

scrap from Horace to be appended to it as a kind of motto, which much pleased her, viz.: *non sine dis animosus infans*; as did also a certain trifling extract from Henry Cornelius Agrippa's "Vanity of the Sciences," proving that in his time (1486-1535) the charivari customs, common among the *habitans* of Lower Canada, were well known in Germany.

Mrs. Jameson was a perfect proficient in music, vocal and instrumental, with a voice gentle and soft, accompanying herself in a very quiet and simple manner. The hands of Mrs. Jameson were remarkably beautiful. How their extreme whiteness and delicacy were preserved during the unavoidable inconveniences and exposures of the recent extensive canoe trip was a mystery, but I think in relation to some allusion to this escape I overheard a strong hint given to one of her young lady friends, that never under any circumstances must the hands be ungloved for one moment in the out-of-door air, or sun light, a precept enforced by a reiterated emphatic *never*. I also gathered that a Bible and a Shakespeare were almost the sole literary companions of her voyage, and that a small stiletto or poignard was secretly carried for self-defence if there should be any need. And once I recollect in allusion to her safety in the journey just accomplished she good-humouredly repeated some lines from a familiar song of Dibdin's: "They say there's a Providence sits up aloft, to keep watch for the life of poor Jack." In addition to the annotated volume I have an autograph letter of Mrs. Jameson addressed in playful strain to Mr. Jameson before her marriage; likewise some letters written by her to Mrs. McMurray at the Sault, wife of the Rev. Dr. McMurray. Mrs. McMurray was a woman after Mrs. Jameson's own heart, highly gifted and possessed of all noble womanly and motherly qualities, of a stately form and fine presence generally; moreover what would be a circumstance of the most intense interest to Mrs. Jameson herself, as would be visible at the first glance to a stranger, in her veins flowed the blood of the aboriginal people of the country. On her mother's side, of chieftain's rank she had been highly educated and spoke with great refinement the Otchipway language. Dr. McMurray was the first Anglican missionary at the Sault, and was curiously enough was the first person at that place to be entrusted with a commission of the peace by a *Dedimus Potestatem* from the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province.

The works of Mrs. Jameson which I have contrived to place upon my shelves are the following: "Sacred and Legendary Art," 2 vols.; "The Monastic Orders in Art," 2 vols.; "The History of Our Lord as exemplified in Art," 2 vols. (the completion by Lady Eastlake), all copiously illustrated; "Memoirs and Essays"; "Memoirs of Female Sovereigns," 2 vols.; "Visits and Sketches including the Diary of an Ennuyée"; "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada," 3 vols.; "Thoughts, Memoirs and Fancies"; "Social Life in Germany," and the "Characteristics of Women"; the edition which I have of the last-mentioned work is the one published in New York, of which the peculiarity is that its preface is dated from Toronto, and several etchings on copper-plate are inserted in it, executed by the hand of Mrs. Jameson herself, not in the London edition.

As an introduction to "The Characteristics of Women" there is to be seen an imaginary conversation between Alda, evidently the authoress, and a friend Medon. The nice and clever way in which the talk passes across and back between the speakers in the dialogue is a good specimen of the style of conversation which was sure to arise between the gifted Mrs. Jameson and a party of intelligent friends. Alda and Medon figure likewise in similar conversations, prefixed to "Visits and Sketches" and "Social Life in Germany." All Mrs. Jameson's books show a noble ambition to elevate the female character, and to suggest worthy employments for female gifts. To her is in a great measure due the institution of the Sisterhoods of Charity, in modern times so useful in our hospitals.

I have added to my collection the "Memoirs" of Mrs. Jameson, by her niece, Geraldine Macpherson, published in 1878. The frontispiece to this work consists of a miniature portrait, showing Mrs. Jameson as quite young. She is represented pointing upwards with her left hand, as if listening. Another portrait taken in middle life of a much larger size in general circulation gives the figure in much the same attitude, which somewhat resembles that of Mrs. Siddons in the well-known representation of her as the "Muse of Tragedy." A third portrait appears in later volumes showing Mrs. Jameson in her old age, a very pleasing and natural picture. The head is partially covered with a black kerchief, which falls negligently from the back of the head. In the South Kensington Museum there was to be seen in the year 1867 a grand marble bust of Mrs. Jameson, executed by the celebrated sculptor, John Gibson. Mrs. Jameson, it should be added, departed this life in 1860.

