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CLIVE WESTON'S WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

CHAPTER I.

IT was in every sense of the word a brilliant wedding. Montreal, the fair city that reclines at the foot of Mount Royal, had not for many months witnessed anything like it. Every embellishment that wealth could purchase had been procured—every rule prescribed by taste or fashion followed—till the whole affair might have been safely pronounced a perfect success. Season and weather, often chary of their favours on similar occasions, were both propitious. The sunshine of a glorious October day bathed in golden radiance the new reaped field and meadow, the mountain with its glowing scarlet and yellow foliage, and the broad, sparkling St. Lawrence beyond. Brightly too it lit up the grinning gurgoyles and rich architectural ornaments of Christ Church Cathedral, where amid breathless silence the bride had just pronounced in a sweet, perfectly

audible voice, the solemn words that united her life and destiny with those of another. The sacred edifice was crowded with fair and fashionably attired women, and a bevy of bewitching young bride's maids distracted the heart and attention of the one masculine supporter or sympathizer to whom fashion now frequently restricts the bridegroom. The latter personage was tall, gentlemanly and intellectual looking. But the chief object of attraction was of course the bride herself, who stood there fair, pale as a lily, stately as a young princess. She needed not the softening aid of glimmering pearls, misty clouds of tulle, nor of the flowing bridal veil, that invest with a certain charm even the plainest of Eve's daughters. No, Virginia Bentley was beautiful in form and feature, and rarely bride had borrowed less from art. But what excited remark even more than her statuesque loveliness was her wonderful self-possession. Knowing as she did that every eye in that

vast edifice was bent either in criticism, curiosity or admiration, on herself, her superb serenity never varied. No nervous tremour ran through her slight frame—no tinge of colour flushed the creamy white of her cheek, and when she at length walked slowly down the crowded aisle, she looked indeed a marvel of womanly stateliness and grace.

As the bridal procession drove off, many and varied were the comments passed on the newly married couple. "Superb!" lisped a faultlessly attired exquisite, as he adjusted his eye-glass to obtain a fuller view of the departing carriages.

"Never saw anything like it since Ristori."

"Weston is a fortunate man!" sighed another fop whose dark eyes and hair, and slightly foreign accent, bespoke him a French Canadian.

"'Tis very well for you two gentlemen, who were, as every body knows, thoroughly bewitched by her, to prate about Weston's luck," interrupted a third, "but I, for one, pity him from my heart. Why she will not let him call his soul his own!"

"Tut, Stone, you are jealous, man!" interposed another. One act of Virginia Bentley's goes far to prove that her heart is not unworthy of her face. She delayed her marriage till she had attained her majority, that she might place her large fortune, unrestricted by any conditions, in her husband's hands, a thing strenuously opposed by her guardians."

"Ah! had I not reason to say Weston was a lucky man?" reiterated a former speaker.

"Who is she?" queried a fair haired, sleepy eyed man in military garb, who had been leaning listlessly against the church door during the preceding dialogue.

"Our leading belle and beauty, and an heiress to boot," replied one of the group, secretly wondering how the last speaker could possibly be ignorant on so interesting

a topic. Captain Dacre, however, had only arrived in Montreal two days previous, to join his regiment, and whilst strolling past the church had been induced to enter by the crowd already gathered in front of its portal.

"Ah, Dacre, how do you do?" cried a frank, ringing voice, and another military man joined the little knot. "You were just in time to catch a first and last glance of the most bewitching beauty and accomplished coquette I have ever met."

"Rather young, I should think, to have fairly earned as yet the latter title," rejoined Dacre, slightly raising his eyebrows.

"I do not know that. If you had been exposed to the artillery of her charms as we have been for some time past, you would have a higher opinion of their power."

Again Captain Dacre raised his eyebrows, more sarcastically this time than before.

"Beauty, belle, and heiress—how did you all permit so rare a prize to escape you?"

"Because Miss Bentley, like most of such feminine paragons, has a will and mind of her own. Besides, she and her husband have been engaged for many months past."

"But what qualities does this invincible bridegroom possess that he succeeded where so many failed?"

"Nothing out of the common. Honourable, moral, steady, and all that sort of thing; money-making, cleverish too, I believe."

"Well, I do not exactly look on myself as a prophet, but I would venture to predict," and here the speaker, Colford Stone, smiled disagreeably, "that this time next year Clive Weston will not look as triumphant as he does to-day."

After a few more words of idle talk the group separated, and the space in front of the church was left vacant.

Meanwhile the wedding breakfast went gaily enough. There was a magnificent display of silver and rare china; all the delicacies of the season; everything that fashion

could suggest. Through this second ordeal, with its wearisome felicitations, toasts, and laboured attempts at wit, the bride bore herself with the unruffled composure that had distinguished her in the church. At the proper time she withdrew, and in her dressing-room, amid the smiles and gay ministrations of her bride's maids, changed her Honiton lace and satin for the plain brown suit in which it was her will to travel.

The first bride's maid, a pretty, rosy little creature, very youthful in appearance, though in reality a year or two older than the bride, was the one who placed the tiny hat with its long ostrich plume on the bride's head, and as she did so, she drew her to a deep bay window apart from their companions, and tenderly kissed her.

"I can scarcely believe, my darling, that you are really married—that all is over. Do you feel very happy?"

"A singular question, Letty! Have I not married the husband of my choice?"

"True, very true. Well, let us hope for the best, but listen to a parting word from Letty Maberly, a friend who loves you dearly. I have known Clive Weston longer than you have, and warn you that he is one to hold the reins tightly if he once gets them into his grasp."

A slight smile wreathed the new-made wife's delicate lip as she rejoined: "To carry out your simile, Letty, I am not afraid that Mr. Weston will seek either to drive or rein me in. In any case, I can take care of myself."

Here an elderly lady, frail and shadowy in appearance, entered, and approaching the bride, tearfully said:

"I must bid you goodbye, my love, here, for my heart is too full and sorrowful to do it before all those people in the drawing-room."

"Why should you be sorrowful, dear aunt? You have known Clive a long time and like him well?"

"But I am losing you, my pet; the house

will be very large and empty without you. And, oh, the trouble I have had with you, my darling, between one thing and another. Watching that you wore overshoes in wet weather, warm woollens in winter, and guarding you from fortune hunters at all seasons."

"You have nobly fulfilled your charge, good Aunt Jane, and an onerous one it has been. Kiss me now, and say that you pardon all my obstinacy and waywardness during the fifteen years you have watched me with such patient care?"

Miss Jane Ponton burst into tears, and throwing her thin arms around the girl's neck whispered: "God bless you, my pet, you were never obstinate or wayward with me."

"Poor Aunt Jane, because you always gave me my own way; but kiss me again!"

When Mrs. Weston raised her proud young head there was a suspicious brightness in her large dark eyes, the first token of emotion she had given that day.

Miss Ponton sank sobbing on a chair whilst the attendants and bride swept lightly down the broad stairs. The latter received farewells as calmly as she had done felicitations, and when Clive Weston sprang forward with joyous smile and eager face to assist her into the carriage, whispering at the same time some tender word, the slight smile she vouchsafed him was no warmer than the one she had just bestowed on a comparative stranger who had officiously moved the door an inch farther back for her egress.

"Does she love him?" asked more than one of the guests as they noted that cold look and smile.

"Does she love me?" asked Clive Weston of himself, as another word of tender inquiry on his part as to whether she felt fatigued, won nothing more for him than a careless: "Not in the least, I am used to crowds."

And yet Virginia really loved her husband, though her indomitable pride prevented her showing it, and Clive Weston was scarcely

the man to make the continual advances that the spoiled child of fortune was likely to exact.

## CHAPTER II.

FOUR weeks after their wedding day the newly married couple returned from their trip, and installed themselves in a handsome and elegantly furnished villa residence on Sherbrooke street. The bride joyously entered on her new duties, which consisted, according to her idea, principally in paying and receiving visits, attending concerts, balls and *matinées*, entertaining on a large and fashionable scale at home, and presiding over the selection and fashioning of the elaborate and costly toilettes which distinguished her as much as her rare beauty in all those scenes of fashionable amusement. It was truly sad to see a woman whom God had endowed with intellectual qualities of a high order, calculated to render her in every way friend and counsellor of her husband, or to enable her to exert a marvellous influence in elevating and ennobling those of her own sex with whom she came in contact, devoting hours of deep thought to the fashioning of a dinner robe or the trimming of a ball dress.

Mr. Weston, on his side, devoted himself as closely to business pursuits as ever, and toiled unceasingly in his dingy office in St. Paul street. Scion of an old and respected English family, he had emigrated at an early age to Canada, and after passing some years in a leading mercantile house in Montreal, had entered into business for himself, meeting with rare and brilliant success. Clever, wealthy, gentlemanly in appearance and manners, he was greatly courted in society, and many bright eyes had smiled encouragingly on him. Foremost in showing her preference was Letty Maberly, and when it became evident that Virginia Bentley was his choice, Miss Maberly's love, at best a selfish feeling, turned to dis-

like. It was this sentiment that prompted the equivocal advice given by her at the hour of parting to the young bride, who, by the way, did not seem to stand in need of such strengthening counsel.

Left an orphaned heiress at an early age to the care of a kind but weak-minded female relative, Virginia Bentley reached the age of womanhood without ever hearing the accent of reproof. Indulged in every whim when the thing was possible, when not, condoled with and petted, it was not wonderful that the noble qualities of her nature were smothered by the evil ones, even as the grains of wheat in the parable were choked by the thorns.

By deferring her marriage till she had attained her majority she gained her point, that of bestowing her fortune on Mr. Weston without reserve or stipulation, and her baffled guardian, a quiet, punctilious old gentleman, shook his head, and secretly pitied the new-made husband, thinking he would in the end pay dearly enough for the fortune thus given him.

The domestic sky at Weston Villa was still cloudless, however, and Clive, devotedly fond of his beautiful wife, indulgently overlooked occasional caprice or waywardness. He seemed tacitly to admit that the mere butterfly sort of existence she led was quite correct; and never remonstrated or reasoned with her on the subject, satisfied that she met him with a smile on his entrance, even though she seldom had anything more serious to ask him than his opinion on a new toilette, or on some frivolous item of feminine gossip.

An uneasy fear at times haunted him that his own absorbing love was but feebly returned, and Virginia's careless, undemonstrative manner, served to confirm him in this unfortunate impression. Still he cared not to go deeper into the question, and was contented, or strove to be so, with things as they were.

"Who do you think is coming to stay

with us on a visit, Clive<sup>p</sup> asked his wife one morning, as they stood together in the hall, awaiting the sleigh which was to convey Mr. Weston to his place of business.

"I can scarcely guess, for the name of our friends and acquaintances is legion."

"Then I will tell you. My, or rather our, old friend Letty Maberly. You remember, she returned to Kingston, where she lives, shortly after our marriage, and has been starring it there ever since."

"She is really a beautiful little creature," was Weston's reply, "but empty-headed. Never thinks of anything beyond dress and pleasure."

"For the matter of that, sir, neither do I."

"But then, my wife," and he laid his hand gently on her graceful young head, "is capable of better, nobler things, which I do not think Letty Maberly is."

"All very well to say so now, Mr. Weston, but you cannot deny that you once made love to her."

"It may seem sadly foppish to say such a thing, but it really was she who made love to me."

"All men say such things of women, Clive."

"Would that I could say it of my wife!" and he bent towards her with a look of earnest appeal in his dark eyes. "Ah, Virginia, you have never made love to me yet."

"Nor do I intend to either, so a truce to such sentimental nonsense." She laughed lightly, throwing off the hand that still tenderly rested on her head.

A look of pain contracted her husband's features, but it instantly passed, and in a quick, matter-of-fact tone he said:

"Here is James at last. My time is more profitably spent down at the office than in love-making here. Don't you think so, Virginia?"

Now she thought nothing of the sort, but pride would not allow her to make the admission, and with a gay laugh she rejoined: "Of course it is."

So husband and wife parted, each with a feeling of dissatisfaction, Virginia resolving for the first time to be less jealously guarded in concealing her affection for her husband. Her reception of him on his return to dinner was probably influenced by this resolve, for as they sat together before the grate fire in their pleasant sitting-room, the proud, fond look of the morning again rested on Weston's face. Very lovely Virginia looked in the dark violet dress she wore, and which, despite the absurd frillings and furbelows covering it, could not conceal the grace of her slight figure. Seated in a low chair, she gaily laughed and chatted, alternately teasing and caressing the while a tiny spaniel that lay on her lap.

"Is he not a beauty?" she questioned, during a pause in the conversation. "Two of my former admirers wanted to shoot him, they were so jealous of my curly darling. You can afford to tolerate him, Clive, as he is your only rival."

"Promise me that it will always be so, and I will love the little fluffy, glossy heap as well as you do yourself," and he tenderly bent towards her as he spoke.

At that moment Miss Maberly, looking fresh and pretty as a rose, entered the room. The meeting between the two friends was very cordial, and quite demonstrative on the new-comer's part, so much so that when the latter turned to Mr. Weston, the smile it had awakened yet lingered on his lip. Of course conversation flowed freely, for both ladies were adepts in the conversational art. Quebec and Montreal gossip were animatedly discussed, and when, after a time, Weston under some plausible pretext withdrew, his absence seemed unnoted. Suddenly Miss Maberly paused in the flow of her light chit-chat and abruptly questioned.

"Tell me, Virginia, are you quite happy?"

"Yes, very."

"I thought as much. You cannot imagine what a charmingly complete picture of connubial felicity you both afforded when

I entered to-night. But are you not tired of love-making yet?"

Virginia winced. She greatly disliked ridicule, and hastily replied: "Love-making, Letty! Why it was only a rehearsal of your usual interviews with your gentlemen friends after you have known them for a couple of weeks."

"Exactly, darling, and, blameable in me, in you, a wife, it is admirable. The only thing is I thought you might find it insipid, tiresome, after a time. You used to pique yourself so much on your utter freedom from sentiment, and smile so contemptuously at graduates of the gushing school."

"Well, leave that question now, Miss Letty, and speak to me about yourself. Have you made many new conquests in Kingston, or have you been conquered yourself?"

"Lost my heart a dozen times, but regained it, and have it now in safe keeping. Virginia, dear, nothing less than a millionaire or something of that sort will ever induce me to give up my liberty. I had two offers. The first was young and handsome, but with limited means; of course I refused him. The second was old and plain, and in a similar financial position, so I need not tell you I rejected him also."

"I suppose you acted wisely, Letty; at least you have acted up to your principles. The young girls of our set always looked on you as a model of feminine prudence in that respect."

"Yes, thank Heaven, I am not troubled with sentiment or nonsense of any kind, and intend to have as little love-making after as before marriage."

"Quite right, Letty, and if you can only meet a congenial spirit, enjoying a suitable financial position, your mutual lot will be supremely happy. But come with me now, I have so much to show you that I scarcely know where to begin."

Miss Maberly threw her arm round her friend's waist, and they moved off gaily together.

The above dialogue may serve to give a correct idea of Letty Maberly's character, and of the unfortunate influence she was likely to exert on Clive Weston's young wife. Never were two friends more inseparable. They rode, drove, walked together, and all the while the new-comer was steadily influencing for evil her beautiful friend. The latter, fearing Letty's playful satire or mock felicitations, grew daily more careless or reserved towards her husband, and he, quick to perceive the unwelcome change, after endeavouring awhile to combat it by increased tenderness and devotion, finally resented it, and entrenched himself in a quiet courtesy and careless indulgence which was but a pale, faint reflection, of the deep absorbing love he really felt for his young wife. The long pleasant evenings passed alone with her, the quiet walks or drives enjoyed together, became things of the past. When the drawing-rooms were not filled by company, Letty was always there to represent the outer world; and Mr. Weston saw, with deep pain, that the train of his wife's thoughts and aspirations became day by day more petty and frivolous.

Bent on being voted a queen of fashion, she dressed, talked, acted, with no other end in view; and her light phaeton and two spirited horses, driven by herself, were to be seen at nearly every review, band rehearsal or cricket match. Letty, of course, was her constant companion, and contrived with wily art to render herself indispensable.

### CHAPTER III.

AT one of the gay re-unions where Mrs. Clive Weston and her friend shone stars of the first magnitude, the latter approached Virginia and whispered:

"Congratulate me, he is here! You know I hinted to you last week that my inconstant heart had again found an idol. Would you like me to introduce him?"

“By all means, and at once.”

“Well, be civil to him for my sake, and invite him up for to-morrow, like a darling, so that I may meet him again under favourable circumstances.”

Letty glided off and soon returned leaning on the arm of the tall, light haired officer who had formed one of the group congregated near the door of Christ Church Cathedral on Virginia's wedding day. This gentleman she introduced as Captain Dacre.

“I have had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Weston before, on the morning of her marriage,” he said with a low bow.

“And I should hope you saw myself, the first bride's maid also, though you have not seen fit to allude to the circumstance in my case.”

Captain Dacre imperturbably smiled—nothing could disconcert or discompose him. “You are really too severe, Miss Maberly,” he languidly rejoined. “Pray be merciful! Virginia, with more curiosity than politeness, studied at her leisure the new idol that ruled her friend's fickle fancy, somewhat wondering at her choice. Regular but expressionless features, large, light, sleepy looking eyes, drawing voice and intonations, such was Henry Dacre; but what she saw not at first sight was a fund of astuteness—a gift of delicate, insidious flattery, all the more dangerous that it was generally concealed beneath a veil of listless indifference and apathy. The invitation bespoken for him by Miss Maberly was after some moments of gay conversation accorded, and he then moved off with his partner in the direction of the dancers, having first asked and obtained the hand of his hostess for her next disengaged dance.

Partly through Letty's management, partly through his own tact, Captain Dacre soon found himself received at Weston Villa on the most intimate footing. Thrown off her guard by the knowledge that he was her friend's admirer, Virginia soon granted him more privileges than she extended to any

other of her gentlemen visitors, a circumstance speedily observed and in many cases misinterpreted. Wealthy, fastidiously particular in his dress, horses, indeed in all his belongings, he was to a certain extent a valuable addition to the fashionable circle of which she formed one of the leaders, and soon no project of gaiety was started at Weston Villa in which he was not included.

His first introduction to the master of the house was not propitious. Having called by appointment at a certain hour for Mrs. Weston and her friend, he was leaning against the drawing-room window and looking out on the lawn, inwardly thinking what unpunctual creatures women were, when Mr. Weston entered. The latter, on seeing a stranger standing there in a wearied attitude, courteously enquired if he wished to see the ladies of the house. Without discontinuing the monotonous rapping of his cane on the window sill, he shortly rejoined: “Thanks. The ladies know I am here.”

Irritated by the visitor's supercilious manner, Weston threw himself on a lounge, and taking up a magazine, endeavoured to occupy himself with it.

Soon gay voices and rustling silks sounded in the passage, and the lady of the house and her friend entered, ready equipped for walking. The ceremony of introduction was gone through, the gentlemen favouring each other with almost imperceptible bows, and after a few gay words from Mrs. Weston to her husband, the three went down the steps. Clive stood looking after them a moment, and as he noted the intimate terms on which this supercilious stranger seemed to be with his wife, his brow darkened, and with a short sigh he turned away. He had returned to bring Virginia to town with him for the purpose of selecting some ornaments that he had promised her, but pride had kept him silent in this obtrusive visitor's presence, and now there seemed nothing for him but to retrace his steps to the office, which he accordingly did. He



returned home half an hour later than usual, and, wonderful to relate, found his wife alone in the drawing-room. She was cutting the leaves of a new novel, and carelessly asked his opinion of the author as he entered. He gave it in the briefest terms possible, and then said :

"May I ask what you have done with your very unapproachable friend of the morning?"

"Sent him home to dinner, but he will call to-morrow afternoon, to bring Letty and me to Mrs. Kempt's kettle-drum. Will you join us?"

"Thanks, I have no time. A word more about this Captain Dacre. You know, Virginia, I rarely interfere with your plans or friendships, but his society will probably prove so distasteful to me, to judge by our first interview, that I must beg to be spared it as much as possible."

"Singular! He is invited everywhere, known by everybody."

"It may be so, but I do not like him.—Will that reason for once prove sufficient?"

"Scarcely," was the cold reply. "He is a particular friend of Letty's, and very useful to us both, so you see it would be quite a sacrifice to give him up."

A compression of the lips, a slight frown, followed by a victory over self, and the husband spoke again.

"When I came in yesterday it was to ask you to accompany me to Hill's to choose those new vases you were asking me about some time since. You were engaged, however. Can I claim my turn now and ask you to go with me there to-morrow morning?"

A smile on the speaker's face, an inflexion of tenderness in his voice, and she would have yielded, but his gravity seemed to her a sort of menace, and she carelessly rejoined: "Out of the question. Letty and I have some indispensable shopping to do, so you must choose the vases without me."

Weston's first impulse was to leave the room, but his passionate love for his way-

ward young wife proved stronger, and he calmly said :

"Do you not think I have a just claim to a short portion of your time, that a wife"—

"Pray, Clive, don't talk old-fashioned nonsense! Such ideas belong to the days of our grandmothers, when those greatly over-rated ladies used to pass their lives in pickling, preserving and spinning, doing all the while with one new dress in a year, and one silk in a lifetime. We belong to different times and must conform to them. It is actually unfashionable for husband and wife to be too much together."

"Then you think our obeying fashion will render our married lives happier?"

Had Virginia looked up and met the earnest, eager gaze bent towards her, she would perhaps have replied differently, but hearing only the calm, unmoved tones, she replied, examining as she did so, the wood-cuts in her new novel,—

"Of course. Besides we cannot do otherwise."

A moment after the door closed and she was left alone. A slight uneasy feeling flashed across her, and she half regretted her wilfulness, but resolving to atone for it later, she turned to her book and soon forgot all unpleasant reflections in its pages. Most unfortunate had this interview proved for the young couple, laying the foundation of a wall of separation between them, which Mr. Weston's reserve and his wife's thoughtlessness was likely to widen and strengthen day by day.

Two nights after, a gay and brilliant party met at Weston Villa, and as the host, fulfilling his part with perfect ease and courtesy, seemed to enjoy the gay scene equally with his guests, and the young wife moved gaily among her visitors, followed everywhere by admiring glances, more than one observer pronounced them a happy couple. Notwithstanding their late unpleasant discussion, Clive felt himself won to softer feelings as his glance fell on Virginia, ra-

diant in beauty and happiness, but such kindly thoughts were promptly put to flight by the appearance of Captain Dacre, who approached the hostess, and after a moment of gay conversation, moved off with her to join the dancers.

It was not so much the bright smiles Virginia vouchsafed her partner that annoyed Weston; he was accustomed to her gay, coquettish ways, and knew that they meant nothing. But there was that in the devoted manner of Dacre, in the rapt attention with which he, usually so apathetic both with women and men, listened to the airy nothings of his beautiful partner, that filled Weston with anger and vague alarm. Time wore on, the revel reached its end, and as the last guest descended the steps, Clive entered his dressing-room and flung himself on the sofa with a heavy heart.

Ah! where would it all end? Would he, could he speak to her; and if he did what would it avail? Look at the estrangement a word of remonstrance had caused between them already. Still, if she entered the room now, he would kindly meet her, and freely, openly renew his warnings about this new military acquaintance. But she came not. Miss Maberly had waylaid her, and under pretext of talking the party over, had drawn her into her own cosy room, where nearly two hours were spent in the important discussion.

Mr. Weston left for his office the following morning, long before Virginia was up, and the latter was still sleeping when Letty entered with the intention of sitting on the foot of her bed, as she often did, and planning the programme of the day. Her glance; in carelessly wandering round the room, fell on a tiny note placed in a conspicuous position on the toilet table, and she took it up. Imperfectly fastened, it almost opened of itself, and after a glance at the quiet sleeper she walked towards the window, intending to seal the note more

carefully after reading it, and to put it back. It contained but these lines:

“MY DEAR WIFE,—I feel assured you will not set me aside to-day for Captain Dacre or anyone else! I shall return at two this afternoon, and despite the tyrannous laws of fashion, hope to have a pleasant drive with you, for once without the *inevitable* Letty or any other of your followers. Yours fondly.

“CLIVE.”

Moved by a sudden impulse of anger, Miss Maberly tore the paper in two, and then, startled at her own act, cast an alarmed glance towards the bed, but Virginia still slept on. Her resolution was at once taken. Thrusting the note into her bosom, she stole from the room and rapidly regained her own. “Thank fortune!” she murmured, committing the fragments of the note to the fire, “none of the servants saw me leaving Virginia’s chamber, and the disappearance of the letter will be attributed to their carelessness. Ah, Clive, the inevitable Letty will yet pay the debt she owes with interest!” And then sinking into the easy chair in front of the fire, she gazed into its depths, an angry light yet gleaming in the deep brown eyes that could look so dove-like when she willed it. “Yes, you will be set aside for Captain Dacre to-day, and your wife will not go out with you, despite your tender entreaty. Letty Maberly is not to be slighted with impunity.”

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE two friends met, gay and talkative, at the breakfast table, and during the course of the meal Miss Maberly requested Virginia to accompany her and Captain Dacre to town that afternoon, for the purpose of selecting some new waltzes. A remembrance of the conversation with Mr. Weston, in which he had so

plainly expressed his dislike to that gallant officer, here flashed across the young wife's mind, and she answered :

"I am sorry, Letty, but I cannot go with you. Yourself and Dacre must for once do without me."

"Indeed, dearest, we cannot, unless at the risk of giving food for gossip to all the ill-natured people we may chance to meet. Frankly, Virginia, if you are so unfriendly as to refuse us the shield of your patronage, I will remain in the house, and thus, perhaps, offend that over-susceptible Dacre."

"Why, you are growing wonderfully scrupulous, Letty, all at once. 'Tis something new for you to mind what ill-natured gossips, or indeed any one else may say."

"And 'tis something new for you, Virginia dear, to refuse me any request, however trifling, without a good reason. Your affection has spoiled me."

Mrs. Weston had not the courage to brave her friend's ridicule by acknowledging the real cause of her unwillingness to accompany her, so after a few more coaxing words and pathetic entreaties on Miss Letty's part, she promised to be of the party.

Captain Dacre was punctual to the moment, and, thanks to Letty's generalship, the ladies for once were ready, so that the party had just left the grounds when the master of the house entered and hastened up to his wife's room.

Much had it cost him to write that note the night previous, but the deed accomplished, he had congratulated himself more than once since. It would dispel the coldness between them, which was increasing day by day, and would perhaps restore them to the old affectionate intercourse from which they were so rapidly drifting. Yes, he, man of the world, knew better than his thoughtless, girlish wife, the danger that lay in such conjugal estrangements, and was it not for him, even at the expense of a passing humiliation, to do away with—to end them? How pleased he felt that the kind, conciliatory

tone of the noted ensured her compliance with the request contained in it.

But the dressing-room was empty. Perhaps she was in the parlour or conservatory. An imperious ring at the bell brought up Virginia's maid, Cranstoun, who, to his enquiry for Mrs. Weston, informed him that she had gone out a few moments before with Miss Maberly and Captain Dacre.

No hasty movement or angry look betrayed to the woman the storm of indignation her answer had awakened in her master's breast, and he quietly dismissed her. Ah, he had never for one moment anticipated anything like this. Pettishness or irritability he was prepared for, and would have borne patiently, as he had already often borne them, but this open defiance, this reckless disregard of his wishes, evinced so remorselessly, just after he had bowed his pride to make concessions and entreaties, which should more justly have come from her, was surely trying him too far. And yet what could he do. Stronger than wounded pride and anger, stronger even than the jealousy that began to burn so fiercely within him, was the deep, passionate love for her that filled his very being, and covering his face with his hands, he groaned: "Would to God I loved her less!"

The prayer availed him nothing. His heart was hers, hers to torture, wound, trample on as her wayward, cold, coquettish nature prompted; hers to sting with mockery or ridicule, and to turn into a jest the holy, sacred feelings cherished therein, feelings which such as she could neither return nor comprehend. Well, men had suffered before, and from the same cause, yet the world had quietly gone on, so all that remained for him was to endure bravely, and preserve at least his self-respect by hiding from his idol the pangs which would only awake her mockery or impatience.

He went back to his office, and with a dreary feeling of satisfaction entered its narrow, dark precincts, hoping that its matter-

of-fact duties might shut out the bright mocking vision that brought such mental pain with it. But it was not so. Mechanically he turned over ledgers, letters, and accounts, seeking to concentrate his attention as usual on them, but with indifferent success.

"It will soon come," he wearily sighed. "This pain is new, but when I have grown used to it, I will bear it better."

A tap at the door was followed by the entrance of his head clerk with an open telegram in his hand.

"What is it, Reeves? You look troubled."

"With cause, Mr. Weston. Darrel and Co., of Quebec, have just failed, with no assets to speak of, and you know how heavily they are in our debt."

This intelligence would, a day previous, have almost overwhelmed Clive Weston, but to-day it seemed to fall on a dulled ear and heart. Taking the paper from the clerk's hand he glanced over it, and after a moment's reflection, rejoined:

"Telegraph immediately to find out as closely as possible amount of assets, and file our claim."

The clerk bowed low and withdrew, impressed beyond measure with the sublime self-command of the man who could receive such news in such a manner. In the passage he encountered the book-keeper, who with himself had been in Mr. Weston's employment almost since the latter had entered into business.

"Well, how did he take it?" was the anxious enquiry.

"Wonderfully easy! Thirty thousand dollars gone at one slap, and he seemed no more troubled than if he had lost a game of sixpenny points. I can't understand it, unless that he is so happy now he's married."

"That's just it, Reeves. His wife is a real beauty, and he seems uncommonly fond of her."

Ah, it was just the reverse! The secret

of Clive Weston's philosophy lay in his unhappiness, which steeled his heart against the assaults of ill-fortune in any other form than the one which had so cruelly wounded him. As he sat there alone in his office, before him the paper announcing the loss of so large a portion of the wealth accumulated by steady industry, he was conscious that the intelligence had scarcely added a pang to those that had previously gnawed so fiercely at his heart. It only seemed to give him an incentive to turn in reality to the work before him, which he at last succeeded in doing.

That evening, as he slowly walked back to his home, having sent away, despite the fast-falling rain, the carriage that had as usual called for him, he made up his mind to repress, as far as lay in his power, all outward tokens of the deep love which he feared would henceforth prove but a source of anguish to him. He would also interfere as little as possible with his wife, her plans or pleasures, but should she ever in her wayward coquetry, seriously compromise his name—a dangerous light gleamed in his eyes as the thought presented itself—he would avenge his honour in a different manner to that in which he was now doing his outraged love.

It so happened that the object of his thoughts had just been revolving, with something like remorse, her late disobedience to his wishes in the matter of Captain Dacre—of his letter to her she had of course no knowledge whatever—and had formed the resolve of making some atonement for it. So when he entered the hall, careless of Letty's remarks or ridicule, she hurried out to meet him.

"Clive, let me help you off with your coat. Why did you walk home? You are quite wet," and her tiny white hands stole up to unfasten his coat collar.

Gravely he looked down on her as she stood there, smiling, unconscious, wondering that she could meet him thus after her

late daring disregard of his wishes ; and as the thought of it rose upon his memory, he shortly said :—

“ Stand back, Virginia, you will take cold. I shall go to my room at once;” and with a quick step he passed up stairs.

“ The clue direct, my fair friend !” and a silvery laugh rippled from Letty Maberly’s lips. “ Just what you deserved for your folly, in risking your exquisite amber silk in the neighbourhood of his uncomfortably damp coat. Ah, Virginia ! have not novelists, moralists, essayists, all united in assuring us, poor women, that man’s love rarely outlives the honeymoon ?”

Deeply mortified by the unexpected rebuff she had received, administered too, as it was, in the presence of her friend, the young wife disguised her real feelings under a light laugh, and as she returned to her position near the piano, philosophically rejoined :

“ Why, some have asserted it did not last even that long ; but come over here and try our duett again ?”

After dinner, which proved a very wearisome meal, the hostess all petulance and irony, the host calm courtesy, the latter rose, and politely pleading an engagement, left the house.

Evening callers soon dropped in, and if Virginia still smarted under a sense of injury, she showed it only by increased gaiety, and a shade more friendliness of manner towards the chief cause of the trouble, Henry Dacre.

Matters now remained for some time on this uncomfortable footing, and all the while the estrangement between husband and wife was widening. Mrs. Weston’s entertainments, toilettes, movements, became more and more subject of public talk ; whilst closely as a shadow, her evil genius, Letty Maberly, followed her. Ever there to prevent confidential meeting, show of affectionate feeling, or kindly intercourse that might have bridged over the gulf that pride had made be-

tween the newly-married pair, she fully carried out the promise of vengeance made by her heart, if not her lips, the day Clive Weston became the husband of another.

But it must not be supposed that Letty all the while was bent only on prosecuting, with the fidelity of a Corsican, her meditated revenge. Anything but that. Determined rather on enjoyment, she danced, dressed, flirted and carried on unflaggingly the siege she had laid to Henry Dacre’s heart—wondering at times if he possessed such an organ. Of the progress she made in her love affairs it was difficult to judge. The gentleman was, in general, devotion itself—apparently on the point of laying heart and fortune at her feet, but occasionally he would become unaccountably apathetic and reticent, till she despairingly felt herself far as ever from the wished for goal. Yet hope generally whispered all would end as she desired. Rarely a day passed without his presenting himself at Weston villa, and a half mention of any plan or a proposed excursion, whether to church, town, or even for the prosecution of that masculine aversion—shopping—was followed by an earnest petition on his part to be permitted to join it. Did he not pass whole afternoons learning, under her direction how to crotchet, or assisting in winding off her wools and floss, when, as she well knew, he had been invited to gay parties elsewhere. And what did not his eyes, his voice, his insidious flatteries reveal ? Ah, something more than a mere idle flirtation ! yes, yes, he must, he did love her !

What Letty found the most deplorable circumstance connected with this new entanglement, was the consciousness that this sleepy eyed, slow moving cavalier, had obtained an ascendancy over her heart such as no man save Clive Weston, in days gone by, had ever yet done. Less and less frequently her thoughts recurred to his wealth and social position, till she finally arrived at a point which to herself seemed little short

of insanity, that of feeling she could brave for and with him that fate which to her vain luxurious nature had heretofore seemed intolerable—poverty.

## CHAPTER V.

**A**BOUT this time a short check was given to the gaieties at Weston Villa, by the sudden indisposition of its young mistress. Prolonged exposure to a strong draught resulted in a violent cold, feverish pulse and sore throat. Notwithstanding her apparent bodily fragility, Virginia rarely suffered from sickness, and so chafed and fretted under her present illness like a wayward child.

Mr. Weston had left in the morning before his wife awoke, and was consequently unaware of her illness. Unexpected as well as unpleasant business had prevented his returning till evening. Greatly pre-occupied, for the day had been an unusually trying and unfortunate one for the business firm of Clive Weston, the latter, on his arrival at home, had shut himself up at once in the library, to pore over some papers he had brought with him.

Miss Maberly had purposely retreated into a side room on hearing his latch key in the door, so as to avoid the necessity of acquainting him with his wife's indisposition, rejoining her friend shortly after.

Meanwhile Virginia, who longed for his presence, longed in the hour of sickness for that tenderness on which she apparently set such light store whilst in health, lay back on her pillow, restless but silent, and wondering when he would come."

