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PERSONAL SKETCHES; OR, REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN IN CANADA.

LORD SYDENHAM.

Of the six exalted personages who have, since the union of the Provinces, filled the vice-royal chair in Canada, four have been called to their great account; "Sydenham," "Bagot," "Metcalfe," "Elgin." What memories do these names evoke? How deeply must they feel who have, as ministers of the Crown, been brought into connection with such men. The peculiar circumstances under which each was called to fill the high and arduous office of training a by no means easily governed people to a new state of political existence, to reconcile hereditary differences, and exercise their functions amid party strife still keeping themselves free from party, is subject for the historian's pen when the time shall have arrived so that a fearless hand may write that history; and a curious history it will be if truthful.

With the union old systems were abolished, men were called on to assume rôles diametrically opposite to those they had previously played on the political arena, thought had a wider range, the cleverest men in each section of the united province were brought into collision, and well might Canada or any other country feel proud of the array of talent which met Lord Sydenham, when, trembling for the issue of his experiment, he summoned the first united Parliament. It is true that high-handed measures had been resorted to, to secure the return of members favourable to his Lordship's views—few will forget the Toronto election of 1841, and the last act of the Commission farce. We have wonderfully improved our election tactics, as Quebec, Saguenay, and Russell can attest; yet in that very Parliament selected with so much care Lord Sydenham found him-

self disappointed, and almost his dying breath was an expression of bitterness at the evident failure of his plans.

Many had enlisted themselves under his banner in the hope that the British Constitution would be immediately and fully transplanted to Canada; that some new photographic process had been invented, by which experience and thought could be naturalized; it had been previously engrossed on parchment and shipped to Canada as a panacea for all our Colonial evils, it had, however, failed. The problem set by 1791,—1837 had solved in fire and blood, "the thing" which Baron Mayere had so often taken up and laid down again, had proved of no value; it had, in fact, been worse than useless. The division between the two Provinces was becoming every day more marked; again the wit of Lords, Commons, and Cabinets, was invoked to try a new remedy, and Lord Durham was delegated to inquire into our grievances, and lay down a plan for their removal. Surrounded by a brilliant staff he shot across our horizon and fell.

The next selection was Charles Poulett Thomson, and to his hands was intrusted the task of carrying out a measure to which both sections of the Province were opposed, and to which the British ministry but a few years before had declared they never could consent; he came—he saw—he conquered. The Union Bill was carried, fenced round with what were thought would have proved safeguards of Imperial rights; but these same safeguards put one very much in mind of the paper shields which the Chinese offered to our artillery; before every attack it has crumbled away till nothing has been left save our loyal attachment to the throne of England to show that we are a British Colony; the Conservative principle exists more as party cry than as an inspiring motive to action.

Not a few of our Statesmen, Lord Sydenham among the number, were wont to deprecate republican principles, and yet in singular antithesis the tendency of these political acts was the gradual assimilation of our customs to those of the American republic.

Scarcely had Lord Sydenham's first Parliament passed the address, in answer to the speech from the throne when the difficulties commenced; the leanings of the Governor General were certainly not Franco-Canadian, and with that party Mr. Baldwin and his Upper Canada friends were too intimately connected to promise much of future peace; nay, public report has it that on more than one occasion, Lord Sydenham pretty broadly hinted to the administration that if they did not feel at liberty to carry out his plans he must find those who would. The great boon of "Responsible Government" was one of the fruits of this Session, and was embraced in a series of resolutions introduced by the Honourable S. B. Harrison.

Lord Sydenham's death was a truly melancholy one, and deeply was his loss mourned by the Province, men of all parties, forgot his errors,

the press of all shades, from high tory to low radical, vied in expressions of sincere regret; only one man in United Canada could be found in his place in Parliament, with all the force of French vituperative eloquence, to assail his memory. And who then stood forth as his defender; one of the leaders of that party whom his Lordship had most bitterly opposed. Years have passed away since the following brief summary of his Lordship's character was penned, and we willingly adopt it.

"He used Responsible Government as a means to carry out his particular measures, hoping that he would be able to retain in his own hands the construction of its very ambiguous terms; but like to an engineer hoisted by his own petard, the latter part of the Session of 1841 saw him defeated; when broken down in body and mind, he, who had effected much evil, but who had also accomplished great good, was summoned from this earthly scene deeply and universally regretted. If he introduced some confusion into our political system, he most certainly gave the first spring to the energies of the Province, and called forth the latent spirit of development. If he gave us our first lessons in political bribery, he acted merely on the axiom which had guided his early career; in his labors to render Canada British, not only in name but in thought and feeling, he underrated the immense power of those who in the main loyal, yet guarded with pious affection their own peculiar laws, language, and religion, and which power he really increased. If he allowed personal feelings of hostility to betray him into ungracious and ungenerous exhibitions thereof, his friendships were strong and lasting. The language of the eloquent minister who preached the funeral sermon over his departed friend, may, to many, have appeared too strong, yet they have to a very great extent been justified by the corroborative evidence of gentlemen who were his intimates; if he had many foibles they were more than counterbalanced by great industry, great perseverance and great talents."

SIR CHARLES BAGOT.

The next selection as Governor General, was Sir Charles Bagot, and never did Viceroy assume the duties of his office under more flattering circumstances than he. Descended from a noble line of ancestry who had always been noted for their loyalty and attachment to the throne, more particularly his direct ancestor, Colonel Harvey Bagot, who had greatly distinguished himself by his chivalrous loyalty to the cause of Charles I., and his noble defence of Litchfield—united by blood to one of our most honest and upright Bishops, and by marriage to the illustrious house of Wellesley, he had filled to the satisfaction and honour of the country the highest diplomatic offices, having been ambassador to several

courts—was known to be a Tory, and selected by a Tory Government, a consideration by no means hostile to his influence with the French Canadian party, who had little reason to be pleased with the Colonial policy of the whigs.

Sir Charles brought with him a suite composed of persons exclusively of the same political principles as himself;—Lady Bagot, too, would establish a Viceregal court, so long needed, and the absence of which had been severely felt by the leading families; the daughter of Lord Mornington and the niece of the Duke of Wellington would, it was thought, be a fitting head and example to the female society of the Province. The arrival of Sir Charles was hailed with delight and acclamation; his tour of the Province was the pageant of a conqueror; wherever he rested he was met by addresses, one of which, presented by the reformers of the town of ———, concludes with the prayer that His Excellency, with that spirit of liberality which had actuated his great relative, would carry out and perfect that plan so nobly projected by his predecessor, and bring about the full establishment of Responsible Government. His popularity was much increased by his personal appearance, tall, elegant, and commanding, his pride was free from hauteur and his condescension from servility and far removed from that self-satisfied style which wounds in place of ingratiates; his conversational powers were of no mean order, and in their exercise he was open, affable and entertaining.

It is not our part to enter into any debates as to the political events which took place during the short time that Sir Charles was among us, many troubles and cares beset him, his family griefs were great; one section of the Canadian press kept up a constant series of the most violent personal attacks, and to such an extremity was this plan of warfare carried that for some time previous to his resignation such journals were carefully kept from his view; his health gradually failed, and after holding office for a year he retired, and a very short time after died, hurried to a comparatively early grave by circumstances over which he had no control, paying a heavy price for his indecision and mistaken ideas of the people he had to govern.

The great change was effected in the Government during the month of September, 1842, when Mr. Draper resigned his post as Attorney-General, being succeeded by Mr. Baldwin, while Mr. Lafontaine who had returned from exile, replaced Mr. Ogden. Mr. Killaly and Mr. Harrison retained their places, as did also Mr. Daly and Mr. Hincks. The latter gentleman was a necessity, for at the time we do not believe there was a man of the party fit to assume the duties of Inspector-General; the Crown Lands having been offered to one of the most prominent actors in the scenes of 1837, (Mr. Girouard) and being refused, was given to Mr. Morin. It was natural to expect that the complex of this Cabinet

would cause great discontent in Upper Canada, but even in that part they were very powerful, and although they met with checks, particularly in Hastings and North York, yet they generally carried the elections, and commanded a large majority in the House of Assembly. We must do justice, and accord merit where it is due, the new ministry adopted a system of managing the public revenues well calculated to cherish and improve the resources of the Province, its income increased under their direction; a more beneficial surveillance than had hitherto existed was imposed on the different District officers, and the official duties of the departments were ably executed, and even they who differed most widely from them saw the great advantages of a strong over a weak government.

Many blamed Mr. Draper for having resigned when he did, in place of dissolving, but it is a question whether a dissolution would have benefitted his position. That gentleman, however, fully justified the step he had taken, and it certainly cannot be attributed to him as a want of political perception that he was too sanguine as to its imagined results; the truth appears to be that his leadership was more tolerated than supported by the party which had long held power in Upper Canada, and which, from the very introduction of the Union resolutions in 1839, had foreseen a change in its position. Mr. Draper certainly was not supported as he should have been; his Cabinet was not an united one, and on resigning in 1842, he merely anticipated a necessity.

His resignation, and the consequent change of ministry were of far greater consequence than either party at the time could have imagined, and were followed by results which neither had anticipated. The unity of a till then compact and powerful party was destroyed, and the union of the purely Lower Canadian French party with the reformers of the Upper Province was consummated.

Lord Sydenham had left the foundation of a noble edifice, but the time to criticize the superstructure has not arrived; that time is, however, drawing nigh, our daily advances towards republican formula of government, if not towards republican principles, are hastening the work, for since the 13th of September, 1842, there has not been one breathing spell in our descent.

LORD METCALFE.

Sir Charles Metcalfe was sworn in Governor General of Canada, on the 29th of March, 1843. To the Province he was totally unknown, very few had heard more than his name, if we except those who had served in India. Parties were at a loss how to receive him, the reformers looked with a little natural suspicion on a nominee of Sir Robert Peel, while the Conservatives, smarting under the rebuffs they had received

from Sir Charles Bagot, did not know how to act; they had wasted their whole vocabulary of congratulation, and had met sad disappointments, so they determined to remain quiet and abide the issue. The Ministry of Sir Charles Bagot retained their places, and enjoyed the full confidence of the Governor, to this they were constitutionally entitled; they exercised all the functions of their office without let or hindrance, and appointed their supporters to all vacant offices. The Conservative party were almost prostrate, hope was every day growing fainter and fainter, when an address from the "Men of Gore" called forth a reply from his Excellency, in which he distinctly enunciated his views of Responsible Government, and while he recognized the just powers and privileges of the people to control their rulers and regulate through their representatives the measures of the government, he reserved to the Head of the Executive the right to select his officers.

A tour which Sir Charles made through the Upper Province had a wonderful effect upon the people, which was enhanced by his boundless generosity and lavish expenditure; there was no charity to which he was not a subscriber, no case of deserving poverty ever came before him unrelieved, to every place of worship he contributed handsomely.

On the 28th of September Parliament assembled for one of the most stormy sessions ever held in Canada; for some time previous to its meeting the question of the removal of the seat of Government had agitated the public mind in the Upper Province, in fact it had been made a party question by the council themselves, and the people were therefore not astonished at the resignation of Mr. Harrison; this was a serious loss to the ministry, for of Mr. Harrison's talents and honesty there was only one opinion.

On or about the 12th of October, Mr. Draper, who had taken his seat in the Legislative Council, moved a series of resolutions condemnatory of the removal of the seat of Government—these he carried by a large majority—the most singular part of this matter is, that an expression made use of by the hon. gentleman in his reply to Mr. Sullivan was prophetic, and that many of the consequences which he foretold actually happened.

In the Lower House the Ministry carried all their measures by large majorities; among others a series of resolutions on the seat of Government question, those resolutions were introduced into the Upper House, on the 4th of November by Mr. Sullivan; Mr. William Morris moved an amendment to the effect that such a procedure was an infringement of the rules of the House. This amendment was lost, the numbers being —yeas 13, nays 17—Mr. Morris and twelve others immediately retired from the Council, and Mr. Jameson resigned; the speakership was offered to Mr. Justice Sherwood—but refused; the Council wished to appoint

Mr. Viger—the Governor objected, and finally Mr. Caron was appointed.

Among the Bills passed by the Parliament was one for the suppression of secret societies so outrageous in its enactments that we can scarcely imagine to what pressure Mr. Baldwin yielded in its introduction, this Bill had roused the whole country, and Sir Charles intimated his intention of withholding the royal assent. He had done more; contrary to the wishes of the Council, and in vindication of his reading of Responsible Government, he had appointed to the Clerk of the Peace a young gentleman the son of a meritorious officer,—but whose political connections were all of the opposition shade.

On the 25th of November, 1843, the whole Council with the exception of Mr. Daly resigned. On the 9th of December the parliament was prorogued, and on the 13th a provisional government was formed, consisting of Messrs. Daly, Draper, Viger. The constitutionality of this proceeding was fiercely attacked by Mr. Sullivan in a series of letters signed "Legion," and was quite as vigorously defended by the Rev. Egerton Ryerson over the *nom de plume* "Leonidas." As far as the public were concerned the latter had the greater effect, and mainly contributed to the victory which was gained at the election in 1844. The Government majority was however too small to promise durability, and every effort to induce the Lower Canadian party to unite with them, proving ineffectual, they were obliged to meet Parliament, trusting to an almost accidental majority. During this time Sir Charles had been getting worse and worse, the sore on his face began to assume a very dangerous appearance, and baffled the best efforts of the most skilful medical men, amongst others, of one specially sent from England. Suffering the most terrible agony he remained at his post, determined, to use his own expression, if need were, to *die in harness*. Towards November, 1845, the disease had quite prostrated him, he was obliged to give up business, and on the 25th of the month he bid farewell to Canada, with the touching and kindly prayer, "May God bless you all." Among those who crowded the wharf to witness his departure were many who had violently opposed his government, and they evinced the sincerest sympathies for his sufferings; but the grief of the Conservatives was great, indeed he had lifted up their cause, and had taught them what endurance, activity, and union could accomplish, and at the very moment when his patronage was most needful he was taken away.

Of the private character of Sir Charles, by which term he was better known than by that of Lord Metcalfe—he having been raised to the Peerage in 1844—we need scarcely speak. He was a good man, kind, generous, and affable, with a hand every ready to assist the needy. His public acts of charity bore a small proportion to "those which are hidden in

the breasts of the recipients, and of which we could give many instances were we not withheld by feelings of delicacy. His sojourn in Canada was short, but even in the brief period how many had reason to bless his name, on how many hearts is the record of his unbounded charity engraven. To his indomitable steadfastness of purpose he sacrificed his life. He died shortly after his return to England, and like his predecessor—Lord Sydenham—he left no issue, so that both titles merged.

LORD CATHCART.

On the withdrawal of Lord Metcalfe, Lord Cathcart being the senior military officer, was sworn in as administrator; his Lordship, though of high military celebrity, was little fitted to fill the seat of Lord Metcalfe as civil governor, and moreover he had no great desire for the post. It was, we believe, intended to continue him as Governor General, and his commission was sent to him, which he announced to Parliament by stating that the Queen had been pleased to appoint him "*permanent Governor*" during his tenure of office. No great measure was undertaken by the Council, the Parliament was chiefly occupied during its first Session by contested elections, at the issue of which the Government gained one or two votes, but their position was not such as to justify any constitutional changes, and some minor appointments to office very much displeased the party which had supported the Government. Constant changes in the Council indicated weakness, and the failure of a renewed attempt to conciliate the French greatly embarassed Mr. Draper.

In the fall of 1846 the announcement was made that Lord Elgin had been appointed to succeed Lord Cathcart; and here again both parties were at a loss how to act.

We have thus given a rapid sketch of the progress of the Provincial politics, from the Union of the Provinces, as introductory to a review of the period of Lord Elgin's administration—that administration which has effected so much—marked by so many alternations, and so fraught with lessons for political leaders. In our next number we shall endeavour to sketch the progress of political events during the period of Lord Elgin's administration.

HOLME MOSS FARM.

A TALE IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW SOME MONEY WAS STOLEN.

When Frank Thornhill asked Farmer Tinley for his consent to his becoming Lottie's suitor, the old man was not displeased at the idea of Frank's becoming his son-in-law. The young man had been fast growing into the farmer's heart, who, having no son of his own had gradually taken this stranger in the place of one, and he would have been more than sorry to part with him. This means then for binding him to him he looked upon with a very favourable eye. It did not strike him that he knew very little of Frank's antecedents, that he had scarcely been with him long enough really to see into his character or to find out whether he was made of such honest stuff as would justify him in permitting and encouraging this new relationship. No thought that it might be unwise thus to entrust his daughter's happiness to the keeping of one of whom he knew so little entered his mind. Thornhill had come there in a busy time, he had not been above making himself useful, and the frank, unsuspicious, open-hearted farmer, who had all his life dealt uprightly by others, and who had never met with such a wrong from any other as causes future distrust of all men, opened his arms and took the young stranger into them.

Some twinges of conscience passed through him as he remembered that he had all but promised Lottie to Davie Bolden.

Frank pressed for a speedy marriage, but Tinley said,

"You must put down £50 and I'll give Lottie double that, and that will start you in life. I told Davie Bolden the same thing when he asked me about Lottie awhile ago and fair's fair you know. I would not let him have her without, and I can't go from my word."

The farmer had always declared that any man asking for his daughter must find fifty pounds "for a start" and having given that answer to Davie Bolden, his sense of fairplay inherent in an Englishman would not allow him to do differently by Frank.

Thornhill ground his teeth at the mention of Davie, but in reply to the farmer's requirement of fifty pounds, answered cheerfully,

"I think I can manage that, sir," and went his way.

Tinley chuckled to himself as Frank went off, and his thoughts ran somewhat after this fashion, "Well if he can't quite manage it, it won't hurt them to wait abit, and then maybe I'll make it up."

He was glad to think that Davie Bolden's chance was most likely gone, for though Davie was a steady fellow, and had once been rather a favourite with him, he had somehow or other lately taken a dislike to him.

"He was full of new fangled notions—so the farmer said—about agriculture, and machines, and irrigation, and such like, just as if he knew anything at all about farming."

And more than that, he had "taken to hold his head high, and look down upon his neighbours." His tastes and pursuits were different to the farmer's own, and his occupation entirely removing him from any likelihood of his ever becoming a farmer himself and inheriting, and carrying on, (should he have become his son-in-law) Holme Moss Farm, ploughing the old lands, reaping the same fields, and handing down to his children after him the old traditions with a prosperous heritage, had caused Tinley to regard him with less favour than he had once done.

It is never a pleasing thought to a man that after death his possessions shall go to a stranger; but if he has one near and dear to him, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, who in all probability as far as the eye can gaze into futurity will, when he shall be no more, live in the old home, sheltered by the same roof, warm himself at the old hearth-place, eat and drink of the same fruits of toil, and in his turn hand down his lands and possessions to the fruit of his loins, the thought of death comes more easily to him. There is a kind of seeming, if not real continuance of his own life, in this vision, and so he builds, and plants, and garners up, and increases for his children, and his children's children, and himself in them, and does not count his labour waste.

When Tinley had once offered to take Davie and bring him up as a farmer, Davie although but a lad at the time, had rebelled against this notion. His strong mechanical tastes had induced him to prefer the saw pit and the hammer, to the plough and the harrow, and the farmer had never quite forgiven him this perverted choice. Besides Davie was not frank, jolly and sociable like himself, but grave, and given more to study than to smoking a pipe. But worse than all Davie's faults and misdemeanours in other respects, was that he was connected with the new railway in course of construction to the next market-town, and which would run through the middle of one of farmer Tinley's favourite pastures.

It was in vain that Davie pointed out to him that he would receive double the value of the field, in vain that he protested his innocence of

the slightest participation in laying out the course of the railway, or in deciding whose land it should, or should not demand for its iron rails. It was sufficient in Tinley's eyes that he was connected with it, whether innocently or not, and now by the side of this handsome stranger, who was so apt to fall into the farmer's humours who never trod upon the toes of his favourite hobbies, or tossed the old fashioned mode of farming upon the horns of any new theory, poor Davie stood a bad chance.

And truth to say he did not stand in much better case with regard to Lottie. Her favour, scant as it had ever been was now, although he did not know it, entirely stolen from him by Thornhill. She had never given Davie any decided sign, or token of affection, or any positive assent to his wishes that she should become his wife, but on the other hand she had never driven him from her, and forbad him any hope of the realisation of them, and what was in reality, coquettishness (and might perhaps but for Thornhill have one day become love) he, in the simpleness, and singleness of his heart, never dreamt could be aught else.

But Lottie scarcely more than a child as yet, was frightened more than anything else of Davie, for all she tried to conceal it by a show sometimes of indifference, sometimes of sauciness. His grave, contemplative manner, awed, rather than inspired her with the sweet timidity, and yet daring of love; his mind had passed beyond hers, he had soared whilst she yet remained stationary.

To return for a moment to Frank Thornhill, who somewhat moody and taciturn, still remained at Holme Moss. The thought that Davie Bolden should have any, the least claim upon Lottie irked him bitterly. Could he but get fifty pounds Lottie might be his to-morrow, and as Tinley's son-in-law an easy, prosperous life was before him, with the eventual inheritance of the farmer's property.

But fifty pounds was a large sum, and he possessed scarcely fifty pence. Where and when could he obtain such a sum? he impatiently asked himself, and failing an answer he took revenge upon his fair, long moustache, twirling it in a restless fury.

At last a thought entered his head, by which he might obtain the money, but it was evidently not a good, honest, daylight thought, for he put it from him tugging at his moustache more fiercely the while. But it would return this thought, and he entertained it for one moment just as a passing fancy, and pictured to himself in imagination a train of consequences and results. Then again he put it from him, but he had opened the door a little way to it, and it had pushed it open farther and wider, and would now come in as it liked. And there it stayed worrying him, and tormenting him, and making its voice heard louder and louder as time flew by. He had not the strength to wrench it out

of him, even at the cost of tearing out half his heart with it, so he answered it, and gained a moments respite.

Some days after his talk with the farmer respecting Lottie, he announced with his usual careless nonchalant manner, that he was going to London for a day or two, and on the next Tinley and Lottie walked part of the way with him to the market town, where he was to take the coach for the metropolis. He would not be away longer than the third day at all events he assured Lottie, and his manner at parting was somewhat nervous and excited.

As Lottie and her father sat in the cottage by themselves that evening, each feeling a sense of loneliness such as people usually do feel when anyone has gone away and created a gap in their circle, they heard Davie Bolden's striding step come to the door.

Davie looked well that evening, dressed in his best and with more than usual care, and when he came into the house and found Lottie and Tinley alone and learned that Thornhill was away to London, his face which had before been lighted up with a quiet, expectant joy, gleamed with greater satisfaction. As Thornhill's advent had been a source of annoyance to him, so his going away was equally pleasant; and besides it gave him a greater chance of having a quiet talk alone with Lottie, which he had come there determined to have that evening. Altogether he was in good spirits.

"Well Davie" said the farmer who was not too glad to see him for he could not help feeling that he was hardly acting quite fairly by Davie, "Well Davie what's the news?"

"Nothing particular" answered Davie, "unless it is that this day month the line will be opened for passengers and traffic."

This was an unfortunate speech for it roused the farmer's bile, and as he was always inclined to be testy it did not improve his temper.

"Confound your line and your traffic, I wish they were.—You've cut up and ruined one of the best pastures in England; don't talk to me of your line." And then waxing more angry and feeling some justification in being cross with Davie, he passed from one grievance to another, till he got upon the subject of a new hay making machine that Davie had persuaded him to buy.

"There's that there machine you got for me; it's all broke to pieces, and talk about its cutting the grass like a scythe, its nothing to be compared to it."

"Ah! that was because you let that pigheaded old Naylor use it as he ought not" replied Davie. "I tell you farmer, I know it was a good machine, and a great saving of time and labour," and he began to feel angry himself.

"All I know about it is that it cost me a matter of five and thirty

pound, and its never done a haporth of work, and now is all broke to pices, so d—n your machines, and your railways, and all your confounded inventions say I," and the old man in a fury of wrath took himself and his pipe off to the "Fox and Goose."

Certainly Davie had not made a good beginning, and the pleasant feelings with which he had entered the house were now damped by the farmer's reception of him.

He and Lottie sat silent a few minutes, and then he said,

"I expect I shall have that money by to-morrow, Lottie."

"What money?" asked Lottie, although she knew quite well what money he meant.

"Why the fifty pounds your father told me a year ago that I must get together before I might ask you to name the day Lottie when, when——and he paused. Seeing that she answered nothing, he went on, "I may tell him to-morrow Lottie may'nt I?"

"Oh not to-morrow Davie, not to-morrow."

"And why not?" interrogated Davie.

"Because, because—," she stammered out and then stopped, reddening painfully. She meant because Frank Thornhill was away, she was sure, to get the same amount of money for the same purpose as Davie, and because he would not be back to-morrow, and if Davie had the money and asked her father and Frank were not there, or by chance (a possibility she scarcely allowed herself to think of) came back without the money, her father might say "yes" to Davie, and urge her on to marry him. Love is blind and she was not far sighted enough to see what a hold Frank Thornhill had taken upon her father's heart.

And Davie too, blind in his love, and yet with some dim perception wakening within him, forbore to press her just then and opened a fresh subject.

"Did you tell me that fellow Thornhill was to come back to-morrow?"

"I never said so," Lottie answered shortly, annoyed at Davie's tone and the word *fellow*. "Twas father."

"Ah! well I mean to warn your father about him," said Davie; "he's nothing but a stranger in these parts and who knows——"

He paused there for Lottie in an agony of apprehension threw herself at his feet and cried out,

"Oh! Davie, dear Davie, don't say anything against Frank to father, please don't Davie; promise me you won't," and she clung about his knees alternately sobbing, and supplicating him.

He sat there very quiet for a few moments speaking not a word, but his face became deadly pale, and a spasm of agony contracted it. Presently he leaned down to her and said very low, "oh! Lottie, Lottie,

do you care for him so. Oh! my God! and then he took her in his arms, and kissing her with a fond, loving tender kiss, left her.

All the bright visions, all the pleasant anticipations with which he had entered the farm house that night had flown, all the glorious prospects of his life were blighted, all the joyous glimpses of the future clouded and dimmed. At that moment life and all that it could give were nothing worth to him; no fair promise that it held out to him could compensate him for the radiant illusions that had been so rudely dispelled. He wandered away into the woods, and the darkness of night overtook him, but its gloom was nothing to the sombre shadows which enveloped him; its silence was nought to the empty stillness of his heart, which had so recently been full of the music of joy to come.

The world with its dreams and ambitions afar off, forgotten, and only present the intensity of suffering, and the bitterness of conflict.

At last a softer mood stole over him, and taking out the little packet of cherry stones which he had always carried with him, he looked at it and tenderly raised it to his lips. As the grey dawn broke he rose and took his way to the railroad, and sat by the fire which was kept up all night, for the men were at work and busy to get the line finished.

When he returned in the morning to his aunt's cottage, bearing about him the evident marks of a man who has been up all night, with hair disordered and tumbled clothes, he found a crowd surrounding the door, and hastening on twenty tongues met him with the news that his aunt's cottage had been broken into, her money stolen, and that she herself had been found lying senseless from a blow on the head, upon her bedroom floor.

CHAPTER V.

WAS DAVIE GUILTY.

On the third day towards evening Frank Thornhill returned as he had said he would, to Holme Moss Farm, and putting fifty pounds into the farmer's hands pressed him to name an early day for his marriage with Lottie.

This, Tinley was not unwilling to do, so that day three weeks at farthest was fixed for the wedding.

Thornhill however did not appear so happy or in such good spirits as it might have been thought he would at such a time. Unaccountably he seemed changed; but this was more observed by Lottie than by her father. Still however she was very happy as she made her simple preparations for the coming change in her life.

Of course when Frank came back, the great news of the village,

namely, the robbery at *Miss* or as she was usually called, *Mrs.* Bolden's, was related to him; but though he listened earnestly to Lottie's first recital of that occurrence, and eagerly asked, "who was supposed to have done it," yet afterwards he was always disinclined to hear any mention made of the affair, and would exclaim in a tone of annoyance "Bother the old woman and her money, don't lets talk of her Lottie," and Lottie was always quite willing to listen to the substitution of sweet things which he offered in exchange.

The days passed on and no discovery of the thief who had entered Mrs. Bolden's cottage was made. The poor old woman still remained insensible, so that no information could possibly be obtained from her. Although the whole village was occupied in canvassing the affair from morning till night, and although the rural constables had searched the premises over and over again, and had exercised to the utmost all the ability they possessed, still they had been totally unable to discover any clue by which they might pursue their researches further, except indeed that one of them had picked up a few cherry stones which were lying scattered about on the floor close to where Mrs. Bolden had been found, and which, though laughed at by his co-mates he persisted in preserving, saying in reply to their jeers, "Well there's no harm done if there is no meanin' in 'em."

Davie had been most energetic in trying to discover the thief, and had offered a reward to anyone who should furnish information. He was very kind and attentive to his aunt, and would sit by her bedside raising her pillows, or administering her medicine with all the tenderness of a woman.

Lottie came one day with Frank, whom she left outside in the little garden in front of the house, and went up stairs to see the poor sufferer. There she found Davie whom she had not seen since that evening when she had involuntarily confessed to him her love of Thornhill.

He met her however with his usual kind gravity, and when she left he accompanied her to the door and stood there watching her walk home with Frank, till a curve in the road hid them from view. As he was turning to go in again his eye rested upon an object lying in the mignonette at his feet. Stooping down he picked it up and found it was a small leather pocket book which he knew at once to be Thornhill's from having seen it with the latter upon several occasions.

He took a stride as if with the intention of catching up Lottie and Frank to return it, but then remembering that they were already a long distance off; he put the book into his pocket, determining to call at the farm in the evening and leave it.

A week, and then ten days passed and still the rural police had failed to bring the midnight robber, who had so disturbed the quiet of the

little village, to justice, but in proportion as the mystery seemed less likely to be cleared up, so did the excitement increase. The county newspapers took up the matter and in eloquent leaders vehemently called upon the police to bring the offender or offenders to justice. Then it was rumoured about that a London detective was coming down, to escape whose keen sagacity, untiring perseverance, and marvellous skill would be as impossible as to escape the blood hound in full cry.

