““THE LENNOXVILLE MAGAZINE.

A LORD OF THE CREATION.

PART III.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE week after Miss Kendall's arrival, Mr. Hesketh did not leave his bed, and the doctor came to see him three times a-day. Much of the peculiar character of a "house with illness in it" began to be perceptible in Redwood. And although Caroline was not as yet definitely anxious about the illness, she felt the subduing influence of its presence; and something of the staid quietude of nurseship already chastened the ring of her voice and the buoyancy of her step. When the patient was asleep, or resting, and she went into the park for a ten minutes' breathing-space, she felt her loneliness profoundly. Poor child! she had never felt lonely before, though her whole life, so far as companions of her own sex and age were concerned, had been especially solitary. But *now*, the constant cry of her heart was, "O, when Vaughan comes home! And Vaughan will be here to-morrow."

And to-morrow came, and was to-day. Through the long morning Caroline kept by her uncle. He was slightly better, felt stronger, and himself proposed to get up, and sit by his dressing-room fire. And in the afternoon, Caroline left him there, very cosy and cheerful, while she went up to Beacon's Cottage, for a walk, and to see Miss Kendal, and—unconscious instinct!—to occupy the remaining time till Vaughan should arrive.

It had been a soft, cloudy day, and now only faint reflections, rifts of pale light, shone here and there along the horizon. A gentle mournfulness was regnant over the time. The autumn tenderness spoke with more than eloquence to Caroline's heart. She lingered on her way, stopping many times to look around her, and to listen to the quiet sounds that made the silence felt. Faintly whispering, the leaves fell fluttering round, as she passed along the slope of the hill, where oak and beech grew stately and fair. Lower down, in the valley, the little tricksy stream

was rippling and bubbling. Caroline could see its silver light sparkling through the tangle of greenery that partially concealed it. The long, flat meadows of the valley were flowerless, and their verdure faded; one or two cows were lowing plaintively, with their heads over the hedge, looking out, in wistful fashion. Beyond, the long belt of pines shut in the picture. They rose, dark and inexorable, against the vaporous, colourless sky, and a cloud of rooks was gathering above them, with a loud noise, that in itself appealed almost as much to the eye as to the ear.

Beacon's Cottage stood on a hill among hills. The country just there was broken into abrupt dells and steep ascents, like stormy waves of a great sea. On winter nights, the wind held festival among those hills; crashed among the fir-trees, careered fiercely about the treeless moorland, and wailed round the white cottage, with arrandah and trellis, told mockingly of its summer warmth and luxuriance. The green garden sloped down towards the woody valley, where, even in the dark days of cold and withering blasts, there was ever a little nest-like oasis, as of well-protected innocence and peace. It seemed to smile, now, on Caroline, as she stood within the garden, on the breezy slope, looking around her. Very low down seemed the happy nook, very lofty appeared the hill on which she stood. The clouds seemed nearer than the valley, and the air, which had been so still awhile before, on this height thrilled and tingled as with stronger life.

Unheard by her, one of the long windows which looked out on the garden was deftly unfastened and opened. Miss Kendal came behind her, and spoke over her shoulder.

" You have found your way, then ? That says well for the invalid. He is better ?"

Caroline nodded.

" You are a good child to give me a glimpse of you. And what do you think of my castle? It's a nice place, is n't it?"

" I like it. I should like to live here, I think. It is pleasant to feel at the top of things—like this."

" Do you feel that dignity? Is n't it rather a cold one, after all? Come, I want to show you over the place. I'm proud of my new character of housekeeper, know. First, let us walk round the garden."

So they walked round, Miss Kendal talking the while, rather more continuously and more trivially than she was accustomed to do. Something in Caroline's face told, perhaps, that she would sooner be listener than speaker. And, in truth, the young girl's heart was throbbing tremulously between a certain depression and joyful haste of expectancy, that made it hard for her to keep within the narrow centre-way of self-possession.

"The children are out walking with their nurse, or you should see them. Perhaps you will, meantime, be interested in this handwriting." And she showed her the letter she was twirling between her fingers: a letter directed to herself, in the careful, delicate caligraphy chiefly practised by French ladies. "That is Blanche's writing. She tells me that the aunt with whom she stays during her brief sojourn in London is planning all sorts of gayeties for her. A bad preparation for our quiet life on this hill-top, I fear."

"O, I hope not," was Caroline's mechanical reply.

Her eyes were wandering wistfully towards that point in the landscape where at this moment a curling cloud of steam, and a rumbling sound, as of swift motion, betokened the course of the railway. Miss Kendal took her arm, and twined in within her own.

"You must come in-doors now, and see the wonders there. Furbish up your stock of admiration, my dear. I like my properties to be appreciated."

Thus she went on, and made no allusion to the flushed cheek and unquiet manner. And when, presently, Caroline restlessly talked of going back—"she must go back--it was getting late—she must go quickly" —Miss Kendal quietly put on her bonnet and shawl, and prepared to go with her. She probably saw, though she took not the slightest apparent notice of it, the momentary start and glance of troubled deprecation with which Caroline received her voluntered companionship on her homeward walk. But she made no remonstrance, no objection, and they walked on together—through the pine wood, down the hill, and along the broad path on the slope that led to Redwood.

Twilight was closing in as they reached the house. Caroline looked eagerly round, and for the first time suffered her lips to unclose on the subject whereof her heart and soul were full.

"Vaughan is to be here this evening. The train comes in before six, sometimes." She called to a servant who just appeared at the gate which led to the stables, and asked him, "Had the phaeton been sent to the station?

"No, miss."

"How is that?" Caroline turned on the man, sharply. Look and gesture both expressed for the moment an almost fierce displeasure. Only for the moment; instantaneously she came to herself. "I desired it might be sent at half-past five o'clock, Robert.

"My master sent word it would not be wanted this evening, miss. He had a letter from Mr. Vaughan by the afternoon post, to say he was not coming to-day."

"O, very well."

And Caroline unclosed the hall-door, for Miss Kendal to enter, and walked in after her. Also, she made some remark about the pleasantness of the warm atmosphere within-doors—a remark comprising more words than she had uttered consecutively during the afternoon—all the while feeling as if her heart had left off beating, it had fallen so heavily and blankly *down*. She stood by the hall-fire a minute, looking into the cheery dancing blaze, and saying something about it to Miss Kendal, who had seated herself beside it.

"Won't you sit down too, my dear?" was all the latter said.

"Yes; only I must go up and see my uncle. You 'll wait till I come down again? Will you go into the study?"

"I'll wait here," Miss Kendal cried after her, as she was going, and on an instant was gone.

Characteristically quick and decided of movement was Caroline Maturin; the peculiarity was specially observable now. Miss Kendal looked into the fire, in her turn; she muttered to herself some words.

"I knew he would n't come; I felt sure of it. And my poor little girl, whom I can't help a bit."

But from that point her thoughts were silent. Caroline was absent some little time. At length she came flying down the stairs. The very rustle of her dress was eloquent of some glad emotion—very different to the restless excitement of a little while before. Miss Kendal glanced at her face; it was rosy with the sweetest, tenderest flush, her eyes were glistening with the softest dews.

"Can he have come, after all?" the governess thought to herself. But no. Caroline did not at first even mention his name. All she said was to beg Miss Kendall would stay that evening. Her uncle felt better and would be glad to see her. She dispatched a servant to Beacon's Cottage with a message, and then led her up stairs into her own pretty dressing-room, to doff her walking things. Miss Kendal marvelled as to how soon the change would be explained; but Caroline was mute. Once, indeed, she half-unclosed her rosy lips with a certain shy smile that seemed indicative of a coming revelation; but a second thought held her silent.

It was not till they were all seated round Mr. Hesketh's fire, that Miss Kendal's well controlled curiosity met its reward.

"Vaughan is detained in town by the illness of a friend," said the old gentleman. "He is a good fellow that lad, after all. And he is coming —when is he coming, Caroline, my dear? What did your letter say?"

"Next week. On Thursday or Friday," she said colouring with the consciousness of Miss Kendal's quick glance.

And that lady was thinking to herself, "bless me, did a letter do it all then?"

* * * *

Eight days passed rather strangely. Mr. Hesketh's state fluctuated, with such a slight decrease of daily strength, that it was almost imperceptible. Caroline was entirely unprepared for the grave cautionary reply of Dr. Barclay, when one morning she asked him, "How soon he thought her uncle might come down stairs as usual? To-morrow?" (For this was on Thursday.)

"I am afraid not—I am afraid not my dear young lady," said the physician, kindly. "It is imposible to say: we will hope. But Mr. Hasketh is a very old man, and"--something in Caroline's face made him hesitate, before he finished his sentence—"we must be careful to do nothing hastily."

And so he left her; and she stood still, gazing out of the window by which she was standing, but seeing neither field nor tree, nor clouded sky. Could the doctor mean —— ? No; she thrust the thought from her. There is something in the spirit of a hitherto unclouded youth which makes such things as decay, old age, death, utterly incomprehensible at first. So though the thought fluttered near to her, ever and again bringing a strange chill, and a breathless sort of feeling, too vague to be even called a doubt, Caroline would not, or could not, place the possibility before her. She was more bewildered than anxious—more perplexed than definitely alarmed.

The intercourse between Redwood and Beacon's Cottage had been for the last two or three days limited to notes and messages. Caroline had been unremitting in her duties as nurse, and Miss Kendal had "commenced lessons" with the children, and was well occupied. For an hour on Friday afternoon, the governess found leisure to come and see her old pupil. Though it was only a brief visit, she had time to notice how pale and worn the young girl was beginning to look, how heavy her eyes, and how languid her whole bearing became, the instant she relaxed the tension of determined energy which it was part of her character to maintain while there were things to *do*. She mentioned nothing of what the doctor had said. Some curious instinct, perhaps, made her fear to give substance to her own phantasmal thoughts, by communicating them to another. But Miss Kendal hardly needed an interpretation of the girl's changed tone. She could guess the reason. It touched her to see that not even the expected arrival of that evening could quite clear the clouds away, though the sunshine broke through once or twice, as a chance word sent the thought up from the depths where it was treasured so dearly.

" I expect Madame de Vigney by this evening's train," said Miss Kendal as she left. " I shall bring her to see you very soon ; you are to be great friends, you know."

Her encouraging smile, her cheerful tone, bore their effect. Caroline smiled back again ; but it was a smile that set Miss Kendal musing, as she walked quickly home.

" There is something more than anxiety stirring that child's heart ; something quite unaccustomed to her thoughts is, little by little, finding place among them. I know it."

And perhaps she was right. Yet Caroline herself, if not absolutely unconscious of a mysterious, impalpable cloud somewhere, would never have recognized whence it came, or in what it consisted. The face of the world was dimmed ; but where hung the mists that subdued its brightness ?

Very impalpable were the mists as yet, and very easily to be dispelled. That night, about seven o'clock, they all vanished at the mere echo of a sound—Vaughan's step in the corridor, Vaughan's hand on the latch of the study-door. There stood Caroline beside the fire, before which was drawn closely the white-clothed tea-table, in waiting for the traveller.

He strode into the room. The first thing Caroline noticed, in the midst of her blushing joyfulness, was how cold and tired he looked.

" I am tired," he admitted, " and cold too. Winter seems coming fairly upon us. How pleasant the fire looks."

And he bent over it, rubbing his hands sedulously, while Caroline was happily busy in making tea, and giving orders for certain refreshments to be brought in, which she had planned beforehand for his delectation. No clouds now on the girl's heart or face, as she made her arrangements with blithe officiousness, placed his chair, and gayly offered her finger-tips to lead him thereto.

He flung himself into the chair, and wearily and languidly began to eat.

" Dear Vaughan, how worn out you look ! Tell me — is your friend ——"

She felt ashamed for not having thought of his friend before, and hesitated.

