

strange it would be to turn one's back for ever on our clear frosty skies and the brilliant train of jewelled constellations which nightly follow the Great Bear around the northern pole—to swelter in heat at Christmas—to miss that restful time when Nature quietly gathers up her forces to make another sudden outburst into summer, never to see again those expanses of snow from which the ever-changing colours of the sunset are reflected in tints of white so varied and delicate as to seem like the spirits of the colours of the rainbow—surely that would be a sore trial. Then again beautiful and stately as New Zealand must be with her innumerable fiords and her glacier-crowned mountains, we, of the Dominion, when hurrying over the wide, dry, stony riverbeds, in dread of their sudden and destructive torrents, would long for the still and abundant waters of our Canadian home. The gardens of Sydney and Melbourne and the tropical luxuriance of Queensland, the unbroken round of vegetation make the burdens of life easy, wherever there is water; but the gaunt gum trees, single-tufted, shadeless, shedding their bark in long strips could not replace for us the cool, leafy recesses of our own varied forests. The red, coppery, cruel sun and the fiery mists; the weird, monotonous and melancholy landscape; the river-beds of baked mud in summer, the illimitable stretches of thirsty land where no water is—all these by their profound contrast startle our imagination, even in description. It is something after all to dwell in a land of "rivers of waters," of lakes innumerable, and to be familiar—winter and summer—with water in all its lovely forms. Our brothers in the South have many advantages; it is pleasant to read of them and admire their capacity and versatility; but, with all our drawbacks, there are some weighty "problems" we have not to solve. The hand of the Almighty has irrigated our land, the cool and crystal springs bubble up from our hillsides, our cattle pasture in fresh meadows, and the tranquil flow of great rivers gives us access to the remotest recesses of our country.

S. E. DAWSON.

Montreal, Sept. 9, 1890.

## GORDON AT KHARTOUM.

How died that day our Hero saw it last?  
Be sure his heart went Westward with the sun,  
Swift circling on to England, till he won  
From alien airs, that mocked him as they passed,  
A breath of English bowers; and the vast,  
Waste, desert stretches were as they were not.  
Dreaming of England, he awhile forgot  
The brooding cares that turned his thoughts aghast.  
Careworn,—God's breast was nearer than he knew,  
A step beyond the Arabs' bloody rage,  
Dark ways turned golden, life's perplexing page  
Grew luminous, as shone the glory through.  
Immortal Dead! for Death could not undo  
This kindest heart God gave a gold-cursed age.

EMILY McMANUS.

## LONDON LETTER.

WE were speaking of him only last night. At least the Rector talked and I listened, listened as the scent of the creeping clematis filled the verandah, and the far off sound of the sea waves at the foot of the cliff beat across the garden.

The table between us was littered with books. "Ideal" Ward was there, so that I might hear the carefullest account of the movement, an absorbing topic to this old Oxford soldier, scarred I take it in the fray, though he will not own to his wounds. At hand was "Froude," and I was guided to the pages of the essay on Newman, and I listened to Kegan Paul with his notes of remembrance. From the shelf came a volume, opening of itself at tract No. XC. Then the "Apologia," a cherished first edition, bound in parts, with margin notes of value. So back from the literature, poetry and prose of the men out, as Ward says, in the '45, to the fathers, teachers of that Prince of the Church lying dead at the Edgbaston Rectory.

"I can give you no fair idea of those times at the University," said my host "for I was in the middle of it all, and too easily swayed, I see now, to be unprejudiced. One has known many who went through the Indian Mutiny, but hardly one of those care to talk of their experiences. It is so with us; I mean with those who endured what we did endure during those years of miserable unrest and trouble. Newmanism, declared Arnold, would end in popery. We of that immense absorbed congregation at St Mary's would not allow ourselves to think that; and I shall not forget the shock when I read in his own words that our old leader had been received into the Church of Rome.

"I think when you were away from him much of his influence vanished. Absence is an extraordinarily fine test. I hardly look at his sermons now; it was his personal fascination, the power in his voice, in his attitude, his glance, that did every thing for them. In themselves they are not much; and his "Apologia" is by no means a great literary work. Given to protesting, to defending himself, he has too much of a woman's emotional nature, and the womanish love of leading captivity captive is one of his foremost traits. He was always wanting to impress you, to make you like him, whether you were worth it or not. He has the faults that go with a parcel-honest character of that sort. He could not bear this or that should be reputed of

him—as if it mattered! He must retort, must excuse himself, but all the time it seems to me he isn't man-like enough to be really angry with his enemy. He is vexed you and I should misjudge him, but even against Kingsley he felt but a sham righteous indignation; his words don't ring true, somehow. He says of his opponent in a letter I've seen: 'I have always hoped that by good luck I might meet him, feeling sure there would be no embarrassment on my part, and I said mass for his soul as soon as I heard of his death,' an attention that must have made Kingsley smile if he knew of it.