When this man, who inspired awe and fear in the minds of the simple country folk, had been in the village a few days, and had seized with avidity upon the cherry stones possessed by the constable, it began to be bruited about, whispered at first with mysterious voice and sad shaking of the head, but then in louder and more certain tones, that the real thief, the vile midnight robber was no other than Davie Bolden himself.

None of these rumours reached Davie's ears, and he did not notice as he passed to and fro from the railway to his aunt's cottage, that men looked askance at him, shunned his friendly recognition, and failed to greet him as usual. He was too much absorbed in his work, too anxious for his aunt's recovery, to pay much attention to what was passing around him, so that no mutterings of the storm that was brewing reached his ears, till the thunder clap burst over his head and the detective "took him."

It fell upon him with so much surprise that, for the first few moments after the man had told him what he wanted with him, it seemed to blast all power of reasoning, sense, and almost the very life out of him, and it was not till the man roused him and bade him "come on," that he quite understood what was required of him, knew that he was to go to the police station.

The detective was kind to him, and permitted him to go without handcuffs, but a little crowd of boys had already assembled outside the cottage gate, and as the two passed by the ale-house side by side as they had often walked before in the early days of the detective's coming, yet every man assembled there knew that Davie Bolden was going to prison.

There being searched, the packet of cherry stones was found upon him, which the detective regarded with a satisfied and significant eye, and also Frank Thornhill's pocket book, which in the busy agitation of his mind, he had day by day forgotton to return to him.

As that was taken out of his pocket he stretched forth his hand to take it back, and was on the point of disclaiming its ownership, but the man with a quiet smile put back his hand, and Davie over whom had suddenly fallen some strange, horrible fascination, waited tongue tied the disclosure of its contents.

"I thought so," said the London detective as two five pound notes were pulled out from one of the pockets, and compared with a paper of figures he held in his hand.

And then they left him alone in the narrow, dark cell of the station house, alone to pass the night with his thoughts, alone till the morrow, when he would be taken to the market town, to be examined before the bench of magistrates.

How bitter his meditations! How overwhelming his situation! He, Davie Bolden who had striven all the years of his life to keep an untarnished name, and unblemished reputation, to be cast into prison for theft, and theft accompanied with such circumstances as this was, with violence to the person of his only relative, and she an aunt who had brought him up from childhood.

There passed before his eyes the morrow's scene, and as he considered what his fate might be, he could not but remember that pocket book, and a quick perception told him what damning fatal evidence that might prove against him.

Crossing his arms over his breast as if to defy the waves that should beat against him, the waves of men's suspicions, of their contempt, of their indignation, he paced up and down his cell the livelong night.

He thought of Lottie too and of her connection with that man of whom a horrible suspicion had entered his mind. She must be saved, and yet how? If he told the story of the pocket book and how he came by it would it be believed? In his own mind he had already discovered who was the murderous thief, who had struck down his aunt for the sake of her gold, but could he prove the guilt of that other person? Had he any substantial evidence by which he could convince the world of his innocence, and condemn that other man? Thornhill might deny that the book was his, and Lottie, the Lottie over whom his heart yearned with a melting tenderness, could he bear to see her crushed down, as he knew she would be under the weight of such a grievous sorrow?

No, let what would come, never should such agony fall upon her by his hand.

It was thus that in the very tenderness of his love for her, the highest love that man can bear for woman or woman for man, the love that will gladly sacrifice itself to shield the beloved head from one pang that may rather be visited upon it, he strove to put from him the stern promptings of a rigidly truthful, upright conscience, and became weak, because he was strong for her.

But even as he thus decided he seemed once again to stand by her mother's deathbed, and to hear again her mother's voice say to him,

"Davie lad, take care of my child, my Lottie, never let her come to harm Davie, if a strong arm or a stout heart can save her."

These words, the words that a dying mother whose womanly insight and instinct had foreseen from the steady thoughtful youth, the grave, sober, manhood, Davie had never forgotten, and now they came ringing back in his ears, praying him to be strong for her because he was weak.

The morrow came. The magistrates heard the case. The London detective stated the finding of some cherry stones in Davie's pocket exactly corresponding to those which had been found in his aunt's cottage. He was known to have been from home upon the eventful night, was seen to return with clothes disordered, and marks of some unusual excitement on his face, and above all there was the conclusive evidence of the pocket book, which contained a portion of the notes stolen from Mrs. Bolden, the numbers of all of which the detective had found carefully written down on a piece of paper deposited in her work box.

Then he Davie was warned that anything he might say would be noted down, and asked if he could give any reason why he should not be committed for trial? Could he give any satisfactory account of his whereabouts on that particular night of the robbery, between the hours of ten when he left farmer Tinley's, and of three when the men at the railway stated he had arrived there?

No he could not. Was he then and there to disclose the secret of the pocket book, to hear his story disbelieved, or to go home triumphant and look upon Lottie's white face of agony? Could he tell out before all that multitude that he had picked up the cherry stones because they had once lain warm in the mouth of her he loved, that he had preserved them as a relic, as a something which the dear one of his heart had once touched? Could he reveal to them how he had spent that night in the bitter anguish of disappointment, in the mighty battle of self-conflict? No, ten thousand times no.

As the proceedings had nearly terminated farmer Tinley red with exertion came into the hall accompanied by a lawyer whom he had been to seek on Davie's behalf when he found that he had not consulted any professional man This gentleman asked for a remand, which, after a great deal of hesitation, and with some reluctance, the magistrates granted for a week. Then heavy bail in which Tinley, (who forgetting all his recent anger now that Davie was in trouble) stood with the clergyman of the parish, who had always been Davie's sincere friend.

And now he was free to go, but with how bitter a freedom.

For hours he sat thinking, thinking but the next morning he went bravely back to the railroad, determined to do his duty to the last.

It was there that Lottie came to him, bringing with her (very reluc-

tantly if she had known it) Frank Thornhill. She came to him as he stood amongst the navvies on the embankment, surrounded by barrows and planks, and with the red soil of the gravel on his clothes and his hands. Without pausing to notice these things she came up and clasped his hands crying out, "Oh! Davie, dear Davie, I am so sorry. Don't think I believe it, and I know it will, it must come right. And now Davie I have come to say good bye to you before I go, and when I come back you will be quite happy again."

All this she said with such a touching, tender sympathy, with such innocent show of affection, as she might well feel for the Davie who had often carried her in his arms when she was a child lest her dainty shoes should be soiled with mud, who had often laid aside his occupations to devote himself to her whims, and who had offered her at last his love, his strength, his life, and had known the bitterness of rejection.

"Going Lottie, where are you going?" he asked.

"Davie you know I am to be married to-morrow." This she said very gently, and with downcast eyes.

"To-morrow Lottie, oh! not to-morrow surely."

"Yes Davie."

But he scarcely heard her answer, he was so violently agitated. During those hours when he had been so deep in thought, a great resolve had been formed within him, but he was not prepared to be called upon so suddenly to put it into execution. However he had determined that it must be done, and he would begin it now at once.

Asking Lottie to wait a few moments he called to Thornhill who was standing aloof from them, and walked down the line with him for some distance in silence. Then stopping he said abruptly and looking Thornhill full in the face, "You are the thief, the cowardly thief who broke into my aunt's cottage."

Thornhill paled a little, and his hands wandered nervously in the tangle of his soft whiskers, but he made no answer.

"Now look here" Davie went on, "if you will go quietly away from this place and not drag that poor child yonder into a marriage with you, I will swear to give you time to escape before I say one word against you, but if you dare to think to marry her, if you persist in it after this morning, I will stop your marriage myself in the church to-morrow morning."

"In doing which David Bolden you will inform against your own brother, and possibly if your story is believed, send him to the gallows," saying which he flung him a packet of letters adding "there are proofs by which you may know I am speaking the truth."

"Good heavens" exclaimed Davie "You my brother, you——"

"Yes" answered he whom we have called Thornhill, "I am your

brother, the scamp whom you have lost sight of for so long, who left you when he was a mere child, and who has been wandering about in Australia these seven years past. Now will you endeavour to show your affection by stopping my marriage and trying to prove your brother a midnight thief?"

With these words he left Davie leaning stricken down with astonishment and horror.

But there was yet another trial in store for this courageous heart to endure. No sooner had Thornhill (as we shall still call him) left him, than the head of the firm of Messrs. Chipps and Oversight, the railway contractors for whom he was superintendent, walked up to him, and told him that under the very grave suspicions which attached to him in the present circumstances he must give up his post as superintendent, at all events until it was ascertained what course the law would take, or until matters should be cleared up.

Here was a cruel blow. Evidently all men thought him guilty. What hope had he now that his innocence could be proved. All chance of it lay within himself and if he spoke, if even his story were believed, what a terrible outlet of escape to take advantage of; the cost of his own innocence the proving of a new found brother's guilt.

What a change in his life and prospects during this last month. Gone now, not only the golden visions which he had once fondly indulged, but also his good name and fair fame. His hopes shattered, his life blasted.

As he thought of these things lost in the deep wilderness of amazement, sorrow, and affliction, with his heart torn and rent in twain, he did not hear the mighty rushing of the ballast engine tearing round the swift curve of the embankment, he did not heed the sound of the wonderful, furious monster as it came on in its rapid pace, and ere the shrill whistle which warned him of his danger, was finished, he was tossed headlong in the air like a worthless ball, yards and yards in front of the bellowing, panting, huge machine.

CHAPTER VI.

TRANSPORTATION AND RETURN.

Davie was picked up cruelly crushed and shattered about, but yet the doctors did not give up all hope of recovery. It was indeed one of those miraculous escapes for which no one is able to account. He had too a naturally strong constitution, and with his firm, well built frame, and temperate habits of body he possessed advantages which kept death at bay.

For hours he lay in an unconscious stupor, but at the sound of Lottie's wedding bells as they rang gaily out on the morrow a perfect frenzy of delirium seemed to take possession of him, and he raved about the events of the past few weeks in disjointed sentences.

The London detective sat by his bedside, and day by day out of the patchwork of delirious words, this man made out the story of another's fate.

One week after Lottie's wedding, on the very evening that the bride and bridegroom returned from their short honeymoon, another prisoner was apprehended, and that prisoner was no other than Lottie's husband, Frank Thornhill.

No matter that he was torn away in the first spring of his bliss, no matter that Lottie must endure the pangs of such a separation, no matter that a brother's unconscious words had forged the chain to bind him, *justice* must have her own, at all and any cost.

A pocket of his coat in which were yet some cherry stones, (those very ones with which Lottie had filled it in mirthful play, when they sat together under the tree) was found with a hole in it, and here the mystery of the stones that were found lying upon Mrs. Bolden's floor, was better explained than by the small, carefully preserved packet in Davie's pocket.

It was extorted from Tinley that he had received certain monies of him which exactly corresponded (added to the contents of the pocket book found upon Davie) with the amount stolen. The ownership of the pocket book was clearly fixed upon him, and at his trial he was found guilty and sentenced to twenty years transportation.

Some time after his conviction he made a confession of his guilt. He said that tempted by the knowledge of the money possessed by Mrs. Bolden, anxious to procure the sum which should make Lottie his wife, and urged on by the devilish whispering of the tempter, he had watched his opportunity and gone to the cottage. He had never meant to hurt the old lady he said, but she was so quick, and active, that in the fear of discovery, he had struck her. Then he explained how that coming to Holme Moss Farm on the twenty-fourth of June, he had been on his way to his aunt's cottage, that stopping by the farmer's invitation, and being at once struck by Lottie he had determined, (not knowing what reception his aunt would give him, or what damaging reputation he might possess) to conceal his name for a time at least—and that was all.

No not all Frank Thornhill.

Farmer Tinley became an altered man after Frank's conviction and confession. He neglected his farm and his fields, and never more was his voice heard in the loud jovial tones of old. Never more did he stay

in the market town smoking with his old friends, but sat at home with drooping head, and fallen crest, till he pined away and died.

Mrs. Bolden reached a good old age, but was kept in merciful ignorance that Frank Thornhill, the midnight robber, was her own long lost, dearly remembered nephew.

As for Lottie, no persuasion could induce her not to go to that far off country whither he whom she had taken for better, for worse, must go and wear the felon's dress. She had sworn to be with him in sickness and in health, and till death parted them she would never leave him.

"Whither thou goest I will go," has ever been the true woman's motto.

So Lottie went too beyond the seas, and when years afterwards she returned, white and faded, in mourning robes, with a little wee child in her arms, Davie Bolden, (escaped from the very jaws of death, though bearing about him as he ever would, marks of that well nigh fatal grip) met her at the ship's side, and took her to his home, far away from the west country farm where they had once lived.

Here she dwelt peacefully but sorrowfully awhile, and then died.

When Davie too was laid by her side in the churchyard he left her boy, and his nephew, the heir to great wealth, and successor to a proud and honoured name.

DISCOVERIES AND TRADE OF THE RIVAL FRENCH AND ENGLISH COLONISTS IN THE HUDSON BAY TERRITORIES.*

BY J. GEORGE HODGINS, LL.B, F.R.G.S.

FURTHER EFFORTS TO PREVENT THE INTRUSION OF THE ENGLISH.

The period at which the rival contests on the Hudson Bay territory began, dates from the intrusion there of the English, under the guidance of the two French colonists, Des Groseilliers and Radisson. From that time, until the final cession of the territory to England, the efforts of both parties were mainly directed to two things, (subordinate only to the peltry traffic itself): the taking formal possession of portions, if not all, of the territory, and the capture of each other's trading forts. In both of these efforts the French were eminently successful; but still the English pertinaciously held their footing; though, for a length of time, it was only barely maintained at a single insignificant fort, far to the South of the Great Bay itself. But even this small fort, as we shall see, proved to be like a thorn that rankled and festered, in the minds of the colonists to such a degree, that great efforts were made as late as in 1774 to "utterly destroy" it and some other forts by that time acquired, and to drive the English entirely out of the territory.

In pursuit of their object in taking formal possession of the territory, we find it stated in a memoir on the French Dominion in Canada, during 1504—1706, that MM. Albanel and St. Simon "did, on the 9th July, 1672, plant the cross at the river Némiskau† with the consent of Kiaskou, chief of all the Indians inhabiting the North Sea and Hudson's Bay, and, in his Majesty's name, set up the arms of France at the mouth of the river." On the 19th of the same month "they did, at the river Minahigouskaé,‡ set up, in like manner the said arms, after having turned up a sod of earth, pulled up some grass, planted some shrubs, and performed other necessary ceremonies. They made known to the Indian nations in their language, that they subjected them to the French nation, and that they should acknowledge, in future, King Louis XIV. for their Monarch and Sovereign Lord."

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* Concluded from page 344.

† Rupert river, where the English trading fort was erected. See *ante*, page 341.

‡ South-west of James 'Bay.

Thus were these formal acts of Sovereignty thrice repeated in the Hudson's Bay Territory, on behalf of the French monarch, by special commissioners from the French Colonists of Canada; and thus did these Colonists second their protest against the intrusion of the English "adventurers" who had so lately visited the shores of the great bay, and had hoisted the symbol of English Sovereignty on a trading fort at Némiskau.

The protest and formal acts of French Sovereignty were, however, unavailing. Armed with their potent charter, and under the guidance of so invincible a cavalier as Prince Rupert, their first governor, the English "adventurers" lost no time in firmly establishing themselves in "Prince Rupert's land." Having secured the services of Des Groselliers, the French pilot, the new company despatched its first expedition to Port Nelson, on the Bay, in 1673. In 1674, the Expedition left Fort Rupert to establish trading posts on the Moose river. Des Groselliers, not having remained faithful to his engagement with the English, was dismissed, and returned to Europe. He was received with favour in France, and returned to Canada shortly after the French West India Company, which traded in Canada, &c., was dissolved. In 1676, another Franco-Canadian Company was formed at Quebec, to promote trade at the North West, and Des Groselliers and Radisson were despatched by it to Hudson's Bay to open a traffic. Governor M. De Callieres, in his Memoir to the French Minister, dated in 1685, states that "they founded a settlement north of the Bay, on the River Bourbon," *i.e.*, Nelson River.

In 1679, Louis Joliet was despatched by the Quebec Company to Hudson Bay, "in the public interests." His narrative of the voyage, illustrated by a map, were sent by Count de Frontenac to the French King in the same year.

The intrusion of the English in these territories was keenly felt during this time. In 1681, Du Chesneau, the Royal Intendant of New France, in his "Memoir on the Western Indians," thus speaks of them: "They are still," he says, "at Hudson Bay, on the north, and do great damage to our fur trade. The farmers (of the revenue) suffer in consequence by the diminution of the trade at Tadoussac, and throughout the entire country, because the English draw off the Outawa nations; * * * they have two forts on the said Bay. * * * The sole means to prevent them succeeding in what is prejudicial to us in this regard would be *to drive them by main force* from that Bay, which belongs to us," etc.

In 1682, Radisson and Des Groselliers were again despatched to Port Nelson to counteract the trading designs of the English. The English Ambassador at Paris complained that they had "seized a fort and some property of which the English had been in possession for several years." Radisson and Des Groselliers, in reply, stated that, having found a spot

on the River Nelson adopted to their trade, more than 150 leagues distant from the place where the English were settled, they took possession of it in the King's name, in the month of August, 1682." In September, they further state, that the English arrived in a ship, and began some houses on an island; "and that the ice and bad weather having caused the destruction of the English ship," they had "rendered every assistance to the English, who appeared satisfied." In November of the same year, M. de la Barre, the Governor of Canada, in a letter to the French Minister, declares that "he will put an end to this disorder, [the intrusion of the English in Hudson Bay,] and report next year the success of his design."

This threat was carried out in 1683; and in April of that year M. de. la Barre reports that "two detachments of Frenchmen have proceeded to the north for the purpose of preventing the English of Hudson's Bay entering the French territory and obstructing the trade the French carried on with the Asselibois,"* etc. In August of this year, the King directs M. de la Barre "to prevent as much as possible the English establishing themselves in Hudson's Bay, possession whereof has been taken in my name several years ago." In November, M. de la Barre thus reports the return of the expedition which had been sent to Hudson Bay.† "The people who had been at Hudson Bay have returned, after having encountered extreme dangers. They erected a small fort, in which they left a garrison of a few men, about four leagues up a river 200 leagues north of any English settlement. It is expected that communication can be had with it overland," etc. He further complains that "the English of Hudson Bay have this year attracted many of our northern Indians, who, for this reason, have not come to trade to Montreal." In 1684, the French Minister wrote a sharp reproof to M. de la Barre for having restored a vessel to an English Capt. Gillin, (or Gillam,)‡ which had been captured in the previous year by Radisson and Des Groselliers at Port Nelson. The minister held that such an act involved the virtual recognition of the trading rights of the English in Hudson Bay.

Accompanying this censure on M. de la Barre, the French minister sent to the Royal Intendant, De Meules, an ordinance of the King, re-

* Otherwise called the Assiniboins, or Sioux of the Rocks of Lake Winnepeg.

† This was likely the Radisson and Des Grosillers' expedition. In a memoir to the French Minister, written a few days afterwards, M. de la Barre speaks of the return of "a small vessel, from Hudson Gulf, 200 leagues further north than the Bay, bringing back those who were sent there last year by order of Count de la Frontenac."

‡ This Gillam was the son of the English Capt. Gillam, a friend of Des Groselliers, who had accompanied him to Hudson Bay in his first expedition in 1667.—See page 341.

quiring "those who will trade in peltries at Hudson's Bay," * * * "to carry them to Quebec to receive payment for them, and the fourth [to be] retained by the farmers [of the revenue,] as is customary." So restrictive an ordinance as this could not fail to defeat the very object for which it was passed. The price given for beavers at Quebec was not only lower than that paid at any of the English trading posts, but the skins themselves were by this ordinance subject to a payment to the farmers of the King's revenue of a duty or royalty of one-fourth.*

THE "COUREURS DE BOIS," OR WHITE TRAPPERS OF THE WOODS.

It is a striking fact, which the government of New France either ignored or never fully realised, that the chief part of the misunderstandings, difficulties, and contests connected with the peltry traffic, had mainly their origin in the persistence on the part of the government to impose upon the traffic unreasonable restraints, and to force it into unnatural channels. In their efforts to do this, their plans were not only counteracted by the energy of the English traders, but they were even thwarted in them by three separate classes among themselves, or within their own influence—each having different interests to serve, but all united in their opposition to the government. These three classes were: the Indians, the trading officials and the *Coureur de bois*.

As to the Indians in these vast territories, they were ever proud of their unfettered forest life, and would naturally disdain to be bound by the artificial trammels of the white man in the exchange of skins for blankets, and for the weapons of the chase. The very officials, as we have seen,† were secretly in league with the *coureurs de bois* against the farmers of the revenue, their exaction and their exclusive privileges. The third remaining, or intermediary class of traders or factors, the *coureurs de bois*, sought in every way in their power to evade the jurisdiction of the King's revenue agents at Quebec. Their own reckless and daring mode of life in the woods and among the Indians, far from the seat of official influence and power, gave them peculiar facilities for doing so. Of these facilities they were not slow to avail themselves, especially as they were secretly

* Duchesneau, in his Memoir to the French Minister, dated 13th Nov., 1681, states that "Trade with the English is justified every day; and all those who have prosecuted it, agree that beaver carried to them sells for *double* what it costs here, [at Quebec]; for that worth 52 *sous*, 5 *deniers*, the pound, duty paid, brings 8 *livres* there, and the beaver for Russia sells there at 10 *livres* the pound, in goods."

† See British American Magazine for September, page 520.

under the protection or patronage of one or other of the French colonial governors or judges.*

These *Coureurs de Bois*, ("runners of the woods,") or white trappers, were a numerous class, through whom the traders obtained furs. M. Duchesneau, in deprecating harsh measures against them (which would have the effect of driving them "to pass over to the English,") estimated their numbers at from 800 to 1000, and stated that "there is not a family of any condition and quality soever that has not children, brothers, uncles and nephews among them." In a subsequent letter and memoir, dated Nov., 1681, M. Duchesneau divides the Coureurs de Bois into two sorts. "The first, he states, "go to the original haunts of the beaver, among the Indian tribes, * * * and these cannot make the trip in less than two or three years. The second, who are not so numerous, merely go as far as * * * * to meet the Indians and French [*i.e.*, other *coureurs de bois*] who come down in order to obtain exclusively their peltries. * * * * It is not easy to catch the one or the other, unless we are assisted by disinterested persons; and if favoured but ever so little, they easily receive intelligence, and the woods and the rivers afford them great facilities to escape justice." So vigilant were the agents of the government, and so oppressive did these *coureurs de bois* feel the king's trade ordinances to be, that, as M. Duchesneau further states, "for three or four years, (from 1677 to 1681) they did not dare to come down" to Montreal or Quebec. Had they not done so at length, "it would have been impossible to supply the farmers of the revenue with what was necessary for them to send to France."

SUCCESSIVE CONTESTS BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH TRADERS.

The maintenance of the peltry traffic in New France and its outlying territories, under such circumstances, was peculiarly difficult and embarrassing even to the most disinterested and patriotic of the French Colonists themselves. To those who had no such sympathies or national ties, personal gain was the sole principle of action or rule of conduct. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that, in 1684, we should find Radisson a second time deserting his fellow colonists and allying himself with their powerful rivals. Attracted by the love of gain, or, perhaps, piqued at the censure on his conduct in restoring Gillam's ship, which

* "Not content with the profit to be derived within the countries under the King's dominion, the desire of making money every where has led the Governor, Sieurs, Perrot, Boisseau, and Du Lut, and Patron his uncle to send canoes with peltries to the English."—Memoir of the Royal Intendant, Duchesneau, to the French Minister, 13th November, 1680.

the French minister had conveyed to the Governor, de la Barre, Radisson went to London in 1684 and offered his services to the English Hudson Bay Company. They were accepted; and he was placed in command of an expedition, consisting of five vessels, which was despatched in that year to capture the French trading posts at the Bay. This he did without difficulty; and he not only destroyed the French factories at Port Nelson, which, with Des Groseliiers, he had erected two years before, but he also "plundered their stores, and carried off 60,000 weight of beaver"—a loss to the French trading company at Quebec of about 40,000 livres. Thus commenced under the guidance of a faithless French colonist the first of a series of outrages and plunder of the rival trading posts at the Baye du Nord which afterwards bore much bitter fruit.

In the meantime the company at Quebec was not inactive. They despatched two ships to the Bay in the same year (1684). In the Ste. Thérèse (now Hayes) river, these ships encountered a hostile party of English traders, who, having at first agreed to a compromise of claims and pretensions, afterwards declined to give it effect, or to allow the ships to pass their fort on the river. Fearing an attack, the French sought to surprise the fort. Being discovered, they were forced to retire and enter another branch of the river. Here they founded a small settlement, and, in 1685, returned to Quebec, after a narrow escape from capture in Hudson straits, with 20,000 livres worth of beaver.

In 1685, the new Governor of Canada, M. de Denonville, in endeavouring to induce the King, for commercial reasons, to expel the English from the Bay, urged that, "if their establishments continue as they have begun, at the three places on that Bay which they actually occupy, and on the river Bourbon, or Port Nelson, we must expect to see all the best of the beaver trade, both as to quality and quantity, in the hands of the English. If not expelled thence they will get all the fat beaver from an infinite number of nations at the north, which are being discovered every day; they will attract the greatest portion of the peltries that reach us at Montreal through the Outaonacs and Assinibois, and other neighbouring tribes, for these * * * * will not have far to go, and will find goods at a much lower rate than with us."

The destruction of the French factories at Port Nelson by Radisson, in 1684, led to spirited reprisals on the part of the company at Quebec. Without waiting, apparently, for the king's favourable reply to M. de Denonville's memoir, the company despatched overland from Quebec, early in 1685, 100 men* (*coureurs de bois*) under MM. de Troyes and

* Governor Dongan, in his report on the state of the Province of New York, dated February, 1687, states that this expedition was despatched by M. de Denonville, and consisted of "50 soldiers and 100 young men of Canada, under command of Chevalier de la Troyes."

D'Iberville, who speedily "made themselves masters of the three forts the English had created at the head (*dans le fonds*) of that Bay."*

In the meantime a convention was concluded, in 1687, between the rival parties, that Port Nelson should remain in the joint occupation of the two crowns. This arrangement was not satisfactory; and M. de Denonville recommended to the French minister that the trading posts already taken from the English at the head of the Bay, be restored to them, "on account of their attracting the *coureurs de bois* as much as possible, besides purchasing the beaver at a higher rate, and furnishing their goods cheaper;" and that the whole efforts of the French traders be directed to intercept the Indians by land, and not allow them to come in contact with the English, "inasmuch as it is otherwise impossible to prevent the Indians from trading with them." These suggestions were not acted upon; and the posts remained in the possession of the French. In 1688, the English sent an expedition to retake their captured forts. M. D'Iberville, the French naval officer, then in command there, frustrated their design, defeated them, and took their ships. In 1689, they again endeavoured to accomplish their object; and attacked Fort Ste. Anne, but were again repulsed by D'Iberville.

Great privation was often endured by the French at the bay, in maintaining the posts captured from the English, in consequence of the scarcity of provisions. In 1692, Fort Ste. Anne was left in charge of four persons, while, for want of food, the garrison returned overland to Quebec. Taking advantage of the defenceless state of the Fort, the English attacked and captured it. In it they found more than 50,000 *écus* worth of peltries, exclusive of the munitions of war and cannon." This was declared by the French colonists to be "a very serious loss, and one which will deprive Canada of considerable beaver." The fort, however, soon again fell into French hands.

In the meantime both parties made preparations for a renewal of the struggle for supremacy in the Hudson Bay territories. D'Iberville returned to France in 1691; but, in 1694, he was sent to the Bay with three ships of war to complete the conquest of the English forts at that place. On his arrival there he was attacked by three English vessels. These he defeated, and proceeded at once to besiege Fort Nelson (or Bourbon.) After a gallant defence the fort surrendered, and thus the remaining and most important of the English trading forts at the Bay fell into the hands of the French.

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†Instructions from the king for Count de Frontenac, 1689. In the "Memoirs on the Affairs of Canada," dated February, 1692, M. d'Iberville, who served under M. de Troyes, gets the credit of capturing these three forts in 1689.

ARTS USED TO INFLUENCE THE INDIANS FOR AND AGAINST THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH COLONISTS AND TRADERS.

It is curious to note the arts which were used to influence the Indians both for and against the English traders. In all the formal interviews between the French or English governors and the Indians, much ceremony was observed. When it was possible, the troops were paraded, with all "the pomp and circumstance of war," before the unaccustomed eyes of the savage warriors, so as to impress them with the formidable prowess of the great Onontio* or of the Corlear,† as the case might be. Mr. John Nelson, of Boston,‡ in a memorial to the British Government, dated September, 1696, states that "for some years, ever since the war, they have from time to time transported into France, some of the most eminent and enterprising Indians (not only their own, but ours whom they have happened to take prisoners), *for no other intent than to amuse and dazzle* them with the greatness and splendour of the French court and armies, where the King hath so thought it worth his countenancing as to send them into Flanders, where the armies have been expressly mustered before them to shew their greatness," etc. On the other hand, an English Order in Council, dated London, February, 1696, provides for the case of two Indians "made prisoners at the surrender of York Fort in Hudson's Bay," and brought to London, doubtless with a similar design.

Another effective way of influencing the Indians by appealing directly to their avarice and cupidity was, by secret presents, practised also in those days. To this system was applied the term of "underground" influence—a term which received a peculiar significance about the time of the passing of the Fugitive Slave Law in the adjoining republic, but which few supposed had its origin in the earlier times of our history.

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* "Nondio," *i.e.*, literally, the "*Great Mountain*"—an epithet originally applied by the Indians to M. de Montmany, Viceroy of Canada, of whose name it will be seen it is a translation. The term was afterwards applied indifferently to each of the French governors of Canada. Onontio goa (Ontiogoa) was the Indian name of the King of France.