" O, he is quite right now—has been getting better daily," said Vaughan, hurriedly. " And—and everything is all settled—quite right. You need not be uneasy," he added with a brief glance, that made her blush, as she remembered for the first time the whole of the circumstances connected with his departure. " I wish you had as good news to tell *me*," he went on ; " I am completely dismayed to hear of my uncle's continued illness. I was not prepared——"

"You know I wrote and told you," said Caroline gently. "And he is better now that when I wrote that letter."

"It was quite impossible for me to leave town *then*," he rejoined, with a curious, sharp discontent in his tone. It startled Caroline; she looked at him, inquiringly. "I am really grieved—I am uneasy about my uncle," he said; "and you too?" He glanced at her for a moment. "You look pale and fagged; you have been overtasking your strength."

"O no; I am very well," she answered cheerily. And then, with the true woman's instinct of consolation, and the true woman's foolish, fond, narrow-minded way of judging that to be the sweetest consolation to him which could be dearest to her, she crouched on a footstool at his feet, and took his hand. "All will be well, now you are come home!" she murmured.

He leaned his head upon his other hand, and said nothing. She was perhaps the more content that he did not overwhelm her by any of the caresses with which he had been wont to respond to the faintest indications of fondness on her part. It was her nature to be rather restless under demonstrations of tenderness in general. If she missed them now, it was without any painful sense of loss; and besides her heart yearned over him, wearied and troubled as he looked, it had room for little else.

"I shall see him to-night?" was his next question.

"O yes; he expects us both, after tea. But you must not look so sad, dear Vaughan. He is stronger to-day; the doctor says so."

"My dear Caroline," he replied, with a sort of uncontrollable irritation, "You must remember, if I have not quite your philosophy, I have more at stake. He is of my flesh and blood."

Her eyes, of painful wonderment, were more reproachful than many words. He seemed to feel them so; he stooped, and kissed her forehead.

"I am unhappy about him. I have never known him seriously ill before. Forgive me, I can't think of anything else."

Forgive him? What had she to forgive? It was only natural, and good, and noble, that he should be grieved so much as even to be unreasonable and hasty. And the thought came upon her with a pang, of the cruel injustice she, even she, had rendered him, when two days ago, she had vaguely, very vaguely thought, that his duty to his uncle at Redwood should come before his duty to his friend in London. She had a royal munificence of soul, which never rested content with simply correcting an error. She must be lavish of that which she had withheld.—She must bestow all the treasures in her store to make up for h[illegible] been unduly careful of them. So now, the treasure of her love [illegible]

—of her confidence supreme and unquestioning—spent itself on this silent, gloomy Vaughan Hesketh. There was no test which her trust would not have withstood, just then. His silence, his gloom, were only natural—only called forth the more her tender wish to comfort and to cheer. Therefore she talked on as she had been used to do when his looks gave fond reply to her free, artless prattling—when his gay laugh, his caressing tone, had told of his own delight in listening. Now, he leaned his head upon his hand, and only an occasional glance or brief ejaculation attested that he heard. Once he broke in with an abrupt question.

"You have had no visitors, I suppose, at Redwood?"

"Two or three called, but I did not see them. Miss Kendal has been."

"Of course she has," muttered Vaughan, between his teeth. Then he seemed to plunge into deep thought, from which he roused himself as if by an effort. His face took a gentler expression, a smile began to dawn. "And how is Miss Kendal?" he asked.

"Very well indeed. She seems very happy at Beacon's Cottage, with her little pupils."

"I am glad to hear it—I am very glad to hear it," pronounced Vaughan, settling his feet on the fender, and folding his arms meditatively. Caroline looked up, surprised and glad, but said nothing. "I have heard some things of Miss Kendal," he pursued after a pause, "which have greatly altered my opinion of her. Whilst I was in London, I happened to meet a—a person who knew a good deal about her."

"How strange! Ah! Vaughan, I'm so glad."

He did not look at her, though her eyes were raised to his face, with their rare, dewy lustre shining in them. He was gazing fixedly into the fire.

"But who is the person?" was her next question. "Who is it that knows Miss Kendal?"

"Why I happened to meet at a friend's house a Madame de Vigny."

"O, I know!" cried Caroline in glee. "She is a niece of Lady Camilla Blair's. She is going to stay with Miss Kendal at Beacon's Cottage. She was to arrive by this evening's train."

"She has arrived," said Vaughan, after a moment's hesitation. "She travelled in the same carriage with myself."

"Did she? How very pleasant! O, Vaughan, you can tell me all about her. What is she like?" And Caroline drew her little stool closer to the fender, and arranged herself in an attitude of pleased attention, resting her elbow on her knee, her chin on her hand, with her alert look raised to Vaughan's face. "What is she like? Tell me all about her."

"All about her! How do you suppose I should know 'all about her' in this little time?"

"Well, I mean all you know. Is she pretty?"

"Yes—I believe she is thought so," said Vaughan, stirring the fire, till the blaze forced Caroline to retreat to a more respectful distance.

"Is she old?" was the next question.

"Old! What do you mean?" he exclaimed, with a hasty glance at her

"I mean, how old is she?"

"I did not ask her."

"But she is not a girl? She is older than I am?"

"Very possible."

"And is she pleasant—intelligent? Shall we like her, do you think?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," he said with some impatience; "people's tastes differ so much."

"Then, do *you* like her?" said Caroline, smiling at his caution.

Her smile seemed to annoy him. He rose from his chair abruptly.

"O, I like her very well. Don't you think we may go to my uncle's room now?"

So they went. Caroline must perforce reserve her questions for some future opportunity. It did not occur that night. After an hour's desultory conversation with the invalid, Vaughan retired to his own room. As he bade Caroline good-night, he whispered to her, "I'm so wearied, dear, I hardly know what I'm doing this evening. You must pardon!"

Pardon was radiantly smiled on him. "Poor Vaughan! Dear Vaughan!" was her comment to herself.

CHAPTER IX.

Vaughan was certainly less "tired" in the morning, as it was only natural and to be expected that he should be. He was vivacious, conversational, gay. If his vivacity was somewhat restless, and his talk more like a refuge from uncomfortable silence than a spontaneous flow of words, Caroline did not detect it.

"Carry, we must go for a walk this morning. I long for a ramble through the pine wood again!"

"This morning? O, I am so sorry! Did you not hear my uncle beg me to be with him this morning? Indeed, I always sit with him till our early dinner hour."

"And so the best part of the day goes. And it is such a pleasant day, too."

He was veritably beginning to view things *en couleur de rose.* It was

a heavy, sombre-clouded November morning as ever dawned in sluggish mists.

"In the afternoon——" began Caroline, wistfully.

"You forget, my dear, that in November there is no such season as 'afternoon.' No; a walk on the terrace is the utmost you'll get after two o'clock."

"You must have your ramble alone, then. It's a pity, I should have liked it so much."

"I'll tell you what I shall do. I thought we would go together; but it will be quite as well for me to get it over by myself. I'll go and call on Miss Kendal."

"Ah, do!" she cried, eagerly, delighted at his voluntary proposal. "Take her my love, and say I shall come to see her, and make acquaintance with Madame de Vigny, to-morrow, if I can. Perhaps, though, they would come here this evening."

"O, don't ask them," said Vaughan, hastily; "let us at least have our evenings to ourselves."

"Unsociable!" smilingly she answered. "If you would only give me a proper description of the stranger lady, perhaps my impatience might be controlled. But you are as vague and unsatisfactory as—as an oracle."

He glanced at her. She was laughing, in utter simplicity; and he laughed too.

"Well, then, I'll go, and entertain you at dinner-time with an account of my adventures—shall I?"

"That will be charming! I must go to my uncle now. And you will be off to Beacon's Cottage soon, I suppose? Good-by!" She was going.

"Stop!" Vaughan cried. She lingered. "I say," he began, with a curious hesitation, "shall I—shall I have to endure the ordeal of—of congratulations and so forth up there? Do they know——"

She coloured, perhaps because he was looking at her so earnestly.

"I told Miss Kendal," she said, uttering the words quickly, as if not without effort. Vaughan looked away, strode to the window with his hands in his pockets. However, the next minute he laughed lightly.

"What a fool a man is sometimes! Why should I care? What would it matter to me if all the children in the parish ran after me, calling out, 'He's going to be married!' Eh, Carry?"

"I should say it would be unpleasant, at least. I don't think you need fear any such *éclat*. My uncle did not wish it—our engagement," bravely spoken out, "to be talked over by the neighbourhood; and Miss Kendal, knowing his wish, is the last person to mention the fact again."

"Like himself, like *yourself* too, Carry!" cried Vaughan, with a won-

derful flashing of satisfaction on his face. He caught her hand, and kissed it, opened the door for her to pass out, and waved his hand to her, as she went up the stairs.

He went back into the dining-room; he stood, with folded arms, looking, not *seeing*, out at the window, with his brow knit, his mouth compressed, in very evident complication of thought. Only for a minute or two, however. Then he was off, walking rapidly along the broad hillside path, under the forlorn boughs of the almost wintry beeches, with the low sullen wind wailing round, and the stern clouds in huge masses looming weightily overhead---on to Beacon's Cottage.

The wind, which was deep-mouthed and heavy, as with a subdued malignity, in the valley, was fiercely astir upon the hill. It swung the pine trees, it shook the crackling oak branches. It came about Vaughan like an enemy who would fain repel him from the gate of that breezy paradise.

MORITURUS.

I.

It is a little thing to die,
To lose one's breath some morn,
And lay this earthly casket by,
Of all its splendour shorn.

II.

And one with tender hands shall close
With care the vacant eyes,
And one shall plant a simple rose
Where sad remembrance lies.

III.

And one shall raise a marble stone
With letters fair to see—
"Death slew not this true heart alone,
His arrows murdered me."

J. FREDERIC.

THE HON. THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE, M.P.P.

Part I.

> "His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mingled in him, that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, *This was a man!*"
>
> Shakespeare.

FAR away from that glorious, but unhappy Isle, where he dreamt away the bright fleeting hours of his childhood; far away from the home of his dearest hopes, of his highest aspirations; far away from the green church-yard where the white ashes of his revered parents lie clasped in the friendly embrace of the land of their birth; in the new world, far over the sea, in the land of his adoption, high up on the sunny side of beautiful "*Mount Royal,*" which, sloping towards the far-famed St. Lawrence, laves its foot in the limpid waters of the majestic river, overlooking the beautiful city of Montreal; where for years his voice was the most potent, his smile the most friendly, his influence in all that was most noble, patriotic, and good, was most felt, sleeps the greatest orator, statesman, historian, the best, the truest friend, counsellor, and guide of the Irish race in America. His grave is bedewed by a young nation's tears; his memory lives, and shall live in that young nation's heart; his name and fame will cast lustre on the pages of her history, and his life labours will stand forth as an example worthy of emulation to future millions.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee was not descended from a long line of noble ancestors, no human power or patent secured to him a noble name or hereditary estate; he was simply the son of an honest man, and a true good woman, and the patent which ennobled him was the gift of God himself. He was born at Carlingford, Ireland, on the 13th of April, 1825; his father was at that time employed in the coast guard service, in which he continued to the time of his death, which took place about three years ago (1865); his father's name was James McGee. While stationed at Belfast he made the acquaintance of and married Miss Dorcas Morgan; they removed, in a short time after their union, to Carlingford, where the subject of our sketch was born. Both on the father and mother's side, Mr. McGee was descended from families remarkable for their devotion to the cause of Ireland; his mother's grandfather was one of the most active men of the rebellion of 1798, as was also his father's brother; and with the exception of his father, all the men of the families on both sides, were "united Irishmen." During the time of that dreadful rebellion, the grandfather of Mr. McGee's mother was for a long time

