

a hundred bridges" in the beautiful England we all love so well. For my part, there is so much monotony in our long water-trips, land trips, across-the-continent-trips, that I often look forward with dread to the coming and the going, which precede and follow after all our much vaunted summer excursions.

As many Canadians visit England now annually, and as many more look forward to doing so in the future, may I venture upon a few suggestions as to ways and means, also the places to be visited? Different tastes, other pursuits will intervene of course, and my suggestions are only a few among many, but they may not come amiss to those who incline to the less beaten track, who aim not at being placarded tourists, but amiable and enthusiastic worshippers. Do you recollect what Lord Bacon says of objects to be seen during travelling in a new country? "The courts of princes . . . the courts of justice . . . the churches and monasteries . . . the walls and fortifications of cities and towns, and so the havens and harbours; antiquities and ruins; libraries, colleges, disputations and lectures, where any are; shipping and navies, houses and gardens of state and pleasure . . . armouries, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, burses, warehouses, exercise of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and robes, cabinets and rarities, and to conclude, whatever is memorable in the places where they go."

Illustrious Lord Bacon, who has condensed it all for us into one long but succinct period! Can one—a poor paragraphist, a humble column-spinner—improve upon it? Scarcely, and yet one or two things come before my mind's eye so distinctly, so assertingly, as I write, that I will even apologize to my Lord Keeper of the Great Seal and touch lightly upon them.

I think that among England's myriad monuments, there is not one more wonderful nor impressive than Stonehenge. Yet the average tourist rarely sees it. Indeed, I have reason to know that a great many travelled and well-informed people, who would scorn to be named in the same breath as the average tourist, do not think of going to see it. But it thrives all the better for their neglect. May the day be long distant when Salisbury Plain shall be gay with improvised booths and floating flags! Because of its solitary grandeur and its unparalleled dignity, I put it on the same plane as Niagara. People talk and book-makers write such hackneyed stuff about England's being "just like a garden," all tied up into hedged squares, and enamelled meadows, complaining of the lack of breadth and grandeur. It is because they only see it from the window of a railway coach, that they talk and write thus. Go to Salisbury, hire a fly, and man, of course, to drive you, and try whether the great horizon-bounded expanse of the treeless Plain, and the magical appearance against a distant gray or orange sky of those hoary stones be trivial or not. Yes, see Stonehenge, by all means.

Among cathedrals I suppose Canterbury is the most historically important, but then everybody goes to see Canterbury. Choose one not so generally known. I will tell you of one which is every whit as interesting and beautiful, and that is Wells. You do not hear very much about Wells Cathedral because of the comparative remoteness of its location, but it is one of the most striking and picturesque of all England's great churches. There you will see the quaintest little towns (I bought a very handsome pair of piano candlesticks there, by the way, of a pattern ecclesiastical enough to satisfy Pusey himself, and which pleased me better than all the ones I had seen in the London shops) with the ancient waters or gutters still running by the sides of the streets, with a real moat and draw-bridge, and the great white facade of the cathedral looming up snowy and spectral. Then the beauty and delicacy of the superb inverted arch, the delicious shady walk along the moat, the gardens of the green, green Close and the summer-house where one of our sweetest hymns was written. I do not think one could name a more typical corner of Old England than this venerable minster and its picturesque surroundings.

The quality of the shops in these tiny towns, too, is a source of wonder to tourists. In Bath, for example, there are really notable shops full of first-class articles which tempt even the London eye and hand—although far be it from me to call Bath a tiny town. But I went from Wells to Bath by some indolent transition, suggested, I think, by the fact that Swinburne's wordy effusion lies open upon my desk. You know it, I suppose.

Girt about with beauty by days and nights that creep
Soft as breathless ripples that softly shoreward sweep,
Lies the lovely city, whose grace no grief deflowers.
Age and grey forgetfulness, time that shifts and veers,
Touch thee not, our fairest, whose charm no rival nears,
Hailed as England's Florence of one whose praise gives grace,
Lander, once thy lover, a name that love reverts;
Dawn and noon and sunset are one before thy face.

Well, the average man will see little of all this if he go to Bath, but he may see, if he go there, a fine abbey, and one of the finest Roman remains in Great Britain. I see the colour of that green water yet, and the pale green stains on the stone steps leading down to the apparently eternal fountain!