† "Corlear, Corlard, or Corlier, a noted Dutch governor, so beloved by the Iroquois that in memory of him they call all governors by that name."—Governor Dongan's Report on the state of the Province of New York, 1687. The name was first applied to the English governor, Sir Edmond Andros, in 1687. "For yow was pleased to accept the name of a Man that was of good dispositions, and esteemed deare amongst us (to witte) the old Corlear."—Address of 2,000 Maquaes (Mohawk) Sachems to Sir Edmund Andros.

‡ This Mr. Nelson, while on his way to Port Royal (Annapolis, N.S.) was taken by the French and sent to Quebec, and afterwards, for discovering a plot against Maine, was sent to France, and imprisoned there for two years.

In a memoir to the French Minister in 1686, M. de Denonville, Governor of Canada, thus gives an account of the practice of this system under his *régime*. He says: "Father de Lamberville having given me an account of all the intrigues of the Colonel,* who aimed at carrying the Hurons away from us, and drawing the Outawas to himself, I loaded him with presents to gain over the greatest intriguers among the Iroquois chiefs, in order to secure the favour of all the young men who were intending to march against us. He arrived very opportunely, for all the nations, under M. Dongan's assurance that the good Father would not come back, were assembling and marching; but his return revived the party of the Father, who dispelled this storm *by means of secret, called here 'underground' presents.*"

CONTEST VIRTUALLY CLOSED—TREATIES OF RYSWICK AND UTRECHT.

At length the contests between the rival colonies in the Hudson Bay Territory virtually ceased. By the treaty of Ryswick, entered into by France and England in 1697, both parties agreed to restore whatever places at the Bay they were possessed of before the war. Commissioners were appointed to determine this question; but they appear never to have met. At the time of the treaty, however, Fort Albany, on the River Albany, at the east side of James' Bay, was the only place in the Territory in possession of the English traders, and it continued in their possession undisturbed until the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713. By this noted treaty, France transferred to England the whole of her rights to the Hudson Bay Territory, and thus placed a bar on all the trading privileges of her Canadian subjects in that part of New France.

Thus by another stroke of a king's pen was ceded away a large portion of the northern part of the continent, to secure the possession of which great hardships were endured, many lives lost, and much treasure had for years been expended both by the imperial government and the colonists. It would have caused M. Talon great mortification had he lived to witness this summary transfer to a territorial rival of so important an appendage to "this portion of the French monarchy," which but forty years before he had confidently predicted with its vast area would "become something grand."†

There is abundant evidence to show that this mortification was deeply felt by the French colonists in Canada, whose trading interests at the North were by the solemn act of their sovereign extinguished for ever. During the peace which followed the ratification of the treaty, it silently smouldered, but was ready to break out should any occasion offer.

* Col. Thomas Dongan, Governor of New York.

† See *ante*, page 343.

This occasion did present itself on the renewal of hostilities between France and England in 1744–5. In 1744, M. de Beauharnois, the then Governor of Canada, in a despatch to the French Minister, thus gives vent to the long pent up feelings of hostility to the possession of the trading posts at the Hudson's Bay by English. In detailing his projected plans for the destruction of these posts, he says: "In regard to the posts on Hudson Bay, * * * which His Majesty has been pleased to recommend me to endeavour to neutralise, or utterly destroy if possible. I have instructed Sieur Guillet, who farms the post at Lake Temiscaming,* and has gained the good opinion and confidence of the nations thereabouts, to prevail upon them to assemble together in the course of this winter, in order to fall, at the opening of the spring, as well on Fort Rupert as on the other forts in the direction of Hudson's Bay; I have in like manner, * * * sent orders to Missilimakinac * * * so that they may all coöperate *in the destruction of the English establishments at the North.* * * * I beg you to assure His Majesty that I will not neglect any thing to *utterly destroy*, if possible, the English establishments in that quarter," etc.

GRAVER EVENTS—FINAL ISSUE OF THE STRUGGLE.

Events of graver moment, however, in the struggle for the possession of the maritime provinces, reduced to comparative insignificance, ere the year closed, this projected contest at the north. That momentous struggle, although interrupted for a time by the operation of the temporary treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle of 1748, nevertheless involved in its issue the existence of French power in the very seat of its strength on this continent. The result of that memorable struggle, whether early foreseen or not by the statesmen-actors of those times, was finally declared on the Plains of Abraham, and now forms one of the great epochs in American history. It brought to an heroic close a protracted contest for commercial and national supremacy, waged for nearly a century and a half between two of the foremost nations of Christendom. That contest, although it was too often utterly selfish in its aims and purposes, nevertheless developed in a wonderful degree, a spirit of enterprise and discovery. Considering the circumstances under which that spirit of enterprise and discovery was evoked, it has scarcely had a parallel even in later times, when steam and electricity have added, as it were, two wings to man's locomotive power, and have given him two mighty agents for the accomplishment of his purposes, of the potency of which neither the Kings nor statesmen of a century ago had the slightest conception.

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* *i.e.*, the head waters of the River Ottawa.

SIR EVERARD'S HOUND.

A BALLAD.

BY H. F. D.

1.

Sir Everard rode from Leaton's towers
At the close of a summer day,
Sweet was the breath of the wild-wood flowers
Which spangled the forest way;
But onward went he, o'er hillock and dell,
For the lordly halls of Tremorden Fell.

2.

On the breast of the Knight was gaily slung
A pledge of his lady's love,
And bright were the beams its jewels flung
In the lingering light above;—
Alas! Sir Everard, gentle and bold,
Thy heart must ransom that '*heart of gold.*'

3.

Six ruffians crouch in the tangled wood
And mark it with greedy eyes,
Like tigers which once have tasted blood,
They dart at the glittering prize;—
"Rather my life,"—Sir Everard cried,
"Than the first love-gift of my promised bride!"

4.

Two dark forms lie at Sir Everard's feet
But, dying, he sinks to the ground,
When bounding forward, faithful and fleet
He spies his trusty hound;—
"Ho, Luath! brave Luath! this token bear,
To the well-known bower of my lady fair!"

5.

The lady Isabel, musing, looks
To the woods all still and lone,
She hears the play of the bubbling brooks,—
She hears the breezes moan;
The sunset crimsoned the lattice frame,
Yet the gallant Sir Everard never came.

6.

But swift to that bower good Luath bore
The pledge of his brave young lord,—
A '*jeweled heart*,' all smeared with gore
And slung on a silken cord;
Soon, soon did the bridegroom wed his bride,—
His lady now lies by Sir Everard's side.

OUR CANADIAN VILLAGE.

BY JOHN READE.

I do not know who was the "*qui primus venit*" of "our village." Its name is French, but this may have happened from English caprice or American love of novelty, or may have been a friendly *nominal* concession to the former lords of the soil. At any rate, its French founders (if such they were) left few vestiges behind them. Their "mark" is generally a church, and as no such "mark" was left here, their term of possession (if they ever had possession) was very short. But whoever were the first "defricheurs," the Scotch had the firmest footing, though, in point of numbers they were once matched by their American rivals. The relative numerical importance of the several nationalities, may, perhaps, be best estimated by a statement in this respect of our little commercial community. Of the store-keepers three are Scotch, two are American, and two are Irish. Of all these the chief firm is a Scotch one, so that Scotch thrift and intelligence may be said to be the leading national features. From what I said in an early part of this paper, the rea-

der will be pleased to recall that these (American, Irish and Scotch) are not the only ethnological sources from which "our Canadian village" derives its existence. England, France, Germany, &c., have also sent out their quota. I am glad to have to say, however, that gradually, these different nationalities are rubbing away their roughnesses by mutual contact, and the advantages of liberal education and that by and bye "Canadian" will be the only recognized patrial epithet within its municipal boundaries. One genuine Scottish characteristic of our village, however, I hope will never pass away from it, I mean its observance of the Sabbath. From the first dawn of the Sabbath sun, till the Angel of Rest has set his wings in motion heavenward, a sweet, calm, blessed stillness reigns over the whole little scene, mountain, river, field and dwelling. To be sure, there will be a moving to and fro at church time, and, perhaps, too much talk of a secular character, but this only makes the stillness that precedes and follows the interruption more deliciously sensible. There are three churches, two Presbyterian and one Methodist. These do not by any means represent all the forms that Christianity is found in here, but they will coincide, you can easily see, with the result of my mercantile census. Service is held, according to the ritual of the Church of England once every fortnight, in the school-house. The Baptists congregate about three miles away, where they have a little church, and a very poorly paid but, I understand, excellent minister. Congregationalists can pray in their own place of worship, if they take a walk or a drive of seven miles or so. Roman Catholics have service once a month here, once a fortnight three miles from here, and once a week seven miles from here. I think you will now understand pretty well our denominationally religious whereabouts. I have omitted to mention in this catalogue, Unitarianism, Universalism, and some other "isms," that are also found along the windings of our beautiful river. *It* with its windings is moving on to the sea; Christianity with *its* windings is also moving on to another sea—infinitely deep and broad. I only mean christianity that is of Christ.

Of our two Presbyterian churches, one is of the *perpendicular* style of architecture, and its tall spire gleams beautifully, seen through the trees from the river side, this blessed summer evening. There is not much ornament about it, but it is what it was intended to be, plain and chaste, yet, evidently, no common dwelling-place, and see, does it not seem to point up, up, far up, to another House where there are "many mansions?" Long may it so point, and long may it tell by the good man's name it bears of worth and piety and gentle charity, of the meek bravery of the true christian soldier, who stands though unheeded and unrewarded at the post that his Great Captain has assigned him. Our other Presbyterian church is square, massive, and spireless, built at a time when me-

chanic arts were infant, or at farthest but adolescent in "our village." It has an air of fixedness and independence that suits very well with the character of its frequenters. Its very name, the "stone church," seems a sort of challenge, a "touch-me-if-you-dare," "take-me-if-you-can" sort of a name, but a strong, unflinching, noble name after all. "Founded on a rock." It might have been called *St. Peters*. Sermons have been preached on "petra" and "petros." I am not going to preach one. So, let the "stone" church, (which it really is) bear its true, old English name. Well, these two churches supply the spiritual sabbath services of the Scotch part of the community. But, as I told you before, there is a goodly portion of us who are not Scotch, and *(almost)* therefore not Presbyterians. Well, what becomes of us when we do not take one of the Sabbath day's journeys necessary to obtain the ministrations of our own church, or when these ministrations are not brought home to us? There's a neat little brick building between the two I have just tried to give you some idea of, facing the centre bridge. The two others are, in point of fact, national churches; this little chapel is cosmopolitan. All are invited to it, all are welcome. None need leave his own communion, but he may visit here and refresh himself, as a poor pilgrim who is journeying to a far country and needs to have his strength renewed; as a poor sheep who finds a strange but friendly fold, he may be kept and tended till his own shepherd finds him out, or till the Great Shepherd of all takes him to the Great Fold. Here, at least, he may be sheltered from the storm, and saved from the wolves. And so, (and is it any wonder?) this little chapel that faces the centre Bridge, and looks up the road and down the road, numbers among its attendants many of those who have "no church of their own" to go to, or, who seek less formality, exclusiveness, social and religious, a warmer feeling of brotherhood and more kindly ministerial attention than other denominations always either profess or vouchsafe. It is not for me to say whom else it numbers. Here, and all through this little contribution to the *British American*, I trust I shall do justice to all of whom I speak, regardless of creed or country. If there is any thing I hate more than any other it is unthinking, unreasoning prejudice against religion, race or class. In any praise or blame I may utter, or have uttered, I would like it to be understood that *now* I am defending no system; I am simply giving a *little* here and there of my own experience; if that little is good, I *must* praise it; if bad, I *must*, as surely condemn. Astronomers would not be friends to science, which is *discovered Truth*, if they were to keep silent about the spots in the sun; but they would be fools if they denied that we had any light from the moon.

Now, my reader, that you have had little glimpses of our village, in parts; if you want to have a view of it *tout ensemble*, let me place you

on that bold projecting rock in front of the old mountain. Just below is the peninsula, opposite is the little human hive, far above and far below is the ever winding river; there, up there, is the little triad of churches, and all around is the grand, majestic forest. I was going to describe it to you, but, no doubt, you have looked on similar scenes a hundred times. There is beauty here, but there is beauty everywhere, "the wide world over," if you could only become acquainted with it. But we must see and study and know and love for ourselves. No description can equal the reality of either persons or places, for not any person or any place will be the same to any two minds. Think of the person you love best on earth, and try and put into words all the ideas that cluster round the dear name. Ah! they have all flown off; you could not catch them, and the *dear name* is left "alone in its glory." And suppose it were possible, of what interest or value would such description be to one who had never seen the face or heard the voice or touched the hand, and those who have had these experiences of sight and hearing and touch do not require any description. Give me a description of the spot where you first learned the sacredness of Home. Without the associations that it has for you (and you cannot *really* invest it in them out of your own mind) what is it to any one else? Probably it was made up of houses and fields, hills and valleys, rivers and groves, and places that tradition had hallowed or accursed; it may be something grander, you may be the son or daughter "of a hundred earls," and your home may be the home of a noble race; it may have been near the "far-resounding sea," where there were "stately ships," and grim old rocks, and hoarse old caverns. What more? I have seen all this. There are thousands *such* homes. What about your home more than any other? You alone know, "what about it." So, my dear reader, I sit speechless on the old rock, looking on my village scene. You cannot share my rapture. Imagine for yourself. Do you remember the "solemn bleat," for which Wordsworth was so unmercifully criticized in more than one *Review*? It is in this passage from the excursion:—

> "List!—I heard,
> From yon huge breast of rock, a *solemn bleat*
> Sent forth as if it were the mountain's voice,
> As if the visible mountain made the cry."

This "solemn bleat" proceeds from a poor little lamb "left somewhere to itself." I think the critics who spoke so harshly of these lines, understood very little of the effects of rural sights and sounds on the mind of a meditative man. It is often in a multitude of such little incidents that the charm of a quiet, country evening consists. Indeed, it is the myriads of wordless, hazy, shadowy things that pass through the mind

in any company of either nature or man that form the not very substantial basis of what we delight to call their "associations." One of Wordsworth's (and he being a great man, ventured to tell it) was a "lamb bleating;" and little men who were great critics snubbed him for being silly. So, mountain, river, grove, shady walks, little quiet nooks; dear old scenes, the secret of our friendship is unrevealed.

"The world is worthy better men," have I often thought sitting here alone, looking over the river there. Why? I scarcely know, if you cannot guess; but let us get down into the village. Let us take a nearer view of this Arcadia; let us go from house to house and let us watch and listen. I could tell you tales of scandal, of spite, of envy; hatred and all uncharitableness; of profanity, and lewdness; of hypocrisy and treachery; of pride and vanity; of cold-heartedness and venality that would make a rich stock for a sensation novelist. What good would all that do me or you either? Let us forget all these and seek what is bright and cheery and good in human nature. There are foul and dismal spots in the fairest landscape, if we were only near enough to see them. In the world's garden there is a sepulchre, but it has also its fruits and flowers. So, never mind what I said just now about what I *could* tell; I have told nothing. Take smiles and good sense and civility for what they seem to be, if you meet with rudeness, have a soft answer. "Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace to silence envious tongues; be just and fear not; let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's, thy God's and truth's," then if the world is not what it appears, it is the poor counterfeit that is to be pitied, and not you.

Let us walk down the little street this summer evening. You see little groups at many doors. What are they talking about? oh! about the war, about the county election, about the hard times and the high prices, about the school law, about the weather, about horses and cows, about each other, about nothing at all. Do you remember John Willet and his friends in "Barnaby Rudge?" They met and smoked and chatted and dozed and looked at the boiler, and went to bed,—and met and smoked, and chatted and dozed and looked at the boiler and went to bed again. Well, we do here pretty much the same, though in justice I must say that we are more intelligent than the host and guests in Barnaby Rudge. At any rate, this is our time for meeting and there are five men whom I am sure you will find about this time deep in discussion and (except one) in tobacco smoke. The day's work is over. The hands have ceased and the tongues begin. Let us listen to them a while. There they are in front of Will Black's, some sitting, some standing. You see "William Black, Tailor," over the door. There he is, and there are the other four, Dick Rutledge, and Miles Carter, and Mr. Ellerton the Schoolmaster, and John Carlton, the blacksmith. It is John Carl-

ton who is speaking. His accent is Irish, and so is his heart and so is his hand, too. Rough enough he is in speech, but he has a power and an earnestness that you would not like to grapple with. A little personal, sometimes, is John Carlton. He deals his verbal blows as he does his hammer, unsparingly. He does not always use the best logic, but he has a vigour that to many people is above all logic. He is not so learned as Elihu Burritt, but he has read much and has forgotten little. He often makes a mistake in pronunciation, but you would not dare to suggest an amendment, and you soon forget it, for it is borne along and rolled under the torrent of his eloquence,—a mere straw. He goes to the little chapel opposite the centre bridge. As you may expect, he is extreme and uncompromising in his religious views, and he is never afraid to pick up the gauntlet in defence of them. He is a temperance man of the first water; he approves of the "Counterblast;" he denounces Dickens and dancing; he has a certain mystical formula about "glory, piety and immortality; he is English enough to love John Wesley and Queen Victoria, and he is one of those (thousands I hope) whose arms are strong and whose hearts are willing to carry a weapon in defence of our common country.

Then there is Miles Carter, dry, caustic, sententious; never clamorous or showing any enthusiasm for anything, like John Carlton, but logical and decided. He is said to be afflicted with indomitable laziness. At home he is a cipher, at the Club he is "president." That's William Black, himself, standing in the door, large, flabby, always in undress, as if he had no time to make himself a coat; he has a fine head, large grey eyes, a volcanic nose, and a mouth in which many qualities strive and none predominate. If you want a suit of clothes you can have them when they are ready, but if you want news *now* is your time. That is Ellerton, the tall, fine-looking man with something of a military air about him. You would think he was in the habit of commanding men, but he is only the master of our village school. He has been about here for nearly twenty years, perhaps, and of course he takes an interest in whatever happens in "our village;" so he is here with the rest at Black's to hear the news. But who is the stout man with so much beard and mercurial eyes, and such a tremendous voice and such a jolly laugh? That is Dick Rutledge, amiable, excitable, tender-hearted, blustering Dick. He is the very opposite of Carlton, whose principles and prejudices are formed and unchangeable. Dick's are always forming. When you meet him you can tell in what company he has been last, or what paper or book he has been reading, or whom he has heard preach. Yet there is a charm about him; you could not hate that man. Hear him laugh; it is a great human *organ* that sends forth those peals; hear him sing, he is all a voice. He is ever in extremes, now grand, now full of tenderness,

now following up some new fancy of his to the death. A good, old, stirring song, especially one that ignores all the world but a certain "tight, little island;" a story especially of Dickens or poor Thackeray; a picture, a well built house, a carriage or a sleigh, such as Dick can put together himself; these are his idols. Not a bad fellow is Dick, I assure you, as you shall find if you ever get better acquainted with him. His establishment is a little down the way there. It projects a good way into the street as if it were lost in admiration of Dick's dwelling on the other side of the street. You could no more miss it than you could miss Dick, even though you did not see "R. Rutledge and Co." over the door. Co. is not here. He is at home in his pretty cottage which he has lately built, with his young wife whom he has lately married. Worth describing is Co. if I had time or ability to do him justice. He is a little man with a stoop. He speaks English with a foreign accent, French gutturally, and German like a Fleming. I have seen pretty Scotch songs put in German words. Co. is like one of these. His father was a Scot, his mother a Teuton. Archy Dawson is an artist, as you might expect Dick's Co. to be. He paints in many styles and plays on many instruments. It would be worth your while to take a peep into his house and see what a snug, tasty little berth it is. But we must defer the visit just now, as it is growing late, and I have much to tell you about.

Ha! the boys and girls are going to Singing School. They keep quite distinct, as if they did not care a pin for each other, but I know for whose sake Sandy Grimes has dressed himself so trimly, and Kitty Johnson will be disappointed if she does not see *somebody* there. Ten years hence? Aye, many a change will have taken place in "our village" then. Well, if they be able to teach *their* children to sing, it will be a good thing. It is a hopeful sign when you see a singing-class anywhere. It is certainly a great enemy to vice, this music, when people do not make an idol of it. We certainly require its softening effects in "our village" after a hard day's toil, and in the language (my pen is powerless as regards style) which one of "our village" orators used in seconding a vote of thanks to the ladies who did the singing at a tea-meeting, "I hope the day is not fa-a-ar distant when *Ai* shall see an eenstrument in every house." Besides the singing School, a good many of our young people attend, every Monday evening, a meeting of the Sons of Temperance. I am not going to touch on this subject any farther than to say that "our village" has no greater draw-back than that which is caused by its licensed and unlicensed taverns. I never heard these debates but I have heard of them, and I think they are conducted as befittingly as some debates that I could mention in higher quarters. I think they are doing good in the way of giving an impetus to the young intellectual ambition of the place. Indeed more than these take part in them. Dr.

Jessop and the Rev. Messieurs Whitton, Jakes and Locke, may be seen there, and the young ladies too sometimes countenance the proceedings and listen to the "questions" with amiable interest. There is another society that takes to itself the imposing name of "Templars," and there is a juvenile squadron called "The Band of Hope." It is difficult to keep "the mean between the two extremes of too much stiffness in refusing and too much easiness in admitting any variations" from established usages. So I am not going to meddle here with the intricate subject of Teetotalism, as it is not the object of my writing at present, but I will say that Teetotalism, though it is often intolerant, rash, stupid and conceited, is noble in its aim, and has saved many lives from worse than death, blest many hearts, and driven an awful demon from many homes.

THE ETHICS OF BURNS.

BY DAVID TUCKER, B.A., M.D.

How strange it is that England's great poet, and Scotland's great poet should be so like, and yet so unlike! Each has invention, imagination, wit, expression, dramatic power; a sense of the ludicrous, a sense of the horrible, a sense of the grand; patriotism, passion, philosophy. But each has not prudence, thrift, self-control, the power of acquiring. These last are Shakspeare's. The records of his life point him out to posterity as a man remarkably endowed with that excellent rudder in life's voyage —common sense. It steered him safely into the haven of a well-matured age, comfortable in circumstances, and respected by his neighbours. He was a well-to-do burgher in a country town. So honest was he, and so good a business-man, that, when he went up to London, his townsmen had many confidential commissions for him to execute, and often placed large sums of their money in his power. After learning Shakspeare's private life, it is idle to talk of the eccentricities inseparable from genius. As if a man whose intellectual powers enable him to write a good play or a good poem, could not conduct himself, if he so pleased, with as much decency and regularity of life, as the man who excelled in any other pur-

suit which demanded a superior intellect. One half the eccentricity that is in the world we believe to be sheer affectation. Probably Shakspeare was of the same opinion, and was making a sly hit at the *irritabile genus* when he wrote of "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling," and further, ranked him with the lunatic. We can no more imagine the sober William himself guilty of such grimaces than we could a first-rate engineer or mechanician, when revolving some hard problem. Yet such a man is an inventor, or maker, as the poet (ποιητής) was originally called. He has to make an eidolon, or image of his work within the sphere of his own cranium, and then give to this airy nothingness, a local habitation and a name.

It is the mountebank who seeks notoriety. The man of true genius is a self-poised and self-contained man. He regards decency. He is modest, and will not make himself known to the street-boys by aping the squalor of Diogenes, the magnificence of Brummel, the contortions of an oracle-monger at Dodona. It is not so with the counterfeits.

Robert Burns was not a counterfeit. Although he was wanting in the elements which conduce to worldly prosperity, and which Shakspeare possessed, yet he was, in common with Shakspeare, wonderfully free from petty affectations and servile copyings. Almost the only peculiarity that can be laid to the charge of Burns, is his sometimes employing a French phrase, where an English one would answer the purpose equally well. But this was a pardonable, and almost natural error for such a man to fall into. Reared in the hut of a peasant, and, up to manhood, associating with companions of his own order, amongst whom the plainest education only was attained to, the slight knowledge of French which he attained from his preceptor must have been looked upon as a rare accomplishment. And when the fame of the poet brought him into contact with the Scotch nobility, the desire of appearing superior to his original rank, and possessing a culture worthy of their society, induced him to use those phrases in his intercourse with the Gordons, Glencairns, and Monboddos, who were justly proud of their gifted countryman.

Such an affectation is a very venial one. In other respects, Burns, although devoid of the genius of acquiring, appears to have been a straightforward, candid, honest fellow—honestly acknowledging his errors—honestly resolving on amendment. His errors appear to have always been those of weakness. Nothing thoroughly mean, dishonest, or false, can be found in the whole record of his life. Still he wanted the thrifty and prudent ways of Shakspeare. The dramatist could separate poetry from business. There was a time, he knew, for everything. He could visit the Blackfriars' theatre, take an inventory of the wardrobe—his own property—draw up an account of profit and loss, then retire to his abode and remodel a play; taking care to select one that would prove a paying con-

cern. Burns' genius analysed every event, and took poetry out of it to please his own wayward fancy. He was rapt in his favourite reveries alike whilst toiling slowly behind the plough, or cantering, as an exciseman, amongst the hills of Dumfriesshire. A friend died, or a lassie charmed him, and there was a poem *instanter*. Even circumstances of ordinary occurrence, in which ordinary mortals could see no trace of poetry, supplied material for the exercise of his powers. Such were the accidental death of a sheep, the turning up of a mouse's nest with a plough, the uprooting of a daisy, and the appearance of a disreputable insect on the bonnet of a lady. He lived and revelled in poetry. Nothing was too humble for the notice of his muse.

But whatever weakness we may detect in Burns' character, this must be confessed, that his teachings were often admirable, and sometimes sublime. In this particular he rivals Shakspeare himself. It is true that he might confess like most of us,

> "I know the right, and I approve it too,
> Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."

But his own and his readers' consciousness of his frailties would seem to point the moral of his lessons. Without becoming formally didactic, he flings out here and there gems of wisdom in rich profusion. Sometimes their light bursts on you unawares. When he plucks off the mask of comedy the benignity of the sage is behind it. The times in which he lived were rough. Hard drinking and hard swearing were the order of the day, even amongst those of gentle blood; and, exposed as Burns was to convivial temptations, through his fame as a poet, and his position in other respects, the wonder is that there still remained within him a place for sober philosophy or heart-felt piety.

There is hardly one in the whole list of virtues which Burns does not directly or indirectly teach. There is hardly an ordinary vice about which he does not utter, one time or another, a note of warning. Some of the virtues he has taught, not only by precept but by his own example; rendering his monitions doubly powerful. Of these we may enumerate, Charity, Resignation, Honor, Gratitude, Independence of spirit, Patriotism, Hatred of oppression, Affection—filial, fraternal and conjugal. When he advocated these virtues he uttered no uncertain sound. The sin of hypocrisy, a vice which he heartily hated, could not be laid to his charge. His nature, open, genial, and candid, placed him on this point above suspicion, and it is for this very vice that he has reserved the fiercest scourge of his satire.

The language and manner of the orator are most convincing, when he himself believes what he advances, and strongly desires that others should

believe it also. The manner in which Burns wrote, when under the direct influence of the nobler virtues, shows that the fire of the poet, too, is more vivid when he advocates the principles which his heart approves. His earnestness affects his style, and the grandeur of the subject gives rise to grander thoughts and nobler forms of expression. Take for example the virtue of Patriotism, and suppose our poet's bosom swelling with indignation at the departure of Scotland's ancient glory. The theme inspires the strain. It becomes dignified and serious, as in his noble "Address to Edinburgh," in which he apostrophises the wandering race of "Scotia's Kings of other years," in the following magnificent lines.

"Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors in days of yore;
Thro' hostile ranks and ruined gaps:
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore
E'en I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply my sires have left their shed,
And faced grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold following where your fathers led."

These lines are worthy of the man who, when visiting the church-yard of Dunfermline, reverently knelt down and kissed the broad flagstone which marked the humble grave of Robert Bruce.

The names of the old Scottish heroes seem to excite a wild poetic furor in his breast. For again, when writing of Coila's battle-field, his thoughts recur to Wallace, when he bursts forth in an impassioned strain.

"At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood,
But boils up in a spring-tide flood?
Oft have our fearless fathers strode,
By Wallace' side;
Still pressing onward, red wat-shod,
Or glorious died."

Burns was very jealous of the neglected condition of that hall at Stirling in which the Scottish Parliament had formerly sate. At the condition of several other national monuments, falling to decay, he was deeply indignant. His heart loved to dwell upon the former glories of his country, and of her ancient heroes. One fact he regarded as a national disgrace, namely that no decent monument had ever been reared to mark the spot where the ashes of the great Bruce reposed. Bruce was, in his eyes, the personification of everything that was brave and noble; and when he sent his friend Thomson a copy of his immortal ode,—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"—representing the address of the first named warrior to his soldiers on the eve of battle, he appended to it the follow-

ing aspiration :—"So may God ever defend the cause of Truth and Liberty as he did that day! Amen!" There is no doubt that he nurtured the old Jacobite spirit, so common in his times; and was so thoroughly under the influence of patriotism, that he became fearfully jealous of the superior strength and importance of England. To his friend Mrs. Dunlop, he writes on one occasion :—"Nothing can reconcile me to the common terms—'English Ambassador, English Court &c.' And I am out of all patience to see that equivocal character, Hastings, impeached by 'the Commons of England.'"

The virtue of independence Burns appears to have carried out almost to an excess. He was a firm believer in what we now call Self-Help. That, of course, was highly laudable, but he went to an extreme in his dislike of being under obligations to others. It is a well-attested fact that the editor of a highly respectable London newspaper once offered him fifty-two guineas per annum, on condition that he contributed an article each week for the poetical department, which offer was declined, and that at a time when pecuniary aid was much needed. What could have been more humiliating in accepting such a proposal, than in publishing volumes of poems by subscription, it is not easy to perceive. The probability is that Burns thought it would be derogatory to the mettle of his Pegasus to have him broken in to stated labour. He wished to be "fancy-free." His effusions were not regular in their supply. He occasionally acknowledges himself unfit to produce anything, and it might be, that, being conscious of the waywardness of his muse, he was unwilling to make demands upon her assistance at regular, and perhaps, unfavourable seasons.