held a state prisoner; and although he escaped with his life, all his property was swept away, and the family in consequence became impoverished, but not to such a degree as to prevent the mother of Mr. McGee from receiving a very good education. She was a woman of unusual refinement, and of deep religious feeling; her great object was to instill into the minds of her children their duty to God, first, and next to instruct them in the rudiments of a sound English education. An Irishwoman in heart and feeling she impressed on her first-born son, that undying love for Ireland which clung to him throughout his life. In 1833 Mr. James McGee was ordered to Wexford, and there in that year he lost his wife. Thomas D'Arcy was then only eight years of age, but so well had his good mother laboured to improve his mind, that at that tender age, although he had never spent a day at school, he was very far advanced for a child of his years, not only in the rudiments of learning, but the substantial foundation of a moral and religious education had also been laid in his youthful mind, and those lessons learnt in his early childhood at his mother's knee, impressed on his memory by his good mother's example and precept, were never forgotten in his after life. Amid the storms and whirlwinds of revolution and party strife, amid the trials, pleasures, victories, disappointments and dangers which marked his most eventful career, his mother's early lessons of piety deeply impressed on his child's heart with her smiles and tears, were ever present to his mind, and influenced, in a marked degree, the conduct of his whole life. After his mother's death Thomas was put to school, and, it is needless to say, was remarkable for the ease and rapidity with which he mastered his lessons and outstripped his comrades in the various branches taught in Wexford school. Mr. McGee never had a regular classical education; his father could not afford him the opportunity from his very limited means; and a man endowed with less talent than him, would never, with the scanty means of acquiring knowledge at his command, have risen above medicority, but great minds burst the chains which would confine lesser ones, and freeing themselves, soar far above the slavery of circumstances, of birth, and opportunity, and in their flight upwards scatter lessons of wisdom which tend to improve mankind and to illustrate the power of the Creator. Select the greatest names recorded of the rulers, instructors, or benefactors of mankind, those names which belong to no one nationality or creed, but which are the common property of the human family; the brightest lights of civilization, the great moralists, the good Samaritans of our race; the great reformers of the world, the great discoverers; those men who have almost annihilated time and space, and rendered the earth, the air, and the waters, the slaves of man, those philosophers who have,

as it were, turned nature inside out in their researches after all that is useful, profitable, or instructive; and you will find that their Oxford or Cambridge was a hill side, a workshop, or a garret, their library the great book of nature, fresh from the hand of the mighty printer, who has impressed on its pages all that is instructive, lovely, awful, or sublime, their instructor, the spirit of omnipotence, before which all that was earthly in their nature became subservient to the God-like principle implanted in their souls and among their fellow men; they become the chosen instruments of God to advance and exalt the human family.

While still a boy at school Thomas became a member of a Juvenile Temperance society, established by Father Matthew in Wexford, and he soon became a prominent member. Never, in all his future glorious career, did the statesman or orator, feel the same glow of pride that he did as a boy, when the great apostle of Temperance patted him on the head and praised his first effort at public speaking, before a large audience at a temperance meeting. The ice was broken, the unlocked treasures of his great mind began to pour forth, and the boy orator charmed his fellow members with his speeches in the cause of temperance during the following three years—so that his earliest efforts were devoted to the advancement and happiness of his fellow-men. Who can say, may not the bread thus cast on the waters, in his early youth, have returned to him after many days. During the y ears '40, '41 and '42 till he left Ireland the speeches of "*little Tommy M'Gee*" were looked forward to as a great *treat* at the temperance gatherings in Wexford, and he had advanced the cause of temperance very greatly by his fresh youthful eloquence. Although only in his 17th year, young McGee had already begun to feel keenly the hopeless condition of his country, he had heard all the most celebrated Irishmen of that most exciting time speak on the position and hopeless prospects of his beloved country, he was an anxious spectator of the great Repeal movement, and could scarcely curb his strong desire to plunge into the wild excitement of the day; for his dreams were of his country, her advancement the great object of his life, to achieve some victory for her his greatest ambition. Soon he became convinced that there was no prospect of his hopes being realized by his remaining at Home. What then! must he leave HOME? must he leave IRELAND? the very thought was dreadful, the struggle long and hard; his sisters, his brothers, all! must be left behind; but while the brave boy was struggling with his feelings, the finger of destiny was waiving him onward to the future field of his labours, of his victories, imperceptibly but steadily he was impelled forward; within his breast was a mine of wealth with which to enrich future generations, but the ore must pass through the refining

process of hard experience to rid it of the dross of local prejudice and inexperience which incased it; the Laboratory of the Great World must be employed to prepare the glowing youth for the work before him; he must first pass through the ordeal of hopes deferred, and plans, the offspring of impetuous youth and inexperience defeated. The hour for his departure is at hand, with a bursting heart he kneels at his mother's grave, how fervently he prays for guidance and strength, how solemn must have been that moment, and yet even in that solemn moment **IRELAND** is uppermost in his mind, her cause as he then understood, or rather misunderstood it, is the great object uppermost in his heart, and then at that moment the most deeply solemn of his life, he pledges himself to devote his life to the cause of his country. The last kiss to his sisters, the last embrace to his brothers is soon given and with his sorrowing father's blessing for his safety, he embarked for America on the 8th day of April, 1842.

What the feelings of that young Irish boy were as he stood on the ship's deck and saw his idolised country fading from his view, cannot be felt by any one of a less warm and enthusiastic nature, one great object however, upheld him, consoled him, for his present severance from his country and family. Was he not sailing to that land where Liberty had permanently erected her **THRONE**, was he not speeding to America to breathe the pure air of freedom under the magic influence of that glorious flag studded with stars, which proclaims Welcome, Protection, Liberty and equal rights to the down trodden (White!) millions living in slavery in the worn-out monarchies of the old world. What bright dreams, what glorious visions of the flowery future fill the ardent mind of the young enthusiast during the voyage to America. Dream on boy, enjoy your bright dreams while you may; too soon alas! your aerial structures will be shattered into splinters, and as you stand amid the sad, hard realities of *Nativeism*, *Know-nothingism* and anti-Irishism, striving to stem the seething current of illiberality, bigotry and injustice which threatens to overwhelm your countrymen and co-religionists in the *Land of Liberty*, you will weep over those happy visions of your boyhood, and repent the generous but rash impulses of your youth and early manhood.

It is a strange coincidence in the life of Mr. McGee, that although he left Ireland for the United States, he passed through Canada on his way thither, and often, in conversation with the writer has he described the deep impression made on his mind by the magnificence and grandeur of the scenery of the river St. Lawrence as he sailed up to Quebec, his astonishment on visiting the fortifications of the Canadian Gibraltar, how favourably he was impressed with the appearance and prosperity of the

city of Montreal, how often has he not laughed at the deep regret he felt that so splendid a country should be subject to the hated power of Great Britain, and its population crushed under the "IRON HEEL" of the oppressor of his race—the boy was still dreaming.

Passing through Canada he went on to Providence, R. I., where he met a hearty welcome from his aunt. After spending a few days with her he started for Boston and arrived there a few days before the *fourth of July*, 1842.

The glorious fourth, in Boston, burst on the mind of the young enthusiast with all its grandeur of music, firing of guns and noisy display, and as he stood and heard the "*orator*" of the day deliver his fixed speech, after the reading of the Declaration of Independence before the assembled multitude gathered in front of Faneuil Hall, he was so carried away by the glowing description of the Freedom and equality secured to the down-trodden of the world by the constitution of the United States, that after the speaker had concluded, the boy orator mounted the front of a cart and poured forth such a stream of fervid oratory and honeyed eloquence as produced a marked effect on that great multitude. For over half an hour the sea of upturned faces listened to the youth and drank in the soul-stirring words as they fell from his lips; the applause which greeted him was most enthusiastic, and he who stood in that vast multitude a short time before a total stranger, unknown and friendless, at the close of his first effort on American soil found himself surrounded by ten thousand friends. Who is he? was the question asked from one to another, but none could tell. "Oh!" said one in the crowd "he is a little curly headed Paddy!" "I wish to God, then" replied another, "that such little curly headed Paddies as that would come to us by whole ship loads, any country may feel proud of that youth,"—the man who last spoke is the present General B. Butler, and he himself related the circumstance above mentioned, to the brother of that "little curly headed Paddy," Col. James McGee, when they met on the field during the late war.

On the morning following the fourth, young McGee before starting on his return to R. I., entered the store of the proprietor of the "*Boston Pilot*" to purchase a book to read on the way, and was immediately recognized by the proprietor, who asked him if he was not the young man who had spoken the day before. Mr. McGee replied in the affirmative; a conversation ensued, which led to his being offered a position on the *Pilot;* he accepted and entered on his new duties at once. During the following year he was engaged as travelling agent and special correspondent, and while so occupied he had the opportunity of lecturing in all the principal places which he visited, and although so young, his eloquent and masterly

manner of handling his subjects, won the admiration and applause of thousands. At the end of the year he had so impressed the proprietors of the *Pilot* with his ability, and had so materially advanced the interests and character of the paper that he was offered the position and engaged as editor jointly with the late Mr. Walter J. Walsh. Now indeed commenced that brilliant career as a journalist which soon placed him in the highest and foremost rank of the "fourth estate" on the American continent. His writings were fresh, brilliant and telling; his pen soon became the dread of the enemies of his country and race in the United States; his boyish dreams were melting away before the heat of *Republican Liberty*, before the illiberality of Know Nothingism, before the cant and hypocrisy of Puritanical New England. Who, having read his articles published in the *Boston Pilot* of that day, does not remember the deep impression they produced on the public mind? Those were the times when the *Pilot* was looked upon as the great exponent of Irish views; it was read in every part of the United States and British America as an authority on all matters connected with the interests of the Irish people, and on the great questions of the time. Repeal, in the columns of the *Pilot* was advocated and defended in a most masterly manner, and the enemies of the cause detested, whilst the Repealers, the whole Irish people in America read it with enthusiasm and clung to its teachings as to Gospel truth. Mr. McGee still found time to deliver lectures on a great diversity of subjects directly or remotely connected with Ireland and the advancement of the Irish cause, and nothing more conclusive need be said as to the great success which rewarded his efforts in that most difficult career, than to state the simple fact, that he was hailed by all parties as one of the most popular lecturers of the day—that day when such men as GILES held vast audiences in charmed admiration, when BROWNSON spoke to men's souls and held thousands spellbound with his profound subjects. It was in fact the very strongest test of the young lecturer's eloquence and ability that can well be imagined, and he proved himself equal to the occasion, and established a name as a lecturer, which will *live*. In the meantime Mr. McGee's fame as a journalist had extended far beyond the reach of his voice as a lecturer; in the heart of Great Britain he was not unknown, his writings were read and discussed in the clubs, and the leading men of the day looked to the columns of the *Boston Pilot* for authority on the Irish question as viewed in America. Yet dearer to the young Irish exile's heart was the knowledge that in the capital of his beloved home, his efforts were known, felt and appreciated; at the Repeal meetings the great chief O'Connell referred to them with pride and gratitude as the "inspired writings of a young exile Irish boy in America."

