more time on Jacob's Island. The injured shoulder was quite sound again; the leg gave no trouble; indeed, in a day or two the patient was to rise from his bed, and a pair of crutches had been procured to enable him to limp about a little.

'My dear boy,' Walter said, 'you don't know how selfish I seem to myself to be, keeping you here and spoiling all your holi-

days. You need a change. Upon my word, I don't believe you are looking as well as I am. You get off to the sea-side now, and take a breath of sea-air before you commence work again. I know you intended to do that. Never mind me; I only want quiet, and I can get lots of that here. In two weeks I shall be off home, forgetting that I ever had an unsound member.'

Smith hesitated for a while whether to act upon this suggestion or not, but after some further discussion and reflection, he agreed that he might just as well take his departure. Indeed he had for some time been conscious of the fact that he was filling the part of that superfluous third person who is proverbially credited with spoiling company, and that was a species of self-abnegation against which even Maurice Smith's unselfishness sometimes revolted.

'One thing you must promise me,' he said.

'All right. What is it? You know the graceful ease with which I make promises.'

'It is this—Jacob must sleep in the tent.'

Walter mused for a moment.

'I know what you mean. He may do so, but I have a presentiment that our midnight assassin won't break any more oars over people's heads for a time. He has a regard for his own skin if he hasn't for other people's.'

'Well, he seems to have been relieved to hear that you weren't killed. We ought to prosecute the fellow, Walter.'

'What's the use, so long as this leg comes out all right. I really bear the poor wretch no grudge. Besides, where's the proof? By the way, in relating my adventure I think you had better let people suppose it was accidental.'

After some further conversation Walter said gravely,

'Maurice, I want you to take a letter to my father.'

'You ought to have let him know about the accident before.'

'My people have been away, or of course they would have known. But they should be at home now.' After a pause in which he seemed to be deliberating how he would go on, Walter continued, 'My letter contains something much more important than the news of my accident.'

'Yes?'

'Maurice, the letter is to inform my father that, if she will have me, I intend to make Selma Meres my wife.'

Smith dropped his eyes and said nothing.

'I know that you can hardly approve my conduct,' Walter proceeded, in a gentle but resolute tone; 'I have not forgotten our interview on the other side of the river, and indeed I have intended to apologize ——'

'Please say nothing more about that,' Smith said, shortly; 'I believe I acted like an interfering prig.'

'You did not. You acted like a true friend. You undertook a disagreeable duty for my sake, and I requited you ill. But I want you to believe, Maurice, that I had fully decided to take my leave of Jacob's Island for ever that night. I had said good bye, not without an effort, and would have crossed to the yacht had not my rival intervened.'

Smith laughed, and Walter went on in a more lively manner:

'What amuses me is, that Anatole should have so completely defeated his own purpose. There never was an engineer more effectually hoist with his own petard. If he had let me alone, I should have relieved him of my obnoxious presence. He chose to tap me on the head, and here I am, prepared to carry off the prize in the face of all the monsters that ever crawled.'

'Including me.'

'No, no, old fellow,' said Walter laughing, 'I don't classify you under that head; though I may if you don't at once give a smiling assent to my plans.'

'Well, Walter,' Smith said, and he did smile, though with a rather perplexed air, 'I think I must leave you to your own counsels in the matter. I believe you will do what is right.'

'Don't you see, Maurice,' exclaimed Walter eagerly, 'that the matter has gone quite out of my control. When I was master of my own actions I strove to break away from the charm of this place, but —*l'homme propose, Dieu dispose.* It was otherwise decreed. I am brought back in spite of myself, and subjected to influences which no man could withstand, unless it might be yourself.'

Smith smiled a little bitterly. It was a habit of Walter's to deny to Smith the possession of ordinary human weaknesses, and Smith sometimes resented it.

'It is quite clear,' Walter continued,

'that we are intended for each other. I know what my feelings are; I think I am pretty sure of hers. Now, I have no ambition to be a Prometheus and defy fate. I yield gracefully. As for Esther, I am satisfied that she has ceased to think of me. We have never corresponded since she has been away. There is nothing between us which in the eyes of the world could be considered an engagement. I believe that neither of us would now desire it; we should not suit each other. She was always rather too cool, dispassionate, statuesque for my taste.'

'Oh, Walter!'

'What's the matter, Cassius?'

'I wish I had not such an inconvenient memory. It is very embarrassing to have to remind you how you used to say, quoting Clive Newcome, that you would never have a fussy, enthusiastic woman for your wife; you wanted a calm, still, self-possessed beauty, whom you might admire as a picture; one who would never be vulgarized by getting heated with commonplace emotions.'

'Did I ever talk that way? Well I don't want a fussy woman, but, as I have none myself, I don't mind a little enthusiasm.'

'I am surprised at this change of opinion, knowing how constant, firm, unalterable your sentiments are as a rule.'

'Come now, none of your irony.'

'There's just one thing, Dean. As I don't possess the ordinary human feelings, you won't think it disagreeable of me to suggest it.'

'Oh, I'm hardened against your brutality.'

'Miss Selma—who, I will say, deserves a better fate than to be thrown away on you—has a vast reverence for Miss Lansing. She ought to have, for she owes a good deal to her. Are you certain that she will consent to come in and deprive Miss Lansing of a lover, more especially when he is such a fascinating, noble, superior creature—

'That'll do; I know my merits. That little difficulty will be got over,' said Walter airily.

'Magnificent self-complacency! If self-confidence is the secret of power, you might rule the world! I suppose then you have informed Miss Meres of the facts, and know her views.'

'Well—no. I haven't said anything about the matter—yet. But it will be all right,' and Walter affected to yawn.

But at the same time Walter asked himself uneasily if it was certain that that little difficulty would be smoothly got over. He was foolish not to have confided the whole matter to Selma at the very first. Then, whatever happened, he would not be in danger of losing her esteem by an act of deception on his part. Well, as he had deferred the information so long, it would be better to say nothing about it—at present. He would arrange everything with Esther, who must, of course, be complaisant, and Selma need never know anything about that unimportant *affaire de cœur* at all.

Maurice Smith packed his valise and went away, and after he had gone, Walter sang the praises of his friend with such earnestness, that Selma admired and liked him all the better for it.

We have said that when any sacrifice was necessary, Maurice Smith was looked to by his friends as the person who would naturally bear the burden of it. Nor was this singular in the case of a man who, with most of the gifts which command success in this world, was fatally deficient in two most material qualities, self-assertion and the feeling of self-interest. His life indeed seemed to be a constant unostentatious sacrifice of self, either to the advantage of others, or to his own convictions. His disposition in this respect, apart from his coolness and judgment, made him a favorite on a yacht, where a selfish man is odious, more odious than a succession of calms, or a two days' thrash to windward. If any one were inclined to be lazy—and that is known to happen on a yacht—he took care that Smith's watch should precede his, for he was much wanting in management if he failed to get Smith to stay on deck an hour or two beyond his time.

So in his profession, the law, Maurice had declined the offer of a good partnership, because, happening to be in court one day, he heard the senior of the firm make a gross misuse of some evidence before a jury! People who knew that Smith had ability, wondered that he did not 'get on!' He delighted in law as an abstract study; but the wrangling, the pettiness, the chicanery of litigation were utterly distasteful to him. Thus, though he had as much business of an uncontentious sort as he desired

—he had some small private means besides —he did not come to the front as an advocate, and allowed men with foreheads as brazen as a bell, and tongues as tireless as the clapper, but without a tithe of his capacity, to pass him in the race.

He had, moreover, a profound sense of the littleness of the prizes which in his own country ambition might hope to win. It had been expected that he would enter political life, for few young men have commenced their career with higher prestige then he. A great statesman, who exercised a vast control over men by an astonishing skill in the art of pleasing their self-esteem, had once shaken him by the hand quite publicly, had addressed him without the 'Mister,' had told him a good story, and invited him to drink. But on meditation Smith decided that public life was not in his line. In truth he held somewhat peculiar views in politics, which, in the tyranny of opinion which prevailed, being a lover of peace, he kept pretty much to himself. Many of his cotemporaries were looked upon as rising men in politics: that is, they took an active part in elections, were hail-fellow-well-met with the powers of the ward and municipality, knew the details of all the political scandals, and the names of all the members of constituencies, with the majorities by which they had been returned, and the exact sum by which the majority had been bought—if the member happened to be on the wrong side. They poured their knowledge incessantly into the public and private ear, got their names frequently into the newspapers—the equivalent for fame—and were justly looked upon as 'promising' public men. Upon such 'fame' and such 'promise' Maurice Smith looked down with quiet contempt.

But the fact was, that Maurice Smith, in the business of life, was not by nature disposed to action. Cool and confident as he could be in the face of a crisis, he had not that audacious spirit which delights in contest, enterprise, speculation; which makes men ardent for gain and power, and vigorous in execution. Had he been less fond of reflecting, and more given to doing, he might have found that there are paths, which, as an advocate or politician, the man of lofty aspirations may dare to tread, and still keep his honour unsullied.

Thus much of Maurice Smith, who practised but little the art of making himself popular; who passed for an uninteresting, rather dull man to casual acquaintances; a bore, by reason of his scruples, to many of his friends; to the few who wore him 'in the heart of hearts, Horatio,' who loved him in spite of his frequent bluntness and outspokenness, a high-minded, unselfish creature, who made one think better of his kind and resolve to follow higher ideals of conduct. We have interrupted the course of this story to tell the reader something more about him than he has already learnt, and perhaps the offence against art will be forgiven in consideration of the fact that men like Maurice are somewhat rare, at any rate in a colony.

The letter which Maurice took away with him for Walter's father, may without any breach of confidence be laid before the reader.

'JACOB'S ISLAND,
'— August, 18—

'My dear Father,

'As my friend Maurice Smith will tell you, I have met with an accident which has kept me a prisoner for the last three weeks, down here on a breezy island, and will keep me a prisoner for another fortnight probably. I am getting on excellently, having the best of weather, the best of air, and the best of attention, so that neither you nor my mother need feel in the least anxious. Maurice will confirm me in this. I should have written you about it before, but I saw no use in marring and probably shortening your visit to the sea by ill-news. I write partly to let you know of the mishap, and to beg you and my mother to allow your minds no anxiety on my account, and partly to mention a circumstance which you will doubtless learn with some surprise. I have met here a young person whom I most ardently desire to make my wife. I propose to make her the offer of my unworthy self before I leave this island; although she is my superior in mental and moral qualities, I have reason to believe that she will not decline the offer. But I expect to excite a temporary feeling of annoyance when I tell you that, high as she is in worth, remarkable as she is for grace and beauty, she is poor and low in station. To be quite frank with you, her father superintends the lighthouse on this island, and is a person somewhat deficient in that external polish which society values. You will not object to him on the ground that he has been a common sailor, as you yourself have often told me that my own grandfather was once a seaman before the mast. Nor will you think it impossible that the child of such a person should have the feelings and manners of one of gentle birth. Selma—her mother was a superior person of Swedish descent, and hence the name—apart from her native refinement, has had the advantage of associating a good deal with a wealthy family, so that she will not be removed by marriage into a sphere quite new to her.

'My dear father, in proposing to marry this girl,

I take a very serious step, but I assure you I have considered it thoughtfully and in all its bearings. You have always been so kind and indulgent to me that I could not take such a step without your knowledge, and if possible your consent. Do not withhold it, for trust me my heart is set upon it.

'I shall of course at once apply myself to my books and get called to the bar. I feel that I have been too long idle and dependent on you. One result of my adventures down here is that I look forward to work and doing something for myself, with satisfaction, nay, at times, with positive eagerness.

'I am, my dear Sir,
'Your affectionate son,
'WALTER DEAN.'

And Walter also wrote to his mother thus:—

'You will see my letter to my father, dear Mamma. It is the longest I ever wrote in my life, and deserves to gain its object—were it only for the concentrated energy which produced it. Mother, she is simply the sweetest, loveliest, loveablest of girls. Ask Maurice Smith. You will love her now for my sake: when you see her, for her own. You will of course bring the governor round.

'Your loving
'WALTER.'

To the first letter, after some days, came the following response:—

'My dear Walter,

'Your friend Mr. Maurice Smith handed me your letter and gave me a full account of yourself. I am sorry to hear of your accident, but rejoice to know that you are now almost entirely recovered. You should have let me know about it before.

'The other announcement in your letter does surprise me indeed. I thought that you were to marry the younger Miss Lansing. Two years ago you entreated me to look with favour on that idea, and, as that would be an admirable match for you in every way, I have always done so.

'However, I shall never interfere with your freedom of choice and action in a matter of this sort. You are quite old enough to judge for yourself. But you cannot expect me to encourage a choice which I feel confident will not conduce to your happiness or success in life. Marry whom you will, if you are prepared to depend entirely on your own resources. I cannot in conscience lend my countenance or money to a step I strongly disapprove.

'Your affectionate father,
'SAMUEL DEAN.'

'P.S.—I don't see the analogy between the case of this young woman and my own. My father was a sailor, but there were special circumstances of character and parts in my case which made up for this disadvantage. I am amazed that you should attempt to draw comparisons.'

Mrs. Dean also scrawled a hasty note, in which she said she hardly knew what to think; that his father was very angry, and had declared Walter to be ungrateful. Also that the good lady had set her heart on Esther, but she trusted in her Walter to do what was right, that after all she was his mother and would never cease to love him, and that he was to come home at once.

Walter was not made very unhappy by this correspondence. He felt sure of his mother's final acquiescence, and he had not expected a different answer from his father. 'Though I didn't want him to *lend* me his money,' he said rather hypercritically. In his secret heart perhaps he believed that in good time 'the governor would come round;' but for the present he had the prospect of working for his living and—for Selma, and the prospect did not discourage him. On the contrary he looked forward impatiently to the time when he might begin his labours, which he felt would be Herculean, for her sake. He no longer wished that he might continue to lie lazily on his back, basking in her presence. That was pleasant, but it would be pleasanter to enter the world's battle, to play one's part like a man, to strive bravely and patiently for competence, independence, perhaps fame, and to make her think well of him and approve. For a change had come over the feelings of this impressionable youth, who by a weak affectation of aristocratic insensibility, tried to make people believe that he was superior to all vulgar emotions.

One day Selma read to him the last part of 'The Princess.' He had been sitting up and hobbling about a little during the day, and now, as it drew towards evening, he was lying on the sofa in that bright little room where he had first seen her. Selma had been absent most of the day, for her school had reopened. Walter could not spare her from his sight without exacting a large share of her companionship, while she was on the island, as a compensation. He would have been content if she had sat near him in silence, but she asserted that she was not tired and was eager to finish 'The Princess.'

She completed the poem in a tremulous voice, and both remained silent for a time, touched by the exquisite beauty and tenderness of the closing scene.

At last Walter said, in a low musing tone, as if he were speaking to himself, although his eyes sought Selma,

'From all, a closer interest flourished up;
Tenderness touch by touch; and last, to these,

> Love, like an Alpine harebell hung with tears
> By some cold morning glacier.'

Selma darted a glance of shy inquiry beneath her eyelids, and then bent her eyes intently on the book.

'Well what do you think of "The Princess?"' Walter after a time demanded, speaking as if he had suddenly detached his thoughts from weightier questions.

'The poem or the woman?' she asked.

'Both.'

'I think the poem is perfection.'

'And the woman—imperfection, I suppose?' he went on, with an easy return to gaiety.

'Which of us is not?'

'I could tell you, but you would blush. But has not "The Princess" made you an advocate of Woman's Rights?'

'Woman's Rights? Do you know I was hardly aware that they had any particular wrongs. I suppose that is one disadvantage of living out of the world. But one has to reverence the Princess. She was so much in earnest, and had such high ideas; and oh! I pitied her when she found her plans defeated; but—'

'But what?'

'I don't understand why she wanted to have all the old ways reversed. I am lowly enough to like the idea of having somebody to look up to and rely on, and to take care of me by right of natural superiority.'

'A most admirable sentiment. I see you agree with the spirit of those excellent lines,

> 'Man for the field, and woman for the hearth;
> Man for the sword, and for the needle she;
> Man with the head, and woman with the heart;
> Man to command, and woman to obey.'

'I think I do, only man must show himself worthy to exact obedience.'

'And yet your princess, Selma, yielded to an effeminate, ineffective creature, with long hair like a girl, hopelessly sentimental, wanting in self-respect, and subject to hysterical fits. I beg his pardon, "weird seizures."'

'For shame. Besides you forget that he saved the princess's life, and, what is more, *she* learnt to love him. He must have had something in him. And then, Mr. Dean—'

'Selma, I thought I told you to call me Walter?'

'Call you—Walter, Mr. Dean?'

'No, not Walter Mr. Dean, but simply Walter. You know you promised.'

'I promised to do so when you are good; what opportunity have you given me?'

'I not good? Then virtue is impracticable. Call in Mary Jane and ask her opinion?'

'It is not good of you to spoil everything that is poetical and romantic by sneering remarks.'

'I sneer? When? How? Wherefore?'

'You had better be careful what you say about that prince; as I have been reading I have thought more than once—it is very silly, but I have been imagining that you were the prince yourself,' and Selma coloured at the ingenousness of her own admission.

> 'A prince I was, blue-eyed and fair of face:
> In temper amorous as the first of May.

I admit the resemblance,' said Walter with assumed complacency.

'It was not that, Mr. Vanity, though your eyes are blue, I believe.'

'If you have any doubts, take a good look, Selma. I'll try and bear it.'

'Thank you, I can see from here. After all, except perhaps in that one point which I didn't think of, you are not the least like the Prince. I wonder how I could have thought so?'

'I'll tell you, Selma,' said Walter, raising himself on his elbow and becoming suddenly grave, 'it's not because I am at all like that or any other prince, that you think of us together. It is because you are the princess.'

She opened her eyes wide in wondering dissent.

'Yes, not in character altogether, though you have as fine ideas as she had; nor because you are an instructor of youth—a coincidence which is worthy of notice. But it is because you have a poor, feeble, shattered man dependent upon your gentle pity, to whom your presence is life, and health, and strength, and whose only claim upon you is—that he loves you.'

'Mr. Dean!'

'Nay, do not shrink away. Dearest, I am in earnest now. Do not draw away your hand. Selma, you must know my feelings. You, who are so keen to read me, can read my heart? You can see, can you not, how entirely it is yours?'

His gaze, his eager clasp, his low, intense tone, left no room to doubt the depth and earnestness of his feelings. His eyes, shining out of his white and wasted face, seemed larger and more luminous than when he was in health, and his inmost soul spoke through them.

'You are trembling, Selma,' he went on softly, with a restrained passion in his voice; 'why should you be frightened? You have known this before, that you are life, happiness, the world, everything to me. Listen! dear, Like that prince, I have been among shadows, and you have brought me out of them. I have had no sense of the reality of life around me; I myself have been unreal and a sham—I have had no purpose, or, if any, it was not high and noble, and it lay in the vague future. I think I have had no object but to make life pleasant to myself; to keep myself aloof from trouble, responsibility, anxiety; to blind myself to the fact that this world is full of toil, and strength, and passion; that there is work for all to do; that life for all is something real. Love, I have a purpose now, to play my part, to live a real life, to make myself worthy of you. Say you will let me try! I can offer you nothing princely, except that prince's best possession, constancy. Will you accept it, Selma? Answer me, dearest: You will be—you are—my Princess?'

He never got an answer, but somehow he found himself with his arms about her, and her head upon his breast.

VIII.

AMANTIUM IRÆ.

It is best to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new.
—*Old Song.*

ANOTHER week, and yet another slipped away before Walter made up his mind to leave Jacob's Island. He had not the shadow of an excuse for prolonging his stay. August was drawing to a close; by means of his crutches he could move with moderate ease; he felt that it was incumbent upon him, in view of his altered plans of life, to remain idle no longer; his mother had written him again chiding him for delaying his return, and urging him to come home. So Walter determined to take his leave, and the day of his departure had now arrived.

Though the days in their uneventful monotony had glided by swiftly enough, it seemed a long time since he had explicitly revealed his feelings to Selma, and accepted her own unspoken avowal in return. He had grown familiar with the idea that they were intended for each other, and that both of them were committed to this idea, and the knowledge that no uncertainty existed on this point gave him, at most times, a sense of serene and entire contentment. A subtler sympathy seemed to bind them together, a perfect understanding to subsist between them, so that he seemed to have known her, to have possessed her as part of his life, for years, and it appeared impossible that any force short of death itself could divide them.