But the lessons of self-help which he has bequeathed to us are indeed excellent. To his "young friend," in addressing whom he has evinced so much knowledge of mankind, and has so ably pointed out how a regard for private interest is perfectly compatible with an unspotted integrity, he gives this wise advice :—

> "To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
> Assiduous wait upon her;
> And gather gear by ev'ry wile,
> That's justified by honor;
> Not for to hide it in a hedge,
> Nor for a train attendant;
> But for the glorious privilege
> Of being independent.."

That very "independent" spirit of his own, sometimes lured him on to the expression of sentiments which portrayed him as a sturdy democrat. His sensitiveness was very acute, and the consciousness of poverty,

as is almost always the case with high-spirited men, rendered that sensitiveness perfectly agonizing. The studious recluse, living in company with departed demigods, and knowing little of the ways of the world, often regards merit alone as sufficient to command the respect of all classes. Wealth, rank, powerful connexions, political usefulness, and pleasing manners—the very elements of success under certain circumstances—he justly despises in comparison with intellectual power and moral worth. And when he finds in society that the latter qualifications, "nisi cum re," are thrown into the rear-rank, he sulks, and becomes a misanthrope, as far as his aristocratic acquaintances are concerned; whilst at the same time a sympathy grows in his bosom towards his penniless but honest brethren. It is with him "Aut Caesar, aut nullus." The "wit" must be the main figure of the tableau. The mere "lordling" is to be thrown in the back-ground. 'If that arrangement cannot be effected,' he says, "I leave, and return to my hovel, or my garret, where I again become 'the King of men!'"

It is really painful to find an honest, warm-hearted fellow like Burns, so far forgetful of the genius of modern society, so ignorant of the usages of life, so puerile and so unreasonable, as to write the following: "The noble G—— has wounded me to the soul here, (i. e. in bestowing attention in his presence "on a fellow not worth three farthings,") because I dearly esteem, respect, and love him. He showed so much attention—engrossing attention—one day, to the only blockhead at table; (the whole company consisted of his lordship, dunderpate and myself), that I was within half a point of throwing down my gauge of contemptuous defiance; but he shook my hand, and looked so benevolently good at parting." No doubt it was a feeling akin to that here expressed which inspired his well-known lines—

"Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts an' stares, an' a' that."

Throughout his writings Burns inculcates, with the most hearty zeal, a hatred of oppression. This sentiment was, at a very early age, burnt into his noble heart. In consequence of the death of the proprietor of the land on which the poet's family resided, the management of the property fell into the hands of a factor, who treated the elder Burns with the greatest harshness and cruelty. The remembrance of the threatening letters, which this individual used to address to his father, couched in the most insolent terms, and which had always a most depressing effect upon the family, remained with Robert during life. In his poem of "The Twa Dogs" he did not forget the oppressive official:—

"Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash;
How they maun thole a factor's snash'!

He'll stamp and threaten, curse an' swear;
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
And hear it a' an' fear an' tremble."

One of the finest, and probably the most philosophic of his poems, had its origin in this feeling. His constitutional melancholy also has thrown a tinge over the composition in question, which adds to its solemn and sombre influence. It is the "Dirge," entitled "Man was made to mourn." This poem is written in pure English, which style Burns appears to have adopted when treating of dignified and serious subjects. It is a strange medley of Platonism and Chartism. He moralises on the follies of mankind; on the vast chasm that yawns between rich and poor; on the sorrows of age; on the luxuries of the aristocracy; on the release from woe which Death provides; on the compensation that must hereafter await those who innocently suffer here. This compensation is the solution of a question which has puzzled many a thoughtful man, and which Burns puts with great ability, not untouched with a modicum of indignation.

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave—
By Nature's law designed;
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty and scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?"

There is no man who attentively and candidly reads the correspondence and poems of Burns, but who must acknowledge that the influences of religion had a strong hold on his mind. The truths he had learned in boyhood from the "big ha' bible," and the instructions of his excellent father, never became erased. The early lessons of religion are never wholly lost sight of, while memory and judgment remain unimpaired. In poor Burns's case external circumstances would sometimes eclipse those early impressions, but when the excitement of social joys and the novelty of aristocratic patronage had worn off—when the admonitions of an exhausted frame, or the menaces of approaching poverty, brought him to his right mind, then he grasped eagerly at the only "anchor of the soul." There is one thing very certain that if he did not possess religion in his own person, he had very clear views of its nature, and he has not failed to enforce its value, when recommending it to the attention of others. That important ingredient in religion—the virtue of Charity—often overlooked by the stern though sincere professor, was no stranger to his manly heart. In his own person he knew that to err was human,

and he knew also that the circumstances by which the erring soul is environed have a powerful effect in warping it from its true allegiance. He pleads with the eloquence of one who has himself groaned under the cowardly lash of slanderers, for a gentle judgment on those who have "stepped aside" from the rigid line of right.

"Who made the heart, 'tis he alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord—its various tone;
Each spring—its various bias.
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it:
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

The teachings of Burns on the subject of Religion include two other important points—the existence of a Supreme Being—without a belief in which, of course all his other teachings on the subject would fall to the ground—and the importance of good morals. However lightly he may sometimes use sacred names, in accordance with the colloquial custom of the times, when writing in a witty and satirical strain, yet when he touches on the subject of Religion itself, the language is that of awe and reverence. It is evident that he had an extreme horror of atheistical doctrines. He believed in what he termed "senses of the mind"—innate, and inseparable from us, which, to use his own words, "link us to those obscure realities, an all-powerful and equally beneficent God, and a world to come beyond death and the grave."

In his "Epistle to a Young Friend,"—written in 1786, whilst yet in the bloom and vigour of youth, before the hand of bodily affliction had pointed to him a higher source of comfort than the world affords, but which he appeared already to be aware of—he utters sentiments of a similar character. And after giving many lessons of worldly prudence in this much-admired production, together with exhortations to the practice of active benevolence, and to the avoidance of immorality, he curtly, but pithily embodies his creed in two powerful lines,

"An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!"

Burns may justly be regarded as a teacher of ethics. The reader who will carefully peruse the correspondence and poems of this child of genius will find scattered throughout, invaluable sentiments concerning the ways of men—the point of honor—the conduct of life—the path to happiness—the joys of contentment—the duty of resignation. Let him dig in the mine and he will find jewels. One gem we will pick out for him, and a

brighter one cannot be found in the whole book. It teaches gratitude by example, and bears the impress and warrant of sincerity :—

" The bridegroom may forget the bride,
Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour hath been.
The mother may forget the child,
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn !
And a' that thou hast done for me ! "

It is a cause of sorrow that whilst there is much in them that is chaste and good, the writings of Burns are sometimes marred by grossness of expression, and sometimes by a levity bordering on the profane. For the former error the apology is, that at the time in which he wrote, even English literature was not by any means so refined as it is at the present day. But there cannot be said to be found in Burns' works that deliberate filthiness which characterises the writings of Swift and other authors of the last century. As regards the second charge, it could be wished that certain expressions had been left out ; but let us remember that in his day profanity was not in general thought to be inconsistent with the character of a gentleman. Swearing was almost universal, even amongst the higher orders of the people, and sometimes defaced the language of the bench itself.

It can hardly be objected to Burns that he was deliberately profane. He caught the fashion as it flew. An individual who in his calm and contemplative moments has advocated with such earnestness almost every one of the whole category of virtues—who has embraced every fitting opportunity of acknowledging the existence of a God, and the majesty of His character—who has proved himself a loving husband, a kind brother, a reverential son, and an honest man, cannot justly be branded as a thoroughly depraved and vicious character. To paraphrase the beautiful imagery of the bard himself,—He alone who made the heart can tell the points of its weakness and the bias of its inclinations. He alone can tell the force of those associations into which a mysterious Providence throws the ductile and plastic character ; and He alone can give a full measure of credit to those honest resolves which, alas ! too often are whirled away before the first blast of temptation, as the withered leaves before the breath of the tempest.

Impartially viewing the character of Burns, we cannot convict him of deliberate and systematic vice. He was social in habits, weak in resolution, warm in temperament, enthusiastic in friendship, ardent in love, and—wavering in temptation. That last sentence writes the history of his

sorrows. The moral instruction to be derived from the story of his whole life comprises all the lessons which he has taught us; and he "being dead, yet speaketh."

SONNET TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

BY CHARLES MAIR.

Smile on, thou tiny mystery, nor ope
Those tears-fed eyes now curtained down by sleep;
Wake not nor start, thou mother's tender hope—
A mother's fond eye doth a vigil keep.
Now bends she o'er thee and recalls the kiss,
And throes which gave thee being on a time,
And made thee doubly dear! Be hers the bliss
Of weaving summer castles for thy prime—
'Tis left for me to sigh, aye I could weep,
To think how Care and Age may come and flood
Thine eyes with tears—rough-visaged pards which creep
Into mens' hearts and steal their vigorous blood.
Then shouldst thou pray release from mortal pain
And wish thou wert a sleeping child again.

THE POWER OF PUBLIC OPINION.

"Vox populi, vox Dei," is a phrase which we often hear men employ, as if it were a truth to which there should be no limitation; but it requires no great logical acumen to detect the fallacy that lurks in it, no very magnified power of intellectual vision to perceive that, while it embodies some portion of truth, it is combined or associated with a great deal of error. Such an aphorism must have been framed in an unenlightened and uncivilized period of the history of our race, when Might and Right were convertible terms; and unlike many of the trite sayings and proverbs of the ancients, which usually embody much truth in a few words, it involves, as we well know, a very pernicious and dangerous error, saturated as society is with so much evil. We may readily understand to what excesses and cruelties it has led; for if the infuriated crowd have only the slightest pretext to commit outrages, they gladly avail themselves of it. That it should be regarded with a kind of sacredness, as most maxims embodying a moral or religious truth are, among a rude and unlettered people, is not at all strange; but, that it should be so often quoted by those who enjoy all the light which the civilization of the nineteenth century brings in its train, is very surprising and cannot but awaken feelings of sadness and regret in the mind of every one who has the highest interests of his fellow men at heart.

If we understand the phrase to mean, that the voice or general consent or conclusion of a people is in harmony with the will of God because He *permits* them to be unanimous in reference to a certain point, then its use is quite legitimate, and we can accept it unconditionally. But in this acceptation not only is the opinion or sentiment or feeling of the majority of a class, society or nation the voice of God, but also the opposite opinion held by the minority, or even that of the single individual who dissents from them, because the Creator has constituted every man a free agent and permits him to think and speak and act as he chooses; and even though his actions are contrary to the requirements of the standard of eternal right, they are overruled for good and work out God's glorious plans. He brings order out of apparent confusion; harmony out of discord; and beautiful moral results out of impurity, selfishness, and ungodliness. But, as every one knows, this is not the sense in which the phrase is employed. Another interpretation has been given to it, which, as history fully proves, has led men to commit the most cruel and bloody acts, while they supposed they were doing the will of God. It is understood to mean, that the unanimous voice of a people is actually

in perfect conformity with the requirements of God's holy law. But if we refer to an historical event, whose truth seems to be established by the traditions of it existing among most nations, when the "whole earth was of one language and of one speech," and the voice of the people was: "let us build us a city and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven," we find that it was directly opposed to the will of God.

We shall now proceed to investigate some of the characteristics of the power of public opinion.

In the first place we would notice what may be called its *accumulativeness*, or continuously increasing character. There can be no more curious or interesting speculation than to trace out the growth of great opinions or customs which have moulded the destinies of our race. But the difficulty of such a task is very obvious. We may trace an opinion back until we find it to be the clear, distinct utterance of a single mind, but we have not yet reached its primary source. Men may have long before felt its influence, but had not such a clear conception of it as to give it embodiment. It requires the creative power of genius to give form to what the common consciousness of humanity recognises as its own. We may, with comparative ease, trace the mighty rolling river to the little rill gushing from the rift in the distant mountain cliff, but we have not yet reached its source, nor is it possible for us to explore the minute subterranean streamlets which there have their outlet. In like manner we may retrace the current of a great popular idea to one master mind from which it flowed, but it is beyond our power to discover the little channels of thought which never reached the surface until they converged, as it were, in the mind of some great genius from which they streamed forth. But the conception or thought, having once been bodied forth, gradually gains strength until its sway becomes absolute. When the minds of the people have undergone a long preparation for the reception of a new opinion its power increases with marvellous rapidity. The idea when struck out flashes with lightning speed along the invisible lines of feeling which bind heart to heart and soul to soul, and it is embraced almost instantaneously by a whole province or empire.

Now the explanation of this tendency of an opinion to increase in power must, in a great measure, be found in the sympathetic character of our constitution. One of the profoundest thinkers of modern times has said: "As in our natural bodies every part has a necessary sympathy with every other, and all give form by their harmonious conspiration to a healthy whole, so in the social body there is always a strong predisposition in each of its members to think and act in unison with the rest. Hence when a new opinion is enunciated by a man of acknowledged superior abilities he receives the support of at least a few who are attracted to him by the power of sympathy, and if his theory or principle

be such as the common heart of humanity recognises as its own, or superior to some long cherished idea or notion, he soon gains the sympathies of the masses. "Almost every opinion we have, we have by authority; we believe, judge, act, live and die on trust as common custom teaches us; and rightly, for we are too weak to decide and choose for ourselves."

Another characteristic of this power of public opinion is that *its influence is ever felt and recognised.* No matter in what sphere of life a man moves, before he acts, the question unconsciously arises—what will others say?—What will people think?. This is the only note of conduct which very many consult; and were the national mind imbued with correct views there would be a certain propriety in their doing so, "for nothing can be more apparent than that mankind in general, destined as they are to occcupations incompatible with intellectual cultivation are wholly incapable of forming opinions for themselves on many of the most important objects of human consideration."

It is very obvious that many social grievances would be constantly occurring, were it not for the restraining influence of public opinion ever in vigorous action. Let a government neglect its duty in punishing offenders and protecting the innocent—let it permit the murderer or robber or traitor to go unpunished, and the outburst of popular indignation will rouse it to a consciousness of its responsibility. And the activity of this wondrous power was never at any period of the world's history so great as at present. Let any social or national evil spring up, and immediately through a hundred iron tongues the popular indignation finds utterance. Previous to the discovery of the art of printing and the establishment of a regular postal system, any evil might so affect society, that it could be eradicated only after much bloodshed. But the progress of science and art has invested public opinion with a new life—a hundredfold activity—and although in many cases they lend their influence to the wicked, yet, on the whole, the advantages are on the side of law and order. In the palmy days of ancient Rome, the leaders of the public mind harangued the assembled thousands in the forum, and employed every art of oratory to enlist their sympathies, but it was impossible for them to do so, every day; nor could they address themselves to the inhabitants of the remote provinces. But in this age of steam printing-presses, and railways and telegraphs, the leaders of public opinion may speak to the inhabitants of the remotest districts with the lightning's forked tongue. Sitting in a telegraph or printing office they may make a whole continent their audience, and act continuously on the minds of all classes of society.

The last characteristic of the power of public opinion which we shall notice is its *irresistibility.* Once let an idea gain possession of the

public mind and you might as well attempt to stay the onward movement of the waves of the sea when lashed into fury by the stormy tempest, as to strive to check the commotion and uproar of popular feeling. Nay every attempt to check or weaken only strengthens it, just as the shaking of the forest trees by the storm only makes them strike their roots deeper into the earth. The rapid stream glides noiselessly by as long as nothing obstructs its channel, but hurl a huge rock into it to stop its current, and it rushes on with greater fury and apparently increased momentum. So any attempt to check the current of popular feeling, the tide of public opinion or thought, which rolls on quietly yet powerfully only reveals its irresistible character in terrible grandeur and majesty, or it may be in horrible outbursts of fury and outrage. No despot ever exercised a more absolute or tyrannical sway over his subjects, or kept them under more thorough surveillance, than does some grand idea or custom the minds of those who embrace it.

There is no more curious fact recorded in the pages of history than the stubborn, determined resistance which has been offered to newly discovered truths in science directly opposed to time-hallowed notions. And the mystery is greatly increased when we reflect, that many of those discoveries which had to encounter all the hostility of an enraged public were evidently at the time conferring great blessing upon society. Let the votary of science assert and prove, with all the certainty of a mathematical demonstration, that the earth is not immoveable nor the centre of our system, but revolves with inconceivable velocity around the sun as a centre, and he is summoned before an inquisitorial tribunal for presuming to contradict what every body believes to be true ; or, on the other hand, let him maintain, that a human skull found in a certain deposit of matter in the valley of the Misissippi proves, that the creation of man must have taken place tens of thousands of years ago, in opposition to the general belief of humanity, and his statement is received with contemptuous sneers. The public mind clings tenaciously to its own opinion, and rejects the new-fangled notion, however plausible a support it may receive from facts. Truth will at length prevail over error, and hence every opinion which is founded on error must at last give way before the intrinsic power of a counter-opinion which has truth as its basis.

But the stubborn unyielding nature of popular feeling is perhaps more strikingly exhibited in the tenacity with which men cling to political notions or principles. In all countries where liberty of thought and speech is tolerated, there are two political parties holding views either slightly or wholly different in reference to the principles on which a free and enlightened Government should be conducted, and each is firmly convinced of the truth of its own, and the error of its opponents' opinions. Let us suppose that neither of them has adopted correct views, yet rather than

yield they would die martyrs for what they fancy to be right. Or let us take it for granted that the principles of one party are in perfect harmony with immutable truth, and all the logic or eloquence of the most masterly intellect will fail to convince the other party of their correctness. Reason is held in complete subjection by the dominant idea, and the intellectual vision is dimmed or distorted by the long-cherished notions. Does a man free himself from the thraldom of one party opinion and embrace another; how seldom is he actuated by an honest conviction of the falsity of that which he has abandoned! How frequently is self-interest or passion in one or more of its many phases the secret of his conduct! He forsakes his party because he has been offended or disappointed, not because he has impartially weighed and compared the merits of both. And no doubt the great reason why political parties so pertinaciously cling to their respective principles, why no arguments employed by one in combating the other are of any avail, is that both have a portion of truth on their side. But let the party in power carry some measure which is obnoxious to popular feeling generally, and they must at last yield to the clamour raised against it. The most powerful tyrants are compelled to yield obedience to the pressure of public opinion, and no reformer in his senses will propose a new theory or principle until he has assured himself that the popular mind is, to some extent at least, prepared for its reception.

But the irresistibility of popular opinion reaches its climax when articles of religious belief are assailed; and the history of many of the wars which have deluged the earth with blood is just in other words a history of the resistance of men to some new creed or dogma antagonistic to the system of belief which they and their ancestors held. What is the history of martyrdom but the history of the conflict between public opinion and some new dogmas which have been advocated? Every one who has suffered death, whether on the scaffold or at the stake, or in dark dungeons or caves and catacombs, for his belief in some truth which he dared to maintain in opposition to the masses, has felt the irresistible nature of old superstitions and prejudices; and the purer and grander, the more elevating and ennobling the character of the truths which such men have opposed to the popular creeds, the more irresistible have they felt the current of public opinion.

From this train of thought we can without difficulty see how very great is the responsibility which rests on the leaders of public opinion. For let us only reflect for a moment what excesses communities and nations have committed because magnified by men of genius and ability. The former were but instruments, for they acted blindly in deference to opinions propounded by the latter—opinions of whose truth or error they

were incapable of judging, but which they embraced on trust. The responsible nature of influence is very much lost sight of by those who hold positions of eminence in society. "Use thy talent," is the Divine injunction, but it must ever be under the limitation, "use it for the highest good of thyself and others." But it is a fact, which every true friend of humanity must deplore and sternly deprecate, that too often the leaders of the masses seek only to promote their own selfish ends, though it be at the expense of the highest interests of others. They may succeed, too, for a time, but their policy is sure to be unmasked ere long.

But the leaders of public opinion are responsible not only when they urge the commission of deeds of violence, but also when they lead the masses in opposing the adoption of measures intended to advance individual and national interests—for instance when they enlist their sympathies against reform movements to promote the educational or political prosperity of the country. They furnish their party with their own usually one-sided arguments, and the latter, being very frequently without the means of inquiring if there is true cause for dissatisfaction in existing systems, take for granted, that what is said by their leaders is perfectly accurate; while party spirit blinds them so that they take no notice of the veiws of their opponents.

But let it not be supposed that on this account the masses are free from responsibility. Every man in a free and enlightened country has a right to think and act for himself, and unless a man examines thoroughly as far as lies in his power, whether the cause he has espoused is right or wrong, he is most assuredly accountable if his party is guilty of deeds of violence. The man who joins a gang of highwaymen, without troubling himself to inquire into their intentions or designs, is considered guilty in the eye of the law if he is with them when they commit robbery or murder. He should have abandoned them when he discovered their true character, even though it should be at the risk of losing his life. So the man who follows a political multitude to do evil is no less guilty, because he is endowed with faculties which would tell him, if not prejudiced, whether what he does is right or wrong. Nor is he free from guilt, though his conscience is blinded by prejudice, and gives a wrong decision. Every man in a country which enjoys the light of Divine truth, is responsible for the way in which he disciplines his moral consciousness, and hence must be responsible when he joins his voice to swell the tide of popular opinion which is wrong.

We also see how absolutely necessary it is that the national mind should be educated in the highest possible degree. If the public mind were properly educated, and trained to think more independently, it would not be so easily imposed upon by men of genius who are seeking not the highest happiness of others, but their own advancement. In proportion

as a people will be able to think and judge for themselves of the truth or error of an opinion, the less danger will there be of their embracing and clinging to opinions which would be injurious to themselves.

THE ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE.—A TOUR TO THE LOWER PROVINCES.

Our own provincial people, it is thought, know but little of the Lower St. Lawrence route, and, perhaps, still less of the sister provinces. In entering upon articles devoted to the entertainment of the readers of the *British American Magazine*, on this subject, the endeavour will be to introduce them to their fellow Colonists with as much correctness and fulness as a hurried passage through the country will enable such an object to be served. It is not proposed to treat with the heavy statistics of which the subject would not fail to be largely fruitful; but, on the other hand, we will essay to tell a tale more of social *status*, and with which may be associated, in as agreeable a shape as possible, a glimmering of political and commercial conditions. To a Western Canadian, particularly, there is much of instruction, of interest, indeed, even of astonishment, to say of this route—of the pathway, as it were, through all the attractive spots of the smaller Colonies; as well as of the long stretch of Canadian territory which guards the Lower St. Lawrence waters as they advance on their way to the Atlantic. In truth, it might be remarked that, to one who may have spent an entire lifetime westward—perhaps with a special caution, not by any means to be found trespassing below the Ottawa River—there is something like a mystery yet to clear up as to those little Colonial regions which venture so boldly out to sea, away, far, far, below the metropolitan boundaries of Quebec. Some people, and indeed very many, have a strange, as well as an erroneous idea as to the situation of the ancient Capital as regards its geographical and social limitations. It has, among other unkind insinuations, been accused of being the farthermost point of manners and civilization; and numbers, we really believe, go to bed every night with the thorough persuasion that such is the case. Before the present articles shall have been concluded, it is hoped that those who have thus been misled into wrong, as well as ungenerous impressions, will feel

justified in good-naturedly dissipating them. It is natural enough that the intelligent, industrious reader—the contemplative, curious, wondering Canadian—would desire to know something truthful as to the condition of the great tract of country away to the South-east, as well as the description of existence which its population enjoys. It would be of no avail to go off expressly to the present seat of vice-regal authority with the hope of being able to return, knowing everything worth being informed upon relative to those parts, without proceeding any further. The sought for information would there be found to be just as far, practically, beyond the mind's grasp as at the readers own fireside. You may arrive in Quebec if you will, but you must there perceive, perhaps to your extreme discomfiture, that the matchless St. Lawrence rolls on yet further in greater magnitude and with larger facilities. The end, indeed, is not come yet. You may pace up and down the broad planks of Durham Terrace,—or "the platform," the nomenclature by which, in local language, that grand, airy, rocky elevation which crowns the Lower Town, is spoken of,—and wonder what of these distant lower regions! If you have thus thought and still remained with your curiosity unsatisfied, it will be for us to act for you, and expend philanthropically, on your behalf, an honest regret.

It is true, the means of communication and inter-communication between Canada and the maritime provinces have not yet proved either as complete or as accommodating as the importance of the relations of the Colonies, one with another, calls for. No person likes taking blame of any kind to himself, under any circumstances, if such can at all be located otherwise; it is therefore hard, perhaps, that Canada should be held not entirely free from reproach in the matter of intercourse with the sister Colonies. It must be admitted, however, that the larger proportion of ambition for the co-mingling of interests and sympathies has been manifested on the part of the maritime provinces. Had their efforts towards a closer degree of acquaintance been seconded with equal enthusiasm we would not, even at the present day, be depending for reliable connection with New Brunswick and Nova Scotia upon the partly American enterprise which has placed a regular steamer on the Portland route; besides being a roundabout way of accomplishing such a journey, it furnishes a fact not at all reconcilable with Canadian pretences, enterprise and rivalry. It is not by any means pleasant to have to coast along the foggy shores of the State of Maine, for the purpose of reaching St. John's or Halifax, from Montreal, when there are our own British waters to carry one to the same destination. It is a state of things which does not make the right kind of impression, and consequently ought not to be. At the present moment there is no permament nor regular means of connection by the St. Lawrence; and it would seem the

involved interests must slumber, if not suffer, until a more thorough knowledge of their existence shall have awakened Colonists to the peril which will unavoidably associate itself with the presence of apathy. In the mean time a costly sacrifice is being made, and that too upon the altar of indifference: while the claims of Canada to the possession of statesmen must proportionally remain questionable. But few persons know anything about the lower Colonies, beyond the disjointed information which has been carried to them, as it were, through the medium of the straggling, parentless facts permeating the discussions on the question of the Inter-Colonial Railway; upon the troubled surface of the proposed undertaking something indefinite has been floating about as to the simple geographical existence of certain minor colonies; but hardly anything more,—nothing at all events, which would enable the uninitiated to discover either the social or commercial character of the people. The tourist who may have had the good fortune to have visited brave little New Brunswick, pretty and luxurious Prince Edward Island, or rich and prosperous Nova Scotia, cannot have failed to realize the value and absolute satisfaction derivable from linking the interests of these Colonies with our own, even if it should only be socially so.

In paying our visit to the Lower Provinces, to see the inhabitants in their own homes, we, of course, preferred the Lower St. Lawrence route, partly on account of the additional pleasures of which it is so abundant, and to a large extent, also, out of respect to our Canadian predilections. Advantage was taken of the fortnightly trip of the steamer placed upon the route by the New Brunswick Government. The miniature ocean craft, with all the pretensions of a Cunarder, or of a Canadian liner, stole away from under the frown of the Citadel which tops Cape Diamond, wriggled herself through the dense shipping of Quebec Harbor, and, safely manœuvred out of the forest of masts which had erected itself upon the bosom of the St. Lawrence waters between Quebec and Point Levi, glided off to sea,—away to the mysterious regions, and upon that great commercial highway which, more than three centuries ago, had coaxed hither Commander Cartier and his little fleet. But, with a good-bye to the port of embarkation, and a farewell flaunt from the good old flag which waved from the Citadel, it is not the last we saw of industry, settlement and Canadian progress. True, the bluff on Point Levi closed from observation the fortifications of the quaint looking Capital. But we soon discovered that civilization did not end there; if such were the case we would ask, what interpretation must be given to the uninterrupted line of white houses and proverbially red roofs which appeared to run, for a purpose, parallel with the steamer's course. These signs of settlement were to the right, on the South shore; while to the left, we had, as all old travellers of this portion of the route well know, the

Island of Orleans with its nineteen miles of verdure and fertility—valuable tributaries to the market-stalls of Quebec. With a sail of one hundred and thirty miles down the river there were still numerous evidences of life in a portion of our Province which, in some strange manner, a great many persons have been led to think is almost uninhabited. On the proximate shore the smoke from the iron-horse curled skyward, and, eventually, as the furnace of our steamer supplied its quota similarly, the rival volumes met high up above—should it be said, symbolically—and then dispersed; and as that wonderful engine shrieked aloud with sharp peal—sounding the token of advancement and "still onward"—the skipper of our steamer, with good and timely wit, saluted the "land lubber" in similar tones. On a previous trip, thus far, the slow and cautious steamboat had the monopoly. The Grand Trunk had not then stolen down so far among those quiet people; it came trundling and rumbling and snorting along, at last, however, with no small measurement of surprise and curiosity.

The string of houses to which we have alluded—the clean-looking white cottages which mark the way through the country, as if it were "blazed" for the guidance of the iron-rail—proved, even to this distance, continuous; and one could not withhold admiration of the method which seemed to have tutored the people in the erection and style of their dwellings. It may be remarked that the land of Eastern Canada can hardly, in a literal sense, be spoken of as "broad acres." It is so in the West, where the yoeman cultivates his fields in squares of twenty acres; but the French—perhaps in obedience to the former will of *seigniors*—till their farms in strips of great length, leaving the frontage with a capacity only sufficient for the house and the driving-way. This accounts for the striking character of the settlement—all the houses being so closely built to each other that the appearance of a street—a long, long, street—is presented. And who that has driven in a *caleche* down one of these streets has not admired the taste which appeared to direct the crowding of every cottage-window with geraniums and other house-plants. This is a feature in the character of the French Canadians, whose homes stretch along the cold easterly extents beyond Quebec, worthy of a passing record; for, where there are such tastes, other good qualities, in more or less proportion, are, in all probability, present. The geraniums, perhaps like Goldsmith's "chest-of-drawers," have a "double debt to pay;" answering as objects of pleasure to passers by, and to the in-dwellers for the purpose of window-curtains,—the broad, healthy leaves, with their large blossomed branches spreading over the furthest limits of the sashes. Western farmers, perhaps, would look upon geranium-growing as rather a small business to have the slightest association with agriculture; they, themselves, toil each day, too long and too hard in the open fields, and

their wives, probably, find that the spinning-wheel and the dairy absorb too much of their time to admit of either developing the more acquired tastes which direct the cultivation of anything, no matter how gratifying to the eye or pleasant to another sensitive organ, that would not do to expose for sale at the mill-door or the market-place. This may be a trifling index to the characteristic absence of avarice or greed, or any extraordinary love of gain, amongst the agriculturists of the furthermost portion of Lower Canada; but, nevertheless, it is an instance of their moderate desires. They do not appear to have any wish to add to their farms; they exert themselves to a certain, and, indeed, comparatively small extent, and, then, contented with their lot, they plod on; their greatest pecuniary satisfaction being apparently realized on each Sabbath day, when, after the performance of their religious devotions, they sell, upon the steps of the church-entrance, the few oats, the piece of meat, the basket of eggs, or the potatoes, which they may have brought with them in their comical, and many rather stilt-like, conveyances in which they are always found riding at great speed, and with every appearance of safety. Thus, at a rapid glance, we have portrayed, *en passant*, the quiet, inoffensive farmer, as he is found, almost uninquiringly, working away, and living on the remote banks of the Lower St. Lawrence.