And in the home of his heart's best devotion the name of Thomas D'Arcy McGee was greeted with cheers by his countrymen. The great Repeal meetings in Ireland gave the government of the day a great deal of uneasiness, while Daniel O'Connell was looked upon with aversion if not with actual dread. At his call thousands and tens of thousands could be, and often were, assembled at any given point to hear the greatest and most successful political agitator the world ever saw. Monarchs and kings can command with the force at their disposal, the attention and submission of their subjects; but Daniel O'Connell's tongue was the only force at his command, and such was the power with which he weilded that two-edged sword, that with it alone he controlled millions of people who had faith and trusted in him; and such was his influence that he could at any moment lead to the field of battle a million of his people; such was not his object nor did he ever, during his long political life, even recommend any other course then that of peace and recourse to legal measures only to secure the great object of his labours. It is needless to say that the government was anxiously on the watch for an opportunity to get rid of O'Connell at least for a time—if they could not manage to send him *away for life*, this being the desire of the government. The government does not take long to make an opportunity; and as was to be expected, O'Connell would be tried; he would be convicted, as a matter, of course, the government of that day in Ireland knew well how to manage Jury trials, and he would be imprisoned. The news of his probable imprisonment aroused the deep indignation of all classes of society at home and abroad; it was an admission of weakness on the part of the government. The news sped far and wide, and whilst a cry of despair, at the probable loss of their leader, arose from the hearts of the millions of Irishmen at home, the cry was taken up in America by the Irish there, and backed up by the hypocritical Republicans who pretended friendship for Ireland and Irishmen, while they were in reality only striving as the mortal enemies of England, to madden their Irish fellow citizens or if need be to their own destruction, to satisfy personal hatred of Great Britain. On none did the sad news fall with a greater force then on our young Irish editor in Boston. At all the public meetings, he spoke with deep feeling, whilst his burning condemnation, in the columns of the "*Boston Pilot*," of the outrage attempted to be offered to his great countryman, and to the cause of which he was the life and soul, produced a most profound sensation. Its effect was not confined to the United States and British America; it was deeply felt in Great Britain and Ireland, the leading men of the day read it with attention. So deep was the impression made on the mind of Mr. now Sir John Gray, who

was at that time at the helm of the "*Freeman's Journal*" in Dublin, so struck was he with the power and force of the arguments used, so elated at the deadly effect of the bitter sarcasms and pointed home thrusts launched at the government of the day, that he immediately wrote to Mr. McGee, offering him a position as Editor of the "*Freeman's Journal.*" What joy to the heart of the young Irish exile—his country calls for his assistance. Now must soon begin to dawn the day of her prosperity, for surely the darkest hour of her history is the present.--Her legal rights trampelled under foot, her only legal means to regain those rights denied her, whilst her greatest champion is sought to be consigned to a prison—his only crime being that he dared to exercise the rights and privileges of a British subject and to claim at the foot of the throne, for himself and for his country, those rights which are secured to every British subject, by English law. Yes, I repeat it, in no other country are the rights of the subject more thoroughly secured than in England, but I shame to say it, English law was perverted by Irish officials, and the country groaned under the unnatural pressure of her miseries. Here was a glorious work for young McGee, to assist in relieving his country. Mr. Gray's offer so flattering, was gladly accepted, and bidding adieu to America and his thousands of friends the youthful Journalist, not yet twenty, sailed for his native land in 1845.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE INSIDE AND OUTSIDE.

I do not remember whether the "Country Parson" wrote an essay upon this subject. I have not read all of his essays, and if there is one of them "Concerning being on the outside," the reading of it is a pleasure for some future "spare hour." Yet I think it very likely that he did tell us, in his own agreeable, companionable way, making us feel all the while as if we were listening to the voice of an old friend, what he thought about this difference. I think it almost an impossibility for him not to have talked to us about it. For the contrast could not fail to present itself to his rambling eye; and from that moment until the clear-cut type lay before his readers, every step in the progress is not only conceivable, but, the man being what he is, is even necessary to his logical existence. Certainly if he were at this moment where I am, he could not help hugging himself and saying half aloud, "Aha! what a jolly thing it is to be on the *inside.*" For on the outside is raging the dismalest, bleakest snow-storm that I have ever seen. It has been raging

now for two days, and it has all the vigour of youth yet. We Canadians know what snow-storms are. I have been lost in a snow-storm, and so I ought to know something about them. And yet, I have no hesitation in saying that this is a fiercer storm than any I remember. It is every way, in intensity and in duration of intensity, the very worst. I went to sleep on Sunday night with half-pleasant intentions of a drive of twenty-five miles on Monday. For when I drove home to my little cottage from afternoon service at the neighbouring village of Markham, an hour's distance, the beaten snow in the roadway was as smooth as a pavement. And I thought to myself that even if I had to drive so far to a public meeting on the next evening, yet with such roads the discussion of the great question of Narrow *vs.* Broad-guage Railways might safely be postponed until the spring thaw. But I awoke before daybreak, and—how or why I know not—there came into my mind a sort of half-recollection that there had been in the air of the evening before that dim feeling of something else being there which so often turns out to be snow. And when I awoke again, at daybreak, it did turn out to be snow. And wind, too—wind and snow. And now it is growing late on Tuesday, and they are still here. And the wind howls down the chimney. And the snow has been busy blocking up the windows, so that I can see only through patches of the panes. And every now and then a blast that seems fiercer than any before it carries a drift full against the darkened windows, and for the moment I can hardly see the paper. From where I sit I see the road, and there have been four living beings on it, and no more, since Sunday. Yesterday a poor cow, that had strayed from some barn-yard, followed by her calf, floundered through the snow until she came to the pine that grows by the gate, and there she took shelter and stood between her calf and the wind, until hunger drove her onward. And this morning two boys struggled, with shouting, through the drifts.

And so I say, "Aha! it's a good thing to be on the inside." Here, in my carpeted, curtained and cushioned study; here, in the room that is known as "*my* room," the fire is puffing and crackling, the water on the little shining stove is singing a low song and steaming gently away the wood-box is full-piled, and there need be no stint of fuel; my writing-table, which I had to move because of the snow-choked windows, is brought a little nearer to the fire, and all that keeps in my mind the outer bleakness is the hearing of the wind in the cavernous chimney, and the seeing of the snow piled close against the panes. It is strange that these two links with the outer wretchedness are just what binds me more closely to my comfort. They do not make the comfort greater, and yet,

without them it would not be so great. They add no element to the situation, and yet, but for them, the situation would not be what it is. The fact is, they are useful for increasing the consciousness of the situation. To speak metaphysically, their *objectivity* influences my *subjectivity*.

Unconsciously I have in these words expressed one of the deepest phases of the relation between the Inside and Outside. For, put in ordinary words, it simply means this, that certain things apart from me, outside of me, and existing without respect to me, influence, not things in my mind, things on the inside of me, but the very Inside and Inner part of me, the thinker. When I sat down to write this essay, I did not intend to make it metaphysical, but I am afraid I have caught myself in a verbal trap, and I begin to wish that I were *on the outside.* For this very question is the centre and critical point of all questions. This relation of the outer and inner is that from which all heresies of thought or of action, from that of Eve downwards to those of Strauss and Renan, and those of idealistic Hegel and materialistic Comte, have had their origin. Materialism and Idealism are but different sides of the same question. What but this question was at the root of the School controversies of the Nominalists and Realists? And did it not lie at the bottom of the great revolution of the world's thought which began in the latter part of the 15th century? What was the doctrine of Papal indulgences, which was the prick that the German monk kicked at, but a question as to the relation of the Inner and the Outer?

It is nearly two months since the foregoing part of this essay was written. I had to put it aside, and then other matters came up and I did not feel in the proper essay-writing humour. And I hold that it is unjustifiable in a writer to obtrude upon the public what he has written when out of the humour of composition. For he is giving forth what is not of the best quality of manufacture; and no one has a right to detain the world with what is not his best. The world has too much to do, too much to learn and unlearn, to justify dallying over inferior matter. Time spent over what may be very good, but with better within reach, is time wasted, and relatively, if not absolutely, thrown away. So I waited until I should be in the humour, and then, as often happens, the humour found me just when some professional occupation prevented its indulgence. Here was a difference between the inside and outside—a difference which we see in every step and grade of life, with gentler or sterner manifestation. All of us, at some period of our life, have a consciousness of a contest between our mental inclination and tendency, and the external circumstances which circumscribe us. Many of us live in

an atmosphere where this opposition is at its height, and never during life suffers abatement. The lives of many are nothing else than one long conflict of nature and circumstance. I have seen wild-flowers springing up and blossoming from under a bank of snow—the vegetable heat of growth thawing the snow, and melting a little circle through which the flower bloomed forth. There are men who are surrounded by influences as blighting as this of the snow, and yet we find among them, and not rarely, the fairest flowers of human nature. There are men who, receiving a cultivation as of thorns, yet bear fruit of grapes. The history of our fathers in Britain owes many of its proudest pages to men who cut their way out of opposing conditions. And our own Canadian names are names raised up by their bearers from positions of obscurity. Where this has been done there has first been an inconsistency between the inner man and the outer limitations of his life. And from the struggle to adjust the relations between them, the man has risen into ever-rising and ever-widening limitations. He has developed by natural course into greater growth, and is still bound to circumstances as before, only with expanded relations.

But it is not only in the case of great men that there is an inconsistency between our circumstances and our spirit—every one in the world knows by his own experience something of the matter. And what makes the struggle more harassing is, that we carry the elements of it in ourselves. The twofold nature of man results in a dualism of life. I shall stop short on this part of my subject, or I shall find myself writing a sermon; and though I have no doubt it *might* be a very good one, yet a good thing out of place is as bad as a bad thing. Should any sufficient number of my readers, however, send me a requisition to preach to them on the religious aspect of the relation between the inside and outside, I shall cheerfully comply with it; but in the meanwhile I shall act on the well-worn maxim, "a place for everything and everything in its place."

If this maxim were only adhered to with greater strictness, mankind would gain immensely. When, for example, we see a man who has no qualifications for the office other than zeal and volubility, put into the Christian ministry, we need expect nothing but mistaken efforts. The man is not in his right place, and he will do things out of their proper place and time, and, quite unconsciously, he will create around himself antipathy and difficulties. I remember, some years ago, meeting a man of this class. I was on my way from Montreal to Toronto, on the steamer Champion. In the evening, after most of the passengers had gone to their berths, I sat down by myself at one end of the cabin, and, as I happened to have a Greek Testament in my pocket, I began to

read. I noticed a man in a black coat pass down the cabin, and some moments after, when puzzling over a Greek construction, I was astonished by a low voice at my ear repeating "Novum Testamentum Græcum." And before I could recover from my surprise the man had quietly taken the book from my hand, and had looked to the fly-leaf for the name of the sinner he was about to convert. Having seated himself near me, he began a conversation which my readers may easily imagine without any repetition of it by me. The man, I am sorry to say, turned out to be connected with a mission for converting a class of people distinguished for their politeness and good breeding. My regret was increased by the reflection that, if during his intercourse with them he had been able to profit so little by their native good-breading and fine taste, he was very unlikely to be well able to impart to them more correct notions of religious matters. And though the circumstances were not at all similar, yet, when I think of them, I cannot help recalling what the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" says in his last chapter, when speaking of Keble's beautiful poem, "The Rose-bud," ivth Sunday in Lent.

And this reminds me of the distinction which the Autocrat makes in the opening sentence of his book. "All minds," he says, (I quote from memory) "may be divided into two classes, the arithmetical and the algebraical. The first consists of all those whose thoughts are occupied only with facts and their obvious relations; who reason thus: $2+2=4$. The second consists of those who are capable of abstract thought; whose reasoning might be represented by the general algebraic formula $a+b=c$." By a like method, I might say: all men may be divided into two classes: those on the outside and those on the inside. But, unfortunately, it may be objected that *outside* and *inside* being only relative terms, it will sometimes, nay always, happen that the same man, from different sides, will occupy a different relation. Every man is on the inside and outside at once; and then, what becomes of my division. Thus, to refer to the example already given—the man, when seen from the point of view of those like him, was inside; but viewed from the standard of gentlemen he was a snob and outside.