And yet, secure and sanguine as his feelings generally were, at times a little shadow glanced like a passing cloud across his serenity. Esther Lansing! That name which he had once been unable to pronounce without a pleasant thrill, seldom occurred to him now, but when it did it only caused irritation and perplexity. That matter would give him trouble yet, he sometimes thought; it was folly to have concealed it from Selma so long. But the next moment, as we have already seen, he would decide that as he had put off the disclosure so long, it could wait a little longer. There was no sense in ruffling the smooth surface of present happiness; and his usual good luck would very likely tide him over any difficulties which might arise. He had already made up his mind that it would be better to see Esther herself first; no doubt she would be as glad to obtain a release from all implied engagements as he; and Selma need never know of that youthful romance at all, or at least till she might safely be informed of it.

So he had deferred and deferred any explanations in regard to Esther Lansing, with the weakness of a nature somewhat habituated to self-indulgence. It was curious that though he could make heroic resolves of work and effort, he could not force himself to the simple duty of even telling Selma that he had been guilty of the deception, not a very serious one, of letting

her suppose that the Lansings were not acquaintances of his.

He was to leave to-day by the steamboat which passed Point Lansing in the afternoon. Selma had gone to her school as usual—Walter had in vain pleaded for a holiday—and she was to meet him at the wharf after school and some time before the steamer left.

This order of proceedings was not at all satisfactory to Walter. He found himself chafing at her absence on this his last day near her, perhaps, for a long time. The morning was intolerably long and dreary. Neither the company of Jacob nor Mary Jane served to make it endurable.

At last he was seized by an inspiration. He would wait here in vexation of spirit no longer; he would cross the river and visit Selma amongst her pupils. Why had not the happy thought occurred to him sooner? He had never been at the school; he would greatly like to steal upon Selma at her simple duty; to mark the serious face and gentle firmness with which she dispensed a benignant sway over the younger bucolics of that country-side.

So, a full hour before the appointed time, he bade Jacob get ready the boat, disposed therein his traps, and pushed away from Jacob's Island. He little recked or knew that a tender-hearted damsel, ill-consoled by a monetary gift, with checked apron to streaming eyes, watched his receding form from behind the lighthouse till an unfriendly island hid him from her gaze.

The school-house in which Selma Meres, clothed in authority awful beyond imagination, compelled the youth of Point Lansing and neighborhood to drink of the Pierian Spring, was not at all superior to others of its class. It was neither romantic, nor picturesque, nor even pleasing in its appearance. It was new, and bald, and square, and staring, and at its best a wholly unlovely temple of the Muses. It stood on a gentle eminence from which the grass had been diligently trodden, while all the trees within a hundred yards had been eliminated with great care. It was supported by four low posts, which were left open to view, suggesting to the charitable mind that the school-house had been on its way to a more eligible locality, and had only stopped in that sun-tormented spot to rest.

The tears almost came to Walter's eyes when he approached this place. Its harshness and coarseness seemed to typify the duties which Selma had to perform, and the natures with which she was forced to come in contact. She would soon live amid more genial surroundings than these, please Heaven!

He paused at the school-house door, and listened for awhile to the antiphonal performance which was going on within. First Selma's clear voice, elevated to a high monotone which sounded quite unnatural, stating some weighty fact, and then the chorus of shrill and eager infants, indicating the gain of the moment by a clamorous repetition. Walter for a few moments hesitated to enter. For the first time he began to question whether a visit from him would be entirely gratifying to Selma.

Presently he took courage and stole noiselessly into the school-room through the half-open door. He saw between thirty and forty children, both sexes about equally represented. A third of them were standing at the upper end of the room, and, on a slightly elevated dais, instructing them in geography with the help of a map upon the wall, sat Selma. The rest of the school were sitting occupied with their slates, and displaying various degrees of industry and listlessness.

Walter entered so stealthily, in spite of his crutches, that for a time he was unobserved. But presently an urchin with a keen and roving eye, who made no pretence of feeling an interest in arithmetic, caught sight of him. He stared impudently at Walter for several seconds, while Walter returned his stare unflinchingly, with the feeling that this was a boy he would like to overawe. The youth, perhaps beginning to feel uneasy under Walter's steadfast gaze, at length withdrew his glance, and communicated to a friend, by expressive pantomime, the fact that if he looked round his eyes would be rewarded with a spectacle of interest. The intruder was then subjected to a duplicate inspection, followed by a further extension of the news, until by degrees the fact that a stranger was in the room had spread through the school, like the ripples from the edge of a disturbed pool. A vast revolving of heads, shuffling of feet, whispered consultations, and inquiring looks at the schoolmistress were

the immediate result, but so intent was the schoolmistress on her task that at first she failed to notice the excitement. At length the original discoverer—he did not look like a nice boy, with his close-cropped hair and brazen face—probably with a view to impressing the visitor with a sense of his own prowess and general superiority, suddenly interrupted his survey of Walter to strike the boy next him a violent blow in the ribs. The victim, a pale and studious-looking youth, emitted an audible groan.

'What is the matter? Enoch Slinghammer, at some mischief again, sir?' spoke the awful voice of the schoolmistress.

Then she caught sight of Walter and her face took fire. The whole geography class had turned about and gazed, with eyes and mouth expectant, at Master Slinghammer and Walter in turn, instinctively, perhaps, uniting them as jointly responsible for the disturbance. Walter began to feel very much ashamed of himself indeed.

The schoolmistress quickly regained her self-possession, and sternly called the class to order. A hasty inquiry confirmed her suspicions of Enoch Slinghammer, who was quietly transferred to an isolated position under her own eye. From this place the truculent youth cast airy and scornful glances about him, as if inviting the attention of the world in general and Walter Dean in particular, to the indifference with which a strong spirit could meet the reverses of fate. The lesson proceeded, though the voice of the schoolmistress had become low and constrained, and the pupils had lost all interest in geography. She went on undauntedly for a while, but at last she had to give it up as a bad business. The school was demoralized, and Walter was the cause of it.

Then she took her revenge.

The class was dismissed, and the following words, uttered with great precision, fell upon Walter's ear:

'Children, you have all been very good to-day, except *one* (a severe glance at the disgraced Slinghammer), 'and you shall get away a little earlier. But before you go, the gentleman who has been so kind as to visit us will address to you a few words. He knows it is our rule, and that we expect it from all visitors, and I am sure he won't disappoint us.'

And she marched straight down to Walter's side.

'Come,' she said sweetly, 'we are waiting for your speech.'

'Selma! you are not serious? I never did such a thing in my life!'

'Very likely. Come, please, the children will be impatient. All our visitors say a few words, and I have promised for you.'

'Good gracious! I think I'll bolt.'

'What?' (with gravedis pleasure) 'would you leave me in such an undignified situation; after me announcing it.'

'Do you really expect me to?'

'Most certainly.'

The children were all gazing at him, coughing, whispering, shifting their feet after the manner of expectant public audiences. He fancied that he heard a subdued exclamation of 'Speech!' from Enoch Slinghammer's corner, but that may have been imagination.

'Please don't keep them waiting,' Selma said, with her sweetest smile.

He limped after her meekly.

'Get up there please.' She pointed to the dais on which stood her own table.

He mounted the rostrum and stole one look at Enoch Slinghammer. They were both in disgrace, and suffering for their misdeeds. The younger malefactor seemed to understand this, and there was a gleam of unholy triumph in his ferret eyes.

The great Lord Chancellor Eldon, after he had been haranguing the Peers of Great Britain and the English bar with the utmost confidence for years, quaked at the prospect of addressing a deputation of half-a-dozen English merchants. He was not accustomed to his audience. Walter rather plumed himself on his oratory, and once or twice had made a hit by an after-dinner speech, speaking with readiness and self-possession. But suddenly called upon to talk to a few school-children, he was really nervous, and had it not been that he felt bound to accede to Selma's wish, he would certainly have declined the task. After a few sentences, however, he quite lost his uncomfortable sensations, and entering into the humour of the situation, proceeded fluently enough. Perhaps his remarks, as being something out of the common in the way of school-addresses, may allowably be reproduced.

'Ladies and—that is—of course—my

dear children—I need not tell you what—ah—unmitigated pleasure it gives me to address you here to-day. And perhaps—ah—the pleasure is, like the best of earthly joys, all the more appreciable because totally unexpected, and, I may even say, unsolicited. Your beautiful and gifted instructress has been so good as to tell me that you would be glad to hear a few words of counsel and experience and—ah—wisdom from me. Dear children, they shall not be begrudged. I have often thought what a much better man I should have been if—fellows—had sometimes—told me about things—when I was young. Well, there is no use regretting now; there is no use crying over the dreadful past, you know, as one of the poets says somewhere. But what I want to impress on you, and especially on you that happen to be boys—for of course girls must feel differently about these things—is just this. There is a time of life to which all of you, if you live long enough, will come, when alley-taws, and prisoner's-base, and all that sort of thing will prove but uncertain sources of joy; when the music of the humming-top will touch no responsive chord in the breast. It is then, in the deadly calm which belongs to this stage of decay, that you will look back on your school-days. It will be well for you then if you are not forced to say, I wish I had given more attention to geography and less to orchards when I was young; or, I wish I had been more pitiful to cats and kinder to my little sister in the days that are gone. Let *me*, who speak from bitter experience, tell you, that you had better look out now in order to prevent all that sort of thing from coming about. Now there is a character of whom I have read, and I dare say you have too, who I think is one that all boys, and girls too for that matter, should reverence and try to imitate, if they want to do their duty. You are all of you more or less familiar with the immortal spelling-book of the great Mavor. You must, all of you, have read those exciting tales, which only a coldly critical mind would reject as traditional, about Miss Rose and her accomplished doll, and about the unnatural youth who kept his plum-cake hid in his trunk, instead of trading it off amongst his companions as he ought to have done, and got it eaten up by rats as an obvious consequence. Well then, you will perhaps remember that spirited biographical sketch of the boy who has come down to posterity as plain and simple "John." You will recall the inspiring sentence in which his merits are summed up: "John was a good boy and read his book!" A good boy and read his book! How simple and yet how comprehensive. He "was a good boy and read his book." Have we not here in a single sentence the whole duty of man—or rather, boy? A good boy, and read his book! Morality and studiousness! Virtue and intellect! What a combination! To what honours might not such a boy, grown to manhood, aspire? Is there anything too high for him? To take round the plate at church, to run for parliament, to carry a banner in an Orange procession—anything, everything! Let us then, dear children, while we are yet young, emulate the example of the admirable John.'

How far this excellent fooling might have gone on, if it had not been interrupted, is matter for conjecture. The school was as edified as if the speaker had talked Hebrew. Selma was thunderstruck, and at the same time vexed and hurt. She had thought it almost indelicate of Walter to break in upon her as he had done, and the confusion he had caused had tried her temper a little. Now she felt as if Walter were shewing an entire want of respect for herself and her school-children, and exposing her own authority to danger. She failed completely to see the humour of the performance. But relief came to her from an unexpected quarter.

Walter suddenly dropped the serious, impressive tone in which he had been speaking, and uttered a few words in an abstracted manner. His eyes had wandered to the door, and he seemed to see there something which disturbed him greatly.

It was only two ladies standing there, and trying hard to repress a laugh.

But they seemed to have a withering effect upon the orator, for the words were falling from his lips slowly and without coherence. Suddenly recovering himself, he turned to the schoolmistress and said that he was not well enough to go on, and the school had better be dismissed.

Then he sat down on the chair which stood upon the dais, and became so white that he looked as if he was going to faint.

But he did not faint; the children flocked out; and the latest arrivals walked up the room.

The foremost of the two was a tall and fair and beautiful young lady, who moved with quite a queenly grace and ease. She was simply dressed; a rustic straw hat with a gauzy veil floating about it, a light cloudy sort of dress which seemed to fling most delicate odours from its airy folds as she went, a little lace and a yellow locket at her bosom—these were the things one noticed. And yet she seemed to be richly and splendidly arrayed, owing perhaps to the faultless taste of her dress, the lines of her own perfect figure, her dazzling though somewhat pale complexion. There was something of imperiousness in her serene, clear-cut features; they looked as if they might be set proud and cold to those for whom she did not care very much. But it was with no pride or coldness, but with a manner entirely sweet and gracious that she walked up to the schoolmistress and pronounced her name.

'My Selma!' she said in a soft endearing tone, placing both her hands on Selma's shoulders, and looking straight into her face with a pair of fearless grey eyes.

'Miss Esther?' Selma could only exclaim faintly in her surprise and pleasure, letting her eyes wander over her friend's countenance.

'*Miss* Esther, indeed?' the other replied, laying a kiss lightly on Selma's forehead. 'Is that the way you greet me? I suppose you thought I should never come to see you? But I have been away.'

Esther Lansing was followed by her elder sister, shorter, darker, and less handsome than herself, but with a good-natured, lively face and brilliant teeth. 'You unutterably naughty boy!' this one exclaimed, shaking her finger at Walter, who was still on the platform, feeling particularly uneasy. He descended, looking rather shamefaced.

Esther scanned him loftily for one instant. Perhaps in that rapid survey she read a whole history of passion cooled, of vows forgotten, of affection transferred. Women have marvellous instincts, I understand.

Whatever she suspected, she only held out her hand and said simply, 'How do you do, Mr. Dean? I was sorry to hear you had been hurt.'

'This is a pleasant surprise,' Walter observed as he took her hand, but he did not look as if he were greatly pleased. It was a strange reunion of lovers.

'It is more of a surprise to you than it is to us, probably, Mr. Dean,' put in the elder sister. She saw there was constraint in the meeting and hastened to remove it. 'We knew you were here; not in the school-house exactly, but in our neighbourhood. We saw Mr. Smith in town and he told us all.'

'All?' thought Walter, aghast.

'All about your accident, and how well you bore it, and in what good hands he left you;' with a friendly look at Selma, who stood by as one in a dream.

'I am glad of that,' said Walter, self-collected now. 'It will save you a lot of explanations, which would have been tedious.'

'But it doesn't save you from the necessity of explaining why you didn't come to see us.'

'I admit that a broken limb is hardly an excuse,' Walter said, with a humble inclination of his head.

'*Before* that happened, Sir. However, we must be merciful; you are not strong enough yet to frame excuses suddenly. I thought you looked very ill as you were closing that oration.'

'The excitement of seeing you,' pleaded Walter.

'Thank you. Esther, it was seeing us that made Mr. Dean so unwell.'

'That is not fair. But however badly I may look, I can not return the compliment. You are blooming.'

'It's very well to try to get out of it that way. I hope we didn't shorten your speech. The children couldn't have had too much of such sound advice.'

'No, I'm glad you came in. I couldn't have stood the intellectual strain much longer. To tell you the truth, that's what made me look as if I was suffering.'

'I am not surprised; you were most eloquent and edifying.'

'I am glad you think well of what I said. I thought I might safely recommend that John as an example. He is almost the only historical character of whom I know nothing disparaging,'

'Fortunately for him, like some other more famous people, history says very little about him.'

'Yes. He is like King Arthur of the Round Table, of whom we know nothing certain except that he was "blameless."'

Miss Lansing and Walter discussed the character of John, with other matters of equal importance, in the same strain for some time longer. Walter, indeed, led the conversation, for he felt nervously reluctant to turn to Esther and begin to talk with her. Selma was beside her, and he did not care to meet Selma's glance. But, at last, politeness demanded that he should address Esther, and, observing that he was anxious to hear something about Miss Esther's travels in the old world, he looked at her.

Esther had appeared to take no interest in the conversation between Walter and her sister. She had drawn Selma to a seat and tried to induce her to talk. But Selma returned random answers to her remarks, for the poor girl was preoccupied by painful and agitating thoughts of her own. One thing only was clear to her; Walter, her own Walter, whom she had learned to trust implicitly, had deceived her. In an unimportant matter it might be, though she could not be so sure of that; but still he had deceived her. He had led her to believe, had as much as told her more than once, that he did not know the Lansings, and now, for some reason yet to be revealed, it appeared that he had not told her the truth. What was the reason? None could be afforded, she thought, which could justify so plain a departure from the truth, nor which could prevent her from feeling that she had, somehow or other, suffered an indignity in being thus misled, and that her self-respect had received a wound. And perhaps the reason might be something which would affect her even more seriously than she fancied! She could hardly realize that the events of the last hour had actually happened. It seemed so unlike Walter, the Walter of later days, to come upon her uninvited, and disturb her in her work in that inconsiderate way, and then show how little he thought of her duties and herself by making that silly speech. And the gay gentleman who sat there talking nonsense to that polished, gloved, and perfumed lady of the world, instead of being covered with shame at the disclosure of his deceit—that could not be her Walter, surely?

Esther replied to Walter's remark with politeness, but hardly with warmth. She had no evidence that Walter was unfaithful beyond what she had seen to-day. And she had only come upon her quondam lover haranguing, in the interests of education, a school presided over by a pretty schoolmistress. To be sure he had been living on the same island, territorially insignificant, with the said schoolmistress for some weeks past, but that proved nothing. So that it is plain that there was no justification for a want of cordiality on her part, unless suspicion is to take the place of proof, which to tell the truth it sometimes does even in minds that pride themselves on being well regulated.

Walter continued to put somewhat constrained questions to Esther, and to receive rather short answers, for a while, until Miss Lansing conceived a notable plan for the general relief. And it may be said that perhaps this was the only occasion on which Miss Lansing was ever known to be guilty of a want of tact.

She knew nothing of the relations between Walter and Selma; the discreet Smith had kept his counsel on that subject. She only knew that Walter and Esther had once been very fond of each other; she believed that their feelings were unchanged; and as she liked Walter she was glad to think that this was so, and glad also to recall a promise she had once made him, when those wrong-headed parents were hostile, to help him in his suit. And Miss Lansing noticed that Selma, who probably had also heard all about that implied engagement, looked uneasy. No doubt she felt uncomfortable in the society of people who belonged to a different world from her, and talked of persons and things that were quite unfamiliar. What could be better than to leave Esther and Mr. Dean to have a quiet talk by themselves?

'By the way, Selma,' she said suddenly, 'I hear that poor little boy of Mrs. Greenleaf's, whose spine was hurt, is still very bad. I promised I would go and see him the moment I came home. The house is so near, I will go now. I wish you would come; the mother speaks of you as his favourite friend;' and she rose from her seat. 'Mr. Dean, you will sit here till we return. I know the charity of your disposition, but we can't drag you about with that leg. Esther, you will stay and take care of Mr.

Dean;' and, followed by Selma, Miss Lansing moved to the door.

'Harriet!' protested Esther imperiously, and straightway she rose also.

She took a step or two forward, but as she stirred, her dress swept upon Walter's crutches, resting against a desk, and brought them to the floor with a clatter.

She turned her head, a slight touch of colour upon her cheek. Walter moved to draw the crutches out of her way, but as he did so uttered the slightest possible exclamation of pain.

Esther Lansing coloured deeply, and bending down, with more impetuosity than characterized most of her movements, took up the fallen crutches and returned them to their place. She gave one more look at the door, as if still meditating a retreat, and then slowly seated herself.

Walter, who was not accustomed to see ladies display a disinclination for his company, was a good deal nettled at this treatment.

'I hope it is understood that Miss Lansing is not staying here for *my* sake?' he said a little drily.

'Does Mr. Dean suppose I am staying here for my own?' was the answer, with about the same degree of cordiality.

This was a curious meeting of theirs; not like what they had anticipated when they parted, two years ago. Perhaps, in the silence which ensued, both of them may have thought of this, and both of them too may have observed mentally that everything was over between them; that was certain. And I dare say that neither was made particularly unhappy by this reflection, even though she appeared to him an unusually beautiful girl, with a certain nobility of character, whose outward charms had gained in lustre within two years, and he was a sufficiently agreeable, well-mannered and well-looking youth, who had spirit and courage two years ago, and who probably had not lost them since.

Walter at first decided that he would best consult his dignity by being angry, and distant and reserved in consequence; but he quickly began to soften,—a little at the thought that after all he could hardly claim to be treated kindly by her, and a good deal in the contemplation of her beauty. Indeed she made a glorious picture in that mean school-room, as she sat there gazing out of the window, serenely indifferent to his presence. The budding promise of girlhood had bloomed into a perfect flower; her figure was more womanly in its now grand curves, her features more striking, her manner more composed and lofty than when he knew her as a mere girl. He admired her long white hands, the gold-encircled wrist from which the sleeve fell back as she slowly pushed back a lock from the heavy masses of her light-brown hair, the drooping shoulders, the head swayed sometimes, deliberately, like a lily; she was in truth as goodly an object as the eye of man could wish to rest upon.

