

the lead of Professor Goldwin Smith! Loyalty dead, patriotism smothered, she would be a spectacle to the world.

But that loyalty is not dead, nor patriotism smothered, witness this Society. If the past were nothing to us, we should not be here. Nor could we cast our eyes on every side only to have them rest on other societies, all bent on the same generous end as ourselves! Our hearts are strengthened, our hands cheered, when we know that every Province in this wide Dominion boasts an historical society that is gathering and has gathered from our past, records of enduring value, and has laid them up in our archives for further service as guides, beacons and landmarks—records which are the food of loyalty and the drink of patriotism.

What a land would Canada be with no historic points to which we might direct the eyes of our children! Where would be the source of our honour? With what face should we look in the faces of other nations?

Is there a spot on this wide earth where patriotism does not find a home? No island in the warm Pacific but gives its quota of patriots—men ignorant, rude, of strange habits, if you will—but they will fight for the land they love like the heroes of Lacedæmon—or shall we say, of Queenston. Not an icy peninsula within the Arctic or Antarctic circles but will furnish a patriot, if it furnishes an inhabitant.

Patriotism is the soul of national life and we are not to be told by any philosopher whose liberality is so exalted that he recognizes no nation as distinct from another that we are not and never can be a nation. *We are a nation*, of that nation that is at the head of the power, the civilization, the piety of the world. England is Canada, and Canada is England, and our youth may not forget that Canada will be whatever they like to make it.

Nor does there seem to me any means by which the high sentiment of patriotism may receive fuller exposition than these societies of ours, the Historical Societies of the Dominion of Canada. The last issue (Nov. 14) of our excellent illustrated periodical, the *Dominion Illustrated*, contains matter that is sufficiently demonstrative of the work that such societies can do because it shows what has been done in one or two notable instances. The sketch of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, the president being Sir Adams Archibald, gives a list of papers of a most important character that have by its means been added to the historical literature of the country.

And another sketch in the same issue of one of whom we are all proud as a cultivated and patriotic young Canadian, the compiler of "Songs of the Great Dominion" and the author of "The Young Seigneur," Wilfred Duouw Lighthall, who I am sure you will be glad to hear was born in this your rising commercial city of Hamilton, gives another list of equally valuable papers contributed to the Society for Historical Studies of Montreal. I believe Mr. Lighthall is sponsor to that Society, which, however, was not the first of its kind in that literary centre Montreal. The Ormstown and Chateaugay Historical Society owes its inception very much to the same patriotic spirits.

Then I need hardly cite to you the highly valuable lectures by Captain Ernest Cruikshank on the various battle-fields of 1812 on the Niagara Peninsula, that were delivered before the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, and since published by them, together with some other contributions made at various times to the anniversary occasions that that Society regularly celebrates. The transactions of the York Pioneer and Historical Society have long been known to you identified as they are with the names of Dr. Scadding, D. B. Read, Q.C., and others. The Canadian Institute, the Toronto National Club, are further examples of much important national and historical work being called for and done, which would otherwise have remained unaccomplished.

I am sure that new as your society is, you have already received and put on record much historical information that you would not lightly give up, and its members will not willingly be outstripped in ardour of research, industry of collection, and careful preservation of the rich treasures of past times which lie so thickly around this historic district. There is much of interest only waiting to be recorded. I learned while at Grimsby for a day or two during the summer that the part of your beautiful mountain range that shadows that delightful little village was the site during the war of 1812 of a beacon signal between Niagara and York. What anticipations cluster about that bit of news! How we long to have a record of the messages flashed between those two great points during the war.

And I was told that Sir Allan McNab and a number of Hamilton gentlemen, members of a forgotten society, something like this, used to go to the mountain at Grimsby every 13th of October, and commemorate the victory of Queenston Heights. Can nothing be done to put on record those events?

Then again from that small place I procured the loan of a treasure, a document faded and yellow, containing the names in their own handwriting of the first subscribers to the first English Church built there. The first of those names is that of Abraham Nelles, a name of note with us even to day.

Thus I beg to indicate a little to your younger members whence history may be gathered. Patriotism is the key that will unlock these treasures, and I am happy to stand to-night among so many who already hold that key to Canada's greatness in their hands.

THE TRAVELLERS.

THE moon ascends so fair, so bright,
Follows her a page from far,
A pretty page in silver clad,
The little evening star.