In later years I formed the acquaintance of the husband of Mrs. Jameson at Toronto. He was a man highly educated and possessing great taste, and even skill, in respect of art. He was a connoisseur and collector of fine editions. His conversation was charged with reminiscences and anecdotes of the celebrated occupants of the lake district of Westmoreland, the Coleridges, Wordsworths and Southey, with all of whom he had been intimate in his youth. The "Sonnets" in Hartley Coleridge's

* A sketch-book of Mrs. Jameson's, containing many views taken during her visit to Canada, is in the possession of Mr. Bain, principal librarian of the Toronto Public Library.

little volume, addressed "To a Friend," were, in fact, addressed to Mr. Jameson. Before his appointment in Canada he had been a judge in one of the West India Islands. Here he was appointed the Chief of the First Equity Court of the Province, under the title of Vice-Chancellor, the theory being that the Governor was the Chancellor. In Toronto Mr. Jameson inhabited a villa situated in what are now the grounds of the Loretto Convent on Front Street.

HENRY SCADDING.

ERRATA.—In Part I. of this paper, for *corrected* read *corrector*; for *Macbeth*, Act I, Sc. 6, read *Macbeth*, Act I, Sc. 5; for *Chautres* read *blanket*; for *Chautrers* read *blankness*; In *Tempest*, Act I, Sc. 2, dele *so*; for *jests* read *gests*; for *Dagbrink* read *Dagkinck*.

THE RAMBLER.

NOTHING more touching in its way than the recent Jacobite demonstration in London can be imagined. There is a society novel which takes for one of its characters an old Jacobite peer, who, even in this last decade of the century, still refuses allegiance to the "Guelph," Queen Victoria. I think it is in one of Justin McCarthy's books that this presumably over-drawn character occurs. However, here in the latest cables from England are proofs of a loyalty almost laughable, since so many years have passed and the name of Stuart is not one to conjure with any longer. Macaulay says of an English Jacobite of that stirring year, 1689, "he would rather have seen his country the last of the nations under James the Second or James the Third, than the mistress of the sea, the umpire between contending potentates, the seat of arts, the hive of industry, under a Prince of the House of Nassau or of Brunswick."

A lampoon of that time ran as follows:—

The eleventh of April has come about,
To Westminster went the rabble rout,
In order to crown a bundle of clouts,
A dainty fine King indeed.

Descended he is from the Orange tree,
But if I can read his destiny
He'll once more descend from another tree,
A dainty fine King is he.

How far away all this faction, this excessive interest in Royalty seems to us dwellers in a non-history making epoch! William of Orange we only know through seeing his familiar effigy on various silken banners in a street procession once a year. It is true that since the untimely death of the young heir we take a little more interest in these matters. The prospect of a Queen Louise or of a Scotch King brings all the old interesting time before us, and we may be found at times actively engaged in reading up authorities on the Crown and Constitution of England.

Dr. Douglass' speech will doubtless find many admirers. It has the quality of fearlessness certainly, but is too hysterical to effect much good. Such a course only offers increased free advertisement to the offender:—

"Take, for instance, Robert Baldwin, whose serene elevation of character and political aptitude made him the idol of great Ontario, and contrast him with Sir John Thompson, whose unfortunate traditions and regretted principles forever unfit him for winning the confidence of the people of this Dominion, principles which, says Gladstone, are at war with impartial administration."

And further on, we have the following remarkable effort of pure verbosity. It is a wonder that the reverend orator leaves the Pope himself unscathed, but he does:—

"We take Sir A. A. Dorion, who carried the white lily of a stainless life to the sepulchre, and contrast him with whom?—with the inimitable Mercier, who, like the amphibia, crept out of the slimy waters of Quebec boodlism, ascended the highlands of religious sanctity, and with the dire witchery of pretence took from the hand of unsullied and exalted purity in Rome honours which, says the *True Witness*, were never claimed by a Bohemond of Tarentum, or Richard Cœur de Lion, returning to the slimy depths of boodlism again."

Again we have a still more magnificent example of rhetorical flow—which refers in some way to saloons and the temperance question, no doubt:—

"This man, while felicitating his people with the idea that he was a patron of learning by opening a few feeble night-schools, has, for the sake of money to waste on his political immoralities, let loose the fiery floods of liquid damnation to burn up his dear countrymen."

Macaulay, Burke, O'Connell—they are all dwarfed by the following fiery peroration:—

"Deep is our sorrow thus to speak of any man under heaven, but, when I think of the malign career of this man, I think of him corrupt as a Marlborough, desperate in his dodgings as a Halifax the Trimmer, and replete with arts of devilry as Titus Oates."