'Esther!' he burst out at last, 'forgive my frankness, but—you are grown a beautiful woman!'

Was it art which prompted this utterance, or a strong natural impulse? Whichever it was, she was appeased. The imperial creature turned and lavished upon him a slow and royal smile.

They got on well enough together now, though by tacit consent they avoided delicate topics. Walter had quite given up his intention of being angry, and strove instead to be as agreeable as possible. He talked to her about her travels, suggested his own experiences, and so drew her out to describe hers. And when she began to tell them he became a sympathetic listener, and so she grew interested herself and talked pleasantly and well. They talked, she perhaps chiefly, of Paris and the Louvre, of Switzerland and the Matterhorn, of Rome and St. Peters, of London and Westminster Abbey and the House of Commons. And they agreed that, after all, old England, though in some other lands it might be claimed that nature and art, men and —manners, were seen to better advantage, still old England had a deep and inexpressible charm that was all its own for the simple colonial mind. She told him how she had reached London, and with what a strange thrill she stepped out of the railway carriage, and for some days tried in vain to realize that this was London, all this ordinary brick and mortar, and these ordinary people who seemed utterly insensible to the privilege of living where they did; and how once at night she heard the bell of St. Paul's, and thought of poor Lucy Snowe in 'Villette,' who arrived for the first time in London, alone and friendless, at night,

and was awakened from her bewilderment to a sense that she was not in a strange land and hopelessly desolate, by recognizing the deep sound as it boomed through the darkness and told her that she was within the shadow of the mighty cathedral. And then, having agreed that England must be unspeakably dear to them, they felt at liberty to pick the old land to pieces, and discovered that the hotels, arrangements for travelling, houses, and cities were not as good as they are in America, and were mutually amazed at the deep-seated prejudice which clung so tenaciously to absurd customs. And so they chatted away quite brightly and cheerfully, and with all the less constraint because, perhaps, both were conscious now that they had met on quite different terms to what, long ago, they had anticipated; that certain romantic dreams of other days, to be smiled at now, were not to be realized; and that, however friendly they might be in the future, they could never again be lovers.

They were talking as if they were extremely interested and well-disposed to each other, when the others returned, and the others did not fail to observe it.

When the Lansings said good-bye, Walter found himself accepting an invitation to pay them a visit on their return from the seaside, whither they were going for a while on account of their mother's health.

'Yes, by George, Selma,' Walter said when they had gone away, 'you are quite right to admire your friend Esther. She *is* like a princess; her grace and elegance are quite astonishing. And then she is clever too, and has, I'm sure, a great deal of good-feeling. You were fortunate to find such a friend.'

The schoolmistress had ascended her dais, and was setting copies from a book of head-lines which was open on her desk.

Prudence prevents Penury

she wrote, thinking to herself what an excellent maxim that was, and what a pity more people did not live up to it. But she did not speak a word.

'By the way, Selma,' he went on, appearing not to notice her silence, 'you must have been rather surprised to find I knew the Lansings. I have been keeping that little surprise in store for you a long time. You wonder how such a superficial person as I could be so reticent. But there are depths in my character which you know not of, Selma. What powers of self-restraint, what "a sublime repression" of myself is implied by my keeping this mystery sealed, till at the proper moment the revelation should break upon you in all its dramatic vividness.'

Still not a word spoke the schoolmistress. Another copy-book, Enoch Slinghammer's this time. What an unpromising pupil Enoch was, a defiant, unloving boy; and what a vast amount of ink he wasted on his copies. But Enoch must not be despaired of; he should have a head-line which conveyed a weighty moral.

Falsehood is fatal to Friendship.

That will do. There is matter in that. That is sharp and pointed too, and goes straight to the heart and into it like a thorn.

'Jesting apart, Selma, I begin to think that my innocent attempt to surprise you may look a little silly. I *have* known the Lansings quite a long time. They are charming people, are they not? Miss Lansing is not what you would call pretty, to be sure, but she is bright and sensible, and a good-hearted sort of a girl. Esther is undoubtedly attractive—in her way. She will receive a good deal of admiration in society; be its leader in a few years if she likes. Not that I could do more than admire her myself; she is not at all my sort; there is a want of tenderness, of warmth, which rather repels me—'

Oh, doubly traitorous to herself and to her dearer self, how far would he dissemble? 'Stop!' she cried, in a voice of authority. 'You need not go on. *Miss Lansing has told me everything!*'

Walter looked at her in amazement.

Esther Lansing, you may have the mien of a duchess and the gait of Juno, but you cannot look more proud than this lighthouse-keeper's daughter. There is as much scorn in that eye, and resolution in those lips, as ever were reflected in your patrician face.

Walter Dean had never seen Selma look like this before, and he did not like it. Not that he was in the least cowed; that was not in his nature. But he was ill-pleased; for Walter, as we know, was exceedingly jealous on the score of his honour. Find fault with him in any other respect and he

laughed in your face, but you had better not cast suspicion on his honour, unless you wanted to rouse an angry devil. And Selma was casting suspicion on his honour by going on in this way. It was very wrong of her to suppose that he could be untrue to her after what had passed between them; it was very wrong of her to suppose that he could not explain everything to her satisfaction, and not to trust him to give the proper explanations at the proper time; and she must be brought to admit her error. He did not like being bullied by women. It was bad enough that that magnificent girl in the lace, and gauze, and bracelets, should try to lord it over him, but—

'Dear Miss Lansing!' he said, with a hard little laugh; 'I know her information is extensive. But if she undertook to tell you *everything*, she must have deceived you.'

'It is not *she* who has deceived.' This was the result of that ill-considered laugh.

A pause, during which Walter's countenance twitched a lttle.

'I should be sorry to suppose that any one had deceived you, Selma,' he said, quietly and smoothly. 'If I am not unreasonable, and as Miss Lansing's communications appear in some way to influence your demeanour to me, I should like to know what those communications were.'

'It would be a waste of time to tell you what you already know,' and Selma devoted marked attention to Enoch's copy-book.

'You flatter me; but really, I do not, like Miss Lansing, profess to know *everything*.'

There was no answer to this save the scratching of a pen which was writing

Falsehood is fatal to Friendship.

'Am I to understand then that I am not considered entitled to know what Miss Lansing has told you affecting me?' His voice and his heart were hardening.

A silence while a '*t*' was being crossed.

'Do you pretend to tell me, she said,' carefully surveying her handwriting, 'that you do not know perfectly well what I mean by "everything."'

'Pretend'; that was a word to sting. A moment's hesitation and then, 'If you think *pretend* is a proper word, I do pretend to say that I don't know what Miss Lansing's "everything" includes?'

'If you were one of my school-children I should tell you that you were—equivocating.'

'That is a long word and a hard one. You had better consider me one of your school-children, and that I do not understand it. Perhaps you will not deny me what I suppose even your children get—justice?'

'What justice do you want?'

'I want to know of what crime I am accused, that I may defend myself.'

'And I say you do wrong to keep up these pretences, and that you know what it is?'

'And I say—I know of no offence of mine which entitles you to treat me in this way?'

No answer to this, but the pen scratched away, '*Falsehood is fatal to Friendship.*' Enoch would stare in the morning. The mistress was writing, with an exactness and neatness quite foreign to that copy-book, line after line of this refrain.

Walter waited for some time. Would she yield? Would she even say something which might make it possible for him to yield, consistently with self-respect. 'Man to command and woman to obey.' That was her own view of the relations between woman and the superior being. Perhaps he had forgotten her saving clause: 'Man must prove himself worthy to exact obedience.'

'If the personified Virtue who presides over this academy,' he said at last in his airiest manner—he could have chosen no way to make his words more cutting—'has no more lessons in morality for her delinquent pupil, perhaps the school had better be dismissed.'

A sound came through the open windows borne faintly over the empty fields. They both recognized it. It was the whistle of the steamboat coming up the river. It crept like a chill through Selma's frame, as if it had been a bugle calling away her lover to a battlefield. But she did not speak. She only inclined her head slightly; it might have been to hide the spasm which passed over her face; or it might have been a silent assent to his suggestion.

He interpreted it to be the latter. 'Then the school *is* dismissed,' he said quietly, and limped down the room.

He seemed to walk with difficulty. There

was no soft arm to lend him help, more imaginary than real perhaps, but none the less acceptable for that reason; no one to look up into his face with a smile of anxious sympathy, and bid him rest awhile if he was tired. The irregular tap of his crutches upon the floor beat cruel blows upon her listening heart.

At the door he stopped to take his hat, and looked back for a moment. She had not stirred. She sat there composedly, her head bent a little, her eyes riveted on the book, and her fingers moving slowly along the page. The slight girlish figure seemed to him to loom into the outlines of an inexorable Fate, and that small hand was entering against him some irrevocable decree.

But the hand was only writing, in letters which were a little tremulous now,

Falsehood is fatal to Friendship;

while her heart was crying out, 'Oh Walter, Walter! come back and only say that you are a little sorry.'

EPILOGUE.

THE summer holidays are over, and the tale of the summer holidays is told. With the preceding chapter ended that pleasant time in our short, fierce summer which the more fortunate of us devote to the recreation of energies wasted in the wear and tear of busy life. The summer holidays! Sweet period of rest and change, of new scenes and new faces, of letters unopened and telegrams neglected, of mountain air and salt sea-breezes, of running streams and flickering camp-fires, of incident, adventure, and romance! Yes, they are gone, the happy summer holidays, and so our task is done. We have carried our drama through the promised acts, and we have nothing to do now but to thank such of the audience as have had the patience to sit through the play, and retire.

So drop the curtain, and if there is a moral in the play, let those who can discover it. Not that there is, probably, any moral to be found but what is presented in the quiet succession of every-day events in the work-a-day or holiday world around us. That beauty and grace, and all those instincts of gentleness, consideration, self-respect which constitute the true 'gentle' nature, do not flourish exclusively in drawing-rooms; that if there be anything of earnestness and genuineness in a man's character, love for a good woman will undoubtedly bring it to the surface; that honesty is the best policy, and a want of candour frequently leads to complications; that, however we may lay our plans, circumstances will often prove too strong for us; or, if you like,

> 'There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will;—'

all these things are simply truisms, which everybody knows from daily experience, and doesn't need to be reminded of by a story. Well, though the author might be pardoned for deeming it necessary to point out the purpose of his tale, if it happened to have one, the love of truth compels this confession—that not all nor one of these lessons were meant to be taught, for the excellent reason that it was never intended to teach any lesson at all.

So drop the curtain on the play that claims to have no moral. But stay! In his wilder dreams the writer fancies sometimes that there may be two or three amiable persons who, having followed the history thus far, would be glad that it should proceed a little farther. Not that they do not hold their own opinions as to subsequent events. Of course they know exactly what happened, these sagacious few; but there is always satisfaction, even in trivial matters, in being able to triumph in the proof that you were right. The author feels a vast desire, stronger than his original intention to keep to the letter of his contract, to oblige these thoroughly sensible people.

For the benefit, then, of that possible intelligent, judicious two or three, the curtain shall rise for a few moments for an epilogue, which shall prove that when they claimed to know all about everything, they did not overrate their sagacity.

September, with its clear, cool skies, and ripe peaches has gone; so has October, with its reddening leaves and winds that whirl them from the tree; and November, with grey skies, drizzling rains, and that general colourlessness and dreariness which excites persistent questionings as to the advantage

of living, is creeping unlamented to its grave.

Jacob's Island has not been looking cheerful lately beneath the leaden sky, washed by cold rains and a rather muddy-looking river, its trees—all except the dejected evergreens—naked and shivering in the wind, and its iron ribs bountifully exposed to view. The river is cheerless, too; no raft floats lazily by from which the songs come echoing sweetly to the island; no graceful yacht bowls past, its snowy wings spread to the rushing breeze; the bustling steamboat and sedate schooner are seldom seen.

But to-day there is more life in earth and air than there has been for some time past. For it has been blowing a gale since midnight, and raining impetuously at intervals. The river is churned into foam against the island, and breaks in spray about the lighthouse. But just now the rain has ceased, and the clouds are scudding away before the fierce sou'wester. It is not yet five o'clock in the afternoon, but darkness is closing in.

It is probably the discovery that the rain has stopped, and that night seems to be approaching earlier than usual, which brings that cloaked figure with the lantern out of the cottage. The figure is slight and fragile, we can easily see, as she bends her head and, holding her fluttering cloak about her with one hand, advances courageously in the face of the gale. It beats upon her ruthlessly, it makes her stagger sometimes, and sometimes turn her back to it, and it treats her skirts with rude freedom, but she does not give way. Stoutly she battles with the storm, and steadily gains ground, till she stands on the bridge which leads to the lighthouse.

Here she pauses, for as she looks beyond, she can see that the river is dashing itself to pieces around the lighthouse, and that now and then, between the lighthouse and herself, a crested breaker lifts itself and breaks in fragments on the bridge.

This is not an inviting prospect, and she looks all around her for a while, as if speculating on the possibility of help. She searches the gloomy horizon, but there is no help visible; the boat which is close behind her, creeping along the shore, escapes her notice. She presses her lip together and moves forward.

Then she pauses again, with a slight exclamation, as a monstrous roller, still retaining some of the bulk which has perhaps made more than one good ship reel on Lake Ontario, bears down upon the lighthouse, strikes it, sends a column of water shooting up the side, shakes the little gallery which runs round the tower, and scatters like drops of hail upon the crystal top.

She moves on again resolutely, but only a few steps. For suddenly there clambers over the rail behind her from the boat which she had overlooked, and had not heard approaching in the uproar of the storm, a man in a rough overcoat. He springs to her side.

'*I* shall do that, Selma,' he says softly in her ear.

She utters a sharp cry and looks up at him with a terrified face, and leans against the railing, and clings to it convulsively.

He gazes at her, and though his countenance is somewhat damp with moisture, it is eloquent with a look which speaks of love long denied its object, love starved by separation, hungry, and yearning, and too deep for words.

'Dear, you are like a ghost,' he says presently; 'I came upon you too suddenly. I could not help it. I could not keep back. I have been longing for you so. See, Selma, stay here quietly, and recover yourself, and I will light the lamp.'

He takes the lantern and key from her passive hand, and walks along the bridge. Even in the confusion of her thoughts, she notices that he still limps slightly.

The beacon-light is soon burning for all whom it may concern, and the gallant lighter who has been well sprinkled in the discharge of the duty, returns with his lantern to Selma's side. She has been standing insensible to the whistling winds, the raving waters, and the flying clouds; insensible to everything except that somebody has lit the lighthouse lamp for her, and that the old beacon seems to burn with a strange and beautiful lustre. And for a moment there flashes upon her mind the picture of a bark, storm-beaten and damaged, labouring in desperate and darkling seas, to which a light has flamed up suddenly, flashing hope and comfort through the gloom.

She was firm again, and greeted him with a pathetic smile.

'I have been yearning for you all this time,' Walter said endearingly, 'I have much to explain. But tell me, have you ever forgiven me?'

He put his arm around her and drew her towards him, and in the face she turned up to his he saw there was nothing he had done for which he need ask of her to be forgiven. But he saw too, with a bitter pang, that the face was worn and pallid, and that she had gone through unimagined sorrow since last he beheld her.

'I am glad you have come,' she said simply.

Walter pressed her close to his side, but 'Please don't' she said presently, and gently disengaged herself. It was not like her to be long bereft of her perceptions. Looking down she had seen, just above the flooring on which they stood, the keen eyes and bronzed round face of a boy she knew.

'Young Sledgehammer here would bring me over in his own boat,' Walter explained cheerfully, 'He takes a deep interest in me. Here Esau, Enoch,—you stay here and watch the boat while I go up to the house. If it rains get under the bridge. I'll be gone exactly half-an-hour—or more Your house sheltered me once in a storm,' he added, turning to Selma, 'I shall ask for shelter once again.'

He took her hand in his, indifferent to what Enoch Slinghammer might think of such familiarity, and walked towards the cottage. Enoch gazed after them curiously till they disappeared. Then he turned his eye solemnly upon the blinking light, and winked thrice confidentially. Then he whistled softly, and with an air of abstraction beyond his years.

In the cottage Selma threw off her cloak, and sank down upon a chair. The brightness which for a few moments had lightened her face had faded away; her look and attitude seemed dejected and hopeless.

'Selma!' he exclaimed in a tearful voice, as he saw this sorrowful change; and he drew near and would have thrown his arms about her.

'No, no!' she cried, and motioned him from her, sadly.

'I shall respect your wishes. You have a right to hold aloof till you hear what I have to say. But only tell me that you have sometimes thought tenderly of me since we parted.'

'I have often—always thought of you. And my thoughts have not been unkind.' She smiled pathetically.

'They might well have been. I behaved like a coward and a cur that day. You thought I did not feel ashamed. I did, and have ever since. I wrote you a long letter explaining everything, and asking you not to hate me.'

'A letter!' She looked at him with a startled glance.

'Yes, Selma, a letter which you never got. I have found out all about it. I shall tell you how it was just now. When no answer came, day after day, and week after week, I felt very bad indeed. Sometimes I thought you had no softness in you at all; that you intended to give me up completely, and that I might give up every thing too. Yes, Selma, I thought of trying Central Africa, or the Prussian war, or somewhere where nothing would matter.'

'Give you up, Walter? Oh, if there is any thing which can make it right for me to think of you as mine, tell it to me.'

'Selma, there is no reason why you shouldn't, unless you think me quite unworthy of your affection. But I have a long story to tell, and you must listen patiently.'

'I can be patient, Walter.'

'I told you in that letter which never reached you, how I came to mislead you so about the Lansings; how at first I said nothing about knowing them, because it simply seemed to be of no importance; and how I intended to tell you that night I left the island, and other things put it out of my head. I don't know why I didn't tell you after that, except that I was a miserable, imbecile, and—very much in love with you. Selma, I did once want to marry Esther Lansing; it seems an age ago now. But I'm sure I don't want to marry her now, and equally sure she doesn't want to marry me.'

'How could she now, knowing all?' put in Selma, faintly.

'Knowing all only makes her precious glad to have an excuse for getting rid of me. Selma, we were never actually pledged to each other. There was a sort of mutual understanding that if we cared about each other after a time, we were to—let each other know it. We can never let each

other know what isn't and never can be the case. You need not shake your head that way. I shall think you are still finding fault with me.'

'No, Walter, I am too unhappy to find fault with anybody.'

'You have no right to be, just when I'm explaining why you shouldn't be. Selma, can you guess who brought me word about the fate of my letter, and all that has happened down here lately?'

Selma shook her head, while the remembrance of some recent sorrow made her eyes overflow.

'Selma, it was Anatole.'

'Anatole?'

'Anatole, and no other. That man sailed up the lake in a miserable cockleshell of a boat, and found me out, and told me that your poor father—had been drowned—don't cry, Selma, or I shall too—that the Lansings were still away, that you and Mary Jane were looking after the lighthouse, that you were friendless and unhappy, and slowly dissolving away with grief, and he flattered me so far as to say that, in his opinion, I was the only person who could persuade you not to dissolve away altogether.'

'Anatole should not have said that,' she said, smiling through her tears.

'But he did say that, on the authority of that angel in calico, Mary Jane, who has been Anatole's fellow-conspirator. And when I offered Anatole money to help him back—he let out that it was the want of money that compelled him to come the way he did—the fellow spurned it; would not touch my filthy lucre, and if I hadn't known how really amiable he is, I should have feared he was going to tear my eyes out.'

'Poor Anatole! the idea of him taking so much trouble and risk for my sake,' Selma said with a grateful tremor in her voice. 'I suppose he thought it would do some good,' she added with a little sigh.

'Selma—if you dare to sigh again, I declare I'll—kiss you. I don't think you'll see poor Anatole about here again. He told me incidentally that he had given up his lighthouse, and was going to sail up to the North-West somewhere. He didn't seem particular where, and had left Niagara Falls out of consideration.'

'I hope nothing will happen to him.'

'So do I, for he has done me more than one good turn. His character has great possibilities in it, but is not well regulated. I am sorry to have to state that he admitted having received my letter from the postmaster and—he forgot to deliver it.'

'Is it possible? oh why did he do that?'

'Because—well, he takes a deep interest in you, and he thought that corresponding with me would not tend to elevate your character. However, he bagged the letter, and precious near sent me to Senegambia, though I held on with a sort of lurking hope that things would turn out all right. And I believe that, had I started for Senegambia, I should have dropped in upon you just to say good-bye. Selma, I prefer Canada to that country on the whole. I believe I can be happier here, if I can persuade you to think I am not quite wanting in truth and honour.'