"Letty."

"What is it, darling?" and the young lady addressed, raised her head half an inch from the deep cushioned chair in which she reclined.

"Is Mr. Weston home yet?"

"Long ago."

"Does he know that I am ill?"

"Why of course he must. Some of the servants doubtless told him."

A short sigh, suppressed almost in its birth, involuntarily escaped the sick wife's lips. Miss Maberly's quick ear caught the sound, and leaving her seat she approached the bed. Bending tenderly over its inmate, she pressed her lips to the latter's flushed cheek, whispering softly:

"Virginia, love, do not fret. Such neglect is in the order of things. Just as the Arab prefers his horse to wife and child, so do our civilized husbands rank ledger or profession before both."

"Please do not lean so closely over the bed, Letty, you smother me," was the pettish reply.

"Just as you will dear," and Miss Maberly philosophically went back to her easy chair.

Another half hour of silence, Letty, with half closed eyes dreaming of Captain Dacre, her companion tossing ever and anon from side to side:

"Letty."

"Well, dearest?"

"Would you mind going to Mr. Weston and telling him I am ill?"

"Most willingly. Shall I request the pleasure of his presence up here?"

"Just as you like."

Softly down the stairs sped the daintily-shod messenger. Fires and lights blazed unheeded in the large drawing room, but Clive was not there. The light streaming from between the library door, which was slightly ajar, revealed at once his whereabouts, and Letty drawing near, silently gazed on him. With head resting on his hand, and eyes bent down as if studying the pattern of the rep cloth covering the table on which he was leaning, he sat as if carved in stone.

Long as Letty had known Clive Weston, and she had known him before he had ever met Virginia, she had never yet seen on his

face that harassed, wearied look, and it fairly startled her. What could be the secret care or sorrow over which he was brooding? Was it the estrangement between himself and Virginia?

"Good evening, Mr. Weston," she at length said, in her usual gay tones.

He started, and an expression of annoyance, indeed of dislike, passed across his features. The look came and went rapidly as a flash, but the girl had seen it, and it effectually dispelled the touch of compassion his careworn look had just awakened within her breast.

"Ah, good evening, Miss Maberly! I thought you and Mrs. Weston were spending the evening out."

"No, Virginia is not very well to-day."

He started and anxiously asked what was the matter.

"Nothing serious, she has taken a slight cold, and is in bed now."

"Do you think I had better go up?" he hesitatingly questioned, uncertain whether his presence would be welcome to his wife.

"Just as you like, Mr. Weston. She has not slept all day and requires rest greatly."

"Perhaps it would be wiser to defer my visit then," and Mr. Weston, anything but disposed for a  *tête-à-tête*  with his present companion, took up a newspaper, and commenced studying the fashions with great intentness.

How angrily the dove-like brown eyes gleamed as their owner turned away, and retraced her steps to the sick room.

"Did you tell him Letty?"

"Yes love."

"What is he doing?"

"Reading the paper. Thinks it better to defer his visit till later."

Ah! another pair of beautiful eyes flashed angrily from their covert amid the pillows. but the young wife felt too humbled and sick at heart to make reply.

"I really think our civilized husbands are worse than their wandering Bedouin proto-

types," was Miss Maberly's consoling remark.

"Please leave me Letty, I will try to sleep," came from the sick bed.

"The best thing you could do, dearest; you require rest. Shall I send Cranstoun up to sit with you?"

"No, thank you, I require nothing."

After affectionately kissing the invalid and arranging her pillows, Miss Maberly withdrew, not one moment too soon, for as the door closed behind her, Virginia burst into a perfect storm of angry weeping. How cold, how shamelessly neglectful had this husband of a few months become! Surely she had not merited such treatment at his hands. Well, she would repay him, and that before long for it all. Oh, if she could only sleep—forget for a while the dull pain that throbbled in head and heart. It was insufferable to be lying thus hour after hour, so lonely—neglected and uncared for. With such thoughts did she fill up the time, and when at length a cautious step stole up the passage, and entered her room, she could not have been in a more unfavorable mood for an interview with the unfortunate Clive.

"Virginia," he gently whispered, as he bent over her, "do you feel better?"

There was no reply beyond the angry and almost audible beating of the young wife's heart.

Tenderly, as he would have touched the brow of a sleeping infant, he laid his hand on her forehead, but she turned from him with a violence that caused him involuntarily to recoil, ejaculating the one sentence, "Let me sleep!"

Mingled annoyance and sorrow looked from the depths of Clive's sad eyes as he turned away. "My very presence is unwelcome to her," he thought. "However, I can at least free her from it," and he left the room as noiselessly as he had entered.

Destiny seemed determined on playing into Miss Maberly's hands as far as

estrangement between husband and wife was concerned, and when Virginia was restored to health after her short indisposition, she threw herself into gaiety with a feverish restlessness and recklessness which she had not before exhibited. In her intercourse with her husband a cold, icy reserve now completely replaced her former pettishness, and proved far more repellent.

Quietly—almost mechanically—Weston went about his daily business, but care was marking deep lines on his forehead and round his mouth. His days, and indeed a great portion of his nights, were spent at his office, still few suspected that a business established on so solid a basis was passing through a terrible crisis. Its master was not one to take many into his confidence.

Meanwhile young Mrs. Weston queened it in fashionable life more despotically than ever, and her real friends remarked with regret that she was growing more reckless in her wild pursuit of pleasure, less feminine and gentle than she had been. How this change was interpreted by some of her friends may be inferred from an interview which took place with one of them during the time Miss Maberly was out purchasing some flowers and toilet paraphernalia for a large ball at Weston Villa, the invitations to which had been already issued.

Virginia was sitting alone in the drawing-room, some silken netting in her fingers, her eyes absently fixed on the dripping trees and rain-beat flowers without. Quite in unison with the dreary aspect of nature was the vein of thought in which she was indulging, and as the contrast between her present life

and that she had led in the early days of her marriage presented itself, more than one impatient sigh escaped her. How tired she was becoming of the endless round of fashionable folly in which she was steeped, so to speak, till it seemed that not a minute remained to herself! How indifferent to, how wearied of the flattery and homage which had for a time gratified her vanity, but which had now nearly lost all charm. Yes, *he*, her husband, had once said she was capable of better and higher things, and she felt herself that such was the case, but why had he not striven to lead her into that nobler path;—and her pencilled brows met in an angry frown. Simply because, like many others, he had grown tired of wife and fireside, and found more charms, as Letty had often hinted, in money than in love-making.

Plainly nothing was open to her but to go on in the frivolous path upon which she had entered, and whatever might be the result, Clive Weston would be alone to blame. If he could never spare her an evening, nay an hour, she must fill up her time, drown thought in some other way. No consciousness of her own countless shortcomings, of the unreasonable devotion to pleasure on her part, that had in all probability helped to estrange Weston from his home, recurred to her. In her own one-sided judgment she stood not only self-acquitted, but worthy of all compassion as a victim of conjugal indifference and neglect.

Just at this stage of her reverie a visitor was announced, and Captain Dacre entered.

*(To be completed in our next.)*



## AT THE GATE.

BY M. A. MAITLAND.

OPEN the casement wide, mother,  
 Open the casement wide ;  
 Lay by your work a little while,  
 And sit here by my side.  
 I love the scented air that comes  
 Up from the new-mown hay ;  
 And there is something, mother dear,  
 That I would like to say.

I'll lean my head upon your breast,  
 You know I am not strong ;  
 And let me clasp your hand, mother,  
 I shall not hold it long.  
 I thought that in the years to come,  
 Your form should lean on *me* ;  
 But now I know, my mother dear,  
 That this can never be.

I've thought of what my father said,  
 And often laid the plan  
 Of all that I should be and do,  
 When I was grown a man.  
 I've thought how nobly I would strive,  
 How bravely I would toil—  
 How gladly I would bear the load,  
 That you might rest awhile.

And oh ! I'm loath to part from you,  
 And leave this world so bright,  
 But something whispers to my heart  
 That I must go to-night.  
 You will not fret for me, mother !  
 It will be hard to bear ;  
 But then—'twill not be *very* long  
 Till we shall meet—up there !

And Harry will come by and by,  
He'll learn to read and pray :  
Methinks 'twould not be perfect bliss  
If one should be away.  
He is too young to miss me much :  
He is too young to weep ;  
But you will sometimes speak of me,  
And show him where I sleep.

He shall have all my toys, mother,  
My kite, and top, and ball,  
The knife that Uncle Jacob bought,—  
Give little Hal them all.  
And he will learn to feed my birds,  
And weed my garden-plot ;  
And sometimes water, for my sake,  
The blue forget-me-not.

Now lay me down to rest, mother,  
And kiss me yet once more ;  
'Tis growing *very, very* dark—  
The day will soon be o'er.  
There, take my hand, I cannot see,  
My eyes have lost their sight :  
I scarce can speak,—bend down your ear,  
Sweet mother—say—good-night.

ST. CATHARINES, June, 1872.

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## THE UNSETTLED BOUNDARIES OF ONTARIO.

BY CHARLES LINDSEY.

WHEN the different nations of Europe which planted colonies in America first set up trading posts, or established feeble and scattered settlements, they clutched with avidity at territories they had never explored, and of the extent of which they had only the most imperfect ideas. Sometimes a claim to the ownership of a country several times as large as a first class European power, was set up on the strength of a trading vessel having sailed up the mouth of a river on a coast frequently visited before by the vessels of other nations, though the existence of that particular river had not been discovered. Raising a cross, burying a bottle, and attaching an inscription to the trunk of a tree, have each, in turn, been pleaded as conveying a title to immense tracts of territory, and the right to control the destinies of thousands of natives, whose freedom had not been filched from them by actual conquest. Circumstantial accounts of voyages that were never made, and discoveries that had no existence, added to the complexity of rival claims, till the imposture was detected. Such was Maldona's account of the discovery of the Strait of Anian, published in 1620, in which the author related a pretended voyage from the Labrador coast across the continent to the Pacific. The rivalry in discovery, for trade and colonization, among European nations, on this continent, raised questions of boundaries on all sides; between the French in New France and the English in New England; in the valley of the St. John, in the east; in the valley of the Ohio, in the north-west; on Hudson's Bay, in the north. The disputes over the latter led to many contests of arms, before the end of the seventeenth century, sometimes when the countries, by whose individual subjects they were carried on, were at peace with one

another. The territorial dispute over the limits of the two powers in the Ohio Valley, led to the seven years' war in which Canada changed owners. And the North-Eastern boundary question was reserved for England and the United States to wrangle over until the Ashburton Treaty put an end to it. Nor was this the only boundary question that survived the ownership of Canada by France. There are still left two questions of boundaries between the Dominion and one of the Provinces of which it is composed. The boundary on the north and the boundary on the west of Ontario are alike undetermined. On the west the disputed territory covers some five degrees of longitude, and comprises lands of great known and supposed metallic richness. On the north, it may perhaps be said, the boundary is unsettled rather than disputed; at least the dispute has not taken so definite a shape. The determination of this boundary may raise the question whether Ontario or the Dominion shall grant certain lands on the eastern section of the Pacific Railway in aid of that work. It is a question whether that road can be constructed at some points much south of the northern water-shed; and it may, in this view, become a question of some importance whether the Height of Land be the northern boundary of Ontario.

The northern boundary question presents less difficulty than the western. There seems no reason to doubt that this boundary is that laid down by the 10th article of the Treaty of Utrecht; but it may be necessary to trace the question from the beginning to the close. The early commissions granted by the French kings, in which boundaries were given, have little or no practical bearing on

the question. Of this nature is the commission of Sieur de Monts, dated Nov. 8, 1603; since it extended only northward to the 46° n. lat. Even for the purpose of discovery De Monts was not authorized to go beyond that parallel. Six weeks later, all the king's other subjects were forbidden to traffic in furs or other things, and the letters patent containing this *Défense du Roy*, extended the limits to the whole water-shed of the St. Lawrence. The northern boundary of his grant was described as “\* \* \* *Tadousac et la rivière de Canada (the St. Lawrence), tant d'un côté que d'autre, et toutes les Bayes et rivières qui entrent au dedans de dite côtés.*” This extends as far north as the Treaty of Utrecht extended Canada; and yet of the extent either of the St. Lawrence or its tributaries no European could, in 1603, have any other idea than what might be derived from the descriptions given by Indians. Champlain's commission, dated October 15th, 1612, was essentially one of discovery. He, as the king's lieutenant, representing the royal authority in New France, was to build fortresses, and to extend as far as he could into the country above Quebec; and into rivers which discharged into the St. Lawrence, with a view of finding a passage to China and the East Indies. When his commission was renewed in 1625, no description of boundaries was given.

In the *Acte pour l'établissement de la Compagnie de cent associés pour le commerce du Canada*, April 29, 1627, there is a specific description—*jusqu'au cercle Arctique pour latitude*—but it is quite certain the French had made no discoveries to entitle them to claim any such extent of territory. Of all the maritime nations of Europe they had least to claim on the score of Arctic discovery. Nearly a century before, Spain had made an attempt to discover a northern passage from the Atlantic to the Molluca Islands. But among the nations which had attempted to discover a north-west passage, and which had made important discoveries on the east

and the west coasts of America—England, Holland, Denmark, Russia—England was the foremost. Her voyages had been the most numerous, and her discoveries the most important. Sir Thomas Button, who went (1615) in search of Hudson the navigator, whose name has been given to a strait and a bay, was the first European who reached the east coast of America, on the west side of Hudson's Bay. The master of the ship, who lost his life on this voyage, perpetuated his name in Nelson's river, in spite of subsequent attempts of the French to supplant it by the once ubiquitous Bourbon. This discovery shows how untenable was the French claim to make the Arctic circle the boundary of Canada, in 1627. If that nation had in the meantime, and in the absence of continuous occupation by the English, taken possession of the country anywhere near the line of boundary claimed—even at the head of the rivers which run northward—they might have had some pretext for their pretension. But they had done nothing of the kind. Champlain had been as high as Lake Nipissing, and in virtue of that discovery a claim might be set up to the whole country which drained into the St. Lawrence. Individual Basque fishermen had probably been far up these northern seas; but they had been in the service of the Dutch Republic, and could not claim anything on the score of national discovery. A company which obtained from the United Provinces, in 1614, an exclusive right of fishing from Nova Zembla to Davis Strait, comprising Spitzberg, Isle of Ours, and Greenland, stated, in making application for this privilege, that they had employed large numbers of Basque fishermen in pursuit of the whale and other large fish. They claimed to have ascended to 83° north latitude, and to have there found a vast sea free from ice.\* But these discoveries

\* *Histoire des Pêches dans les mers du nord.* Translated from the Dutch, at the expense of the French government.

whatever they were, were due to the energy and enterprise of the Dutch. The French made no claim to discovery in these high latitudes, even when they described the Arctic circle as the northern boundary of Canada.

The Hudson's Bay Company was incorporated in 1670. Their charter gave them the exclusiveright of trade and commerce in seas, straits, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks, and sounds, which they might find to be in possession whether of British subjects or those of any other Christian Prince or State. How far south did they occupy territories in this condition? Where did they meet the subjects of the King of France? Where was the southern boundary of Hudson's Bay territory in 1774, when the Quebec Act recognizes it as having an undefined existence? Was it ever settled by competent authority? These questions involve the whole ground of any possible dispute about the northern boundary of Ontario. Frenchmen from Canada had travelled overland to Hudson's Bay before Hudson's Bay Company was in existence. As early as 1656, Jean Bourdon reached James' Bay, and went through the ceremony, usual on such occasions, of taking possession of the country, in the name of Louis XIV. In 1663, Després-Coutres arrived, overland, at Hudson's Bay, where he constructed several forts; but Dussieux, (*Le Canada sous la Domination Française*) after reading all the documents relating to Canada in the Marine and Colonial Departments, tells us the English had even then several fortified trading posts on that coast. Other French accounts represent the English as having arrived at the bay only in 1677, whither they were conducted by the French Huguenot refugees, Degrossilliers and Radison. Certain it is there was a contest, extending from 1678 to 1694\* between English and French sub-

jects for the possession of Forts on the Hudson Bay, including the southern extension known as James' Bay. Colbert is said to have sent Father Chas. Albonel along with Jean Bourdon and Després-Coutres to Hudson's Bay, to enter into a treaty with a dozen tribes whom they invited to go, in future, to Lake St John to trade. This attempt to carry the centre of the Indian trade so far south may have arisen from either of two causes: a doubt in the minds of the French whether they should be able to maintain their position on Hudson's Bay, or a desire to draw the fur trade of the north so far south as to be safe from the competition of the English.

The establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company at the mouth of the Nelson River seems to have incited, at this early day, a desire of rivalry in the merchants of Quebec; and the Compagnie du Nord was formed to compete for this trade. Degrossilliers and Radison acted as their guides, with as little compunction as they had performed the same service for the English. An English fort, at the mouth of the river Ste. Thérèse, fell into their hands. The English afterwards retook it, with a large quantity of furs. The Compagnie du Nord obtained from the Marquis de Denonville eighty men, nearly all Canadians; and this force, under command of Chevalier du Troye, undertook a land journey from Quebec, (March, 1686,) to carry on the contest against the English for the trade of Hudson's Bay. They succeeded in taking the square fort on the river Monconis, which mounted four pieces of cannon, Fort St. Anne, with forty pieces of cannon, and Fort Rupert, on the southern extremity of James' Bay.† The two nations whose sub-

*qu'au 65 degré c'est à dire du Sud du Lac Erie jusqu'au Nord de la Baie de Hudson; et en longitude depuis le 284 degré jusqu'au 336, à savoir du fleuve de Mississippi jusqu'au Cap de Race en l'Isle de Terre Neuve.*

\*While this contest was going on Baron La Hontan (*Histoire de l'Amérique Septentrionale*, 1686) was certainly wrong in contending that Canada extended to the 65° north latitude. *Tout le monde sait qu'il (Canada) s'étend depuis le 39 degré de latitude jus-*

†Governor Pelly of the Hudson's Bay Company, in a letter to Lord Glenelg, February 10th, 1837, says, —“For many years prior to the conquest of Canada

jects were at war in this distant part of the world concluded a treaty, making piracy the carrying on of war by private persons, not acting under commission, in the isles and continent of America. But the sceptre was fast passing from the feeble hands of James II., and he could not prevent his subjects attacking Fort St. Anne. Iberville repulsed the attack.

In the wars that followed the English revolution of 1688, some of these forts changed hands several times. Iberville, in 1695, making an attack by sea, completed the conquest of Hudson's Bay, which was temporarily ceded to France by the Treaty of Ryswick. But it was restored to England by the Treaty of Utrecht, with all the gulfs and rivers connecting with it. Of the war of the Austrian Succession Canada was made to feel the shock. Louisburg was lost to France: otherwise the boundaries between the British and French possessions in America, which a commission was to settle, remained unaltered. This throws us back on the 10th article of the Treaty of Utrecht for a definition of the boundary between the Canada of that day and Hudson's Bay territory.

In an official report signed by M. Cauchon, as Commissioner of Crown Lands, and laid before the Legislature in 1857, the ground is taken that the English were intruders on the shores of Hudson's Bay when first the fur trade was entered into, after the granting of the Company's charter, because Canada had been relinquished to the French, after the first British conquest of Quebec, in 1632, without a particular designation of limits. Even if the pretensions of France respecting the extent of Canada or Nouvelle France could have

been sustained, though it is plain they could not, the Treaty of Utrecht, by guaranteeing Hudson's Bay and its dependencies to England would have rendered any stipulations of the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, over ninety years before, of no account as against the new international agreement covering the same ground.

Up to 1748, when the war of the Austrian Succession closed, the Height of Land may be taken to have been the boundary between Canada and Hudson's Bay Territory. That boundary was not afterwards altered, by treaty or otherwise, till the conquest of Canada. It must have continued to be the boundary recognized by the Quebec Act of 1774, since there was no possible process by which it could have been altered.

It is one thing to describe a line of boundary on paper and another thing to run it on the ground. To agree upon a paper line, without an actual survey for its basis, is to do what is almost certain to lead to difficulty. When the determination of a boundary depends on striking a mean line between the upper branches of rivers, which run on different water-shed and frequently overlap, it must be impossible to do the work accurately anywhere but on the ground. The sources of a number of rivers, flowing in opposite directions, are often on marshy grounds of little value for any possible purpose. For this reason, it is conceivable, a common line may sometimes be agreed upon between the two parties interested, without an actual survey. They may agree to accept it, on the supposition that the difference of territory to be gained or lost would not equal the cost of the necessary field operations. But in any case, a line drawn on paper must be an uncertain line, unless where it is hydrographical or traced to certain recognized points; and if it ever becomes necessary to establish a line not so distinguished, the work would have to be done on the ground, with the chance of disagreement on some point of the definition

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French subjects had penetrated by the St. Lawrence to the frontiers of Rupert's Land, but no competition had occurred between the traders of the two countries within the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company previous to the cession of Canada to Great Britain." Either this is a clear mis-statement of the facts, or the territory in which the disputes took place did not belong to the Company; the latter proposition the Company's governor could not have intended to admit.

on which it would depend. So early as 1719, six years after the Treaty of Utrecht had defined the boundary between Canada and Hudson's Bay Territory, the Company proposed to settle it by the very simple process of drawing a line on the map. The line which they proposed was described by Chief Justice Draper, in his evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, on the 28th May, 1859; and he himself, on behalf of Canada, suggested its adoption by the Company. He said:

"With regard to the eastern portion of the Territory, the limit I should at present suggest would be rather that limit which was proposed under the Treaty of Utrecht, which was to start from Cape Perdrix in  $58\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  of latitude, just below Cape Chudleigh on the Labrador coast. The Hudson's Bay Company themselves proposed that a line should be run from there (in one of the papers it is called  $59\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  and in the other  $58\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ); that it should come down through the island of a lake called Lake Mistassiniue, and from thence in a south-west direction, extending to what they then required as the boundary to be given to them, namely, the 49th parallel of latitude directly through the continent. Grimington Island, I think, was the name of the island, and Cape Perdrix the name of the cape."

When this line was first proposed the French refused to accept it. The proposal was renewed in 1750, on a request from the Lords of Trade that the Company should define the southern limits of its territories; but nothing came of it. Several English maps, published in the last century, contain the supposed line of boundary, and some of them place it on the Height of Land. One of them, that in *Carver's Travels*, published in 1779, is nearly identical with that referred to by Chief Justice Draper, but it is not produced westward beyond the Lake of the Woods. It is described as the "proposed limits of Hudson's Bay." It strikes the north-east corner of Lake Mistassia—nearly

all these Indian names are spelt in a dozen different ways—then it goes back to the north-east for some distance, and then curves round in exactly the opposite direction, sweeping along the southern shore of the lake; after which its general direction may vary two degrees, sometimes one degree on one side and sometimes one on the other, from the 49th parallel. This map, published five years after the Act of 1774, made a reference to the southern boundary of the Hudson's Bay Territory, and contains a line probably as near as any line could then be drawn on a map, to that prescribed by the Treaty of Utrecht.

Chief Justice Draper, in his evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, already referred to, said, on the question of this boundary:

"There are two definitions; it must depend, perhaps, upon the legal construction, which of the two shall prevail: one of them is given by the statute of 1774, the 14th of George the 3rd, which speaks of the boundaries of Canada to the north as being the limit of the lands granted to the merchant-adventurers of the Hudson's Bay Company; the latter boundary is under the statute of 1791, the 31st of the King; in which, instead of using the terms that the two Provinces are to be bounded by the lands granted to the merchant-adventurers of the Hudson's Bay Company, this form of expression is used, that 'they are to be bounded by the line of the Hudson's Bay Territory,' as if between the two periods a new light had entered the minds of those who were drawing up that Act."

If the "new light" threw a doubt on the validity of the grant, it shone to no purpose, as Canada has since then consented to purchase the whole of the territory, except a certain proportion which the Company insisted on keeping. The latter description referred to by Chief Justice Draper is not found in the Act of 1791, but in a proclamation assumed to have been made under

its authority. The description contained in this instrument starts from:

"A stone boundary on the north bank of Lake St. Francis, at the cove west of Point au Bodet, in the limit between the Township of Lancaster and the Seignory of New Longueuil, running along the said limit in the direction of north thirty-four degrees west to the westernmost angle of the said Seignory of New Longueuil, thence along the north-western boundary of the Seignory of Vaudreuil, running north twenty-five degrees east, until it strikes the Ottawa river, to ascend that river into Lake Temiscaming, and from the head of the said lake, by a line drawn due north until it strikes the boundary line of Hudson's Bay, including all the territory to the westward and southward of the said line, to the utmost extent of country commonly called or known by the name of Canada."

At the trial of Charles de Reinhard and Archibald McLellan, on a charge of murder committed in the Indian territories, which took place at Quebec in 1818, Mr., (afterwards Chief Justice) Stuart, one of the counsel for the defence, contended, but without inducing the Court to admit, that the Act of 1774 had been temporary, and that it was "completely done away with by the broad and liberal proclamation of 1791; and surely," continued the advocate, "my learned friend will allow as much weight to one proclamation as another." From 1763 to the passing of the Quebec Act (1774), the country was governed under the sole authority of a royal proclamation; and the constitutionality of this use of the prerogative was not left unquestioned. The rough draft of this proclamation was left by the Earl of Chatham, when he went out of office, and was retouched by his successor. It promised to call a general assembly, as soon as the state and circumstances of the colony would admit of it. Chatham afterwards complained that the Quebec Bill "established a despotism in that country, to which the Royal proclamation of 1763 promised the protec-

tion of English laws." Crown lawyers must be left to deal with the legal aspect of the question stated by Chief Justice Draper; but Mr. (afterwards Sir James Chief Justice) Stuart's claim that a like exercise of prerogative, by means of a proclamation, is equally permissible and valid under all circumstances, is historically and constitutionally untrue. Yet it formed the main ground on which the lawyers for the defence, who knew not where to find the evidence they wanted, ultimately rested their case, in the only suit in which the western boundary of Ontario has been judicially determined.

There were in England, at the time the Quebec Act was passed, two opinions held by lawyers as to how a conquered country could be constitutionally governed. One was that as the King, Lords and Commons conjointly form the Legislature, their authority extends over every country which becomes through conquest dependent on Great Britain. The other, and it was adopted and declared by Chief Justice Mansfield, in the case of Campbell against Hall, that the King could, in virtue of his prerogative, alter the laws and impose taxes on a conquered country until Parliament made provision for its government. Hall was a collector of taxes in the Island of Granada, and he had levied a four-and-a-half per cent. duty on sugar belonging to the defendant, the produce of the island. The Court declared the duty illegal, because the King could not, by letters patent, as he had assumed to do, levy a tax on the people of Granada, in July, 1764, when he had divested himself of the power to do so by the communication to them, through a proclamation of October, 1763, of a free constitution. It was farther decided that the duty would have been legal if imposed before the communication of the new constitution. This, it must be remembered, is the least liberal view that was taken by contending lawyers. Nobody thought of claiming for the King a power of prerogative, in



conquered countries, which was not founded on laws for the governance of such countries after such laws had been once enacted.

This much by way of protest against an illiberal and untenable claim of how far the prerogative may be stretched. But the proclamation of 1791 did not assume to impose any duties, or to do any thing for which there was not a warrant of authority in the Acts affecting Canada passed by Parliament. Its authority has been judicially recognized. Its value lies in declaring a fact: that the government, under the Constitution Act of 1791, was to extend westward of the meridian of Lake Temiscaming and southward of the boundary of Hudson's Bay territory "to the utmost extent of country commonly called or known by the name of Canada."

When the Queen of Great Britain acquired from France full right for ever to the bays and straits of Hudson, with the adjacent territories, commissioners were to be named within a year to fix the boundaries across which the subjects of each nation were forbidden to pass, by land or sea. In point of fact commissioners appear to have been appointed; but, although different maps purport to give the boundaries fixed by them, it is not credible that they ever agreed upon any. These maps seem to have misled even official personages. Thus Mr. Monroe and Mr. Pinkney, then at Madrid, assured the Spanish Minister of State, Don Pedro Cevallos, (April 20, 1805,) that "in accordance with the tenth article of the first-mentioned Treaty, [Utrecht] the boundary between Canada and Louisiana on the one side, and the Hudson Bay and north-western companies on the other, was established by commissioners, by a line to commence at a cape or promontory on the ocean in 58° 31' N. lat.; to run thence south-westerly to latitude 49° N. from the equator, and along that line indefinitely westward." However these gentlemen got the idea that this line had been established, it is certain they were in error. All contemporary authorities have

been searched in vain, with a view of discovering any evidence of their establishment. In 1751, M. Postlewaite, in his translation of Savary's *Dictionnaire de Commerce*, published a map of America, copied from one by D'Anville, five years before, with alterations and corrections; on which is a line describing the limits between the French dominions and the Hudson Bay countries, nearly but not exactly along the 49th parallel.\* A note on the map informs the reader that "the line that parts French Canada from British Canada was settled by the commissioners after the peace of Utrecht, making a curve from Davis' Inlet, in the Atlantic Sea, down to the Lake Abitibis, to the north-west ocean; therefore M. D'Anville's dotted line east of James' Bay is false." I have many French maps of Canada, from 1618 downwards; but do not recollect having seen that of D'Anville, and I believe no copy of it can be found. Mitchell, whose map of America was published in 1755, only pretends to give "the bounds of Hudson's Bay by the Treaty of Utrecht." This he might do, in a general way, by getting the best information he could as to the situation of the Height of Land; but such a line could not be taken for a guide in a question of an exact partition of territory. Bennett and Russell both afterwards adopted this line, which, in nearly its whole course, passed north of the 49th parallel. If Mitchell meant to convey the idea that the line had been traced by commissioners, he was in error; and he misled two others. The whole weight of authority negatives the supposition that any line was determined under the Treaty of Utrecht. It is quite certain, however, that commissioners were appointed. The Peace of Utrecht did not prevent hostilities between the English and those Indians whom the French generally regarded as allies; but France did not openly, if at all, take part in

\* Greenhow: *Memoir, Historical and Political, on the North-west coast of America.*

them. Charlevoix states that, to prevent the good understanding between the two countries being interrupted, she stopped the negotiations that had been entered on through commissioners for regulating the boundaries.\* This, then, is probably the true state of the case, so far as regards the breaking off of the negotiations. But a different motive has sometimes been given: that France never permitted her commissioners to determine matters thus referred, unless the settlement could be made to her advantage.†

The Tenth Article of the Treaty of Utrecht, giving to England all the rivers that empty into Hudson's Bay, left to France the Atlantic water-shed; and the possessions of Ontario must, within their limits, be identical with those of French Canada.

"Article X. The said most Christian king shall restore to the Kingdom and Queen of Great Britain, to be possessed in full right for ever, the Bay and Straits of Hudson, together with all lands, seas, sea-coasts, rivers, and places situate in the said bay and straits, and which belong thereto, no tracts of land or sea being excepted, which are at present possessed by the subjects of France. All which, as well as any buildings there made, in the condition they now are, and likewise all fortresses there erected, either before or since the French seized the same, shall, within six months from the ratification of the present treaty or sooner, if possible, be well and truly delivered to the British subjects having commission from the Queen of Great Britain to demand and receive the same, entire and undemolished, together with all the cannon and cannon-ball, and

with all other provisions of war usually belonging to cannon. It is, however, provided, that it may be entirely free for the company of Quebec, and all other subjects of the most Christian King whatsoever, to go by land or sea, whithersoever they please out of the lands of the said bay; together with all their goods, merchandize, arms and effects, of whatever nature or condition soever, except such things as above reserved in this article."

The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle stipulated that every thing be remitted to the footing on which it stood previous to the war; and an attempt was then made, by the intervention of commissioners, to settle the frontiers. The only result was three folio volumes of memoirs, and an impossibility of agreement. These negotiations proceeded on the basis of the Treaty of Utrecht. But the chief interest centred in other boundaries than that of Hudson's Bay; the boundaries of Acadie or Nova Scotia; in the Ohio Valley; and the sword was used to settle a question which was really one of supremacy in North America.

Can there be a doubt, then, that the northern boundary of Ontario is the boundary agreed upon in the Treaty of Utrecht?

If it should become a question how far the French and English establishments extended, where those of one nation began and the other ended, the general facts would, I think, point in the direction already indicated. Before the close of the 17th century Delhut—whom the Americans appear anxious to immortalize under a name which, if he arose from the dead, he would fail to recognize—Duluth—had established a picket fort on the Kaministiquia, which there is no mistaking from its position on the map, and which he called Fort Caministigonyan. This Fort, Baron La Hontan, (*Memoires de l'Amérique Septentrionale*), who had himself a fur-trading license, says, "did considerable injury to the English on Hudson's Bay, as it saved several times the trouble of transporting their goods there. The French had, how-

\* "La France n'étoit point entrée dans ce démêlé, pour ne point donner le moindre pretexte de rompre la bonne intelligence, qu'il avait tant coûté: on cessa même de négocier entre les deux cours le règlement des limites, quoique dès l'année 1719, il y eût des commissaires nommés pour cela de part et d'autre.—*Histoire générale de la Nouvelle France.*" Tome 4, pp. 123-4.

† Anderson: *History of Commerce.*

ever," he adds, established a fur trade north of Lake Superior before the creation of the Hudson's Bay Company. There were no sedentary Indians on Lake Superior, but those who hunted near its northern shores must have dreaded a voyage to Hudson's Bay. The Machakandibi River was so difficult to navigate, on account of rapids and falls, that six men had to work hard to make the passage in thirty days. From the lake that formed the source of that river, there was a portage into Lake Michipikoton, (French orthography), whence there was an additional journey of ten or twelve days: say eighty days for the passage both ways. Nature may be said practically to have fixed the bounds of the fur trade, north and south, not very far from the Height of Land. It is not easy to fix the date of the erection of the first French trading post on the Kaministiquia, but it could not have been very far from the year 1680. In 1703, La Hontan places Fort St. Germain on the upper end of the Nelson River, and there is a note stating that its object was to prevent the Indians descending to the Bay. De Lisle's beautiful *Carte du Canada*, 1703,\* shows French establishments above the Height of Land. There were Fort des Abitibis and two Maisons Françaises, one on the river Abitibis and the other on Lake Mitasia, at both of which places, Arrowsmith shows, the Hudson's Bay Company now has posts.

In 1725 Vaudreuil sent Varenne de Vérandrye to explore *les pays de la mer de l'Ouest*. This explorer, whatever his merits, certainly did not reach the western ocean, and there are different accounts as to his success east of the Rocky Mountains.—Dussieux says he discovered the whole country between Lake Superior and Winepeg, the Upper Mississippi and the Mountains; but this is not borne out by Garneau, from whom we learn that the work of exploration was continued by the sons of the first explorer. A new French fort was

erected on the Kaministiquia in 1717. Vérandrye, the younger, having associated himself with some French merchants, built Fort St. Charles, on the Lake of the Woods, in 1732; Fort Maurepas, on the Winepeg, two years later; Fort Dauphin, at the head of the Lake of the Woods, and Fort de la Reine, at its foot; Fort Bourbon, on the Biches River, at the head of Lake Winepeg; Fort Rouge, at the angle of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, the site of the seat of government of the Province of Manitoba today. In 1738 the French pushed their enterprise to the country of the Mandans and the Yellowstone; four years later they reached the Rocky Mountains. Long before the conquest of Canada, Mackenzie (*General History of the Fur Trade*) says the French had two establishments on the Saskatchewan; one in lat. 53° N. long. 102. After the conquest, the Canadians suspende their exertions, for a short time, in this direction. And soon after there came independent traders from England. Isaac Long, as his interesting Travels inform us, was engaged in this trade from 1768 to 1787. He was north of Lake Nipegon, and at Lac Mort. But before this time Canadian merchants had renewed the trade. In 1768, Long tell us, Montreal was supported chiefly by the Indian trade. In 1776 these traders explored the country to Isle à la Crosse, and in 1778 to Elk Lake. In that year the different Canada merchants carrying on this trade formed the North-West Company.