And the boundaries which hedge in the gentleman are, in different men's minds, of most differing sorts. There is a degree of vagueness about them which imparts to them much of their solemnity and effect. It is so nearly impossible to distinguish some men as gentlemen from others very like them, who clearly are not gentlemen; and, on the other hand, it is so very hard to refuse as not gentlemen, some men out of others, very like them, who clearly are gentlemen, that we become inclined to one or other of these alternatives, either extravagantly to give the

boundaries their widest extension and admit all, or else, over-fastidiously to deny the claims of all until we have fitted them to our exacting measure. But what will be this measure? I know certain men who have been measured and accepted by the holding of the Queen's commission; and there are few of us who do not know some whose ticket of admission is a banker's balance. And there are thousands of human animals, of both sexes, who confidently present as their credentials the admitted facts that they have the ability and the will to devote themselves to the most effective mode of decking themselves with coverings and ornaments taken from other animals. And there are others whose entrance fee is simply the diligent devotion of their time and such wit as they have to the pursuit of amusement. These are the pledges that a false society exacts. Kid gloves and silk cravats are its badges; its most honourable pursuit the pursuit of enjoyment. A hard hand is a blot upon its escutcheon, an honest trade entails the loss of arms. He whose arm and brain are alike incapable of producing is a worthy member of society; and he who is most able to consume what others produce is most worthily preferred to the highest place. I trust that a higher standard than this will yet obtain in Canada. Give us rather the noble faith in valour, valour of will and word and work—valour against all foes within and without—valour for truth, and scorn for falseness, producing a reverent respect for all who are honestly what they are, and a pitiful contempt for cravens; give us the gentleness that does not wound, and the courage that does not shrink—the perfect manhood, which knowing its own place, is not afraid to keep it, which knowing the place of all others, is not ashamed to recognise it,—the truthfulness which makes a man's respect for himself of greater worth than the respect of others;—give us a man who possesses these and we will shew you a gentleman. As our good friend, Herr Teufelsdröckh, has somewhere remarked: "How strange it is that, in our reflections upon the human race, it so seldom occurs to us that men are *naked!*" By which our German professor would say: that the man is the man himself, and not the man plus the gilded, or the altogether ragged circumstances which surround his life. It is told of Burns that once, when walking in a street of Edinburgh with a fastidious young gentleman, he spoke familiarly to a rough-looking man whom they passed. His companion's pride was hurt, and he found fault with Burns for his unnecessary civility in public to a man of evident low station. "Hout!" said Burns, "you gomeril, I did not speak to his auld coat or his breeks, but to the man that was in them; and the man, for worth and true value, would weigh down you and me and ten more like us."

And yet, to pass from the quality of apparel, there will generally be effected a congruity between the inner man and the impression produced by his appearance. Shakespeare is not a copier of nature; he is rather, to those who know him most truly, the voice of nature herself. It cannot have been a desire for stage-effect; it can have been nothing but fidelity to nature, which has made him clothe so many of his characters in mortal circumstance exactly expressing their nobility and worth, or their slavishness and dishonour. It would make an inconveniently long list if I were to mention the names of the characters in the several plays whose personal appearance is as good as an index to the various qualities of which the characters are representatives. My readers will remember many for themselves. How striking the contrast between Hamlet's Father and his Uncle, in the celebrated passage, beginning

> "Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
> The counterfeit presentment of two brothers."

And in the opening scene of Cymbeline, Posthumus Leonatus is thus spoken of;

> "I do not think
> So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
> Endows a man but he."

In a comparison of Shakespeare's characters with the hints here and there given as to their personal appearance, there is large material for the study of physiognomy. Of course, all my readers will remember the minute inquiry the jealous Cleopatra made about the appearance of her rival, Octavia, so that she might form some notion of the kind and degree of influence Antony's new Roman wife was likely to exert upon him. And these are but one or two of similar passages which occur to memory as I write.

There is nothing which I am not at liberty to write about; for everything in the world being either outside or inside, my subject knows no limitations. I might have called it Things in General. This is the very paradise of modern essay-writers—to have found a subject about which they are not obliged to stick too closely; whose tether is long enough to allow them a large circle to browse in. For the essay-writer's mind in general is digressive. He should not be too long confined to any fixed course of thought—he should be allowed to follow the scent of all flowers that bloom within his fancy. He should, above all things have an eye for what has happily been called "the infinite suggestiveness of common things." And if he has, and has, further, a tongue for the infinite ex-

panding of the things he sees, then he will be a very prince among essay-writers. Had the essay been a fashionable mode of composition in the 5th century B. C., there would be no essays like those of Herodotus. Montaigne and Herodotus are lineal relatives. Of quite another kind are the essays of De Quincey, and yet what essays are there like them? I know nothing finer, in point of style, in what I have read of the English language, than some portions of De Quincey's "Essay upon the English Mail Coach: in three parts." The incident at the end of the first part, describing "the ever-memorable charge of the 23rd Dragoons, a regiment which an Englishman should never mention without raising his hat," (I give only my memory of the words,) and almost the whole of sections II and III,—"The Vision of Sudden Death,"—and "The Dream Fugue,"—are unequalled in English composition. And who that has read it will forget in a hurry the enthusiasm with which De Quincey, as an Oxford undergraduate, vindicated the right of the outside passengers to an equality of respect with the snobs who were shut up inside; and the gravity with which he strengthens his position by an appeal to the progress made through Pekin by the Celestial Emperor in a grand state coach presented by George III, to his imperial brother? A coach was a thing unheard of in China, a thing never before seen. The trappings of the coachman's box were unusually gorgeous; and this, besides, was the position nearest to His Majesty's relatives, the Sun, and the Moon. Clearly then, this was the seat for the Emperor. And for the driver? O, any place is good enough for a wretch of a driver, let him get inside. And so, the driver clutching at the reins with one arm through each window, the imperial pleasure party sets out—and very shortly returns, and celebrates a "Te Deum" in gratitude that the Emperor has not "died of the disease of a broken neck."

It is not always an advantage to be on the inside. A nation which has lived for a long period entirely within the boundaries of civilization is likely, on the whole, to fall behind. Its colonies will soon outstrip it in many of the essential points of manhood. There is a great deal of truth in the remark of the Bishop of Tennessee, mentioned lately by Dean Alford, "that the English nation is too civilized, that it should 'ride' two thousand miles with him in his buggy through the western prairies, that it wants a little *honest barbarism*." Taking this strong assertion with proper modifications, it is undoubtedly true; and, if true of the English people, who by their commercial and colonial relations have been in frequent contact with young and crude life, how much more it applies to other old world countries.

I remember reading, some years ago, a short poem by James Russel

Lowell. It was very touching. I do not remember it exactly, but so far as I can recall it, it was a scene in a winter night in one of our large cities. It was cold and blasting, and the snow fell pitilessly. Crouched on the door-step of a house in the fashionable and wealthy quarter of the city, was a pale and worn woman, thinly clad. Her face, when she raised it in the flickering lamp-light, was the face of a woman still young; and spoke of refinement and of beauty that were gone. Her large eyes were partly wild and partly regretful. And ever the snow fell pitilessly, and ever music and song and warmth streamed forth from the lighted windows. They, inside, had forgotten the beautiful young girl who had gone forth from them to follow through the world a villain swearing of love, and beloved even in his proved perjury. In the morning they will find her—there, on her father's door-step, dead,—dead in the snow outside her mother's home.

A. G. L. T.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.

A PLAY-FUL ELEGY.

The sun doth bid good night to heaven,
Lo! how his great orb sinketh low!
This eve the water is so even,
Oh! tell me, is't not even so?

The cloudy ships majestic glide
Along like floating worlds sublime,
They must come down at time of tide,
And so, of course, are tied to time.

The echoes of the druid cliffs
Growl o'er their progress as they go,
With rows of rowers in the skiffs,
The dull wave roaring as they row.

It is a noiseless evening, save
That the breeze breathes a low, faint whine;
And on the cliff the pine doth wave,
And underneath the wave doth pine.

And here the filmy bat doth float;
The hermit owl doth here complain;
The nightingale doth strain his note,
Oh! let us pause and note his strain.

With dubious progress the long stream
Through wood and mead doth stream along;
On yon old tower the wandering beam
Glides stone and wandering beam among.

God upon earth and sky hath graven
A picture for our love and wonder:
No thunder rolleth in the heaven,
But fair the Avon rolleth under.

And now to tinge the hills' high heads
The sun's last lingering beams do flee:
See what a glorious light he sheds,
As he alights upon the sea!

And twilight, in her dusky car,
Drawn by her stud of iron greys,
Comes slowly climbing from afar,
Where oft in a far clime she stays.

With brow so dark, and cheek so pale,
Just when the dying day is spent,
She comes, intent her rays to veil,
And in the vale to raise her tent.

The moon, too, rises in her car,
And all the air is dimly lit;
And lo! the evening's lit-tle star
Looks on the wave to star-tle it.

But mark what clouds do onward sail,
Till heaven is all wrapt up in cloud;
The winds are now allowed to wail,
And they begin to wail aloud.

They sweep the cliff with wilder shock,
Barred from the valley's sheltered breast;
And trees that rest upon the rock
They rock, but cannot rock the rest.

The ploughman comes with his *gee-whoa*,
So dusky now he scarce can see;
And o'er the cliff his horses go:
Then is his *woe* without the *gee*.

Now go we home, for now entrapped
Do wanderers chase the wisp so light;
And ghosts in vests of white are wrapped
To urge the steps of the rapid wight.

Then let us think where we have been
Mid scenes of beauty, love, and awe;
And write account of what we've seen,
And count aright the things we saw.

We saw the sunset and the sun,
We saw the sky, we saw the sea,
We saw the waters where they run,
The moon and little stars saw we!

We saw the bat, the owl, the tree
That bent its branches down to kiss
The river: pretty *saw-yers* we,
That saw so many things as this!

T. H. S.

ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY.—A LECTURE.

THE rudiments of most sciences as Mathematics or Chemistry must be taught to the student on his first introduction to them. But in History this is not the case: here are no rudiments, no definitions necessary, as well to be known as understood, before advancing further. History cannot, in this sense, be taught; the teacher has only to guide and to direct. And he must be content that every remark which he makes, every direction which he gives, shall be received, not like a mathematical proposition, as indisputable and only needing examination to be understood and its truth perceived, but as an opinion which may or may not be true, and which, even if true, has most probably been, and still is, impugned by many who have specious arguments to bring forward against it.

One chief obstacle to the study of history being part of the education of the young, consists in the practical passions and interests which it engages, and if this be the case in ancient history (when the state of society and of opinion was so far different from our own), in which the toryism of Mitford leads him to vilify Demosthenes, and the radicalism of Grote to defend Cleon, more especially is it so in the history of modern times.

To it nearly all the great questions on which men now most widely differ from each othe rproperly belong; and however much the lecturer may desire to avoid controversy, and to give with fairness and impartiality a view of both sides of any historical question, yet in the discharge of his duty as an expounder of history, he must necessarily express, or at least indicate, his own opinions, — opinions which some may consider erroneous.

The universality of history, if not a proof of its importance, yet exhibits the opinion of mankind in every age and in every nation respecting it. No tribe, however rude, is without some attempt at a history; the painted walls of Mexico, the poems of the Druids, the pyramids of Egypt, the mounds of the American Indians, all told tales of their ancestors to later generations, and reminded them of the past.

But not only is history of universal interest to every nation, but also to every single individual; for it is to this that all appeal. Theologians, politicians, philosophers, of every shade of opinion, advocating every variety of social or political theories, differing in all else, agree only in appealing to history, for it is "Philosophy teaching by examples."

To a nation in its collective capacity a knowledge of its own history is inestimable. The end of every political society or state, is to promote the highest happiness of the nation; and to do this, it must seek to preserve and to perfect itself, to preserve itself from dangers, whether external or internal, which threaten its destruction or dissolution; and to perfect itself, by the establishment of such laws and political institutions as may best conduce to the happiness of its citizens. But in order to do this properly a nation must know itself. Without this knowledge it cannot make any successful endeavours after its own perfection. It must know what its present state is, what progress it has already made, to enable it to perceive what further advance it has to make. It must observe what steps have led to its present prosperity, in order to judge what will be most likely to conduce to its future progress. It must observe and take warning from those events of its history which seemed for a time to cause it to retrograde, which laid it open to external attacks, or which produced internal convulsions.

Yet the error of parallelism must be carefully guarded against. We must not too hastily infer similar results from apparently similar causes; for, from the changes which take place in the conditions of society arises the certainty that no past states can ever be renewed. There is no such thing as a recurring cycle of events. The mere fact of an event, or of a state of society, having once existed, is a guarantee that it shall never exist again. "So subtle and obstinate is the operation of this law," says

a late writer," that the mere historical consciousness of a past fact on the part of a nation, is often sufficient to preclude its recurrence. The revolution of 1688 could not be the same as the revolution of 1642, because the revolution of 1642 had taken place; because its events and character had been known and reflected on. For the same reason the French revolution of 1848 could not approach to an identity with that of 1789, not only because the state of society (produced in a great measure by the epoch of 1789) was essentially different from the state out of which that epoch itself had sprung; but also because it had become a part of the national memory." *

Yet though perfectly similar and parallel events can never take place, states and circumstances more or less analogous can and do constantly occur; and it is with a view to these that history is so practically valuable. In a free country almost every one needs a certain acquaintance with the science of politics; and history is the school of politics. The handmaid of philosophy, she has been said to guide the way to that higher region of science where she herself enters not. She shews us the causes of the rise, greatness, and fall of empires. She opens for us the hidden springs of affairs. She warns us by the example of some nations; she encourages us by those of others. She teaches lessons of moderation to governments; and shews with equal impartiality the evils of despotic power and the dangers of democratic license.