'Walter, I do not think so. I believe what you say is true, except that you cannot know Esther's feelings. I think I can understand why you came to put off speaking about Esther. But I knew not what to think on that dreadful afternoon. I behaved very badly. It has made me very miserable ever since.'

'Not more miserable than I have been, Selma.'

'I think so, but—perhaps not. Esther wrote to me—she went away the day after we saw her—telling me just about what you have told me.'

'Did she? Glorious Esther!'

'She said she had found out my secret. She prayed that I might be happy, and, in spite of all the kindness of her words, she left in my mind the impression that——'

'Well?'

'That my happiness could only be brought about at the expense of hers.'

'Nonsense! you have placed such a construction upon her words because you have been alone here, a prey to morbid fancies. It is not true, and Esther Lansing is not the girl to try to cast a drop of gall into your happiness by even insinuating such an untruth. You are mistaken, Selma. Read in a proper light, I engage that her words will not bear that construction.'

'I wish I could think so. I have read and re-read them I have thought much over it, and have no doubts. She does not give you up willingly. She does it—simply out of kindness to me.'

'Indeed; and that being the case—'

'That being the case,' said Selma with quiet determination, 'I know exactly what we have to do. We must separate.'

'For how long?'

'For—ever.'

'Selma! you do not, you *can* not love me, or you would not talk this way.'

'I could wish I did not. But alas! I do, too much for my own happiness. My mind and heart can never change. But there is something higher than love, and that is duty. And my duty is clear. I must sacrifice my own inclinations for the sake of the friend to whom I owe everything. It costs me an effort, but it will be better for me in the long run to know that I have done right.'

'So we are to say good-bye, Selma?'

She bent her head silently.

'And what are you going to do?' he asked after a long pause.

'My plans are not quite settled. I shall leave here perhaps. I am only taking care of the lighthouse till the new keeper comes. I shall be sorry to leave Jacob's Island.'

'And what am I to do?'

Another pause. 'You will do what is right,' she said softly.

'We may have different views of what is right. Do you tell me what I am to do.'

'You will keep strict faith with Esther, and make her happy.'

'I won't,' growled Walter under his breath. 'There will be difficulties in the way, I'm afraid,' he said aloud, with a dubious shake of the head.

'They will be overcome.'

'Well, I don't know; there is one I fear can't be got over.'

'There is nothing which the determination to do right may not overcome.'

'There are things which would daunt even angels like you. For instance—Esther Lansing intends to marry another man.'

'Walter!'

'As letters seem to play an important part in this—tragedy,' said Walter calmly, 'I am happy to be able to produce *the* epistle of the occasion,' and he drew a letter from his pocket.

He read it slowly. It was dated at Quebec. It stated that the writer had been thrown in with Miss Esther Lansing a great deal during the last three months, first at the sea-side, and then, quite without design on either side ('Of course!' note by the reader), at Quebec; that a strong regard for her which he had felt two or three years ago and had never been able quite to control, had reasserted itself; that he had endeavoured to discipline it, but, owing to the unexpected kindness of the young lady, without success; that he had been so unguarded as to flounder into a confession one evening, which, somewhat to his surprise, was received graciously; that in effect he was the accepted suitor of Esther Lansing, *vice* a superior person once a childish fancy and now—retired.

Such concisely was the letter, and it was signed 'MAURICE SMITH.'

'Selma, I have one or two questions for you. Is Maurice Smith a man to be believed?'

'He is indeed.'

'Is Esther Lansing a girl to marry where she does not love?'

'I do think, I am sure—she would not.'

'My premises granted, what is the inevitable conclusion?'

'I do not know; I can hardly say; I can hardly think. It seems as if something which I have been building up painfully in long bitter months that were like years, were falling in fragments about me.'

'Your resolves must fall; the foundation is gone. Yes, dearest, you must yield. Your ideas of duty make you sacred in my eyes: you are something unspeakably higher and better than I. I do not deserve the love of such a one. No, nor such a friend as Maurice,' he said, musingly, folding up his letter. 'Selma, Maurice tried to persuade me to give up seeing you long ago. He reminded me of Esther Lansing, and declared I owed it to her to give up seeing you. I know the reason now. He loved Esther, and could not bear to think that any trouble or suffering might come to her through me. I thank heaven which has given me the friendship of such a man; and, Selma, I thank heaven a thousand times for you, and I do most earnestly pray that I may prove myself worthy of the gift. For, dearest, you must yield now, and, as far as I can promise, no suspicion, no shadow shall ever come between us two again.'

'Oh Walter, I am ready enough to yield. It was very hard to make up my mind that, if you ever came again, I must give you up. It is not hard for me to change my mind. Oh love, indeed, I trust you. A great load

is lifted from my heart and the world is bright again;' and a happy mist dimmed the soft brown eyes.

With both his hands he drew the dear head towards him, and kissed away her tears.

ELLIS DALE.

ROUND THE TABLE.

IS the world getting better or worse? The evolutionists, with Mr. Spencer at their head, tell us it is and must be getting better. But then the evolution philosophy admits of a good many eddies in the stream of progress, and possibly we are running up stream just now instead of down. If, as a matter of fact, there are any very encouraging signs in the moral condition of the world to-day, I should like somebody to say what they are. Is the tone of our literature higher than it was, say thirty years ago? Is business conducted on better principles? Do children receive a sounder moral, or a more vigorous intellectual, education? Is fidelity to public and private engagements more general now than then? Is there a better feeling between different classes of society? Is life altogether more natural and better-ordered? Are elevated and generous sentiments more widely understood by our contemporaries than by the generation that is gone? It would indeed be a happy thing if to all these questions we could answer 'Yes'; but I could scarcely venture that answer to them, or to any of them, myself. We have less crime, I believe, than they had thirty years ago, but what an amazing 'loafer' element we have in all our large towns. By 'loafers' I mean great gawks of men and youths more or less vicious in their habits, with a natural love of idleness, and indifferent as so many savages to all that dignifies or beautifies life. These are not they who, as Matthew Arnold says,

> 'Tread the border-land dim,
> 'Twixt vice and virtue;'

for all their sympathies are with vice, in which they indulge just as far their means and opportunities allow.

But go a step higher in society and ask what is the intellectual and moral calibre of our fashionable and, as things go, well-educated youths of both sexes. I think, myself, that those who have passed through the period of youth take more interest in young people than they did when they were young themselves. I find myself at least watching young people with a great deal of interest, and trying to understand their ways and their feelings. Youth, we have always understood, is the age of romance, and we remember that years ago it was so to us. At least we could understand Robert Browning when he said,

> 'O good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth
> This autumn morning.'

We knew too what Wordsworth meant when he said that,

> 'To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

But alas for our chances of discovering any traces of romance or poetic sensibility in the dressing, dancing, pic-nicing youth of to-day. It is neither in their tones, nor their looks, nor their conversation. Buzzing like so many moths around the lamp of pleasure, they seem to have no leisure either to think or to feel. Even the novel, such as it has become in the hands of Ouida and Miss Broughton, begins to be a burden; and as to all the world of literature beyond, it is an '*orbis veteribus notus*,' that is to say, a world abandoned to old fogies. The most amazing stories reach me from time to time of the absolute, blank ignorance of some of our most highly-gilded youths; and what I observe myself enables me to believe them very readily.

If I might venture upon a theory to ac-

count for the very unsatisfactory condition of things which I think can be shown to exist just now, I should say that the world is not advancing in the right direction at present, for want of fixed ideas upon fundamental questions. Before there can be orderly progress, there must be some sure basis of belief in regard to the deepest and widest questions of all. This we lack at present. The Christian theory of the universe and of man's destinies is being more feebly presented from year to year; that is to say, more and more adulterated in order to diminish the appearance of conflict with 'modern thought.' But the result of this is to rob it in a large measure of its directive virtue, for men will not be controlled by any doctrine that comes to them with an uncertain sound. On the other hand, 'modern thought' is slow to furnish a synthesis of its own. It has an admirable power of tearing down; its guerilla soldiery make havoc of old ideas here and there and everywhere; but as yet it has hardly begun the work of construction. Consequently society is left to drift about with but little clear moral guidance, and with a comparatively feeble sense of moral responsibility. It is much to be desired that 'modern thought' may get through the critical and dispersive stage as quickly as possible, and begin to furnish us with the affirmations, the binding truths, that we so much need. If once more we could have a common basis of belief and education, the progress society would make in organization and general well-being, would be, I fully believe, something of which at present we can have very little idea. Certainly nothing can be less favourable to social advancement than such a conflict between superstition and scepticism as constitutes the most salient feature of the civilization of to-day.

—If I were ever selfish enough to want to own a 'tight little island' all to myself, I would make my selection in Lake Joseph. Then, if my fellow guests here want to visit me, the direction how to find me is very simple. They will take the steamer from Gravenhurst to Port Cockburn, put up at Mr. Fraser's beautifully situated hotel, and start next morning in a boat to beat up my quarters. Keep the boat's nose, coxswain, straight between Round Island and the mainland, and, now lads, give way, for there is a five mile pull before you. Rowed all! and you see the water shoaling under you with a clear rock bottom, on which the shadow of boat, steerer, and paddle floats waveringly. A strange wine-colour the water is, you will notice, not red, but a yellowish tint like Hock; does it come from the saturation of the sunbeams, think you? Now up the steep rocky shore, a thirty or forty feet slope of unbroken rock, just mottled with thick pads of white and grey moss. You can easily see how the soil is formed that will one day cover these dry bones with flesh and skin. A few pine needles lodge in a hollow or cleft, a little rain-water softens them and stops their blowing away. So they slowly rot into a handful of black mould, and a black velvety lichen, like crisp burnt paper, covers the face of the rock all round them, and in a year or so you will find a green blade or two of grass sprouting out. You need not wait the two or three years, for here are patches of vegetation in different stages of existence, side by side: there, a pine seedling has struck root and events will begin to march. The sparse soil is kept damper by the shade, the rain of pine-needles falls thicker and faster, and a wild-strawberry plant casts in its lot with the grass and the thick moss. The pine sends out its roots this way and that way, grows ambitious and drops a taproot down a cleft in the rock to another patch of soil, and sends an exploratory feeler in quest of moisture between two huge blocks, till the whole stone is netted in a snake-like covering of roots. But come away, here is the forest primeval, and we have some climbing and clambering yet to do between the thick tree-stems, treading on rotten trunks masked with a wilderness of ferns (how your true fern loves a decaying tree! it is at once the earthworm of the forest-corpse and its transmigrated spirit), or on great blocks of granite, from which your slipping foot will peel whole sheets of mossy greenery.

The island is some eighty acres in size, and before we are a quarter across we begin to descend again. Down, down, down! The underbrush is not very thick, and if you are travelling too fast, just break your momentum by charging against some big tree and clutching it stoutly, till

you are ready for another dive. In the midst of one of these rushes you pause and look through a break in the leafy masses. A lake by all that's—holy! I hear you exclaim. Yes, my friend, a lake, five or six acres of it, in the very middle of this trim little island; a lake, too, that is waiting for some surveyor of a curious turn of mind, to determine if it is higher than the *outside* lake or not, and if so, by how many feet it takes precedence. Now you see why I chose this particular island. Admire my basket-ferns; chin-high, or may I never know the difference between Polypodye and Osmunda,—and my chin high is based upon a total height of 5 ft. 10½ in. Look at these moccasin plants growing so lushly in the beds of moss all round the brim, and then gaze at the cup-like hollow in which the little lake lies peacefully, full to the lip with its water and the blue it has stolen from the sky.

'Any fish in it?' Ah! I thought so! Wretched visitor, avoid thee; hence with thy rod and tackle, thy bait and thy trolling lines! This is sacred ground and holy water; the close season reigns all the year round, and wert thou St. Peter himself, or didst thou come along chatting with old Izaak Walton, never a cast shouldst thou make on the surface of this enchanted lake!

—Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, in the *International Review*, challenges the conclusion of Lord Macaulay in regard to the authorship of Junius's letters, and endeavours to establish a *non sequitur* to the historian's argument. I have no pet theory in regard to 'the man in the anonymous mask;' but I cannot fail to see that a material part of Mr. Stephens's own argument is more preposterous than that of Macaulay. The former says: 'Is it probable that anyone filling a clerkship in any of the departments of Government, could have been possessed of such extraordinary powers as Burke recognized in Junius, and such as he exhibited throughout his whole career? Could Philip Francis, clerk, have overmatched Mansfield and Blackstone on questions of law? Isn't the supposition untenable on rational principles? Is it not even preposterous?' I confess I fail to see either the preposterousness or the lack of rationality. Why should not a clerk in the British Civil Service possess extraordinary powers? Charles Lamb was one, so was John Stuart Mill; and Macaulay himself was a clerk in the India Office when he first discovered his literary powers. Besides, chief clerk in the War Office is no mean position. Francis felt it incumbent on him to resign his position, because the appointment of Mr. Chamier to the position of Deputy Secretary of War was distasteful to him; and his subsequent appointment to the position of Indian Councillor shows that 'clerk' in the War Office is not of the insignificance which Mr. Stephens evidently attaches to it. That the ability of Sir Philip Francis to trip up even Blackstone on a point of parliamentary practice is not the marvel which the same gentleman seems to regard it, may be inferred from the fact that many a clever journalist succeeds in convicting veteran statesmen of violating constitutional practice.

—What is to become of us if the Telephone proves a success? Carlyle's wind-bags are bad enough already, but how will it be if they can indefinitely multiply themselves, and become at once as prolific and destructive as the Colorado beetle? The prosy speeches of the Right Hon. Sir Jabesh, no longer boiled down and concentrated by the reporter's useful art, will echo through the land with all the drawling verbosity for which that eminent statesman is so noted. Rumour, with its 'coat painted full of tongues,' will be outdone for the nonce, whilst, on the other hand, gossip may be expected to lose half its present charm of unexpected originality, when it is circulated on less impulsive and tricky organs than lips of mere flesh and blood. But only fancy the domestic horrors it might entail! In a house with a telephone in every room, poor Benedict might be tempted to imagine that his mother-in-law had been 'laid on,' like the gas and hot water. It would be so delightfully easy for that sweet lady (like Homer's heroes in the press of battle) to 'send her voice before her' on speculation, all over the house, to enquire what Benedict is doing, or why he is doing it, or if not, why he isn't doing it, and particularly (when perhaps he is doing some harmless fretwork) why he persists in smoking when he knows dear Angelina's nerves—.At this point we may picture

Benedick breaking his saw, throwing the unfinished bracket from him, and putting a stopper on the instrument (if such a process is possible). Then the horrid thought assails one, could a telephone be tapped? Might not a rejected lover intercept the soft whisperings that pass between Rosalind and her more favoured swain? Could not two strands of wire get accidentally twisted, and mix together the fervour of the temperance lecturer and a graphic report of the Woodbine Race-meeting, to the utter confusion and discomfiture of the would-be recipient?

The post-card has been found a very efficient method of dunning, when the 'dunnee' has still a feeling of shame about him, and a nervous dread of his correspondence being overhauled by his clerks or servants. What would it be though to the telephone? Fancy your impecunious swell greeted at a dinner party with a frightful reminder from his tailor that his coat is unpaid for; or the guests being politely informed by the host's wine-merchant that the claret they are imbibing is the last they will get at *that* hospitable mahogany unless that 'little bill' now under protest is taken up before the morrow is out.

Will not the second-rate lecturers, 'stick-it' ministers, and thumping piano-forte players object to an invention which threatens to cut them off in favour of the foremost men of mark, who, seated comfortably in their studies, can reel off an harangue or play a sonata in fifty different directions at once? Some classes of Protestants would rejoice to have nothing more tangible than a voice to teach them; it would suit so well that style of impersonal and super-spiritual religion which declines to decorate the chapel, lest the mind should be led to dwell on outward manifestations to the detriment of the inward light. Those of a more sensational school could be gratified by a double arrangement, which would depict Paradise from the region of the chandelier, and dilate on the tortures of Hades in a deep tone out of the hot-air flues under their feet. Nor need the other sects, who require a central figure, whether of surpliced priest or black-kid-gloved minister, be disappointed. Artful lay figures, like those pallid, intellectually-browed busts we see in hairdressers' windows, could be fastened up in front of the sounding-board, and a very little practice would enable deacon or organist to pull the wires so as to produce the appropriate action of eyes and pocket-handkerchief at the critical moments. But there! we are straying too far from our subject, and, we fear, bid fair to become as great a bore as the telephone itself must infallibly turn out to be, if our dear friends A, B, or C are often at one end when our ear is at the other.

—It is a social problem yet unsolved,—this vast amount of jam-making which, during the whole of this intensely oppressive summer, has been and still is going on in every household, is it an absolute necessity, or simply a national prejudice? Two things have to be considered—the jam-making and the jam-eating. Let us look first at the jam-maker. See her, on a day hot enough to do nothing but 'sit in one's bones,' stewing over an awful stove for hours and hours at a time; look at the fruit, meant for summer refreshment, gradually losing its identity and becoming amalmagated with the sugar into an indistinguishable mass. Remember, too, that this is not the performance of a day, but of weeks, and that during the time when the jam fever rages, calls are forgotten, letters are unwritten, friends are considered a bore, and going out a delusion and a snare. One's duty towards one's neighbour is read as one's duty towards one's preserves. Think, too, how, all this time, the mind, left to itself, must necessarily take a saccharine and sub-crystalline turn, and dwell principally upon the number of jars that have been filled or yet await their fate. There is no room for thought, or for fresh ideas from the book-world; and, worse still, abroad, the lily must fade away unconsidered, and the beauty of the summer leaves and the brightness of the summer birds be unheeded and unseen,—and all for jam! Leaving the poor house-mother, let us come to the jam-eating. Once made, of course it stands to reason that jam must be eaten. Alas for the healthy appetites of our ancestors, gone will be the wholesome taste for beef and cold mutton, if our children, instead of being *preserved* from a morbid appetite for preserves, have a passion for that unwholesome food *jammed* (don't be angry; this is atrocious, I know, but I couldn't help it)—jammed into them in the fashion customary

in this country. Have you ever, oh fellow-guests (and devoutly do I hope you never have), after a tiresome, wearying day, come cold and hungry to a friendly house in time for tea? You sit down expectant and eager. What anguish of soul, what keen disappointment! There is nothing to eat but jam! 'What! not take plum jam? then pray try this citron, or this strawberry, or perhaps you prefer raspberry.' You sternly refuse all such sticky consolation, and rise from the meal unsatisfied and disgusted. You looked for substantial food, and are offered trifles light as air and quite as indigestible! You expected nourishment—something to strengthen bone, tissue, and blood; and are put off with a pretence, a hollow mockery!

—Henry Ward Beecher has said, with epigrammatic narrowness: 'There are some people who do not get enough of themselves by always living in their own company, and so keep journals.' As I am one of these, it is well that I have learned not to be disconcerted by pert sayings: they carry with them stings, but seldom blows from which one cannot rally. If one hope to live without incurring by one's habits or actions a multitude of sharp hits, one may as well try dodging rain-drops in a shower. 'Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour?' Certainly they should not, but as certainly they do. Jokes have brought about mighty things, and very poor jokes at that; and in this small matter, many a diary-keeper will wince at the aggressive little remark I have quoted, as he may have done at others like it. People who keep diaries, in company with mothers-in-law, hen-pecked husbands, volunteers, and lawyers, have long been the butts for merciless witticisms. If that were all, they would have no great occasion for concern; but under all this poking of fun there are very serious objections that may be urged against their habit, as well as some very trivial ones. It is to save the patience of some of my fellow guests that I get rid of a great deal of the rubbish by saying dogmatically that silly folk will keep silly diaries from silly motives, as they would exhibit silliness wherever their individuality had free play. Let us consider sensible objections to the diaries of sensible people—for it is indisputable that some sensible people keep diaries. And while I postulate common-sense, I would also be understood as referring only to ordinary, and not exceptional persons; the diaries of magnates and celebrities are quite beside the question. In the first place, then, I have heard it urged that to write up a diary regularly is a waste of time. This is begging the question: if it be shown to be worth doing, it is not a waste of time; while if it be a pleasure altogether innocent, neither useful nor detrimental, it may be pleaded that the few minutes devoted to it would probably be wasted in some other amusement. It is only as a corollary to the demonstration that the habit is actually harmful, as well as absolutely useless, that there is anything in this objection.