I, too, am on the road, and I
Have not alone to go,
The star goes with the radiant moon,
With me go thoughts that glow.

Hurry along, thou radiant moon,
The pensive night to greet,
I, too, will away, away to throw
Myself at my lady's feet.

E. M. PHELPS.

LONDON LETTER.

THE illness of Prince George of Wales and the hurried return of H.R.H. the Princess from the Crimea is the great topic of conversation. The Prince is supposed to have caught typhoid fever when visiting his brother, the Duke of Clarence, at the Dublin barracks. These barracks have been condemned two or three times by the sanitary authorities on the ground of their unhealthiness, but while so much money is expended on new uniforms and extra buttons and braid, there is none to spare towards the alterations necessary to preserve the large garrison always quartered in the Hibernian Capital from a most dangerous malady. Dublin itself has the credit of being one of the most unhealthy towns in the British Empire, and its ordinary rate of mortality is higher than Bombay or Madras. The part of the Liffey which runs through the city is like an open drain, and most people put their pocket handkerchiefs to their noses as they hurry past it. The increased difficulty there is in recruiting poor Tommy Atkins ought to make us the more careful to preserve him when he is caught. Some years ago there was an outbreak of typhoid fever in the Portsmouth barracks, caused entirely by arrangements so defective that they would not have been tolerated in a private house.

The long continuance of fog and wet weather this month seems to have brought back the influenza, and from Annandale in Dumfriesshire to Land's End in Cornwall, the always damp west coast seems to be particularly afflicted with it. The clergy and dignitaries of the Church are especial sufferers. The Dean of Lichfield, long an invalid, is supposed to be dying, and that energetic man, Dr. Selwyn, Bishop of Melanesia, has been compelled to send in his resignation, owing to ill-health. Dr. Popham Blythe, the English Bishop in Jerusalem, has also resigned, owing to his differences of opinion with the Church Missionary Society, the great patrons of English Episcopal work in Syria. In consequence of several Episcopal resignations lately, the venerable Bishop of Liverpool has given out that he means to remain in his diocese as long as he lives, and not to entail on his successor the expense of his retiring pension!

A lady, lately returned from the Canadian North-West, is trying to stir up some interest in the Episcopal Church there by addressing various meetings in the provinces, on the subject of Canadian emigration and mission work. The Archdeacon of Durham is going about with an engagement for every night till Christmas to open up the purses of his hearers for contributions to the work among thousands of Hindus, Hottentots, English settlers and Arabs in South Africa. And how many other missions are always with us; the great town missions above all. Truly a great English millionaire need never look round to know how to expend his money. It is spent for him in theory, directly his presence in a neighbourhood has become known. Yet with all this zeal in Christianity, the semi-educated lower middle-class is daily becoming more involved in scepticism, and the favourites just now are the un-Christian Jews, for whose migration from Eastern Europe, we are called upon to assist in heart and purse. When Prince Bismarck turned 6,000 Polish Jews out of Prussian-Poland some years ago, the London papers said he had high state reasons for his act. So the press always bows before a powerful man. But we do not recognize these high state reasons in the case of Russia and Roumania. We should, however, remember that a paid Canadian immigration agent was diverted from his duties by Baron Hirsch, who is now employing him on his newly bought estates in the Argentine Republic; and that a complaint was sent to Regina by a British consul in Roumania, that this agent was carrying on very doubtful transactions among the Jews there. We cannot trust all we read in the papers, as news of Eastern Europe always comes to the London press through wire-pullers in Berlin and Vienna. The Emperors of Austria and Germany wish that England would weaken their too powerful neighbour, and want to get up a quarrel between them; and an Austrian official has assured the writer that his Government keeps several supernumerary clerks in the Foreign Office, whose sole business it is to write to the Austrian, German and British press, news and articles which need not necessarily be true, but are what the Austrian Government wishes its own and the foreign public to believe to be truth. Certain it is when in Russia I have seen news of riots and movements of troops which nobody in the most gossiping of countries has ever heard of, and the

Emperor has been reported never to leave his palace when we saw him every day in the Newsy Prospekt far less guarded than Queen Victoria would have been.

C. L. J.

London, Nov. 21, 1891.

ROAMINGS IN CLASSIC MASSACHUSETTS. III.