I regret very much that I did not see, last week, the representation of Tennyson's "Idylls," as the characters we all know so well passed along the city streets in full panoply and accoutrements. To have seen a Toronto Lancelot and Arthur, possibly a Parkdale Guinevere, and

a Grand Opera House Geraint, would have assisted so greatly in the proper comprehension of these noble poems. I missed the procession, but I read an account of it next morning "in the papers." We must give the palm to Toronto for intellectual appreciation after this. We have no Canadian heroes, of course, no Canadian history to celebrate, or anything like a nationality to express, so we fall back upon the Arthurian legends. So fitting!

A REMINISCENCE OF KABUL—1842.

FROM A DECEASED OFFICER'S JOURNAL.

NOV. 1.—How cool and refreshing is the evening breeze after the sickening heat and anxieties of the day. As I turn the leaves of this journal each evening, it often occurs to me that some one else may speak the epilogue. Well—*che sara, sara*, as friend Avitabile says. I suppose we could hardly be in worse plight, at least if the engineer-in-chief is to be believed. Sir William Macnaghten has again and again declined better positions, and for some inscrutable reason has refused the Commissariat a place within Cantonments. What criminal folly! and just to please a crafty native prince.

Nov. 3.—In spite of our worse than bad position we all think that with prompt action we can be extricated. But with the usual tardiness and blindness which has cursed us throughout the campaign opportunity is allowed to slip by, and we, if I mistake not, shall realize the old school proverb, *Horæ pereunt et imputantur*.

Nov. 4.—The furies are on our track to-day: about 15,000 Afghans and Afridis have occupied Fort Muhammad and cut off Warren with the Commissariat from the Cantonments; unless relief is sent at once Warren and the stores will be lost. 7 p.m.—Warren has gallantly fought his way in; all the stores are lost.

Nov. 5.—M— led a storming party of his Jezailchis this morning against Fort Muhammad, took it, but was obliged to retire through the overpowering numbers of the enemy. In the storming of the Rickabashi Fort an incident has occurred which will show the Afghans the temper of a British soldier. The stormers of the 44th regiment missed the gate and therefore set to work to blow in a side wicket into which Col. Mackerill and a few men forced themselves. Suddenly a body of Afghan cavalry charged the remainder and a general *sauve qui peut* ensued; the few inside the fort were slaughtered, and Lieut. Bird and another officer retreated into a stable, the door of which they barricaded. There they stood at bay, probably for twenty minutes, keeping up a deadly fire, and when the fort was taken by the reinforcements the two were discovered grim and deadly in death having only five cartridges left, but surrounded by thirty-five dead Afridis.

Nov. 22.—Little thought that I should ever pen another line. Constant fighting for the last 18 days; attacked Behmaru, but to no purpose except to employ the men.

Nov. 25.—On 23rd, Shelton's brigade again attacked Behmaru as our supplies are drawn thence. For some inexplicable reason instead of assaulting immediately he formed his brigade in squares exposed on the brow of a small hill to a galling fire for seven hours. No wonder the men lost heart. About noon the fire became so hot that Col. Oliver ordered a charge, but not a man would follow him. Shelton tried in vain to induce them to fix bayonets. In the middle of it Afghan cavalry charged the square and the latter broke. The field artillerymen died at their guns like heroes. Shelton rallied his men with difficulty but wouldn't retire, whereupon it is said Oliver shrugged his shoulders, saying, "There'll be a general run to Cantonments immediately and as I'm too fat to run, I had better get shot at once." He exposed himself and was hit almost immediately, and mortally. The square then broke again and had it not been for gallant Colin Troop dashing to Cantonments for a body of infantry and a mountain train, a general massacre would have ensued. Even plucky old Elphinstone, sick as he is, went out to endeavour to rally the men. Some one or other is constantly performing a feat of individual heroism. On 23rd a sergeant named Mulhall, of the Bengal Horse Artillery, with six gunners and his gun was cut off from the retreating brigade. Seeing their plight they limbered up in a trice and dashed down hill at a gallop cutting their way by sheer impetus and audacity through a crowd of at least 2000 Afghans. Four of them were desperately wounded and are dying; the gun is safe.

Nov. 27.—Pottinger and Haughton have just come in from Charekar in sad plight. For eight days they defended the fort, but at last the Mahomedan sepoys mutinied and attacked Haughton while Pottinger was asleep. Haughton's wounds are terrible—right hand cut off, shoulder and left arm gashed, and all the muscles on left side of neck severed so that his head hangs forward on his right breast. The sepoys then deserted in a body. At night Pottinger mounted and placed Haughton on a horse with two faithful servants, one on each side, to hold him up and a cushion under his chin to support the head and in this plight they have come 40 miles as the crow flies. A gallant bugle-major who was too badly wounded to travel said he would crawl to the bastions and sound the morning bugle to deceive the enemy around, in which he must have succeeded.