Is the habit actually harmful? The weightiest consideration against it on this ground is that it is apt to foster a morbid, self-examinative mood; to magnify Self as a fact in the mental vision, and enthrone Self in absolute monarchy in the emotional realm. It is urged that the diary of a man inclined to vanity will soon become little else than a daily incense-offering that shall smell sweet in his own nostrils; a diurnal pæan of self-praise in abbreviations; a regular writing down of great I and little *you*. On the other hand, it is supposed that a man with a tendency to self-suspicion, over-humility, or that vanity turned inside out which apes humility, will make his diary a confessional into which will be poured avowals of trivial shortcomings and petty misdeeds, accompanied by a manuscript wail of exaggerated repentance. As at other confessionals, by dwelling with gusto on his wrong-doings, he gets an appetite for imaginary wickedness, and feels bound to bring a little guilt to bemoan and do easy penance for every day. He becomes tragical in his allusions—generally made before young ladies—to the secrets known only to himself and 'that book'; and is pleased if he can excite wonder as to what they are. In short, the charge against the diary is, that, as it is a sort of Liberty Hall, in which a man may make as great a fool of himself as he pleases, unobserved, he will probably set up in it a metaphorical looking-glass, and play the pranks most to his liking before it; be audience and actor in one, applaud himself, hiss himself, and bow to

himself, until that self has acquired all-importance in his eyes.

I could not for a moment dispute the validity of this charge against the habit of keeping a diary, did I admit the assumption on which it is grounded; which I certainly do not. That assumption—made also in Mr. Beecher's remark—is that a diary must necessarily treat of self. I fail to recognize anything in the words 'Diary' or 'Journal' implying any such necessity; and the force which custom and tradition lend the idea goes no further than to make it orthodox for a diary to chronicle the actions performed by, and the events occurring to, one's self day by day. I postulated sensible people, be it remembered; and it seems to me that a sensible person would in his diary stop short here—at actions and events, excluding as far as possible emotional entries and morbid self-analysis. When these are admitted, diary-keeping becomes at once a dangerous habit, which it requires strong good sense and sharp watching to keep from growing foolish and actually harmful. Most young people of a thoughtful turn of mind have kept such diaries; and in most cases they work their own cure. After an interval of a few years—of a few months very frequently—to read entries of the emotional or subjective, the self-laudatory or the self-depreciatory kinds, is as wholesome as it is nauseous.

It may be assumed, then, that there is nothing actually harmful in the habit of keeping a diary, so long as it excludes almost everything concerning *Self* except the simple chronicle of events and actions. We can thus claim that, if it be an amusement, it deserves the time we spend over it as well as any other amusement by which we might occupy the same time. But I am not satisfied with this; for I think it has a better right to those few minutes than it would have as an amusement. It is not absolutely useless in my opinion; but useful and profitable in many ways that I cannot now enlarge upon. It depends entirely on the keeper of a diary whether it shall remain negatively harmless, and of some slight use as a bare chronicle of events; or whether it shall become an intelligent comment on daily occurrences, a well-indexed, though pleasantly informal commonplace-book; a brief record of his honest opinions as to all he sees and reads; a daily exercise in writing clear and concise English; and a volume full of such notes and sketches as shall in after years call up pleasant memories, and speak of 'old times' in their own voice. Without any secrecy, open to any friend, with no morbid self-consciousness, written in the warmth of present interest, each volume as it is laid away should 'fix' the glowing reflection of mental progress through active and earnest days.

—Those of us Canadians who have the fortune or misfortune to live in cities, and who have returned from their expeditions and holiday trips to the seaside and elsewhere, can scarcely fail to be delighted and instructed if they make occasional explorations nearer home during the remainder of the season. October is a pleasant month for taking long walks, collecting ferns, leaves, mosses, etc. Apart from the fascinating amusement thus afforded, I know nothing that lends to a Canadian home such a delightful charm during the fire side evenings of winter, as the adornment of the walls with pictures of tastefully arranged leaves and ferns; and to see here and there a fern-shade, with its graceful looking miniature forest of green. This month is especially attractive to the student of Nature. It is the time when the beautiful maple-leaves put on their prettiest shades of colour. What, too, can charm the eye more than the simple maiden-hair fern, modestly hiding itself in a picturesque glen? and with what tenderness it seems to cling to the moss-covered stones and the antique roots of trees; yet how unnoticed and almost unknown, wasting 'its sweetness on the desert air.' There are, no doubt, many Nature-favoured haunts within an easy walk of most of our cities, where a variety of ferns are to be found, and where anyone who wants to learn the art of forgetting, can converse with Nature in the fields and valleys. Perfect specimens of ferns have been found in coal formations hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth. A lady friend of mine who has a delightfully ordered house, devotes particular attention to her fern-shades, in which are collected beautiful specimens of prettily arranged plants. These, together with the song of a number of golden canaries, in their fancy cages, give to the room a charming air of spring, even in the depth of winter.

—I cannot help being struck with admiration at the really charming consistency which some of our religious journals occasionally display. Of this excellent quality, two notable instances have recently come under my observation. About a couple of months back the *Christian Guardian* fell foul of the management of the CANADIAN MONTHLY on account of the liberality which it has sometimes shown in allowing both sides of a theological subject to be discussed, by contributors, in its columns. In the week following this remarkable display of toleration and of its appreciation of the Scripture injunction to 'prove *all* things,' the *Guardian* contained a very favorable notice of the July number of the Canadian edition of the *Fortnightly Review*, in the course of which it praised the enterprise of the Messrs. Belford in publishing the Review in this country, and, by implication at least, recommended their venture to the support of the Canadian public. The truly admirable consistency of the *Christian Guardian* will be apparent when it is pointed out that the particular number of the *Fortnightly* so praised and recommended, contained an article on 'The Ethics of Religion,' by Prof. Clifford, compared with which anything of a theologically unorthodox character that has ever appeared in the columns of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, is 'as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.'

The other notable instance of the peculiar species of consistency which has awakened my admiration, is given in the September number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*. In the course of a couple of editorial articles devoted to the recent Dunkin campaign and defeat in Toronto, the editor congratulates 'Brothers Dewart, Potts, Hunter, Senator Aikins, and other good men and true, the heroes of this fight, on the abuse and invective, the outpourings of the wrath of the whisky-mongers, of which they have been the objects.' The obvious intention, of course, is to condemn the abuse, invective, and outpourings of wrath alluded to. From the articles in which the foregoing passage is imbedded, I cull, for the edification of the guests at this Table, the following choice flowers of rhetoric. 'We hear of no prayer-meetings on the other side. But instead, drunken ruffianism, and besotted ignorance, and sordid greed, and utter selfishness, leagued in unhallowed warfare against domestic peace, public sobriety, and private morality.' If the by-law should be defeated, 'it would be a victory that, gained by unrighteous means, should overwhelm the advocates of the liquor-traffic with confusion and shame.' The traffic is 'a foul incubus of darkness.' Those engaged in it 'controlled a large number of friends, dependants, and hangers-on, who from sordid self-interest, debased and insatiate appetites, or more corrupt motives still, marched as a phalanx to the poll, to vote, and jostle, and crowd, and fight for the perpetuation of the unhallowed traffic in the woes and sorrows of mankind. Hundreds of blear-eyed, drunken, and ragged wretches, bribed by unlimited drinks, free feeds, and the lavish expenditure of money, swamped, with their venal votes, those of the respectable, moral, and religious portion of the community.' Every large city, it seems, 'is a sort of Adullam's cave,' where 'the tramps and dead-beats and vagabonds of society come together, and with their malign influence, oppose every effort to elevate the community to a higher plane of being.' 'The cities are, so far as the liquor traffic is concerned, the place where Satan's seat is; and it is exceedingly difficult to overcome the selfish machinations of his agents and allies.' The description, which follows, of the 'vulgar triumphal procession which outraged every sentiment of common decency,' by which, 'in eminent congruity with their nature, the Licensed Victuallers celebrated their victory,' glitters with such gems as these: 'bar-tenders and their disreputable satellites,' 'vulgar ruffians,' 'blasphemous utterances,' 'victors "flown with insolence and wine,"' 'victuallers and their myrmidons,' and 'guilty traffic.'

No doubt the writer who condemns abuse, invective, and outpourings of wrath, imagines that his own language is in perfect good taste, is perfectly *temperate*, and therefore perfectly fit and proper to be addressed by a *temperance* advocate to the four thousand tax-paying citizens of Toronto who voted against the Dunkin Act. Well, I was one of the four thousand. Nevertheless, incredible as the fact may seem to the editor of the *Methodist Magazine*, I am *not* a drunken ruffian; nor a blear-eyed and ragged wretch; nor a tramp, dead-beat, or

vagabond; nor a victualler's myrmidon; nor the disreputable satellite of a bar-tender; nor, to the best of my knowledge and belief, an agent or ally of Satan. Neither did I march in a phalanx to the poll, to jostle, or crowd, or fight; nor was I bribed to vote by unlimited drinks, free feeds, or the lavish expenditure of money; nor was my vote in any sense a venal one. On the contrary, I voted against the Act conscientiously, because I believed it to be one of the most iniquitous laws that ever disgraced the statute-book of any civilized country,—an Act which is essentially unjust in principle, which outrages liberty, and which legalises robbery,—which in seeking to suppress the *vice* of drunkenness, perpetrates the *crimes* of tyranny, injustice, and spoliation.

That the Act is an outrage on liberty, by interfering with a man's right to eat and drink what he pleases, has been proved to a demonstration by Mr. Allen in his masterly articles in this Magazine, and nothing more need be said on that head. True, the *Christian Guardian* appears to think that Mr. Allen's ideas of liberty are 'crude.' This, however, is simply amusing, seeing that they are the ideas, not alone of Mr. Allen, but also of the greatest of modern thinkers—men like Wilhelm Von Humbolt, John Stuart Mill, Buckle, and Herbert Spencer,—indeed, of the whole army of modern European liberals. But this is neither new nor strange. The contest between Science and Theology is an old one. The great thinkers of every age have always found the theologians arrayed in deadly enmity against them.

That the Act is unjust in principle is susceptible of equally unanswerable proof. In seeking to put down a certain traffic, it punishes only one party to it. If the liquor traffic is criminal, then both buyer and seller are guilty, and both should be punished. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the buyer is the actual tempter, and consequently the more guilty of the two—supposing there is any guilt in the matter. Moreover, one need not be a political economist to be aware that a commodity of any kind is supplied because there is a demand for it. Let the demand cease, and the supply will cease. The Dunkin Act puts the cart before the horse: it attacks the supply and leaves the demand untouched; it punishes the man who supplies, while the man who, by demanding, really creates the supply, is allowed to go free. He can even refuse to pay for the liquor which he has bought, and recover, by law-suit, what he has paid. Nay, worse! He may be and often is rewarded with half the penalty if he will but act the part of a whiskey-detective, and inform against the man whom he has instigated to break the law and joined with in breaking it. Of two parties to an illegal act, then, the less guilty is punished, while the more guilty is rewarded. Could legislation be devised more monstrously one-sided, or more utterly subversive of the very foundations of public morality? That such an Act is tolerated on the statute-book is due to the fact that consumers of liquor are immeasurably more moral than the law; they are not such contemptible sneaks and cheats as to take advantage of its infamous provisions.

That the Act legalises robbery is equally easy of proof. In Toronto there are about four hundred grocers, tavern-keepers, and other persons who deal in liquor by retail. Allowing an average of five to a family, there are, then, about two thousand people dependent to a greater or less extent for subsistence, upon the liquor traffic, a perfectly legal one be it remembered. Had the Act come into force, these people would have been robbed in three distinct ways. First, their property, including liquors, bar-fixtures and furniture, machinery for brewing and distilling, and all the other paraphernalia of the business, would have become greatly deteriorated in value, if not altogether worthless. Secondly, their leases would have been thrown upon their hands, and they would have been obliged to continue paying rent, notwithstanding the shutting up of their places of business. Thirdly, they would have been deprived of their livelihood, and the bread taken out of the mouths of their wives and children. Grocers would have suffered probably even more than mere liquor-sellers, for every grocer in Toronto knows that it is impossible to make a living out of 'dry groceries' alone. Nor would the injuries described have been mere accidents, incidental to the practical working of the Act, such as is sometimes the case as an indirect consequence of a change in the tariff; though, even if they had been, it would have made no difference in the principle involved. The injuries

specified are the very things which the Act is designed to produce: did it not produce them it would fail of its purpose. The very intention of the Act is to rob,—to prevent people from selling what they have lawfully bought for the purpose of lawfully selling; to throw their property on their hands and make it unsaleable and comparatively worthless; to deprive them of their means of subsistence. Is it wonderful that liquor-dealers cry out against such iniquities; that they do not stand quietly by while they are being despoiled in this fashion? The plea that a liquor-seller buys only the right to sell for a year, is a dishonest quirk, worthy only of a shyster lawyer,—an afterthought excogitated for the purpose of giving some colour of justification to an act of spoliation. A person entering into the trade of liquor-selling frequently has to pay an enormous sum for the good-will and fixtures of the business; if he opens a new saloon or hotel he has to sink a large capital in fittings and furnishings. Moreover, it is preposterous to expect that in laying in his stock of liquors he can buy precisely the quantity necessary for 365 days, neither more nor less. From these and similar considerations it is always held in England—where the right and wrong of this question is better understood, apparently, than in Canada—that a liquor license confers upon the licensee a vested right to renew it at pleasure. No municipal body in England would dream of depriving a publican of his license, *merely from motives of public policy*, without compensating him. In this country the whole question of liquor-licensing is turned topsy-turvy. Morally speaking every man has a right to sell liquor. A license gives to the man named in it no moral right, because he already possesses it. A License Act simply deprives the rest of the community—those to whom a license is not given—of their natural right to sell. The limit of twelve months is fixed, not as indicating the time for which the licensee will be allowed to sell, but partly for revenue purposes, and partly in order to have some hold upon him in case he abuses his right, so as to be able to deprive him of it when the time expires. It will be easily seen, then, how nonsensical it is to talk as some people do about 'legalizing the office of tempter.' The *tacit license* given to, or the natural right exercised by, dry-goods merchants and jewellers, to display in their shop windows their silks and satins, their gold and precious stones, might with far more justice be stigmatized as 'legalizing the office of tempter,' seeing that every woman who passes by is thereby tempted to go in and spend more than her husband or father can afford. I say with *more* justice, because the liquor-seller does not flaunt his wares glaringly and obtrusively under the eyes or nose of every passer-by, nor does he persistently pester and tempt his customers to buy this, that, and the other thing, whether they want it or not. Indeed, he never asks them to buy at all; if he did his impertinence would be very promptly rebuked. But then, you see, he deals with men, not women. A very strong case might be made out in support of the position that the 'legalising of the office of tempter,' in the persons of the dry-goods merchant and the jeweller, is at the root of an amount of social and domestic misery immeasurably greater than that caused by drunkenness. Some economists tell us that the extravagance of women in these particulars is one of the chief causes of the wide-spread and terrible financial depression from which the civilized world has been suffering during the past three or four years. I say, then, if we are to re-enact despotic sumptuary laws of three centuries back, let us, in the name of logical consistency and equal justice (or rather, of equal injustice), re-enact them entire—those which will grind down the one sex, as well as those which will grind down the other: let us at least put on a complete suit of the clothes of mediævalism, not merely its cast-off rags. If we are to regulate what rational beings shall put *in*side their bodies, let us regulate also what they shall put *out*side; if we are to prescribe the physical food which a man shall put into his stomach, let us prescribe also the intellectual, moral, and religious food which he shall put into his brain; in brief, let us go back to the Inquisition, the torture-chamber, and the stake. There is no logical line of demarcation between the Dunkin Act and the statute *De Hæretico comburendo*.

Suppose we put the boot on the leg of the editor of the *Methodist Magazine*, and ask him how he likes the fit. He seeks to sup-

press liquor-sellers, because, speaking in a general way, he believes that they poison men's *bodies*, and are consequently the enemies of mankind. Well, Professor Clifford, in the article on 'The Ethics of Religion' which the *Christian Guardian* inferentially praised so highly, tells us that 'the priest' poisons men's *souls* with false doctrines, and is, consequently, 'at all times and in all places the enemy of all men—*Sacerdos semper, ubique, et omnibus inimicus*'; and that 'if there is one lesson which history forces upon us in every page, it is this: *keep your children away from the priest, or he will make them the enemies of mankind*.' (The italics are Professor Clifford's). Suppose, then, that those who agree with Professor Clifford should at any time command a majority in the Legislature, and should get a 'Clifford Act' passed, prohibiting all clergymen from preaching, enforcing the closing of all churches, and suppressing the *Christian Guardian*, the *Methodist Magazine*, and all other publications which, as they believe, similarly trade in moral poison. What would the editor of the *Methodist Magazine*, himself a clergyman, think of an Act which should deprive him of his livelihood in this fashion? Would he not denounce its shameless injustice with all the energy he could command? I should, were I in his place; and I think he would, too, and, judging from the specimens which I have quoted above, without stopping to pick and choose his language very carefully. Supposing then, while manfully standing up for his rights in this way, some Cliffordite were to turn round upon him and denounce his 'sordid greed,' his 'utter selfishness,' his 'sordid self-interest,' and his 'selfish machinations.' Would he consider such a course fair or decent? I think not. Let him then take the beam out of his own eye, and look at this Dunkin question, if he can, from the point of view of the liquor-sellers. Let him acknowledge that even they are his fellow-creatures, who, if you tickle them, will laugh, and if you prick them, will bleed; who have their rights, like him, who have their feelings, like him, but who do not, like him, set themselves up as examples of culture, of sweetness and light, and of that Christian charity which is not easily provoked, doth not behave itself unseemly, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. Let him but put himself in their place, and he will perhaps cease to wonder why they do not look on calmly while they are being robbed by process of law, and themselves and those whom they love (for, strange as it may seem, even liquor-sellers love their wives and children) are turned into the street to get a subsistence as best they may, or, failing that—to starve. Even Shylock, the money-lending Jew, teaches us a lesson in this matter:

> 'You take my house, when you do take the prop
> That doth sustain my house: you take my life,
> When you do take the means whereby I live.'

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE political record in each month of the long vacation is so similar to its predecessor, that it would seem almost impossible to make it the subject of fresh or profitable review. When the leaders are not abusing one another from the platform, their journals supply the deficiency by additional vigour in acerbity and vituperation. Now that the dog-days are over, the belligerents ply both methods of attack, and the battle rages along the entire line. Party demonstrations in Canada are *sui generis*, and hardly to be paralleled elsewhere. In England, the prorogation of Parliament is the signal for a truce, more or less complete, from party wrangling. Even now, when it is exceedingly desirable that the intentions of Government, as well as the voice of the people, on the Eastern question, should be clearly understood, there

is little speech-making from the leaders. Sir S. Northcote, Earl Granville, and, of course, Mr. Gladstone, have had something to say; but there has been nothing like a formal political campaign on either side. President Hayes, again, has naturally employed a portion of his first summer recess in expounding his policy, and, in addition, there are autumn elections in prospect; yet the political world across the lines has been comparatively quiet and inert. This state of things may be partly owing to a natural desire for repose, but it is mainly attributable to the 'decay of party' on both sides of the Atlantic. In Canada, on the contrary, where there is no more urgent reason for continued warfare, it is deemed necessary to keep up the cannonade, so as, if possible, to delude the public into supposing that there is really something to fight about. Just when grouse and partridge shooting began in Britain, our politicians found human game to harry, and instead of casting a fly for salmon, as Mr. Bright does, they discovered that they had 'other fish to fry.'