Near the close of the last century we find that that Company had established a number of trading houses in the interior. They had (1796) one on the point where Rainy Lake enters Rainy River, latitude 48° 36'58", longitude 93° 19'30"; another in charge of M. Pelleau, between Swan and Indian River, lat. 51°51'9", long. 102°3'; a third in charge of Mr. Hugh McGillas, lat. 52°59'7", long. 102°32'27"; a fourth in charge of Mr. Thorburn, lat. 50°28'58", long. 104°45'45"; a fifth at Stone Indian

\* The author was *premier géographe du Roy*.

River, in charge of Mr. Hugh McDonnell, lat.  $49^{\circ}40'56''$ , long.  $99^{\circ}27'15''$ . Mr. David Thompson, astronomer and surveyor to the North-West Company, determined the position of all these posts in 1796.\*

Thus we see the French had posts scattered north of the great lakes, above the Height of Land, before the conquest; and after them the North-West Company, as if following an instinct which its name was designed to express, scattered a number of trading houses farther west; some of them above the Height of Land, and some south of the United States boundary line. It has generally been assumed that the Hudson's Bay Company's traders never penetrated west or south of the interior lakes, of which Winepeg is one, in the last century. This, however, is an error, proved by indisputable testimony. When Mr. Thompson was at the Mandan Villages, on the Missouri, about the last day of the year 1796, he found that these Indians had previously been supplied with guns by trading parties of the Hudson's Bay Company.† In 1804 Lewis and Clark met a Mr. Henderson, of the Hudson's Bay Company, among the Mandans. But these appear to have been mere errant visits of individual traders from the Hudson's Bay Company. We do not find that the Company had any sedentary traders or established posts in those districts of which the North-West Company had full possession.

When M. Cauchon was Commissioner of Crown Lands, he put his name to a departmental report, reputed to have been drawn up by some one in the department, in which Lescarbot was relied on to prove that, al-

though none of us suspected the fact, the Pacific had, for more than two centuries and a quarter, formed the western, and the Arctic circle the northern boundary, of Canada. When the then latest edition of Lescarbot's *Nouvelle France* was published (1618), no Frenchman had been as far in the interior of Canada as Sault Ste. Marie, or further north than Lake Nipissing. Eleven years before this preposterous statement had been embodied in an official report, Garneau (*Histoire du Canada*) had noticed it only to show that, when it was put forth, the valley of the St. Lawrence had been but partially explored. If unofficial statements of French contemporary authors were to be taken as evidence of the extent of Canada or Nouvelle France—names sometimes used as geographical synonyms, and sometimes to cover very different extents of country—a single author, who could lay no claim to special geographical knowledge, ought not to be relied on. The *Relation de la Nouvelle France*, published in the same years as Lescarbot's first edition, (1611), far from pretending that the boundary of Canada extended to the Pacific, only expressed the hope that one day this boundary *sera la mer de la Chine, si nous avons assez de valeur et vertu*; because no other boundary—the Rocky Mountains were then unknown—would be certain in a country loosely spoken of as ten or twelve times the size of France. And nothing had happened in the meantime to alter that claim. Champlain had discovered *la Mer douce*, as he called Lake Huron; a Recollet missionary had found his way tremblingly, amid hostile Indians, to some point, impossible to identify, but which could not have been far, if at all, west of Toronto; and Lescarbot had been between Lakes Huron and Ontario. It is conjectured that Jean Mazarin christened a large part of this continent *Nouvelle France*; and, though the *Relation* is doubtful on this point, it professes to give the reasons why the name came to be applied. One of these

\* Thompson, MS

† MSS. Mr. Thompson places the Upper Mandan Village in  $47^{\circ}25'11''$  n. lat.,  $101^{\circ}21'5''$  long., and the lower village in lat.  $47^{\circ}17'22''$ , long.  $101^{\circ}14'24''$ . Lewis and Clarke gave the position of Fort Mandan, 1804-5, lat.  $47^{\circ}21'47''$ , long.  $99^{\circ}24'45''$ . *Travels to the Source of the Missouri River and across the American Continent*, and *Jefferson's Message to Congress*, Feb. 19, 1806.

reasons—because *ces terres sont parallèles à notre France*—conflicts with the extravagant claim of Lescarbot to all the country northward to the Arctic circle, a claim of which the groundlessness has already been shown. If the Pacific had been set up as the western limit of Canada, on the strength of the discoveries of the Vêrandryes, it might have had the merit of resting on a discovery, though it would have been no less invalid, because England received the capitulation of Canada with a specific description of boundaries on the west, not only in words, but accompanied by a line officially drawn on a map, by the representative of the nation making the cession, and accepted, and afterwards insisted on by herself.

The western boundary line of Canada, to which we now turn, was once, upon insufficient evidence, judicially declared. The whole question was made to rest on the description in the Quebec Act, 1774, and the Proclamation of 1791. Of the former, the concluding portion is all that it is necessary to quote:—

“Through Lake Ontario and the river called Niagara; and thence along the south-eastern bank of Erie, following the said bank, until the same shall be intersected by the northern boundary granted by the charter of the Province of Pennsylvania, in case the same shall be so intersected; and from thence along the said northern and western boundaries of the said Province until the said western boundary strike the Ohio; but in case the said bank of the said lake shall not be found to be so intersected, then following the said bank until it shall arrive at such point of the said bank which shall be nearest the north-western angle of the Province of Pennsylvania; and thence along the western boundary of the said Province, until it strike the river Ohio; and along the bank of said river westward to the banks of the Mississippi, and northward to the southern boundary of the territory granted to the

merchant-adventurers of England, trading to Hudson's Bay.”

The proclamation of 1791 takes us to a point where a line drawn due north from Lake Temiscaming would intersect “the boundary line of Hudson's Bay, including all the territory to the westward and southward of the said line, to the utmost extent of country commonly called, or known, by the name of Canada.” If we ascertain the western limit of Canada as agreed upon by the French and English Governments, we shall then know the exact meaning of the language of the proclamation. In the meantime it will be necessary to examine into the circumstances under which the western boundary was judicially declared, in the absence of all information as to the points to which the French and English Governments allowed it to extend, after the capitulation by Vaudreuil.

It is to be observed that the line *westward*, described in the Quebec Act, followed the bank of the Ohio river; but the *northward* line drawn from the junction of that river with the Mississippi is not similarly controlled by the obligation to follow the course of the latter river. The words *westward* and *northward*, taken by themselves, are of equivalent value: the *westward* line would necessarily deviate from a due west line as much as the Ohio deviated. Was the *northward* line to follow the course of the Mississippi without special direction? If not was there any thing to prevent its being a due north line? This, in the absence of all positive evidence to show the western limit of Canada, was the state of the question on the trial of Reinhard and McLellan, at Quebec, May, 1818. Witnesses having the knowledge which surveyors acquire, were examined to show what a “*northward*” line meant. Mr Saxe, the first surveyor put into the witness-box, was asked by the Attorney General, “Would a line running north from the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi

rivers strike, in its passage to the Hudson's Bay territories, the great lakes, and where would it strike lake Superior? And where would it leave Fort William?" It will be seen that these questions were not put in the language of the statute, the technical meaning of which a surveyor's knowledge was required to explain. The Attorney-General did not enquire into the effect of drawing a "northward" but a "north" line. When the witness had explained that a line, supposing it to run due north from the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi, would leave the river Winepeg five degrees out of Canada, and had added with emphasis "not a northward line," as mentioned in the statute, "but a due north line," the Attorney-General, assuming an imperious tone, enquired: "Do you mean to say that a northward line is not due north, sir?" To which he received for reply: "It is not always; it may be north by east, or north by west, or north west, or many other points of the compass. A due north line is one that goes direct to the north pole without any deviation whatever." The Attorney-General returning to the charge, then asked: "And does not a northward line go to the north pole? If you had a northward line to run, would you not run it to the north pole?" "Perhaps I might, and perhaps not; it would certainly be northerly, though it might not run due north," replied the undaunted witness. After several more like questions and answers, Chief Justice Sewell came to the aid of the Attorney-General. He really did not comprehend the distinction; "to say that a northward line is not a north line" appeared to him absurd. "Suppose," he said, "we had a compass here, and from a given point I draw a line north-westward, that is to say, terminating at a point north-westward, would not that be a due north-west line?" "It would," the witness replied, "if drawn due north-west; but if in advancing you gained northerly, it would from the course of its deviation be a northward line,

though not a north line." Then the Chief Justice ventured upon a remark which is obviously erroneous. "Then," he said, "its course northward must unquestionably be due north, if a line north-westerly is a north-west line." M. Vallière de St. Real having reminded his worship that the witness had added, "but if it deviated so as to gain a little north, it would then be a due north line." The Chief Justice, now growing warm, complained that common sense was being outraged; and he broke out in this fashion: "I want to know whether in point of fact, a fact that any man can tell as well as a surveyor," (the fact of bringing a surveyor there negated this assumption) "whether a line from a western or eastern point of the compass, drawn northward, is or is not a north line? Just answer that question," he insisted, "yes or no." But he only got for reply: "It certainly must be, to a certain extent, a north line, but not a due north line." Chief Justice Sewell, when he came to charge the jury, assumed that a northward line meant a due north line, and decided that the western boundary of Canada is a line drawn due north from the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers, in latitude  $37^{\circ} 10'$  north, and longitude  $83^{\circ} 50'$  west.\*

This line, if Mr. Sax be correct, would strike Lake Superior about three-quarters of a degree east of Fort William. The question of jurisdiction arose in this way. If the locality of the murder, a place between the Dalles and Portage du Rat, which lies north of the north-west corner of the Lake of the Woods, were in Upper Canada, the trial must have taken place in that Province; but if it were in the Indian territories, the trial could, under the forty-third of George III. take place in either Province. In deciding

\* La limite Ouest du Haut Canada est une ligne tirée vrai Nord de la jonction des rivières Ohio et Mississippi, dans la latitude de  $37^{\circ} 10'$  Nord, et la longitude  $83^{\circ} 50'$  Ouest.

on the boundary line, the court was deciding in favour of its own jurisdiction. But what we apprehend will be found to be the true boundary line of Canada, on this side, which has become that of Ontario, rests upon evidence not before the court, and is about five degrees further west.

When this trial took place, the Parliament which passed the Quebec Act was known as the unreported Parliament. Sir John Cavendish, a member of the House of Commons, had taken notes of the debates on this Bill; and his manuscript has since been brought from its hiding place in the British Museum and published. The extension of the boundaries of Canada was frequently mentioned in the discussion. Sir Thomas Townsend, Jr., afterwards Baron Sidney, assumed that the French law was being extended to the whole of Illinois. Lord North, replying to the objection founded on the extent of the country, said: "There are added, undoubtedly, to it two countries which were not in the original limits of Canada, as settled by the proclamation of 1763; one on the Labrador coast, the other the country westward of the Ohio and the Mississippi, (*sic*) and a few scattered posts to the west." There is evidently an inaccuracy in the report of Lord North's words. He could not have said west of the Mississippi; for the words of the Act would not have borne him out. There is no reason to question his accuracy, when he added: "Upon my word, sir, I do not see this Bill extends further than the ancient limits of Canada." Attorney-General Thurlow said:

"The House will remember that the whole of Canada, as we allowed it to extend, was not included in the Proclamation [of 1763,] that the bounds were not co-equal with it as it stood then, and that it is not included in the present Act of Parliament, if that were material. \* \* I have heard a great deal of the commencement of English settlements; but as far as I have read, they all lie on the other side of the Ohio.

I know, at the same time, that there have been for nearly a century past, settlements in different parts of this tract, especially the southern parts of it, *bounded by the Ohio and the Mississippi*; but with regard to that part, there have been different tracts of French settlements established, as far as they are inhabited by any Indians. I take these settlements to have been altogether French; so that the objections certainly want foundation."

We have here the admission of the Attorney-General of the time, that the Quebec Act did not include the whole of Canada. The proclamation of 1791, issued after the Act of that year was passed, embraces all the territory westward and southward of the southern limits of Hudson's Bay Territory, "to the utmost extent of country commonly called or known by the name of Canada." The bounds of Canada are, even on this view of the question, not necessarily circumscribed to the limits traced in the Act of 1774; but if they were, it would only remain to find some point which the line must strike in its "northward" progress, near the boundary line of Hudson's Bay Territory, to remove any obscurity and doubt that hang over that description. Such a point, we shall afterwards find stated in official language too plain to allow of dispute.

The words "Canada" and "Province of Quebec," were sometimes used in official instruments without due discrimination. In the commission of Nicholas Turner, Provost Marshal, under the proclamation of 1763, the words "Province of Canada" are used; while the words "Province of Quebec" had been used in that proclamation, as well as in the commission of General Murray, Captain-General and Governor-in-chief, Sept. 23, 1763. There was, however, a real distinction between Canada and the Province of Quebec; for the latter did not, under the Proclamation of 1763, extend westward beyond Lake Nipissing.

The Quebec Act, owing to the despotic

principles to which it gave activity, of governing the country by means of a Governor in Council without the intervention of a General Assembly, combined with the Boston Charter Act, struck terror into the self-governing colonies of New England, whom it inspired with the fear that their own fate might be read in the treatment accorded to the Province of Quebec. Mazères, the first Solicitor-General of Canada after the conquest, says then there ceased to be a British party in the other English colonies, after the passing of these two Acts; and in a dialogue\* between an Englishman and a Frenchman, the Englishman reporting the prevalent sentiments of these British colonists, as expressed to himself, gives it as the strongest of all causes of complaint that had annihilated the British party, gained over the Tories, as the firm friends of England were called, the extension of the Province of Quebec, on the west, to the Mississippi. This is the language in which the late Tories, who had joined the opposition to England, are represented as expressing themselves:—

“And lastly, (which is a matter that concerns us more nearly than all the rest,) to enlarge the boundaries of the Province of Quebec, so as to take in the five great lakes and all the immense and very fruitful country contained between the Ohio and Mississippi, and which lies at the back of our Provinces; with a view, as it should seem, that this new and favourite mode of government, together with the Roman Catholic religion, (now also, to all appearance, become an object of favour with Great Britain,) should prevail throughout all that vast country.”

Mr. Mazères' view of the extent of Canada, under the Quebec Act, including “all the immense and very fruitful country between the Ohio and the Mississippi,”—and the great lakes—precludes the idea of the western boundary being east of Fort William.

At the same time, he may not have been very exact in his description. When speaking of all the country to the Mississippi being included, we have it on the authority of Lord North that the Quebec Act took in some scattered settlements to the West. Added to this, the language of Attorney General Thurlow seems to make it plain that the object of extending the limits of the Province, beyond those to which it had been restricted by the proclamation of 1763, was to take in all the French settlements. Did a trading post constitute a settlement? Was there a settlement at Prairie du Chien? Carver, who visited it in 1766, says: “This town is the great mart where all the adjacent tribes, and even those who inhabit the remote branches of the Mississippi, annually assemble about the latter end of May, bringing with them their furs to dispose of to the traders.” Was this one of the settlements which it was the object of the Quebec Act to include?

The government of United Canada did not restrict its authority to the limits contained in the judgment of 1818. It exercised numerous acts of authority west of those limits, including the laying out of townships and the sale of land.

But we must seek for other evidence of “the utmost extent of country (westward) commonly called or known by the name of Canada.” Those limits were laid down, agreed upon between the Governments of France and England, described in words and marked on a map, in the negotiations for peace, 1761. In the French memorial of propositions, July 15, 1761, the King offers to cede and guarantee Canada to the King of England, “such as it has been and in right ought to be possessed by France, without restriction and without the liberty of returning upon any pretence whatever, against this cession and guarantee, and without interrupting the Crown of England in the entire possession of Canada.” The French King stipulated for the free ex-

\* Canadian Freeholder, Vol. 2., p. 337.



ercise of the Roman Catholic religion by his ancient subjects in Canada, their right to emigrate into French colonies, that the limits between Canada and Louisiana, and those between Louisiana and Virginia, should be clearly and firmly established, and for the continuance of certain rights of fishing on the Banks of Newfoundland. This proposition was made, as lawyers say, without prejudice; if it were not accepted or did not serve as a basis of negotiation, no advantage was to be taken of it by England. The answer of the British Court, dated July 29, assured the King of France that:

"His Britannic Majesty will never recede from the entire and total cession, on the part of France, without any new limits, or any exception whatever, of all Canada with its appurtenances; and His Majesty will never relax, with regard to the full and complete cession on the part of France, of the Isle of Cape Breton, and of the other islands in the gulf and river of St. Lawrence, with the right of fishing which is inseparably incident to the possession of the aforesaid coasts, and of the canals or straits which lead to them.

"2. With respect to fixing the limits of Louisiana with regard to Canada, or the English possessions situate on the Ohio, as also on the coast of Virginia, it never can be allowed that whatever does not belong to Canada shall appertain to Louisiana, nor that the boundaries of the last Province shall extend to Virginia, or to the British possessions on the borders of the Ohio; the nations and countries which lie intermediate, and which form the true barriers between the aforesaid provinces, not being proper, on any account, to be directly or by necessary consequence ceded to France, even admitting them to be included in the limits of Louisiana."

The ultimatum of France, in reply to that of England, is dated August 5, 1761. In it

"1. The King consents to cede Canada to England in the most extensive manner

as specified in the memorial of propositions;" and he goes on to insist on certain conditions on the article of religion and to claim certain rights of fishery and harbourage; and the negotiator adds: "The King has in no part of his memorial of propositions affirmed, that all that did not belong to Canada appertained to Louisiana; it were even difficult to conceive how such an assertion could be advanced. France, on the contrary, demands that the intermediate nations between Canada and Louisiana shall be considered as neutral nations, independent of the sovereignty of the two crowns, and serve as a barrier between them. If the English Minister would have attended to the instructions of M. Bussy on this subject, he would have seen that France agreed with England as to this proposition."

The answer of the British Minister to the Ultimatum of France was delivered to M. Bussy, the French Minister in England, on the 16th August. The day before, Mr. Pitt had written to that functionary, complaining that France "arbitrarily continues to insist on objects in America which we have a right to by the *Uti possidetis*, and which would make a direct attempt on the essential rights of our conquests in Canada and its appurtenances in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.' This is a reference to a demand for the restitution of Cape Breton or the Island of St. John (Prince Edward). The British answer of the 16th brings out the fact, which has been so strangely lost sight of in all subsequent discussions of the question, that the Marquis of Vaudreuil, when he surrendered the Province by capitulation to General Amherst, traced the western boundary on a map, and his map was in possession of Mr. Stanley, the British Minister sent to Paris to negotiate a peace:

"Article I. The King will not desert his claim to the entire and total cession of all Canada and its dependencies, without any limits or exceptions whatever, and likewise

insists on the complete cession of the Island of Cape Breton, and of the other islands in the gulf and river of St. Lawrence.

"Canada, according to the lines of its limits traced by the Marquis de Vaudreuil himself, when that Governor surrendered the said Province by capitulation to the British General, Sir J. Amherst, comprehends on one side the Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior; and the said line drawn to Red Lake, takes in, by a serpentine progress, the river Ouabachi, as far as its junction with the Ohio, and from thence extends itself along the latter river as far, inclusively, as its influx into the Mississippi.

"It is in conformity to this state of the limits made by the French Governor, that the King claims the cession of Canada; a Province which the Court of France, moreover, has offered anew by their *Ultimatum* to cede to His Britannic Majesty, in the most extensive manner, as expressed in the Memorial of Propositions of Peace of 13th July." \* \* \*

"Article II. As to what respects the line to be drawn from Rio-Perdido, as contained in the note remitted by M. Bussy of the 18th of this month, with regard to the limits of Louisiana, His Majesty is obliged to reject so unexpected a proposition, as by no means admissible in two respects.

"1. Because the said line, under colour of fixing the limits of Louisiana, annexes vast countries to that Province, which, with the commanding posts and forts, the Marquis de Vaudreuil has, by the most solemn capitulation, incontestably yielded into the possession of His Britannic Majesty, *under the description of Canada*, and that consequently, however contentious the pretensions of the two Crowns may have been before the war, and particularly with respect to the course of the Ohio, and the territories in that part,\* since the surrender of

\* Before the war England claimed that France should appropriate neither the Ohio nor the country watered by it:—

"On pretendoit que la cession de l'Acadie, par le

Canada, and the line of its limits has been traced, as aforesaid, by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, all those opposite titles are united, and become valid without contradiction, and confirm to Great Britain, with all the rest of Canada, the possession of those countries on that part of Ohio which have hitherto been contested.

"2. The line proposed to fix the bounds of Louisiana cannot be admitted, because it would compromise in another part, on the side of the Carolinas, very extensive countries and numerous nations, who have always been reputed to be under the protection of the King, a right which His Majesty has no intention of renouncing; and then the King, for the advantage of peace, might consent to leave the intermediate countries under the protection of Great Britain, and particularly the Cherokees, the Creeks, the Chicasaws, the Chactaws, and another nation, situate between the British settlements and the Mississippi."

The offer of England, contained in this paper, to cede to France the isles of St. Pierre and Miquelon, removed another obstacle to an agreement between the Powers, so far as related to Canada and its dependencies. The last memorial of France, delivered by M. Bussy to Mr. Pitt on the 13th September, concedes the line of western boundary traced by Vaudreuil and insisted on by England.

"Article I. The King has declared in his first Memorial, and in his *Ultimatum*, that he will cede and guarantee to England the possession of Canada, in the most ample manner; His Majesty still persists in that offer, and without discussing the line of its limits marked on a map presented by Mr. Stanley; as that line, on which England rests its demands, is without doubt the most ex-

Traité d'Utrecht, comprenoit toute la presqu'Isle; on demandait qu'aucune des deux Nations ne pu s'approprier le cours de l'Ohio, et que le pays qu'il arrose, fut également fréquenté par les deux peuples." —*Soullain Lumina. — Histoire de la Guerre contre les Anglais.*

tensive bound which can be given to the cession, the King is willing to grant it."

The English proposal with respect to the limits of Louisiana was agreed to; but the French objecting to what the English negotiator had proposed as to the neutral nations in the intermediate territory, wished to have an agreement expressed in the following terms:

"The intermediate savage nations between the lakes and the Mississippi, and within the line traced out, shall be neuter and independent, under the protection of the king; and those without the line, on the side of the English, shall be likewise neuter and independent, under the protection of the king of England. The English traders also shall be prohibited from going among the savage nations beyond the line on either side; and the said nations shall not be restrained in their freedom of commerce with the French and English, as they have exercised it heretofore."

At this point the negotiations were, for the time, broken off, on questions wholly foreign to the boundaries of Canada. Without the map on which the Marquis de Vaudreuil is said to have drawn the line, it is not possible to follow it in its entire length. But this is not necessary. It is sufficient for the present purpose, to trace out Red Lake, on which the line touched in its serpentine course. But the question of the authenticity of the line must first be examined. Vaudreuil, in a letter to the Duc de Choiseul, October 2, 1761, denied that he had delivered a map to General Amherst at the time of the capitulation; and added that when a British officer had brought a map to him, he had denied that the limits traced on it were correct. He admitted that Canada extended, on one side, to the "carrying place of the Miamis, which is the Height of Land whose rivers run into the Ouabache, on the one side, and on the other to the head of the river Illinois." It becomes a question of credibility between Vaudreuil and General Am-

herst; but this, however it may be decided, does not affect the question of the boundary. Nearly three weeks before Vaudreuil wrote his letter of denial, the French Government had, in direct terms, admitted the line traced on the map, in possession of Mr. Stanley, to be the true boundary of Canada, by accepting it. But if the decision rested on the credibility of the two witnesses as it does not, there would be good reasons for giving greater weight to the statement of General Amherst. Vaudreuil had fallen into disgrace at the French court; the Bastille, soon to become his lot, already stared him in the face. He was to be put on trial, with more than fifty others, as one of the authors of "monopolies, abuses, vexations and prevarications committed in Canada;" charges but too well founded in many cases. The fines imposed and restitutions decreed amounted to nearly eleven millions and a half of francs. Vaudreuil escaped condemnation only to die of chagrin; and it is a question whether his tardy letter of denial was of any use to him, in a trial in which the majority of the accused were convicted in their absence, and practically without a hearing.

By whomsoever the line was drawn, it is sufficient that both the English and the French Governments agreed upon it, as describing the true boundary of Canada on the west. This line takes us from Red Lake to the Ouabache (Wabash)\* an Iro-

\* There is no doubt about the identity of the Ouabache with the Wabash. The French, unless they borrowed our W., would have to follow that orthography still. De l'Isle *Carte du Canada*, 1703, marks it "*Ouabache autrement appelée l'Ohio ou Belle Rivière*"; and in his *carte de la Louisiane et cours du Mississippi* he still call it the *Ouabache*.—Some English geographers called it *Oubach*. Moll, 1708, incorrectly makes it run two-thirds of the distance on the south side of the Ohio. A map illustrating one of Henipen's work. (Amsterdam, 1737) and showing *Le cours du Fleuve Mississippi selon les Relations le plus modernes*, marks the lower end of the Ohio, Hohio, the upper, Ouye, but whether the Wabash or the Main river it is impossible to say. The map attached to Charlevoix' *Histoire et description generale de la Nouvelle France*, 1743, by *W. B. Ing. du Roy et Hydrog. de la marine*, marks the north branch *Oyo or Belle Rivière*;

quois word which means, I am informed, a slowly flowing river. Vaudreuil, even in his letter of denial, admits that Canada went in this direction to the Miamis portage, between the Illinois and the Ouabache rivers, the course taken by La Salle in his voyage of discovery to the Mississippi. Red Lake, another point which the line struck, must be sought out. There are two lakes that bear that name; one north and the other west of Lake Superior. Isaac Long, in the map attached to his travels, (my copy is a French translation) places one of these lakes about due north of Lake Nipegon. It has disappeared from some later maps, and is apparently replaced by "Long Lake;" but in one published by the Society for the diffusion of useful knowledge it appears much farther west than Long placed it. It received the name of Red Lake, according to a legend which he preserves, from some Indian hunters having shot a colossal animal which had moved with slow and heavy tread along its margin, which they believed to be Matchee Manito, or the evil spirit, and of which the blood, when the monster received its death wound, coloured the waters of the lake. A line striking so far north obviously could not be the one intended to designate the western boundary of Canada. The other Red Lake is one of the sources of Red River. It is situated not at its southern extremity but at the source of one of its eastern branches. Its longitude appears, on some maps, to be a little west of the north-west corner of the Lake of the Woods; on others it appears on the same meridional parallel.

On the line agreed to by the French and English Governments we have one certain point, and another which may be approximately fixed, the point on Red Lake—a body of water so small as to make it a

matter almost of indifference which side should be touched—and a point on the Wabash, near the Miamis Portage; almost certainly the south-west end of this portage. After it struck the Wabash, it continued along that river to its junction with the Ohio, and thence down the course of the Main River to the Mississippi. Northward of the Ohio, this line does not appear to have followed the Mississippi. The French memorial of the 13th September, without the aid of the marked map, throws only an obscure light on this point, when it proposes that, "The intermediate savage nations between the lakes and the Mississippi, and within the line traced out, shall be neuter and independent, under the protection of the King, and those without the line, on the side of the English, shall be likewise neuter and independent, under the protection of the King of England." The line at the first definite point where we can trace it, is drawn from Red Lake southward till it strikes the Wabash, and proceeds down that river and its parent stream, the Ohio, till the Mississippi is reached. East of this line the intermediate savage nations must be sought. With anything outside of it we have, for the present purpose, nothing to do. The object of carrying this line down the Ohio must have been to obtain a southern boundary. If it had been intended, at that time, to make the Mississippi the western boundary, the line would have been produced westward from Red Lake, and the course of the river followed to the junction with the Ohio, whence the western boundary would have been traced. But all this is really of very little importance. The essential point is to know that the western boundary of Canada went as far as Red Lake. The map on which it was traced, unless some casualty has befallen it, ought to be found in the British archives; and it might be useful as showing the exact point at which Red Lake was touched.

*Ouabach* is in the upper end, somewhat out of position. Bellecocq, translating from the English, in the second year of the French Republic, writes it *Wabac*.

The definitive treaty of Peace, Feb. 10, 1763, irrevocably fixed the limits between the French possessions and those of His Britannic Majesty, by a line drawn along the "middle of the Mississippi river, from its source to the river Iberville, and from thence by a line in the middle of that stream, and of lakes Maurepas and Pontchartrain, to the sea." All the French possessions on the left side of the Mississippi, except the town and island of Orleans, were ceded to England. In this session was included more than Canada. The seventh article contains a preamble which explains the reason for including a part of Louisiana: "In order to establish peace on solid and durable foundations, and to remove for ever all causes of dispute in relation to the limits between the French and British territories, on the continent of America." The designation of the limits of Canada, on the west, at the capitulation of Vaudreuil, and in the subsequent correspondence between the two courts, was not new. The map of the Academy of Sciences, (1718) makes Canada or New France extend to the head waters of the rivers that run into Lake Michigan and Green Bay (*Baye des Puans* of the French); and it includes in Louisiana all the territory west of this point, of which the rivers empty into the Mississippi.\*

The grant of Louisiana, made to Crozat, by Louis XIV, Sept 17, 1712, was not quite so extensive. It gave him the right of exclusive trade in all the French territories, bounded by New Mexico, on the side of the Spanish, and by Carolina on the side of the English; the Mississippi from the sea to the Illinois; the Wabash and Ohio, being the northern boundary, and the Illinois being excluded on the north. Under the Crozat monopoly, which proved not less intolerable to the inhabitants than profitless to the

grantee, expeditions were sent out into Illinois in search of mines.\*

After Crozat's dream of establishing an empire in the valley of the Mississippi, and possibly making his daughter the wife of a Medici, and the Mississippi company with Law and his paper bubbles had come on the scene, the limits of Louisiana were extended on the north. An *arrêt* issued on the 27th September, 1717, detaching the Illinois from Nouvelle France and incorporating it with Louisiana.\*

Then were established, substantially, the limits of Canada, on the west, which Vaudreuil is alleged to have traced on the capitulation of Montreal, and which were certainly agreed upon in the course of the same year between the Governments of France and England.

Great Britain having once become possessed of the country as far west as the Mississippi, the competence of Parliament to extend the government of Canada to that limit cannot be questioned. Did it do so in the Quebec Act? This is certainly doubtful; more than doubtful I think. When the line of boundary prescribed in that statute struck the Ohio, it went westward along that river to the Mississippi; from the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi, it went "northward" till it intersected the southern boundary of the Hudson Bay Territory. In the first case, it was to follow the course of the river; in the second, it was simply to go "northward." By the Proclamation of 1791, Canada was to include all the territory west and south of a line drawn due north from Lake Temiscaming till it reached the southern border of Hudson's Bay Territory, commonly known as Canada. How are we to know these western limits? The concurrence of the Governments of France and England in a western line of Canadian boundary is the

\*M. Garneau's reading of this map agrees with my own: that it claims as "Louisiana, au côté de l'est toutes terres dont les eaux tombent dans le Mississippi."

\*Charlevoix, Tome 4, p. 170.

\*Charlevoix, T, 4, p. 194.

best evidence we can have. It is, besides being official, the boundary which the previous owner of the country admitted, and which the new owner insisted on. That line touches at Red Lake; and if Red Lake be taken as a determinate point to which the line of the Quebec Act must be drawn, in its "northward" course, all difficulty vanishes, and there is a perfect accord between the line agreed upon between the French and English Governments and the Quebec Act and the Proclamation of 1791.

I think, then, it is a legitimate conclusion from all the facts, that Red Lake indicates the western boundary of Ontario; that all the country south of the Hudson Bay Territory, and north of the United States' boundary line, east of this point, to the meridian of Lake Temiscaming, belongs to Ontario; and that the northern boundary of Ontario must, under the tenth article of the Treaty of Utrecht, be found on the height of land which separates the Arctic and the Atlantic water-sheds.

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GOOD-BYE.

BY F. A. DIXON.

SO I say good-bye to my love,  
 Here at the garden gate to-night;  
 From the little chin to the hair above,  
 All the face of my heart's delight.  
 Good-bye is easily said!

One long kiss on the lips of my sweet;  
 Ours again will never meet;  
 One more kiss on the little chin,  
 Pressing the tiny dimple in;  
 Kisses two for the dainty ears;  
 No more whispers of hopes or fears.  
 Good-bye is easily said!

One last kiss on the fair white brow;  
 No more there for ever now;  
 Two on her cheeks with their maiden down;  
 Never for me will come dimple or frown;  
 Brown hair, waving over her head,  
 You will wave when I shall be dead.  
 Good-bye is easily said!

Two soft kisses on two soft eyes,—  
 Dear love that in them lies,  
 You and I are strange from to-day,  
 You have pledged yourself away;  
 Take farewell, and let me go—  
 Whither I neither care nor know.

Good-bye is easily said!

DR. REINHARD.

*(Translated for the Canadian Monthly, from the German of Kleimar.)*

## CHAPTER I.

“A H, is that you, Doctor?” said a young lady, rising to welcome him.

“I was told, Miss Eva, that I should find you in the garden,” he replied; so I came here and interrupted your cogitations. Will you forgive me?”

“Forgive you!” she said smiling. “Do you know that at this moment I was thinking of you, and that I—but tell me first if you have seen my aunt, and how you found her?”

“The good lady is much better, and in a few days I shall be able to discontinue my visits,” he answered, as he led the young lady back to her place. He held her hand in his, and the manner in which she allowed it to remain there, showed that she looked upon him as an old acquaintance. “So you were thinking of me, Miss Eva,” he continued, with a softness in the tone of his question. “But then your thoughts were not of a pleasant nature, for your look was sad when I approached you.”

“O, they were mingled with many remembrances,” she replied. “This is my father’s birthday. A year ago he was with me. A few months afterwards you led me away from his sick bed, when the news of his illness had called me home from my cousin’s. I saw him then for the last time, and he died that night.”

“I know it, I know it,” said the Doctor, mastering his emotion with a great effort, as he saw the tears trickle down Eva’s face.

“His death took me by surprise. I awoke and found myself an orphan,” was her mournful rejoinder.

“Poor child!” said the Doctor, in a voice of deep sympathy.

“I only wanted to speak with him once more, just once,” she continued: “to solve a mystery to which his last words had given existence in my breast—one which I dare not mention to you.”