By the aid of history the seeds of liberty may be kept alive in the hearts of an enslaved people for generations, and may eventually burst forth. Had it not been for the recollections of Marathon and Thermopylee, would Greece, in this age, have shaken off the yoke of slavery which had weighed her down for so many centuries? And what but the memory of Morgarten and Sempach has preserved Switzerland free and independent against all the efforts of her grasping and powerful neighbours?

But the value of history is not confined to the statesman and politician; it teaches other besides political lessons. By it may all the laws of morality and the rules of prudence be tested, and we may be encouraged by examples of the highest virtue and nobility of mind. It is to history,—to posterity,—that the man of injured innocence, the man of neglected merit, has ever looked with a confidence not misplaced that by it justice will be done. How often has the thought that even in this

* Two Lectures on Modern History by H. H. Vaughan, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford.

world his merits will one day be appreciated, and the memory of his tyrants visited with deserved execration, consoled him,

> "When with a pierced and broken heart,
> And scorned of men, he goes to die." *

Time indeed may be necessary, but we may be satisfied that, sooner or later, history, with all its imperfections and shortcomings, does judge truly.

Again, what can be more important than the internal life of a nation, the social condition of a people, their degree of civilization, their opinions, and the whole of their social life? M. Guizot has well remarked that there are moral and general facts, and that these are no less than the material and visible facts of history. The relation of events to each other, their causes and effects,—in a word, what we call the philosophy of history,—is surely as important as, if not more so than, the history of dynasties, ministers and battles.

History is also a source of pleasure,—it is a story with heroes and catastrophes, and is often calculated to delight and interest the imagination in the highest degree. "It is," says Macaulay, "a debateable land lying on the confines of two hostile powers,—reason and imagination,—and instead of being equally shared by both, it falls alternately under the sole and absolute dominion of each. It is sometimes fiction, it is sometimes theory. Every writer has failed either in the narrative or the speculative department of history." Though this last assertion is, I think, too general,—for there are surely some historians who unite beauty of language, vividness and clearness of narration, with a profound and philosophical spirit,—yet we cannot wonder that so few have done so; and we must agree with Lord Bacon, that "to carry the mind backward in writing, and as it were to make it old; diligently to investigate and faithfully to record, and by the light of language to place before our very eyes the movements of the times, the characters of persons, the hesitations of councils, the course and flow of actions as of waters, the hollowness of pretences, the secrets of empire, is truly a work of great labour and judgment."

The taste for diffusive and general reading so prevalent at the present day has undoubtedly some advantage. Men's minds are no longer confined to some one study, but range at large through the regions of universal knowledge. The mists of prejudice become cleared, and a broad

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* Bryant.

and catholic view of men and things takes their place. A general soundness of opinion upon practical subjects arises. The man of one book, of one idea, is seldom found. Social intercourse becomes more agreeable when the subjects of common interest are so much more numerous.

Yet the picture has its dark side,—superficiality is almost necessarily engendered. Men learn to talk, and to talk with fluency, upon subjects which they but imperfectly understand. Nothing can be thoroughly known without time and reflection, and these, in the multiplicity of subjects to be studied, cannot be sufficiently given. Intellectual culture, for its own sake, is less valued. Concerning any subject of study, any branch of education, the question is asked, not how far it will benefit the student, by disciplining his mind, by bringing into play and exercising his faculties, by cultivating habits of application, but of what material use it is, how far it will aid its professor to gain the material goods of the world, wealth and social position. In short, it is not education, it is instruction, that is valued.

Now, while we avail ourselves of the advantages which a general diffusion of knowledge holds out to us, we must, I think, be careful to guard against this danger of superficiality. Study, if you will, subjects which have a material practical end, but study them thoroughly. Do not be satisfied with a shallow superficial knowledge. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

These remarks have been suggested by the fact that the student of history lies particularly open to this danger of superficiality, which makes it requisite to impress upon him the necessity of systematic reading—of real study. To read a volume of Gibbon or of Robertson just as you read a novel of Sir Walter Scott is not to study history. You read Robertson's Charles the Fifth for instance, and follow with interest the story of his rivalry with Francis I, and with still more interest his transactions with Maurice of Saxony. You watch the penniless cadet of the Electoral house, Protestant, and sincerely so though he be, aiding in the ruin and destruction of his near kinsman, the head of his house and the champion of his faith. Yet no sooner is the Elector John captured and stripped of his dominions in favour of his traitorous cousin, and Protestantism everywhere on the extreme verge of destruction, than the spoiler turns round against his ally and benefactor; shews himself as energetic and politic a leader of the Protestants as he had before been of their enemies; attacks defeats and nearly captures the Emperor; and settles Protestantism on a firm basis throughout the empire. Having read or run through this with breathless interest, you say it is as interesting as a novel, and gratify yourself with thinking that you have been reading history. But

is this really the case? What greater amount of historical knowledge have you gained from it than you would from reading Waverley? What do either of them, read in the way that the majority of persons read, leave behind them a month afterwards? A few names and a few events, in one case as real as in the other. There was a Jacobite insurrection in Great Britain in 1745, and there was a capture and sack of Rome by troops of Charles V, in 1527. There was a battle at Pavia, and a battle at Culloden. Charles Edward and the Duke of Cumberland were persons as real as Francis I, and Maurice of Saxony. The causes which led to the constant wars between Charles and Francis, and the complication of events which occasioned the league of Smalkalde and the treaty of Passau, are as unknown to you from a cursory reading of the one, as are the causes of the success of Charles Edward in Scotland and his failure in England from the other.

Now although considerable pleasure and some benefit may be gained from a knowledge of such facts as the above, some leading events which every one ought to know, and acquaintance with which therefore may stand you in some stead, yet reading of this kind is not in any proper sense the study of history. This, however, is the idea entertained by a vast number of persons, even of those who read. They look upon history as a study, to be pursued certainly, but as a relaxation after graver pursuits. They read Hume or Gibbon, and then place them on the shelf, satisfying themselves that having once read these authors, their knowledge of the history of England or of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire is complete. They never take them from their shelves again, and even though, with a desire to obtain further historical knowledge, they read another history of England, or a work bearing on some part of Gibbon, these in turn are not compared with the former authors, but are read in the same isolated and superficial manner once through, and then laid aside and never looked at again. A man who has thus gone through some dozen leading historical works, will say that he has read a good deal of history, and would be astonished, if not offended, were any one to tell him that he had never studied history at all.

To study history really, so as to derive any substantive benefit from it, you must *work*. You must employ as much energy, as much thought, as much system, as you do in mathematics or logic. You will then both invigorate and discipline your mind,—one of the most important ends of education,—and you will gain valuable, well arranged, practical historical knowledge. You will gain far more mental benefit, more profitable practical knowledge, by thoroughly studying some one book, though that far from a perfect one, or some one period of history, however, short, than

by a superficial reading of many great histories. Any one who thoroughly masters the history of Tacitus, comprising little more than two years, who distinctly understands the causes which led to the downfall of Galba, to the successes and defeats of Otho and Vitellius, and to the final triumph of Vespasian,—who understands all the allusions of the writer to matters with which he considered his readers would be as well acquainted as himself, all the allusions to the existing constitution of the senate, to the government of the provinces, to the imposts of Gaul and the turbulence of Egypt, would know far more about the condition of the ancient Roman world, would have gained far more solid knowledge, and more mental discipline, than he who should have merely read through the whole of Livy and Tacitus, Arnold, and Gibbon.

But I must explain more fully what I mean by studying,—really reading a book. And I will again take as an example Dr. Robertson's History of the Reign of Charles V, not as considering it by any means a philosophical or profound book, but as a work which, I suppose, is more or less known to all. The interest of the period of which it treats, the agreeableness of its style, the general impartiality of its author, have deservedly rendered it one of the most popular historical works in the language, while the author's regard for religion makes it more universally put into the hands of the young than either Hume or Gibbon.

I suppose, then, that you desire really to study the history of Charles V. Before commencing, you would wish to know something of the author, the time in which he lived, his profession or condition in life, and his religious and political opinions; for the tone of a writer is affected by all these, and from a knowledge of the circumstances in which a book is written, we can better judge of the amount of credence to be given to it; we shall know what to receive with caution, and on what subjects the author's mind may be expected to be warped by prejudices of education, religion, or politics, and we shall be prepared to give greater credit to statements which appear at variance with these prejudices. In the case of Robertson, you would find that he was a Presbyterian clergyman, but one of singular liberality of sentiment; so much so indeed as to draw down more than once censures from the narrow-mindedness of members of his own profession. You would thus be prepared to expect, as you would really find, a work of great impartiality. Indeed, in some parts it seems too cold and unimpassioned. Still, you would expect the Geneva robe sometimes to appear, and you would be prepared to receive statements, which might be affected by it with some degree of caution.

You would now begin the work, and first would read with great care the admirable view of the state of Europe which precedes it. You would

not omit any of the notes and illustrations; and should you have the opportunity, you would refer to some of the books quoted by the author, for the purpose of seeing if his statements were borne out and his quotations made with correctness. But a single reading of the view would not be enough, you would thoroughly master all the details. You would satisfy yourself that you were acquainted with the general drift of it. You would consider how each general assertion was borne out by the facts and quotations of the notes, whether for each effect a sufficient cause was assigned. You would analyse, either in writing or mentally. You would not allow any sentence, any allusion, to pass without understanding it; and you would make yourself able mentally to go through the various causes which, according to Robertson, prepared the way for the fall of feudalism, and produced the rapid strides made by civilization in the end of the 15th and beginning of the 16th century. The effect of the crusades of chivalry, of the influence of the church, of the study of the civil and canon law, would all fix themselves in your mind.

Having thus mastered the introduction, you would be prepared to begin with profit the work itself; and here you would follow the same plan. You would often pause after reading a paragraph, to go through it in your own mind. You would never lay the book down, without mentally going through what you had that day read; and you would constantly review what had gone before. One great secret of being successful and accurate as a student is the constant habit of reviewing. This review would sometimes take the form of a written, sometimes of a mental analysis, sometimes of self examination. You would have the subject always ready to fill up any idle time. When you had nothing else to occupy your mind, you would at once think of some person, some event, or some general statement, and would ask yourself what you knew of it. You would find writing a most important aid; you would now write an analysis of a book, or chapter; now you would write an account of some transaction,—the history of some war or the life of a particular person, gathered from various parts of the work. The administration of Cardinal Ximenes, the part taken by England in continental affairs, the expedition of the Constable Bourbon into Italy, would all be profitable subjects for writing. Again, you would sometimes examine general statements, philosophical reflections of the author. Such a passage as the following would afford you matter for an essay: " Among nations, as well as individuals the powers of imagination attain some degree of vigour before the intellectual faculties are much exercised in speculative or abstract disquisition. Men are poets before they are philosophers." You would enquire how far it is likely to be the case *a priori*, and would then see

whether it is borne out by the facts with which you are acquainted. This necessity for an accurate apprehension of a subject will naturally call forth such habits of mind as insure distinct and clear statement. Powers of definition, division, and arrangement will be acquired and cultivated, and the culture and discipline of the mind will be carried to a high state of perfection.