Now, although any attempt to follow this second series of 'pic-nics' in detail is manifestly out of the question, it may be of service to inquire into their purpose and utility, and to describe their salient characteristics. To begin with, each party claims that the other is without a policy. Mr. Huntington stated at Galt, that 'The Opposition had no policy to propound at their pic-nics. They claimed to be the friends of of the working-man, and even allow him to be a Tory. They did not present any new principles for discussion, but they came with long speeches concerning the rascality of those in public life.' On the other hand, it has been repeated *ad nauseam*, that the Government has no settled policy; that they are violating all the principles they maintained when out of office, and are endeavouring to set off the sins of their predecessors against their own. The worst of it is that both these accusations have more or less truth in them, and that principle has evidently little or nothing to do with the bitter struggle between them. It is clear, therefore, that the object of these demonstrations is not to expound any policy for the future, or to defend any pursued in the past, but simply to give greater latitude for abuse and scandal than our politicians would otherwise enjoy. Sir John Macdonald observed at Whitby, 'that the reason he had spoken so plainly of the conduct of the Government was that the restrictions imposed by the rules of Parliament prevented that plainness of speech which he used before farmers and workmen.' In that short sentence, Sir John, as he often does, unconsciously let out the secret of the pic-nics. Their object is not to instruct or convince the people; but to have the greatest liberty of tongue-fence compatible with the smallest amount of personal responsibility. The Premier has evidently the same notion of the real purpose of these demonstrations; for he never would express himself in Parliament as he does continually at these pic-nics. On the floor of the House, he would not think of calling Heaven to witness to his purity, as he did at Galt, or claim that 'no man but a coward or a poltroon' would act as his opponents had done, or 'thank God that, if they were gentlemen, he was not.' Much less would he have attacked Senator Macpherson in such words as these:—'He had published a pamphlet written by somebody else, and in it there was not a page in which there was not an absolute falsehood.' These are but mild specimens of pic-nic rhetoric, and we quote Mr. Mackenzie because he is at once the least excusable offender, and by no means the worst. The language used by some of the Opposition speakers is scurrilous in the extreme, and we have no disposition to palliate, much less to deny, their guilt; still that is no sufficient reason for the undignified course of Ministers.

It must apparently be taken for granted then, that the only policy either party can boast of is the policy of scandal. And here it may reasonably be asked, whether an *ad captandum* appeal to a party audience in the country, on any one or all of the numerous accusations preferred by either side, is a proper and reasonable method of investigation? Why go out of doors to air these mutual recriminations, when there is a Parliamentary tribunal for investigating them, one after the other? Of what value is Sir John Macdonald's *ex parte* view—for it is not evidence—or Mr. Mackenzie's protestation, both delivered to partisan audiences out of doors? The leader of the Opposition gloated over the fact that al-

though the Premier had threatened to obtain an Investigating Committee, he had not dared to moot the question in Parliament; but why did not Sir John himself demand one? If the foul deeds of the Government are as open and palpable as he alleges, if they are poisoning the springs of public morality and furnishing scandals by the score, what has he been about that he did not insist upon their investigation when Parliament was sitting? The excuse that the Government, having a majority in the Commons, would stifle inquiry, will not do, because they have no power to stifle it, even if they wished to do so. Sir John threatens that 'before a Committee of the Senate, the struggling monsters of corruption will be brought to light;' and Dr. Tupper, at Barrie, professed his willingness to 'meet Mr. Mackenzie in a court of law,' and prove that Mr. Mackenzie's brother was a legal partner in the firm of Cooper, Fairman, & Co., after the steel rail transaction. By all means let there be a full and impartial examination of any charges made against the Administration, so that the people may have a fair opportunity of deciding upon their truth or falsity; but it is altogether preposterous to parade these charges, day after day, and week after week, before audiences which have neither the means, the power, nor the ability to adjudicate upon them.

Nor are Ministers and their defenders in a much better plight. The time has surely come when they can afford to stand or fall upon their own merits. That they inherited great difficulties when they assumed the responsibilities of office, will be readily admitted, and every allowance should be made for them under the circumstances. Still they ought not to forget that it was by the aid of some of their opponents they obtained office, and by a terrible slip of the old Government. A party which secures power by the exposure of scandal, rather than by the legitimate triumph of principle, always occupies an invidious position. The same weapons are invariably turned against themselves; the same accusations, rightly or wrongly, are sure to be made, so soon as they are firmly seated in power. Those who have been ejected from place grow microscopically keen-sighted in matters where corruption may possibly or plausibly be imputed. Walpole mounted upon the ruins of the South Sea Bubble, and, after more than twenty years of power, in which he was constantly harassed by 'scandals', gave way, first to Carteret and the 'patriots,' and then to the Pelhams, the most corrupt of the entire batch. Canada is now in the George II. stage of politics, apparently; for although all our public men are purer than the English statesmen then were, there is the same lack of sterling principle, the same indifference to personal reputation, the same want of charitable consideration for the motives and acts of opponents, and therefore an equal amount of scandal and reckless abuse. Moreover, it must not be forgotten by the dominant party, that they occupy an entirely different position from that of the men they supplanted. Oppositions are always virtuous, and the Reform party had accumulated such a stock of purity during their sojourn in the 'cold shade," as practically to swamp them when their time came. It is often a misfortune to have too good a character, especially when a man gives it to himself; and it is so with a party. The severe measure meted out to its predecessors, is measured to it again, generally pressed down and running over. Nor will it do then to revert to the misdoings of the old *régime*; because shortcomings in purists of ten or twenty years' standing admit of no set-off. All allusions to Pacific Scandals, Secret Service or Northern Railway jobs, are so much breath expended in vain. The one thing needful, unless the verdict of the people is to be that both parties are equally guilty and equally undeserving of confidence, is to meet the charges, such as they are, openly, squarely, and good-humoredly. That they should be made was, under the circumstances, inevitable; it remains for the Administration to show that they are baseless, and that the party it leads, from its integrity as well as ability, still deserves the entire confidence of the electorate.

There is all the more reason that this should be done at once, with the prospect of a general election before us within a twelve-month. The desire for immediate dissolution shows some indisposition on the part of their authors, to put these innumerable scandals to the test. They are wanted for 'stumping' purposes; but the fear is that they will explode, like a badly filled torpedo, before they can injure the enemy.

It was never likely that Mr. Mackenzie would dissolve the House this autumn; because he must be in as good a position next year, and may possibly occupy a better. The revival of trade, now manifesting itself, will probably cause much popular discontent to disappear, and will be so far a gain to our present rulers. Most unprejudiced people have not lost confidence in the personal integrity of Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake. They are willing to allow for the difficulty they have had in controlling the hungry herd who, after years of watching and waiting, came forward with 'claims on the party.' Still they require something more than the Premier's angry protestations and querulous complainings about Opposition 'coarseness, vulgarity, falseness, and slander;' and they are weary of the *tu quoque* style of retort which he and his friends are so ready to adopt. Most people have not much confidence in the case for the prosecution as against the Premier, but they do not feel satisfied with the defence; it is in his power to set the matter at rest by a full, fair, and thorough investigation. At any rate, anger and strong language will not do much for either party. As Professor De Morgan answered when an advocate of duelling inquired what he would do, if he were called a liar:—'I should call upon the man to prove it: if he did prove it, I ought to be ashamed of myself; and if he did not prove it, he ought to be ashamed of himself.'

The advantage of speedily eliminating the scandal element, as a factor in our party politics, must be obvious to any one who has glanced, however cursorily, at the pic-nic speeches on both sides. The only valuable purpose to be served by party demonstrations is to bring our public men face to face with the people, and to give them an opportunity of expounding and vindicating their policy before those who must finally decide upon it at the polls. In other words, they are only useful, so far as they instruct, explain, and persuade. Now, it can hardly be pretended that the pic-nics of this year have, in the slightest degree, fulfilled these requirements. Taken *en masse*, their chief characteristic has been angry and bombastic rhetoric, inspired by the exhilarating sympathy of a partisan audience—reckless, ill-considered, and inflated declamation. In place of informing the people by a fair exposition of public questions, this system has distinctly tended to foster prejudices, inflame passions, and pervert the judgment. But its most pernicious effect is one to which we have already adverted, and which cannot be too strongly impressed upon the reader's attention—its tendency to deprave public morality. It is impossible, for any length of time, to persist in flinging the mire of scandal in every quarter, without causing some of it to stick; and when the public mind is once satisfied that all politicians are corrupt, the first step in the decadence of popular morals has been already taken. To be familiar with vice or corruption, whether it be proved or not, is to grow indifferent to it, to lose faith in the existence of integrity and purity everywhere, and eventually to care but little whether there are such virtues or not. There is no instance recorded in history, where settled distrust in public virtue has not been followed by a gradual deterioration of private morality. The poison filtrates from the highest to the lowest stratum of society, and, if we, in Canada, escape the ultimate degradation our politicians are heedlessly providing for the country, it will not be any merit of theirs, but because of the sterling stuff of which Canadians are made.

If it be said that the people do not believe half the accounts of corruption related to them, that is merely paying a compliment to the purity of public men at the expense of their veracity. No one, unless he be hopelessly sunk in the partisan slough, can imagine either the last or the present Government to have been hopelessly corrupt or immaculately pure. Each is ready to detect stains in its opponent's garment: neither will admit that there is any spot on its own. Perhaps the safest conclusion is that arrived at, even by not a few party men, that both sides have been guilty of calumny and evil-speaking, and that both are, more or less, tarred with the same stick, when party interests are to be served or party friends to be rewarded. Yet if all the stories extant could only be sifted by any fair and competent tribunal, it would doubtless be found that exceedingly little wheat would remain to be garnered from the threshing floor of truth. It is not our purpose to decide upon whose shoulders the burden of guilt rests in this matter; both parties are to

blame, though perhaps not equally so. During the last four years, no doubt, the responsibility rests with the Opposition, since they have not been in a position to be accused of corruption. To judge fairly between the parties would require an impartial survey of their conduct from say 1854 to the present time. The history of the ante-Confederation period appears to have almost faded from the public memory; yet it is there we must look for the first and rankest crop of scandals. Year by year, it appears to have spread with more deadly luxuriance, until it has almost choked the growth of our public vitality. What was merely by-play in the political battle, when principles were at stake, has become its serious business now that there are none. We can only hope that parties will either disappear speedily, to make room for something better, or else find more fitting and honourable occupation than flying at each other's throats.

It has been the fashion lately to look back with envious eyes to the times of the Hon. Robert Baldwin. That golden age appears to have peculiar attractions for the party men of to-day, Conservatives and Reformers are all Baldwin men; indeed, to read some contemporary utterances, one would scarcely imagine that the father of Responsible Government had been abused, harassed, and finally driven from public life. The eagerness with which politicians revert to the glories of the past, is sufficient evidence of the pettiness of party warfare as it now is. The other day, Sir John Macdonald was in the historical mood at Newmarket, and well he might be, for he stood on classic ground. Mr. Baldwin rep resented North York for many years, and Sir L. H. Lafontaine, the Lower Canada Liberal chief, sat for it in one Parliament. In 1841, the latter lost his seat for Terrebonne, and Mr. Baldwin, who was returned for Hastings as well as York, elected to sit for the former, and his colleague was chosen in h s place for this County. The compliment was returned in 1843, when the Upper Canadian leader lost his seat in Hastings; for he was immediately elected by acclamation in Rimouski. Sectionalism had not then become rampant. Now, Sir John, in his speech, did not, as the *Globe* appears or affects to suppose, figure as an 'old Reformer,' the honoured ally of Baldwin, Hartman, &c. The ex-Premier may sometimes be forgetful, or careless in his statement of facts, but his memory is scarcely impaired to that extent. With regard to Mr. Hartman there can be no mistake, for he did not appear on the hustings as an 'old Reformer,' but as one of the new school of Grits, and was supported by the *Globe* in opposing and defeating the Hon. R. Baldwin himself. Sir John distinctly said that 'he could not congratulate the Riding upon that election, although Mr. Hartman proved to be straightforward, honourable, and reasonable.' With regard to Mr. Baldwin, it is clear that after the formation of the coalition of 1854, Sir John was much more closely a follower of the old Reformer than the new Grit could claim to be. The Clergy Reserve and Seignorial Tenure Acts were substantially the measures of Messrs. Baldwin and Lafontaine.

It is much to be regretted that we have no full and impartial history of the interval from 1840 to 1867—at least in English—as it would do away with much of the mock homage paid to the memory of the old chiefs. Now Mr. Brown, up to April, 1851, had been a close adherent of the Government of Mr. Baldwin. But after his defeat in Haldimand, he wheeled about and became the leader of the Grits. It was in the autumn of that year, that, in the excess of his new-born zeal, he drove Mr. Baldwin from North York and from public life. Nor was that all; for in 1858, Mr. Baldwin might have been nominated for the York Division of the Legislative Council, but Mr. Romain, who had no claim whatever upon the electors, was thrust forward as the Reform candidate, and badly beaten by the Hon. G. W. Allan. In the December following, the 'old Reformer,' who had been so scurvily and ungratefully treated, breathed his last.

The memory of politicians is of a peculiar kind, being short or long as occasion requires. It is sometimes expedient, said an old Roman, 'to forget what you know,' and that is a form of expediency g eatly in fashion since Confederation. Having no particular claims of their own to public recognition or support, our public men, in these degenerate days, are setting up a title to party apostolical succession. Each side claims to be the legitimate inheritor

of the principles and authority of the fathers of Responsible Government. Sir John Macdonald and the Hon. Mr. Brown are battling for the mantle of the prophet of North York, while some of the minor lights are endeavouring to snip a fragment or two, as relics, from its skirt. Each of them asserts that he is the anointed and properly constituted successor of the departed statesman, with a zeal kindred to that of the cities which claimed the dead Homer, who, when living, begged his bread in their streets. Now it does not appear to a candid enquirer, that either party, as now constituted, has the slightest title to the honourable distinction it claims. Sir John Macdonald was a violent and not over-scrupulous foe of the Baldwin-Lafontaine Government, and of every reform it proposed, including the secularization of the Reserves and the abolition of the Feudal Tenure. He even went so far as to vote in favour of every Radical motion, including that of Mr. W. L. Mackenzie which drove Mr. Baldwin from office. He opposed also the Hincks-Morin Administration, being a leader of the first Canadian Coalition, whose chiefs were, *mirabile dictu*, Messrs. Brown, Mackenzie, Sir Allan McNab, John A. Macdonald, and Co.! In 1854, the Coalition Government was formed, without Mr. Brown, who, having trotted forth the Protestant horse, had declared himself to be 'a governmental impossibility.' It was this new combination which was compelled by stress of circumstances to settle the Reserves and the Feudal Tenure questions. That was no merit of theirs at all; for they could not have attained power or have kept it a month, without pledging themselves to deal with them. In so far, therefore, as Sir John followed Mr. Baldwin—and it was not over far—he did so because he could not help it.

If we turn to the other *soi-disant* Elisha, it will soon appear that he has scarcely a better title to the mantle of the Reform Elijah. Up to April, 1851, Mr. Brown was a faithful follower of the 'old Reformers,' but after the Haldimand election, he began to think that the Grit side was destined to carry the Province. When returned for Kent, he immediately took his seat on the Opposition side, cheek by jowl with the Family Compact party, with whom he acted in close concert, although he did not possess a shred of principle in common with them. Whilst his allies were determined to maintain the State Church, his complaint was that the proposed settlement was too favourable to the Churches of England and Scotland. Yet he managed to act with them against the Reform Government, and when the support of the Upper Canada Catholic Liberals was no longer required to obtain a settlement of the Reserves question, Mr. Brown opened his budget of grievances and proclaimed a sectional and religious crusade. Now, we are far from impugning Mr. Brown's motives in the course we have rudely sketched; for, although he has always been characterized by too much of the dictatoral spirit, there was something to be urged in favour of his policy, had it been advocated reasonably and without fanaticism. Whatever, therefore, may be thought of his tactics, it may be cheerfully admitted that he had something more than vaulting ambition, which 'o'erleaps itself and falls on the other side.' The Grit chief was doubtless in earnest, and we are not now discussing the question whether his opinions and policy, abstractly considered, were right or wrong. Much may be said on both sides; our contention here is that neither the opinions nor the policy accorded with Mr. Baldwin's, but would have met with his sternest disapproval. It is therefore idle to assert that the existing Reform party is identical with the old party to which we owe our constitutional liberties. The truth of the matter is, that the year 1854, like the year 1864, marked a new stage in political affairs. On both occasions, parties were virtually broken up by the formation of Coalition Governments; there was a fault or hitch in the stratification, and no ingenuity can remedy or conceal it. Perhaps an apology is due for this historical *resumé*, but a little consideration will satisfy the reader, that it is not a work of supererogation at a time when both our parties are striving to deck themselves with borrowed plumes.

The announcement that Her Majesty has been pleased to confer the title and dignity of knighthood on Chief Justice Richards of the Supreme Court, and Chief Justice Dorion of Quebec, has been received with hearty approval on all sides. Sir William B. Richards is better known to us

as a judge than as a statesman, for his tenure of office as Attorney-General in the Hincks-Morin Administration was too brief to leave any mark upon our parliamentary history. Next June, he will have occupied a seat on the Bench for a quarter of a century. During his prolonged judicial career, he has established an enviable reputation for ability and erudition. His suavity of temper, imperturbable good humour, and singular clearness and perspicacity of mind have made him universally popular with the bar and the people, and he has never, so far as our memory serves us, given a decision which, even for a moment, impaired the confidence reposed in his integrity and acumen. Sir Antoine A. Dorion's elevation is also popular everywhere, perhaps with the exception of some irreconcilable old Conservatives of Quebec, who cannot conceive that such a title, conferred on the quondam leader of the Rouge party, is according to the fitness of things. The Chief Justice, until a little over three years ago, was the leader of a political party still in existence, and its chief representative in the Cabinet as Minister of Justice. In his younger days he was one of a band of young enthusiasts, who, no doubt, advocated some wild republican theories, as most of the fiery young spirits of Paris have always done. Their organ was *L'Avenir*, and *L'Institut Canadien* of Montreal their headquarters. But it must not be forgotten that the leader of the party was, from the first, its most moderate and reasonable member. The amiability of M. Dorion's temper always restrained him from violence of language, and he was of too eminently practical a turn of mind to cry, like some of the boys around him, for the moon. Indeed, he may be truly said to have 'educated his party' in rational modes of thought and action. He was always popular with the bar of his Province without regard to his political bias, and, notwithstanding the feeble grumblings heard here and there, it is quite certain that almost all his compatriots rejoice at his elevation.

The Quebec Liberal Party, as it now exists, is what Sir A. A. Dorion made it. The wild Radicalism of former days has given place to sober and constitutional views on public affairs: in brief the Rouge party has been as completely transformed as M. Gambetta and the Liberals of France appear to be. M. Dorion had a brief taste of the sweets and responsibilities of office more than once during a Parliamentary career of twenty years, but only for short periods. With the *bouleversement* of 1873 every thing was changed, and the Liberal party of Quebec finally emerged into the chrysalis state.

The able speech of M. Laurier at Quebec is a landmark in the history of party; he is a young man, not yet thirty-six years of age, but there are no signs of crudity or juvenility in his party manifesto. Tracing the history of those with whom he has acted, he marks with precision every stage of its development, and clearly defines the position they now occupy. The principles he lays down are such as no lover of civil and religious liberty, in an English sense of the phrase, can hesitate to sanction. The only issue upon which the electorate of Quebec is divided, is that of illegal influence by the clergy, and upon that M. Laurier gives no uncertain sound. He is above all things a friend of freedom, at once from state oppression and ecclesiastical encroachment. The gradual change in tone which has come over Liberalism in Quebec has been a result, partly of the mellowing influence of time, and partly of the reactionary policy of the Ultramontanes. In the one case, the alteration has been for the better; in the other, unmistakably for the worse. The Liberal party has emerged from the mists of revolutionary theory to the clear and steady light of British constitutionalism, whilst their opponents have sunk deeper and deeper into the fetid and murky slough of absolutism. The cause of tyranny, political as well as ecclesiastical, is theirs, all the world over. To speak of but one instance, it may be fairly doubted whether the Count de Chambord can boast of as many supporters in France as are to be found in the Province of Quebec. From the time when M. Laurier delivered his lecture up to this moment, the newspaper war has been going on with increasing virulence on the part of the reactionary press. It is in vain, however, that the clerical press strives to expose the inconsistency of its opponents; whatever it may say it is the inconsistency of progress and development, not that which creeps on in the downward course of decrepitude and decay —a step from youth to manhood, not a tottering descent on the slope towards the grave.

The principles of Papineau are not those of modern Liberalism; yet, on the other hand, the views and policy of Lafontaine, and even of Cartier, were still more dissimilar to the Quebec Conservatism of to-day. It may be that the hierarchy will be able to force the elections there in its own interests; if so it will at once cut off the Province from political communion and sympathy with the rest of the Dominion, and possibly arouse once more the ill-omened spectre of fanatical bigotry.