He did not reply, and she marked the shade of trouble which for a moment came over his countenance. Suddenly she turned her face towards his and said:

“I do not know why it is that my heart is so open at this moment, that I should speak to you so frankly, more frankly than I have done since my father’s death. Perhaps it is because you were my father’s friend and can solve the mystery. Do not interrupt me, for I must now tell you what has tormented me so long. I know I can put full confidence in you.”

“That you can,” said the Doctor, warmly.

“Now for it! When I saw my father, and knelt crying at his bedside, he told me with his feeble voice, as he laid both his hands upon my forehead, ‘never forget to love and be grateful to Doctor Reinhard as our dearest friend, for he saved my fortune and my honour!’”

“They were feverish thoughts, fancies of a weakened imagination, of a dying man, which, in health he would never have repeated!” exclaimed the Doctor, much moved.

“No, no! At that moment he could not be considered a dying man; he was in full possession of his faculties, and if you had not entered just then and forbidden him to speak, I should have received an explanation of his words. You led me out of the room, and I never again saw him alive. And now, Doctor, you owe me an explanation, and you must tell me the meaning of those words. I must know for what and how to

show my gratitude to you, as it was my father's will," she said, with deep emotion.

He rose and took both her hands as he exclaimed "Eva, you owe me no debt of gratitude. I give you my word that it was only his imagination, weakened by illness, that made him suppose that I was the saviour of his honour, which was as stainless as that of the best man in the world. No human being would have ever dreamed of impugning it. You must put aside every thought which could cast a doubt upon it. Such thoughts are disrespectful to his memory."

She gave him a pleasant look—"The portrait of my father lives enshrined in my memory, but since his death a cloud has covered it that has prevented me from always seeing the dear features clearly. If I cannot thank you for anything else, I shall thank you for having chased away this cloud. For this I shall always be grateful."

"I wish you would allow the matter to pass from your memory entirely, Eva; for you must know I came to hear what you have to say on a very different subject."

She looked at him with wondering expectation. He again took her hand and went on in a tone of emotion.

"Eva, since the death of your father, your aunt's house has been your home. Could you make up your mind to leave this home, to belong to one whose heart has beat for you since your childhood?"

She made no answer, but her hand trembled in his.

"Eva, I am myself the man, who loves you, whose highest wish is to call you his own, and who now asks you, can you and will you give him your hand?"

For a moment she stood astonished, almost petrified by his proposal, which took her so completely by surprise. In this man, whose age was double her own, she had seen only a fatherly friend, the friend as he had been of her father. She had trusted him with all her troubles, little and great, and

had never been deceived in him, for she always received from him comfort and sympathy. And now, suddenly, this man stood before her pleading as a lover, and thus placed himself beneath her, since from her he was to hear the words on which depended his happiness for life. Her mind could not take it in, and he marked at once the paleness that came over her cheeks. Her silence troubled him, and he continued in a nervous voice. "Have I been mistaken Eva, in supposing your heart to be free, or is it that you feel you cannot love me? If it is so, say one word and I retire; for I desire your happiness as much as my own."

While he spoke, she had regained her composure, and now for the first time ventured to raise her eyes to his; she saw his fixed upon her—those earnest eyes—with a wonderful softness of expression. Her heart seemed changed; a feeling came over her never experienced before. Why could she not love this man above all others, since he was better and nobler than all other men—him whom she had known since her father's death. The words of her departed father, too, suddenly crossed her mind. Was not the time now come for her to prove that she regarded his will as sacred?

"Speak, Eva," continued the deep voice of the Doctor, "has your heart been given to another man?"

"No," she replied, in confused accents, "it is still my own." She could say no more.

"What did I hear?" cried the Doctor, deeply moved. In lieu of an answer she laid her hand in his.

"You will give it me, Eva?"

"Yes," she replied in a low tone.

He made a movement as though to clasp her in his arms, but checked the impulse, and said, with a voice almost inarticulate with emotion.

"No, no, Eva, you ought not and you must not decide so quickly. It would be wrong in me to ask an answer now, when



you are so taken by surprise as I must own to myself that you are. I will give you as long a time as you please to examine your heart; and if you tell me that you cannot love me, I promise not to seek to win you. On the other hand, when you have once spoken the word which unites us, I shall look upon you as mine, and mine alone, to my life's end. And now, above all things, be open and candid with me and with yourself. Search well and see whether there is not in your heart the image of another man not to be supplanted by mine."

She laughed, blushed and said, "I will frankly tell you that, as a girl of fourteen and in a childish way, I loved my cousin Albert."

"And your cousin?" he asked, a little disturbed.

"Ah, that was just the point," she replied, half laughing, "he never noticed me, he had no suspicion how much his little cousin admired him, he had eyes only for grown-up beauties, with whom the handsome young lieutenant was very successful."

"Eva, how has it been since you have grown to be a young lady?"

"O, from that time I have thought no more of him," she replied carelessly, "besides we have not seen each other for a long time. When he was here to see his mother, just before my father's death, I, as you know, was staying with a friend."

"And is it true that he is expected here?" asked the Doctor, quickly.

"His last letter announced the return of the expedition which he accompanied from the Eastern seas. But I can scarcely say I am glad he is coming home, for what I have heard of him is not very favourable. His wildness it seems has been boundless; and life, it seems to me, can be happy only when one can really rely upon some support."

"Eva, that you shall find in me," he could not help saying with all the warmth of his feelings. He suppressed other words which came to his lips. Only in his eyes could she read, "may it soon be mine to support you."

He gave her his hand and took leave, saying:

"Eva, look well into your heart, and when you have once decided, let me know it without delay." She gave him a loving look, as though her choice were already made. Indeed she could not see why she should not say the decisive word at once. But he wished it otherwise, and as she had always been accustomed to follow his opinion and advice, she would not contend against his wish on this occasion.

Her eyes followed him as he passed out of sight, and dwelt with pleasure on his stately figure and manly bearing. She thought too of the high estimation in which he was held by the world, and asked herself what the world would say when it was told of their engagement. She heard herself congratulated on her good fortune, and felt exalted and humbled at once, by being chosen by a man of so much importance as his bride. Bride! She smiled involuntarily at the word.

"He is so good, he loves me so deeply," she repeated, till tears came into her eyes.

She longed to tell her secret to some one, but she felt that she could not yet speak of it at home; so much the less as her aunt's state was such that any excitement might lead to a relapse. "To my father," she said in a low voice, and taking up her hat, which lay near her, she slipped unobserved through a side-door of the garden, and bent her steps to the neighbouring place of rest, where the heart which was dearest to her slept beneath the green-sward.

Nearly an hour later she returned to her aunt's house, where she met a servant who told her that her aunt had been inquiring for her, and begged her to come to her room. "There is a visitor," she added, laughing, "but I must not tell who it is."

As Eva entered her aunt's room, a young man in the brilliant uniform of the Royal Navy rose from a sofa, and advancing quickly to meet her, put out his hand to her without speaking a word.

"O, cousin Albert!" she exclaimed, as she looked into a pair of dark eyes which were fixed upon her, while a brightness came over the handsome features of the young man.

"It is pleasant to hear you welcome me home, Eva—pleasant to see you here in my mother's house."

And then he seemed to remember a painful association which his words might recall. With a quick glance he said "forgive me," bent his head and kissed her hand.

She was pleased by his recollection of her bereavement, and replied: "I feel myself happy in not being left utterly alone; and though my father is dead, I have still kind hearts to protect and love me."

"There are many, Eva. I know nothing in the world dearer to me than your happiness."

She looked at him a little surprised at his speaking with a warmth of feeling for which she hardly gave him credit, after all she had heard of his past life. At this point her aunt interrupted the conversation. She had watched their meeting not without emotion.

"I call this a surprise," she said gaily, "which Albert has prepared for us. I did not expect him for weeks, when suddenly he appeared before me, without having given the least notice of his return."

"I received," said Albert, "quite unexpectedly a furlough on the return of the expedition, and of course hastened home as fast as possible to see you and Eva, and"—he did not finish the sentence, but walked quickly up and down the room.

There was something strange in his manner. His questions and answers were short and abrupt; so much so, that his mother shook her head and said:

"Albert, in former days you were not thus; you are greatly changed."

He gave a forced laugh. "Change is the law of the world. It is the same with men. Since those days a year has passed, and I

have spent it on the stormy sea. After so much experience, one divines the rest."

His mother did not understand him. She only marked a momentary cloud which passed over his brow. The change in his expression did not escape Eva's eyes; it was painful to her to be with him, and she took advantage of the first opportunity to escape to her room. He followed her with his eyes, and his mother who watched him closely, seeing his face brighten, ventured to ask him "how he liked her Eva?"

"She is beautiful, and seems as charming as she is beautiful."

She smiled with pleasure. "Since last year your taste has changed for the better. A year ago, you know, you said that such fair-haired beauties could never entrap your heart, and that were she ten times more lovely than she was, she could not compare with the dark tresses of Emily Waldow.

The young man blushed. "Pray, mother, do not speak of that. It is past and must be forgotten. Tell me what you were going to tell me, when Eva's entrance broke off our conversation—how she came here, what sad accident made her an orphan."

"You heard that her father's death was caused by the bursting of a blood-vessel, the day after your departure. I wrote to you at the time about it."

"You did," he answered hastily. "I received the letter on the day we sailed. I could not reply at the time. But there were many details which you did not give me. You did not say whether the bursting of the blood-vessel was owing to any particular excitement."

"Your question," said his mother, "recalls to my mind a singular circumstance. That evening, as I entered the room of my brother-in-law, I heard him say to Dr. Reinhard, who had not left him since the beginning of his illness, "You will promise me, Doctor, that the whole transaction shall remain a secret." To which the Doctor answered, "upon my word of honour." I often

thought of those words afterwards, and once ventured to ask Dr. Reinhard the meaning of them, particularly as I had involuntarily connected them with the cause of my brother-in-law's illness. But the Doctor assured me that it was only a personal matter between of himself and his friend, and that he had given his word to keep it secret."

Albert listened in silence to this account. Then he asked, "What sort of person is this Dr. Reinhard?"

"He is an eminent physician, and a man honoured by all," replied his mother warmly. "Since the death of your uncle I have chosen him as my family physician, and during my illness I have had every reason to be satisfied with my choice. Besides, Eva has in him a fatherly friend."

"Eva," exclaimed the young man—and it appeared to his mother that he was in a hurry to return to that subject—"how did she bear the death of her father?"

"She, poor child! She was overpowered with grief, and would have been forlorn in the wide world if the Doctor and I had not comforted her. I was anxious, too, at that time about her circumstances, for her father, as I wrote you word, died not nearly so rich as I and the world believed him to be. The only thing which he left, in fact, was an honourable name, and if you had not generously given up to her the thirty thousand dollars which came to you under his will, she would have been penniless."

While his mother was speaking the young man had turned away his face. At her last words he turned quickly round and said, "Mother, no more of that. It must never be mentioned. It was not a great sacrifice, for you know at that time I came of age and inherited six times as much. It is my wish that she may know nothing of the gift."

"She knows nothing about it, and thinks that the money is her inheritance. The Doctor alone knows the truth."

"The Doctor, always the Doctor," exclaimed Albert, impatiently. He was going

to say more, but Eva entered the room. At her appearance his eyes lightened up as they had done when he first saw her, and his voice, when he spoke to her, was soft and full of melody. As he talked to her she could not help thinking of another soft voice which had so surprised her that day, and the portrait of her friend rose before her. She compared it with the elegant form of her cousin, and asked herself why it was that the appearance of Albert did not produce a favourable impression on her, when she could not but own that his fine figure and handsome face threw Dr. Reinhard in the shade. Even his eyes, so beautiful, and bent with so much sympathy upon her, disquieted her by the fire which burned in them. But when he spoke of his voyages, when he talked about the strange lands and people he had seen, when he told the exciting story of a storm which had nearly wrecked their ship, her attention was fixed and she hung upon his lips. But when he had ended and was himself again, she could not help saying, "Heaven be praised, Dr. Reinhard is not like Albert! What a difference there is between his sedateness and this passionate creature!" Then she asked herself how the two men would get on together, whether she could look for friendship or harmony between them, and she looked forward with great anxiety to their meeting.

The next morning the Doctor paid his patient his usual visit. He entered the room ignorant that Albert was there.

"Dr. Reinhard—my son Albert." Eva, who blushed at the entrance of Dr. Reinhard, looked anxiously from one to the other, and was sorry to see how coldly they received the introduction.

## CHAPTER II.

"I REMEMBER having seen Lieutenant Wallberg at his uncle's," said the Doctor—"the day before his illness. You left his room as I entered." The words

were uttered coldly but in no offensive manner, and Eva saw nothing in them to produce the expression which showed itself on Albert's face.

"I admire your memory, Doctor; my own, I am sorry to say, is not so good. Meetings of this kind easily escape from it."

"The reason perhaps lies in your mode of life. You live on shifting seas. We who live on *terra firma* remember whether we will or not," was the Doctor's quiet reply. Having said which he turned round to pay the usual compliments and inquire about his patient's health. A few minutes afterwards he took leave without having said anything to Eva beyond a hurried adieu in passing. Only for a moment his glance rested on her with a peculiar expression. She knew the meaning of it—"Decide without delay."

"If there ever was a disagreeable man, it is this Dr. Reinhard," Albert exclaimed angrily as soon as the door was closed. Surprised and troubled, Eva looked up and debated within herself whether she should ask the reason of this uncalled for hatred. But her aunt anticipated her.

"A strange prejudice, Albert, and one of which I highly disapprove; for surely there was nothing offensive in his conduct to you. You should consider."

"Oh no, mother, do not ask me to consider," he broke in half laughing. "Considering is not in my line. Thinking disturbs my head and heart. I can only feel. By sympathy or antipathy I must act, right or wrong. I will bet that my cousin agrees with me"—turning to Eva—"young ladies are seldom addicted to thinking."

Eva's answer was vague. She was again at a loss to understand Albert, and moreover she was vexed with him. He saw her displeasure, and at once changed his manner and the subject of conversation, showing himself thereby in the best light, so that Eva gradually forgot her vexation; and when they parted, if she was not in a good humour, she was not in a bad one. During the fol-

lowing day she had no opportunity of talking to the Doctor, for when he came to the house Albert was always there.

Albert's ways and humours were the less intelligible to her the more she thought about them; and, strange as it was, she had always to ask herself from what cause the restless agitation of his manner could arise. She would not have been a girl if she had not connected it with love, and she thought of Emily Waldow, with whom he had been so desperately in love a year before. It happened that on one of the following days she was to be an eye-witness of their meeting, for she had been invited with Albert and his mother to a house where the young lady was also to be. She was grieved to see the air of indifference with which her cousin passed by Miss Waldow, whom he scarcely seemed to recognize, while Miss Waldow with difficulty restrained herself from giving vent to her surprise at his manner.

She observed herself the deep frown which remained upon his brow that day in spite of the tone of reckless gaiety which he assumed, and she asked herself again what it could be that thus changed his manner, bred bitterness in his heart, and had also turned the current of his love. The racking of her brains about Albert's state of mind affected her own, and she often longed to have a *tête-à-tête* with him, thinking that she might be able to deliver him from these strange humours, which pained her more and more. She would have given a great deal if she could have spoken to him on the spot about it, and she was angry with him for not forcing it upon her. But at other times she thought she saw the Doctor's earnest eyes fixed upon her with the saddest expression, telling her that he left her entirely free, while she had to reproach herself with failing to let him know that she accepted his hand. She at once sat down and wrote him her acceptance, with a prayer to God that it might be for the happiness of both. At that

moment she seemed to enter into some of the bliss to come. She felt at least calmer in spirit since the letter had been sent.'

The servant who carried the letter returned, and told her mistress that the Doctor was not at home, but that in a few hours he would return and the letter would be in his hands. Eva pictured him to herself receiving and reading it; she reckoned the time that must pass before he could come to embrace her as his future wife; and she felt happy in having placed herself under such a protector. While her thoughts were running in this channel the door opened and Albert came in. His face showed signs of more than ordinary excitement, and his dark eye flashed more than usual.

"Are you alone, cousin Eva?" he said.

"Alone with my thoughts," she replied, trying to steal a look at him, for his glance disturbed her.

"I would fain know those thoughts," he said, placing himself before her. "I would fain know—I hope I am not impertinent in asking—whether in those thoughts I occupy any place?"

His words sent the blood into her face.

"I do not hold myself bound to make known to you what passes in my mind, Albert."

"O, I know very well, Eva, that it is something concerning your heart," he exclaimed with an air of excitement; "with ladies thoughts are feelings. It is for this reason that I dared to ask that question, and dare it again. I must know, Eva, whether I may hope that your heart has responded to mine."

"Alfred!" she cried with an almost frantic look.

He clasped both her hands, and cried in accents of passion, "Eva, it cannot be otherwise; the word is on your lips: tell me that you are mine, that you will be mine for ever."

She drew her hand across her forehead as though she wanted to drive away some evil

dream, and looked at him with surprise and dismay.

"Speak, Eva, I can bear this silence no longer."

"Albert, my word has been given to Dr. Reinhard. I am his betrothed."

With a wild cry he sprang up. Reinhard! It cannot be, Eva. Tell me that you are only tormenting me. Is it possible that you can love Dr. Reinhard? Answer me and truly, for the happiness and destiny of a human being hang upon your words."

"He is the noblest and best of men, Albert."

He stamped his foot. "I do not wish to be told that. Do you love him?"

She looked him straight in the face and said: "If I had not loved him, should I have given him my hand?"

"O, the hand may be given without the heart," he said with a sardonic smile. Then, in a lower tone—"Eva, my heart tells me that you do not love that man. You respect and honour him, but you do not love him; and to be happy you must love. Eva, you do not know your own heart."

"Oh! Albert, why do you question me thus?" she said sobbing.

"You cannot answer, because you have been deceiving yourself," he cried, in a tone of exultation, "because Dr. Reinhard is not the object of your love. Will you be mine, Eva? I place my heart and my destiny at your feet, and I declare that if they are not accepted, my doom is sealed."

"You ask that which is impossible, which has been impossible for the last hour. This morning I wrote to Dr. Reinhard that I would be his."

Again a cry escaped him. "And why is Dr. Reinhard not with you? Where is he?"

In a few words she explained the reason. As he heard it, his brow cleared a little.

"If you had not sent this note—if you had not given him your word, what answer would you make to me? I ought to and must know."

"Then, Albert"—her feelings overcame her, and she could say no more.

"Then, Eva, then?"

"Do not torture me, Albert. I cannot and dare not answer you." And tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Eva, you are and shall be mine, let what will betide," he cried joyfully; drew her tenderly into his arms; then at once released her and disappeared.

Dr. Reinhard finished his round of visits earlier than usual that day, returned to his room, and found among the letters on his table one from Eva. He opened it, and joy spread over his grave features. "God be praised," he murmured, "my suspicions are groundless. Poor little heart, what confidence she has in me! May God help me that she may never be betrayed." He rested his head upon his hand, and looked thoughtfully before him, while his face brightened as he saw rise before his mind the picture of a happy future. Carried away by his thoughts he forgot the present. At length he rose and said, "Fool that I am, to dream over such good fortune instead of grasping it. To her!" He took his hat, when another visitor was announced and Albert entered.

With a quick glance he scanned the Doctor's face, and as he saw the look of happiness which it wore, and which his unwelcome visit could not alter, he involuntarily bit his lip.

"Have you received and read a letter from my cousin Eva?" he asked, after their first mute recognition.

Reinhard looked at him with surprise. "I will not refuse to answer your strange question. I have received a letter from Miss Eva."

"I know the contents of it," exclaimed Albert, greatly excited. "I came to tell you" —

"What?" asked the Doctor.

"This, that the letter gives you no claim upon her hand. I will myself contest it

with you, if it comes to that. Eva must hear me. She must be mine, if I have to struggle against heaven and hell for her."

The Doctor fixed on his rival a cold, calm look. "I will not inquire, Lieutenant, whether it is fever or madness that makes you speak as you do. But I am happy in the knowledge that Eva is not under your influence, and that it is therefore useless for me to accept your challenge."

"Oh! you do not know Eva's heart," Albert replied angrily, "or you would not speak so proudly. Do you know that within this hour I have spoken to her, and that I am as certain that Eva's heart belongs to me as I am of God's mercy."

The Doctor turned pale, but he said with confidence, "I have her word in my hand. A girl like Eva does not lie."

"No, but she can deceive herself, be blind to her own good till the band falls from her eyes."

"Rather say," interrupted the Doctor in a cutting tone, "till your reckless hand tore it from her eyes to bind them again with illusion and deceit.

"Sir!" said Albert, wild with rage. But he soon controlled himself and spoke in a calm tone. "I am ready to give you any satisfaction you may name."

Reinhard measured him with a contemptuous look, and replied coldly, "You will not succeed in forcing me to commit a mad act, Lieutenant, any more than you have succeeded in making me doubt Eva. I will take no notice of what has passed behind my back till I have heard it from her lips. Till then let all remain as it is."

"So be it!" said Albert. "Speak to her, for sure I am that she will tell you what you wish to know. I will now begone, that I may not stand in the way of a speedy decision."

"I must request your presence for one moment more," said Reinhard. "Whatever may be the result of Eva's explanation, I hope and feel that we two shall have had our last

interview. This being so, something remains for me to do. I have to restore to you a part of your inheritance which chanced a year ago"—he laid a strong emphasis on the last words—"to fall into my hands, and which I have been keeping carefully to be sooner or later returned to you."

He went to his writing-table, opened a drawer, and took out a paper parcel which, when unfolded, disclosed a white glove such as is worn by officers of the navy. He presented it to Albert and drew his attention to the initials *A. v. W.*, which were worked on it. "I found it in your uncle's office as I hurried to his sick bed, and picked it up to prevent its being seen by less discreet eyes."

A spasm passed over Albert's face, and a glance shot from his eye like that of the tiger when about to spring upon its prey. But with the swiftness of lightning it was gone, and his face was as calm as his voice when he answered: "I thank you for having so conscientiously preserved so insignificant an object; and though I attach no value to it, I shall know how to return your kindness."

He bowed with the self-possession of a man of the world, and left the room. The Doctor watched his retreating figure with darkening brow, and said in a bitter tone. "So he is not to be conquered in this way, He has picked up the glove. So be it—the struggle has commenced."

He went to Eva.

After Albert's departure Eva had remained in an agony of mind. What would be the end of all this? What would become of her? What had become of the happiness that had been hers an hour ago? All seemed like a dream. She almost wished for death to release her. But amidst all her pain she was happy in the thought that Albert loved her. Whether she loved him she did not distinctly know. She did not dare to question herself closely; for to marry Doctor Reinhard appeared to her a sacred duty which must be performed. But then she pitied Albert so much, unhappy as he was

on her account, and she would have given her life cheerfully to restore his peace of mind. And in this mood she was to meet Dr. Reinhard, who came to claim her as his bride. Trembling with anxiety she awaited his coming, and shook with fear when she heard his step. The door opened, and his commanding form was on the threshold. "Eva, I have received your letter, and I have also spoken with your cousin Albert. Say that all he has told me is untrue!" His voice was firm at the commencement, but grew tender and mournful as he uttered the last words, every accent of which sank deep into her heart.

"O, Dr. Reinhard, I did not know it when I wrote to you."

"Know what, Eva," he said tenderly.

"That Albert loved me—that he could not live without me."

"And you, Eva, what did you say to him. Answer me as you would answer God on the last day! Did you tell him that his love was returned?"

"No, no, Dr. Reinhard, I only mourned that I could not help him."

He breathed more freely and said, "God stood by you, Eva, in the hour of temptation. He will help me to sustain you with true love. The sorrow you now feel will disappear, and then you will forget your cousin."

She looked at him with astonishment.

"Forget! That is impossible, Doctor."

"And how will you think of him?"

"With numberless tears—with prayers that God may bless him, even if it should cost my happiness and life."

"Eva, you love him," the Doctor said in despair.

She drew her hand across her forehead and said:

"May God and you forgive me, for I believe that it is love."

"Unhappy girl, you do not know the man you love," exclaimed the Doctor in agony.

"Dr. Reinhard!" was Eva's only exclamation as she laid her hand upon her heart.

"Think of your father," he cried, "and ask yourself whether he would approve your choice. I, as his oldest and most confidential friend, believe that he never would have sanctioned this match."

"As for him," said Eva, "if I did not myself know that he regarded Albert as his only son, the respect and sorrow with which Albert speaks of my father would be enough."

"Perhaps such was their relation once; but during Albert's last visit you were absent. You told me yourself that he did not leave a favourable impression upon you. Perhaps it may have been the same with your father."

She almost smiled, so certain did she feel, as she replied, "My father had an affection for him which, as he himself said, amounted to a weakness. I have often read, and re-read," she continued blushing—"the letter in which he speaks of it, and says how his honest and generous heart appears in spite of all his mad pranks. O, my father knew him better than one who can speak ill of him, though I even trusted his opinion more than that of my deceased parent."

"How do you know that your father did not change his opinion?"

"The letter was written on the very day on which he was taken ill," Eva said abruptly, as if she wished to stop any further questions.

"Hours, a whole day, intervened," he said sternly. "A moment will bring to light the character of a man in whom we have been deceived for years."

Her face grew crimson, and she looked at Dr. Reinhard indignantly. "Dr. Reinhard," she said, "you know not how much you grieve me. You show yourself in a new light, and one of which I had not thought you capable. I deemed you a gentleman and a noble-minded man."

He turned away and struggled to obtain

control over himself; then came up to her, took her hand and said, "Eva, I must resign you, but let me have the comfort of knowing that you have not thrown yourself away. I cannot, I dare not say any more, but let me beg you once again to heed my words."

"Dr. Reinhard," she said proudly, "I will pardon what you say on account of the pain I cause you, and also for this reason," she continued kindling with enthusiasm, "because you have been the means of showing me how much I love Albert. I did not know it an hour ago. And now I tell you that if Albert had committed a dreadful crime, if all the world was against him, I would be his; for my heart says his I am and his I must be."

"You know not what you say. This cannot be," said the Doctor passionately.

"It is and shall be," she firmly replied.

"Then we go different ways," he replied sorrowfully, "I have nothing more to say."

"I have something to say to you. Be to me what you once were—my friend."

She offered him both her hands, but he turned away and a stern expression gathered round his mouth as he said, "I am not capable of half-way feelings. I should not like to interfere with others; therefore it is better that we should be strangers to each other henceforth."

"You are angry with me," she said sorrowfully.

She was silent for a few moments. Then he said, "I am far more angry with myself for thinking that a beautiful young creature like you could love an old man like me. Now I have suffered for my presumption, and will try to forget."

She grasped his hand, which was not withdrawn, and felt that it was as cold as ice between her burning fingers. The next moment Eva was alone. She gave vent to her feelings by tears, more grieved at the loss of her friend than happy that she was free.

A little while after the departure of the



Doctor, Albert entered, and asked anxiously "Is my fate decided?"

She threw herself into his arms. "Yes, Albert, I gave up everything to become yours."

Tears ran down his cheeks as he pressed her closer to his heart and said, with trembling voice, "May Heaven's curse be upon me if I do not love and cherish you through life."

### CHAPTER III.

SOON after their marriage the young pair had removed to a sea-port, whither Albert had been called by his profession. Eva was glad to leave the old place, it was connected with such painful reminiscences. Nor was Albert sorry to depart. By his marriage with Eva he had fulfilled his mother's dearest desire, and, as she did not wish to be separated from her children, she had followed them to their new home. Death soon took her from them, but she died believing that they were and would be happy. She had not even a suspicion of what had passed between Doctor Reinhard and Eva.

Whether Albert kept the oath he had sworn through their wedded life—who can tell?

If you saw the tenderness he showed her, how devoted he was to her, how constant the attention he paid to her, you would not doubt that he loved her as well as he did on the day when he pleaded for her hand. But if you looked more closely you would doubt whether they were really happy. The childlike expression of Eva's face had long since vanished, and been replaced by one almost mournful. It is true that her lips never betrayed the feelings of her heart. She never complained of her husband, but she could not help owning to herself that she had not succeeded in moderating Albert's moody nature and making it harmonize with her own. If she had ever confidently hoped

that her love for him, and his for her was strong enough to banish the dark humours which at times took possession of him, she had now to acknowledge to herself that it was too weak to vanquish the demon in his breast, and that it was out of her power to exercise a constant influence over him.

By slow degrees she had given up these hopes. In the moments when he seemed to surrender his whole being to her, she regained courage and sought again to influence him; but at length the instruments she used grew weaker and weaker.

Her looks never betrayed this, and the world regarded Albert as the happy husband of a beautiful and accomplished wife; while Eva was envied the possession of him, for everybody liked Albert, with his pleasant manners, his politeness, his amiability, his good looks. In the most aristocratic circles of the city the young pair were to be seen: their popularity was universal. Eva would have preferred a quiet life, but Albert liked company, and she cheerfully accompanied him to the various places of amusement.

One day Albert and Eva entertained a brilliant party, composed chiefly of naval officers and their families. That day Albert was in particularly good spirits, and Eva saw with pleasure that he had laid aside his usual gloom and was making himself agreeable and even fascinating. He was standing in the midst of a group of officers and her ear and heart were cheered by his merry laugh, which again and again rang out.

At this moment another naval officer, one whom she had never seen before, entered and addressed Count Wallberg.

"Wallberg, give me a welcome," as he offered him his hand.

In an instant the gaiety vanished from Albert's face, which became very pale. However, he soon recovered himself, and she heard him ask: "Must I believe in ghosts? Where did you come from, Rosen?"

"Direct from Japan," he replied, and after

He had saluted the other gentlemen, continued "I asked for leave of absence and got it, for family affairs required my immediate return, and while the *Arctusa* is still stationed for a year off the coast of Japan, I landed here this morning."

For a time the conversation was general, and the subject appeared to be the expedition, but after a few minutes Eva remarked that Rosen laid his hand on Albert's shoulder and said "I hear, old fellow, that you have married, and that your wife is in this room; so please give me an introduction to her."

It seemed to Eva that Albert did not much like this proposal, for his brow darkened, and the frown which had caused her so much anxiety reappeared upon his face as he introduced his friend, Captain Rosen.

Rosen did not heed his humor, and after the usual compliments he seated himself beside Eva and commenced conversing with her in so free a way that Albert attributed his manner to his having taken a more than ordinary quantity of wine. He tried in different ways to draw him off, but Rosen would not be persuaded to follow him; he was too agreeably placed. Soon he began to joke about Albert's expression of face. "Look, my lady," he said to Eva, "what a sardonic look he can put on now; yet I can tell you that two years ago he was the gayest bird amongst us. He, too, has had his day of pranks and follies. Do you remember the gay nights we spent at the card table, Wallberg? Aha, you need not stare at me so angrily. These peccadilloes, of which I am peaching, are all past and forgiven. I hear that since your marriage you have been very religious, and never touch cards or dice. But, parbleu, in old times did we not outwit the straitlaced old Admiral?"

"Rosen, you forget that my wife hears us," Albert said, scarcely able to speak.

"Pooh, your lovely wife does not look as if she were given to curtain lectures. I will

wager that she will pardon you for your black eyes, as many a lady has done."

"Rosen, let these remembrances drop till we two are alone."

"Why let them drop, Wallberg, since they come to my mind at this moment? Why should I not dwell on them, and thank you for having saved the honour of both of us at that time. A rich uncle and guardian is a very useful personage when one knows how to manage him skilfully."

Albert had grown pale as death and his eyes glared fiercely.

"Rosen," he said, "I forbid you to speak of such things. Do you hear, "I forbid you."

These words served to recall Rosen to his senses. He sprang up, gave a glance at Eva, who was as white as snow, and whispered to her husband, "I will say no more now, on account of your wife, but we shall meet again"—and immediately made his exit through a side door. Fortunately no one had witnessed the scene, for the dancing in the next room had attracted the company thither. Only afterwards some one noticed that Albert leaned over his wife, and that she at once took his arm and was led out of the room. He told some of the guests that it was the heat of the room which affected his wife, and that she would have to rest for a few moments. And in truth, the fright had so wrought upon her that she was suffering greatly, and did not feel relief till she had reached the quiet of her room. Albert paid her all the attention of which his nature was capable. "Poor little birdie," he said, as he pressed her head close to his breast, "did the man's coarseness frighten you? Let your head rest here till you are well again."

But how was she to quiet her heart, that beat so violently? "What was it, Albert, what does it all mean?" she at length summoned courage to ask.

"What unheard of folly in Rosen," he replied, "to be recalling a by-gone time and

old pranks. For is it not true, Eva, that all—*all* my sins are forgiven?”

“All!” replied Eva, and she twined her arms around his neck, “even though they were ten times as numerous as that man would make one think.”

He kissed her tenderly, called her by a thousand loving names, and at length succeeded in making her forget the principal cause of her grief. Only her weary frame showed the trace of what had passed, and following Albert's advice, she retired to her bedroom to try and sleep, that she might banish all vestige of the conversation from her memory. He accompanied her to her bedroom, pressed her once more to his heart, kissed her beautiful hair and eyes over and over again, with an affection of which Eva had not thought him capable. As soon as she had retired to rest Albert left the house. But she was soon folded in sleep, and realities and imaginings were alike forgotten.

She slept later than usual the next morning, and did not wake till the servant rushed in crying, “My lady, get up: something has happened.”

“In the name of Heaven what has happened? Where is my husband?”

“He is sick—I believe wounded,” stammered the servant.

Eva shrieked, and a flood of questions poured from her lips, which the bewildered servant could neither comprehend nor answer.

“I will come,” she said at length, and hastily putting on her clothes, was on the point of leaving the room when the family physician, Dr. H., was announced. “What has happened?” she asked as he entered. The Doctor closed the door, and said in a gentle voice:

“Collect yourself, that you may be able to bear what I must tell you.”

“Albert—my husband?” she stammered.

“He has had a meeting with a brother

officer, and has received a wound from a pistol bullet.”

She trembled, but that was all. “Is it dangerous?” she asked.

“Yes, my lady.”

“Any hope?”

The physician shrugged his shoulders.

“By God's help every thing is possible.”

She shook so violently that he was obliged to support her with his arm. After a few seconds she said, firmly, “Lead me to him.”

When she saw before her the figure of her husband, pale and motionless, swathed in white bandages, she fell senseless upon his bed. He feebly smiled, laid his hand upon her head, and said in a weak voice, “Poor child, I am dying.” The wild shriek which she gave alarmed the physician, who begged her to spare the patient any needless pain. The dying man only shook his head and grasped her hand tightly. “Do not leave me for a moment.”

She could not answer, but leaned over him and kissed his forehead, mouth and hands. At length she rose and asked the physician whether she could do anything for him. “Nothing,” replied the physician, “only remain quiet.”

And quietly she remained by him for long long hours—dreadful hours—during which he was motionless, and seemed to sleep. It would have been difficult to say which of the two appeared the more lifeless. At length he grew restless, and his features were convulsed as if in agony. He opened his eyes and gazed long on the face of his beloved, then whispered, “Let us be alone, Eva, entirely alone. Do you understand me?”

She motioned to the servants to leave the room. The physician had already left, saying as he went that for the moment his help was useless, and he would soon return. She leant over him tenderly, and asked whether he had anything to communicate to her.

“I have to confess, for before death comes confession, Eva; and it is a sore one,” he added with a sigh.