The digression which we have made—the change from water to dry land, from the steamer to the farm-house—has, we trust, not been unentertaining; but we must leave the *habitan*, and return to our first stopping-place, where one of the famous Government piers, stretching out nine hundred feet into the St. Lawrence, invited us to tarry. Upon the hill, a few rods distant, rests a very well-known village—the far eastern terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway, and the culminating point of the row of houses which followed us from Quebec. It is Rivière du Loup, a spot with which sea side excursionists are familiar as being the halting-place *en route* for Cacouna. We have had our own pleasures at Cacouna, as well as others, but cannot linger now to tell of them. It may be that this Canadian watering-place deserves a favourable word, seeing that Portland puts forward so many competitors. Cacouna it must be admitted, has not the long, smooth, sparkling beach of Saco, nor does the sea-breeze catch one so cleverly from off the swells of the St. Lawrence as it does from the great billows which roll up and down upon the ever-sighing sea in front of Cape Cottage or the Ocean House. In the matter of sea-side sojourning the people who consider themselves fit candidates for ocean air are, in large numbers, found to be feeble, nervous, and eccentric. Those of the first named class would be accommodated at Portland by the variety of resorts; the second class would be the better off on the even beach of Saco Bay. But for the eccentric, the

romantic, the venturesome, Cacouna—Canadian Cacouna—presents the required attractions; there you may rove and climb about the rocks to your heart's content, and instead of the stylish and costly sulkies of Portland you have the cheap and free-and-easy hay-cart, so indigenous to those parts, in which to career along the beautiful drives radiating in many directions from the village. One very strong argument in favor of that Provincial retreat from the warmth and oppression in the summer months, prevailing on the scorching pavements of our cities, is its proximity, in comparison with American resorts. The Railway answers all the purposes of the anxious Quebec or Montreal merchant, who can go hither and thither in a few hours, and a run of an additional night will place the more Westerly business man within reach of his home; in addition, for the comfort of families, the excellent steamboat arrangements meet every reasonable requirement. Another great advantage one has at Cacouna is that fashion, with its follies and burdens, is eschewed; there, no barrier exists to the fullest enjoyment, the most liberal scope for recuperation; neither are the pleasure and benefit, which visitors seek, shackled by the conventionalities which obtain at Newport or Long Branch. These all are considerations which make up a rather bright looking case for Cacouna. And thus we leave the cozy-like seat of recreation and proceed again on our way.

THE FATE OF THE "THREE SNOW-BIRDS."

A wild November night. The season of frozen ropes, of double insurance, and sudden Southern squalls; squalls which bent the sturdy masts like twigs, and drove the white waves high upon the shore.

The sun at setting had sunk into a bank of dark grey cloud which veiled his final exit; no color enlivened the sky, save a streak of angry yellow barred the southwest; there was no wind, except a slight breeze now and then, which gently rustled the leafless branches, and sighed faintly through the musical pines. Nevertheless, old Luke Wetherell, standing at the door of the "Otonaga Inn," with one eye on the sunset and the other on the mackerel clouds in the east, had said, "There'll be wrecks to-night on the upper lakes; ay, and I shouldn't wonder if we

got a puff down here." Now all who knew Luke Wetherell knew that he never prophesied in vain.

A puff? I should think it was. The wind rose as the sun went down, and by eight o'clock—it blew. No play, no gentle rustling zephyrs this time, but a good earnest south-west gale. At nine o'clock came the rain, plashing, heavy rain, that beat against the windows of the old inn as if determined to gain an entrance; that ran under the ill-fitting door in streams across the kitchen floor, and dripped through the crazy roof and ceiling on the heads of the few belated travellers sitting round the fire. Meantime the wind rattled the loose shingles, moaned in the chimney, howled dismally through the empty upper chambers, and made mournful music in the rusty hinges of the tavern sign. It was an awful night.

So agreed the party assembled at the "Otonaga Inn." They were the landlord, himself an old sailor, Luke Wetherell, master of the schooner anchored in the bay, a pedlar who had taken refuge from the storm, and two women, who might have been frightened, but that they had lived too long on the lake's wild shore now to fear wind or wave.

"Where's the 'Three Snow-birds" gone this trip?" It was Luke who spoke.

"Up to Chicago. Mar'get had a letter from him while they was lying there; but I expect, from the time they was to start she's most of the way home now."

"Pity she ain't all the way. It's a bad time of year to be out. The lad's too venturesome; I've warned him often. There's not a shoal or a bar that I don't know, and yet I wouldn't take the vally of the 'Susan' to be out to-night."

"You hain't got his reason for wanting to make money, Luke," said the landlord.

"I know that. But I'd rather have a little safe, than risk my life and boat for a good deal. I'm an old hand, and years bring sense. Besides, the profits is taken off by the double insurance this time of year."

"Maybe the 'Snowbirds' is in the canal to-night," said one of the women.

"I hope it may be so," returned Luke. "But if she was in Chicago when Mat says, I doubt she's not in such safety yet. They're up in the shallow water. Well, if they're there, the Lord keep them off Shoal Point, and give them sense to avoid coming through the Race to-night."

"Who is the young man who seems to excite such an interest?" asked the pedlar.

He's one we could spare badly, if any harm came to him," said the landlord. "He's as good a sailor as you'll find on the Lakes, and as good a man as you'll find either on or off them."

"And he's going to be married at Christmas to the prettiest girl on the shore, up or down," added the landlord.

"And what's his name?" inquired the itinerant merchant.

"Charley Woods is his name, and the name of his father before him. Old Woods found his grave in Lake Erie. The schooner capsized in a squall like this, and he and his crew were lost. Charley has worked hard, and would have married Rose Inglis before now, if he hadn't been too trusting and lost the money once that was to have bought his share of the boat. When he made it up again, Rose's mother died, and that delayed the marriage another six months. 'Tisn't much of a story; that's all."

"And the wedding is to be at Christmas?"

"Fixed for Christmas Eve. I wonder how Rose feels to-night. The wind's awful up in that old house on the hill."

"It must be an anxious thing to be a sailor's wife," said the pedlar.

This was echoed heartily by all, especially the women, who both declared they would not marry a sailor for the world. The force of the denial, however, was somewhat weakened by its being a known fact that one of them, the landlord's daughter, had openly set her cap at Charley Woods.

"The rain's over," said Luke, later in the evening, opening the door, and admitting a gust that extinguished the candles, and sent the fire roaring up the chimney in great flakes of flame. "But how it blows! The outer bay's in a froth. And it's a gale that won't go down as quick as it got up—you may take my word."

The landlord came to the door, and they looked out together. The inn stood by the road, some hundred yards from the water, but the ground fell, so that they looked over the inky mass, tumbling black and angry as far as they could see, faintly lighted by the struggling rays of the moon. The shore was marked by a white line of spray, as the waves rolled heavily in among the flags and boulders, and broke with a hoarse and sullen sound.

Half a mile beyond the "Otonaga Inn," on the shore of the outer bay, where the land rose almost to a hill, where the shore was jagged rocks instead of boulders, where the spray dashed highest and the wind roared fiercest, stood the old house where dwelt together Rose Inglis and Margaret Woods. Standing on such an eminence, it rocked and echoed to every blast, but was warm and bright within. Over each window was hung a thick shawl to deaden the sound of the rain; and a large fire blazed in an open stove, making every object bright within its glow; not least so, the two women upon whom it shone.

One is a girl asleep upon a low couch. The tear stains on her flushed

cheeks, the tumbled hair, the restless hands, and the parted lips from which still comes now and then a sob, show that she has wept herself to rest. Very lovely must be the face when bright and animated, which with closed eyes and saddened features is so fair.

The other girl is seated by the table, partly at work, and partly watching Rose's restless slumbers. Far calmer, far more patient under her anxiety, is the sister than the betrothed. Alas! she is more accustomed to what she this night endures.

Margaret listened to the moaning of the wind and the dashing of the rain, until she grew drowsy with the ceaseless sound. Rose slept apparently deeply, for her sighs had subsided, and her pain drawn features relaxed into a kind of smile. Margaret let her work drop in her lap and gazed at her; then she leaned her head upon her hand; gradually her eyes closed, and her senses grew heavy; and after a few ineffectual struggles against her drowsiness, her head sunk upon the table, and she slept.

How long she remained so, she did not know. She was awakened by the cold wind upon her face. Starting up, she found the door open, the fierce blast raging through the room, and that Rose—was gone!

Wild with terror she rushed out; to see the girl's form marked in clear outline against the now bright sky; her long hair floating, and her dress fluttering, in the chill wind. She stood on the extreme edge of the high rocky bank, bending over the foaming water. Margaret's first idea was that she intended to fling herself over; but on coming close enough to throw her arms around the stooping figure, she saw that Rose's eyes were fixed and her attention riveted, on something in the stormy depths below.

"Do you see it, Margaret?" she said in a low rapid tone. "Do you see the boat down there among the waves? Look out there in the white streak—that is all that is left of the 'Three Snowbirds.' Ah, I am glad they had time to take to the boat!"

"My darling, the 'Three Snowbirds' is up on Lake Erie. There is nothing there, dear one. Come home, out of the storm."

"Look! see how the boat pitches and tosses on those white-capped waves!—And how will they ever land on this rocky shore?—There is Charley at the rudder! I could swear to his figure any where, though I can't see his face. He sees me now! He knows no one but me would be watching him, such a night as this. I heard him call me when the schooner went down, though I was asleep in the house. Do you think they can land here, Margaret."

"Oh, Rose, darling! there is no one there! Come home!"

"There, they are nearing the shore now!—but how fearfully the boat is tossed about!—Oh! I thought it was gone that time—but Charley steers well. They will have to climb the rocks—I don't know how they

will do it—Charley is a good climber, but the bank is very steep.—Bend to your oars, men! Have courage a little longer! it will soon be over now!"

Margaret listened and wrung her hands. Rose, meanwhile, leant over the brink, her eyes dilated and her cheeks glowing with excitement. Suddenly she drew back, and uttered a piercing scream.

"Margaret, look! the boat! the boat!"

"Oh Rose! my darling Rose! there is nothing there! Oh, what shall I do!"

"Oh my God! the boat is upset—they are all in the water!—Charley is swimming this way—now he sinks—now he rises! Ah, Heaven! take the rest, but leave me my own! leave me my one blessing!—He is safe! he has reached the rocks!—he is climbing!—now for the rope he told me to bring. You cannot hear me, I know Charley, but you shall see how I obey you. Look, Margaret, the rope has nearly reached him—now it is close to his hand. Why does he not take it, Margaret? Why does he look up so sadly? Why does he hold by those weeds and not try to stir? Call to him, Margaret; add your voice to mine!"

"Oh, my child, come home!"

"In a moment, Margaret, Charley shall come with us. Surely the rope is within reach now. Oh Margaret! I see it now! The rope is useless! He cannot take it! His arm is broken! Ah, blessed heaven! when these weeds give way he must fall back and die!"

With another wild scream she fell to the ground. Margaret saw that she was insensible, but even that was less dreadful than to listen to her dreaming ravings. With a strength which at another time she would not have imagined she possessed, Margaret raised her, and half carried, and half dragged her home. Here, after bringing her back to life, though not to sense; and lulling her into what was more a stupor than sleep, Margaret resumed her watch; listening, until day broke, to the howling of the storm.

Morning brought sunshine and brightness, but no cessation of the storm; the west wind still lashed the sea into fury, though the tumbling waves which had been so black and angry under the midnight sky, now danced green and foam flecked in the morning light. Not the less dangerous and treacherous were they for their beauty; so Margaret thought as she drew aside the curtain with a shiver, and looked out into the cold bleak dawn. Red and orange streaks showed where the sun was soon to rise; the trees were groaning and bending in the blast; and the only signs of life were the few gulls hovering low over the water. Margaret

looked towards the inner bay, where she could just see the light glimmer on the white masts of the 'Susan,' safe in her sheltered cove; and her thoughts went back again to the scene of the past night, and to that other craft, so dearly freighted, which her overburdened mind pictured as floating keel upward, or stranded on Lake Erie's shoals.

Rose slept far into the morning; the noonday sun was pouring into the room before she opened her eyes, to find Margaret bending over her. She closed them again, wearily, as recollection came back; and turned away her head. "Oh, Margaret! I have had such fearful dreams!"

Margaret soon found that she considered them only as such; no idea that she had really been out in the tempest, had really leant over the rocky bank, and witnessed, as she imagined, the terrible scene in the real water below, seemed to cross her mind. There was no trace of wandering in her words, or in her large dark eyes; she believed the whole to have been but a dream. Margaret thought it best she should continue in the mistaken belief, and did not undeceive her.

And now ensued the period of weary waiting. The time for the boat's arrival came and passed and brought no sign. If indifferent people felt anxious as to the fate of the "Three Snowbirds;" if those who were merely friends or acquaintances of her master, waited eagerly for tidings of him, and the coming of his vessel, what must the interval have been to the two women in the lonely house on the hill. To both; for Margaret's quiet nature had received a terrible shock; and it was with a heart full of dread that she endeavoured to be cheerful, and to encourage Rose; but Rose was not to be encouraged or consoled. Nothing could remove from her mind the settled conviction that her dream had been but the shadow of the truth; that the "Three Snowbirds" was one of the many autumn wrecks; and that her lover had found in the waters of Lake Erie his early grave.

The gale blew itself out at last; little by little the wind sunk, first coming in fitful gusts, then lesser breezes with a longer pause between, and at last died away into silence and peace. The fifth morning rose bright and fair; the lake heaved gently with a long unbroken swell; the outer bay was sparkling with tiny ripples, and reflected the blue heavens like a smile; while the inner bay lay calm and placid, as though its smooth surface had never been ruffled by a rude or angry breath.

On this day Luke Wetherell strolled up to the house on the hill. Margaret was her own calm self; he would scarcely have noticed an extra shade upon her brow; but in Rose's face he read the sufferings of the last four days. "Poor child!" he said to himself, "She takes it hard."

"You'll be 'specting the "Three Snowbirds" every day now, I guess?" he said.

"Soon, I suppose," said Margaret, when Rose struck in.

"The "Three Snowbirds" will never come back, Luke. Never again."

And why not? Bless us all, what sort of a sailor's wife will you make if you're to get frightened at every puff of wind?"

"The "Three Snowbirds" went down in the gale on Tuesday night, Luke. Margaret will not believe, you will not believe, but you will see. You may say I dreamed it, but it was a dream that foretold the truth. I *saw* it, Luke. I saw it all."

"She's weathered many a gale already, Rose, and she'll weather many more, with the help of the Lord," the old man said cheerfully and reverently, "You will laugh at your dreams, my dear, on Christmas Eve."

"We shall see, Luke. The 'Three Snowbirds' is a wreck, and I am a widow before my wedding day. You will never hear me laugh again."

She said it without a tear, but with a cold conviction more painful than weeping. Luke saw that raillery was out of place, and departed merely saying, "Well, I wouldn't give way so, if I was you; take my word the boat will be in, or you will hear some news tomorrow."

Margaret accompanied him out, and told him more than Rose knew, the whole truth regarding the night of the gale. "If anything has happened, Luke, you will be witness that it was foretold."

The old sailor was impressed by the narrative, being not without more touch of superstition, than he cared to show. "Tush!" said he after a pause, in which he tried to recover himself and speak lightly. "What's the use of fretting about dreams? If I troubled my head about such trash I'd never have a minute's peace, on land or water. Trust in providence and hope for the best. She acted in her sleep, and naturally talked of what was running in her mind. She's in love, and timorsome; but you had ought to have more sense"

"God grant you may be right," said Margaret, as she turned to re-enter the room where she had left Rose.

"Amen," said the old man looking mournfully after her. "I hope it may fall out so. Any way I'd make the best of the poor desolate creatures, but I doubt the 'Three Snowbirds' will never sail these waters again."

Where the outer bay of Otonaga meets the lake, the shore trends to the northwest. A long slow curve, during which the land sinks from the high rock banks to a low sandy shore, broken by boulder stones and an occasional flag, forms the coast line. Here, even in rough

weather, is but a line of level surf; no breakers fret and dash; the low shore seems to cast them off, to fume and break within the outer bay.

The water rippled with scarce a sound upon the sand, as old Luke Wetherell paced the quiet beach. Thinking of the strange tale he had so lately heard; pitying the two women, a prey to such more than anxiety and fear, he had no attention to spare for the beauty of the scene. The sparkling lake, the shining autumn sun, the mossy stones, the glittering shells, the fragments of green weed lazily lapping in the ebb and flow of each tiny wave; all which would have moved his admiration at another time was unheeded now. Even among the drift-wood scattered here and there, he forgot to look, as was his wont, for the evidences of a wreck.

He had made half the circuit of the curve when his foot struck something half buried in the sand. He stooped; it was a broken block; such a fragment as may often be found upon the shore. From old habit he examined it before he threw it down. It had come a long way for the wood was bruised and dinted by contact with the stones, but was not weed-grown or water-soaked, as if it had been long afloat. As he held it he thought he perceived what looked like writing; he raised it to the light and distinguished the letters, and read, scratched carelessly as if in sport with some sharp instrument, "Three Snowbirds," Oct. 27, 1860. The old man shook like a child as he gazed on the broken fragment in his hand. It was plain now, this last and only relic of the ill-fated vessel, (come who could tell how far?) was the evidence of her doom. No hope that it might be the cast-a-way of some former voyage; the unstained wood forbid it, besides the date was there to tell with terrible distinctness within how short a time it had been under human hands.

There was a sad and solemn consultation that evening in the "Otonaga Inn." "You had ought to go and tell them, Luke, 'twas you found the token," said the landlord.

"I tell you, Elkanah Harper, I wouldn't do it for the valley of the 'Susan' and the 'Three Snow Birds' together. I don't want to see that look—no, but a worse one—in that child's face again. I'll dream of it nights as 'tis."

"Father, do you go," said Judith Harper.

"Me child? What hand am I to break sorrowful news to two lone women? I'd cry more than they would, I'll bet."

"Well, I'll go," said Luke. "If I can't talk fine they'll know I feel for 'em all the same. And after all there's but one way of telling news like this; nothing can make it either worse or better." And honest Luke took up the silent witness to the truth of his evil tidings and prepared to depart. It was hard to tell which was the more sym-

pathizing, he who went forth on the melancholy errand, or those he left behind.

It was dark, and a still calm evening, when he knocked at the door of the house on the hill. The girls were at work by the light of a small lamp; but the open prayer book on the table showed how they had been recently engaged. Had they been petitioning for those who travel by land or by water? The old man's heart sunk as he thought of the loved one for whom it was neeedless now to pray.

In Margaret's pale gentle face he saw her quiet grief, her resignation, and the hope she had not yet quite abandoned; but in Rose's set features and despairing tones he thought he perceived that the tidings he brought would be to her less intelligence than confirmation of what she already knew.

Evidently neither supposed his visit to be of importance. It was cruel to sit there conversing, and making them converse, on indifferent topics, and yet Luke did not know how to begin. He had been with them half an hour before he gathered courage for the disclosure.

"My children, I told you, you would hear news soon."

No wizard's spell ever wrought such a change as appeared in the listeners at Luke's simple words. But he saw that the emotion existed in both was hope, not despair.

"My children, I would prepare you if I could,—but I am a man of little learning and few words. I can only say like the holy man, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," and bid you learn from him to say "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

The look and tone were not to be mistaken; the mourners knew all. With a pitiful cry which rung far out into the still night Rose sank upon her knees, while Margaret buried her face in her hands with a low faint moan. In the course of a long life Luke had seen much grief, and comforted many afflicted ones; but perhaps had never felt more pity for the bereaved than now.

When they were somewhat calmer he told them all he knew. He gave them the proof of their misfortune; the one sad reminiscence of the loved and lost, and left them. They needed no stranger to be witness of their grief; consolation was not yet for them, but when they sought it, it must be in each other and in prayer.

So he left them, weeping bitter tears over the token of their loss; the worn and broken fragment, now more precious in their eyes, from being the relic of the lost, than golden ore; the sole remainder of the vessel with its living loving freight which had sailed so hopefully but a little time before; the mute messenger which, through storm and sunshine, deeps and shallows, over fall and rapid, had held its swift and silent course; and now discharged so faithfully its mournful errand.

Heavily, wearily, passed the days. November, with its alternations of wild winds, sharp stiff frosts, and days of summer softness and golden haze, was gone; and the middle of December had brought the snow. It lay like a fair mantle over hill and hollow, making trees, buildings and lake, black by contrast with its purity. A bridal mantle the happy might have called it. Rose Inglis, looking over the white waste, likened it to a shroud.

No news of the "Three Snowbirds" had come in those five weary weeks; except what might be gathered from a paragraph in a chance newspaper, which was conjectured to refer to the missing vessel: "Went ashore in the late gale, off Gull Point, a small schooner, name unknown. She struck the bar and went to pieces in a few hours. The crew supposed to be all lost." This was all. Who but those whose hopes and happiness had gone down in her would feel much interest in her fate? What should mark the "Three Snowbirds" for especial notice, in a season of five hundred wrecks? The exact day was not given, but the place was one where the ill-fated boat might easily have been, and from the date of the paper the wreck might have occurred the very night of Rosa's vision, as Luke and Margaret called it—as she called it, her dream.

The two women were accustomed by this time to the contemplation of their grief. In these days people seldom either die or go mad with sorrow; and saving the settled dejection of look and voice, and their black dresses, there was little outward change. Universal sympathy was their's. Among all who knew and loved them, there were few who would not, almost at any cost, have restored the lost brother to the sorrowing sister, the lover to the widowed bride. But even the kindest and sincerest sympathy cannot heal a broken heart, or bring back the dead.

Christmas Eve found Rose and Margaret alone as usual in their lonely home. Gladness for them there was none, even at the season of holy rejoicing; their grief indeed received fresh keenness from the recollections of the time. Neither spoke of what was in both their minds, but a closer embrace from Margaret showed her remembrance and her tender pity; and a more despondent manner and deeper sighs in Rose betrayed her feelings on this day—her marriage day that might have been.

"I guess you don't feel like coming down to the inn to-night?" said Judith Harper, who had dropped in, and who was not remarkable for keen sensibility or great delicacy of feeling. "We'll have some company to-night, and we'd be glad to see you if you'd come."

Rose did not deign to reply; but Margaret gently declined the invitation, saying that on this evening they would rather be at home.

"I guess we'll have snow," said Judith standing in the doorway. We want it, and I hope it'll come before tomorrow for the sleighing's 'most gone. Good day; if you change your minds and come down we'll be pleased to see you."

Margaret, on her return to Rose, found her pacing the room with clenched hands and set lips. "Oh! Margaret, am I very wicked? I am not patient, I am not resigned. I hate the world! I hate the people who are careless and happy and glad! That girl's talking set me wild. Oh, why was I born to be wretched!"

And Margaret once more took the poor passionate sufferer in her embrace, and with the weary head upon her bosom soothed her into rest.

With evening came the snow, soft and thick, wrapping everything in a white disguise and making footsteps fall noiseless. Rose stood at the window watching its descent in feathery clouds, and listlessly marking the slow progress of a figure laboring through the deep snow up the hill. Then she drew down the blind to shut out the night, and hung sadly over the fire without speaking, while Margaret prepared their evening meal.

The silence was so deep that the sound of the opening and shutting door startled them like a shot. "Who can that be, Margaret? Who dares intrude on us to-night?"

"I do not know who would come in without knocking," Margaret began; but her speech was stopped.

"Some one I hope you will be glad to see, whether he knocks or not," said a deep voice, as a manly figure, white from contact with the snow, entered the room and stood before them.

Will our reunion with the blest in heaven resemble meeting again those whom we have loved and mourned as dead on earth? This thought flashed across Rose's mind in the supreme moment when she felt her lover's arms enfold her; before she lost all consciousness in the rapture of his silent kiss. He did not know that she had fainted as he pressed her close and turned to Margaret. Love is very selfish; he had passed the sister by, to clasp the better-beloved first to his heart.

Glad? were they not glad? Who could measure the depth of the joy that Christmas night had brought? When, the first hurry of surprise over, they had time to think and feel secure in their happiness; when glad tears and joyful sobs were past, and the two girls held their lost and found between them, Rose's head upon his shoulder, and his arm round Margaret's waist; where in the wide world beat three hearts so blest as theirs.

"And so you thought me dead, darling?" he said, smiling in the happy face that lay so near his own. "I came very near it. When

the 'Three Snowbirds' went to pieces, and I was beating up and down on the rocks off Gulf Point, I gave you up, my own; I had little thought that I should ever see home again."

Rose shuddered, and did not speak. "Did you escape alone?" Margaret asked.

"Only I, I believe. I swam some distance, but the shore was too far off to reach. I must have struck a rock and fainted, for I remember very little. I was washed on shore a long way down, and picked up by the good people who brought me back to life. It was three weeks before they knew whether I should live or die."

"Was your arm broken, Charley?" whispered Rose.

"Does it feel like it, Rose? I think I can give you proof that they both have all the strength they ever had." And Rose was satisfied.

"When did it happen?" asked Margaret.

"The wreck? at four o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, the second day of the gale."

When Charley was told afterwards all the story of the vision other discrepancies besides these were discovered. But in spite of this, and in spite of Luke's raillery, Rose never would relinquish her right to be considered as a seeress; maintaining with true woman's logic, that if not entirely she had been "very nearly right."

"Is your wedding-dress made Rose? Have you forgotten that it was to be ready for to-day?"

Rose, in answer, glanced at the black dress she wore.

"Never mind, Rose; you can be married as well without it. I suppose it really is too late to-night, but we'll have it as near as possible to the appointed time, and not delay beyond to-morrow."

"Charley, how can you ——"

Rose, how can you? If I could have got here yesterday you would have been my wife now. But I forgot. Will you marry a poor man, Rose? Most of what I possessed is gone down in the 'Three Snowbirds.' Will you marry me without it, or must I make another fortune first?"

Rose gave him no answer, unless he could read one in the cheek she laid against his, and the arm that crept softly round his neck.

"To-morrow, then, Rose. Don't say no! I will have my own way!"

And Charley did have his own way. In spite of Rose's declaring that it was "quite impossible," and in spite of the lamentable deficiency of a wedding-dress, the next evening witnessed the marriage. There was no lack of guests; the news of Charley's return spread fast, and many were the neighbours who were only too glad to congratulate him on his escape, and wish him joy upon his wedding day. Not the last among

these was Luke Wetherell, who was visibly affected as he wrung the bridegroom's hand, and bestowed a fatherly kiss upon the bride.

"I'll never believe in visions nor dreams no more;" he said to the latter. "Which was right, Rose; you or me?"

"I was right, Luke; for the 'Three Snowbirds' can never come back!"

"I was right, Rose; for I told you, you would laugh at your visions upon Christmas Eve!"

THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

BY A. A. B.

What is a Reciprocity Treaty? Is it not one, by which the contracting powers bind themselves to grant one another identical privileges; or failing these, equivalents for what one grants, but which the other has not the power to bestow? The object of a Reciprocity Treaty, then, is to secure equal advantages to both sides, whatever be the means, by which differences are balanced, and equality maintained.

There is a Reciprocity Treaty between the United States, or the remaining portion of them represented by the government at Washington, and the British American provinces; and the time is come, when either party, by giving twelve months notice, can bring it to an end. Mr. Morrill, of tariff notoriety, has given notice of motion, or resolution,—whichever be the correct expression—to authorize the President of the United States to annul it; but this having been opposed by those, who wish the Treaty to be renewed, it has been referred to the Committee on Commerce, and the committee on Foreign Relations, whose Reports may very possibly be published before this article is printed. What they may recommend is but of little importance in reference to the writer's present object. His business is not so much with the provisions of the Treaty, which he leaves to practical statesmen, and men of business, as with its political bearing; he would look at it in its political, rather than its commercial, aspect.