"Sometimes I was one of Oakeley's congregation in the little church in Margaret Street. How long and long ago! An eternity! And yet they make out life is short! I am sure, on looking back, most of us were in an unwholesome state, and Richard Hurrell Froude's journal makes one ashamed when I remember how like my own was to his. As long as we are mentally healthy we are never self-conscious. We only begin to analyze our feelings when something is amiss and we have moral measles or whooping cough. That clever 'Diary of a Prig,' published only the other day, is hardly a caricature of what went on in the university in my own day, and what is going on, to a smaller extent, now. There have always been a serious set; when Newman was at Oxford that set was much more powerful.

"Newman was, I suppose, an anachronism. He should have lived any time before the Reformation. Maybe he is in his proper place, out of the nineteenth century world. Indeed I believe he was wise enough to know his own faults, and turned from an army of followers whom he wasn't strong enough to govern. He was not strong enough, poor soul, to guide himself, let alone us, when the hour came to act.

"Think of old Manning, the energetic working saint. Think of his life in London, and the practical good that man does every hour of the day. Remember Pusey at Oxford, dear Keble at Hursley. These were made of different stuff, far more serviceable. Stanley's epigram on Newman's ignorance of German, and Carlyle's cruel little speech about the quality of Newman's brain have been repeated till one is sick to death of them; I believe them to be true.

"To shut yourself from the world; to live back in the early centuries with the fathers; to forget the ties that bind you to your own century; to forget that to labour is to pray—is this the right way of doing one's duty in that state of life and in that period of the world's history in which you find yourself? Is it common sense? It is possible to discover much to like, to interest one, in such a character, but little enough to respect, my friend, little enough to respect. It is braver to stay and fight it out. I tell you I believe that many a half-educated parish priest or curate trudging out and about among his village folk has made of his life and his work something better than has the great Prince Cardinal with his in his lonely cell at Edgbaston.

"Yet because he is a bit of my youth I love the sound of his name. I never see the snapdragon on that garden wall but I think of him, never go back to the spires and domes of Oxford but I remember that pathetic regretful sentence you have read in the 'Apologia.' When he dies the papers will be full of his memoirs, written no doubt by followers whose feeling for him personally is very real and true, and by those who love him, as I do, because he belongs to their youth. And people like yourself to whom he is nothing but a name will want to know what he has done. What has he done, forsooth, that he should be made a saint of? There are his volumes behind you, and among them you'll find 'The Grammar of Assent.' Personally he has never been in the least convincing since I left Oxford. Most of us can preach you know; but it requires a stout heart to fight a good fight in the world, and practise, in the midst of sin and sorrow, what is preached. Once he seemed a lighthouse, our Eddystone. But to me he was only a will o' the wisp and I have left unheeded his flame this many a year."

Across the Rectory hedge stands the old church, grey and ghostly in the starlight. I could see from where I was sitting the great west window with its painted knots of true-love ribbon, put up in memory of that dear and only child drowned, says the inscription, the year of the Spanish Armada. On the gravel path beyond me there show out long shafts of coloured light from the oratory, beflowered for our daily evening service, a pious custom learnt in those High Church Oxford days. The piano had ceased. A quiet had fallen on the house. With the lamp the Rector went to his shelves, took down a book, opened it, and read: "What is the truth? Show it me. . . . I see it. . . . in that man, who, driven fatally by the remorseless logic of his creed, gives up everything, friends, fame, dearest ties, closest vanities, the respect of an army of churchmen, the recognized position of a leader, and passes over, truth impelled, to the enemy, in whose ranks he is ready to serve henceforth as a nameless private soldier—I see the truth in that man, as I do in his brother, whose logic drives him to quite a different conclusion, and who, after having passed a life in vain endeavours to reconcile an irreconcilable book, flings it at last down in despair, and declares, with tearful eyes, and hands up to Heaven, his revolt and recantation."

"Thackeray is speaking of Newman," he says as he puts "Pendennis" back, "of Newman and his brother Francis, the Professor."

This morning as I come down to breakfast the *Times* is unfolded, and someone says "Newman is dead," and

then begins to read from the columns, five, six, in which his career is set forth. Many an old country parson, Oxford-bred, is looking over his breakfast table and listening, with just the same indescribable expression as my host wears to-day. "Dead! and you and I were only talking of him last night," he said, nodding at me. "Dead! Well, in all humility, I cry, Peace to his ashes."