"Confide in God," she pleaded, trembling.

"No, no, Eva, you must hear it. Rosen can rest content with the part he knew, but you must know all."

"Let it alone, Albert; spare me."

"Spare you!" he exclaimed with an unearthly laugh. "Do you think that because the flame is unseen it burns less fiercely. No, let me speak. You have heard that we played, drank, gambled, and at last lost every thing, and should have been cashiered, for we owed ten thousand dollars, and the scoundrel in whose debt we were threatened us with imprisonment. Rosen came to see me. I was then on a visit to my mother. We were both desperate, and I vowed that I would help both of us. My twenty-first birthday was near, and I should receive my inheritance of thirty thousand dollars, of which my uncle was trustee. I demanded the sum of my uncle; he refused to give it me. I insisted; he remained firm. Perhaps he did not believe that I needed it so much; perhaps he could not really help me. But I thought he was rich, and knew that as a Crown official he had just received ten thousand dollars—a sum sufficient to save me. My importunity enraged him. He called it dishonesty, and said that he had to hand the money over to the authorities the next morning, and that he could not tarnish his honour. I was beside myself—mad. I resolved on a desperate course. My leave had expired, the next day I was to be on board, and during the night—but give me water, the words which I am uttering burn my lips."

With trembling hands she brought him the refreshing drink, thinking with bitterness upon what he was going to reveal.

"During the night," Albert continued, as soon as he recovered from the exhaustion caused by his disclosures, "we returned once more. I knew where the safe stood in which the money was kept, and only a slight pressure of the hand was needed to open it."

"Albert," cried Eva! "in Heaven's name, you did not do it?"

"I did worse: I took the money. Do you hear. I appropriated it, and gave it to Rosen, and we redeemed our lost honour. Our lost honour, that would be so redeemed! Why do you stare at me, Eva, have you never seen a man who has committed theft? Now attend to my words. I did not know that the attack had been brought on the old gentleman by his having been robbed, and hearing who had robbed him. But Dr. Reinhard was in possession of the secret, and for this I hated him through life, and hate him now upon my deathbed. But I loved my uncle, though I was the chief cause of his death. I loved him as a bad son does his father. I intended to confess all to him, and to beg him to make up the loss out of my inheritance, but his death prevented me. O, I could weep now for him as you do, if the tears had not dried in my eyes since I became a scoundrel. Eva, do you think that I shall ever weep again?"

"O, yes, Albert, our Father in Heaven will pardon you, and relieve you of the burden of your sins."

"Do you think so, Eva? I, too, for a while hoped for forgiveness, and thought it would come through you, and that for that reason you must needs be mine. I had robbed you of all worldly joys, killed your father indirectly, ruined myself, but you must be happy, and no other being but myself should watch over your happiness. Once when you were a child I had laughed at you for loving me. All these things rose before my mind, and I swore that you should be my wife."

"And was it for this," poor Eva said to herself, "that I became his wife; was it for this that I broke my faith to Doctor Reinhard? O, Albert, was it then not because you loved me?" she asked.

The invalid was silent for a moment. The colour in his face heightened, and his thoughts seemed to be wandering.

"Love," he whispered, "how fondly I

loved her, with her tresses of jet-black hair and dark eyes! More beautiful than you, Eva, almost. But what was Emmy Waldow to me if I could win you, Eva?"

"May God forsake me not," murmured the unhappy woman.

"All is over now," he said, wandering in mind, as he moved his head restlessly about, "and Eva is gone; but when she returns tell her that she has been my guardian angel, my good spirit; that she saved my soul from perdition."

"Albert," she cried, "these words save me from despair."

He opened his eyes for the last time, looked at her tenderly and stammered "Forgive me, Eva, and pray for me."

"Father in Heaven, have mercy upon us!"

When the physician returned to look after his patient, he found Eva lying over his corpse in a swoon.

#### CHAPTER IV.

**I**N the city deep sympathy was felt for the young widow, whom the death of her husband had brought so near the grave. Grief had laid her upon a sick bed, where she hung for weeks between life and death; and when she rose from it, months had elapsed since the death of Albert. When she came again into the world, she was pale, quiet and reserved, shunned speaking about her deceased husband, and showed a great desire to leave the city, so much so that she became impatient at the physician's delay in allowing her to depart. At length she told him she could wait no longer, and intended to start next morning.

Dr. Reinhard was sitting in his study, surrounded with books and papers, when it was announced that a lady wished to speak with him. He was not at all surprised, for it was not uncommon for ladies of rank to visit the busy physician in his office, in

order to obtain his advice more quickly. He thought it was a visit of this description. But when the lady who had been announced entered, dressed entirely in black, and removed the veil from her face, he started back, and the pen dropped from his ear as he recognized her. "Eva—Madame de Wallberg!" he exclaimed, half aloud.

Her eyes, which in her now worn and pale face seemed larger than ever, looked at him piteously as she said, "Reinhard, do not be angry with me. I have a painful duty to perform, and this it is which brings me to you."

Meantime Dr. Reinhard had reseated himself. "I have heard," he said, with feeling, "of your loss."

"I have much to bear, and perhaps I may never be free from sorrow. If you have any sympathy for me, permit me to explain clearly what you will understand when I have finished."

"But why speak of anything that is painful to you? If it is connected with the past, I give you my word that I have looked upon it as if it had never been."

She shook her head. "There is a dark spot upon his memory. Dr. Reinhard, you know a dreadful secret. As the inheritor of that secret I have taken a debt upon myself."

"I really do not understand you, Eva," the Doctor replied, greatly agitated.

She was silent for a moment, and then said, "Did I not once tell you that I had pondered a long time over my father's words, and that they were a great mystery to me. At that time you would not tell me their meaning. Afterwards I learned the secrets, and I now know why he called you the preserver of his honour. I know that he was brought to the brink of ruin by the loss of some money."

"No living being could have told you that," exclaimed Doctor Reinhard in astonishment.

"Be silent, Reinhard, and do not force

me to reveal how I learned the sad story. I only say to you, let us allow the dead to rest in peace. Sorrow has bowed my heart, but it has made my insight keener. When I had examined my father's papers, I discovered that he could not have refunded the money, and then I knew who had assisted him. I now return the amount to you with many thanks," she said, as she placed a bundle of bank notes on the table.

"It is out of the question, Eva. I cannot accept the money."

"You ought not to hesitate, Dr. Reinhard. I appeal to you as the daughter of my father, and as the widow of Albert."

He thought for a moment. "I cannot accept the money, yet it would be unfeeling to refuse it. In this city there is an institution for widows and orphans. What say you to giving the money to this institution as a bequest from your father?"

Eva, unable to speak, bowed acquiescence. Both needed a moment to collect themselves. Eva then added "My mission is fulfilled," and bowed adieu.

The words of farewell were on his lips when he suddenly grasped her hand and said, "Eva, you once asked me to be your friend. At that time I could not. But now I beg you to let me be your friend as of old."

"As of old!" she repeated, and smiled sadly. "Reinhard, I thank you."

## CHAPTER VII.

A YEAR and a half had passed since Albert's death, but the interval had not sufficed to remove the traces of suffering from Eva's face. Nor had her spirits recovered from her loss. At the same time her health grew worse. Of the gay nature of her girlhood there now remained not a trace, and those who had known Eva then would not have recognized her now.

Still she was beautiful, and no one could look upon her face without feeling an interest in her. The people of the town where she now lived knew nothing of her history. She had removed to the town because she had some relatives living in the neighbourhood. Eva had never seen them, but they were the nearest relatives she had remaining, and she needed some one to comfort her. She was not disappointed, for when she had been with them a short time she began to feel that she was not entirely alone in the world.

The thought that she was giving pleasure to others gave her pleasure also, and prevented her from asking herself what was the use of living. Dr. W. proposed to her a few months at a watering-place. At first she smiled and said "Where is the use of it: I have no bodily ailment, and for the source of my sufferings there is no healing spring." Nevertheless she took his advice, and was now at P. The day after her arrival she was awaiting a visit from the physician of the springs, whom Dr. W. had particularly commended as a very able member of the profession. Dr. W. had not mentioned his name. It was with surprise, therefore, that she cried, as he entered the room, "Reinhard, are you here?"

He came up to her and said, in a cordial tone, "I am very glad, Eva, that you did not know you would meet me here as physician of the springs."

"No, I did not," she said bashfully.

He looked at her for some moments in silence. "Dr. W. has written to me. Will you be willing to put yourself under my care?"

She looked at him sadly. "I am not ill, but only weary."

Again he scanned her, and then said, "When we are in health life does not permit us to be weary. Take the advice of your physician," he continued in a lively tone, "you must float more with the stream.

Have you any friends or acquaintances at this place?"

Eva shook her head. "I am quite alone."

"Then allow me to introduce you to a friend, though perhaps an introduction will hardly be necessary, for the lady of whom I speak is from the same town as yourself. Do you know Mrs. General Kerstein?"

Eva shuddered involuntarily, for she knew it was the name of Emily Waldow by marriage. "Slightly; she is many years older than I am, and was reckoned a young lady when I was a child. Afterwards we lost sight of each other, and I only know that she has been very unfortunate."

"You have also heard of the unhappy marriage that she made. I know not what can have induced her to give her hand to that rich, tyrannical old general, but she paid dearly for it, and she was worthy of a better lot. I am convinced of it now that I know her well."

Eva did not attempt to answer. Her own remembrances were too bitter.

Luckily the Doctor did not remark her silence. He took leave, having many invalids to visit during the morning.

When he was gone, Eva sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands, while her whole body trembled. The sight of Dr. Reinhard had disturbed her more than she could have thought possible; and now she was also to meet that Emily Waldow whose name had been on Albert's dying lips. Every word the Doctor had uttered about her had pierced Eva's heart like an arrow. She knew why Emily Waldow had united herself to a man whom she did not love. That better lot of which Dr. Reinhard spoke she could have found at Albert's side. Her thoughts wandered till she imagined herself guilty of the acts of her husband, and deeming it her duty to see the wronged one, took her cloak to go out. She reached the door, when shame and bashfulness overcame her, and she was on the point of returning. But she encouraged herself by repeating Rein-

hard's saying: "Life does not permit us to be weary."

Reinhard was waiting for her upon the promenade. He led her to a stately woman and introduced her as the Countess of Wallberg. Eva saw the bright eyes and the dark tresses of which Albert had spoken, and at the same time an icy chill came over her heart at the look of hatred which their beautiful owner gave her.

"I know Countess Wallberg much better than you think," said Madame Kerstein, "and I thought an introduction unnecessary."

Eva replied gently, "You knew me only as an inexperienced girl. May a woman who has passed through the school of sorrow hope to share your friendship?"

Involuntarily Madame Kerstein's look grew milder, and there was a certain tenderness in her tone as she replied:

"I did not hear without deep sympathy that you also had learned what it is to suffer. But who does not?" she added in a bitter tone.

Reinhard, who did not like the turn which the conversation had taken, now tried to change it, which he succeeded in doing. Madame Kerstein and he then carried on some light talk, Eva standing pensively by, and only throwing in a word now and then to show her friendly feeling. Something in her manner must have affected Madame Kerstein, for in taking leave there was less coldness in her tone; she even expressed the hope that she should have the pleasure of seeing Eva again soon.

Whether Eva desired it or not, whether she liked it or not, she thought it her duty to cultivate the acquaintance, as she had convinced herself that Dr. Reinhard took a great interest in the lovely woman, who showed no aversion to him.

Eva was an eye-witness of their daily intercourse, and she often saw his eye brighten when he spoke to her, and her proud features grow soft and gentle when she conversed with

him. Strange thoughts arose within her at these moments. At times she rejoiced that this noble man was to be made happy at last; but then she could not think that it would be by Madame Kerstein. She resolved however to love her for Reinhard's sake. During a *tête-à-tête* between the two ladies, the conversation turned upon Dr. Reinhard, and Madame Kerstein allowed it to appear how highly she esteemed him. "He is my ideal of a gentleman, severe and honourable—severe alike with himself and others. He is not the man to overlook an injury." Eva sank humbled before the woman who had no forgiveness to ask.

The benefits which Eva's friends hoped she would receive from the baths were not yet apparent. Reinhard saw her daily. For moments she was cheered by the happiness which shone more and more in his eyes, but it was very difficult for her to follow his medical advice. He had made her promise to go to a romantic spot in the neighbourhood where a large party was to assemble. At first she declined, but when he added that she would find there Madame Kerstein, who looked forward to the pleasure of meeting her, and said how glad he was to observe their growing friendship, Eva timidly observed that she desired to be Madame Kerstein's friend. "Believe me, she is worthy of your friendship," the Doctor replied warmly, "under an appearance of coldness she has a warm and generous heart. I spoke to her this morning at the Springs, and if my hopes are not deceived, a long desired wish of mine will be fulfilled. But more of that hereafter." This was the first time that Dr. Reinhard had so openly expressed his feelings for the proud beauty.

When Eva was left alone she felt pleased that the Doctor should place so much confidence in her. The next day, in the afternoon, when she reached the Hermitage, she found there a brilliant circle, apparently in a great state of excitement. "Have you heard the news?" asked a lady friend—

"the engagement of Mrs. General Kerstein?" Eva trembled in spite of herself. She did not expect the news so soon.

"Oh! you are not surprised," continued the lady. "Then you are already in the secret. Can you tell us about the bridegroom? There are different opinions as to what he is."

"He is a Polish Count"—"No, a Russian statesman"—resounded on all sides. Before Eva could recover from her surprise the circle opened to admit a couple who had approached unperceived, but upon whom all eyes were now turned. They were Mrs. General Kerstein and a tall and distinguished looking man whom she introduced to the company as the President Hollbach, her future husband. Eva was so taken by surprise that she could not unite with the rest in congratulations. She could think only of the deadly blow which this engagement would give Reinhard, and the force of which she wished to break if only for a moment. She wanted his wound not to be seen by all the party; she felt that his pride could not endure it. Unobserved by the company she slipped away and went in the direction from which she knew he must come. In a few minutes he appeared, and was surprised at the sight of Eva, in whose pale and troubled face he read no good tidings for himself.

"Has anything happened to you, Eva?"

"I am only grieved for you, Reinhard," she replied, scarce able to articulate. "I would give my life to save you from what awaits you." She gazed on him with a look of sorrow.

"In the name of Heaven what has happened, Eva?"

Before she could answer, some of the party arrived and told him the interesting news.

An expression of joy came over his face. "God be praised, my hopes are realized." He approached the engaged couple.

Eva could not catch Reinhard's eye. She



was sure that she had fallen into error, for she had heard it from his own lips, and it was mortifying to know that she had too openly showed him her thoughts. She wished to be alone, and bent her steps toward a spot at some distance, where she was not likely to be intruded upon. But to be alone was not her destiny. A few moments had passed when the bushes were moved aside, and Reinhard stood before her. Her eye quailed before his as she prayed in a low voice to be forgiven.

"For what do you ask forgiveness, Eva? For frightening me for a moment to give me a pleasant surprise the next. I repeat to you that it was with delight that I saw their engagement. I have long desired it, knowing my friend Hollbach's affection for her. He came by the twelve o'clock train to-day to receive her answer, and as I was many miles away from town I did not hear the news until this hour."

Eva breathed more freely, but remained silent. He seated himself beside her, took her hand, and said, "Do you know so little about hearts as to think that I was in love with Madame Kerstein?"

"O Reinhard," she replied in painful embarrassment, "I had only one thought—to see you happy."

"I know it," he said earnestly, "but you looked for my happiness in a direction whence it could never come."

His tone made her rise and try to withdraw her hand from his.

"Once I dreamed that I should be able to call a pure little being mine," he continued, "but I had to own to myself, with bitter sorrow, that I was mistaken. Then I withdrew, and resolved never again to attempt to grasp objects so fickle and fleeting. I swore never again to put faith in woman's word and love. But to your image Eva, I have always been true. Friendly voices whispered to me that I might now try with some chance of success. But I said to myself, she will not believe me, and therefore I resolved to remain no more or less than your friend. But, Eva, it is otherwise now. And now I ask you for the second time to be my wife."

His voice trembled as he said this, and hers still more as she replied. "Is it possible, Reinhard, that you can love me in spite of all my faults?"

"I love you, Eva, as I loved you years ago, as I have loved you through pain and sorrow, only more deeply."

She lay upon his breast, enfolded in his arms.

"My God, can this be true? After so much misery can there be such happiness?" exclaimed Eva.

Reinhard drew her to himself and said, "I thank God, Eva, for so much misery, if it were only for the happiness of this hour."

TRANSLATION OF THE HYMN OF THE THREE ARCHANGELS, AT THE  
OPENING OF "FAUST."

## RAPHAEL.

THE Sun makes music as of old  
Amidst the ringing brother spheres,  
And, round his destined orbit rolled,  
Measures with thunder tread the years.  
New strength fills Angels as they gaze,  
Though none the mystery's depth may scan ;  
Creation's marvels, passing praise,  
Are glorious as when time began.

## GABRIEL.

And onwards, ever onwards, flies  
Fair earth with swiftmess baffling sight ;  
Now bright with beams of Paradise,  
Now plunged in awful shades of night.  
The sea's broad waves in foam are hurled  
Against the cliff's deep-sunken base,  
And sea and cliff, together whirled,  
Rush on in ceaseless planet-race.

## MICHAEL.

From land to sea, from sea to land,  
Blast answering blast, the tempests sweep,  
And ever seething, weave a band  
Around the world of ferment deep ;  
Before the thunderbolt's career  
The lightnings of destruction play,  
Yet all Thy servants, Lord, revere  
The gentle wending of Thy day.

## THE THREE

New strength fills angels as they gaze,  
Though none Thy being's depth may scan ;  
The mighty works that speak Thy praise  
Are glorious as when time began.

THE PRESENT ASPECT OF INQUIRIES AS TO THE INTRODUCTION  
OF GENERA AND SPECIES IN GEOLOGICAL TIME.

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*From an (unpublished) Address before the Natural History Society of Montreal.*

THERE can be no doubt that the theory of evolution, more especially that phase of it which is advocated by Darwin, has greatly extended its influence, especially among young English and American naturalists, within the few past years. We now constantly see reference made to these theories, as if they were established principles, applicable without question to the explanation of observed facts, while classifications notoriously based on these views, and in themselves untrue to nature, have gained currency in popular articles and even in text-books. In this way young people are being trained to be evolutionists without being aware of it, and will come to regard nature wholly through this medium. So strong is this tendency, more especially in England, that there is reason to fear that natural history will be prostituted to the service of a shallow philosophy, and that our old Baconian mode of viewing nature will be quite reversed, so that instead of studying facts in order to arrive at general principles, we shall return to the mediæval plan of setting up dogmas based on authority only, or on metaphysical considerations of the most flimsy character, and forcibly twisting nature into conformity with their requirements. Thus "advanced" views in science lend themselves to the destruction of science and to a return to semi-barbarism.

In these circumstances the only resource of the true naturalist is an appeal to the careful study of groups of animals and plants in their succession in geological time. I

have myself endeavoured to apply this test in my recent report on the Devonian and Silurian flora of Canada, and have shown that the succession of Devonian and Carboniferous plants does not seem explicable on the theory of derivation. Still more recently, in a memoir on the Post-pliocene deposits of Canada, now in course of publication in the *Canadian Naturalist*, I have, by a close and detailed comparison of the numerous species of shells found embedded in our clays and gravels, with those living in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and on the coasts of Labrador and Greenland, shown that it is impossible to suppose that any changes of the nature of evolution were in progress; but on the contrary, that all these species have remained the same, even in their varietal forms, from the Post-pliocene period until now. Thus the inference is, that these species must have been introduced in some abrupt manner, and that their variations have been within narrow limits and not progressive. This is the more remarkable, since great changes of level and of climate have occurred, and many species have been obliged to change their geographical distribution, but have not been forced to vary more widely than in the Post-pliocene period itself.

Facts of this kind will attract little attention in comparison with the bold and attractive speculations of men who can launch their opinions from the vantage ground of London journals; but their gradual accumulation must some day sweep away the fabric

of evolution, and restore our English science to the domain of common sense and sound induction. Fortunately also, there are workers in this field beyond the limits of the English-speaking world. As an eminent example, we may refer to Joachim Barrande, the illustrious palæontologist of Bohemia, and the greatest authority on the wonderful fauna of his own primordial rocks. In his recent memoir on those ancient and curious crustaceans, the Trilobites,\* he deals a most damaging blow at the theory of evolution, showing conclusively that no such progressive development is reconcileable with the facts presented by the primordial fauna. The Trilobites are very well adapted to such an investigation. They constitute a well marked group of animals trenchantly separated from all others. They extend through the whole enormous length of the Palæozoic period, and are represented by numerous genera and species. They ceased altogether at an early period of the earth's geological history, so that their account with nature has been closed, and we are in a condition to sum it up and strike the balance of profit and loss. Barrande, in an elaborate essay of 282 pages, brings to bear on the history of these creatures his whole vast stores of information, in a manner most conclusive in its refutation of theories of progressive development.

It would be impossible here to give an adequate summary of his facts and reasoning. A mere example must suffice. In the earlier part of the memoir, he takes up the modification of the head, the thorax, and the pygidium or tail-piece of the Trilobites, in geological time, showing that numerous and remarkable as these modifications are, in structure, in form, and in ornamentation, no law of development can be traced in them. For example, in the number of segments or joints of the thorax, we find some Trilobites

with only one to four segments, others with as many as fourteen to twenty-six, while a great many species have medium or intervening numbers. Now, in the early primordial fauna, the prevalent Trilobites are at the extremes, some with very few segments, as *Agnostus*, others with very many, as *Paradoxides*. The genera with the medium segments are more characteristic of the later faunas. There is thus no progression. If the evolutionist holds that the few-jointed forms are embryonic, or more like to the young of the others, then, on his theory, they should have precedence, but they are contemporary with forms having the greatest number of joints, and Barrande shows that these last cannot be held to be less perfect than those with the medium numbers. Further, as Barrande well shows, on the principle of survival of the fittest, the species with the medium number of joints are best fitted for the struggle of existence. But in that case the primordial Trilobites made a great mistake in passing at once from the few to the many segmented stage, or *vice versa*, and omitting the really profitable condition which lay between. In subsequent times they were thus obliged to undergo a retrograde evolution, in order to repair the error caused by the want of foresight, or precipitation of their earlier days. But like other cases of late repentance, theirs seems not to have quite repaired the evils incurred; for it was after they had fully attained the golden mean that they failed in the struggle, and finally became extinct. "Thus the infallibility which these theories attribute to all the acts of matter organizing itself, is gravely compromised," and this attribute would appear not to reside in the trilobed tail, any more than, according to some, in the triple crown.

In the same manner the palæontologist of Bohemia passes in review all the parts of the Trilobites, the succession of their species and genera in time, the parallel between them and the Cephalopods, and the relation of all this to the primordial fauna gen-

\* Published in advance of the Supplement to Vol. 1st of the Silurian System of Bohemia.

erally. Everywhere he meets with the same result; namely, that the appearance of new forms is sudden and unaccountable, and that there is no indication of a regular progression by derivation. He closes with the following somewhat satirical comparison, of which I give a free translation. "In the case of the planet Neptune, it appears that the theory of astronomy was wonderfully borne out by the actual facts as observed. This theory therefore is in harmony with the reality. On the contrary, we have seen that observation flatly contradicts all the indications of the theories of derivation, with reference to the composition and first phases of the primordial fauna. In truth, the special study of each of the zoological elements of that fauna has shown that the anticipations of the theory are in complete discordance with the observed facts. These discordances are

so complete, and so marked, that it almost seems as if they had been contrived on purpose to contradict all that these theories teach of the first appearance and primitive evolution of the forms of animal life."

This testimony is the more valuable, inasmuch as the annulose animals generally, and the Trilobites in particular, have recently been a favourite field for the speculations of our English evolutionists. The usual *argumentum ad ignorantiam* deduced from the imperfection of the geological record, will not avail against the facts cited by Barrande, unless it could be proved that we know the Trilobites only in the last stages of their decadence, and that they existed as long before the Primordial, as that is before the Permian. Even this supposition, extravagant as it appears, would by no means remove all the difficulties.

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### THE INDIAN'S GRAVE.

BY DODISHOT.

**T**'IS only a little mound in the midst of the deep, dark grove,  
 Where the green leaves mournfully rustle and shake as they drearily wave  
 With the breath of each passing breeze, as if weeping for one that they love;  
 But 'tis only the sod that covers a warrior Indian's grave

And the streamlet ripples along as softly as ever it did,  
 And the great tall pines look down on the clear lucid waters that lave,  
 With wavelets so tenderly soft, the dark, gloomy grove where is hid  
 The sad little mound of green turf that forms the poor Indian's grave.

And the elk and the antelope fleet come down to the water to drink,  
 And the fallow deer quaff undisturbed, and e'en the most timid are brave;  
 For nought but the forest is near, and they start not although on the brink  
 Of the last resting-place of their foe, who sleeps in the Indian's grave.

But the Chippewa brave sleeps on—and no more his war-cry is heard;  
 For he silently lies 'neath the shade, in the last narrow home that they gave;  
 And the rippling of waves o'er the stones, and the song of the free, joyous bird,  
 And the sigh of the wind through the trees, sound sad by the Indian's grave.

## ALFREDUS REX FUNDATOR.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

A FEW weeks ago an Oxford College celebrated the thousandth anniversary of its foundation by King Alfred.

The College which claims this honour is commonly called University College, though its legal name is *Magna Aula Universitatis*. The name "University College" causes much perplexity to visitors, who are with difficulty taught by the friend who is lionizing them to distinguish it from the University. But the University of Oxford is a federation of colleges, of which University College is one, resembling in all respects the rest of the sisterhood, being, like them, under the federal authority of the University, and retaining only the same measure of college right ; conducting the domestic instruction and discipline of its students through its own officers, but sending them to the lecture rooms of the University Professors for the higher teaching, and to the University examination rooms to be examined for their degrees. The college is an ample and venerable pile, with two towered gateways, each opening into a quadrangle, its front stretching along the High Street, on the side opposite to St. Mary's Church. The darkness of the stone seems to speak of immemorial antiquity ; but the style, which is the later Gothic so characteristic of Oxford, and so symbolical of its history, shows that the buildings really belong to the time of the Stuarts. "That building must be very old, Sir," said an American visitor to the master of the college, pointing to its dark front. "Oh, no," was the master's reply, "the colour deceives you ; that building is not more than two hundred years old." In invidious contrast to this mass, debased but imposing in its style, the pedantic mania for

pure Gothic which marks the Neo-catholic reaction in Oxford, and which will perhaps hereafter be derided as we deride the classic mania of the last century, has led Mr. Gilbert Scott to erect a pure Gothic library, which moreover has nothing in its form to bespeak its purpose, but closely resembles a chapel. Over the gateway of the larger quadrangle is a statue, in Roman costume, of James II., one of the few memorials of the ejected tyrant, who in his course of reaction visited the college and had two rooms on the east side of the quadrangle fitted up for the performance of mass. Obadiah Walker, the master of the college, had turned Papist, and became one of the organs of the reaction, in the overthrow of which he was involved, the fall of his master and the ruin of his party being announced to him by the boys singing at his window—"Ave Maria, old Obadiah." In the same quadrangle are the chambers of Shelley, and the room to which he was summoned by the assembled college authorities to receive, with his friend Hogg, sentence of expulsion for having circulated an atheistical treatise. In the ante-chapel is the florid monument of Sir William Jones. But the modern divinities of the college are the two great legal brothers, Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell, whose colossal statues fraternally united are conspicuous in the library, whose portraits hang side by side in the hall, whose medallion busts greet you at the entrance to the common room. Pass by these medallions, however, into the common room itself, with its panelled walls, red curtains, polished mahogany table, and generally cozy aspect, whither after dinner in hall the fellows of the college retire to sip

their wine and taste such social happiness as the rule of celibacy permits. Over that ample fireplace, round the blaze of which the circle is drawn in the winter evenings, stands the marble bust, carved by no mean hand, of an ancient king, and underneath it are the words *Alfredus Rex Fundator*.

Alas! both traditions—the tradition that Alfred founded the University of Oxford, and the tradition that he founded University College—are devoid of historical foundation. Universities did not exist in Alfred's days. They were developed centuries later out of the monastery schools. When Queen Elizabeth was on a visit to Cambridge a scholar delivered before her an oration, in which he exalted the antiquity of his own university at the expense of that of the University of Oxford. The University of Oxford was roused to arms. In that uncritical age any antiquarian weapon which the fury of academical patriotism could supply was eagerly grasped; and the reputation of the great antiquary Camden is somewhat compromised with regard to an interpolation in Asser's Life of Alfred, which formed the chief documentary support of the Oxford case. The historic existence of both the English universities begins with the reign of the scholar king, and the restorer of order and prosperity after the ravages of the conquest and the tyranny of Rufus—Henry I. In that reign the Abbot of Croyland, to gain money for the rebuilding of his abbey, set up a school where we are told Priscan's grammar, Aristotle's logic, with the commentaries of Porphyry and Averroes, and Cicero and Quintilian as masters of rhetoric, were taught after the manner of the school of Orleans. In the following reign a foreign professor, Vacarius, roused the jealousy of the English monarchy and baronage by teaching Roman law in the schools of Oxford. The thirteenth century, that marvellous and romantic age of mediæval religion and character, mediæval art, mediæval philosophy, was also

the palmy age of the universities. Then Oxford gloried in Grosseteste, at once paragon and patron of learning, church reformer and champion of the national church against Roman aggression; in his learned and pious friend Adam de Marisco; and in Roger Bacon, the pioneer and martyr of physical science. Then, with Paris, she was the great organ of that school philosophy, wonderful in its subtlety as well as in its aridity, which, though it bore no fruit itself, trained the mind of Europe to more fruitful studies, the original produce of mediæval Christendom, though taking its forms of thought from the deified Stagyrte, and clothing itself in the Latin language, which, however, was so much altered and debased from the classical language as to become, in fact, a classical and literary vernacular of the middle age. Then her schools, her church porches, her very street corners, every spot where a professor could gather an audience, were thronged with the aspiring youth who had come up, many of them begging their way out of the dark prison-house of feudalism, to what was then, in the absence of printing, the sole centre of intellectual light. Then Oxford, which in later times became, from the clerical character of the headships and fellowships, the great organ of reaction, was the great organ of progress, produced the political songs which embodied with wonderful force the principles of free government, and sent her students to fight under the banner of the university in the army of Simon de Montfort.

It was in the thirteenth century that University College was really founded. The founder was William of Durham, an English ecclesiastic who had studied in the University of Paris; for the universities were then, like the church, common to all the natives of Latin Christendom, then forming, as it were, an ecclesiastical and literary federation which, afterwards broken up by the Reformation, is now in course of reconstruction through uniting influences of a new kind.

William of Durham bequeathed to the University a fund for the maintenance of students in theology. The university purchased with the fund a house in which these students were maintained, and which was the Great Hall of the University, in contradistinction to the multitude of little private halls or hospices in which students lived, generally under the superintendence of a graduate who was their teacher. The hall or college was under the visitorship of the university; but this visitorship being irksome, and a dispute having arisen in the early part of the last century whether it was to be exercised by the University at large, in convocation, or by the theological faculty only, the college set up a claim to be a royal foundation of the time of King Alfred, the reputed founder of the University, and thus exempt from any visitorship but that of the Crown. It was probably not very difficult to convince a Hanoverian court of law that the visitorship of an Oxford college ought to be transferred from the Jacobite university to the Crown; and so it came to pass that the Court of King's Bench solemnly ratified as a fact what historical criticism pronounces to be a baseless fable. The case in favour of William of Durham as the founder is so clear, that the antiquaries are ready to burst with righteous indignation, and one almost enjoys the intensity of their wrath.

The great hall of the University was not, when first founded, a perfect college. It was only a house for some eight or ten graduates in arts who were studying divinity. The first perfect college was founded by Walter de Merton, the Chancellor of Henry III., to whom is due the conception of uniting the anti-monastic pursuit of secular learning with monastic seclusion and discipline, for the benefit of that multitude of young students who had hitherto dwelt at large in the city under little or no control, and often showed, by their faction fights and other outrages, that they contained the quintessence of the nation's turbulence as well as

of its intellectual activity and ambition. The quaint old quadrangle of Merton, called, nobody seems to know why, "Mob" Quad, may be regarded as the cradle of collegiate life in England, and indeed in Europe.

Still University College is the oldest foundation of learning now existing in England; and therefore it may be not inappropriately dedicated to the memory of the king who was the restorer of our intellectual life as well as the preserver of our religion and our institutions. Mr. Freeman, as the stern minister of fact, would no doubt cast down the bust of Alfred from the common room chimney piece and set up that of William of Durham, if a likeness of him could be found, in its place. But it may be doubted whether William of Durham, if he were alive, would do the same.

Marcus Aurelius, Alfred, and St. Louis, are the three examples of perfect virtue on a throne. But the virtue of St. Louis is deeply tainted with asceticism; and with the sublimated selfishness on which asceticism is founded, he sacrifices everything and everybody—sacrifices national territory, sacrifices the lives of the thousands of his subjects whom he drags with him in his chimerical crusades—to the good of his own soul. The Reflections of Marcus Aurelius will be read with ever increasing admiration by all who have learned to study character, and to read it in its connection with history. Alone in every sense, without guidance or support but that which he found in his own breast, the imperial Stoic struggled serenely, though hopelessly, against the powers of evil which were dragging heathen Rome to her inevitable doom. Alfred was a Christian hero, and in his Christianity he found the force which bore him, through calamity apparently hopeless, to victory and happiness.

It must be owned that the materials for the history of the English king are not very good. His biography by Bishop Asser, his counsellor and friend, which forms the principal authority, is panegyrical and un-



critical: not to mention that a doubt rests on the authenticity of some portions of it. But there is a peculiarity, and at the same time a consistency and a sobriety, in the general picture, which commend it to us as historical. The leading acts of Alfred's life are, of course, beyond doubt. And as to his character, he speaks to us himself in his works, and the sentiments which he expresses perfectly correspond with the physiognomy of the portrait.

We have called him a Christian hero. He was the victorious champion of Christianity against Paganism. This is the real significance of the struggle and of his character. The Northmen, or as we loosely term them, the Danes, are called by the Saxon chroniclers the Pagans. As to race, the Northman, like the Saxon, was a Teuton, and the institutions, and the political and social tendencies of both, were radically the same.

It has been said that Christianity enervated the English and gave them over into the hands of the fresh and robust sons of nature. Asceticism and the abuse of monachism enervated the English. Asceticism taught the spiritual selfishness which flies from the world and abandons it to ruin instead of serving God by serving humanity. Kings and chieftains, under the hypocritical pretence of exchanging a worldly for an angelic life, buried themselves in the indolence, not seldom in the sensuality, of the cloister, when they ought to have been leading their people against the Dane. But Christianity formed the bond which held the English together, and the strength of their resistance. It inspired their patriot martyrs, it raised up to them this deliverer at their utmost need. The causes of Danish success are manifest; superior prowess and valour, sustained by more constant practice in war, of which the Saxon had probably but comparatively little since the final subjection of the Celt and the union of the Saxon kingdoms under Egbert; the imperfect character of that union, each kingdom retaining its

own council and its own interests; and above all the command of the sea, which made the invaders omnipresent, while the march of the defenders was delayed, and their junction prevented, by the woods and morasses of the uncleared island, in which the only roads worthy of the name were those left by the Romans.