The Treaty, as originally made and agreed to; the Treaty that is, which has been in operation for the last nine years, and the existence of

which is now threatened, appears on the face of it to be just; being in fact, what it professes to be, a real Reciprocity Treaty; one, that gives equal advantages to both parties. What, then, have the Americans to complain of, that they are desirous, some of annulling it altogether, others only of modifying it? The only intelligible cause of complaint they appear to have on commercial grounds is, that the Reciprocity Treaty is reciprocal; that they have not a preponderance of advantages; and that the British government has done them the grievous wrong of having secured to the colonies the same advantages it gave to the States. Regarded from this point of view, the Reciprocity Treaty may be a grievance, and require to be modified; and it is not altogether to be wondered at, if the Americans, that is, such of them as look upon it as a commercial treaty, from which purely commercial, and not political, advantages were to be derived, should require it to be greatly modified. It must be provoking to a people, priding itself upon its smartness, to be so hardly dealt with in the framing of a commercial treaty as to gain only dollar for dollar, cent for cent. It must be mortifying to be unable to brag of having again doubled upon John Bull, and to be obliged for once to confess to having made a treaty, from which the contracting powers obtain equal advantages. Considering all this, it is not to be wondered at, that they should threaten to annul it, and restore the relations, now happily subsisting between themselves and the provinces, to the state, from which it has rescued both, in order to obtain its modification in their own favour. Nor are these the only ones who call for its being annulled. We must remember the strong party in the States, who had only political objects in view, and consented to the Treaty, only because they hoped it would be the means of Americanizing Canada, and leading her to seek annexation as a boon; these make no secret of their disappointment, and because their hopes have been thwarted, refuse any longer to support it. Again, there is the protectionist party, represented by Mr. Morrill, who would annul it, because its provisions are in antagonism with their principles; and thus, what with the efforts of this party and those of the political one, together with the folly of the commercial one, that would pretend a desire for annulling, in the hope of modifying, the Treaty, it would not be astonishing if the Americans should end by undoing the work of reciprocity. Many things are impelling them to act foolishly; and not the least powerful among them is the wild passion of hatred, which actuates them in all their dealings with England, and which gives to the greatest sacrifice the appearance of gain, if only by making it, they can injure her, or humiliate her government. But while there are so many things concurring to change the commercial policy of the States in reference to Canada, and the other British American provinces, and with a fair prospect of success, it is, on the other hand, still quite possible that

the merchants may come to their senses, and beating both the politicians and protectionists, compel the Washington government to be reasonable, and to act wisely in the interests of its people; because in their present financial condition the loss of the Trade, that the Treaty has called into existence, could not fail to be most seriously and extensively felt. With all the commerce of the Confederacy cut off and destroyed by the operation of the war, a commerce that could not be restored to its former magnitude for generations, should the Confederates establish their independence, and which would be destroyed for an indefinite period, should the Federals succeed in conquering them and emancipating the slaves—for then the fate of St. Domingo would overtake the South—Northern prosperity can only be re-established by an extension of its trade in quarters but little explored hitherto. Now the trade of the British provinces would go a great way in filling up the gap in that of the North, which will become painfully manifest as soon as peace shall have put a stop to its present fictitious prosperity, caused by an enormous war expenditure, and buoyed up by an inflated currency. For it is certain, however unwilling the Americans may be to believe it, or incapable of perceiving it, that with peace will come a ruinous collapse, the more terrible, the longer it is deferred. With the government expenditure stopped in a day, all the trades connected with the making of munitions of war, the supply and forwarding of clothing, provisions, in short of everything necessary for an army of 600,000 men in the field, will be suddenly brought to a stand-still, and wages cease to be paid. At the same time several hundred thousand men will be disbanded, and enter into competition with those thrown out of work by the restoration of peace, and necessarily cause a reduction of wages throughout every department of labour,—it was so in England at the close of the war with Napoleon, and similar causes must produce similar effects in the States—and while a large standing army will have to be maintained at immense cost, and interest on the debt will of itself swallow up more than the whole revenue of the Union before secession, great and crushing burdens will be laid upon the people at the very time they will be most unable to bear them. Nor, to escape from their difficulties, will they be able to repudiate their debt; for as it has not been contracted with foreigners, they could not gain a cent by doing so: they must bear their burdens, or the government must be bankrupt. This is their only alternative; and whatever be their choice, a fearful collapse must ensue. Any healthy trade, then, such as that between them and the provinces must be of so great value as to make the chances at least equal, whether they will retain it, and continue the Treaty, or recklessly throw it away in order to vex, and if possible, humiliate England. On the supposition, then, that the States would be willing to continue the Treaty, the policy of the Colonies is to wait

patiently; but if they should act foolishly, the question at once presents itself, are there any means available for repairing the loss the colonies would suffer by its being annulled?

A closer, and ever closer, connection with the States is desired by many as the means of eventually throwing down the Custom-houses on the frontiers. Before inquiring into the desirability of this, let us consider what it is that has led to the formation of the wish, and what would follow on its realisation. There are in the colonies, and notably in Upper Canada, two leading parties, whose sympathies are with the States and England respectively; and it is the former of these, that wishes to tighten the bonds, that unite them with their neighbours across the lakes. Now, what is it that has hitherto led them to wish to mould their future institutions on the model of those of the States, and seek in the first instance for close and intimate commercial relations with them, as a likely means for obtaining their end. One need not look far to discover it in an admiration of Democratic Republicanism; nor what it is that has impelled them to prefer democratic, to a monarchical, form of government; to warm in their affections towards the States, and to cast in their love for the land from which their fathers came. The people of the colonies lack the dignity of a recognised nationality. And as there is little scope for ambition in provincial distinction, many have turned, naturally turned, in the direction of the States, where they have before them a powerful nation, and the rewards and distinctions to be acquired in its service. In the colonies there can be but little promotion; and even when it has been obtained, the holders of office are ignored by the world, and are unknown beyond their own limited spheres; whereas the ministers of a nation like Greece, or Belgium, or Portugal, or even of one of the wretched South American republics, possess a recognised position, and treat on terms of equality with those of the greatest empires. Hence, men unconscious of, or perhaps unwilling to recognise, the hidden springs that govern their motives, turn instinctively to honour abroad, when it is denied them at home, and seek among a kindred race a participation in distinction, and a way to social position, which their own institutions deny them. The yearning for social position, for rank, for honourable distinction, impels, a Frenchman to the cannon's mouth, that he may gain a piece of red ribbon with a cross dangling to it. The same craving leads an Englishman of rank and wealth to undergo the drudgery of public life, that after many years of service he may place a coronet on his brow or tie, a blue garter round his knee. It leads men in a bald democracy, like the States, to scramble for office and money, by which alone they can gain consideration; and it makes colonists, impatient of provincial obscurity, eager to clutch at the first offer that promises them the means of satisfying it. But although ambition may draw men in the

direction of the States, and allure them with the expectation of such advancement as a republic can afford, it would nevertheless be well for them, it would be well for the people of the provinces generally, to reflect upon the price they would have to pay for the chance, that one born among them might, in the course of a century or two, become the President of the United States; if indeed the Union of even the Federal States should outlast that generation of men, who already have numbered fifty winters. For what does Union with the Federal States mean? Does it not mean the irreconcileable hatred of those of the Confederacy, a debt already counted by thousands of millions of dollars, and still increasing; an immense standing army to keep the Southern States in subjection, should the North succeed in conquering them, and a scarcely smaller one should the South secure its independence; and does it not in all probability mean, when the war is over, and its cost must be paid, when wages are low and taxes high, that the Western States, which have already shewn signs of impatience, will repudiate their share of the debt and the responsibilities of the Federal Government, and free themselves from them by seceding as the South has done. Annexation, whatever it might have meant formerly, now means debt and difficulty; quarrels and contests, that are looming in the future, and only await the end of the war to break out with fierce malignity. Men talk of levelling the Custom-houses on the frontier in the secret hope of ultimately wiping out those frontiers from the map; and though to level them for commercial purposes might be made beneficial to the provinces, yet to level them from political motives would be only to court anarchy and bankruptcy, and to throw away national independence in the pursuit of them.

But if it is desirable to throw down Custom-houses, are there none but those on the Southern frontier, the removal of which would be an advantage? Are there none between Canada and the maritime provinces, that are an obstacle to trade, and the most desirable political Union? Could not these be removed, and room be made for the only practicable zollverein; and would not their removal be the means of uniting men, whose union is pointed out as a logical deduction from facts, a union the most natural, and therefore the best. But men are ambitious! Be it so; and would there not be a sufficiently wide field for them in the kingdom that the provinces would naturally fall into; and would not the rank and honour, that could be won under an English prince seated upon an American throne, be as precious in themselves, as respectable in the eyes of Europe and America, as the distinctions that can be conferred by the decision of a caucus, or the votes of an ignorant mob led on by fustian politicians and stump orators?

And on the seaboard, are there not custom-houses, the doors of which might be made to open more readily to the English manufacturer with

profit to the colonist? Having responsible government, and the right of raising their revenue in the way they consider best for themselves, the colonies have not hesitated in the exercise of their right to tax the manufactury of Lancashire so highly as almost to exclude them; and the English manufacturer has been obliged to acquiesce in the legality of the act, though he thinks very meanly of its wisdom both on commercial, and political, grounds. Now if, as many things seem to indicate, the Americans in their desire to grasp at greater advantages than the Treaty gives them; should offer to renew it on condition that their manufactures should be admitted into the provinces free, or at a nominal duty, colonial manufactures being admitted into the states on equal terms, and the people of the provinces should, for the sake of the advantages the Treaty gives them, accede to the proposition, then it is certain a great and rapid change would come over the public mind in England. As it is, the Lancashire manufacturers make no secret of their dissatisfaction, and ask why England should bear the expense of the protection of the colonies, when they legislate towards her, as if she were a rival, and her people foreigners. Now should any favour be granted to the Americans, the men of Lancashire would not be slow to point out, that as colonial manufactures are few and of little value, any arrangement, such as that supposed, would be simply a creating of differential duties to favour American trade, and they would speak out more loudly still, and the people of England would most probably listen to them, and declare their conviction, that since the Colonies have responsible government, and in the exercise of their right legislate wholly for their own interests, it is time that with the rights, they should also assume the duties, of a nation; and that we in England should no longer pay for their defence; that granting them full and entire independence, and withdrawing all claim upon their allegiance to the mother country, we should also withdraw our troops, and such munitions of war as are the property of the Imperial Government, and leaving intact the immoveable property in forts, barracks, and so on, which though built at our expense, could be of service to the colonies, we should henceforth be in name, as late legislation has been making us in reality, two separate and distinct nations. There is nothing imaginary in this. The Hon. Mr. Galt will be able to say, that such language as this was held towards him two years ago, when he was at Manchester on business connected with Canada; and the writer, living in the manufacturing districts, can aver from his own personal knowledge, that there is a strong and growing conviction in the minds of those, who greatly influence the acts of the English Government, and which, from what is said elsewhere, exists in high quarters, that as our hold on the colonies is very slight, scarcely more than nominal, and the benefit derived from them no greater than it would be, if they ceased to belong to us, that it would be to the advan-

tage of England to sever the connection, and acknowledge their independence; and were it not for the reluctance all men feel to break old ties, and to look with strange eyes upon them, to whom they are united by blood, this conviction, and the feelings flowing from it, would grow more rapidly than they do. One thing is certain. England will not part from her present colonies in hot anger after a fierce struggle, as she did from the United States. The lesson derived from that contest has not been thrown away upon either her statesmen, or her people; and the consequence is, that she will be more eager to force independence upon the colonies than they to receive it. Hence, therefore, while England will not threaten her colonies, nor endeavour to coerce them, but leave them in full liberty to follow their own destiny, they must be prepared for the result of their own acts, nor deem it strange, that she should free herself from heavy expense, and entangling treaties, when she is fettered by these and burdened by that, for the exclusive benefit of those, the tendency of whose legislation, since they have had full power to legislate according to their own will, has been to throw upon her every expense they could fix upon her, and withhold any benefit in return.

It would be well for Canadians to study their relations with England from the English, as well as the Canadian, point of view. For it is manifest to those, who watch the workings of the public mind in England, that the above is the direction, in which it is advancing. There is no feeling of enmity towards the colonies. On the contrary, though there may be—nay, there is—disappointment, grievous disappointment, there is also a hearty desire to be, and to remain for ever, fast friends: we cannot forget what the gallant Southron, Capt. Tarleton remembered in our late war with China, before Secession had made him an alien to the United States, "Blood is thicker than water." Still, there is also a decided conviction that the time is fast approaching, when the colonies should do more, and England less; that the relations between them must be greatly altered.

It is on every account desirable that the people of the British American colonies should bear this fact, for it is a fact, in mind. Whether right or wrong, England is becoming indifferent to, almost weary of, extensive empire; as she has lately proved by refusing to take possession of the Fiji Islands at the desire of her merchants, backed up by the request of the islanders; and also by her voluntary withdrawal from the Protectorate of the Ionian Islands, and the surrender of them to the kingdom of Greece. She is willing to stand by her colonies; witness her late colonial wars in New Zealand and the Cape of Good Hope, if only these will stand by her, and make themselves an integral part of the empire by bearing a just share of its burdens. Having with Free Trade opened her ports to the world, and with responsible government relinquished all

claim to exclusive rights in the colonies, she no longer requires them as the means of acquiring wealth; and, consequently,—it cannot be too strongly insisted upon—as she desires no benefit from them, that would be denied her, if they were independent, she is no longer bound to them by interest, but is united to them by sentiments of kindness alone. Her relationship towards them now is, in fact, that of a parent to grown-up children. She is fond of them; proud of them; but she begins to feel them burdensome, and to wish they would go out into the world and do something for themselves, and not remain at home hanging upon her: she would be content to preserve the connection between them and herself; but it must be at the express desire of the colonies themselves, which, according to English notions, must be manifested by their taking upon themselves the chief portion of the expense of their own defences, and by legislating in a spirit more favourable to her interests, and so repay her indirectly for the enormous sums she has expended upon them. The question of the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty gives a good opportunity for the consideration of the latter of these two subjects; and the British American provinces, and Canada in particular, would act wisely by inquiring how their relations with the mother country stand, and what they are likely to become; since, if the colonies wish to retain the existing connection, they must be ready to do what is in their power to assist their fellow-subjects at home by reciprocating benefits. Now the question of the renewal of the Treaty is as much political as commercial; in the present condition of the States, perhaps, more so; and therefore it ought to be considered under both heads.

Commercially, the renewal of the Treaty would be a benefit; and politically, it need not be productive of injury; consequently, it is the policy of the provinces to get it renewed. So far there can be no difference of opinion; but then there arises immediately the question of the conditions on which it ought to be renewed, and the probable future of the provinces. The question of conditions is political, because it involves the relations between the provinces and the mother country; and as this part of the subject has already been discussed, there remains only the consideration of the absolute renewal or rejection of the Treaty. Now it has been shewn above, that on the supposition of the willingness of the Americans to renew it, the policy of the Colonies is to wait patiently, and leave them to do so; and as they are now moving in the matter, the only course for adoption is to wait and see whether any change will be demanded by the States; or whether the West, which is so largely interested in the maintenance of it, will be able to resist and overcome the movement begun by the protectionists. Should, however, the West be beaten, and a compromise be come to in the States, by which Canada and the provinces would be required to grant favourable conditions to the States, then

the time would be come to consider what ought to be done; for it would be then that the political bearing of the subject would become of vital importance, and that the colonies would have to decide whether they would retain the English connection, or reject it for that of the States. Supposing it to be determined to remain true to the mother country, what would be the probable result of such a decision. In other words, if the Treaty be annulled, to what may the Colonies look to indemnify them for the loss they would sustain.

The answer to this question must be sought for in the probable political condition of the union in 1865. The Federals are fighting to retain the Union, and are apparently resolved to make any sacrifice to prevent its destruction; while the Southrons are as resolved to sacrifice everything to destroy it. Which will be victorious? A Frenchman's shrug of the shoulders is the only answer to the question; but one thing is certain in the midst of uncertainty, which is, that whatsoever the end of the war may be, it will only be brought about at an enormous cost, represented by a debt, which is marching with giant strides to reach a nominal amount equal to that of England's debt, and which, in consequence of the different rates of interest paid on the two debts, is already equal in reality to the one that is nominally greater. But when the war is over this interest must he paid; add to it the other burdens, also the result of the war, that must be borne by the people, and we have an amount of taxation that they have never yet contemplated, and are in no degree prepared for. Now the question is, will the Western States, when pressed by the tax-gatherer, repudiate their share of these burdens and secede, or not? The answer is in the obscurity of the future; but it is not impossible, nay, it is very probable, that they may. Should they do so, then the Union being still further divided and weakened, Canada and the provinces, if united among themselves, would be brought politically more on a level with what remained of the Union, and would be able to make a treaty with the West, as favourable as the present one is, because the West requires it as much as they do; and also, by lowering their duties on English goods, they, and especially Canada, by opening a transit trade, would be the brokers and carriers between England and the West, and would gain double profits on every transaction. Now in the case supposed, political union among the present provinces is the foundation, on which their prosperity would be most securely built; because their Tariffs being then one, unity of interest would pervade the whole, and the great railway from Halifax to the St. Lawrence, which is now the cause of division and ill-feeling, would become a necessity for all; the main channel of communication between the Far West and England; be a source of equal wealth to all; a feeder of the prosperity of Toronto and Quebec,

as well as the cities of the maritime provinces; and the means of rendering the union national as well as political.

But, supposing the Western States should after all remain faithful to the Union; and, improbable as it may appear, be content to share its burdens; what would be the prospects of Canada and of the maratime provinces then, the treaty having been annulled? Let us consider them under the only two possible heads; peace, or war between the States and the provinces.

And first, supposing peace should subsist between them. Now, although true to the Union, yet the people of the Western States, having once enjoyed the advantages the Treaty brings with it,—and their trade has increased nearly ten-fold, since it came into operation,—would do as others have done under similar circumstances before them; their loyalty would pale before their interest; and they would practise secretly what they would be debarred from doing openly. They would still pursue their trade, but it would be a smuggling one. And with high protective duties, and hundreds of miles of frontier open to the smuggler, it would be impossible for the Federal government to keep out English manufactures, if only the provinces were to legislate in favour of England, and fix light duties on her products. New England might rave, and New York storm, but that would scarcely prevent the States in the valley of the Mississippi from seeking their best and cheapest market, which would be England, by way of Canada and the provinces. But again, what has already been said of union among the provinces, applies with equal force here. Union must be the basis of prosperity.

But on the supposition that the Western States remain true to he Union, another alternative, presents itself; one of infinite importance to Canada to consider well, and the one most likely to occur. For, among the certain results of the war is this, that the States will become—indeed are already become—a great military power; consequently, a large standing army will play an important part in their future system of government. But this necessarily involves a great change in the mutual relations of the provinces; and they must be prepared to oppose army to army if they wish to remain independent in the face of their powerful neighbours. They can no longer remain separate, for that would be to invite annexation; and as England will not bear the whole, or even the greater portion, of the expense of their defence, but would probably confine her aid to a few thousand men to be the instructors of the provincial armies, and such artillery, and the heavier munitions of war, as they could not well provide; they must, unless content to be annexed, they must unite for self defence. Nor is the necessity for union so remote, as may at first be supposed, since there is the very

great probability, that under the pressure of financial difficulties, their neighbours may be driven to imitate the first Napoleon, who annexed states and provinces to his empire for the sole purpose of replenishing his empty treasury. When the present war is over, great will be the temptation to seek relief from heavy taxation by seizing upon the revenues of the provinces, and at the same time, prevent the loss to the treasury, which is sure to follow through the prosecution of illicit trade, if they remain independent. Hence annexation, while always probable, might become a necessity. Now, does Canada, do the provinces, desire to be annexed to the States for the sake of supporting their high tariffs, and being burdened with their debts? And yet it cannot be denied, that these, and only these, would be the real ends to be served by annexation. But if Canada wish to remain independent, what ought to be her policy to secure her object? She must not look to England for her defence; because England will not undertake it, nor bear the burden of it. She would assist, no doubt, in the way pointed out before; but even then the amount of her assistance would be measured by the amount of favour shewn to her by her colony. Let Mr. Galt's experience of the English temper, let the discussions in parliament on Canadian affairs, be appealed to, to determine the truth of this assertion. But if Canada be thrown on her own resources, is she prepared to cope, single-handed, with the States? Must she not seek for allies; and where will she find them, but in the maritime provinces? Union, then, is the first condition of independence, as well as of prosperity; union among themselves. With union established, and all the powers of the people pledged to their defence; with the connection with England drawn closer by a legislation that shall be national and not merely provincial, imperial and not only colonial, then would the British American Provinces be in a position to maintain themselves in the face of the world, and work out their own happiness in their own way. On any other terms than these, they must submit to the disgrace of being annexed as a prey to a bankrupt people. Their true interests point to the English connection; their independence requires them to be united. Union on English, that is, on monarchical principles, as opposed to the democratic principles of the States, is the only basis on which they can expect to raise the structure of national independence and commercial prosperity. A monarchy for the provinces; monarchical institutions for the people; these give promise of freedom for themselves, and of influence among the nations of the world; while that wretched sham, and trumpery make-believe, Democratic Republicanism, if established among them on the model of the States, would only lead them, as it has hitherto led all states that have tried it, and is now leading their neighbours, to anarchy and bankruptcy; to military despotism and subjection to a master.

REVIEWS.

A Dictionary of the Bible: comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History. Edited by William Smith, LL.D., Editor of the Dictionaries of "Greek and Roman Antiquities," "Biography and Mythology," and "Geography." In three Volumes. London: John Murray; Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; Toronto: Rollo & Adam. 1863. [This notice relates only to Volumes II. and III. lately published.]

The apparatus for education and self-improvement possessed by the great bulk of the fathers of the present generation was on a par with their appliances for agriculture, and locomotion, and scientific and social purposes generally. In history they had Rollin and Goldsmith and Pinnock; in matters mythological, biographical and geographical, they had Lempriere; in classical archæology, Potter and Adams; for the acquisition of the Greek and Latin languages, they had such grammars as the Eton, and such lexicons as Scapula, Schrevelius, Ainsworth, and Dawson; the latter works except Ainsworth, grammars inclusive, together with the explanatory matter in the text-books, carefully preserved in the Latin language, one of the tongues to be acquired. Had the interpretations in Ainsworth been given in Latin, the whole process would have been nearly consistent. It was a practice in some schools on the commencement of Greek, to turn the sentences not into English, but into Latin, from one unknown tongue into another. In short, the mediæval, monastic theory of the colloquial use among learned men, of at least one of the so-called learned languages, was traditionally and rather blindly perpetuated. As to philology, the Latin was derived from the Greek, the Greek from the Hebrew; the Hebrew was the divinely-revealed human language. The Greek dialects were capricious variations of the Attic.

Youthful minds, at the period of their greatest plasticity, were passed with a despotic sternness through this terrible rolling-mill. Here and there, where fortunate combinations existed of mimetic power, capacity for language, memory and taste, something more than the usual mechanical transfer of English matter into Latin and Greek prose or verse, was produced, as we conclude from the compositions of Vincent Bourne, Addison and some others; and occasionally, a man of more than ordinary mental calibre, and genius for language, like Porson or Bentley, was not wholly prevented by the "confusion worse confounded" from lifting himself up into a region of "linguistic," which approached to a philosophy, however far it might be below the mark, when examined by the aid of such men as Max Müller or the late Dr. Donaldson. But on the generality of intellects the effect of the modes of instruction alluded to, was paralysing, narrowing, dwarfing, whole groups of faculties being left utterly uncultivated, or most unwisely and insufficiently cared for. Of course there were always some thoughtful persons who had eyes to see the unnaturalness and the untruth of such a system of education; but generally they were not to be found in positions of influ-

ence ; they were seldom known as heads of houses at the universities, or as masters of the old public schools. Ascham, and Milton, and Locke had a latent, but ever-growing congregation of believers ; and at length when it became expedient and even necessary to declare themselves, they speedily found that they were numerous enough and powerful enough to attack and carry the principal strongholds of prescription, and to effect a wholesome revolution in the instruction of youth. Its matter, manner, principles, and scope were brought by degrees into harmony with reason and nature ; and a golden age, an elysium, was regained for the young :

> Advenere locos lætos et amæna vireta
> Fortunatorum nemorum——
> Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
> Purpureo.

The publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge were at once evidences and powerful furtherances of the advance in the general intelligence of Great Britain on the subject of education. The historical and philological articles in the Penny Cyclopædia, the Quarterly Journal of Education, the two volumes called "The Schoolmaster," containing Essays on practical education, and Lectures delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, were all memorable productions marking an era : at a later time, "Small Books on Great Subjects"—unfortunately too costly to be as extensively influential as they ought to have been—and the serials of the Chambers'—well maintained the momentum of educational progress.

This rapid retrospect has been suggested by the name of Dr. Smith, appended as that of Editor to the Volumes at the head of this article. Dr. Smith's name is inseparably associated with the more recent advances in the intelligent study of the Greek and Latin languages, history, and archæology. As Editor of the well-known dictionaries of Greek and Roman Antiquities, of History, Mythology, Biography, and Geography, modern students are indebted to him for an introduction to the best classical circles of Great Britain, to the company of men of high intelligence and first-rate information in regard to their respective specialities. Without himself largely contributing to the actual contents of the works referred to, Dr. Smith has been the coryphæus, the manager, at whose hands we have received the benefit of the joint labours of a goodly proportion of the thinkers, the intellectual workers of the day.

Some thirty years ago, the means enjoyed by ordinary persons for making themselves intelligent in regard to Scripture history, geography, and archæology, partook of the spirit and genius of the general education of the time. There was a traditional set of manuals and a stock set of ideas on the subject, which having become hackneyed had lost much of their original power : outside of the circle of these, few minds ventured or cared to venture. Calmet's and Brown's Dictionaries were those that were most accessible, the former compiled about 1700, the latter, a little later. Many works on Jewish Antiquity and history were certainly to be had ; but they had become antiquated in style, and were too voluminous ; as for example, Shuckford, and Prideaux,

and Lightfoot and Wells. Patrick, Lowth, and Whitby's Annotations, though always useful, yet were felt to want freshness and breadth. Doyly and Mant's compilation laboured under similar defects. Harmer in his four volumes of "Observations" did some service, and Taylor, in his Fragments, and Additions to Calmet, began to gather from recent travellers and geographers and critics, matter which was more acceptable and readable, tending to illustrate with some additional point the letter and spirit of the Old and New Testaments. In regard to Harmer, Taylor remarks: "We desire to be understood as very sensible of his merit, and under obligation to him: nevertheless we flatter ourselves, we may have corrected some things in him, and have set other things in a clearer light than he has done; and this will not appear presumptuous we hope, when we hint that before we had seen his works, we had for our private use, adopted his idea, and had noticed how well the Scriptures might be illustrated by the accounts of travellers." Of Calmet, Taylor observes that he "was a man of learning, but no artist: his plates are ill-chosen, and, for the most part, void of authenticity: they are not to be depended on. He saw the propriety and utility of plates, but he knew not from whence to procure them; and he confesses, he could not warrant their genuineness. Mr. Harmer has no plates of any kind. We claim the merit of first offering to the British public, a set of plates capable of illustrating and embellishing the Bible; to say more on what must be seen to be judged of, would be useless." Adam Clarke also, in his notes ventured advantageously out of the beaten track, in his search for light. The miscellaneous notes in the Tract Society's Abridgment of Henry and Scott likewise added slightly to popular biblical knowledge. The greatest step onwards however towards what was wanted was taken in the Pictorial Bible published in 1835–38, by C. Knight, and edited by Dr. Kitto. Without entering into theology or exegesis this publication, by innumerable views, and sketches, and diagrams, accurately drawn in modern style from existing objects and monuments, imparted intense reality to each of the Scripture books. The popular mind became thereby familiarized with the Scripture narratives, as narratives of actual events, and associated those narratives with the localities as they really are, not as they were apt to be distorted in the imagination, by the superstitious chronicles and artistic remains of the middle ages. The incidents recorded in the Scripture-histories were thus at once happily illustrated and authenticated.

The revival of an intelligent study of Greek and Roman literature and history, at which we have glanced, naturally generated in the minds of scholars and other thoughtful men, a desire for a more thorough and satisfactory insight into the subject-matter and criticism of the Old and New Testament writings. The works of Kitto and similar publications accomplished much for the popular understanding of the canonical books; but something further remained to be done, for the satisfaction and gratification of another class—of that large and daily-increasing body of men, the sphere of whose minds, from education, literary employment, and other causes, is almost of necessity that of historical investigation and criticism of language. But here unforeseen difficulties, as we shall see immediately, began to present themselves.

Since the happy renaissance of which we have spoken, the Greek language has become with numerous scholars almost as a living tongue, so completely do the existing appliances for the study of that language enable them to master its niceties. Hence large numbers of the most highly educated persons find themselves enabled to examine personally and independently the contents of the books of the New Testament, and to come to very probable conclusions as to the condition in which they are, and as to the form in which they originally saw the light. They feel the satisfaction of having got through the husk to the nut; they experience what a help this has been to them in passing from the shell to the kernel. Through the letter they feel that they grasp the spirit of the record, and commune with the mind of its writer. They cannot but believe that they thus grasp the essence of his doctrine, and may combine it all the more readily with the intellectual and spiritual essence of themselves and others. Now, what these persons have more or less accomplished in relation to the twenty-seven books of the New Testament, with such practically good results to themselves, they have begun to desire to do in relation to the older and more venerable documents, the thirty-nine books of the Old Testament. These compositions, produced as they were, several of them, at considerable intervals of time and in regions remote from each other, during a period of eleven long centuries—nearly four centuries elapsing between the most recent, (Malachi,) and the Christian era—perpetuated by transcription, augmented from sources similarly maintained; supplemented without doubt occasionally from memory, in ages full of vicissitudes, among peoples often migratory, and as national units, unlettered, who delegated generally the work of the calamus, and chronicler's chisel, and the preservation of records to a class, and who were accustomed to and in fact relished only, and understood a peculiar style of composition—a style as it strikes the modern mind of Europeans, remarkable sometimes for its exceeding brevity and directness, and sometimes for its luxuriant imagery, its pleonasms, periphrases and metaphors—these writings, thus produced, thus perpetuated, thus transmitted, and thus characterized, are not unlikely to exhibit internal evidences of their history and structure, analogous to those exhibited by the writings of the New Testament. It would not at all startle the student of the latter to find it to be so; and he will not believe it impossible but that by diligent care and comparison on the part of competent men, texts of the several books may be arrived at which shall be closer approximations to the originals than any which have hitherto been made; and as satisfying to the mind and as practical in their application as the best determined texts of the books of the New Testament have become, to the modern classical scholar.

But here the modern student finds himself balked. The revival of the intelligent study of language and history has not yet in sufficient degree extended itself in Great Britain to the Semitic dialects and records. The men are not numerous within the limits of the "Three Kingdoms and the Fifty Colonies" who could as readily and with as great certainty grasp the essence of the book of Genesis for example, or Daniel, or the book of Psalms, as they could of an epistle of St. Paul. Here we may discern the *fons et origo* of the present disturbed and uneasy state of the public mind on some questions of religion. With all his accomplishments, the acquaintance of the

highly-educated Englishman with the primitive dialects of the Old Testament has got to be very small indeed. Nevertheless it has become necessary for him to form judgments, individually and personally, on theories and criticisms which involve a familiar insight into those dialects. Under these circumstances the best counsel we can offer to English writers and speakers is, not to indulge in the rash words which a feeling of irritation is apt to suggest, but to exercise rather, a wise and patient reticence.