WALTER POWELL.

## PARIS LETTER.

THE Duc d'Aumale, who is touring in Holland, received a few days ago, when at the Hague, a sort of legal *défi*, on behalf of the Naundorff family, from their lawyer, to prove that they, the Dutch Bourbons, were not the legitimate heirs of Louis XVI., by his son Louis XVII. It was claimed for the latter that he had escaped from the Temple Prison—alive, understood—and taken refuge in Holland, under the name of Naundorff, where he set up as a clock-maker. Louis XVI. was an amateur locksmith himself.

In those days when nothing is but what is not, when even it is claimed for Joan of Arc that she was never burned, but escaped from the Inquisition and the English, married a gentleman farmer and reared up a prosaic family, it is not less extravagant to maintain that Louis XVII., the lad king, did not die in the Temple Prison from rickets, diarrhoea, and ultra-democratic treatment at the hands of the gaoler Simon and his wife. The Naundorff, who worked the legend when he arrived at the heavy father age, did resemble the vulgar and over-fed looking Louis XVI. But he was never able to produce any other "human documents" than these to support his pretensions to the throne of France. A large head and a flabby phiz, however, were not considered by a Paris jury as sufficient; they rejected his claims at best but platonic.

The Duc d'Aumale was never challenged in his life before; but he sent one to Prince Jérôme Napoleon, who declined the coffee-and-pistols-for-two ordeal, fearing, that if hit as the Duc de Montpensier hit Prince Henri de Bourbon, the Bonaparte dynasty would be cut off for want of male succession. The Salic law still reigns, both under Monarchy and Republic, since no woman can rule over France, though, in a collective capacity, the fair sex dispose of the destinies of the country. The Duc d'Aumale is respected, rather than popular. In case he obtains centennial honours, he might by then drift into a subdued popularity, the more so since he has withdrawn from politics and keeps his nephews—the Comte de Paris and his son the Duc d'Orléans—at pretenders' arm's length. It is no secret that the duke believes France will keep to the Republic and will, "with all its faults, love it still."

This explains why he has stopped all supplies to his nephews for restoration propagandism. Danton said, when going to the scaffold, that it were better to be a poor fisherman than to govern France. And Louis Philippe, when he landed in England as "Mr. Smith," after the 1848 revolution, declared he felt as happy then as if he were at Coire, in Switzerland. The latter incident is interesting. After the battle of Jemmapes where Louis Philippe fought bravely as Duc de Chartres, the plan of General Dumouriez was discovered, to play the *role* of a monk and place a monarch on the throne. To enable the General to escape arrest, the Duc de Chartres lent him his horse to fly. Not long after Louis Philippe had himself to decamp; he reached Switzerland; all his fortune then consisted of 200 francs and his valet. He gave the money to his sister, Adelaide, who had followed him, and later obtained her admission into the convent of Bremgarten. Next he and his valet concealed themselves in the Alps during four months to allow the Terrorists to consider him as dead. Both were disguised and had to live on thirty sous a day.

Leaving his hiding place, Louis tramped to the college of Grisons, at Coire, and under the assumed name of "Corby" applied for the advertised vacancy of "usher and grinder in mathematics." The director examined him as well as the other candidates, but Louis Philippe obtained the berth. He lived nearly one year in the college, where he taught Geometry, History, French, English and German. He gained the esteem of the head master, and was offered the private tuition of a student, whose father was a mortal enemy of the Orleanists. Offer declined, and the disguise maintained. On leaving, the principal of the college gave him a certificate, attesting his talent and exemplary conduct. That "document" is framed and hangs now in Chantilly. Louis Philippe was at the college from 1793 till the middle of 1794, when Robespierre was executed. Then he made himself known to his friends and lived in a very humble cottage, as Duc d'Orléans, in Switzerland; with his sister, Adelaide. He had a painting executed, and which is in the possession of Duc de Nemours, his eldest son, representing himself giving lessons as Professor Corby, at Coire college. In 1795 the Duc d'Orléans sailed from Hamburg for America; he was joined at Philadelphia by his two brothers, Duc de Montpensier and the Comte de Beaujolais; they all agreed never to separate again, and never did. They lived as exiles in England. In May, 1807, the Duc de Montpensier died in London of consumption, aged 31. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where the epitaph sets forth the deceased was "received with great hospitality by the English nation, and now reposes in the Asylum for Kings." In 1817, when living as an exile in London, the Duke of Sussex, as President of the Schoolmasters' Society, invited Louis Philippe to the