It would be wrong to call the Northmen mere corsairs, or even to class them with piratical states such as Cilicia of old, or Barbary in more recent times. Their invasions were rather to be regarded as an after-act of the great migration of the Germanic tribes, one of the last waves of the flood which overwhelmed the Roman Empire, and deposited the seeds of modern Christendom. They were, and but for the defensive energy of the Christianized Teuton would have been, to the Saxon, what the Saxon had been to the Celt, whose sole monuments in England now are the names of hills and rivers, the usual epitaph of exterminated races. Like the Saxons the Northmen came by sea, untouched by those Roman influences, political and religious, by which most of the barbarians had been more or less transmuted before their actual irruption into the Empire. If they treated all the rest of mankind as their prey, this was the international law of heathendom, modified only by a politic humanity in the case of the Imperial Roman, who preferred enduring dominion to blood and booty. With Christianity came the idea, even now imperfectly realized, of the brotherhood of man. The Northmen were a memorable race, and English character, especially its maritime element, received in them a momentous addition. In their northern abodes they had undergone, no doubt, the most rigorous process of natural selection. The sea-roving life, to which they were driven by the poverty of their soil, as the Scandinavian of our day is driven to emigration, intensified in them the vigour, the enterprise, and the independence of the Teuton. They

were the first ocean sailors ; for the Phœnicians, adventurous as they were in pursuit of gain, had crept along the shore ; and the Greeks and Romans had done the same. The Northman in his little skiff first rode exultingly like a sea-bird over the billows and through the storms of the broad Atlantic. Americans were anxious to believe in a Norse discovery of America. Norse colonies were planted in Greenland beyond what is now the limit of human habitation ; and when a power grew up in his native seats which could not be brooked by the Northman's love of freedom, he founded amidst the unearthly scenery of Iceland a community which brought the image of a republic of the Homeric type far down into historic times. His race, widely dispersed in its adventurous course, and everywhere asserting its ascendancy, sat on the thrones of Normandy, Apulia, Sicily, England, Ireland, and even Russia, and gave heroic chiefs to the crusaders. The pirates were not without hearts towards each other, nor without a rudimentary civilization, which included on the one hand a strong regard for freehold property in land, and on the other a passionate love of heroic lays. Their mythology was the universal story of the progress of the sun and the changes of the year, but in a northern version, wild with storms and icebergs, gloomy with the darkness of Scandinavian winters. Their religion was a war religion, the lord of their hearts a war god ; their only heaven was that of the brave, their only hell that of the coward ; and the joys of Paradise were a renewal of the fierce combat and the fierce carouse of earth. The Bersirker wind themselves up on the eve of battle to a frenzy like that of a Malay running amuck. But this was, at all events, a religion of action, not of observance or spell ; and it quelled the fear of death. In some legends of the Norse mythology there is a humorous element which shows freedom of spirit ; while in others, such as the legend of the death of

Balder, there is a pathos not uncongenial to Christianity. The Northmen were not priest-ridden. Their gods were not monstrous and overwhelming forces like the hundred handed idols of the Hindu, but human forms, their own high qualities idealized, like the gods of the Greek, though with Scandinavian force instead of Hellenic grace.

Converted to Christianity, the Northman transferred his enthusiasm, his martial prowess and his spirit of adventure from the service of Odin to that of Christ, and became a devotee and a crusader. But in his unconverted state he was an exterminating enemy of Christianity ; and Christianity was the civilization as well as the religion of England.

Scarcely had the Saxon kingdom been united by Egbert, when the barks of the Northmen appeared, filling the English Channel, no doubt with the same foreboding sorrow with which they had filled his Frankish prototype and master. In the course of the half century which followed, the swarms of rovers constantly increased, and grew more pertinacious and daring in their attacks. Leaving their ships they took horses, extended their incursions inland, and formed in the interior of the country strongholds, into which they brought the plunder of the district. At last they in effect conquered the North and Midland, and set up a satrap king, as the agent of their extortion. They seem, like the Franks of Clovis, to have quartered themselves as "guests" upon the unhappy people of the land. The monasteries and churches were the special objects of their attacks, both as the seats of the hated religion, and as the centres of wealth ; and their sword never spared a monk. Croyland, Peterborough, Huntingdon and Ely, were turned to blood-stained ashes. Edmond, the Christian chief of East Anglia, found a martyrdom, of which one of the holiest and most magnificent of English abbeys was afterwards the monument. The brave Algar, another East

Anglian chieftain, having taken the holy sacrament with all his followers on the eve of battle, perished with them in a desperate struggle, overcome by the foxish cunning of the marauders. Among the leaders of the Northmen were the terrible brothers Hingmar and Hubba, fired, if the Norse legend may be trusted, by revenge as well as by the love of plunder and horror; for they were the sons of that Ragnar Lodbrok who had perished in the serpent tower of the Saxon Ella. When Alfred appeared upon the scene, Wessex itself, the heritage of the house of Cerdic and the supreme kingdom, was in peril from the Pagans, who had firmly entrenched themselves at Reading, in the angle between the Thames and Kennet, and English Christianity was threatened with destruction.

A younger but a favourite child, Alfred was sent in his infancy by his father to Rome to receive the Pope's blessing. He was thus affiliated, as it were, to that Roman element, ecclesiastical and political, which, combined with the Christian and Teutonic elements, has made up English civilization. But he remained through life a true Teuton. He went a second time, in company with his father, to Rome, while still a child, yet old enough, especially if he was precocious, to receive some impressions from the city of historic grandeur, ancient art, ecclesiastical order, centralized power. There is a pretty legend denoting the docility of the boy and his love for learning, or at least for the national lays; but he was also a hunter and a warrior. From his youth he had a thorn in his flesh, in the shape of a mysterious disease, perhaps epilepsy, to which monkish chroniclers have given an ascetic and miraculous turn; and this enhances our sense of the hero's moral energy in the case of Alfred, as in that of William III.

As "Crown Prince," to use the phrase of a German writer, Alfred took part with his elder brother King Ethelbert in the mortal struggle against the Pagans, then raging

round Reading and along the rich valley through which the Great Western Railway now runs, and where a Saxon victory is commemorated by the White Horse, which forms the subject of a well-known little work by Thomas Hughes, a true representative, if any there be, of the liegemen and soldiers of King Alfred. While Ethelbert was showing that in him at all events Christianity was not free from the ascetic taint, by continuing to hear mass in his tent when the moment had come for decisive action, Alfred charged up-hill "like a wild boar" against the heathen, and began a battle which, his brother at last coming up, ended in a great victory. The death of Ethelbert, in the midst of the crisis, placed the perilous crown on Alfred's head. Ethelbert left infant sons, but the monarchy was elective, though one of the line of Cerdic was always chosen; and those were the days of the real king, the ruler, judge, and captain of the people, not of what Napoleon called the *cochon à Penguais à cinq millions par an*. In pitched battles, eight of which were fought in rapid succession, the English held their own; but they were worn out, and at length could no longer be brought into the field. Whether a faint monkish tradition of the estrangement of the people by unpopular courses on the part of the young king has any substance of truth in it we cannot say.

Utter gloom now settled down upon the Christian king and people. Had Alfred yielded to his inclinations, he would probably have followed the example of his brother-in-law, Buhred of Mercia, and sought a congenial retreat amidst the churches and libraries of Rome; asceticism would have afforded him a pretext for so doing. But he remained at the post of duty. Athelney, a little island in the marshes of Somersetshire—then marshes, now a drained and fruitful plain—to which he retired with the few followers left him, has been aptly compared to the mountains of Asturias, which formed the last asylum of Christianity in Spain. A jewel

with the legend in Anglo-Saxon, "Alfred caused me to be made," was found near the spot, and is now in the University Museum at Oxford. A similar island in the marshes of Cambridgeshire formed the last rallying point of English patriotism against the Norman Conquest. Of course, after the deliverance, a halo of legends gathered round Athelney. The legends of the king disguised as a peasant in the cottage of the neat herd, and of the king disguised as a harper in the camp of the Dane, are familiar to childhood. There is also a legend of the miraculous appearances of the great Saxon Saint Cuthbert. The king in his extreme need had gone to fish in a neighbouring stream, but had caught nothing, and was trying to comfort himself by reading the Psalms, when a poor man came to the door and begged for a piece of bread. The king gave him half his last loaf and the little wine left in the pitcher. The beggar vanished; the loaf was unbroken, the pitcher brimful of wine; and fishermen came in bringing a rich haul of fish from the river. In the night St. Cuthbert appeared to the king in a dream and promised him victory. We see at least what notion the generations nearest to him had of the character of Alfred.

At last the heart of the oppressed people turned to its king, and the time arrived for a war of liberation. But on the morrow of victory Alfred compromised with the Northmen. He despaired, it seems, of their final expulsion, and thought it better, if possible, to make them Englishmen and Christians, and to convert them into a barrier against their foreign and heathen brethren. We see in this politic moderation at once a trait of national character and a proof that the exploits of Alfred are not mythical. By the treaty of Wedmore, the north-eastern part of England became the portion of the Dane, where he was to dwell in peace with the Saxon people and in allegiance to their king, but under his own laws—an arrangement which had nothing strange in it when

law was only the custom of the tribe. As a part of the compact, Guthorm led over his Northmen from the allegiance of Odin to that of Christ, and was himself baptized by the Christian name of Athelstan. When religions were national, or rather tribal, conversions were tribal too. The Northmen of East Anglia had not so far put off their heathen propensities or their savage perfidy as to remain perfectly true to their covenant; but, on the whole, Alfred's policy of compromise and assimilation was successful. A new section of heathen Teutonism was incorporated into Christendom, and England absorbed a large Norse population whose dwelling-place is still marked by the names of places, and perhaps in some measure by the features and character of the people. In the fishermen of Whitby, for example, a town with a Danish name, there is a peculiarity which is probably Scandinavian.

The transaction resembled the cession of Normandy to Rolf and his followers by the Carolingian King of France. But the cession of Normandy marked the dissolution of the Carolingian monarchy; from the cession of East Anglia to Guthorm dates a regeneration of the monarchy of Cerdic.

Alfred had rescued the country. But the country which he had rescued was a wreck. The church, the great organ of civilization as well as of spiritual life, was ruined. The monasteries were in ashes. The monks of St. Cuthbert were wandering from place to place, with the relics of the great northern saint. The worship of Woden seemed on the point of returning. The clergy had exchanged the missal and censer for the battle-axe, and had become secularized and brutalized by the conflict. The learning of the order was dead. The Latin language, the tongue of the church, of literature, of education, was almost extinct. Alfred himself says that he could not recollect a priest, South of the Thames, who could understand the Latin service or translate a document

from the Latin when he became king. Political institutions were in an equal state of disorganization. Spiritual, intellectual, civil life—everything was to be restored; and Alfred undertook to restore everything. No man in these days stands alone, or towers in unapproachable superiority above his fellows. Nor can any man now play all the parts. A division of labour has taken place in all spheres. The time when the missionaries at once converted and civilized the forefathers of European Christendom, when Charlemagne or Alfred was the master spirit in every thing, has passed away; and with it the day of hero-worship, of rational hero-worship, has departed, at least for the European nations. The more backward races may still need, and have reason to venerate, a Peter the Great.

Alfred had to do everything almost with his own hands. He was himself the inventor of the candle-clock which measured his time, so unspeakably precious, and of the lantern of transparent horn which protected the candle-clock against the wind in the tent, or the quarters scarcely more impervious to the weather than a tent, which in those times sheltered the head of wandering royalty. Far and wide he sought for men, like a bee in quest of honey, to condense a somewhat prolix trope of his biographer. An embassy of bishops, priests, and religious laymen, with great gifts, was sent to the Archbishop of Rheims, within whose diocese the famous Grimbald resided, to persuade him to allow Grimbald to come to England, and with difficulty the ambassadors prevailed, Alfred promising to treat Grimbald with distinguished honour during the rest of his life. It is touching to see what a price the king set upon a good and able man. "I was called" says Asser, "from the western extremity of Wales. I was led to Sussex, and first saw the king in the royal mansion of Dene. He received me with kindness, and amongst other conversation, earnestly besought me to devote

myself to his service, and to become his companion. He begged me to give up my preferments beyond the Severn, promising to bestow on me still richer preferments in their place." Asser said that he was unwilling to quit, merely for worldly honour, the country in which he had been brought up and ordained. "At least," replied the king, "give me half your time. Pass six months of the year with me and the rest in Wales." Asser still hesitated. The king repeated his solicitations, and Asser promised to return within half a year; the time was fixed for his visit, and on the fourth day of their interview he left the king and went home.

In order to restore civilization, it was necessary above all things to reform the Church. "I have often thought," says Alfred, "what wise men there were once among the English people, both clergy and laymen, and what blessed times those were when the people were governed by kings who obeyed God and his gospels, and how they maintained peace, virtue, and good order at home, and even extended them beyond their own country; how they prospered in battle as well as in wisdom, and how zealous the clergy were in teaching and learning, and in all their sacred duties; and how people came hither from foreign countries to seek for instruction, whereas now, when we desire it, we can only obtain it from abroad." It is clear that the King, unlike the literary devotees of Scandinavian paganism, looked upon Christianity as the root of the greatness, and even of the military force, of the nation.

In order to restore the Church, again, it was necessary above all things to reform the monasteries, which afterwards—society having become settled, religion being established, and the Church herself having acquired fatal wealth—sank into torpor and corruption; but which, while the Church was still a missionary in a spiritual and material wilderness, waging a death struggle with heathenism and barbarism, were the almost indispensable engines of the holy war. The refoun-

dation of monasteries therefore was one of Alfred's first cares ; and he did not fail, in token of his pious gratitude, to build at Athelney a house of God which was far holier than the memorial abbey afterwards built by the Norman conqueror at Battle. The revival of monasticism among the English, however, was probably no easy task ; for their domestic and somewhat material nature never was well suited to monastic life.

The monastery schools, the germs, as has been already said, of our modern universities and colleges, were the King's main organs in restoring education. But he had also a school in his palace for the children of the nobility and the royal household. It was not only clerical education that he desired to promote. His wish was "that all the freeborn youth of his people, who possessed the means, might persevere in learning so long as they had no other work to occupy them, until they could perfectly read the English scriptures ; while such as desired to devote themselves to the service of the Church might be taught Latin." No doubt the wish was most imperfectly fulfilled, but still it was a noble wish. We are told the King himself was often present at the instruction of the children in the palace school. A pleasant calm after the storms of battle with the Dane.

Oxford (Ousen-ford, the ford of the Ouse) was already a royal city ; and there can be little doubt that, amidst the general restoration of learning under Alfred, a school of some sort would be opened there. This is the only vestige of historical foundation for the academic legend which gave rise to the recent celebration. Oxford was desolated by the Norman Conquest, and anything that remained of the educational institutions of Alfred was in all probability swept away.

Another measure, indispensable to the civilizer as well as to the church reformer in those days, was to restore the intercourse

with Rome, and through her with continental Christendom, which had been interrupted by the troubles. The Pope, upon Alfred's accession, had sent him gifts and a piece of the holy cross. Alfred sent embassies to the Pope, and made a voluntary annual offering, to obtain favourable treatment for his subjects at Rome. But, adopted child of Rome, and naturally attached to her as the centre of ecclesiastical order and its civilizing influences though he was, and much as he was surrounded by ecclesiastical friends and ministers, we trace in him no ultramontaniam, no servile submission to priests. The English Church, so far as we can see, remains national, and the English King remains its head.

Not only with Latin but with Eastern Christendom, Alfred, if we may trust the contemporary Saxon chronicles, opened communication. As Charlemagne, in the spirit partly perhaps of piety, partly of ambition, had sent an embassy with proofs of his grandeur to the Caliph of Bagdad, as Louis XIV., in the spirit of mere ambition, delighted to receive an embassy from Siam, Alfred, in a spirit of pure piety, sent ambassadors to the traditional Church of St. Thomas in India ; and the ambassadors returned, we are told, with perfumes and precious stones as the memorials of their journey, which were long preserved in the churches. "This was the first intercourse," remarks Pauli, "that took place between England and Hindostan."

All nations are inclined to ascribe their primitive institutions to some national founder, a Lycurgus, a Theseus, or a Romulus. It is not necessary now to prove that Alfred did not found trial by jury, or the frankpledge, or that he was not the first who divided the kingdom into shires, hundreds, or tithings. The part of trial by jury which has been politically of so much importance, its popular character, as opposed to arbitrary trial by a royal or imperial officer—that of which the preservation, amidst the gen-

eral prevalence of judicial imperialism, has been the glory of England—was simply Teutonic; so was the frank-pledge, the rude machinery for preserving law and order by mutual responsibility in the days before police; so were the hundreds and the tithings, rudimentary institutions marking the transition from the clan to the local community or canton. The shires probably marked some stage in the consolidation of the Saxon settlements; at all events they were ancient divisions which Alfred can have done no more than revise after the anarchy.

He seems, however, to have introduced a real and momentous innovation by appointing special judges to administer a more regular justice than that which was administered in the local courts of the earls and bishops, or even in the national assembly. In this respect he was the imitator, probably the unconscious imitator, of Charlemagne, and the precursor of Henry II., the institutor of our Justices in Eyre. The powers and functions of the legislature, the executive, and the judiciary, lie at first enfolded in the same germ, and are alike exercised by the king, or, as in the case of the ancient republics, by the national assembly. It is a great step when the special office of the judiciary is separated from the rest. It is a great step also when uniformity of justice is introduced. Probably, however, these judges, like the itinerant justices of Henry II., were administrative as well as judicial officers; or in the terms of our modern polity, they were delegates of the Home Office as well as of the Central Courts of Law.

In his laws Alfred, with the sobriety and caution on which the statesmen of his race have prided themselves, renounces the character of an innovator, fearing, as he says, that his innovations might not be accepted by those who would come after him. His code, if so inartificial a document can be dignified with the name, is mainly a compilation from the laws of his Saxon predecessors. We trace, however, an advance

from the barbarous system of weregeld, or composition for murder and other crimes as private wrongs, towards a State system of criminal justice. In totally forbidding composition for blood, and asserting that indefeasible sanctity of human life which is the essential basis of civilization, the code of Moses stands contrasted with other primeval codes. Alfred, in fact, incorporated an unusually large amount of the Mosaic and Christian elements, which blend with Germanic customs and the relics of Roman law, in different proportions, to make up the various codes of the early middle ages, called the Laws of the Barbarians. His code opens with the Ten Commandments, followed by extracts from Exodus, containing the Mosaic law respecting the relations between masters and servants, murder and other crimes, and the observance of holy days, and the Apostolic Epistle from Acts xv. 23-29. Then is added Matthew vii. 12, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "By this one Commandment," says Alfred, "a man shall know whether he does right, and he will then require no other law-book." This is not the form of a modern Act of Parliament, but legislation in those days was as much preaching as enactment; it often resembled in character the Queen's Proclamation against Vice and Immorality.

Alfred's laws unquestionably show a tendency to enforce loyalty to the king and to enhance the guilt of treason, which, in the case of an attempt on the king's life, is punished with death and confiscation, instead of the old composition by payment of the royal weregeld. Hence he has been accused of imperializing and anti-Teutonic tendencies; he had even the misfortune to be fixed upon as a prototype by Oxford advocates of the absolutism of Charles I. There is no ground for the charge, so far at least as Alfred's legislation or any known measure of his government is concerned. The kingly power was the great source of order

and justice amidst that anarchy, the sole rallying point and bond of union for the imperilled nation ; to maintain it, and protect from violence the life of its holder, was the duty of a patriot law-giver : and as the authority of a Saxon king depended in great measure on his personal character and position, no doubt the personal authority of Alfred was exceptionally great. But he continued to govern by the advice of the national council ; and the fundamental principles of the Teutonic polity remained unimpaired by him, and were transmitted intact to his successors. His writings breathe a sense of the responsibilities of rulers and a hatred of tyranny. He did not even attempt to carry further the incorporation of the subordinate kingdoms with Wessex ; but ruled Mercia as a separate state by the hand of his brother-in-law, and left it its own national council or witan. Considering his circumstances, and the chaos from which his government had emerged, it is wonderful that he did not centralize more. He was, we repeat, a true Teuton, and worthy of his place in the Germanic Walhalla.

The most striking proof of his multifarious activity of mind, and of the unlimited extent of the task which his circumstances imposed upon him, as well as of his thoroughly English character, is his undertaking to give his people a literature in their own tongue. To do this he had first to educate himself—to educate himself at an advanced age, after a life of fierce distraction, and with the reorganization of his shattered kingdom on his hands. In his boyhood he had got by heart Saxon lays, vigorous and inspiring, but barbarous ; he had learned to read, but it is thought that he had not learned to write. “As we were one day sitting in the royal chamber,” says Asser, “and were conversing as was our wont, it chanced that I read him a passage out of a certain book. After he had listened with fixed attention, and expressed great delight, he showed me the little book which he always carried about

with him, and in which the daily lessons, psalms and prayers, were written, and begged me to transcribe that passage into his book.” Asser assented, but found that the book was already full, and proposed to the king to begin another book, which was soon in its turn filled with extracts. A portion of the process of Alfred’s education is recorded by Asser. “I was honourably received at the royal mansion, and at that time stayed eight months in the king’s court. I translated and read to him whatever books he wished which were within our reach ; for it was his custom, day and night, amidst all his afflictions of mind and body, to read books himself or to have them read to him by others.” To original composition Alfred did not aspire ; he was content with giving his people a body of translations of what he deemed the best authors ; here again showing his royal good sense. In the selection of his authors, he shows liberality and freedom from Roman, ecclesiastical, imperialist, or other bias. On the one hand he chooses for the benefit of the clergy whom he desired to reform, the “Pastoral Care” of the good Pope, Gregory the Great, the author of the mission which had converted England to Christianity ; but on the other hand he chooses the “Consolations of Philosophy,” the chief work of Boethius, the last of the Romans, and the victim of the cruel jealousy of Theodoric, of whom Hallam says : “Last of the classic writers, in style not impure, though displaying too lavishly that poetic exuberance which had distinguished the two or three preceding centuries ; in elevation of sentiment equal to any of the philosophers ; and mingling a Christian sanctity with their lessons, he speaks from his prison in the swan-like tones of dying eloquence. The philosophy which consoled him in bonds was soon required in the sufferings of a cruel death. Quenched in his blood, the lamp he had trimmed with a skilful hand gave no more light ; the language of Tully and Virgil soon



ceased to be spoken; and many ages were to pass away before learned diligence restored its purity, and the union of genius with imitation taught a few modern writers to surpass in eloquence the Latinity of Boethius." Bede's Ecclesiastical History of the English, the highest product of that memorable burst of Saxon intellect which followed the conversion, and a work, though not untainted by miracle and legend, most remarkable for its historical qualities as well as for its mild and liberal Christianity, is balanced in the king's series of translations by the work of Orosius, who wrote of general and secular history, though with a religious object. In the translation of Orosius, Alfred has inserted a sketch of the geography of Germany, and the reports of explorations made by two mariners under his auspices among the natives dwelling on the coasts of the Baltic and the North Sea; further proof of the variety of his interests and the reach of his mind.

In his prefaces and in his amplifications and interpolations of the philosophy of Boethius, Alfred comes before us an independent author, and shows us something of his own mind on theology, on psychology, on government, and generally as to the estate of man. To estimate these passages rightly, we must put ourselves back into the anarchical and illiterate England of the ninth century, and imagine an author, who if we could see him, would appear barbarous and grotesque, as would all his equipments and surroundings, and one who had spent his days in a desperate struggle with wolfish Danes, at his literary work in his rude Saxon mansion, with his candle-clock protected by the horn lantern against the wind. The utterances of Alfred will then appear altogether worthy of his character and his deeds. He always emphasizes and expands passages which speak either of the responsibilities of rulers or of the nothingness of earthly power; and the reflections are pervaded by a pensiveness which reminds us of Marcus Aurelius.

The political world had not much advanced when, six centuries after Alfred, it arrived at Machiavelli.

There is an especial sadness in the tone of some words respecting the estate of kings, their intrinsic weakness, disguised only by their royal trains, the mutual dread that exists between them and those by whom they are surrounded, the drawn sword that hangs over their heads, "as to me it ever did." We seem to catch a glimpse of some trials, and perhaps errors, not recorded by Asser or the chroniclers.

In his private life Alfred appears to have been an example of conjugal fidelity and manly purity, while we see no traces of the asceticism which was revered by the superstition of the age of Edward the Confessor. His words on the value and the claims of a wife, if not up to the standard of modern sentiment, are at least instinct with genuine affection.

The struggle with the Northmen was not over. Their swarms came again in the latter part of Alfred's reign, from Germany, whence they had been repulsed, and from France, which they had exhausted by their ravages. But the King's generalship foiled them and compelled them to depart. Seeing where their strength lay, he built a regular fleet to encounter them on their own element, and he may be called the founder of the Royal Navy.

His victory was decisive. The English monarchy rose from the ground in renewed strength, and entered on a fresh lease of greatness. A line of able kings followed Alfred. His son and successor, Edward, inherited his vigour. His favourite grandson, Athelstan, smote the Dane and the Scot together at Brunanburgh, and awoke by his glorious victory the last echoes of Saxon song. Under Edgar the greatness of the monarchy reached its highest pitch, and it embraced the whole island under its imperial ascendancy. At last its hour came;

but when Canute founded a Danish dynasty he and his Danes were Christians.

“This I can now truly say, that so long as I have lived I have striven to live worthily, and after my death to leave my memory to my descendants in good works.” If he

did not found a university or a polity, he restored and perpetuated the foundations of English institutions, and he left what is almost as valuable as any institution—a great and inspiring example of public duty.

APOTHEOSIS.

BY F. K. CROSBY.

SILENT she lay. The night grew old,  
 And moaned and wept in drip and fall of rain.  
 The dead leaves whistled from the willow wold  
 In eddying gusts against the darkened pane.  
 From the white lips a sigh—a crooning strain—  
 I bend to hear.  
 “Withered leaves and loves together  
 Fall in windy, wintry weather,  
 Dark and drear.  
 And the pall of Death and Silence gloomed upon my atmosphere.”

Prostrate I lay, and Grief’s mad tide  
 In flooding surges whelmed and drowned my soul.  
 Night falls again, but hark! what sweet tones glide  
 Thro’ star-set spaces to this rayless goal,  
 A line of light above the billows’ roll?  
 I sprang to hear.  
 “Withered leaves and loves together,  
 Bloom beside the Summer River  
 Sweet and clear.  
 And the light of Life’s new Morn illumines my spirit’s atmosphere.”

ST. JOHN, N.B.

## NOTES FROM OTTAWA.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

THOUGH the House of Commons is composed of one hundred and ninety-one members, the reports of the debates show how few, comparatively, take an active part in the discussions. On the Government side we have, of course, the able and astute Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald, who, by virtue of his position, is constantly on his feet, explaining or answering his opponents who sit in front of him, to the left of the Speaker's chair. Sir John Macdonald is an admirable debater; his long experience of public life, his knowledge of men, his wonderful tact, together with his large acquaintance with political, legal, and constitutional questions, enable him to lead the House most effectively. The other frequent speakers are Sir George Cartier, always full of fire, and always good tempered, though his tone and action would lead the stranger to believe the very reverse; Hon. Dr. Tupper, the President of the Council, who has remarkable power as a debater, for he has great command of language, a rapid delivery, and the ability of presenting his facts and arguments in the most forcible way; Sir Francis Hincks, whose knowledge of financial questions has made him a very successful administrator of public affairs, and who always discusses questions in which he is interested with much emphasis and vigour. Mr. Langevin, Mr. Morris, Mr. Tilley and Mr. Pope speak less frequently, and chiefly in connection with the Departments over which they preside. We might expect much from Mr. Howe, whose reputation as a public speaker and writer is wide-spread in Canada, but Time is dealing with him as it must with us all—he is now in his sixty-eighth year—and the stormy career he has led for over

thirty years is commencing to tell on one of the foremost men of the old Liberal party. His speech on the Reorganization of the Empire, and the one he delivered a few years ago at Detroit, however, remain on record to speak of his rhetorical powers. Then there are on the Government benches many gentlemen of undoubted ability as debaters. Among these may be mentioned Hon. J. H. Gray, Mr. E. Macdonald, Mr. Colby, Mr. Cumberland, Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Hon. Mr. Abbott, Mr. Carter, Dr. Grant, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Masson, of Soulanges, and some others whose names will recur to the readers of the Parliamentary debates.

Mr. Mackenzie is a ready debater, earnest in expression, and logical in argument. He has a great command of language, and his sentences are well put together and less tautological than those of the majority of public speakers. He still shows his Scotch descent by a slight accent, but it is very far from unpleasant to the English ear. Mr. Blake, who sits immediately behind the present leader of the Opposition in the Commons, seldom shows as much fervour as Mr. Mackenzie, but he possesses rare argumentative power, thoroughly cultured by long forensic training, though his sentences are apt to be long and perplexing to the reporter. Mr. Huntingdon, the member for Shefford, is not very regular in his attendance in the House, but few gentlemen in that body have a more graceful delivery or a more eloquent mode of expressing their opinions. Mr. Holton, the leader of the Quebec Opposition, never makes long speeches, but he has large financial knowledge, is thoroughly versed in rules of order and Parliamentary tactics, and sends across the floor ever and

anon his little darts of sarcasm. Mr. Dorion, who occupies the seat next him, immediately opposite Sir John Macdonald, speaks fluently in both French and English, and is always heard with interest, for his opponents recognise his keen logic and legal knowledge. The seat on his immediate right—the first on the row—was generally occupied by Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, but it was vacated by the inexorable mandate of Death, we all remember, only a few days previous to the prorogation, and now both friends and foes who had been long in the political arena with him bear willing testimony to his merits during a memorable public career, the record of which proves how any man, however humble his origin, can attain the highest position in the country by perseverance, industry, and indomitable will.

Sir Alexander Galt has occupied for two or three years a place analogous to that occupied by independent members in the British House of Commons. Possessing fluency of expression, a pleasing delivery, great knowledge of commercial and financial questions, he has necessarily obtained a large share of public attention in times gone by. Latterly he has not taken the same interest in public matters—perhaps, he feels his position of antagonism to his old political allies, or is conscious that his enunciation of Independence views has for the present weakened him in the opinion of the people. And now it is said, apparently on good authority, that both he and Mr. Dorion intend retiring from the political arena. If this turn out to be the case, then Parliament will lose the services of two of its ablest men, whose opinions are valuable and deserving of consideration, even when opposed to the views of the majority. Mr. Macdougall, of North Lanark, also claims to be an independent member, but the debates of last session prove that there is no sympathy between him and the reformers led by Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake. Mr. Macdougall is not excelled by any of his political compeers in

or out of the House as a fluent, argumentative speaker; and it is not difficult to see in his well-chosen expressions, and admirable arrangement of matter, the effects of long training on the press, which above all other professions is calculated to teach a man the value of terseness, and enable him to grasp in a moment the most salient points of a question. Besides these gentlemen, there are others to whom we cannot give more than a passing mention. Mr. Mills always has facts and arguments to present, and promises to be an influential man in the House of Commons; but at times he is too didactic, and his speeches—as Sir John Macdonald told him on one occasion during the session—are more suited to the pages of a periodical than to the floor of the House of Commons. Mr. James Young speaks clearly and pointedly. Mr. Cartwright, who has sat alongside of Sir Alexander Galt for some time, and occupies a somewhat similar position so far as the Government and the Opposition are concerned, is a good debater and is well versed in economical subjects.

There was much doubt and anxiety throughout the Dominion, especially in Ontario, as to the actual operation and value of the Treaty of Washington, and the explanations of Sir John Macdonald before Parliament were eagerly awaited by the people of every province. When the afternoon arrived for these explanations, every seat was full, and the galleries were thronged to a very late hour at night with a deeply interested assemblage of spectators. These explanations are now a part of the history of Canada, and no one, whether political supporter or political opponent, will deny that they were given in a manner worthy of a Canadian statesman. Some may differ as to his premises and his conclusions, and doubt the wisdom of the reasons that influenced him to ask the House to support the measure; but none can hesitate to confess that his address is a master-piece of argument and com-

prehensiveness. It was delivered calmly and deliberately, though at times he burst from the trammels of explanation and argument and assailed his opponents for their prejudgment of his action in this great question. He carried the House with him most enthusiastically; if there were waverers in the ranks of his supporters they appeared then to have rallied around him.

The great speech on the Opposition side of the House was confessedly that delivered by the Premier of Ontario. It occupied over four hours in the delivery, and was distinguished for its calm, deliberate expression of opinion. Mr. Blake seldom infuses into his speeches that fervour which is a characteristic of the addresses of Sir John Macdonald when he wishes to create an impression on the House; indeed, both socially and politically, he is said to want the warmth and cordiality of manner which make the Conservative leader so popular. In replying to the Premier, Mr. Blake no doubt felt the magnitude of the task imposed upon him by his political supporters, as a master of reasoning and argument, and made it his object to discuss the question with as much freedom from a partisan spirit as a man of strong political predilections could do. The reply, like the speech which drew it forth, was fully worthy of a man of so high a reputation as the member for West Durham possesses, and deserves a foremost place among the political records of this "new nationality." Mr. Blake, however, somewhat marred the effect of the delivery of his speech, by the lengthy quotations from the minutes of council and despatches of the Government, which were necessary to the elucidation of his argument. He laboured also under the disadvantage of feeling all the while that he was speaking to an audience which, so far as the great majority was concerned, did not sympathize with the opinions he was expressing. A public man may know that he is reflecting the sentiment of the country to a large extent; but the

true orator likes to produce an immediate effect on those around him, and when he feels he is not in sympathy with them, he may fail to show that fire which otherwise would light up his speech from time to time as he saw that he was touching the hearts and convincing the minds of his hearers.

The speech of Mr. John Hillyard Cameron was also one of the most characteristic delivered in the course of the most elaborate discussion that ever came off in the First Parliament. We should naturally expect an address of more than ordinary ability from so consummate a lawyer as the member for Peel; and it is admitted that never before did he display more forcibly the perfection of his legal and constitutional erudition—that his speech is one of the most valuable contributions to the technical and legal, as well as historical, views of the question, that the discussion in and out of Parliament has produced. We have no space to go into a review of the able speeches of the President of the Council, the Minister of Finance, Mr. Macdougall, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Anglin, Mr. Dorion, Sir George Cartier, Mr. E. Macdonald, and others, which the readers of the debates will recall to mind. It was well known, from the moment the Minister of Justice had concluded his elaborate speech, that the vote in favour of the ratification of the Treaty would be very large, and the different speakers from every section soon proved, as they had an opportunity of expressing their opinions, the feelings of the majority on the question. The maritime representatives, with remarkable unanimity, argued in favour of a Treaty which gave the people of their provinces a free market for one of their staple products, and held out the prospect of a still more liberal measure of reciprocity in the future. Representatives from Ontario were unwilling to oppose a measure so clearly in the interests of the provinces engaged in the fisheries, and considered the concession of the free navigation

of the St. Lawrence between St. Regis and Montreal as purely nominal, inasmuch as that portion of the river is really unnavigable, and the Americans will have to avail themselves of our system of canals and thereby stimulate our commerce. But over and above all material considerations was the feeling that the acceptance of the Treaty would ensure our peace and strengthen the connection with the parent state.