Dec. 10.—Matters seem to be drawing to a climax. Akbar Khan has been in constant communication with Sir William Macnaghten, and has proposed a conference. It is rumoured that Akbar is having difficulty with the different

Sirdars* and wishes to conciliate Sir William. One never knows how much to believe when an Afghan speaks.

Dec. 26.—All is arranged; Akbar and Sir William are to meet outside the city. Akbar offers to allow the British to remain eight months longer to save their honour (forsooth), and the "Feringhis"† to subdue the other tribes and then to evacuate the country of their own accord. For this precious piece of treachery he wants † 40 lakhs of rupees down and 4 lakhs annually during life. It sickens one to deal with such *canaille*. Sir William has actually consented and has signed a paper to that effect. I don't feel assured as to the result of all this.

Written 14 months after, on being released from captivity.

About noon on 27th December, Sir William, Captains Trevor, Lawrence and I set forth on that fatal expedition. We had arranged that two regiments should be kept under arms with two field guns. It is curious that as the Envoy approached the great gate he remarked that death seemed preferable to the anxious life he had hitherto lived. I do not think, however, that he had any suspicion of Akbar's treachery. At the gate Sir William remembered that he had promised a charger to the wily Sirdar and sent me back for it, and on rejoining them I found that the field escort had halted, and the envoy, with Trevor and Lawrence, had advanced towards the fort of Muhammad, the scene of so much desperate fighting. At this time we were about a quarter of a mile from the bastions. Here were some hillocks, and on these carpets were spread, the snow being light, and Akbar, who had arrived with a considerable retinue, sat down to converse with poor Macnaghten. I felt a queer kind of presentiment and it was with great reluctance I dismounted and sat down to talk with an old acquaintance of mine, an officer of the Kabul native police. Just then I heard Akbar ask Sir William if he were ready to carry out his agreement of the night preceding. Sir William replied, "Why not?" Some commonplaces followed and Akbar commenced to handle a pair of pistols given him by the Envoy. Meanwhile Lawrence had pointed out that contrary to arrangement we were gradually being surrounded by armed men and the Sirdars affected to drive them off but Akbar shouted in Pushtu, "No matter; they know all." On turning round to speak to my Kabul acquaintance I heard Akbar yell "Bigir—Bigir" (seize, seize) and wheeling rapidly beheld him grasp poor Macnaghten by the left arm, discharge rapidly both pistols into his body and dragging him down the hillock by the aid of another Sirdar sabre him with a tulwar. Trevor was cut down instantly. Lawrence was dragged roughly past me and had it not been for my native friend I had not been alive to write these words. All was over in an instant.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MAPLE LEAF.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—It is now said that the Maple Leaf was adopted as the Canadian Emblem in 1860. I find the enclosed "Lay" in the Canadian Annual, "The Maple Leaf," for 1849.

SUBSCRIBER.

Toronto, July, 1890,

O beauty glows in the island Rose,
The fair sweet English flower,
And Memory weaves in her emblem-leaves
Proud legends of Fame and Power!

The Thistle nods forth from the hills of the north
O'er Scotia free and fair,
And hearts warm and true and bonnets blue,
And Honour and Faith are there!

Green Erin's dell loves the Shamrock well!
As it springs to the March sun's smile,
"Love, Valour, Wit" ever blend in it,
Bright type of our own dear Isle!

But the fair forest-land where our free hearths stand,
'Tho' her annals be rough and brief,
O'er her fresh wild woods and her thousand floods
Rears for emblem "The Maple Leaf."

Then hurrah for the Leaf—the Maple Leaf!
Up, Foresters! heart and hand;
High in heaven's free air waves your emblem fair,
The pride of the Forest-land!

GLADSTONE AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR—II.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In my first letter hereon in THE WEEK of July 4th, I showed that it was reasonably certain that the fact of Gladstone's father having been a slave-owner, and also himself having in parliament stood up as the champion of the slave-owners, for what he then called "honourably and legally acquired property"—and heatedly denouncing as "excessive wickedness any violent interference" with slavery—greatly influenced his opinion on the Civil War and led him to side against the North. Of late years there has been a growing disposition in the Old Country, mainly brought about by that politician who has raised falsehood to the position of one of the fine arts, to misrepresent or deny the plainest facts. It has been contested by some that Gladstone's father was a slave owner and received, as such, compensation on slavery being abolished.

Although the average paid for the 800,000 slaves—men, women and children—was £25 per head, yet in some

* Tribal chiefs. † Europeans.
‡ \$1,500,000 down and \$200,000 per annum.