AT CONCORD.

"COME to Wayside! Come at once; prepared to stay." In order to understand how welcome was this telegram, the uninitiated reader must be informed that "The Wayside" is Hawthorne's old home at Concord, closely associated with his later life, and that its present mistress—herself a charming authoress, and the wife of a popular publisher—is one of the most hospitable of hostesses and efficient of *cicerones*. It may easily be believed, therefore, that the above summons was readily and gladly obeyed. Accordingly, an early train next morning bore us again out of Boston and across to East Cambridge, from whence we glided swiftly out into the pleasant pastoral country that lies between Boston and Concord. We rapidly pass green fields, wooded hillsides, silvery streams, bowery villages with their multitudes of outlying villas trimly kept and bright in summer verdure. Wild roses and alder cluster thickly by the sides of the railway, and the white blossoms of the *seringa* scent the balmy air. It is only an hour's ride to Concord, even by the accommodating "local," which draws up every two or three miles at little wayside stations with names suggestive of rural repose and seclusion. As the train stops at last at the neat station at Concord, we find a carriage waiting, which quickly carries us through the quiet, leafy, little town, over the mile and a-half of smooth turnpike that lies between the station and "The Wayside." At its hospitable door we receive a warm welcome, which makes us feel at home at once in this pleasant abode, standing, as its name implies, so near the "wayside," that only a little bit of greensward, shaded by a stately elm, divides the entrance from the road. "Here," said Hawthorne, "while still comparatively little known, I sit by the 'wayside' and wait." The house, unpretending still, in rustic simplicity, reminds one, in its rambling exterior and its innumerable stairs and passages, of an old English farmhouse. The original plain frame house, with low-ceiled rooms and cottage windows, was at first the property of Mr. Alcott, and here the four "Little Women" lived the happy child-life, with its mingling of fun and pathos, which one of them has so vividly made to live before the eyes of so many other "little women." We are ushered into their large, commodious sleeping apartment, with its deep, wide closet and ample space, in which stands Hawthorne's dressing-table, and several other relics of his occupancy, all severely plain in comparison with the luxurious appliances of to-day. Hawthorne's own sleeping apartment is a room of similar size, on the opposite side of a passage opening on a pleasant little balcony which commands a charming country view across rich green fields to the elevated ridge of woodland which bounds Walden Pond—itsself, however, invisible from hence. The newer portion of the house is, of course, much more modern: the lower flat containing, besides Hawthorne's library and little "den" behind it, a pretty music-room papered in part by his own hands, opening now on a wide side verandah added by the present possessor. The verandah looks out on a sloping semi-circular lawn, beyond which rises a sloping bank shaded with pine and hemlock, which ascends in a winding fashion to the densely wooded ridge close behind the house, extending on both sides for a considerable distance. Along its brow runs a pathway, worn in the moss and tangle of huckleberry vines, which Hawthorne used to pace for hours, working out the subtle creations of his unique imagination. Here, too, is an old forked pine, on the divided boughs of which is a rude platform reached by a ladder which was his favourite and congenial resting place. The spot described in "Septimus Felton" as the scene of his fatal passage of arms with the British officer, is close by, among the pine and spruce that clothe the ridge. In fact, every inch of ground here is associated with Hawthorne. Close by the verandah is the bed of lily of the valley, still flourishing and carefully tended, which he planted; and his "den," and the tower which he built to work in, are left almost exactly as when he used them. The "tower" is a plain, square apartment; two of its windows looking into the mass of foliage that surmounts the ridge, while one looks across the fields towards Walden. The ceiling is frescoed—apparently in views typical of sea and mountain scenery—possibly the work of Mrs. Hawthorne, who possessed considerable artistic skill. The double wooden standing-desk, let into the wall, at which he was accustomed to write, the chairs, tables, and cupboards have been left undisturbed. Here, if anywhere, the *genius loci* ought to live and inspire the busy and happy writer who develops her own bright fancies under the shadow of this great name, in an atmosphere that seems saturated with its memories.

But a carriage is waiting, in which our kind and enthusiastic hostess means to take us to see some of the most interesting spots in this classic region. Her powers as a *cicerone* will not be disputed by any reader of her charming little book, "Highways and Byways of Old

* "Highways and Byways of Old Concord." By Margaret Sidney, D. Lothrop Company.