Durate et vosmet rebus servate secundis.

Time brings everything to him that can wait for it. The world of human thought, in relation to a great subject is just passing through one of those crises to which it is occasionally subjected by Divine Providence, and which can only be understood after a lapse of time. A few years hence, and we do not doubt but that Biblical science will be elevated to a position which will enable it to exert an influence more powerful, more beneficent, more comprehensive, than ever; we can conceive of it as enfranchised from human incumbrances more fully than it ever yet has been, and so openly showing itself more pure and simple and lovely. Freer itself, it will set the hearts of men more at liberty, and enable them to enjoy the same freedom in the highest and noblest departments of their knowledge, which truth has begun to confer upon them with such gratifying results in the humblest and commonest; and thus perhaps we shall all be brought one step nearer to the time, when "they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, for that all shall know." At present, in order to form opinions approximate and provisional, recourse is had to the scholars of the European Continent, where, from near contact with Hebrew communities, and from the not unfrequent absorption of lettered Jews into the Christian ranks, the Hebrew language and history have continued to be familiarly studied, and are as well known and realized in many quarters, as the Latin and Greek language and history are, amongst the most highly educated of our professors. But the judgment of European scholars is not, for many good reasons, generally held to be conclusive by Englishmen. The English mind will not rest until it has well mastered the difficulty which has arisen, for itself. To this task it is addressing itself; and of the satisfactoriness of the final result we have no doubt.

On a review of the whole subject, one thing should inspire us with thankfulness, and this is, that the great difference between the present active researches into biblical fundamentals, and those which have painfully characterised one or two other eras in the history of religious thought, is this—that those of the present hour are professedly and in sincerity in the interests of a devout, unhypocritical faith, which honestly yearns for purity in its documentary foundations,—while those of the eras referred to were with the avowed but futile object of destroying all faith.

As works which to some extent meet a necessity of the day the volumes which have elicited these remarks, will be welcomed by the biblical student. Indeed it is problematical whether even the promised labours of "The Thirty," if they are simply still to take the form of annotations on the re-

ceived English Version, will accomplish much more than is here done within the limits of a copious Dictionary. Dr. Smith, again as before, introduces the British public to a goodly company of learned, and we presume competent persons, banded together to assist their less-informed fellow-countrymen in appreciating intelligently the relics of ages long passed away; on this occasion to assist them in understanding not the mere literary relics and historic records of peoples and races who originated in great measure the secular institutions and civil law of the empire; but the religious relics of an antiquity still more remote and venerable, and of a race still more influential, whose unquenched spirit has transmigrated, so to speak, into ourselves and mingles itself intimately with our daily religious life; whose records give out the light whereby alone to this day, our own religious institutions and history can be illustrated and rightly read.

We will not undertake to say that we have gone minutely through the 2986 closely printed pages of which these two volumes consist; but we will say that wherever we had recourse to them, we have discovered a great deal of prudent and candid criticism, and a vast amount of interesting, curious and instructive information. It is not to be supposed that in every line the writers at once carry their reader along with them. It is sufficient to say that nothing is asserted that does not seem to be deserving of attention. Ὡς φρονίμοις λέγω· χρίνατε ὑμεῖς ὃ φημι may indeed be taken as a motto for each of the more important disquisitions. The Articles on the names respectively of the several books of the Old and New Testaments are able introductions to the study of those books, and will be of advantage to those who wish to read with the understanding. The Articles "New Testament" and "Vulgate" with several fac-similes of manuscript, by Westcott; "Septuagint" by Prof. Selwyn of Cambridge; "Authorized Version" by Prof. Plumptre of King's College, London; "Ancient Versions" by Emanuel Deutsch, are, in fact, treatises which quickly cause the English reader to be *au courant* with the existing knowledge of diligent students, on these subjects. The biographies of Moses, Samuel and Saul, by Stanley, and of St. Paul by Llewelyn Davies well repay thoughtful perusal. Copious etymologies of all Scripture names are given, with their forms in the Septuagint version; and in this connexion we will remark that we have often regretted the non-assimilation of the proper names in the New Testament with those in the Old; for example, we think, it would be better if Osee were printed, and for the sake of the unlearned, always read, Hosea; Esaias, Isaiah; Eliseus, Elisha; Elias, Elijah; Noe, Noah; Core, Korah; &c., &c., and especially in two places, (Acts vii. 45, Heb. iv. 8), Jesus, Joshua.

The accentuation of proper names is also marked, from which we learn that it is not the English custom to adopt the Septuagint as a rule of pronunciation, as is sometimes without authority done amongst us. Thus Zebulun is still Zebŭlun, and Sennacherib, as of yore, Sennachĕrib. In regard to this latter name it is remarked that in the Assyrian inscriptions it is read Tsin-akki-irib; The Septuagint pronunciation of Samuel would be Samūel; of Saul, Saūl; of Cherubim, Cherūbim: of Deborah, Debōrah, &c. Under "Rosh," a word occurring in Ezekiel, we are assured that we have in that term, which is connected with "Rha" (=Volga), the first trace of "Russ,

the name of the eponymous tribe of all the Russians. After detailing the multitudinous speculations, ancient and modern, on the expression "Selah," Mr. Wright pronounces the subject hopeless; reminding us of the kindly ridicule with which good old Mr. Simeon used to speak of those who would read "Selah," whenever they fell in with it, with an unction that seemed to show that they were prepared to go to the death for it. At page 57 under "Lamech" may be found what is there termed the only extant specimen of antediluvian poetry.

The plentiful woodcut-representations of natural objects, as plants, birds, beasts, &c., are spirited and life-like; see especially the *papyrus antiquorum*, p. 1020; the *arundo donax*, p. 1021; the *astragalus Tragacantha*, p. 1369; for birds, see particularly the *petrocossyphus cyaneus*, p. 1365; the *ammoperdix Heyii*, p. 710; for beasts, notice *Vulpes Niloticus*, p. liv. Appendix; *hippopotamus amphibius*, p. xxviii. Appendix. The views of scenery are fresh, and beautifully executed; see the *Pool of Siloam*, p. 1313; the *Dead Sea*, looking south, p. 1178; the *Dead Sea*, from the heights behind Sebbeh, p. 1183; and the *Grand Range of Lebanon*, p. 87. At p. 1174 is a most interesting longitudinal Section, and well-shaded Map of the Dead Sea; by the aid of the one you look well down into this very singular oblong extinct crater, situated more than a thousand feet *below* the level of the Mediterranean; and by the aid of the other you learn precisely the variations in the depth of its waters. At p. 549 is a detailed Map of the Environs of Nineveh.

No Library of a public Institution, let its objects be ever so secular, should be without a work of reference like that which is now before us. The public mind generally is, as has already been intimated, seeking some satisfactory information on many of the subjects here handled; but it scarcely knows where to turn for what it wants. Here the desired discussions would be found, conducted with prudence and candour, and in no unfriendly spirit. And while using the Volumes for a special purpose, the reader, as is so often the case, in the consultation of cyclopædias, would have his attention arrested by choice and rare matter on a multitude of interesting and instructive topics. Vestries and Trustees of Congregations might appropriately deposit a copy of this Dictionary in the Vestry or Committee-room of their places of worship, for the voluntary study of their respective ministers. Without expecting what would be unreasonable, namely, that every jot and tittle of opinion and sentiment to be met with in its bulky contents, should be implicitly accepted, they would nevertheless in all likelihood, gradually find the pulpit-instructions supplied to them improve in tone and solidity.

With a high probability of analogous results, the managers of Sunday-schools might place these volumes in the sunday-school-library, for the study and use of the senior teachers and senior classes. In the instruction of youth it is always short-sighted and endangering to a good cause, to ground any assertions on reasoning which the mature judgment will discover to be trivial and unsound. The mischief of teaching what will have at a future day to be unlearned, is notorious. One weak proof may in this manner neutralize for many a long year, the force of a score of strong ones. Evils which thus infest the lobbies of the Temple of Knowledge, religious and secular, would be happily got rid of, if from time to time there were posted up, publicly and

openly, as in the columns of this "Dictionary of the Bible," so that he may run who reads, the latest results of the labours of conscientious and competent men, who indefatigably and undividedly devote their energies to the investigation of historic and moral truth.

The British North American Almanac and Annual Record for the year 1864 : *A Hand-Book of Statistical and General Information.* Edited by James Kirby, M.A., B.C.L., Advocate. Montreal : John Lovell ; Toronto : Rollo & Adam.

The almanacs of the present century are really the archives of a country. They are the historical storehouses of a nation, and the landmarks of her progress. We have long since grown away from the yearly broad-sheets of the past, with their gossiping prognostications. Now-a-days, the year book is at once an astronomical and meteorological indicator, a parliamentary directory, a "blue book," a "who's who," and a recorder of current events.

It would be curious to contrast the wholesome and useful compendiums of the present day with "Moore's Almanac" or "Poor Richard's" of the past, filled as they were with all sorts of drollery and obscenity. Now our requirements are more sane and practical. Our almanacs are put to further uses han mere computations of time and hap-hazard prophecies ; and, in these days of "fact hunting" and "information wanted," of how much value are he representative almanacs of the year ? Indeed, so much is sought and given in such almanacs of the present day, as "Oliver & Boyd's Edinburgh," 'Thom's Irish," "Child's National," "The Almanach de Gotha," and the "Almanach Royal," that we fear for the future corpulency of these welcome annual visitors. And, touching the almanac before us, so extensive has this initial volume been made, that the publisher must prepare himself, in future years, for the production of an annual of extravagant proportions. We are proud to see this national work of Mr. Lovell's. It is a volume that will fittingly represent the British North American Provinces abroad, and will do much towards enabling the people of Britain and other countries to form a uster estimate of the importance and capabilities of these Provinces ; and t he publisher, no doubt, has had this commendable object partly in view in devoting so much space to the articles on the "Natural Advantages of the Country," the "Intercolonial Railway," the "Gold Mines," "Emigration," &c., &c.

To the people of these Provinces, this Year Book is replete with matters of interest in its varied subjects of information. The statistical tables place a vast amount of carefully compiled facts in the hands of the public ; so, its list of members of the Council, Legislative Assembly, Judiciary, Clergy, the Military and Volunteer Forces, &c. Indeed, in its wealth of well-digested information, the volume cannot fail to be indispensable to the merchant and the professional man, and of great utility to all classes.

There are many features, also, in this Almanac, which will be readily noticed, that give it its representative character. The Historical and Topo-

graphical chapters, the account of the Hudson Bay Territory, the Sketch of the State and Progress of Education, the Geographical Outlines, the Patents granted, and the Chronicle of Events, all furnish, in this admirable compend, the desired information relating to the condition of the country that elevates the work into a Provincial Encyclopædia.

There is much else in this Year Book of value and interest to the people of these Provinces, but we have only space to add that we esteem this Almanac a necessity to them, and we trust that they will accord the work the support that it deserves, and enable the patriotic publisher to make it even more useful in future years.

First Lessons in Scientific Agriculture for Schools and private Instruction. By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., Principal of McGill University. Montreal: John Lovell; Toronto: Adam Miller, and Rollo & Adam. 1864.

Various are the sources of Canadian wealth; she possesses her gold mines and her copper mines; minerals of a rare and costly kind have also recently been discovered in her territory; besides which her vast and inexhaustible forests for generations to come, will continue to supply with timber the European and American markets. But that the greatest of all her sources of wealth is to be drawn from her soil few will deny; Canada is undoubtedly an agricultural country. As a people then it behoves us to keep this important fact continually before us. We have indeed in our universities' agricultural chairs, and much valuable instruction through this source is imparted to those who make agriculture their study, yet how few there are who avail themselves of this branch of education when compared with the other branches taught in those Institutions. We naturally ask the question why is this so? And think we can answer that the chief reason is that agriculture is not introduced into the elementary system of teaching adopted in our public schools to the extent it ought to be. The youth of our country should be taught to consider farming and agricultural pursuits as of primary importance, and not as is too frequently the case, viewed by them in the light of a menial employment.

Fourteen years ago Professor Hind published a small work on agriculture; now Dr. Dawson has favored us with another, adapted for schools and private instruction, and which we trust to see in this respect extensively used. This latter forms one of a series of school books published by Mr. Lovell of Montreal—to whom as a publisher Canada owes much. The name of Dr. Dawson on its title page is a sufficient guaranty that the work is all it professes to be,—in the preface the author states:—"It is to be observed that this work is strictly elementary. It makes no pretension to completeness, either in chemical science or practical agriculture. It is not intended to finish the studies of the pupil on this subject, but to render them more easy and profitable; and the writer would advise both the teacher and the practical farmer desirous of obtaining a more full acquaintance with the subject, to add to their libraries as many as possible of the larger agricultural books, of which so many are now accessible."

The Historical influence of the Medical Profession. An Anniversary Discourse delivered before the New York Academy of Medicine. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. New York: Baillierè Brothers.

Dr. Draper in the above discourse gives a brief, but interesting resumé of the history of the Medical Profession, since its earliest existence. He tells us that it has had a recognised existence in Europe for nearly twenty-three hundred years, and that at one time all the physicians of Europe were Jews. The Arabs, he states, has also played a conspicuous part in medicine. Viewing the animal system by the light physical science of the present day, he says, there is a constant wear and tear of the human system. Particles that have served the purpose of forming it accomplish their office and die, and are replaced in due succession by others. In this respect life is the result of an aggregate of deaths. The atmospheric air into which all this dismissed material eventually finds its way, is thus the cemetery of animal substance, of things that have once been organized, but that have lost their force, and lapsed into an inorganic, a lifeless state.

A scientific examination of animal life must include two primary facts. It must consider whence and in what manner the stream of material substance has been derived, in what manner and whither it passes away. And since force cannot be created from nothing, and is in its very nature indestructible, it must determine from what source that which is displayed by animals has been obtained, in what manner it is employed, and what disposal is made of it eventually.

The body that we have to-day is not the body we had yesterday; we shall change it again before to-morrow. In the course of a year a man requires a ton and a half of material—that is, nearly twenty times his own weight—to repair his wasting organs, and to discharge his vital functions. In that short space of time, the human family alone casts into the atmosphere eighteen hundred millions of tons, and we are but a little fraction of the vast aggregate of animal life which in all its proper proportion is doing the same thing.

THE BRITISH MONTHLIES.*

BLACKWOOD.—JANUARY.

The European Crisis.—In this article the present state of European affairs is ably reviewed. Alluding to the Polish question the writer says :—The grand difficulty in the Polish question is neither Russia, Prussia, nor Austria. Let us say it plainly—it is the Emperor Napoleon. If he were the upholder of treaties, as he represented himself when he assumed the purple, or the disinterested champion of national rights, as he announced when commencing the Italian war—the Polish question would be easily settled. Austria, we believe, would be as ready to cede Galicia now as she was in 1815, simply for the sake of getting rid of an internal difficulty, and of erecting in an independent Poland an external shield against the power of her colossal neighbor, Russia. England would have nothing to seek, because nothing to gain, but the restoration of Poland. And if Napoleon were equally disinterested, an alliance between England, France, and Austria would ere this have been concluded, and the restoration of Poland would have become a matter of certainty. But Napoleon, as both Austria and England now know, is not disinterested. Neither as an ally is he reliable. England knows how he closed the Crimean war—Italy knows how he acted at Villafranca. And so does Austria—for in that interview he offered to give back Lombardy if the Austrian Emperor would permit him to attack Prussia on the Rhine. He has got Savoy and Nice ; but in order to complete his "mission," he must extend the boundaries of France to the Rhine. If he can accomplish this, his dynasty is secure. Internal freedom may be safely granted to his subjects, when their external ambition has been satisfied ; and France would then cease from her revolutions, and settle down into the normal condition of nations, under the dynasty of Napoleon. These are great objects, so far as regards France and himself. But if tried at the bar of Europe, they must be condemned. He cannot expect other nations to sacrifice their rights in order that the ambition of France may be satisfied and his dynasty secured. It is these objects—it is this ambition of Napoleon—we repeat, that forms the grand obstacle to the settlement of the Polish question. It forces Austria and England to mistrust and keep aloof from him, and threatens to divide Governments which ought to ally themselves on this question into opposite camps.

We have no desire to judge harshly of the Emperor Napoleon. He is a great and sagacious monarch, who has benefitted France, and in whose policy towards the rest of Europe evil and good are intermingled. Like every one

* The British Monthlies, including *Blackwood* (American reprint), *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *The St. James' Magazine*, *Good Words*, *London Society*, *The Churchman's Magazine*, *Macmillan*, &c., &c., can be procured each month at Messrs. Rollo & Adam's, Toronto.

else, he has his own game to play, and he must play it to the best advantage. His policy requires that he shall aggrandise France at the expense of other states; but even as a matter of expediency, he must seek to minimise the hostility which such an aggrandisement must create by rendering to Europe all the benefits which he possibly can compatibly with the prosecution of his own ends. He is an enlightened monarch, who would fain be a benefactor of Europe as well as of his own country. But he is the Emperor of the French, and must attend to their interests and aspirations first; and with the realisation of these are bound up the success of his dynasty. He is now in a position alike of difficulty and of hope. If the present European crisis places him in the gravest embarrassment, he knows also—he has known all along—that without the occurrence of such a crisis his most brilliant hopes would remain unfulfilled. He has foreseen some such crisis as this from the first; he has framed his policy upon the wants of France and the exigencies of Europe. Availing himself of these exigencies, he has already won laurels for himself and aggrandisement for France. But the crisis with which he is now face to face is far grander and graver—presents alike more risks and more advantages—than any with which he has grappled in the past. It is the crisis of his dynasty. It is the crucial test of his ability to carry out his policy. He must now gather up his full strength to cope with the enterprise.

The Danish question is also brought under review. As if, says the writer, Europe had not already enough on her hands—as if there were not difficulties and embarrassments more than sufficient to tax the amplest skill of statesmen, and ere long, probably, to exhaust the strength of nations—the Germans are creating one embarrassment more, heedless though it should prove the spark which is to set all Europe in a blaze of war. With all our love for the Germans, there is no nation that more tries one's patience, and needlessly exhausts our sympathy. They have no *splendida vitia*, like their Gallic neighbours; but they are so maladroit and unpractical, that their faults do as much harm as the more criminal ambition of able monarchs. In the present case their policy is unjust and dishonest, as well as embarrassing for Europe. The legal part of their claim is advanced merely as a stepping-stone to an act of high-handed injustice. And even the legal basis of their claim is a curious one. At a time when the most solemn treaties which Europe ever ratified are thought to have become nullified by the lapse of less than fifty years, the Germans go back to the middle ages, and to facts which Europe had forgotten—if indeed Europe ever took cognisance of them. In the remote times to which this German claim goes back, the modern principle of nationality was unknown, and populations readily united or parted according to any changes in the persons or fortunes of their rulers. So it happened that the duchies of Holstein and Lauenburg peopled by Germans, and the duchy of Schleswig inhabited by Danes, at one time had the same duke for ruler, although each had an autonomy of its own. But about four centuries ago, the duchies became part of the kingdom of Denmark: their new sovereign becoming a duke of the German empire in virtue of his possession of Holstein. When the present Germanic Confederation was formed, the King of Denmark became a member of it upon the same title. Meanwhile the Danish kings had allowed the provinces of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg to maintain their old

"Estates." But as this administrative arrangement was exceedingly cumbrous, embarrassing, and antiquated, the Danish Government of late years has desired to replace it (as Austria has recently done with her provinces, and as our nation did long ago) by one national parliament, in which all parts of the kingdom should be fairly represented. At the same time the old Estates of the duchies were to be maintained as local institutions. But when this measure was proposed, the Germanic Confederation interposed. They maintained that this was not a domestic question which the population of the kingdom of Denmark could settle for themselves, inasmuch as Holstein and Lauenburg, though part of Denmark, were also members of the Germanic Confederacy. They insisted that these provinces should not only maintain their separate "Estates," whatever might be the inconvenience and danger of such an arrangement for the kingdom of Denmark, but also that their governing power should not be merged in a national parliament, but that they should be allowed to exercise a veto on the imperial legislation. They demand, in fact, that Holstein, Lauenberg, Schleswig, and Denmark Proper, should each have an independent parliament of its own, and *an equal vote* in the administration, of the kingdom. It is needless to show that such an arrangement would never work; but the injustice of the demand is evidenced by the fact that, under such a constitution, the petty province of Lauenberg, with a population of only 50,000, would have an equal vote with Denmark Proper, which has a population fully thirty times greater. Holstein, with a population of 500,000, and Schleswig, with 40,000, would likewise each possess a veto upon the imperial legislation of the Danish kingdom. Under such a constitution, accordingly, Denmark would become a dependency of the Germanic Confederation.

For the sake of peace, and as "a sacrifice extorted by the force of circumstances," the Danish Government a year ago cancelled the act by which Holstein was to be represented in the Danish Parliament, and allowed the Estates of that province to exercise a legislative and supply-granting power, in conformity with the decrees of the Germanic Diet of 4th March 1860, and 7th February 1861. But this would not content the Diet. Several centuries ago (in 1460!), a declaration was made by a king of Denmark to the effect that the duchies of Holstein and Schleswig should never be separated; and the Diet now maintains that this means they shall never be differently treated—and that as Holstein must have an independent parliament, Schleswig must also have one? The Diet, be it observed, has no pretext of any kind to interfere directly with Schleswig, which never, either with the old Germanic empire, or with the present Germanic Confederacy, was connected; but, say they, "we have a right to interfere in the affairs of Holstein, and as Schleswig and Holstein were never to be separated, we deny that any change can be made in the constitution of the one more than of the other." This is obviously an attempt "to paralyse the Danish monarchy." This was the language of Lord Russell himself when writing to Lord Cowley in February 1861, before his lordship lost his wits a year ago, and to which happily he is returning again now. The object of this attempt on the part of the Germans is transparent. They desire to wrench Holstein from Denmark, for the double reason that the Holsteiners are Germans, and that the Confederacy

wants the splendid harbour of Kiel as a station for the German fleet that is to be. Moreover, as German settlers have immigrated into Schleswig in such numbers that they now constitute one-half of the population, the Confederacy desires to keep Schleswig also apart from Denmark, in order that they may likewise get possession of it.

GOOD WORDS.—JANUARY.

The Weather, and the Prophets.—When water is converted into invisible vapour, it occupies between sixteen and seventeen hundred times its original volume, and becomes much lighter than air—as light, indeed, as the ordinary coal-gas with which balloons are filled, so that if enclosed in a similar envelope it would rise in the air like a balloon. Being free, however, it mixes with the air, and *that* not merely by a simple chance-medley confusion, but by a peculiar self-diffusive energy arising from its inherent elasticity, by which the particles of every one species of gas or vapour struggle to interpenetrate and needle, as it were, their way among those of every other which oppose to them no *elastic pressure*, but that simple resistance to jostling which an inert body of any other kind might do,—which feathers, for instance, might oppose to air, introduced and struggling to diffuse itself among them. Of course they will be pushed from their places in the struggle, both laterally and vertically, and thus arises over the whole region in which the vapour is in course of production, a pressure on the air both outwards and upwards. The former, however, cannot be effective in removing air bodily to any great distance horizontally ; for the simple reason that to do so it would have to *shove aside* the whole surrounding aërial atmosphere, and to crowd it upon that which is beyond : while there is room in a vertical direction for an indefinite removal, and the upward pressure is also aided by the lightness of the up-struggling vapour, which therefore rises rapidly—*not without dragging up with it a great deal of air.* The consequence is to establish, immediately under the sun, at whatever part of the globe it happens to be vertical, and at which there is a supply of moisture, and for a very large space around it, what may be likened to a vast up-surging fountain of air and and vapour throwing itself up with an impetus, breaking up and bulging outwards the immediately incumbent aërial strata very far above their natural levels, and introducing at the same time into the air a great quantity of vapour, as well as withdrawing, *by direct transfer*, from the lower atmosphere, a great deal of air, which of course has to be supplied by in-draft along the surface of the earth.

The process now described, is in a great many of its features similar to that gentler one previously stated, and as it always takes place at some point or other of the intertropical region, it conspires with and locally exaggerates its result so far as the transfer and circulation of air and the production of winds is concerned. As regards the vapour, a large portion is very speedily deprived of its elasticity and ascensional power, and reduced to the state of visible cloud, collecting and descending in rain. This is a consequence partly of its arrival in a colder region, but mainly of the property which all gases and a

vapours alike possess, of absorbing and rendering latent a large quantity of heat as they expand in volume, and so becoming, *ipso facto*, colder. Both the air and the vapour *do* so expand as they rise, by reason of the diminution of pressure they experience. The air indeed retains its elastic state *as air*, however cold it may become, and therefore merely takes its place in its new situation *as very cold air*, without further tendency to rise. But the vapour so chilled loses its vaporous state, and condenses in the manner above stated, leaving only so much uncondensed *as can remain vaporous under that temperature and pressure*. This is the original of those continual and violent trophical rains which always accompany the vertical sun, and its near neighbourhood, and of which we feel the influence, though slightly, in our wet Julys. The vapour being thus arrested in its upward progress, the whole of the evaporatory process we have just described, however tumultuous in its origin, is confined to what may be considered comparatively the lower strata of the atmosphere. But these become in this manner saturated with moisture, and when carried into the general circulation, convey it either as cloud or as invisible vapour to the farthest regions of the earth.

Besides the evaporation produced by the direct action of the sun, a vast amount of moisture is taken up by the air immediately from the sea and land over which it passes in its indraft towards the equator as a trade-wind. Coming from a colder region to a warmer, and acquiring heat as it advances its capacity for receiving and retaining moisture in an invisible state is continually increasing, and hence, even during the absence of the sun in the night hours, it is constantly absorbing moisture, which it carries along with it, and delivers, as a contribution of its own collecting, into the general ascending mass, to be handed over in the returning upper current into the circulation. Hence it arises that the regions of the earth habitually swept by the trade-winds abound in sandy deserts and arid waters. When, however, in the progress of that circulation, it descends again to the earth, and becomes a surface-wind (assuming the character of an "anti-trade"), it finds itself in precisely reversed circumstances. It is now travelling from a warmer to a colder region. Saturated with moisture in the warmer, and parting with the heat which alone enabled it to retain it, its vapour condenses. Clouds already formed thicken, and descend in rain, and fresh ones are continually forming, to fall in snow at a further stage of its progress, till all the superfluous moisture is thus successively drained off, and it is prepared to reassume, while starting on a fresh circuit, the character of a drying wind.

We have here the origin of that generally observed difference of character between our two most prevalent winds—the S.W. and the N.E. The former is our "anti-trade," that which from our geographical position we are chiefly entitled to expect, and which, in point of fact, is of far the most frequent occurrence. Its prevailing characters are warmth, moisture, cloud and rain, as well as persistence and strength. In the former of these characters it is strongly reinforced by the circumstances of its accompanying across the Atlantic the Gulf-stream, which, in fact, it helps to drift upon our western coast, and which, retaining a considerable amount of the equatorial heat, sends up along its whole course a copious supply of vapour, in addition to that with which the air above it is already loaded; and this it is which gives

to our west coasts, and to that of Ireland, their moist and rainy climate—double, and more than double, the amount of rain falling annually on the coasts exposed to its full influence, as compared with the eastern coast, which it does not reach until drained of its excess of humidity.

The characters of our North-East winds (for such as are in common parlance called Easterly winds are almost always such) are the reverse of these in every particular. They are cold, dry, and hence often spoken of as *cutting*, from their parching effect on the skin, and, as a natural consequence, for the most part accompanied with a clear sky. They are seldom of very long continuance, and may be regarded rather as casual winds, except in the spring, when the advance of the sun to the north of the Equator begins to call into action a northern indraft—to push to the northward the limit of the north-east trades, *and to unsettle by its intrusion the line of demarcation between the wind-zones which its long continuance in extreme South latitude, near the winter solstice, had allowed to take up, and rest in, its extreme southernmost position.* To this opposition of characters we may add, that the South-west wind is generally accompanied with a lower, and that of the North-east with a higher than average barometric pressure ; a connection partially, but not entirely, accounted for by the lightness of warm and moist air as compared with cold and dry, and which is the origin of those indications of the weather (*fair, settled fair, rain, much rain, &c., &c.,*) which we find inscribed opposite to the divisions of the scale of inches in our ordinary barometers. When the North-east wind brings snow, as it very frequently does, it is not by the precipitation of its own moisture, but by its intrusion as a cold wind into a warmer atmosphere charged with moisture, and ready to deposit it under any cooling influence.

Complementary to the phenomenon just mentioned of a tendency to North-easterly wind in the spring, *i.e.*, to the production of a lull or temporary intermittence in the regular South-west current, and the substitution for it of its opposite, may be considered that aggravation of its intensity which takes place subsequent to the autumnal equinox, exaggerated, however, and thrown later into the season, viz., into November, by the conspiring action of several distinct causes, which we will now proceed to explain.

As the sun in its annual course traverses the northern and southern halves of the ecliptic, it creates summer in the one hemisphere, simultaneously with winter in the other, and the balance of aërial expansion and aqueous evaporation is alternately struck in favour of each. As a necessary consequence, a large amount both of air and of aqueous vapour carrying air along with it, is alternately driven over from one hemisphere to the other. The only course which the elements so transferred can pursue, is by passing in the higher regions of the atmosphere across that medial line where the two superior outflowing currents separate on their courses towards either pole—in other words, by joining with, and reinforcing the "anti-trade" current on that side of the equator *towards* which they are propelled. Now this cause of reinforcement cannot begin to be felt until the sun, having passed the Equinoctial, has advanced considerably towards the other solstice. In the case of the northern anti-trade, the effect in question is rendered still more sensible by the great preponderance of sea in the southern hemisphere as compared with the

northern, and the much greater quantity of vapour raised by the summer sun on that side of the Equator. And besides all this, it will be remembered that all the *air* which had been dragged across the Equator into the southern hemisphere by transferred vapour during the continuance of our northern summer, and there as it were imprisoned, is now released, and returns, necessarily by the same course, and contributes to reinforce the northern anti-trades.

TEMPLE BAR.—JANUARY.