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### MODERN SCEPTICISM.

WHAT seems the world to those dark eyes?  
 A place where to be very wise  
 Is but laboriously to stray,  
 And the best wisdom is to play—  
 A place where creeds are not too true  
 But the next parson's creed will do—  
 Where virtue mantles selfishness,  
 But strangers must like natives dress—  
 A solemn farce, whose mystery  
 Shall burst in laughter by and by—  
 With fools below and clouds above?  
 Or does it seem the home of love?

SURENA.

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### COLONEL GRAY ON CONFEDERATION.

BY A BYSTANDER.

WE have before us the first volume of Col. Gray's work on Confederation. of which the second title is "The Political and Parliamentary History of Canada, from the Conference at Quebec, in 1864, to the admission of British Columbia." Consisting in a large measure of documents, speeches and extracts, the book is universally greeted as "rather materials for history than history"—a description which is not likely to attract readers. It is, however, a useful work, and one which Col. Gray was in some respects well fitted to undertake. His style as a writer, like his style as a speaker, is a good parliamentary style, clear, compact and business-like. His opportunities of information have been first-rate. Indeed his position has in one sense been too high, and his acquaintance with the events and actors too intimate; for he is precluded by an honourable delicacy from ever taking us behind the scenes, and he is equally precluded from dealing with those less dignified features of the situation, which are not the least interesting or the least instructive to the political student.

The questions raised by Col. Gray's work have an interest for all Canadians, even be

yond that which appears upon the surface. Our material resources, even when soberly and faithfully estimated, without the exaggeration of which there are specimens among the oratorical extracts contained in the present volume, are great, and sufficient to sustain an opulent and powerful nation, notwithstanding the geographical disadvantages which it would be childish to ignore. But, in her competition with the vast and compact empire to the south of her, Canada must rely to a considerable degree on the soundness of her institutions. The elective principle must now be recognized as having become the only possible basis of government, at all events upon this continent. But if we can so apply it as to guard against the special maladies to which, like the hereditary principle, it is subject, and which have been terribly developed in the United States; if we can hold at bay faction, and faction's universal concomitant, corruption; if we can keep down trading politicians and city thieves; if we can save our tariff and our public works from rings, if we can preserve the independence of our judiciary, and the security which an independent judiciary affords for prosperity and trade; if we can maintain on a decent level the morality of public life and the character of public men, Canada will have advantages and attractions of which she will soon feel the benefit in a material as well as in a moral point of view.

The immediate causes of Canadian Confederation were clearly enough the deadlock in the Canadian Parliament, and the storm which appeared to be gathering on the side of the United States. But some measure for securing freedom of commercial intercourse between the Provinces had long been the obvious dictate of common sense. Perhaps in adopting a confederation rather than a legislative union, the Provinces were unconsciously obeying the general law of the Teutonic race, which in all its abodes—Germany, Switzerland, the Netherlands,

Scandinavia, Great Britain, the United States—will be found tending to federalism, either in the regular shape of a group of states combined under a federal government, or in that of two or more monarchies combined in the person of one sovereign but retaining in a greater or less degree their parliamentary independence and their local laws. The spirit of independence and self-reliance has been at once the strength and the weakness of the Teuton. The propensity to disunion by which it is accompanied has more than once been on the point of delivering the race, and political freedom with it, into the hands of the feeble, but, on that very account, more gregarious and united Celt.

In the present instance, it is true, the aversion of a Celtic Province to a national union, and its preference for federalism, was a principal determining cause in favour of federation; but the exception is obviously one which proves the rule. It was to incorporation with English Provinces that the Lower Canadians objected. Had all the provinces been French, a legislative union would infallibly have been the result. Federalism would have met the fate which it met in the French Revolution, when nothing was a surer passport to the guillotine.

The Provinces did not afford the happiest of subjects for the application of the federal principle. The happiest subject for the application of that principle is a pretty numerous group of states tolerably well balanced in point of size and power, such as the States of America or the Cantons of Switzerland. The great predominance of one or two states is adverse to the working of the principle, especially if the number of states is small. If there is one predominant state, the natural result is a combination of all the others against it; if there are two, the natural result is a rivalry between them, in which the smaller states will take part as allies of one side or the other, making their profit in the shape of grants and

other concessions out of the alliance. We must expect to encounter some difficulties from this source. The vicinity of the United States, while it was one of the main-causes of confederation, renders the discontent of the smaller provinces more dangerous, and enables them, if they should ever prove unreasonable in their demands, to imperil the harmony and even the existence of the Confederation. Had legislative union been practicable, its advantages would have been great.

There was however another peculiarity in the position of these colonies, considered as a subject for the application of the federal principle, which, though at once of the highest importance and glaringly obvious, seems not to have attracted much attention. What are the special functions of a Federal Government?—Peace and war, and the management of foreign relations. The exigencies of defensive war have in fact given birth to the most memorable confederations in history, from the Achæan League downwards. But these functions could not be assigned to the Federal Government of the Canadian Dominion, for the simple reason that they were already vested in the Government of the British Empire. The Provinces were in fact already members of a Confederation, the Imperial Government standing to them and the Colonies generally in the relation in which the Federal Government of the American Republic stands toward the States of the Union, and discharging for them analogous functions in the most important respects. The advocates of Imperial Confederation are agitating for that which, if they could open their eyes, they would see already in existence, though a Pan-Britannic Parliament is still a vision of the future. To interpose another Federal Government between the Governments of the Provinces and that which already exercised federal power on their behalf was to introduce into politics a very curious and complicated machine. There might have seemed to be

some danger that the second Federal Government having no very obvious functions of importance to discharge, would occupy itself to an undesirable extent in maintaining the ascendancy of the party by which it was supported, in the extension of its patronage for that purpose, and in the expenditure of money on public works and other undertakings by means of which its partizans might be rewarded and its influence increased.

In point of military security, it seems not clear that much was gained by Confederation. As was urged at the time by the opponents of the measure, the unity of military action among the Provinces, under a British Commander-in-chief, would probably be at least as great as under a party Government of the Dominion.

By the statesmen and people of Great Britain Canadian Confederation was generally regarded at the time as the seal of Canadian nationality and the forerunner of Canadian Independence, though the perpetual changes of mood in the ill-informed and careless mind of the British public on the Colonial question render it difficult to appeal to the memory of yesterday. But to Canadian statesmen, who had no such object in view, the chief inducement appears to have been the hope of escaping from a Parliamentary dead-lock. Unhappily, while they dealt with the most obvious, they failed to deal with the deepest cause of the evil. The most obvious cause of the evil was the equilibrium of party forces and the impossibility of forming a strong party Government, resulting from the ill-starred union of British with French Canada. The deepest cause of the evil was Faction; and Faction is not diminished or divested of its noxious properties by being set to operate over a larger area, with a greater breadth of passion to which to appeal and more extensive opportunities of corruption.

In the special form of Federal Government which they adopted, the authors of



Confederation appear to have been influenced mainly by two considerations—a belief that the ill success of Federal Government had arisen from the weakness of the central power, and a desire to imitate the British Constitution.

As to the first consideration it may be remarked that to quarrel with a Federation for not having a strong central government is rather like quarrelling with a circle for not being a square. The object of Federation is to combine, for the purposes of security against external aggression and of internal peace, with freedom of intercourse and trade, communities which do not choose to part with their political independence in regard to their domestic affairs; and without the surrender of such political independence, a strong central power cannot exist. The alleged weakness of Federal Government is, so to speak, its strength; because communities of the character to which it is applicable will submit to a limited while they would rebel against a more extensive power; they will quietly bear the loose bond of connection which they would snap if it were tightened. If the framers of Confederation imagined that the catastrophe in the United States by which their minds were so powerfully affected was to be ascribed to the weakness of the central power, it must be said with all deference that they never were more mistaken. The cause of Secession was slavery, which had practically divided the Union into two nations. No authority with which the Central Government could have been invested, short of despotic power supported by a great standing army, could have averted that result. On the contrary, it was the impression prevalent at the South that the Federal Government possessed powers which might and would be employed by their opponents, victorious in the Presidential election, for the purpose of interfering with their State institutions that at last determined the Southern States to revolt. Had the Southerners felt

assured that the Federal Government and Legislature possessed no power which could be used for that purpose, the election of an anti-slavery President need not have been the signal for revolt.

As to the second consideration, it may be remarked that though the union of England and Scotland has something in it of a federal character, the separate Scottish law, church and peerage being retained, the British constitution is not federal, but thoroughly national, and is therefore inapplicable to a federation, though the great British principles of personal liberty and responsible government are universal in their application. Least of all, as has been said before, is the system of party government—engendered and maintained in England by the long and still existing struggle between the Crown and the people, the aristocracy and the unprivileged masses, the Established Church and religious liberty, reaction and progress—applicable to a country in which, happily for us, no such struggle exists.

The result is a sort of cross between a national government and a federation, in which the powers are divided between the central and local governments, sometimes upon no very obvious principle. The administration of justice and the constitution of the courts for example, are assigned to the local governments, and the appointment of the judges to the central; the criminal law to the one, the civil law to the other: though the civil law, it would seem, must often create and define rights and responsibilities, an infringement of which would call for the interposition of criminal justice. The whole machine, with its double set of elections, Dominion and Provincial, is one of singular complexity, and it cannot be said that the questions raised by Mr. Dunkin, as to the mode in which a party government was to be carried on through such intricacies, have yet been practically solved, though they may be in process of solution. We shall see whether any effect will be produced in

the relations between Dominion and Provincial Parliaments and parties by the abolition of dual representation. In the meantime, it must be observed that the tendency of all complexity is to increase the danger of wire-pulling, intrigue and corruption.

It has clearly been found necessary to admit the sectional principle into the construction of the Dominion Cabinet, which, if the functions of the central government are not merely federal but national, must be regarded as a great evil.

Had the functions of the central government been federal alone, it may be doubted whether any assembly could have discharged them so efficiently, or with so little risk of the evils upon the growth of which the most impartial and judicious Canadians look with serious alarm, as a simple Federal Council, elected by the Legislatures of the different Provinces, in proportion to their population—a counterpart in fact, except in the last mentioned respect, of the American Senate.

As we were to have an imitation of the British Constitution, it was necessary, of course, that there should be an Upper House of Parliament, corresponding to the House of Lords. The House of Lords was in feudal times an estate of the realm, which came to Parliament to uphold its own interests against the other estates, as a feudalist would have admitted in the plainest terms. It is still a privileged order, strong in the possession of vast hereditary wealth, and social influence equally extensive. No shadow of the power of such a body could possibly be transferred to the mere nominees of a party leader, untitled, and without territorial influence; for the landed qualification for the Dominion Senate is so small as to be virtually unmeaning. The Senate of the United States, whose efficiency as an organ of Conservatism is rated, perhaps, at least as highly as it deserves, is elective, not nominative; and as a representation of the States, it acquired from the circumstances

of the union special importance, which it has retained. Moreover, it possesses exclusively the treaty-making power, which of course invests it with substantial authority and corresponding distinction. In other countries, at least in Europe, Upper Chambers have not worked well. Of the Upper Chamber in France, the distinguished French publicist, M. de Laveye, says: "It has been asserted that an Upper Chamber was a necessary protection of the throne and of society. We can no longer remain under this illusion. Did the Chamber of Peers of the Senate delay for a single moment the fall of Louis Philippe, or Napoleon III? 'The Chamber of Peers' said M. Duvergier de Hauranne, neither saved nor overthrew the Government of King Louis Philippe, for the single reason that it did not exist? In fact a line in the *Moniteur* sufficed to put an end to an institution without roots in our national character, without foundations in our social organization. As to the last Senate, the case is still stronger; no one can tell how it ceased to exist. An aristocratic chamber in ordinary times is a great danger, because it will follow, and cause the Crown to follow, a retrograde policy; it will thus provoke revolutions; and in the day of peril, as a means of defence, it will be a nullity, as experience has shown." Of whom will you form your Upper Chamber? Of the rich? Then you institute a formal conflict between wealth and poverty, and expose wealth to the attack of the forces embodied in the more popular chamber, which an assembly of aged millionaires is wholly unable to resist. Of your wisest and most experienced statesmen? Then you will deprive the popular house, which will always be the most powerful, of the only element by which it can be tempered and kept within the bounds of discretion.

The fact is that forms, however hollow, however well known to be hollow, have their effect upon the mind. The framers of our constitution could not help fancying

that the members of the Upper House would be really, as well as ostensibly, the nominees of the Crown, and that they would thus be invested with an independent dignity, which the nomination of a mere party leader can never confer.

Col. Gray censures the framers of Confederation for having omitted to federalize the district of Ottawa; probably this might have been done, though it would have led to a somewhat anomalous ownership of a territory by a government which is not itself a sovereign power. What seems open to graver censure, however, is the omission to provide a rule for the admission into the Confederacy of new colonies, and a simple form of intermediate government suitable to their requirement while they are in a condition analogous to that of the territories of the United States. For want of a provision of this kind we have had difficulties respecting admission; and the condition of a newly-admitted colony, with its elaborate government and judiciary, and its sparse population, resembles that of the first minister of Otaheite, who, having been presented by a navigator with a laced cocked hat and thick boots, was found standing proudly at the right hand of royalty in those habiliments, and those alone.

There was yet another omission which, in order to perfect elective institutions, it will some day be found necessary in all countries alike to supply. We want a trustworthy and efficient tribunal for the punishment of corruption and other political offences. The old form of impeachment by the Lower House before the Upper is obsolete; and under our present system it would assume the character of a party struggle rather than a judicial process. A government supported by a majority would be always able to shut the gate of justice. We need a tribunal, thoroughly judicial in its character and accessible to the public at large, with proper safeguards, of course, against levity and vexatiousness. If such a

tribunal had existed in the United States, corruption could hardly have reached the height which it has.

Colonel Gray, indeed, seems to think that, so far as corruption is concerned, we have no present cause for fear. "For five-and-twenty years it cannot be said of any one public man, who has been a member of a government in any one of the provinces, that he has made use of his position to advance his own pecuniary interests; nor, with the exception of one or two, has even political malice ventured to make the charge." But the danger is not so much that the ambitious men who hold the high offices of government, and whose object is generally power rather than pelf, will themselves grow wealthy at the public expense, as that they will purchase support by corrupting others. The Duke of Newcastle, who, far more than Walpole, was the archpriest of political corruption in his day, who, in fact, corrupted English public life from top to bottom, and had half the House of Commons in his pocket, was so far from himself making money by politics that he greatly reduced his hereditary estate. Even Walpole, while bribing others, was himself comparatively disinterested. In fact, nothing can be more dangerous to national character than the influence of a political chief, himself pure, but a corrupter of all around him.

As to the general system of maintaining government by the use of patronage, we must mournfully admit the truth of Colonel Gray's allegation that Canadian public men are entitled to appeal "to the practice of the Imperial Cabinet and statesmen." Official patronage has less influence in England since the introduction of the competitive examination for civil service appointments, but the distribution of honours and of admissions to the Court circle is still a potent instrument of government in a plutocratic community. Under the party system, parliamentary government cannot be carried on without this support, and

orators preaching purity from Opposition platforms will do well to remember the exigencies of power. Col. Gray may also with truth say that, in fixing the amount of their own official salaries, Canadian statesmen have by no means shewn themselves rapacious. The increase of their salaries to something like an adequate remuneration for the most eminent ability and the hardest possible work, is, in fact, a much needed reform. The difference between the stipend of a working First Minister and that of a Governor-General is not only an anomaly but an injustice.

This is not the most attractive of political themes. But it would be absurd to assume that we in Canada are specially exempted from the political maladies which rage in neighbouring and kindred communities, and which, if left to spread unchecked, will at last bring society into a condition from which it will escape, if at all, only through revolutionary convulsions.

Col. Gray generally preserves the calmness of style befitting a votary of the severe muse who presides over "Collections of Materials for History." But when he comes to the great historic case of Mr. Brown, his emotions get the better of him, and he introduces a passage which belongs to the platform, or even to some still narrower sphere. Having given an account of Mr. Brown's secession from the Confederation Ministry, and of the reason assigned by that gentleman himself for it, he proceeds :

"No other explanations on the subject were made in Parliament, and the conclusion is irresistible that the reason assigned for the resignation was not the reason which existed. Mr. Brown's resignation at such a time, when Confederation was about to be put upon its trial, and when the measure, in which he had taken so prominent a part, required the aid of all the talents and patriotism, and, if necessary, self-abnegation of the leading men in the country, cannot, it is conceived, be justified. He himself had said 'that the appearance of disunion in the Government would be injurious to the cause of Confederation.' Either he ought not to have joined the Government, or he ought not to have left it at that time. The people sustain-

ed him in the first, they condemned him in the latter. The reason he gave no one accepted as the real reason, and his opponents did not hesitate to say that he left the Government because he was not permitted to be its master, and that jealousy of its other leading men was the true cause. Whether it was so or not, unfortunately—because it is a misfortune when a political man of high standing affords even plausible grounds for the public to attribute his conduct, in the discharge of public duties, to other than public considerations, still more so when that conduct precludes even his friends from justifying the position he has taken—Mr. Brown's subsequent conduct gave too much reason for the charge. His endeavour from that time to revive the old internecine quarrels that had existed previous to the coalition; to renew the charge of corruption against his old opponents, which, if true, he at any rate had condoned, by going into the Government with them; his attacks upon his old colleagues of the Reform party, who had joined him in the effort for conciliation, because they would not follow him in his flight; his unceasing attempts to blacken the personal character of the men who but just previously had been his colleagues and joint sworn advisers of the Crown; his efforts to sow disunion among the friends of Confederation, and divide its supporters into old party lines, at the very moment it needed the greatest consideration and the most united action; his jeopardizing a great national question, in which not only the interests of Canada but of all British America were involved, to gratify personal or political animosity, brought, as they usually do, their own punishment. In one year the work of his suicide was accomplished. At the election for the Dominion Parliament in 1867 throughout the vast Province of Ontario, in which he had been wont to be a moving power, no constituency returned him, though a candidate, to that first Parliament of the Confederation in which it had been expected he would play so conspicuous a part. The people pronounced him to be an impracticable man, who allowed his temper to override his judgment. A powerful debater, an experienced politician, of indomitable energy, in many respects, but for one weakness, great, he passed away from the sphere of a statesman, and destroyed a power which, wielded with moderation, might have been of incalculable service to his country. A more painful episode never occurred in political life. *Requiescat in pace.*"

The concluding prayer has not been heard. The manifesto to the Roman Catholics published by Mr. Brown a short time since would be sufficient to show that his relations to his party remain, as they were sure to do, practically unchanged; and

if Col. Gray could rise to a national point of view, he would see that it is better for the country that the real leaders of both the parties by whose antagonistic action government under our present system is carried on, should be in their proper place in the House of Commons, so that the Opposition may be in a condition to perform its constitutional functions as effectually as the government.

It might be conceded, without impeaching the integrity of Mr. Brown, or that of any statesman placed in a similar position, that the actual cause of secession from the cabinet, which it was alone necessary to state to parliament, was not the whole account of the incompatibility which led to the disruption. The coalition government of Lord Aberdeen was formed, in perfect good faith, to rescue the country from a political deadlock; and its chief was a man eminently fitted to hold a coalition together, singularly disinterested, unambitious almost to a fault, universally esteemed, of admirable temper, and, from his having been always devoted to the department of Foreign Affairs, and little concerned in general party conflicts, singularly clear of acrimonious associations. Yet that government had hardly come into being when it began to show symptoms of dissolution from the personal incompatibilities of its members. Long party strife begets inveterate antagonisms, even where there is no radical difference of principle. There can have been no radical difference of principle between the Canadian statesmen of opposite parties who undertook to carry on in unison, not only the process of Confederation, but the general government of the country; but there may well have been an inveterate antagonism; and the disregard of his opinion with regard to the negotiations for the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty may have been a sufficient proof to Mr. Brown that his position in the coalition cabinet was no longer tenable. The specific object of the coal-

tion—Confederation—was achieved; nor does it appear that Mr. Brown can be charged with any want of patriotism, or with failure to redeem any pledge upon that subject. Such probably will be the general verdict of impartial history on this much vexed transaction.

As to "suicide," if there was any in the case, it took place when Mr. Brown consented to Confederation, by which the balance was struck in favour of Quebec, and Ontario was, for the time at least, sent under the yoke. The events which have followed—the combination of Quebec with the smaller provinces, the concessions to those provinces, the Manitoba affair, the compact with British Columbia, and the reinforcement of the government by Columbian votes, were all written in broad characters on an open page of the book of fate. But it is no more than justice to assume that Mr. Brown in the whole affair did what he thought best for the country, without any selfish regard for his own political position.

He and the other members of the coalition cabinet who, with him, represented liberal traditions, may perhaps be more seriously arraigned hereafter, by liberal historians at least, upon another count. It is natural that a Tory, even when he finds himself compelled by the circumstances of his age and country to admit the ascendancy of the elective principle, should strive to limit its application as much as possible, and to withdraw everything to the utmost of his power from the decision of the people. Any other course would be inconsistent with his traditions. But the soul of political Liberalism is a frank recognition of the elective principle, and a hearty deference to the national will as the basis of all government. Why, it will be asked, did the Liberal members of the coalition cabinet vote for a nominative, in place of an elective senate? Still more, Why did they fail to insist that Confederation should be submitted for ratification to the vote of the people? Statesmanship, in-

dependently of party traditions, would seem to have counselled such a course. Even the reactionary founders of dynasties in Europe find it expedient, in this age, to base their power on a plebiscite. It may be that, in our peculiar position, the legislatures of the several provinces were legally empowered, with the sanction of the Imperial Parliament, to dispose of the nationality of their constituents, though their commission as legislators unquestionably did not include such a power. But what statesman would have permitted such a technicality to stand in the way of so essential an object as the ratification by the national will of the fundamental institutions of the country? It was argued that Confederation being everywhere welcomed with satisfaction, the consent of the whole people might be assumed. Events soon proved the hollowness of that assumption. But had it been well founded, it would only have proved the expediency of seizing the propitious moment and placing the moral claim of the new polity to the allegiance of all citizens beyond dispute for ever. So long as the country is prosperous and all goes smoothly, no question will be raised as to the manner in which Confederation was carried. But if discontent should ever arise, as in the course of nature it some day must, we may hear more of the omission to submit the decision of the national destiny to the direct vote of the people.

Col. Gray naturally assumes the construction of a Pacific Road as the complement of Confederation. If British Columbia is to be a part of the Canadian Dominion, it is obviously necessary that we should have access to it without going through foreign territory or round Cape Horn. But Col. Gray is hardly right in his mode of estimating the probable cost. "There is nothing," he says "to indicate that the cost of construction will exceed the average cost of construction in America, namely \$30,000 or \$35,000 per mile, fully equipped—the extra difficulties of the Rocky Mountains and Brit-

ish Columbia being more than counterbalanced by the greater facilities in the prairie lands." No notice is here taken of the fact that the labour market is rising and seems likely to rise, scarcity of hands being already felt everywhere, while great works are being undertaken in all directions. The price of iron, and every other article of railway construction into which labour enters as a principal element, will of course rise at the same time; and the pressure is likely to be peculiarly felt in the case of an enterprize of vast magnitude which we are bound to complete within a limited time. Sanguine projectors are a little apt to lose sight of the very obvious fact that the labour of a country is a limited quantity, and that, if it is turned to one object, it must be withdrawn from others. The hands which are constructing a Pacific Railway cannot be building Canadian houses or tilling Canadian fields. \* It is perhaps taken for granted that we can import labour to an unlimited extent, provided the government will only adopt what is called a spirited emigration policy; but this assumption is one which ought no longer to be acted upon without consideration. There is no doubt a vast reservoir of labour in China, if it can be made available for out-of-door work in high latitudes; but there is a limit to the amount to be expected from any other quarter. The masses of helplessness and sickness which have accumulated round London and other great cities in England would be of little use to us if they could be transported hither. Of efficient labour England has now no surplus in any line. The late strike among the agricultural labourers was caused by the paucity of hands, which indicated to the labourers that they might command higher wages. Even in Ireland there is now a scarcity of farm labour. The day may not be far distant when the mother country, instead of regarding the colonies with complacency as outlets for her surplus population, will look upon them with jealousy as competitors

with her for the labour of which she has a short supply.

As another consequence of Confederation and of the new responsibilities, military and fiscal, at the same time cast on Canada by the withdrawal of the Imperial troops, Col. Gray argues that the Dominion ought to be permitted to pursue the course dictated by its own interests, independently of Imperial policy, in its commercial relations with other countries, and especially to enter into an independent treaty of commerce with Brazil.

"The responsibilities thus thrown upon Canada, she accepts. Similar responsibilities educated the old thirteen colonies to become a nation. Their citizens became soldiers, their soldiers statesmen. What made Pepperall and Franklin, Washington and Adams, Hamilton and Marshall, the men they were? Long before the Revolution, they were dealing with questions beyond the sphere of local politics. Those young provinces trained their Home Guards to meet the Indian Philip, and sent their regiments to wrest Louisburg from France; but the trader of Boston could not buy a knife from France, or a yard of cloth from Germany. Their commerce had but one groove.

"The history of Caspar Hauser shows that the mind untrained, however naturally strong, remains in a state of imbecility, though the physical frame may attain its fair proportions. The Canadian statesman has now to consider other matters than those of mere internal regulations. He has to look ahead to the development of foreign trade, to his position with foreign countries. 'Far as the breezes blow, the ocean rolls,' his commerce is free. He must see to its sustenance, to its extension. He wishes to act in full accord with the mother country; whatever policy she deems best for herself, as a general rule, is best for Canada: what strengthens her, strengthens peace; but to all rules there must be some exception, and the South American and Intercolonial trade with Canada comes within the exception."

The question is, when the Imperial Government has conceded Col. Gray's demand, how much will be left of the Empire?

We are now about to enter on the second general election, and the second grand party contest under Confederation. It may almost

be said that, while that contest lasts, Canadians will have no country; community of national sentiment will be lost in the antagonism of party. The worst foreign enemies of our name and race are hardly so odious to us as, during this struggle, will be one half of the Canadian people to the other half. We shall welter without ceasing in two conflicting cataracts of misrepresentation, such as would be thought extravagant and almost crazy if directed against any but fellow-citizens of the opposite party; and the evil passions excited on all sides will, in themselves and by their consequences, inflict on us no inconsiderable portion of the moral evils of civil war. All the brood of faction, venal and malignant, all the detestable arts of faction, will flourish and abound. Patriotism will lose its restraining power. Already faction is trying to make electioneering capital out of an industrial war—as heinous a breach of patriotism as, in an industrial community like ours, it is possible to commit, and one which the community, if it has any regard for its own most vital interests, will sternly resent. The fact is that, in such periods of ignoble frenzy, electioneering capital would be made out of a plague. Such is the method which we still employ in politics, and which we are all bound, under penalty of being considered impracticable and visionary, to accept as necessary and eternal, while rational methods are being adopted in every other department of enquiry and life.

Here, as in every country where party government prevails, the party organizations have, in a great measure, destroyed the elector's liberty of choice, and all that he can do in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is to vote the ticket. But the grasp of the organizations upon the the throat of the nation in Canada is not yet quite so tight as it is, for instance, in the United States; and Canadians who have only the interests of Canada at heart, may here and there have the chance of giv-

ing a purely patriotic vote in favour of some man as little bound to the wheels of party as themselves. Sham independence, with an underground communication with the Government, is the game of the most despicable of political tricksters; but after all, real independence is sometimes to be found;

and the presence of even two or three really independent men in a legislature is a greater check on ministerial jobbery and the excesses of faction, and a greater security for the paramount interests of the country, than any one who has not watched parliamentary struggles closely might suppose.

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## TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

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### MATHEWS—THE COMEDIAN.\*

(From Julian Young's Diary.)

1833, October 18.—'E'en from my boyhood up' I knewold Charles Mathews, the comedian, intimately. The present generation has too often heard of him, and therefore naturally thinks of him as a great *mimic*. I claim for him higher pretensions—viz., that of being the most wonderful *imitator* of his age.

A man may be the most amusing 'mimic' that ever 'set the table in a roar,' and yet be gifted with no great powers of intellect. The mind has very little to do with the matter; for the mimic's success depends principally on liveliness of perception, and the possession of certain physical and corporeal qualifications, neither rare in their manifestations nor indicative of any mental superiority in their possessor.

The chief requisites in the *mimic* are quickness of observation, sensibility of ear, flexibility of voice, mobility of feature, and suppleness of muscle. His sphere is a very limited one; for it is generally confined to the mere adventitious accidents of singularity of elocution or oddity of demeanour. The mental and the moral of the inner man are beyond his province. That Mathews had no rival as a *mimic* I am not prepared to assert; for, in 'taking off' his brethren of the sock and buskin, I think Frederick Yates was his superior: but as an *imitator* he was unapproachable.

The two words 'imitation' and 'mimicry' are often used indiscriminately, as if they were convertible terms. Now, whatever analogy there may be between them, there is also a distinction between them which is definite and definable. *Imitation* in the abstract, is the attempt to resemble a model. The object of *mimicry* is to burlesque and caricature salient peculiarities; and, therefore, to abuse the faculty of imitation. There is no more operative principle implanted in man than the propensity to imitation; and if the Deity, in giving us so ungrudgingly of the disposition, had failed to impart to us the power, it would have been like tormenting us with a restless ambition to fly, and yet withholding from us the use of wings. We are gifted with the faculty of copying a model, in order that the tendency of which we have spoken may be something better than a futile aspiration; but this faculty, like every other appertaining to us, is under the control of our own will, and may be perverted by us in a variety of ways, and then indeed imitation degenerates into mimicry.

No doubt an irrepressible sense of the ludicrous, combined with the pleasure of making others laugh, frequently tempted Mathews to indulge in the lower vein of mimicry; but it was his singular power of transfusing the thoughts and spirit of men distinguished for

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\* From "A Memoir of Charles Mayne Young, Tragedian, with extracts, from his son's Journal." By Julian Charles Young, A.M. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York.



their intellectual ascendancy over others into his own, which stamped him indelibly with the seal of genius.

The old Duke of Richmond, the grandfather of the present, was very partial to Mathews, and so thoroughly appreciated this *specialité* of his, that during his Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, whenever he invited him to dinner and wished to treat his guests to a specimen of his talent, as soon as the cloth was removed, he would propose his health, not in his own name, but now as Lord Erskine, now as Lord Ellenborough—at one time as Sheridan, at another as Curran; and under whichever character, he would make a speech so closely after the manner of each as to electrify his hearers. It was not so much the alacrity with which he would spring to his feet and assume the countenance, voice, and gesticulation of the person he was expected to personate, as the similarity of thought and style of speech which recalled to his audience Erskine and Ellenborough, and the *copia verborum* and profusion of trope and metaphor, which made them fancy they were listening to the voice of Sheridan or Curran.

In Lady Blessington's *Conversations with Byron*, she mentions that Walter Scott once asked Byron if he had ever heard Mathews imitate Curran; and, on his regretting that he never had, Scott added—'It was not an imitation, it was a continuation of the man.' So highly, too, did Coleridge estimate his powers, that on somebody, in his presence, calling him a mere mimic, he said, 'You call him a mimic: I define him as a comic poet acting his own poems.'

He certainly was unique in his way, though full of incongruities. I never knew any man so alive to the eccentricities of others, so dead to his own. I never knew a man who made the world laugh so much, who so seldom laughed himself. I never knew a man who, when *in* society, could make the dullest merry, so melancholy *out* of it. I never knew a man so prompt to resent calumnious imputations on others, so ready to forgive those who had done him wrong. In his imitation of others, he was never actuated by malevolence; but too hasty in attributing unamiable motives to any who made *him* the subject of mimicry. He was very fond of imitating Dignam the singer, and used to tell how, when he took him off to his

face, he would say, 'Oh, Mathews, you are a wonderful person; but it is wicked, it really is, to mock nature—you should not do it, 'pon my life.' Yet he himself was furious with Yates for taking the like liberty with him.

The intrinsic worth of his character, the purity of his life, his liberality to the necessitous, his simplicity, his untarnished integrity, his love for his wife and son, his fidelity to his friends, his loyalty to his patrons, his chivalrous defence of those he thought unjustly defamed, could not fail to win for him the thorough respect of all who knew him. On the other hand, genius and gentleman as he was, his nervous whimsicality, his irritability about trifles, his antipathies to particular people, places, and objects, rendered him justly vulnerable to ridicule and censure. I have seen him scratch his head, and grind his teeth, and assume a look of anguish, when a haunch of venison has been carved unskilfully in his presence. I have seen him, when in high feather and high talk, in a sunny chamber, if transferred to a badly-lighted room, withdraw into a corner and sit by himself in moody silence. He was strangely impressionable by externals. I have known him refuse permission to a royal Duke to see over his picture-gallery on Highgate Hill, because the day of his call was cloudy. He was such a passionate lover of sunshine, that I have seen him 'put out' for a whole day by the lady of a house at which he was calling pulling down the Venetian blinds. 'There are not many days in the year' he would say, 'when the sun shines at all in this country; and when he *is* disposed to be kindly, and to pay us a visit, down goes every blind in his face, to show him, I suppose, how little we value his presence.' Whenever he went out to dinner, in the good old days when moderator and sinumbra lamps were unknown, and wax-candles were in fashion, he was wont to carry in his breast-pocket a pair of small silver snufflers, so that, when the wicks were long and dull, he might be able to trim them, and brighten up the gloom that was gathering round the table. I have known him, without the slightest cause, appropriate remarks to himself which were intended for others, and fret his heart-strings over imaginary wrongs for hours. I have known him frenzied with rage, on discovering that a tidy housemaid had picked up from the floor of his

bed-room a dirty pair of stockings which he had left there 'as a memorandum,' on the same principle on which people tie knots in their handkerchiefs. And yet, with all these unhappy infirmities, I never knew a man more formed to inspire, and who succeeded more in inspiring, personal affection, or who, though exposed to many temptations, was so unsoiled by them.

I have already implied, if I have not asserted, that he was liable to alternate fits of elation and depression. At one time he was so alarmed about himself, that he begged his razors might be always kept by his man, and never left in his room, lest, under some malign impulse, he might destroy himself. When the black cloud was on his spirit, he was taciturn: and, if addressed, laconic and sour in his replies. At such times he would speak as if he were a fatalist; he would vow that nothing ever went right with him; that he was the most ill-starred of men; and then, in confirmation of his assertion, would say—'I never, in my life, put on a new hat, that it did not rain and ruin it. I never went out in a shabby coat because it was raining, and thought that every one who had the choice would keep in doors, that the sun did not burst forth in its strength, and bring out with it all the butterflies of fashion whom I knew, or who knew me. I never consented to accept a part I hated, out of kindness to an author, that I did not get hissed by the public and cut by the writer. I could not take a drive for a few minutes with Terry, without being overturned, and having my hip-bone broke, though my friend got off unharmed. I could not make a covenant with Arnold, which I thought was to make my fortune, without making his instead. In an incredible space of time (I think thirteen months) I earned for him twenty thousand pounds, and for myself one. I am persuaded, if I were to set up as baker, every one in my neighbourhood would leave off eating bread!'