At the outset of the work, you will be led to observe the circumstances which led to the sovereingty of such vast and divided dominions being all vested in the person of Charles V. You would examine his genealogy, and thus perceive how by successive marriages the house of Austria, from being petty lords of the Castle of Hapsburg, became eventually the most powerful sovereign house in Europe, and threatened the absorption of all their neighbours. From this you will see the great importance of attending to genealogies, in the early and mediæval history of Europe. Genealogies, like names and dates, are of no value in themselves. A man may know the names, dates, and genealogies of all the royal houses in Europe, and yet have no knowledge of history whatever; but as dates are requisite to be known in order to a right understanding of the sequence of events, so genealogies are of great value, both as indicating the relationship between the various sovereigns, which often affected in a great degree the political relations of one state towards another, and because many of the wars of Europe were wars of successions,—questions of disputed inheritance where each competitor claimed to be the true heir to the crown,—and a right understanding of them can only be attained by a knowledge of the genealogies and an acquaintance with the principles of succession. The wars of Edward III with France, and the civil wars of York and Lancaster, are instances known to us all. The wars between Charles V and Francis I were in a great measure grounded on claims which each had, or supported in others, to various parts of Italy, particularly to Milan and Naples, and we cannot get at any right view of the questions at issue without a clear knowledge of the descents through which each party claimed.

The extent and geographical features of the Empire of Charles would receive considerable attention, how his policy was affected by it, and what was the effect of the physical features of the several states and provinces on the character of their inhabitants. Physical geography is of great importance in history. "It is," says Dr. Arnold, "that part in the dominion of knowledge where physical and moral science meet together." The valley of the Po, the chain of the Appennines, the northern-Alps, the marshes of Ravenna, have had more influence on the history of Italy than one unacquainted with the facts would readily believe. Again, the

arbitrary divisions of Europe into kingdoms and states at that time must be known. Good maps, on which to trace routes and battles are indispensable; a war cannot be understood or followed without them.

The negotiations and treaties, not only between the great sovereigns, but between the petty German and Italian princes, would have to be noted; and rightly to appreciate them, the constitution of the Empire, and the discordant rights of the Emperor, the secular and spiritual princes, and the free cities would all require careful consideration. The anomalous relations of the Italian states to the Empire would also be observed.

Enough has perhaps been said to explain what is meant by systematic reading, the only fitting way in which history should be studied. Let not any one think that thus studied history will be dry and uninteresting. New charms, new sources of interest will thus arise; even comparatively dull and uninteresting books thus read will have an interest. For thus you will arrive at the core of history; you will see men as they really are; you will appreciate their situations; you will perceive on what grounds they acted, and will be able to see things with their eyes

History, if worth studying at all, is worth studying thus; yet it may be studied far more deeply than this. Nothing less than this is historical reading at all,—and thus to study it will be as much as most have leisure to do. All may find time and opportunity to read thus some leading historical works, and to gain a sufficient knowledge of the history of their own country, and of some of the most important periods in those of other nations. But those who have leisure and taste for historical pursuits will find themselves amply repaid by a more profound course of study. To study completely the history of a particular period, it is not sufficient to read even in the way I have suggested, one or two histories of it. To do so is an excellent basis, but only a basis. The superstructure, built with the same accuracy, step by step, never laying a stone without being satisfied of the solidity and correct position of the one below it, is a far more extensive work. The course of study required has been well pointed out by Dr. Arnold in his lectures on Modern History. Having selected your period, a short one if possible, you begin by reading one or two contemporary authors, if possible of opposite sides, or natives of different countries, if the period selected be one of internal dissensions, of political or religious disputes, or marked by foreign wars. You would thus be put in possession of the general outline of facts, and, to some degree, with the case of both sides, and with the prevalent tones of thought. But now a somewhat more tedious though most valuable course awaits you. Is a treaty of importance made you would consult Rymer's Fædera; you

would there read carefully all the documents relating to it, and you would thus gain a far clearer view of the relative positions of the two states than by merely reading a sketch of the leading features of the treaty; other collections of public documents would be in the same manner referred to. The laws and acts of ecclesiastical councils of the period under consideration would next require attention. These have peculiar value, as being emanations from the minds of those who have the supreme government of the nation, and shew us the national character, modified by higher intellectual culture and by a calmer deliberation.

You would next inquire what great men, especially statesmen, had left writings behind them; these, especially, if they were their own lives, correspondence, or political treatises, you would read with the greatest interest, and from them you would gain, as it were a personal acquaintance with the writers.

You would then consult, I do not say study, the miscellaneous literature of the day,—the political and philosophical writings, the sermons, as well of the most popular as of the most learned preachers; the poetry, the dramatic writings and the novels. From all these you would gain a far clearer insight into the spirit of the age, than by any purely historical reading.

Such a course of study can only be carried out by those who have leisure, and the advantage of a good library of reference. No one, either, could study in this way more than a very few periods of history. Even a man who devotes his life to it, cannot hope to become intimately acquainted with all, or nearly all, history; and, indeed, he may, as many have done, confine himself for years to the study of a small, and comparatively unimportant period. The history of the Council of Trent, written to refute Paul Sarpi, was the work of Pallavicini's life. But thus completely to have studied one period, would be of incalculable advantage. It would enable a man to read history with far more profit for the future, and would give him a critical spirit of discrimination, and a facility for seizing the leading points, which he could not otherwise obtain.

Thus briefly have been set forth the benefits derivable from the study of history, and the mode in which it should be carried on. The danger of superficiality, and the necessity of a systematic course of reading have been shewn; and the still deeper recesses of history lying open to, and inviting the true historical student to enter, have been pointed out.

In conclusion, it must be remembered, that the true spirit in which to pursue historical studies, is a spirit of truth. We are not to try to wrest history into accordance with our preconceived opinions, but are to try them by it, and be ready to lay them aside if they are found wanting.—

The historical student, above all others, is in danger of employing his studies "for the purposes of party bigotry, of perpetuating religious and political discussions, and of hardening national animosities." As a caution against such a spirit, and as an exemplification of the true and right way to look on history, as well as on every branch of knowledge, I shall conclude by quoting the words of our greatest English philosopher:— "Knowledge," says Lord Bacon, "is not a couch whereon to rest a searching and restless spirit, nor a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect, nor a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon, nor a fort or commanding ground for strife or contention, nor a shop for profit and sale, but a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the good of man's estate."

R. C. C.

ON DIGNITY.

DIGNITY is that propriety of deportment and behaviour which should characterize a person in his intercourse with others.

It proceeds from a due appreciation of his own moral and social position and of his duties and responsibilities, in conjunction with an entire forgetfulness of self.

There is a common use of the word "dignity" which expresses only half its meaning. Dignity is derived from "dignus" worthy, and is one of those words which have both a primary and a secondary meaning; and we therefore find, not unfrequently, the adjective "true" prefixed to it, when it is used to indicate the primary meaning. 'True' dignity is thus spoken of in contradistinction to the dignity which may be considered to accrue to a person merely in consequence of any exalted office or position that he may hold, without reference to his own occupation of such office or position. True dignity is irrespective of position, and ought to be found in every rank of life, high or low, and it is undoubtedly as often met with in the cottage as in the palace.

Speaking of dignity as a moral quality it is certainly he who has best considered what is above him, as well as what is beneath, who will act with the most dignity in every circumstance of life; and dignity of external behaviour is more likely to spring from nobility of thought and nature than from any study of deportment.

"For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind."

Yet some persons have naturally a more dignified bearing than others, quite apart from 'true' dignity or inward nobility, but this will fail if put to any trial.

Together with this due appreciation of position and a right estimate of responsibilities, comes, as a source of dignity, forgetfulness of self—the power of *voluntary* self abnegation—that which raises man above all creation besides, that which he shares with his Maker, and in which he is permitted to resemble him—the power to

> Show himself the creature's lord
> By freewill gift of that self sacrifice
> Which they perforce by nature's law must suffer.

And lastly, with all this and with forgetfulness of individual self should be the remembrance of the distinguished position which man holds in the universe, as the only creature who partakes the nature of his Creator, the only being beneath whose mortality a glorious immortality lies hid—whose germ cannot fully unfold itself in the feeble rays of this earthly day, for it needs the radiant brightness of the sunshine of eternity to ripen it to perfect fulness.

The uselessness of striving for external dignity is continually seen in the ludicrous and hopeless efforts made for it by persons suddenly raised above the position in life to which they have been accustomed.

It must and should be striven for, not outwardly, but in its highest meaning of "worth," worthily to fill the position in which we have been placed—worthily to use whatever, of power, influence, talents, have been committed to us—an endeavour to do our duty to the utmost considera-tion for others, a spirit of self sacrifice, and that perpetual and humble recollectedness which springs from the consciousness of an ever present Deity, these are the best helps to that dignity of thought and feeling which will be characterized by dignity of action and behaviour.

And of all this, Christianity is the best teacher. Philosophy may do much, any religion may do much—and grandly dignified were some of the sages of old—but no philosophy, no religion, can teach "true" dignity as well or as truly as that which is founded on humility.

THE CHURCH.

IT is now sometime since the Dean of the Arches pronounced his very careful and learned sentence on the great question of the Law of Ritualism of the English Church, which, it was hoped, would for a time, at least, set the question aside, and permit members of that Church to unite in meeting the terrible attacks which are being made against her, both from within and without. The questions brought before Sir R. Phillimore were, first: "The Elevation of the Blessed Sacrament of the Lord's "Supper, accompanied in Mr. Mackonochie's case by kneeling or 'exces-"sive kneeling,' at times not prescribed in the rubrics;" secondly, "The "use of incense during the Elevation of the Eucharist;" thirdly, "The "mixing of water with wine at the time of the administration of the "Lord's Supper;" fourthly, "The use of lighted candles upon the holy "table." It would be impossible within our brief limits to attempt even a sketch of the document, the reading of which occupied four hours, wherein the learned judge detailed, first, the premises from which it was his office to draw a conclusion with regard to the special charges, and the construction, history and precise force of the rubrics, which Mr. Mackonochie was charged with contravening, and, secondly, the exact relation to those rubrics of the acts of Mr. Mackonochie, which by the promoter of the suit were presented to him as being illegal; we can but refer those who are interested in the Church, and in the ceremonies of our branch of the Catholic Church, to the judgment itself, which enters fully, not only into the ceremonies themselves, but also into the exact position held by our Church in relation to the whole Church of Christ, and into its true catholicity, as expressed by a catena of writers and learned men from the earliest times down to the Synod at Lambeth, which spoke the firm and noble words, that are yet ringing in our ears and cheering the hearts of true Churchmen throughout the whole world. As regards the special charges made by the promoter, the Dean decided, first: that the elevation of the Blessed Sacrament, which Mr. Mackonochie had previously under the direction of the Bishop of London discontinued, was not to be resumed; secondly, that the censing of persons and things, likewise previously discontinued, must be discontinued still; thirdly, that the mixing water with the wine was not a legal rite, if made a part of the service and done at the time when the elements are brought on to the altar from the credence table; and, fourthly, that "it is lawful to place two lighted "candles on the Holy Table during the time of Holy Communion 'for "the signification that Christ is the very true light of the world.'"

We learn with the greatest regret that the promoter of the suit is de-

termined to carry the question of the two lights on the altar to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and that in consequence the defendant raises afresh the three questions which have been decided against him. An opportunity for a peaceful compromise and cessation of strife has been wasted; and a decision, with which all parties concerned seemed well inclined to be satisfied to a degree that could hardly have been expected, will at some distant date be superseded by another, which, even if it prove satisfactory to the majority of churchmen, will by delay have prolonged the bitterness of controversy, until the day may be past when the English Church has strength to resist the attacks made upon her doctrine by the inroads of heresy, and upon her position by the attacks of secularists. There is room, as Sir P. Phillimore said, within the English Church for both the promoter and the defendant; wisely has the law accorded liberty to its ministers and its congregations. "St. Chrysos-"tome and St. Augustine represented different schools of religious "thought; the primitive Church held them both. Bishop Taylor and Archbishop Leighton "differed as to ceremonial observances, but they "prayed for the good estate of the same Catholic Church; they held the "same faith in the unity of the spirit, in the bond of peace, and in right-"eousness of life, and the English Church contained them both."