"It is ours to have fallen on days desolate as those that followed the corrupt Restoration after the Commonwealth in the times of the feeble Charles, but I do not stand here as a despairing pessimist."

"When I think of the forces arrayed against a Wilberforce, the very darkest hour of the conflict presaged the morn when the shackles were struck from every slave on British soil by the irresistible genius of British liberty. I do not forget the time when Webster, Calhoun, Clay

and Benton gave their splendid powers to the perpetuation of the dark curse of tyranny on this continent, but the great God rolled the conscience of the millions south of us into one mighty projectile, which, like a thunderbolt, struck the monster to the death and gave this continent to justice and liberty. I look for the coming time when the Merciers and the Thompsons, the Haggarts and the Chapleaus, the Langevins and the Fosters shall go down into the deep waters of oblivion and there shall arise a brighter day."

It is an old, old question whether the pulpit has absolute freedom to discuss politics, and I would not for worlds obtrude that question here. Yet all must agree that in this as in many other equally vexed questions, the whole thing turns upon the person who does it and the way in which it is done.

The Holland school of fiction is the latest. Mr. Edmund Gosse says: "In the intellectual histories of all countries we find the same phenomenon incessantly recurring. New writers, new artists, new composers arise in revolt against what has delighted their grandfathers and satisfied their fathers. These young men, pressed together at first by external opposition into a serried phalanx, gradually win their way, become themselves the delight and then the satisfaction of their contemporaries, and, falling apart as success is secured to them, come to seem lax, effete and obsolete to a new race of youths, who effect a fresh æsthetic revolution. For many reasons the mental life of Holland receives little attention in this country, and no account has yet been taken of the revolution in Dutch taste which has occupied the last six or seven years." "Eline Vere," by Louis Conperins, is one of the most striking of these modern Dutch novels.

As the earthly course of the poet Whitman draws to a close, it is interesting to reflect upon his career, and to try and discover if his barbaric yawp really did anything for the world. I do not, honestly, think it did. It has done something for individuals of course. He has uttered sublime thoughts. He has left some stupendous lines. He has been able to spread out the whole universe before you and let you see it. But it takes a poet to appreciate *this* poet. He will never be loved, remembered nor understood of the masses. A room full of common people will not hush when he is being read. He is seldom quoted. He remains as he began, the poet of the scholar and the psychologist and of the brother poet. But he did an injury to his art. He caused some narrow critics and some fastidious readers to think that there could be no ruggedness without indecency, and no profundity without obscurity. In self-defence sprang up the defenders of French form of the lyric, of the sonnet, the madrigal, the triolet. He and Joaquin Miller were two great disappointments to America. One of these highly-gifted men went too far in his assumption of personal irresponsibility, the other never went quite far enough. As for me I take my Whitman "neat." He is at times most dreadful, but still I like to see where he is going and what he is going there for. He has a reason for everything—even license.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CARDINAL MANNING'S INFLUENCE.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The position held by Cardinal Manning in England must have surprised many, and interested all. There used to be an impression that Cardinal Newman was loved by all, in spite of himself; but that Cardinal Manning was suspected as an inhuman papist. I use the word advisedly. But it is evident now that each of these two extraordinary men held such a place in his country that their influence must be abiding and strong, however indirect.

The following extract from a letter may perhaps help to throw light on a new England with which Cardinal Manning was "in touch," to use the current phrase; it is the England all will have to take more account of, as perhaps we shall realize somewhat more after the next general election.

This letter was written by one of the younger humanitarian High Church clergy, if one may say so; men who yet with a paradox speak of "High Churchism" as the most soul-destroying form of religion; meaning thereby that it is formal, external, decent, respectable, conservative, unsympathetic and full of the spirit of caste:—

"I send a bit of the *Times*, which Captain A sent me, to show me how injudicious the Cardinal was about the dock strike—Captain A is a thorough-going Tory—but the *Times* has generally been on the wrong side.

"So the Prince is to be buried to-day. It is very pathetic, in all truth; but if anything could impart an element of the absurd into such solemn circumstances, it would be the fulsome flunkysm of so many of the English people in talking of the 'illustrious prince,' or of their 'irreparable loss,' etc., etc.

"The dear old Cardinal was simply splendid as a social reformer, but his greatness arose from his innate nobility of character, not from his being a Roman Catholic. Multitudes in every class in life owe their souls (humanely speaking) to his wonderful influence. I remember B, the socialist (a man of good position and great