It is not difficult to foresee the consequences of a religious crusade, entered upon at the bidding of the Roman Catholic Bishops of Quebec. The train is already laid there for one of the direst catastrophes that has ever befallen the Dominion. The tone of the French clerical press, and of the *True Witness*, is exceedingly violent and aggressive. Those who are not in the habit of perusing their rabid utterances, can form no conception of the mischief they are calculated to produce. Unhappily some of our Protestant clergymen and journals, instead of calmly asserting their dignity as British subjects, and striving to exorcise the evil spirit, appear to vie with their antagonists in virulent rhetoric. With the charges preferred by Mr. Court against Father Chiniquy, we do not propose to deal, simply because we have no means of arriving at the truth. But of the violence of language indulged in by the rev. gentleman and his collaborateurs we may freely speak. It is no secret in Presbyterian circles that Mr. Chiniquy has been a continual source of embarrassment to the Church since he became connected with it. The coarse and boisterous character of his preaching, and his decided lack of intellectual balance, have deprived him of general confidence wherever he has appeared. The sober common-sense of Protestants, clerical as well as lay, is offended, if not disgusted, by his vehement outbursts of passion. Only the other day, under pretence of denying a rumour, that, when supposed to be at the point of death, he had sent to the priests a request to be received again into the fold of the Church, he penned a most abusive and un-Christian letter to Mgr. Fabre, the R. C. Bishop of Montreal. In that remarkable epistle, in which he called the priests of the Church to which he once belonged, 'impostors,' 'fraudulent,' 'perjurers,' 'idolaters,' and what not, he disclosed his real character, and gave the best possible example of what a Christian minister and gentleman ought not to be. The Rev. Mr. Bray, though not a convert, and certainly not quite so outrageously violent, has also his share of responsibility for what may hereafter happen in the streets of Montreal. It is for the intelligent and reasonable portion, that is, the great mass, of Canadian Protestants to assert the honour and dignity of their religion against this pitiful outburst of clerical rage.

The announcement that the Hon. Mr. Blake would address his constituents at Teeswater on the 24th ult., caused some excitement and no little speculation amongst the *quid nuncs* of both parties. It was well understood that the hon. gentleman had no taste for pic-nics, either as a personal or popular diversion; and further, that the address he was about to deliver was not unlikely to do him physical injury. Obviously, therefore, it seemed a foregone conclusion that there was some special reason for Mr. Blake's appearance on the platform. The full text of the speech has not yet appeared, but its general character and purpose may be gleaned from the telegraphic summaries already published. The purpose was two-fold—first, to rebut personal charges against himself and wanton aspersions upon the reputation of his distinguished father; and secondly, to review his own course as a statesman, and reassert the principles he expounded at Aurora. Of his warm and impassioned vindication of the late Chancellor's memory, it is sufficient to say that it was as worthy of its subject as it was of his able son—the inheritor of his abilities and his sterling integrity. With regard to what is known at Opposition gatherings as the 'Goderich job,' it seems difficult to conjecture why Mr. Blake's name has been introduced at all, except casually. Sir John Macdonald, however, at Lindsay, suggested, without the slightest ground for doing so, that when, in writing to the Premier, the Minister said, 'I told my friend Moore that an introduction was unnecessary, as you would let the work fairly without respect of persons,' the word 'friend was no doubt underlined in the original.' The right hon. gentleman, however, as the *Globe*

points out, had altogether forgotten that he had defended Mr. Blake on the floor of the House. Either his memory is short, or the temptation was too strong to be resisted at Lindsay, or he would not have omitted to state that he had declared the Minister's course to be 'highly creditable,' and that Mr. Moore 'had a right to receive a letter stating all that the hon. gentleman could honestly state.' Certainly he received no more, and therefore, as Sir John had admitted, Mr. Blake was not 'personally responsible' in the matter.

Into the hon. gentleman's review of past legislation, it is unnecessary to enter; but, so far as the future is concerned, there are three points deserving of notice in the speech. Mr. Blake, although evidently curbed by restraints of office, if not chafing under them, declared himself the friend of a franchise system based on 'intelligence and citizenship.' These words are not quite so well-defined as might be desired, but perhaps when we receive the full report, they will be made plain. It is really a formal recognition of the 'intelligence' of Canada which is the chief requirement of the time. Much has certainly been effected in that way by Mr. Mackenzie's Government, but only indirectly, and not completely and avowedly. If, therefore, Ministers will devise a measure which would provide for such a recognition, they may confer an essential service upon the cause of culture in Canada. We are not in favour of 'fancy franchises,' as a general rule; still there can be no doubt that 'intelligence' might easily be made to occupy a more prominent place as an electoral qualification. Mr. Blake also declared his firm adherence to the representation of minorities, and referred to Mr. Devlin's Committee, with an expression of hope that its labours would bring forth fruit next session. Whether the hon. gentleman intended to adumbrate some Ministerial scheme on the subject or not, cannot now be determined. The question of our political destiny, on which our readers have recently had the opportunity of reading four papers, was the third topic touched upon. Here Mr. Blake gave forth no uncertain sound. He favours neither the dreary outlook afforded by the prospect of annexation, nor the precarious experiment of independence, but boldly espouses the cause of Imperial Federation. His words have the true National ring in them:—'He believed, in common with many others, that our relations with the mother-country were anomalous, and our present form of government not likely to be perpetual. He thought we must exchange dependence for association, and change our position as colonists for the responsibilities of partnership.' It is our firm conviction that, whatever preliminary or theoretical obstacles may be in the path, Federation alone will be found to commend itself to the matured thought and intelligence of Imperial and Colonial statesmen. The Confederacies of Canada and South Africa mean nothing, if the structure, of which these form the outlying wings, be not closely connected with the main building. Isolated and alone, dead and lifeless for common purposes—like the pyramids of Egypt, pointing indeed to heaven, but having no intercommunion on earth—they must be made a living temple in which the genius of British freedom may order, direct, and bind in one the sacred secularities of all British people. The newspapers state that Mr. Blake's effort seems to have prostrated him physically, and that he is seriously unwell. It is to be hoped that this is only a temporary drawback to his ultimate recovery; a man of the hon. gentleman's great abilities and far-seeing views is too valuable a gift to the country to be surrendered without the deepest regret.

It would seem that the advocates of the Dunkin Act have, for the present, abandoned all hope of carrying their by-law in the cities; a better plan would be to abandon it altogether. Whatever view may be taken of the justice or injustice of the law, it is clear that the only justification possible for its enactment is that it can be enforced, and that it may reasonably be supposed likely to accomplish its avowed object. In the two cities where it has been the subject of a popular vote, its rejection was inevitable from the first, and signally obvious at the last. The town of Brantford is now a city, but it was only a town when the Dunkin By-Law passed in Brant. Brantford itself gave no less a majority than two hundred and twenty against it; and it is not and cannot be enforced. *Au contraire*, the Act has passed in Bruce and will probably carry

in Durham and Northumberland. Mr. Grace, the License Inspector at Brantford, has resigned, because he declares that the statute cannot be enforced in that city. In Bruce, the tavern-keepers declared themselves perfectly indifferent whether the by-law passed or not, because, from the experience gained in Grey, they believed it would cause no diminution in the traffic, and would save license fees.

Now the question which should present itself, even to those who believe the Dunkin Act to be just and equitable, is this:—If the law is obviously inoperative in cities and large towns, where it might perhaps operate with the greatest benefit, what is the use of attempting to force it upon a determined, recalcitrant minority? In the country, its rigorous enforcement is certainly out of the question, without employing an army of officials that would make a Warden or Reeve's hair stand on end. Is then the sacrifice of individual liberty they demand, counterbalanced by any good, real or imaginary, resulting from it? Here is a law of doubtful justice, having but a slim foundation of right on which to rest, admittedly faulty and defective in every way—a law, in short, for which no apology can be offered, if not that it is workable and can be carried out,—and such is the result in counties, but more especially in cities and towns. The Hamilton *Times*, a well-edited journal, tolerably independent of party, and certainly a friend to temperance, has distinctly pronounced the opinion that there is no use in attempting either to adopt or enforce the Act in the larger communities. This we believe to be the view of many friends of compulsory abstinence, and it is well worthy of serious consideration from all who have not surrendered their reason into the keeping of sentiment and passion.

President Hayes, after a successful tour in the New England States, has gradually made his way to the South-west, where he has been enthusiastically received by all the people, black and white. Notwithstanding his defective title, and their natural exasperation at the outrageous frauds committed amongst them last November, the Southerners have cordially bowed to the decision of the Electoral Commission and are working cheerfully for the restoration of peace and prosperity. The reign of force and fraud is over, the Governors they chose have been recognized at Washington, and negro or 'carpet-bag' domination is a thing of the past. It does not now matter at whose hands they have received all these benefits; they have received them, and are not ungrateful. The negro, who was made their enemy, is one no longer; the inevitable has been acquiesced in without discontented murmuring; the old slaves are now the friends of their old masters, and are received not merely as free labourers, but as fellow-citizens. This rapid change was appropriately noted by Mr. Hayes, in an address to the negroes, when he said: 'And now my coloured friends, let me say another thing. We have been trying it for these six months, and, in my opinion, for no six months since the war, have there been so few outrages and invasions of your rights, nor you so secure in your rights, persons, and homes as in the last six months.' This peaceful state of society is something to be proud of; yet it is melancholy to think that the process of recuperation might have been commenced five years ago, had the Washington Administration been desirous of doing so. Mr. Hayes denied that he had been forced into a conciliatory policy 'by anything but a sense of duty under his oath of office.' The cordial reception tendered him by old Confederate officers and Democratic Governors, in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia, is the best evidence that his policy has been as successful as it was honourable and judicious.

President Hayes is by no means an eloquent man, but he speaks affably to the people in a plain, common-sense way. It is said by the *N. Y. Herald* that his attempts at humour are 'clumsy and sometimes grotesque, and, except as an evidence of good-nature and kindly feeling, better calculated to provoke ridicule, than to inspire respect.' That may well be; yet, after all, the masses are not critical judges of humour, and laugh heartily on the slightest provocation; but they are keenly alive to 'good-nature and kindly feeling,' can tell the counterfeit article from the true by instinct, and can appreciate it warmly, even when it peers through the mean habit of a bad joke. The lesson taught by the current politics of the United States may be summed up in two words—party disintegration. In the South, men have turned their

attention to State matters, and in some cases the Democrats have made no party nominations at all, as for example, in Mississippi. In the North, there never was such a political chaos. The wire-pullers of last November have lost all control over the puppets. The old managers of the Republican party are estranged from its leaders and at open war with them. The Southern Policy, Civil Service Reform, Specie Payment Resumption—'all these things are against them.' The Democrats, especially in the State of New York, are also divided. The anti-Tildenites, or good old party of corruption, look back with regret to the halcyon days of the 'rings,' and are in overt rebellion. Then again, the Grange, Anti-Liquor, Labour, Free Trade, Greenback, and other parties, serve to make confusion worse confounded. It was stated the other day that there were fifteen State tickets in New Jersey, and five or six in Pennsylvania. All these things indicate that our neighbonrs are passing through a stage of transition, the issue of which is hidden from human view. That they have national vigour enough to carry them safely, every one must hope, and no one acquainted with their past can for a moment doubt.

Were it not for the absorbing interest of the Eastern War, the state of affairs in France would cause serious concern in Europe. Yet so incapable, apparently, is the human mind of taking in more than one engrossing theme, that even if France were in the throes of a new Revolution, as she may be before another moon has waxed and waned, it would scarcely divert public attention from Bulgaria. Step by step the usurping Government of May has pursued the fatal path of coercion and terrorism. The press has been muzzled, freedom of speech destroyed, the *préfets* changed where they were not furiously devoted to the Ministry, and a system of espionage and repression set on foot all over the land, from Calais to the Pyrenees. Never since 1789, save during the Terror, has so tyrannical a régime lorded it over France. Bad as the old Bourbons were, grinding as the Second Empire proved, neither of them was quite so vile as the iron rule of President McMahon. M. Fourtou, the Minister of the Interior, is an Imperialist, but he has improved upon the teachings of his school, and all that prevents a bloody resistance and a pitiless revenge is the longing for peace and a settled Government. To the moderation of the Republican party, which is now, for the first time, the vast majority of the nation, and to the wise counsels of M. Gambetta alone, are the national tranquillity and long-suffering due. Their moderation is now known of all men and cannot fail to approve itself to France. No outrage upon popular freedom has yet succeeded in its purpose of exciting them to violence in word or deed. M. Gambetta, the Republicans of the Senate, and the candidates for the Chamber, have all issued addresses to the nation, and perhaps the strongest in language is the last, which seems mild enough. It thus concludes: 'Your duty will increase with the audacity of those who presume to impose themselves on France; you cannot become the instruments of clericalism; the Republic must have Republican functionaries, and the country expects order, peace, and stability through the Republic.' For the publication of a speech he delivered in a private room at Lille, M. Gambetta has been prosecuted and sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of 2000f. Perhaps no more fatuous blunder could have been perpetrated than this. The words especially objected to as insulting to the Marshal and therefore—a *non sequitur*—threatening to his person, were these—'*Il faudra ou se soumettre ou se démettre*'—either submit to the popular will or resign. M. Gambetta's appeal has been dismissed, but we presume he has further legal means of delay in his power. But as if this infamous perversion of justice were not enough, M. Fourtou reaches 'the climax of repression,' by issuing an order that all electoral addresses 'shall be carefully read, in order to prevent outrages against the President, violent menaces, or falsehood.' Such are the measures of a Government which was to preserve France from anarchy and the turbulence of Radical rule: and yet we blush to say that the Ultramontane press of Quebec, without exception, and yet happily alone amongst the host of journals published on British soil, applauds the usurpers and exults at the forging of each new chain which is bound about the quivering limbs of Gallic freedom.

The death of M. Thiers, on the third of September, was undoubtedly a serious blow to the Republican cause, but not a mortal one. It may even turn out of advantage to it; the real grief of the French people, and the simulated regrets of M. Fourtou will not so soon disappear or be forgotten. Even the Orleanist and moderate Imperialist journals felt it necessary to conform to the proprieties. Only such men as the Bonapartist Paul de Cassagnac, or Louis Veuillot of the ultra-clerical *L'Univers* ventured to speak evil of the dead, before his body was at rest in Père la Chaise. It was politic in the Government party to speak with some measure of reserve and self-respect of the veteran statesman. Their game is evidently to exaggerate his value, now that he is no more, as well as to convince France that he has left no Republican behind fit to succeed him. By so doing they may hope to win over some timid souls who yet mistrust M. Gambetta. The *fou furieux* has again been too astute for them, leaving the eulogy on Thiers to M. Jules Simon, and nominating M. Grévy as his successor. How far the demise of the octogenarian chief will injure the cause he had honestly at heart, will appear on the 14th instant.

So many accounts of M. Thiers have appeared in the papers that it is unnecessary here to give any sketch of his life. He was not a stable politician, not a consummate statesman, hardly a second-rate orator. His histories, by which he is best known among us, are turgid and rhetorical in style, and not over truthful in fact or correct in inference. To him events were only valuable as they illustrated a preconceived historical theory, and where they would not fit in, he unhesitatingly ignored them He was a worshipper of the first Napoleon, and a victim to the ambition of the third. In public life from the fall of Polignac and Charles X. until the rise of the second Empire, he was a self-seeking, ambitious, and unprincipled politician. In office, he was as despotic as Polignac, Napoleon III., or Fourtou; out of it the blatant champion of liberty. It was in 1870 that a change seems to have passed over his nature; self was lost in fervid patriotism, and he became the idol of France as 'the liberator of the territory.' As President, he was a sincere Republican for the first time in his life—and the Republic was at once his last and purest love. What he might have done in the future had he been spared can never now be known; but there is reason to believe that he would have governed wisely and well, and that he would have shown the same self-abnegation as he manifested by bowing to the public will in 1873, even to the end.

The Eastern war has entered upon a new phase; but as the scenes are still being shifted, no clear account of the immediate past, or forecast of the future, is possible. Russia, whether through bad generalship or over-weening self-confidence, has committed fearful blunders, and has sorely paid for them at Plevna. It is discovered that, however inferior the Turk may be as a tactician, he has not degenerated as a soldier, and that, under competent generalship, he is a match, in any equal contest, for his foe. The Schipka Pass is still in Russian possession, notwithstanding the desperate efforts of Suleiman Pasha. Osman Pasha, after regaining Plevna, has entrenched himself so strongly as to defy attack after attack from the enemy. Russia and Roumania have suffered to the extent of 25,000 men, put *hors de combat.* The attacks are still continued fitfully, but in every case have ended in a repulse; the Russians now await the arrival of their great *corps d' armée*, the Imperial Guard. On the eastern side, Mehemet Ali was equally vigorous, and, at first, equally successful. The army of the Czarevitch was driven over the Lom and its affluents, and compelled to shelter itself behind the Jantra—an important line of defence. It was even reported that Bjela had been taken by the Turks, which would probably have been the finishing blow to both Russian armies. But fortune has been so fickle as to change once more. The invaders have advanced, and the Pasha has been repulsed, after repeated attacks upon Tzercovna, and forced back upon the Banica Lom. The Russians, by all accounts, have made a second Plevna, of which they are the masters, and there is no longer any chance of the two Pashas uniting the forces under their command. As for the issue of the war, whatever may be that of the campaign, there can be no doubt.

September 25th, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE WAR AGAINST THE WESTMINSTER STANDARDS. The Rev. David Macrae's Speeches. Glasgow: John S. Marr & Sons. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

This phamplet of ninety-six pages, contains the case against the Confession of Faith, and has been followed by another, which we have not seen, entitled 'Reconstruction of the Creed,' by the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, of Crosshill, Glasgow. Messrs Macrae and Ferguson are both members of the United Presbyterian Church, the one at Gourock and the other at or near Glasgow. The *brochure* before us is a 'new and enlarged edition,' containing Mr. Macrae's speeches in Presbytery and Synod, his lecture at Gourock, and a vindication suppressed by the Presbytery, together with notes and criticisms. Whatever may be thought of the movement against the Westminster Standards, there can be no doubt of its reality and importance. The revolt has attained dimensions so formidable that many sober-minded men do not hesitate. Dr. W. B. Carpenter, the well known physiologist, does not hesitate to say that, having had opportunities of observing 'the direction of the under-current of intelligent thought which sooner or later manifests itself in *surface movement*, he entertains a strong conviction that the speech of the Rev. David Macrae, in moving for that revision, will form the beginning of a new era in the religious life in Scotland.' The first ripples of the advancing tide have at length reached our shores, and it is merely with a view of directing the attention of readers, who, openly or in secrecy, sympathize with the Scottish reformation movement of our day, that we briefly notice Mr. Macrae's phamplet.

The first feature of the description that strikes the reader is the fact, that the chief opponents of this sturdy rebel virtually confess that the Standards require revision, 'but the time has not come.' As Mr. Macrae remarks, it is admitted that 'our Standards fail to present the truth of the gospel; but this is not the time to do it. They state things that are false; but this is not the time to bring them into harmony with the truth. Was ever mockery like this?' On the 5th of December, 1876, in the Greenock Presbytery, Mr. Macrae, gave notice of a lengthy motion in favor of a revision of the Standards. It sums up all the objections to them. They are too long and too intricate; they omit more than one thing they ought to contain, and contain many things they ought to omit; they mix up matters of opinion with matters of faith; they are antiquated and are, in part, not held by the Church, a state of things demoralizing to the Church and producing unfaithfulness to the truth, &c. Finally, that a brief and simple formula should be drawn up containing only the essential articles of faith. Mr. Macrae's indictment of the theology of faith will be found to be a most formidable one, and it is placed in the appendix in parallel columns with the *ipsissima verba* of the confession. He principally takes exception to the Calvinistic portions of that venerable faith, but he does not hesitate to express doubts as to its teachings on the Future State. He contends that texts are perverted in the proofs, and that Presbyterians who disbelieve much of its teachings are compelled to resort to casuistry in interpretating it. In short, the pamphlet states every point of the case with great vigor, and not a little of the Knoxian spirit of stern raillery. We recommend the book to the careful attention of all earnest men, especially of those who are firmly convinced that the creeds and confessions framed by good and learned men in past centuries, have, like our other 'little systems' had 'their day', and had better 'cease to be.' A cheap re-issue here of Mr. Macrae's pamphlet would be a boon.