But we turn with thankfulness from the litigation, which will a few years hence appear to members of our Church strange and unjustifiable, to the more cheering signs of the times for which, in this hour of doubt and difficulty, we may heartily thank our Heavenly Father. Amid the dangers which seem not very far off, the disruption of Church and State, and the confiscations of Church property, which would inevitably follow, and the proposed secularisation of the University, which is virtually one act of confiscation of property held in trust for the Church, the recent proceedings at Oxford shine forth as a noble act of faith on the part of those who are founding another College at Oxford, and adding to the property of the Church even at the moment when it is threatened with confiscation, and to the Colleges of an University, which is singled out for plunder by those to whom trust property and Church property seems fair object for plunder by the State. In eloquent and strong words has the Bishop of Oxford in a meeting at Buckingham spoken against the proposed changes, as being entirely destructive of the Christian character of the education of a professedly Christian nation; and the feelings which he there so ably expressed are the feelings of the great majority of members of the University itself, and of all Christian men throughout the land. But, inasmuch as deeds ever speak, especially to English hearts, more eloquently than words, the founding of the Keble College at Oxford

is a proof that the conflict is not yet lost, or rather is a good augury that it shall be ultimately won. It was pointed out at the meeting held at Oxford on that occasion, that the laying the foundation stone of that College in the midst of the strife, may be compared to the sale at Rome at an unabated price of the land, which was at the very time occupied by the camp of the Carthaginian conqueror. And Jeremiah, when he knew certainly that Jerusalem should be taken by the Chaldeans, was taught of God, to purchase an inheritance, and lay aside the title deeds for many days. And in like manner, it may be believed in faith as regards beleaguered Oxford, that—

> "The flood is round thee, but thy towers as yet
> "Are safe."

We, too, though far removed from the immediate scene of strife have deep interest in the contest; we, if we are Christians, must sympathise with the words there spoken, and trust that the College there founded may be a fortress and tower of strength, in which the surges that swell against it, shall seek in vain for a crevice, and not only stand itself amid the war of the tempest and dash of the waves, but hold an invisible reign over the whole of Oxford.

But, independently of the signs of the times, no more fitting memorial could have been devised to the saintly poet of the English Church than such a College as the Keble College is intended to be. Not only will it carry on the work which was nearest to Keble's own heart, the work in England of God and of the Church, but the conception of the College, due in the first instance to Charles Marriott, was matured at Hanley Vicarage: its object is to extend the College system of the University, and by establishing one upon a more comprehensive basis, with more facilities for mutual intercourse between tutors and undergraduates, with stronger inducements for real work, and fewer seducements for idle and expensive tastes, to react upon the whole University, and aid in carrying out the reforms, which, while necessary from time to time, are not least so now, when every fault in the University system is magnified ten fold by those whose interest it is to render popular wide schemes of radical change, and virtual confiscation. At that great meeting representatives from all parts of the world assembled to do honour to the author of the Christian year; the Primate of England, the Primary of Scotland, the Metropolitan of Canada, the Bishop of Tennessee, and Bishop Selwyn, who is both Metropolitan of New Zealand, and Bishop of Lichfield, gathered together to express their reverence for the poet of the English Church, whose works are read and sung throughout the whole Anglican Communion.

And now that the stone is laid, we may hope that not a barren expression of reverence alone, as the Bishop of Lichfield said, but substantial offerings will be made towards the great work begun in honour of John Keble; hitherto from America, not usually backward in offering for Church work, no money has been sent, and but small sums from the English Colonies: seeing that the Christian Year has reached its 110th edition, beside the editions published abroad, surely there must yet be many earnest and sincere admirers of that great work and its author, who need only to be reminded, in order to add according to their means to the funds already collected. And such gifts are not merely gifts towards a memorial to Keble, but their application is for the benefit of the Church at a very momentous time, and we must remember that it depends upon ourselves now, whether we hand down our Universities and schools to our posterity as places of Christian education, or as the most powerful engines of attack upon our holy religion in the hands of deists and infidels.

The English papers record the death of the Bishop of Hereford, who has long been too much broken down for the arduous duties of an English bishopric: except to his immediate friends, therefore, his death is scarcely a matter of regret, for in the present day the work and presence of a bishop is especially needed in so many ways, that it is a great loss to the Church when any of her chiefest ministers are incapacitated from their important duties. By the death of Bishop Hampden, the Bishop of, Litchfield is elevated to the peerage. The Church of England has lost also another of her most eminent members by the death of Canon Pinder, whose influence over many generations of students at the Theological College at Wells, has been so valuable to the Church, whose devoted son and bright ornament he was.

ESSAYS IN TRANSLATION.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

(Homer's *Iliad*, Book VI.)

PART I.

Thus, having done his duty to his gods
And to his country, Hector sought his home,
Where art and nature vied in loveliness.
Love winged his feet; his home he quickly [found,
But her whom his soul loved he found not [there,
Her of the snowy arms, Andromache.
For she, with infant child and well robed [nurse,
Unto a tower that faced the Grecian camp
Had gone to watch and weep. So Hector [paused
Upon the threshold, as he left the house,
And made enquiry of the household maids,
"Come now, handmaidens, answer me in [truth,
Whither white-armed Andromache has gone,
To seek my sisters or my brothers' wives?
Or to Athene's temple where a crowd
Of matrons seek the bright haired goddess' [wrath,
To turn to mercy by the strength of tears?"
A trusty servant quickly made response,
"Hector, my lord, right willingly my lips
Shall answer truthfully thy eager quest.
Not to thy sisters or thy brothers' wives,
Nor to Athene's temple where a crowd
Of matrons seek the bright-haired goddess' [wrath,
To turn to mercy by the strength of tears,
Has gone Andromache; but she has gone
Unto a lofty tower of Ilion
To watch the contest, for bad tidings came
Of Greeks victorious and of Trojans slain;
And, at this moment, like a frenzied one,
She rushes to the rampart, while, behind,
Her darling boy is carried by his nurse."

She ceased; nor waited Hector long, but [rushed
Forth from the house, along the very way
That he had come, through fair-built Troja's [streets;
Nor paused he till he reached the Scæan gate
(Through which he meant to hie him to the [plain).
But here Andromache of queenly dower,
His wife, the daughter of Eetion,
Who dwelt erstwhile neath Placus' woody [height,
In Thebe, ruling o'er Cecilian men,
Came running till she met him in the way.
With her, the nurse, who to her bosom held
An innocent-hearted babe, their only son,
His father's joy, in beauty like a star,
Scamandrius named by Hector, but the host
Called him Astyanax, the City's King,
Honouring Hector chief defence of Troy.
And now he looked on him and smiled a smile
That spake his heart more than a thousand [words;
And called the tears into his mother's eyes.
She, clinging to her husband, grasped his [hand,
And sobbing "Hector" spoke to him these [words:—
"Ah! love, thy bravery will be thy bane,
And, seeking glory, thou forgettest *him*.
And me, ah! hapless me when thou art gone!
Soon, soon, I know it, all the foes of Troy,
Rushing on thee at once, shall take thy life.
And, when I miss thee, it were better far
That I were laid beneath the ground; for I
Shall then have none to comfort me, not one,
But woes on woes, when thou hast left me, [Hector!
No sire have I, nor gentle mother left;
Him, as thou know'st, the proud Achilles slew,
And razed his fair-built city to the ground,
High-gated Thebe, yet he spoiled him not,
Although he slew him, but, with reverence,
Laid him in glittering arms upon the pyre,
And raised a mound in honour of his name,
Which the hill-nymphs garlanded round with [elms,
The daughters of the ægis-bearing Zeus.
And my seven brothers in one fatal day
Entered the gloomy shades where Pluto [reigns,
Slain by the ruthless hand that slew my sire;
As, in their native fields, they watched the [herds
Of kine, slowfooted, and of snowy sheep.
Nor did my queenly mother long survive;
For led a captive to the Grecian camp,
With other spoils, the victor sent her home
For goodly ransom, only to be slain
By the sure shaft of huntress Artemis.
But thou art father, mother, brother, spouse,
My pride, my Hector! Oh! then, pity me!
Stay here and watch with me upon this tower;
Stay, stay, my Hector, go not hence to make
Thy child an orphan and a widow me!
But set the forces by the Fig-tree Hill,
Where the chief risk of hostile entrance lies,
And where the wall is weakest. At that point
Already have the bravest of our foes,
Idomeneus and either Ajax, Diomede,
And the two sons of Atreus, made assault,
Whether incited thither by some voice
Prophetic, or high hope of victory.
So stay, my Hector; they will need thee [here."

ADDENDA.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

CANADA.—D. Smith, Jno. Norris, H. Archibald, Rev. G. Plees, Miss Carter, J. McCurdy, T. Motherwell, D. Savage, W. Dolbell, P. Skelton, J. G. Vibert, A. Amy, P. Vibert, J. Tuzo, F. Le Brun, J. J. Balleine, T. Savage, Rev. G. W. Lyster, Rev. T.W. Files, C.Winter, Rev.— Thornlor, Rev. Geo. Slack, Rev. A. T. Whitten, J. B. Paddon, R. Wray, E.W. Abbott, Mrs. Derbishire, Lewis Hart, B.A., Miss Hall, Rev. O. Fortin, R. N. Nevers, Capt. Thomson, S. Riopel, Rev. J. Fulton, Mrs. Fuller, Rev. R. Lindsay, Mr. Gunning, Miss J. Hepburn, J. Hepburn, B.A.

ENGLAND.—Miss Louisa Williams, Mrs. Shebbeare, Mrs. Brook, G. Mason, Mrs. Edward James, T. M. Calmut.

U. S. A.—R. B. Nevitt.

LAMBETH CONFERENCE.

As there is a disposition to claim not only for Canada, but for this and that individual in Canada the credit of originating the Lambeth Conference, the following document will be of interest to our readers as bearing closely upon the subject. The Provincial Synod of Canada was held, it will be remembered, in *September*, 1865. The meeting convened by the Bishop of Grahamstown was held on the *previous July*. The results arrived at, at that meeting were, it is believed, communicated through the Bishop of Oxford to our own Metropolitan. If so, the Bishop of Grahamstown appears to be "THE ORIGINATOR of the Lambeth conference."

"It is proposed to hold a conference of Colonial Bishops and clergy on Wednesday, July 26th, at 2 p.m., at G. S. Walters, Esq., 12 Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, London.

The following Bishops and clergy have been invited to attend:

Bishop of Jamaica.
Bishop of Fredericton.
Bishop of Kingston.
Bishop of Grahamstown.
*Bishop of Brisbane.
Bishop of Rupert's Land.
*Bishop Anderson.
Rev. Dr. Nicolls.
H. W. Harper.

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* Unable to attend.

The following subjects are suggested as suitable for discussion :—

I.—RELATION OF COLONIAL CHURCHES TO THE MOTHER CHURCH, AND TO EACH OTHER.

Correct designation of Colonial Churches.

How far identical in regard to doctrine and discipline.

II.—ORGANISATION.

Metropolitan.

Synods: Diocesan, Provincial, Imperial.

Legislation for Colonial Churches.

III.—QUESTIONS OF ORDER.

Alteration in Liturgy.

Declaration and subscription.

Discipline.

IV.—CHURCH FINANCES.

How raised and distributed.

Support of Clergy.

Churches and Church property.

It is desirable that any clergyman, who has had experience in the Colonial Church, and is capable of aiding in such a discussion, but whose name has been unavoidably omitted, should be invited to attend by any of the Bishops or clergy above mentioned."

(Signed,) H. GRAHAMSTOWN,
Convener.

ADVERTISEMENT.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement at the foot of second page of cover.

THE BRERETONS.

Our next issue will contain the opening chapters of a new serial story entitled " The Breretons," and written expressly for the " Lennoxville."

CASSELL'S " PENNY READINGS."

We have recently received from Mr. John Brown, of Quebec, several Nos. of Cassells' " *Penny Readings*." They are profusely illustrated and made up of excellent and interesting selections from the best authors, past and present. The same amount of really good " reading " could not be obtained, otherwise, in an equally attractive form and for the same price.