With the January number of *Temple Bar*, commences a new story called "The Doctor's Wife," by the author of "Lady Audley's Secret."

The Inner Life of a Shipwreck.—We had beautiful weather, and the day after leaving Ceylon were as joyous as could be, when the accident happened which is the occasion of my writing to you so soon.

It was a clear calm night when we all retired to our cabins ; but afterwards it seems, a dense fog came on, so that you could not have told when it was morning without a watch. Of course nobody was likely to turn out so soon as usual, and even the habitually early risers, who always took their *chota hazree* on deck in absurd varieties of undress, were still in their cabins at half-past six o'clock. It was about this hour when we all experienced a terrible shock. The ship had struck on a rock. There was no mistake about it. There was an awful crash, a stop, and then we turned over on one side. With the ship, my servant and myself, who alone occupied the cabin, turned over also, and to bear us company came every loose article in the apartment. I had the lower berth, so had an easy fall upon the floor ; but poor Anna Maria, who slept above, was not a little bruised, and would have been more so but she happened to fall upon me. This was pleasanter for her than for me ; but she was not half so embarrassing as the inanimate objects which swept down upon us both,—desks, dressing-cases, boots and shoes, hats, crinolines, dresses —clothes, in fact, of every kind, and all the toilet apparatus, of course,—to say nothing of the sea which poured in through the port, and drenched every thing in about two minutes.

I was terribly frightened, but soon recovered myself sufficiently to laugh at the absurd picture we must have presented to any body having the leisure to look at us. I picked myself up, and then picked up Anna Maria (our servants are always more helpless than ourselves in times of danger) ; and we were just extricating one another from the mass of goods and chattels with which we were compassed, when the ship turned upon the other side, and we were all—myself, servant, goods, chattels, and every thing—thrown over in the opposite direction. The same scene of confusion was now enacted again, and as the ship continued to rock from side to side, there seemed nothing for it but to get out of the cabin with all speed.

In the meantime the ship went rocking to and fro with more violence than ever, and as it seemed that no good came of remaining in the saloon, nearly every body rushed upon deck—costumes to the contrary notwithstanding, as I heard remarked by a flippant young attorney, who was too professional to

believe in danger without conclusive evidence. And certainly our condition was such as well might provoke laughter. I have told you of the arrangements as to skirts, &c. The *coiffures* were, if possible, more rediculous, and in respect of these, as indeed of all matters relating to the *toilette*, you might see personal character cropping out. Some ladies, who had always appeared to have abundant hair, now presented themselves with half-bald heads, and dreadful objects they looked, it must be confessed; while others, whom we had never given credit for having much hair of their own displayed themselves as nicely *coiffé* as ever—a transparent arrangement which deceived nobody. One lady, who had always been suspected of doing something to her complexion, and in particular of rouging, showed exactly the same as usual, and I have every reason to believe that she had spent twenty minutes upon her face even at this terrible crisis. It is certain that she had bestowed very little time upon any other department of adornment; for her wardrobe was so limited when she came upon deck that a contribution was at once levied in her favour upon another passenger, who appeared in most unbecoming style as regarded her head, but with no less than three robes, one over the other. She surely must have dressed for the shipwreck before leaving Galle!

Two or three of the ladies—I noticed only two or three—were completely costumed. They might have made a morning call in the attire which they wore on this short notice; and a few of the gentlemen were in equally good order. I suppose habit does a great deal for people in such cases.

Well, the rocking went on, and every thing in the saloon was in the greatest confusion—all the cabin-doors open, every body rushing about in the diversified attire I have described, trying to save whatever property they could collect, with a view to ultimately saving themselves. But this proceeding was brought to a sudden close by an order from the captain for us all to go on deck. Every body, of course, considered this to mean that we were going to pieces at once; so the things that had been collected were thrown down anywhere, and every lady went up, supported by the first gentleman who came to hand—or perhaps I might more properly say, to arm. What a sight the deck presented compared with its usual appearance at the same hour! Instead of the freshly-washed *parquet*, everything clean and neat and in its place, and passengers, nicely dressed, having their promenade before breakfast, there were nothing but uncleanliness and confusion, haggard half-clothed wretches rushing about in despair, and the ship's company all talking at once as they set about their duty. What duty they were engaged in was soon apparent—they were lowering the boats.

Directly this was seen, there was a general rush at the unfortunate captain to be saved—this at least on the part of the ladies. Some merely asked for themselves: "Oh, do, dear captain, take me into a boat; oh, do take care of me!" Others were thoughtful for their husbands or children: "Oh, do, dear captain, think of my little boy; do not let him be left behind!" or, "Oh, make my Henry go in the first boat; if you don't, I know he will be waiting, and then there will be no room for him. You may leave *me* if you like!" And so forth. The poor captain was at his wits' end between them all. "My good ladies," said he, "we will get you all off if you will only have a little patience, and be a little quiet. The boats shall take you in parties—ladies first, gentlemen afterwards. The shore, you see, is not far off."

It was a miracle that we all reached in safety; for one of the ropes broke, and the boat was hurled back against the ship. It was not our boat; but *en revanche* we were as nearly swamped as could be. However, there we all were at last, safe on land. All of us? Yes; nobody was missing. It was a curious sensation the time occupied in ascertaining the fact. The captain counted us over in regular order, but of course we could not be satisfied with that:—"Where is Emily?" "I hope dear Mrs. Wavelet is with us?" "Oh, yes, dear, here." "I've not seen Miss Topaz yet; I hope she's safe." "Oh, yes ma'am; she's over there sitting on the sand, and wringing the water out of her hair." "Oh, I'm so glad to see you again, Captain Tulwar; I was afraid you were lost, and had taken my baby's bottle with you." Poor Captain Tulwar, by the way, was holding the bottle at arm's length, like an antique lamp, not knowing what to do with it. "This is your baby, ma'am; and I'll thank you to give me mine." "I have not the smallest desire to keep it, I can assure you; other peoples' babies are not such desirable possessions." "Yes, this is mine; but it had a coral in its hand." "Well, ma'am, I have not taken the coral, if you mean that." "I have not seen that fat, bald-headed old gentleman we took on shore at Madras. I gave Julia to him to take care of." "Oh, yes, ma'am, he's here, and here's Julia, and you can take her back; she doesn't seem to like me much; I suppose it's because I'm fat and bald." "Oh, I mean nothing, sir. Julia, why do you not thank the gentleman?"

We were nearly all ladies here, most of the gentlemen having been left on the beach, endeavouring to save the luggage from the ship. We were awfully hungry by the middle of the day, but had to content ourselves with some damp biscuits and water. It was a weary time that we passed in the huts and the tent—relieved, of course, a little by conversation—until five o'clock came, and with it the welcome announcement that we were to have dinner. The announcement came in the form of an odour which explained itself; and we all agreed that the *Jockey Club* and *Alexandra Bouquet* were nothing to it. And what do you think it was? Nothing but Irish stew—and oh, *so* fat!—We could not have touched it at any other time; and we had no bread or vegetables to relieve it. Moreover, we had neither plates nor knives and forks, but ate off large leaves with our fingers. But it was a charming meal; and we all declared that no *dîner à la Russe* was ever half so good. The gentlemen, too, had joined us by this time, and contributed to keep up our spirits; so that we could even make fun of our situation, which we certainly could not have done in the morning. The gentlemen had, of course, managed to save some cheroots, which were damp, but delightful,—at least, so they said. These they smoked after dinner; and it is a curious fact, that ladies who never could endure the odour before forgot to be ill through it now.

This was all very well until it became time to retire to rest, and then our troubles began anew. The invalids were put into the huts, and the rest of us slept in the tent, or tried to sleep. Of course we had no beds—nothing but blankets and rugs—and no pillows, except such as we could improvise. Undressing altogether, therefore, was out of the question; and as for partial undressing, scarcely any of us had anything to spare; so we nearly all lay

down as we were. And a pleasant time we had of it, truly! The heat was terrific, and the mosquitos every where—there must have been thousands of them in the tent, for the noise they made was as loud as bagpipes; so that repose was out of the question, except by fits and starts; and when you got it, you were always sure to be roused by somebody crying out at the bites, and slapping at their faces and necks in order to crush the authors of their misery. There was one stout lady who suffered more than any of us: she had not a wink of sleep for hours, but lay awake, moaning and crying, and slapping at the horrid little insects, who seemed to have taken a particular affection for her. At last she was quiet, and dropped into a slumber; but it did not endure long.

"Are you awake, dear?" said a sympathetic voice—that of a particular friend, who sincerely pitied her condition.

"Yes, I am *now!*" was the answer, made with undisguised fury. "But I was just off in a beautiful sleep, which you have quite put an end to!"

Apologies were useless; the mischief was done; sleep had flown from the eyelids of the large lady, and returned no more. How she hated her particular friend! For myself, I confess that I could not forbear laughing.

I slept scarcely at all until morning, making some little use of my time by fanning the children, who suffered awfully. But I dropped off just before daylight, and then I had nightmare. When I awoke, I found myself with my head half-buried in the sand, under a chair.

Where the gentlemen slept I know not, but I suppose in the open air. I saw the doctor in the middle of the night, when he prescribed some claret and water. Some claret had fortunately been saved from the wreck.

Next morning, the ladies—that is to say, all who wished, or were strong enough—went to bathe in the sea. Two gentlemen kept guard on the beach to keep off intruders. Of course I was among the bathers; and a beautiful swim I had. Then back to breakfast—Irish stew again; very monotonous, but very nice. After breakfast, we learnt, to our delight, that we were to go to Rajah's palace, instead of our huts and tents. The palace was about a mile off. In the meantime we learnt, still more to our delight, that the greater portion of the passengers's baggage had been recovered from the ship, and was on the shore. This, however, was to be sent after us; so we did not wait for it. At the palace, whither we went like birds, there were two large rooms provided for us, in which we could place mattresses for sleeping. For a dining-room, a hut was soon rigged up; and there we were, very comfortable indeed. On the walls of the latter we found written—a touching piece of sentiment on the part of the stewards,—"HAVE PITY ON US POOR SHIPWRECKED PASSENGERS."

CORNHILL.—JANUARY.

Publishers before the Age of Printing.—If Tryphon, the publisher, made cent. per cent. profit on a charge of eightpence for a bound copy of original poems by a celebrated author, the cost of production must have indeed been small. And Horace's well known lines, declaring that a successful poem brings both money to publisher and fame to the author, passing even across the sea, indicate that the numbers sold must have been very large.

The reader, doubtless, jumps to the conclusion that books were cheap in those days, because authors were not paid. But the reader is rash, and in his rashness wrong. Authors *were* paid. I do not assert, nor insinuate, that they ever received the sums which our magnificent bibliopoles pay celebrated authors—sums the very mention of which would, a few years ago, have fluttered the attics of Grub Street to madness. Horace never got a guinea a line for his odes; nor did Petronius receive sixteen thousand pounds for his romance. Livy was not so well paid as Macaulay. But the Roman authors were paid, nevertheless, and were paid sums greater than were usually received long after the invention of printing. It is very probable that then, as now, many books were published without any *honorarium;* sometimes because the authors were rich, and wrote only for fame—which would, of course, help the cheapness of books; and sometimes because the quality of the works inspired but a mediocre confidence in their commercial success. But it is clear that as soon as publishing became a commercial speculation, and rival publishers struggled for the honour (and profit) of new works, needy authors would learn the value of their manuscripts. That Martial was paid, and was very anxious for the money, we know from his own confession. He lets us know that he, too, was—

"Impelled by hunger, and request of friends;"

and he finishes a book that he may touch the *honorarium.* It is, no doubt, true that Martial complains of his poverty, and bitterly says, that while his verses are read even in Britain, his purse knows nothing of it. An old complaint this of the poverty of poets, and one which the invention of printing was far from alleviating. But Martial received, it is estimated, the sum of four thousand four hundred francs, or, say two hundred pounds, for his epigrams: a small sum, and one which would by no means diminish his sense of not being paid. But Milton, for the *Paradise Lost,* and Spenser, for the *Fairy Queen,* would have considered such a sum magnificent. Indeed, many poets, and other authors, since the invention of printing, have been glad to get their works published, and receive for the copyright a few presentation copies. Apropos of these presentation copies, Martial complains that impudent acquaintances make claims upon the purchase money; and some add insult to injury by selling the copy they have begged from the author. We have our own grievances in this line; among them is that noticed by Charles Lamb, who objects to authors "presenting you with copies of their work which don't sell (writing in them their foolish autograph), and expect you in return to present them with copies of your works which do sell."

If, on the one hand, there is evidence of a universal taste for reading, and immense publicity for successful writers, and, on the other hand, of immense publishing activity implied by this, and also of surprising cheapness of books, it becomes a question how such diffusion and cheapness became practicable before the invention of printing, which to us seems the only means of cheap literature. That no parallel can properly be drawn between the condition of things in Rome and during the Middle Ages is apparent in the capital facts, that in Rome books were not rare and costly, and that readers were numerous.

Wherein then lies the source of the difference? In the fact of slave-labour. In Rome there were hundreds, nay, thousands, of slaves employed in that work of transcribing, which, in the Middle Ages, was done by a few monks and clerks. Slave-labour was not only abundant, it was cheap. Writing, in the Middle Ages, was not a common accomplishment, and labour was valuable. In the Roman household the readers (*anagnostæ*) and the transcribers (*librarii*) were almost as indispensable as cooks or dressers. Even the ladies had their female transcribers (*librariæ*). These slaves were not only employed in writing to dictation, and making extracts, but also in copying any book which their masters desired, and which was not yet issued to the public, or had ceased to be common in the shops.

At first every one supplied his library by these means. But gradually the natural tendency to the division of labour, and specialization of employments, produced a separate class of publishers. Atticus, a man of refined taste, and himself an author, being of a commercial no less than of a literary turn, saw a fine opening for his tastes and energies in the preparation of copies on a grand scale. He had a number of slaves trained specially for the purpose; and, by employing a vast number of copyists at once, he could multiply books almost as fast as they were demanded; and could issue them at a price which would induce most people to buy from him rather than employ their own slaves in copying. He produced books at a low price, with great rapidity, and in a superior style. His success was so great as rapidly to find imitators; publishing became a trade. Rome soon had numerous bookshops in every quarter. The columns of the colonnades were emblazoned with announcements of new books. And favourite authors were besieged by flattering publishers, as we learn from Pliny and Quintilian, eager to get the work "so much and generally desired by the public." This eagerness was not unfrequently punished; the Nemesis of a large "remainder" overtook the too enterprising speculator. However, there was the resource of the provinces, to which unsold copies could be despatched; and when the provinces were rebellious, there was always, as Martial and Horace intimate, the resource of selling the unread verses to wrap up pastry and spices.

There was no need of printing when slave-labour was thus abundant. One slave dictating to a hundred transcribers at once, the production of a large edition would have cost less, and would have required little more time, than a similar edition issuing from our printing-offices. The rapidity of the transcription was, of course, facilitated by the system of abbreviations. To judge of this rapidity we have the intimation of Martial that it would only require one hour to copy the whole of the second book of his Epigrams.

Hæc una peragit librarius hora.

Now this book contains five hundred and forty verses; and if we understand him literally when he says "one hour," that would give about nine verses in a minute. This is, perhaps, scarcely acceptable. But make whatever deduction is reasonable on the score of his speaking laxly, we cannot help the conclusion that the copying was very rapid. An edition of a thousand copies of such a poem might thus be produced in one day were it required.

That works prepared from dictation should be full of blunders is to be ex-

pected. The authors are loud in complaint. Hence the defectiveness of ancient texts which has given employment and cause of quarrel to so many commentators. Perhaps, if critics had borne distinctly in mind the fact of ancient MSS. being all more or less open to the great source of corruption which arises from mishearing—complicated as it is by the MSS. having in later ages been copied by men who would add the errors of the eye to errors of the ear—their emendations might have been more felicitous. I will, before concluding, mention one ludicrous blunder which runs through all the editions of Pausanias, until Dindorf corrected it—a blunder most probably arising from a confused hearing on the part of the transcriber. Pausanias is made to say that the Sibyl's mother was a goddess, but her father was an *eater of whales: πατρὸς δὲ κητοφάγοιο.* What a whale-eater might be, as a special distinction, few seem to have troubled themselves about. But Dindorf, seeing that there was some antithesis implied between mother and father, that is, between goddess and something else, and not recognizing this antithesis in the eater of whales, felicitously guessed that the antithesis to goddess was mortal—and that the mortal was not an eater of whales, but an eater of bread which, as Homer says, the gods are *not.* Dindorf corrected the phrase into *δ' ἐκσιτοφάγοιο* ; and the passage became sense.

Parliamentary Committees.—This is an interesting paper and ought to be studied by our Canadian Parliamentary Committee-men. We make a few extracts :—

But one of the most amusing things in the world is the levity with which people talk about "obtaining information." As if information were as easy to pick up as stones ! "It ain't so hard to nuss the sick," said a hired nurse, "as some people might think ; the most of 'em doesn't want nothing, and them as does doesn't get it." Parodying this, one might say, it is much harder to "obtain information" than some people might think : the most don't know anything, and those who do don't say what they know. Here is a real episode from the history of an inquiry, which took place four or five years ago, into the desirability of making a new line of railway on the Border. A witness was giving what is called "traffic evidence," in justification of the alleged need of the railway, and this is what occurred :—

Mr. Brown (the cross-examining counsel for the opponents of the new line).—Do you mean to tell the committee that you ever saw an inhabited house in that valley ?

Witness.—Yes, I did.

Mr. Brown.—Very good.

Some other questions were put, which led to nothing particular ; but, just as the witness—a Scotchman—was leaving the box, the learned gentleman put one more question :—

Q.—I am instructed to ask you if the vehicle you saw was not the hearse of the last inhabitant ?

Answer.—It was.

A scene like the following is really *not* burlesque, however much it may look like it, owing to the difficulty of *representing* what cannot be exactly stated. The question is, let us suppose, the very easy one of the width of two pieces of land, marked respectively green and red upon a map on the wall :—

Mr. Jobson.—What do you say is the breadth of the two?

Witness.—I think the green is sixty feet, and the red forty feet; but, perhaps, I have got the wrong figures; perhaps it is that the red is forty feet, and the green sixty.

Q. by the Committee.—Do you say they are both sixty feet, or both forty feet?

A.—Neither. I say they are one hundred feet together

Mr. Jobson.—Let us understand this clearly, now. The green patch of land is, you say, one hundred feet wide?

Mr. Turke.—No, no, he doesn't; he says one is forty, and the other sixty.

Q. by the Committee.—Which is forty, and which is sixty?

A.—I have already said that I am not sure; but the two together make up the one hundred feet covered by the limits of deviation.

Mr. Jobson.—No doubt, no doubt. The brown being forty feet, and the red ——

Mr. Scope Hott (slyly).—Where's the brown?

Chairman (plaintively).—Let somebody point with a stick to the bit of brown land! *Do* get on!

Mr. Jobson.—What I understand you to intend to convey to the committee is this:—Taking the width of the green piece, and the width of the red piece, and looking at the proportions of the two,—taking it, you know, for the purposes of comparison,—then, as a question of addition, the sum total of the two would be represented by sixty *plus* forty—is not that so?

Witness (in despair,—not in the least following the question).—Exactly! Just so!

Cross-examined by Mr. Benison. Q.—Black, white, or grey, the two pieces of land together make one hundred feet wide?

A.—Yes; one hundred feet broad.

Q.—Broad?—*(reflecting a moment)*—Well, you shall have it "broad" if you like. And now we'll proceed.

Committee.—Yes, pray go on, Mr. Benison. Let's get it over. And when you're out of this room you'll disappear from the face of the earth, I presume.

Mr. Benison.—The honourable member may presume that this committee-room and the face of the earth are coincident expressions, but I can assure him it is not so.

Mr. Sternon Barcourt (in an under tone).—"The flesh will quiver where the pincers nip."

Mr. Sadwether (a little louder).—"Tear," isn't it?

Committee.—What's that?

Mr. Scope Hott.—Only something about pinching somebody with a pair of tongs.

Sir William Julius Cæsar (grumbles quite inaudibly).

Mr. Benison.—Well, if my learned friend will leave off grumbling to himself, we'll make another trial. Now; we were on those two patches of land, &c., *(de capo).*

At this point, probably, several obliging gentlemen in the body of the room make a rush to get at the tall wands or pointers, in order to trace things out on the plan for the committee. In the scramble, the place being crowded, a

large map, mounted on two poles twelve feet high, like a flag, topples halfway down. Two ladies, and an old gentleman from the country, who have been listening with open mouth, make for the door, in a fright, and let it slam to after them. A member of the committee, who has been (very pardonably) fast asleep, wakes up, and asks, with a severe countenance, to have the last answer read by the short-hand writer. That functionary reads as much as was audible in the hurlyburly, and although out of its connection it conveys no earthly meaning, the honourable gentleman puts on a look of luminous intelligence, and makes a memorandum for his own misguidance.

Let it be permitted to the Muse to repeat an actual occurrence with all the formularized dignity of the "minutes" made out from the notes of the short-hand writer. It is a Gas-bill which is before a committee of the House of Lords. The afternoon is extremely hot, and the investigation is becoming as "tedious as a king." Yet counsel are evidently ready to bestow it all on their worships behind the horse-shoe table. Some long-suffering peer is in the chair—not Lord Lucan, who would soon abridge things. However, the actual chairman says to the examining counsel, "Pray, Mr. Brown, give us some *facts*; we've had nothing but *opinions* from this witness; it isn't evidence." "Very well, my lord," replies Mr. Brown, "you shall have facts. Now," (turning to the witness) "you called on Mr. Jones, did you?"

A.—Yes.

Q.—What did he say?

Mr. Robinson objects to the question.

Mr. Brown is heard to address their lordships in support of the question.

Mr. Robinson was heard in reply.

The committee-room is cleared.

After a short time the counsel and parties are again called in.

The Chairman states that the committee are of opinion that the question may be put.

Mr. Brown (*to the witness*).—Well, then, what did Mr. Jones say?

A.—He wasn't at home.

LONDON SOCIETY.—JANUARY.

This number of London Society is made up chiefly of Christmas Stories, several of which will well repay perusal. We choose one entitled "*Christmas in the Colonies*," and make an extract for the benefit of our readers.

Tasmania, an island nearly as large as Ireland, situated southward from Australia, possesses, according to some person well qualified to speak of it, one of the finest climates in the world. It has a winter not more severe than that of the south of France, a summer not hotter than that of London, and not so close and dusty; a spring equalling that of Montpelier and an autumn like that of the south and west of England. The temperature is not marked by extremes of heat or cold; it is free from marsh miasmata, neither remittent nor intermittent fevers occur; the cool nights of the summer prevent the heat of the day from being relaxing, and the cold of winter is not such as to prevent agricultural and outdoor operations being carried on. Here are, throughout the colony, homes marked with all the characteristics of an English house. The small, thatched, hutlike house, built of slabs, and covered

to the roof-tree with geraniums. The dairy farm-house, with its vines and trained flowers ; the sunlight streaming through the leaves of English forest-trees, planted with a careful hand all around the house, to remind the settler in the land of his adoption, of his old home sixteen thousand miles away ; and the handsome and solid stone-built mansions, overshadowed by the oaks of Old England, with their wide domains of cultivated paddocks and green pastures, their hedgerows of hawthorn and sweet-brier, or in some cases of fuchsias six feet high ; their orchards of tall pear-trees and apples ; their hay-stacks, corn-ricks, barns, wool-sheds, and outhouses larger than the mansions themselves.

Every house has its garden, in which the flowers most carefully tended are those of home—the simple flowers of our childhood, primroses and cowslips, pansies and daisies ; while the sweet little violet blooms under hedges of ever-flowering geraniums ten feet high. We quote a short and lively account of a Christmas here from the pen of a forty years' resident :—'The English reader must picture to himself a Christmas Day passed amid the scenes of summer ; a population turning out on New Year's Day to play at cricket, or to make pleasure excursions on the water ; and an exhibition of fruits and flowers in December. We are the antipodes of home : the 21st of December is the longest day ; the thermometer frequently stands, at Christmas, at 70° in the parlour. Now the citizen chooses the shady side of the street, or indoors throws up the window and lets down blind. Beyond the precincts of town, the country is one vast expanse of verdure : the tall corn waving in the gentle summer breeze, while haymaking is going on, or some early crop courts, by its yellow tints, the sickle of the reaper. In the garden one is pleased with flowers of every hue, and tempted by luscious fruit. The farmer flings himself on his back on the lawn, and with merry child-faces around him, eats strawberries and cream to a delicious extent. In our ever-green forests, the cattle begin to seek the shelter of the trees, under whose grateful shade, in some cool brook, the boys are wont to bathe. Paroquets, in green and gold, flash past in their brilliant colours ; the birds are merrily singing, and the locust makes his summer life one ceaseless song. No fire can be borne save in the kitchen ; doors and windows are thrown open ; flowers and evergreens grace the dining room for lack of the traditional holly ; but the roast beef and plum-pudding of Old England retain their place of honour on the festive board. At that board the colonists, mindful of the custom of fatherland, unites his family, and after service in the neighbouring church, entertains his friends with grace and no stinted hospitality. And if Christmas does not come to him with the old associates of his youth—with its wind in gusts howling through leafless trees or fast falling snow ; if scene and clime and season invest the festival with a different aspect to that familiar to the Englishman at home, he is not the less happy ; nor is he saddened by the reflection that his neighbour is too poor to enjoy with him the good things of the season, with its holiday and feasting ; for it is Christmas to every man, woman, and child in Tasmania, and there are none so poor that they cannot have in abundance the immemorial fare ; and on all sides is heard the old English greeting, "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year." As the daughters of the Pharaohs, who in the marble palaces and gilded halls of their foreign

husbands sighed for a draught of the waters of the sacred Nile, so do the daughters of Tasmania, under the burning suns of India, though they possess all the rich fruits and gorgeous flowers of the tropics, and live in palaces, yet sigh for the delicious climate of their own loved home, and prefer the scent of the simple mimosa to the most noble rhododendron of the Sikkim Himalaya.'

The Australian colonies generally have, if not quite, very nearly the advantages of Tasmania. Here, also, nature is prodigal of her gifts, the forests abounding in beautiful trees, and thronged with birds of the gayest plumage —the Australian mocking-bird, called by the colonists the laughing jackass, is a species of woodpecker. The following curious account is given of its vocal performances. His chant, frequently kept up for a lengthened period, is the most laughter-provoking of sounds. It is, indeed, impossible to hear with a grave voice the jocularities of this feathered jester. He commences with a low, cackling sound, gradually growing louder, like a hen in a fuss. Then suddenly changing his note, he so closely imitates Punch's trumpet that you would almost swear that it was the jolly 'roo-too-too' of that old favourite that you heard. Next comes the prolonged bray of an ass, followed by an almost articulate exclamation, which might very well be translated, 'Oh! what a guy!' and the whole winds up with a suppressed chuckle, ending with an uproarious burst of laughter, which is joined in by a dozen other hitherto silent.

A writer on the Australian colonies would give us an extraordinary idea of the size of men there, for describing the emu, a bird very like an ostrich, he says:—'This bird often stands *nearly* as high as a man, varying from *five to seven* feet.' The emu, however, in its great and increasing rarity, is fast becoming 'simillima nigroque cygno.'

These adjuncts following, do not, however, promise any increase of comfort to the Australian settler. Snakes and lizards are numerous, and the deaf adder, a disgusting and dangerous creature, guanas, a kind of lizard four feet in length. Frogs are numerous, and sometimes intrude into the settler's dwelling. Scorpions, centipedes, and other smaller members of the reptile tribe, are also sufficiently, and more than sufficiently, numerous. Snakes, especially, appear to exist in inconceivable variety, for there are snakes of the following variety of name—black, brown, diamond, ringed, hazel, whip and many others. The black snake, when broiled on the fire, has the very good gastronomic quality of becoming white as an eel and tender as a chicken.

These are the reptile torments, but the insects are really the greatest nuisance, on account of their more constant presence, and the greater difficulty of guarding against them. A colonist says: 'The mosquitoes and flies constitute, during six months of the year, an intolerable nuisance: these detestable items of entomology are a perfect torment to the settler, leaving him no peace, either by day or night: the mosquitoes ruthlessly exact their tribute of blood from beneath his irritated aad tortured skin. Fortunately, it is chiefly to new comers that the bite of the mosquito is extremely annoying, and it does not often produce any swelling on those who have become by long residence habituated to it. Then there are "lion-ants"—ugly, venomous, black creatures, the sting of which is as severe as that of a wasp; woodticks,

that burrow under the skin—and other abominations. Towards the North, in the neighbourhood of Cape York, there are ant-hills of an enormous size, sometimes twelve feet in height. The ants are of a pale-brown color, and a quarter of an inch long. These, however, must bide their time, for they have no white settlers to provoke at present.'

The common flies are a more general nuisance, settling so thickly and pertinaciously on every article of food, as to make it almost impossible to avoid swallowing some during the progress of every meal. One small matter on the other side is, that the native bees do not sting, and produce very fine honey and wax.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. L., Clinton.—Received. Your solution is correct.

J. H., Toronto.—Your three mover is not quite perfect, since White may play 2, Q. takes P. (ch.) 3, B. takes Q. mate.

R. N., Hamilton.—Your problem, No. 7, is correct, but the idea, *smothered mate*, is too well known to be of interest. No. 2 can be solved by a second line of play beginning 1, Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd 2, Kt. to K. 4th, &c.

F. T. J., Toronto.—Thanks for your contribution.

Solution to Problem No. 4, by "Theodore," and "C. C." are correct: all others are wrong.

At the request of several correspondents, we withhold the solution to Problem No. 4, till our next issue.

Problem No. 5.—By F. T. J. of Toronto.

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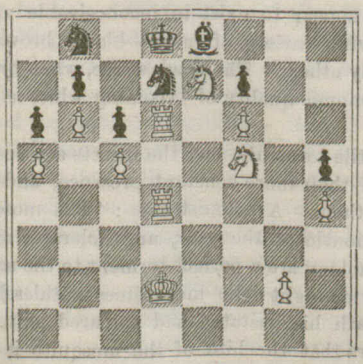

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.