GÉRARD'S MARRIAGE. By André Theuriet. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

M. Gérard de Seigneuilles, as to whose matrimonial prospects this little book promises to enlighten us, is a young man of good family, who has, unfortunately, been hindered by his father, a stiff old chevalier, and an earnest believer in the *ancien régime*, from mixing in society, or otherwise providing himself with a suitable field in which to sow his wild oats. However, he is far from being a milksop, and the scene opens with his evading parental scrutiny by jumping over the terrace wall of the garden to join in a ball given by the workwomen and petty shopkeepers. His diffidence, for it is his first ball, is well pourtrayed, and to put the finishing touch to his miseries, the dye off his black gloves (so badly furnished was he for the occasion) spoils the dress of his partner, and the other young men make this

the pretext for badgering him and getting up a scene. From this awkward position he is rescued by a neighbor, hitherto unknown to him, Marius Laheyrard by name, who has spent his life in Paris, and, amongst other excellencies, has acquired the art of dressing in a style which the other young men of Juvigny-en-Barrois find very captivating. 'He wore a soft felt hat with a broad brim, and a loose black velvet jacket, with the ends of a flame-colored cravat floating over the lapels; white cashmere trousers, ornamented with a black stripe, completed his toilet,' which we are glad to say our author confesses to be 'easy, but rather loud.' And Gérard finds his new acquaintance as daring in his mental attitudes as in his energetic waltzings—even going so far as to call his father 'the old man,' an altogether unheard-of freedom to our hero's thinking. In fact M. Gérard has been so long kept in leading-strings that *his* father retains entire dominion over him to the end of the book, shutting him up in a room, or sending him away to the Grange-Allard, a farm-property held by the father at some distance from town, at pleasure. It is true that Gérard gets out of the room, and walks back from his exile in a secret manner, but he never really confronts the despotism that deprives him of his liberty, face to face.

Of course this Argus-eyed parent finds out about the ball, and at once plans a marriage for Gérard with one M'lle. Georgette Grandfief, as a sort of quieting dose to prevent any more nocturnal and undignified ramblings. Unfortunately, or fortunately for the interests of our tale, the hero does not take kindly to the heiress, but on the contrary falls vehemently in love with Marius's sister. The second time he sees her, she has mounted into a plum-tree, and a very pretty picture she makes there, eating the luscious greengages, with the amatory sunlight flecking her face and long hair. The little children have run away with the ladder by which she got up, and the first love scene is carried on in an idyllic fashion *de haut en bas*.

We must not tell the varying incidents which checker this love-making. The imprudent Marius gets the chief characters into a terrible scrape, and they part, thinking, or at least one of them thinking, that they will never meet again. The outburst of talk among the scandal-mongers at Juvigny is very aptly told. 'The inhabitant of a small city, who watches, behind curtains discreetly drawn, the comings and goings of his neighbors, and makes this his only occupation, welcomes a scandal as a rare game, a treat of high relish that he must enjoy to the utmost. He seasons it with marvellous ingredients, and cooks it at a slow fire with special refinement; he breakfasts and dines upon it for a month.' But poetical justice is not long delayed. M'lle Georgette (although her innocence is so great as to remind us of some of Molières inimitable touches in the character of Agnes in 'L'Ecole des Femmes') falls under the like imputations. Luckily this double scandal acts the part of a reconciler in bringing the parted couples together again, and M. de Seigneuilles's love of honor overcoming his love of family and position, everything ends happily.

M. Theuriet may be congratulated on having written a pleasant little tale, hardly perhaps coming up to the standard of its predecessor in the series, but still lively and sparkling, and containing some pretty bits of description, as, for instance, the shooting party and picnic, and the game of St. Nicholas' Gate, which bears an important part in the *dénouement*. If we must be critical we should point to the amusing scene between Georgette and the Abbé Volland, as, in one point, becoming a trifle broad; and if we single out the one misprint of '*rights* of hospitality,' for '*rites*,' it is because it is, so far as we can notice, the only misprint or mistake in the book.

NOTE.—It is not customary to offer a rejoinder to newspaper strictures on a book-review, and if an exception be for once made, in favour of the *Christian Guardian*, it is not because our contemporary merits the distinction or with any idea of forming a precedent, but simply on account of the momentous practical issues involved in this particular instance. In an editorial contained in its issue of the 12th ult., entitled 'Partial and Bitter Criticism,' it takes up the polemical cudgels on behalf of Mr. Gideon Ouseley, the reprint of whose work on 'Old Christianity' was noticed in these columns last month. As briefly as possible, we propose to advert to the *Guardian's* false suppositions, errors in fact, and paralogism in argument. Our reviewer is *not* an 'Anglican semi-papist,' nor is he Romish or 'semi-Romish.' He is not conscious of having the slightest 'sympathy with the dogma of Transubstantiation,' or any other distinctive doctrine of Rome; he does not for one moment believe that 'the priest changes the bread into the body and blood of Christ,' but is firmly convinced that 'the wafer remains bread after consecration.' In short, he is as good a Protestant as the editor of the *Christian Guardian*, unless bigotry and intolerance have usurped the place and dignity of charity amongst the Christian virtues.

Our reviewer is no 'Puseyite,' and utterly disclaims any 'anti-Protestant animus.' He did *not* display 'obsequious homage and admiration for popery;' but he did protest strongly against the republication of Mr. Ouseley's book, because it is an anachronism, a resurrection of old-time violence in religious

controversy. If the writer spoke with warmth and feeling, it was simply because he was in earnest; and he has no intention of retracting or apologizing for a single word uttered or epithet applied in the review. Every syllable was deserved, and the notice might easily have been made much more severe without doing full justice to the pernicious spirit which pervades almost every page of the book. Indeed, the *Guardian* reluctantly admits that he was right. In fact it dare not defend a writer who stigmatizes all whose views of the Gospel are not in accord with his own, as 'either ignorant, or insane, or wicked men and of the devil.' It is vain to offer as an apology for such abominable language, that the Homelies contain foul words, or that John Milton was abusive and violent. What is that to us, in the nineteenth century, when broader knowledge and more correct views of the scope as well as the amenities of controversy have led us into a region of clearer and serener light? Writing in the year 1827, Mr. Ouseley was highly culpable, and when his book is reproduced in 1877, it ought to be censured with all the severity it so well deserves. He may have been a saint, for aught we know; but in 'hatred and malice and all uncharitableness,' he was one of the worst of sinners. But if the author was to blame for writing as he did, what judgment shall be passed upon those, who, half a century later, re-issue a work whose tone and temper they are constrained to condemn, and palm it off as 'a standard authority' on the conflict between Protestantism and Popery? In point of fact, the book is a 'standing' reproach to the Irish Protestantism of the years preceding Catholic Emancipation—an incentive to Romanist intolerance and Protestant bigotry. One more correction of fact. Our reviewer did *not* allow 'numbers to weigh powerfully' with him at all, as every reader of the notice is aware. His object was to impress upon his co-religionists that lesson which, in the nineteenth century, humanity is beginning to learn,—the lesson of charity. At this moment, an overwhelming majority of our fellow-Christians are, as we who profess ourselves Protestants all believe, in unquestionable error on many important points. Shall we assert our own infallibility and claim that our little handful of human dust contains all the golden grains of sacred truth? Should not the knowledge, that, in the world beyond, where all things will appear as they are, the varnish and tinsel of this transitory scene will vanish away as though they had never been, give us pause when we are disposed hastily to judge our brothers, even if they be, as we believe them to be, in error? It is perhaps a common subject of complacent exultation with such blatant Protestants as was Mr. Ouseley, and as the *Christian Guardian* now is, to imagine the day when those idolatrous Papists, those miserable Pagans, those self-sufficient Brahmins or Mussulmans shall awake to find out their mistake. Did it never occur to them to imagine that THEIR awakening may be not less amazing? Do they ever think that it may be found, at the last, that their creeds avail nothing, and that crying from the corners of the streets, and Pharisaical upturnings of the eye are things of no account with Him who does not look at the absolute truth of the creed, but searcheth the heart and trieth the reins of Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Pagan alike?

The argumentation of the *Guardian* is on a par with the tone and ingenuousness of its entire article. One brief reference will suffice, and we shall put it nakedly so as to show clearly its logical deformity. The Roman Catholic believes that the wafer in the mass is transformed into the body and blood of the Saviour; the Protestant on the contrary believes that it remains bread. Now the question here has nothing to do with absolute truth, but with personal belief, and we ask, would not any reasonable person say that, with such beliefs, the Protestant worshipping the host would commit idolatry, but that the Catholic would certainly stand on a different footing? And why? Because the one would worship what he believed to be bread, whilst the other would pay adoration to what he believed to be God. In point of fact, the absurd logic of the *Guardian* does not deserve a moment's examination. And here we leave him to his 'standard authority,' and to his reflections, with one of our own in addition. It is this: that the republication of such a book in Canada is distinctly a sin against society, because it tends to engender and foster in a peace-loving country a spirit of bitterness between classes of the population, the fruits of which, in the shape of riot and murder, we have lately seen in Montreal. That spirit the publishers of this rabid book are doing their best to arouse and encourage.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SPEECHES ON THE PUBLIC EXPENDITURE OF THE DOMINION. By the Hon. D. L. Macpherson. Toronto: Williams, Sleeth, & Macmillan, 1877.

SPECIAL REPORT TO THE HON. THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION ON THE ONTARIO EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT, AND THE EDUCATIONAL FEATURES OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT PHILADELPHIA, 1876. By J. George Hodgins, LL.D., Deputy Minister. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1877.

THE SCRIPTURE CLUB OF VALLEY REST, OR SKETCHES OF EVERYBODY'S NEIGHBOURS. By the Author of 'Helen's Babies,' etc. Belford Bros., Toronto.

IN A WINTER CITY. A Sketch. By Ouida. A new edition. Toronto: Belford Bros, 1877.

ber, 20th. The armistice which had been agreed upon between Major General Sheaffe and Brigadier General Smyth terminated, and both sides prepared to resume hostilities. About midnight on the 27th. November, a force under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Boerstler and Captain King of the 14th. United States Infantry, with about seventy United States seamen, under Lieutenant Angus, effected a landing on the British side at the upper end of Grand Isle, between Fort Erie and Chippawa. They were opposed by Lieutenant King R. A. and Lieutenants Lamont and Bartley of the 49th. King and Lamont, after a determined resistance, were wounded, and with about thirty men taken prisoners; Bartley finding he could muster no more than seventeen men retreated. The guns were spiked and Boerstler and Angus returned to their boats and recrossed. Captain King (who was aide-de-camp to General Smyth) was less fortunate, for Major Ormsby having arrived with reinforcements from Fort Erie, King, with some other officers and about forty men, had to surrender. Early the following day (the 28th.) Colonel Winder started from Black Rock to renew the attack upon the British posts; but in the meanwhile Colonel Bishopp had moved from Chippawa, joined Major Ormsby from Fort Erie, and awaited the enemy with upwards of a thousand men, consisting of detachments from the 41st., 49th., and Royal Newfoundland regiments, a body of militia under Colonel Clark, and some Indians. The guns spiked by Lieutenant Angus had also been unspiked and remounted. Upon the approach of Colonel Winder, the British troops cheered and at once opened fire; two of the boats were destroyed, the remainder were thrown into confusion, and Colonel Winder retreated to Black Rock with a loss of six killed and twenty-two wounded. Later in the day a flag was sent over to Colonel Bishopp demanding the surrender of Fort Erie and its garrison, to which the gallant Colonel somewhat laconically replied, 'Come and take it.' A renewal of the attack was threatened, but not actually attempted, on the 1st. December, after which the United States army on the Niagara frontier went into winter quarters.—The second session of the seventh Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was opened at Quebec, on Friday, February 21st., by His Excellency Sir George Prevost, Governor in Chief. (His Excellency's commission not having reached Canada, he is at this date described in all official documents as President of the Province and administrator of the Government.) The session was a very long one and did not close until the 19th. May. Twenty-two acts were passed, amongst which were measures for improving the organization of the militia; for extending the powers of the courts of law in respect to writs of *habeas corpus*; for ameliorating the condition of decayed pilots; for repairing the Castle of St. Lewis; and for preventing the introduction of infectious diseases.—The 8th. May was appointed a day of fasting and humiliation on account of the war and the personal affliction of the king.—22nd. May, Olivier Perrault Esquire, and on 23rd. Edward Bowen Esquire, were appointed Justices of the Court of King's Bench for the Quebec district, in place of the Honourables P. A. de Bonne and, J. Wilkins resigned. —June 29th. News of the declaration of war by the United States against Great Britain reached Quebec.—June 30th. Proclamations were issued by Sir George Prevost announcing the declaration of war and directing all subjects of the United States to leave the Province within fourteen days; laying an

embargo upon all shipping then in the ports of the Province ; and summoning the Provincial Parliament to meet on the 16th. July. Sir George Prevost left Quebec for Montreal on 1st. July to take measures for the defence of the Montreal district.—July 6th. A militia general order was issued directing all the Battalions of militia throughout the Province of Quebec, to hold themselves in readiness to be embodied and march on the shortest notice to such points as the safety of the Province and the exigency of the service might require.—July 15th. Sir George Prevost announced by proclamation his appointment as Captain General and Governor in Chief of all the Provinces of British North-America.—July 16th. The embargo was continued by a further proclamation, and the exportation of arms and provisions and stores of all kinds strictly prohibited. The third session of the seventh Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was opened by Sir George Prevost, who briefly explained that the declaration of war had rendered it imperative that Parliament should be summoned at once, and that he relied with the fullest confidence upon the Assembly to make provision for the expenditure which the preparations for the defence of the country would necessarily entail. The Assembly passed an act entitled 'An act to facilitate the circulation of Army Bills,' and having thus provided for raising the money required by the exigencies of the public service, the Parliament was prorogued on the 1st. August. The government having been thus enabled to meet the demands upon the exchequer, and public spirit having revived, every effort was directed to prepare for the defence of the country. The militia of Quebec had commenced garrison duty on the 5th. July, the regular troops having been previously despatched to the Montreal district.—August 12th. Reinforcements for the garrison of Quebec having arrived on the 4th., the militia were relieved from garrison duty.—October 23rd. The piquet (consisting of a detachment of Canadian *voyageurs*, under the command of Lieutenant Rottot) stationed at the Indian village of St. Regis, was surprised about five o'clock in the morning, by a body of about four hundred United States militia, under the command of Major G. D. Young. Lieutenant Rottot, Sergeant McGillivray, and six men were killed, and Ensign Hall and twenty-three men were taken prisoners. In plundering the village the United States soldiers found a British ensign or union jack, belonging to some person living in the place and kept for display on *fête* days, which, in an order issued by Major Young announcing his victory, was magniloquently described as 'the first colours taken during the war.'—November 20th. About 3 A. M. a force of United States militia and a troop of dragoons, commanded by Colonels Zebulon M. Pike, and Clarke, forded the Lacolle river and advanced upon the British outpost. The piquet which occupied the guard-house consisted of about twenty *voyageurs* and a few Indians under the command of Bernard Panet, who, being warned by Captain McKay, a sturdy North-Wester, that, whilst visiting the piquet, he had heard the noise made by the enemy in advancing through the underwood and in cocking their rifles, saluted the foe with a volley and retired without loss. Desiring to surround the guard-house, the enemy had divided his force, and was approaching from different points, when, being misled as to the position of the British piquet by Captain McKay's parting volley, the two parties attacked each other and kept up a smart fire for several minutes before the mis-

take was discovered. When the error was found out it was ascertained that five men had been killed and several wounded. This unfortunate contretemps appears to have damped the ardour of the invaders, as the whole force retired across the frontiers and made no attempt to renew the attack. As the movements of the enemy afforded grounds for expecting that a more serious attempt at invasion would be made before long, on the 22nd. November the Governor General issued an order directing the whole militia force of the Province to consider themselves commanded for active service, and to be prepared to advance to meet the enemy as soon as required. Large bodies of militia marched to L'Acadie and Laprairie, and a general movement was commenced towards the point supposed to be threatened. The United States forces, however, did not renew the contest, but retired into winter quarters at Burlington, Greenbush, and Plattsburgh.—On the 23rd. November an attack was made upon the United States frontier post at Salmon river near St. Regis. The attacking party was composed of small detachments of Royal Artillery, 49th. regiment, and Glengarry Light Infantry, amounting altogether to about seventy men, under the command of Major Clarke, and about the same number of Cornwall and Glengarry militia; the whole force being commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel McMillan. The enemy being completely surprised, took refuge in a block-house, but, finding they were surrounded, at once gave themselves up as prisoners of war. One captain, two subalterns, and forty-one men, were taken prisoners; and four batteaux and fifty-seven stand of arms fell into the hands of the British force.—The first session of the tenth General Assembly of Nova Scotia, was opened at Halifax, on Thursday, 6th. February, by the Lieutenant Governor, Sir J. C. Sherbrooke. Mr. Lewis Morris Wilkins was elected Speaker of the Assembly.—February 19th. This day was set apart by proclamation of the Lieutenant Governor as a day of fasting and humiliation throughout the Province of Nova Scotia.—April 10th. The Assembly was prorogued.—June 27th. H. M. S. *Belvidera* 36, Captain Byron, arrived at Halifax. The *Belvidera* had been attacked on the 23rd. (the very next day after the declaration of war became known), off Nantucket, by the United States frigates *President* and *Constitution*, accompanied by three other vessels; the wind favouring her, Captain Byron was able to get the *Belvidera* off. He had, however, two men killed and twenty-two wounded. Late on the evening of Sunday, June 28th., a messenger arrived at Halifax with despatches from General Hunter, who commanded the forces in New Brunswick, with intelligence of the declaration of war. The Lieutenant Governor held a council at 10 A. M. on the 29th., when it was ordered that the militia should be at once embodied, and such other measures were taken as were deemed necessary for the defence of the country. As it was very generally understood that the people of the State of Maine did not desire that the amicable relations which had so long existed between themselves and the inhabitants of the British Provinces should be disturbed, the Lieutenant Governor, with the acquiesence of the British Admiral then at Halifax, issued, on 3rd July, a proclamation forbidding any persons under his command from offering molestation to the people of the United States living on the frontier of New Brunswick, or interfering with their goods or their coasting vessels. So unwilling, indeed, were the people of the Eastern United States to engage in hos-

tilities with their northern neighbours, that when the declaration of war reached Boston, all the ships in port hoisted their colours at half-mast. An extra session having been summoned on account of the war, the Assembly met at Halifax on 21st. July (second session of the tenth Assembly), and having made provision for the pay and maintenance of the militia and for the other necessary measures of defence, were prorogued on the 14th. August.—December 5th. Sir George Prevost returned to Quebec from Montreal, where he had for the previous four months been busily engaged in directing and superintending the measures necessary for the defence of the Province. Before leaving Montreal and after arriving in Quebec, addresses congratulating His Excellency upon the success which had attended his efforts and expressing the utmost confidence in his ability, were presented to him by the principal inhabitants of the two cities.—17th. December. Louis Charles Foucher was appointed one of the Justices of the King's Bench for the Montreal district, vice the Honourable Pierre Louis Panet deceased on the 2nd. December.—29th. December. The fourth session of the seventh Provincial Parliament was opened at Quebec by His Excellency Sir George Prevost, who, in his opening speech, congratulated the members upon the success with which His Majesty's arms in Canada had been blessed.—The General Assembly of the Province of New Brunswick met at Fredericton on Tuesday, 4th February, but there not being a sufficient number of members in attendance to form a quorum, the session did not commence until the 5th., when Major General Martin Hunter, President and Commander of the forces in New Brunswick, opened the session in due form.—The President's opening speech referred chiefly to the unfortunate condition of the relations between the United States and Great Britain, and to the necessity imposed upon the Assembly of making proper provision for the defence of the Province.—This session terminated on the 7th. March. Twenty bills were passed, including bills appropriating money for the defence of the Province, and for the regulation of the militia. Provision was also made for the prevention and extinction of fires in the city of St. John.

1813.—Colonel Proctor, who commanded the British force at Detroit, had established an advanced post at Frenchtown, on the river Raisin, about 26 miles from Detroit; this post General Winchester, who had advanced from Sandusky on 31st. December, with the intention of making an attack upon Malden, determined to capture. Colonel Lewis was accordingly sent forward with a strong detachment of United States troops, and reached Frenchtown about three o'clock on the afternoon of the 18th. January. The small force under command of Major Reynolds (about thirty Essex militia and two hundred Indians) was compelled to retire, but maintained an obstinate though unequal conflict for nearly three miles, when the United States force withdrew from the pursuit and occupied Frenchtown, leaving Major Reynolds at liberty to continue his retreat without molestation: he accordingly fell back upon Brownstown, sixteen miles nearer to Detroit. On the 20th. January General Winchester arrived with reinforcements and joined Colonel Lewis at Frenchtown. Colonel Proctor, on learning of the retreat of Major Reynolds to Brownstown after the action on the 18th., at once pushed forward from Malden with the whole of his available force, amounting to about five hundred regulars and