I mentioned how easily his equanimity was disturbed by trifles, such as bad carving, ill-lighted rooms, &c. The same feeling extended to other things. If he were paying a call, for the first time, on a new acquaintance, and saw a picture hanging out of the perpendicular, he would spring up to put it straight; if a lady, in her dress, showed a deficient sense of harmony in colour, it irritated him greatly, &c., &c. The

following anecdote will further illustrate his morbid sensibility to things which most people would deem insignificant.

He had an appointment with a solicitor. They were to meet at a particular hour at a small inn in the city, where they might hope to be quiet and undisturbed. Mathews arrived at the trysting-place a few minutes too soon. On entering the coffee-room, he found its sole tenant a commercial gentleman earnestly engaged on a round of boiled beef. Mathews sat himself down by the fire, and took up a newspaper, meaning to wile away the time till his friend arrived. Occasionally he glanced from the paper to the beef, and from the beef to the man, till he began to fidget and look about from the top of the right-hand page to the bottom of the left in a querulous manner. Then he turned the paper inside out, and, pretending to stop from reading, addressed the gentleman in a tone of ill-disguised indignation, and with a ghastly smile upon his face—'I beg your pardon, Sir, but I don't think you are aware that you have no mustard.' The person addressed looked up at him with evident surprise, mentally resenting his gratuitous interference with his tastes, and coldly bowed. Mathews resumed his reading, and, curious to see if his well-meant hint would be acted on, furtively looked round the edge of his paper, and finding the plate to be still void of mustard, concluded that the man was deaf. So, raising his voice to a higher key, and accosting him with sarcastic acerbity, he bawled out, with syllabic precision—'Are—you—a-ware—Sir—that—you—have—been—eat-ing—boiled—beef—with-out—mus-tard?' Again a stiff bow and no reply. Once more Mathews affected to read, while he was really 'nursing his wrath to keep it warm.' At last, seeing the man's obstinate violation of conventionalty and good taste, he jumped up, and, in the most arbitrary and defiant manner, snatched the mustard-pot out of the cruet-stand, banged it on the table, under the defaulter's nose, and shouted out—'Confound it, Sir you SHALL take mustard!' He then slapped his hat on his head, and ordered the waiter to show him into a private room, vowing that he had never before been under the roof with such a savage; that he had been made quite sick by the revolting sight which he had seen, and that he never would sit in the room with a man who *could* eat beef without mustard.

Another of the plagues by which he deemed himself to be peculiarly beset, was the pestering offers of attention, from mercenary motives, of urchins in the streets.

I met him one day in Regent Street, mounted on his pretty milk-white pony. Although I was a favourite, I saw that my stopping him was not altogether acceptable. It was soon explained. The young Arabs of the street were round him, and at each side of his bridle, with 'Please, want your 'orse 'olded;' and, with the sort of expression on his face which one would have expected, perhaps, to see, if he had been on the plains of Egypt, with a swarm of Bedouins swooping down upon him, he shook himself off from me, with the words, 'The plague's begun,' uttered in a tone of despair, and galloped off as fast as intervening cabs and carriages would allow him.

During the entire period of his stay with us he was delightful: always ready to fall in with our quiet and monotonous mode of life, and appearing pleased with everthing and everybody with whom he was thrown in contact. At the termination of his night's performance at Andover, I was made aware of one of his whims, of which I had, till then, been quite unconscious. I mean his singular and inexplicable aversion to the touch of money. A certain man, who, for prudential reasons, I will not name, always travelled with him, as his secretary and check-taker. He received all the money taken at the doors. On leaving the Town Hall with Mathews, I asked him if he were content with the receipts. 'Oh,' said he, 'I don't know what they are: I leave it to all to B——. I am quite at his mercy. I never know what really is taken at the doors. I only know what I receive. I hope and believe B—— is honest; but even if he is not, I could not wrangle about money. I do so hate the very touch of it.' 'What?' I exclaimed, with genuine incredulity, 'hate money!' 'I did not say I hated money, but that I hated the touch of money—I mean coin. It makes my skin goosey.'

One more of his oddities I must mention. He used often to declare that he could never understand why it was that, when other people so frequently had cause to complain that they could not find things they lost, he never could lose anything he wished to get rid of. I must plead guilty to having twice ministered, with malice prepense, to this superstition of his.

On leaving any house where I may have been staying, I have a confirmed habit of looking into every drawer, washstand, table, &c., so as to ensure myself against leaving anything behind me. Mathews once left me at a country inn, where we had been staying together. When I was about to take my departure, with my usual precaution, I took care to ransack every possible and impossible nook or cranny, behind which any article of mine might have fallen; and, in doing so, observed, secreted behind a huge old mahogany dining-table, with deep flaps, which was placed against the wall of our sitting-room, a dress-shoe, so dapper in shape, and so diminutive in size, that I had no difficulty in recognizing it as one of my friend's. Rejoiced at the opportunity of having a bit of fun, I enclosed it in a brown-paper parcel, and despatched it after him. Instead of thanking me for my trouble, he wrote to me, and told me that I was 'his evil genius; that, having worn out the companion pump, which was that of the foot of his lame leg, the one I had forwarded to him was of no earthly use to him; that, in the faint hope of getting rid of it, he had placed it where I had found it; and that in consequence of my inquisitive and officious disposition, he had been compelled to pay for the recovery of this useless article as much as would have purchased an entirely new pair.'

About a month after he had left us, at Amport, I happened to go to my wardrobe in search of an old pair of trowsers which I reserved for gardening purposes. As I was putting them on, I felt that there was something in them. My first impression was, that, when I had last worn them, I had left my purse in them. But, on inserting my hand into the pocket, I drew out an oddly-shaped object, neatly wrapped up in Bath note paper, with these words inscribed on the outside, in the quaint but vigorous handwriting I knew so well, 'To be lost, if possible.' On opening the little packet, I found inside it a circular nail-brush, worn to the bone. It would seem that, on looking over the articles of my wardrobe, he thought the trowsers he had selected were too shabby for me ever to put on again, and therefore chose them for a hiding-place. But he was deceived. I made up another neat parcel for him, and directed it to his house in London. Unfortunately he was on a professional tour in the provinces, where it followed him; till, by the time it reached him,

the 'carriage' had amounted to some shillings. I was not long in receiving a letter of ironical thanks 'for my kind and *dear* attention.' I was penitent for having put him to such expense, and I confessed my sin to him.

Many years after, I was telling his son Charles of these amusing incidents, when he said, 'I can cap your story.' He then told me, that once he and his father had an engagement with one of the East India Directors at the India Office. As they were approaching Blackfriars Bridge, the father said to the son, 'We must stop a minute at the first draper's shop we come to, as I want to buy myself a new pair of gloves; for I have mislaid the fellow to the one I have on my right hand.' As soon as he had effected his purchase, they proceeded on their way; and, on reaching the bridge, the son observed his father looking before him and behind him, as if, having some felonious purpose in his mind, he wished to see that the coast was clear before he executed it. At last, when the traffic seemed for a moment to diminish, he leaned over the parapet of the bridge—as if to notice the wherries and steamers on the river—hurled over the odious glove, which was disturbing his serenity,

and then limped off in an agitated and guilty manner, as though he were trying to evade the emissaries of justice. So eager was he to get off the bridge, and thread his way unobserved through the crowd, that he outstripped his son; and just as he was waiting for him, and was congratulating himself on having, for once, got rid of an obnoxious article, a breathless waterman ran up to him, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, 'I beg your honour's pardon, but I think you dropped this here glove in the river.' 'How—how, Sir, do you know it to be my glove?' 'Why, Sir, I was a sculling, and was just giving my boat a spurt under the arch of the bridge, when this here glove fell; and on looking up I se'ed that the gentleman from whose hand it dropped had a white hat on with a black crape round it; so I pulled with all my might and main after you, and ran up the steps from the river-side, and I thought I never should have catched you',—wiping his forehead with his sleeve as he spoke. Of course such disinterested civility had to be rewarded with a shilling, and the impoverished donor, like Lord Ullin for his daughter, was 'left lamenting!'

*To be continued.*

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## BOOK REVIEWS.

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NIAGARA: Its History and Geology, Incidents and Poetry, with Illustrations. By George W. Holley, Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.; New York: Sheldon & Co.; Buffalo: Breed, Lent & Co.

We believe the remark has been already made, but it may certainly be made with truth, that in nothing are the increase of general intelligence and the growing love of science more visible than in the improvement of guide-books. Written for pleasure seekers, these works used to be level with the intellects of the lowest of that class. They were made up of exaggerated descriptions of scenery, fiction, declamation, apocryphal stories, and advertisements of hotels. Nothing in them indicated the slightest demand on the part of their readers for literary culture, much less of science. But now, in opening a new guide-book to Niagara, what do we see? First a history of the Falls and their vicinity, written with

care, sobriety, and intelligence, a little tinged perhaps with American predilections, but not to any culpable extent. This is combined with some descriptive passages which are not merely heaps of commonplace epithets, used at random, but aim at fidelity in depicting both objects and impressions, and at aiding the imagination of the reader. Then follows a thoroughly scientific, though at the same time popular, explanation of the geology of the Falls, in connection with that of the district and of the country generally. From the geology, we come to the local incidents and anecdotes, ending with the poetry, serious and comic. The true anecdotes are discriminated from the false, and those which are given are well selected and in good literary form. We will take as a specimen the account of the voyage of the *Maid of the Mist* from her dock, just above the Railway Suspension Bridge to Niagara:

"Owing to some change in her appointments, which confined her to the Canadian shore for the reception of passengers, she became unprofitable. Her owner having decided to leave the place wished to sell her as she lay at her dock. This he could not do, but had an offer of something more than half of her cost, if he would deliver her at Niagara, opposite the Fort. This he decided to do, after consultation with Robinson, who had acted as her captain and pilot on her trips under the Falls. The boat required for her navigation an engineer, who also acted as fireman, and a pilot. On her pleasure trips she had a clerk in addition to these. Mr. Robinson agreed to act as pilot for the fearful voyage, and the engineer, Mr. Jones, consented to go with him. A courageous machinist, Mr. McIntyre, volunteered to share the risk with them. They put her in complete trim, removing from deck and hold all superfluous articles. Notice was given of the time for starting, and a large number of people assembled to see the fearful plunge, no one expecting to see either boat or crew again, after they should leave the dock. This dock, as has been before stated, was just above the Railway Suspension Bridge, at the place where she was built, and where she was laid up in the winter; that, too, being the only place where she could lie without danger of being crushed by the ice. Twenty rods below this eddy the water plunges sharply down into the head of the crooked, tumultuous rapid which we have before noticed, as reaching from the bridge to the Whirlpool. At the Whirlpool the danger of being drawn under was most to be apprehended; in the Rapids of being turned over or knocked to pieces. From the Whirlpool to Lewiston is one wild, turbulent rush and whirl of water without a square foot of smooth surface in the whole distance.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon of June 15, 1867, the engineer took his place in the hold, and knowing that their flitting would be short at the longest, and might be only the preface to a swift destruction, set his steam-valve at the proper gauge, and awaited—not without anxiety—the tinkling signal that should start them on their flying voyage. McIntyre joined Robinson at the wheel on the upper deck. Self-possessed, and with the calmness which results from undoubting courage and confidence, yet with the humility which recognizes all possibilities, with downcast eyes and firm hands, Robinson took his place at the wheel and pulled the starting bell. With a shriek from her whistle and a white puff from her escape pipe to take leave, as it were, of the multitude gathered on the shores and on the bridge, the boat ran up the eddy a short distance, then swung around to the right, cleared the smooth water and shot like an arrow into the rapid under the bridge. She took the outside curve of the rapid, and when a third of the way down it a jet of water struck against her rudder, a column dashed up under her starboard side, heeled her over, carried away her smoke-stack, started her overhang on that side, threw Robinson flat on his back, and thrust McIntyre against her starboard wheel-house with such force as to break it through. Every eye was fixed; every tongue was silent, and every looker-on breathed freer as she emerged from the fearful baptism, shook her wounded sides, slid into the whirlpool and for a moment rode again on an even keel. Robinson rose at once, seized the helm, set her to the right of the large pot in the pool, then turned her directly

through the neck of it. Thence, after receiving another drenching from its combing waves, she dashed on without further accident to the quiet bosom of the river below Lewiston.

"Thus was accomplished the most remarkable and perilous voyage ever made by men. To look at the boat and the navigation she was to undertake no one would have predicted for it any other than a fatal termination. The boat was seventy-two feet long with seventeen feet breadth of beam and eight feet depth of hold, and carried an engine of an hundred horse power. In conversation with Robinson after the voyage, he stated that the greater part of it was like what he had always imagined must be the swift sailing of a large bird in a downward flight; that when the accident occurred the boat seemed to be struck from all directions at once; that she trembled like a fiddle-string and felt as if she would crumble away and drop into a.oms; that both he and McIntyre were holding to the wheel with all their strength but produced no more effect than if they had been two flies; that he had no fear of striking the rocks, for he knew that the strongest suction must be in the deepest channel and that the boat must remain in that. Finding that McIntyre was somewhat bewildered by excitement or by his fall as he rolled up by his side but did not rise, he quietly put his foot on his breast to keep him from rolling around the deck, and thus finished the voyage.

"Poor Jones, imprisoned beneath the hatches before the glowing furnace, went down on his knees, as he related afterward, and although a more earnest prayer was never uttered and few that were shorter, still it seemed to him prodigiously long. To that prayer he thought they owed their salvation.

"The effect of this trip upon Robinson was decidedly marked. To it, as he lived but a few years afterward, his death was commonly attributed. But this was incorrect, since the disease which terminated his life was contracted at New Orleans at a later day. 'He was,' said Mrs. Robinson to the writer, 'twenty years older when he came home that day than when he went out.' He sank into his chair like a person overcome with weariness. He decided to abandon the water and advised his sons to venture no more about the rapids. Both his manner and appearance were changed. Calm and deliberate before, he became thoughtful and serious afterward. He had been borne, as it were, in the arms of a power so mighty that its impress was stamped on his features and on his mind. Through a slightly opened door he had seen a vision which awed and subdued him. He became reverent in a moment. He grew venerable in an hour."

The style of the book throughout is pleasant, and the touch light, with a good vein of humour. The illustrations also are a marvellous improvement upon the guide-book illustrations of former days. Upon the whole, we do not remember to have ever read a better work of its class.

CASSELL'S HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY, 1870-71, Vol. I., London, Paris and New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

This work will, no doubt, become one of the most popular, as it is one of the most attractive, of the

many histories of the Franco-German War. Possessing unusual facilities for the manufacture of works of an illustrated character, the publishers have availed themselves of the many thrilling incidents of the struggle to introduce a variety of sketches and drawings, which give increased interest to the narrative.

Plans of the invested cities, maps of the scenes of engagement and encounter, and numberless picturesque views—all of which are well executed—embellish the work; while a series of portraits of the prominent officers engaged in the war, which seem not only to be artistically drawn but to be good likenesses, add further interest to the book. The narrative, which in the volume before us, comes down to the close of 1870, is well written; while much of the graphic writing of the special correspondents of the English and continental press—particularly the despatches of Dr. Russell of the *Times* and Mr. Archibald Forbes of the *Daily News*, appears in the work.

Though the intense excitement and thrilling interest manifested in the events of the struggle, during the period of the war, has passed away; still, no doubt, this work will be eagerly turned to; and as a fair history of the unhappy struggle, we dare say the book before us will be found important and satisfactory.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, delivered in Edinburgh, in 1872. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D., Dean of Westminster, corresponding member of the Institute of France. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

THREE LECTURES ON THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, with a special reference to the Dean of Westminster's recent course on that subject, delivered in the Music Hall on the 24th, 26th and 31st of January, 1872. By Robert Rany, D. D. Edinburgh: John Maclaren.

The Dean of Westminster has been trying to tickle a very wary trout, and apparently with very imperfect success. Under colour of giving a course of lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland, he has attempted to persuade the Scotch that their opposition to Prelacy arises from a historical illusion; that their peculiar code of doctrine is merely an accident, and that they had much better think no more of these trivial and obsolete causes of division, but unite with the Episcopal Church, of which the Dean is an eminent member, and carry into effect his theory of universal comprehension. Dr. Arnold, of whom the Dean is the leading disciple, was an advocate for a national church, in which he hoped to comprehend all sects of Christians, except possibly the Roman Catholics. His mind, in all his political and ecclesiastical speculations, was greatly under the influence of classical antiquity, of which he was an enthusiastic student, and which presented to him the type of a state religion, and a perfect identification of Church and State. Others have regarded the separation of the spiritual from the temporal power as the great work of Christianity, and its most important contribution to the progress of civilization; but Dr. Arnold held the opposite opinion, and wished to revert to what is generally considered a rudimentary condition of society. Dean Stanley goes even beyond his master. With

him the identification of State and Church, or rather the subordination of the Church to the State, appears to be the one article of faith. He is not only the most thorough-going of Erastians, but to all appearances, he is an Erastian and nothing else. His comprehensiveness in doctrinal matters is literally without limit. Everything, from ultra Latitudinarianism to ultra Ritualism, is welcome to his religious communion, provided it will only submit to the supremacy of the state and the judgment of the Privy Council. All differences of belief he seems to regard as trivial, and all struggles about differences of belief as mere fanaticism, lamentably interfering with the one vital object—union under state supremacy. As Dr. Rany says, in answer to some of the Dean's gentle insinuations that the Scotch martyrdoms were magnificent absurdities: "What I cannot but ask is this—what is that thing, what is that doctrinal truth, in behalf of which the Dean's conscience, according to his present lights, would lead him to think that people ought to undergo martyrdom, and might do so without absurdity? Where would he draw the line and make a stand? I declare most seriously I don't know. I have not the least idea. I don't see how any one can draw an inference or hazard a guess upon the subject. The Dean appears to me to be wonderfully able to hold both sides on most theological questions. Judging from the intense ardour of his demonstrations during the last three years, I have a kind of impression, but I am not sure, that in his judgment, in behalf of Erastianism a man might lay down his life joyfully at the scaffold or the stake. If not for that, then I am at an utter loss."

The Dean is a man of remarkable intellectual gifts, as well as of the most amiable moral qualities. He has extraordinary range of historical sympathy and an extraordinary eye for the picturesque in history, both secular and ecclesiastical. But his power of understanding a deep religious movement is far more limited. He likes the salient characters and striking forms which such a movement produces, and accepts them as agreeable additions to his museum of ecclesiastical history. But if Luther and Loyola are equally picturesque, he likes Loyola about as well as Luther. Ritualism is to him a new and gorgeous specimen which it would be a thousand pities not to accept. He cannot enter into the narrow objections of Protestant members of the Church of England, who are disconcerted by the introduction of what to them is a false miracle into their worship of God. As little can he enter into the desire of arriving at any definite conclusion on any doctrinal subject, or on any ecclesiastical subject whatever, except the one question of Erastianism. He likes to hold both sides of all questions, and this he regards as the height at once of Christian charity and of philosophy. He is surprised and scandalized when he encounters ordinary minds to which the difference between Transubstantiation and its opposite, or between Sacerdotalism and Anti-sacerdotalism is a serious matter; and when he finds that the mass of men would not care to maintain a church which was to be a mere organization without any definite creed, and teaching nothing except submission to the ecclesiastical courts. Why cannot people who hold opposite views as to the nature and sources of spiritual life, settle down comfortably together and unite in the one thing needful, the maintenance of an Established Church?

His present lectures are interesting, as everything he writes on history is, in spite of his frequent fancifulness, from his almost passionate love of the subject, and his power of realization. But they utterly fail to prove his peculiar point, and at the hands of Dr. Rainy he meets, we should say, with total discomfiture. He had endeavoured to show that Presbyterianism and Prelacy, so far from being wholly irreconcilable, had long co-existed amicably in Scotland. But this is a mere historical mare's nest. Nominal bishops, abbots and friars, were kept on foot after the Reformation, with the consent of the Reformers, not for religious but ostensibly for legal and constitutional purposes; really with a pecuniary object, the nobles wanting church lands and benefices to plunder, while the clergy hoped to save something for the church. Afterwards, a rich episcopacy was introduced by the Stuarts, but this episcopacy co-existed with Presbyterianism, not amicably, but in a state of internecine conflict. Prelacy, as Dr. Rainy well shows, was abhorred by the Scotch, and is still rejected by them, not only as a form of church government to which they object, but because it always brought with it, and always will bring with it, a whole circle of doctrines and practices to which they have a still greater aversion. When the Dean insinuates that the rising against Charles and Laud was only a fuss about an "Amen," the answer is that if the "Amen" was Amen to the bringing in of Prelacy and the Liturgy, that, in Scotch eyes, was cause enough for the rising. Dean Stanley must know well the saying of Aristotle, that the occasions of revolutions are often small, while their causes are great. The Dean is not more happy in his attempts to accommodate historical characters, or groups of characters, to the object which he has in view. The "Moderates," on whom he naturally fixes as the embodiment of his own sentiments, and whom he wishes to use as historical decoy ducks to bring over the more stiff-necked Presbyterians, were really not a religious party at all. They simply represented the influence of the eighteenth century, or a certain portion of the Scottish clergy, especially the more literary portion. They were, in fact, anti-ecclesiastical, and of some of them it would not be far from the truth to say that they had a strong affinity to scepticism. If "Jupiter Carlyle" had not been a minister, he would probably have found himself at the side of David Hume. Moreover the attitude of the Moderates towards the more fervent high church, or as the Dean would call them "Hildebrandine" Presbyterians, was anything but one of comprehension. The Dean has inadvertently allowed the truth to peep out in recognizing as a valued, though erring friend, the Bloody Mackenzie, a man without convictions, who was ready to take up with any religion established by "the laws of his country," but who was the framer and administrator of sanguinary laws against religious zeal. Dean Stanley is equally unsuccessful in his attempt to present as moderates and mediators the leaders of the Episcopal Church in Scotland. Bishop Joly was a very good man, and a picturesque ecclesiastical specimen, but he very distinctly believed, and very stiffly maintained, that no one who was not in communion with the bishop of his diocese would be saved except through the uncovenanted mercies of God. Turn where the Dean will, he finds "Hildebrandines," whose object in forming and maintaining churches is the propagation of some definite religious truth, and

the inculcation of some definite rule of spiritual life.

He might, perhaps, have made a better point if he had thought of showing historically to how great an extent the various forms of ecclesiastical government in the different Protestant States were the result of political accident. Where the Reformation was made by the kings, episcopacy was retained, as being, according to the well-known dictum of James I., most congenial to monarchy. Where the Reformation was made by the nobles and people, as in Scotland, in Holland, in Germany, in Switzerland, among the Huguenots in France, episcopacy was abolished and some form of government more or less popular was adopted. When a thorough going democracy came to the front, as in New England, and in the old country under Cromwell, Congregationalism prevailed. Still, even when the Dean had reduced all the forms of church government to political accidents, he would have to show cause why the Scotch should abandon their own political accident and embrace his.

Presbyterianism answers by the mouth of Dr. Rainy with courtesy, but with force and with unmitigable decision, bringing out, broadly and impressively, the great distinctive objects of the Presbyterian Church, and the grounds on which it receives, and will continue to receive, the allegiance of the Scottish people. The hitting in the reply is sometimes pretty hard, but never rude or uncharitable. Finally the Dean is politely bowed back to his own establishment, with something like a flea in his ear.

"Very well; we all know that a powerful tide is running in influential quarters in favour of a general relaxation of belief, and that is in favour of the Dean's design. Besides that, in another way the existing forces tend in the same direction. For the more that divisions of opinion multiply, the more temptation there is to men who value an establishment to widen the base indefinitely, as the natural policy for strengthening the institution. So that we can see how the Dean's views of what establishments ought to be and are, might receive conclusive and unanswerable verification. I am bound, however, to record my belief that there are many men in the established churches who repudiate all this, and remain where they are because they do not believe the Dean's theory. Meanwhile, he appeals to us, outside the establishment, not to be so unreasonable as to propose to pull down establishments which satisfy, in the way indicated, such aspirations as his own. Now I will make bold to answer this appeal on behalf—to speak first of them—of nine-tenths of those whom the Dean has thus addressed. And I say that just in so far as the established churches correspond to the Dean's ideal, and in so far as that becomes clear, we will most certainly join with all our might to pull them down. More than that, there are plenty of men in the established churches who, on that supposition, will overcome the temptation of their position, and come to help us. Churches of that kind, if they are to be called churches, are a moral nuisance, not to be tolerated for an hour. I mean churches in which the whole power, the whole means of attraction which the State can employ, is devoted to support the principle that the Church of Christ as such has no principle and no conscience—has no peremptory assertions to make, no distinct truth, and no distinct life to represent and embody to the world."

We have no doubt that Dr. Rainy's words are true, and will be verified by events, unless the Church of Christ is destined to sink into a modern counterpart of the Roman Establishment of augurs with their sacred fowls, a prop of political reaction and a

supplement to repressive police; in which case, she may or may not be a useful instrument of government, but she will hardly be the light or the life of the world.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Dr. Macleod, whose death was abruptly announced by the cable, had just published his latest—his last work, "Characteristics," which had not reached Canada when we heard of his death. Ardently attached to the Scottish Establishment, he did not hesitate to protest against what he conceived to be its narrowness in creed or practice. His loss will be severely felt in his own Church, and it is deeply to be regretted by many friends in Canada, who had hoped during the summer to have heard his cheery voice and looked upon his genial face. Dr. Hook's "Life of Archbishop Parker," being vol. 9 of the "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," though, strictly speaking, a biography, is properly a contribution to Church history: the period when Elizabeth was re-constructing the hierarchy under the primacy of Parker was a most eventful one in the history of the Church of England. The facts are faithfully stated by Dr. Hook, but as an "Anglo-Catholic," he is hampered by the ghost of apostolic succession. "Esse and Posse, a comparison of Divine Eternal Laws and Powers, as severally indicated in Truth, Fact and Record," by Mr. Braithwaite, M.A., Cantab., is another effort towards the reconciliation of religion and science. We have had an Evangelical peer as an author in the Duke of Argyle; a Rationalistic one, the Duke of Somerset; and now it appears we are to have a Roman Catholic in the person of Lord Arundel, of Wardour. His book is entitled "Tradition, principally with reference to Mythology." Messrs T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh, announce two new volumes of the admirable series of translations, one of Origen contains a portion of his treatise against Celsus, and another containing the Liturgies of the Ante-Nicene period. "The Desert of the Exodus," by Rev. E. H. Palmer, M.A., (New York: Harper Brothers), is properly a work of geographical exploration, but it is also an illustrative commentary upon Holy Scripture. It ought to find a place in every library; it contains the results of a year's careful examination of the Arabian desert in the track of the wandering Hebrews. To the Biblical student it is extremely valuable, and it is much more interesting to the general reader than the majority of books of travel.

In the department of Science we have much pleasure in directing attention to "An Introduction to the Study of Biology, by H. Alleyne Nicholson, M.D., Professor of Natural History, Univ. College, Toronto." Dr. Nicholson's scientific manuals have the great merit of being comprehensive without being superficial; they always exhibit accurate knowledge, as established by the latest researches, and what is equally important, the rare faculty of bringing that knowledge within the understanding of the student. We have already directed attention to the

new edition of "Lyell's Principles of Geology," as it has been recently revised by the author. The first volume, from stereotyped plates, has recently been published in New York (D. Appleton & Co.). It is scarcely necessary to call the attention of the student to this standard work. It will suffice to observe that five chapters of the tenth edition have been entirely re-cast, so as to connect the former work by the light of recent research, and to make it still the best standard text-book on the subject of geology. "The Orbs around us," is another scientific popular work, by R. A. Proctor. "Researches in Molecular Physics, by means of Radiant Heat," is by Prof. Tyndall; and "Town Geology," is a collection of a number of popular articles written for *Good Words*, by the Rev. Chas. Kingsley.

In Biography, two works only need be noticed—a life of Michael Faraday, by J. H. Gladstone, L.L.D. and "Goethe and Mendelssohn, 1821-31," containing unpublished letters by both the friends, and edited by Dr. Karl Mendelssohn, a son of the composer. In the Department of History, we may mention a "History of Canada, under the French Régime, 1535-1763, by H. H. Miles." The work has not reached us, but if properly executed, it ought to be a valuable compendium of the early history of this country. We do not know that "Thirty years in a Harem," can properly be called history, but the book is worth noting, if only because, after the number of pretentious revelations we have had of the seraglio, this seems to be one written by a *bona fide* inmate—Madame Kabizli Mehemet Pasha. Col. Otto Corvin gives, from the German soil, an account of the invasion of France, and Major Blume a narrative of operations from Sedan to the end of the war. On the other side, we have "Eight Months on Duty," by a young officer in Chanzy's army. It paints very feelingly the sufferings of the French people at the hands of the invaders. Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple, has contributed a preface to this volume.

In Geography and Travels it seems rather difficult to select—so great is the supply the summer always brings with it. Capt. R. F. Burton announces a new work "Unexplored Syria." Captain Butler of H. M. 69th Regiment, who accompanied the Red River Expedition, and afterwards made several excursions up the Saskatchewan, is the author of a work on the North-west, entitled "The Great Lone Land." "Saunterings," by Charles D. Warner, (James R. Osgood & Co.,) is a very attractive book, neatly got up for the pocket, and full of interesting European travel-talk, infused with an agreeable spice of American humour. Contrary to all precedent, the very preface is amusing, we might almost say the most amusing chapter in the book. Besides these works the number of summer books is almost be-



yond calculation. We have a doctor's book "Change of Air and Scene," directing the tourist to the Mediterranean, "Try Cracow and the Carpathians." New editions of Ball's Alpine Guides, to teach people how to break their necks, after the fashion of the day; "How to see Norway," "Ben Rhydding," "Knocking about in New Zealand," &c. &c. We mention "South Sea Bubbles," again (New York: Appleton & Co.), to commend the cheap and well-printed American edition, and also to mention that the English Wesleyan organ, the *Watchman* has taken very just exception to the flippant manner in which the Earl of Pembroke speaks of the missionary labours in the South Seas. Why a nobleman, young and with strong animal spirits, should not have anything in common with missionaries, who disturb the halcyon days by preaching chastity to the "Voluptuous Tahitians." A young nobleman of twenty-two can hardly be expected to admire the rigidity in morals which, though quite proper in Belgravia, is, it seems, singularly out of place in the seductive atmosphere of "Society-Islandism." Methodism appears to be the *bête noire* of our young nobility; yet it seems strange that the Earl should have taken the London Missionary Society under his patronage, and reserved his censures for the Wesleyan body. The Doctor, who is said to be a brother of the Rev. Charles and Henry Kingsley, might have chastened the exuberant utterances of his companion, and repressed those unwarrantable attacks upon a religious denomination which has done so much to humanize and christianize mankind at home and abroad.

Mr. Buchanan has issued "Thomas Maitland's" article on "The Fleishly School of Poetry," enlarged and improved in the form of a *brochure*. We have already referred to the article in question. The pamphlet has one peculiar merit, not designed by the author—it is a complete catalogue of all the passages in Mr. Rossetti's poems, which a purrulent taste, assisted by Mr. Buchanan's commentary, might delight to feed upon. Like the edition of Martial in Byron's *Don Juan* "the proper parts," are severed from their connection.

"They only add them all in an appendix,  
Which saves in fact the trouble of an index."

There is only this difference, that Mr. Buchanan scatters them, like sugar-plums, through the body of his work. Those of our readers who have not read *Miréio*, a Provençal Poem, by Frederic Mistral, (Boston: Roberts, Brothers,) ought, by all means to do so. The revival of a Provençal literature, however ephemeral it may prove to be, is of itself a phenomenon worthy of attention, and the poem before us, rich in the scenery of the silk-worm and mulberry country, possesses a freshness and a warmth which render this poem peculiarly attractive. The story is of a pure affection crossed by fortune. Another instance of what Edwin Arnold tells us, that "never was tale of human love which was not also tale of human woe." But the art of the poet has made the feeling of pain less intense by the lovely scenes of domestic life, and the spirited lyrics here and there dispersed through the poem. Miss Prescott, the translator, has accomplished her task well, and the publishers have embraced this unique contribution to literature in a very handsome volume, the pages of which are bounded by a red border of the Oxford pattern. "The Days of Jezebel," by P. Bayne, B. A., and the fifth volume of Mr. Morris' "Earthly Paradise," (cheap edition) are worthy of mention.

In Fiction, we have *Ombra*, by Mrs. Oliphant, on the whole, the best work she has yet written, *The Golden Lion of Granpere*, by Anthony Trollope and *Septimius*, a posthumous Romance, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, both of which have appeared serially in the magazines, and finally the fourth part of *Middlemarch*, by George Eliot—"Three Love Problems." The author of "John Halifax," contributes two excellent juvenile story-books, "Is it True?" and "The Adventures of a Brownie."

We append a communication respecting Palmer's "Desert of the Exodus" above referred to.

PALMER'S DESERT OF THE EXODUS (London, 1872); and Niebuhr's Travels in Arabia written a century ago.

The latter work, of which I have only a Dutch translation (4to, Amsterdam, 1776) of the German original, says of Kibroth Hattaavah:

"We were not a little astonished to find here, in the midst of the desert, a splendid Egyptian cemetery, for so a European would call it, although he might not have seen the like in Egypt, where most of the ancient monuments are buried in the sand. We found a number of stones, some still upright, others fallen or broken, measuring from five to seven feet long, by one and a-half to two feet broad, and covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics. These could not have been anything else than tombstones. Of the building, (of which I give a sketch) only the walls remain. In it are many sculptured stones. At the broader end is a small room, the roof still remaining, supported by a square pillar. In this room are, also, many hieroglyphics, both on the walls and on the pillar, and also images like those of the ancient Egyptians, and architectural designs similar to the drawings made by Norden in Upper Egypt."

"All the tombstones with the hieroglyphics and images are of a fine, hard sandstone. I copied three of the inscriptions. Are not these the graves of the people that lusted, mentioned in the fourth book of Moses, xi., 34?"

How does it happen that Palmer does not mention these inscriptions? He speaks only of stones and stone heaps at Erweis el Ebeirig, but not a word about these sculptured stones and inscriptions, which were seen only a few years ago by Robinson, who says there were about fifteen upright and several fallen stones, covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics, varying from seven to ten feet in height, by eighteen inches to two feet broad. He saw, also, the small chamber with the roof still perfect, the column and sides covered with hieroglyphics, and mentions "the wonderful preservation of the inscriptions." On some of the stones "they are quite perfect."

Forster, in his "Sinai Photographed," folio, London, 1862, has copied Niebuhr's plates, and gives translations of the hieroglyphical inscriptions.

It is the fashion (but I am happy to say that Shepperd, in his very interesting work, "Traditions of Eden," does not follow it,) to decry Forster's work and Palmer is among the detractors. Can it be on that account that he has omitted all mention of these wonderful inscriptions (nearly a thousand years older than the Moabite stone), which Niebuhr engraved a century ago, and which Robinson says are still perfect, and which are undoubtedly the tombstones of those Israelites who lusted for flesh, and perished in the wilderness.

B. H. D.