

# THE LENNOXVILLE MAGAZINE.

## A LORD OF THE CREATION.

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER VI.

"Caroline, I am obliged to go to London immediately. A—a friend of mine is in a strait, from which I must try and relieve him as best I can."

"To go to London? O, Vaughan!" was her first cry; but, seeing his look, her feeling changed. "Is it anything very wrong! Tell me—O, do tell me, if there is anything wrong with you."

"With me? O dear, no! It is only an affair of money; but unluckily I am short of cash, and I shan't know where to find even the hundred pounds, all that is needed."

"Ask my uncle."

"On no account; don't think of such a thing. He would suppose it some extravagance of—of mine."

"Of course you would tell him what it was for."

"But he is not obliged to believe what he is told," said Vaughan, musing aloud.

Caroline looked at him in innocent astonishment.

"I'll tell you, Carry; *you* might help me—you might do me the greatest service."

"How? Tell me."

"*You* might lend me the money; you have as much in what you call your 'fund.' You told me so the other day."

"I will go and ask my uncle for it this minute." Caroline rose, blithely.

"How glad I am —"

"Stop, Carry. If my uncle keeps it, if you have to ask him, it is as bad; it is out of the question."

"Dear Vaughan, why should it be impossible to ask him such a simple thing?"

"It is impossible; I will not do it. I will brave every difficulty, suffer

every pain, sooner. Don't ask me why; it is enough that it is impossible." He looked at his watch. "In half-an-hour I must be off."

"How long shall you be away?"

"I cannot tell; I am almost distracted; I don't know which way to turn. Let me think."

He leaned his head down upon his two clasped hands. His trouble and perplexity were evident, and Caroline's heart began to ache. She laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Vaughan, can't you tell me all about it?"

"It is another person's secret, which I must not betray, even to you. You won't wish it?"

"O no! But if I could only help you."

"Yes, Carry, I thought of you at once; but it is no use; since you can give no aid, my case is hopeless indeed. I depended on you."

"But are you sure I am so helpless?" cried she, eagerly, as thoughts and plans began revolving rapidly in her mind: "let us think; do try and think——"

"Stay!" Vaughan looked up at her suddenly. "What would you say if my uncle asked you for what purpose you wanted your money?"

"What should I say—what could I, but the truth? I must tell him it is for you."

"But supposing that is *not* the truth. If I want it for some one else—eh, Carry, don't you see?—my feelings and your conscience may be spared at once."

"I don't understand——" She hesitated.

"If you told my uncle you needed the sum for an immediate necessity—a charitable purpose—don't you think he would be satisfied?"

"Perhaps. But O, Vaughan! you don't mean—that you would wish——. Think again, you don't see clearly."

"Where would be the wrong? Who would be harmed? On the contrary, how much good would be done by this simple reticence—nothing more. You say nothing but what is true—only you do not tell the whole truth."

"But he knows I always tell him the *whole* truth. To speak as you say *would* be deceiving—or trying to deceive."

"You are misled by terms. Truth is valuable for its *effects*. In order to maintain peace and order, and for the better understanding between men, truth is a good and advisable thing; when, instead, it is likely to promote trouble, disorder and ill-feeling, it is false principle to stickle for its maintenance."

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trouble together were smiting violently at the gate of her heart. She so longed to believe him right—to be able to “help him.” To think him “mistaken”—and her severest thought went no further—was a sore pang. She was very young—all but a child, and alas! one who had not learned that wisdom transcending all logic, and rising superior to all cant of worldly experience—that simple but sufficient wisdom which is to be learned and received “as a little child.” But the true instinct of her fresh and unwarped nature held her upright. She took Vaughan’s hand, and looked into his face with her clear eyes steadfastly—“It would not be right—you will feel so too, presently.”

Vaughan rose abruptly, breaking from her gentle hold. “It is nearly time; I must see my uncle before I go.”

“O, if you would only ask him——”

“Pardon me; I have told you. Nay, Carry,” for her pleading look would not be denied, “I am only sorry I have worried you and wasted my own time to no purpose. We only seem to misunderstand each other by talking. Let me go, dear; I’ll come again as soon as I go out.”

He did not come again, after a very brief interview with Mr. Hesketh, who was at once satisfied, it seemed, by the cogent reasons Vaughan doubtless adduced for his sudden journey to London. But it was Caroline with a very different aspect that met him in the dining-room—Caroline, with a bright, eager face and a quivering smile—Caroline, bearing in her trembling hands a box, some twelve inches square, of ebony and pearl—a significant-looking box.

“O, Vaughan! the happiest thought came to me just after you had gone,” she cried, as he entered the room, and while she hastily and tremulously disengaged a little golden key from her watch-chain. “You want money—I haven’t money, but I have all these, which can be sold, and will be as good as money—won’t they? Vaughan, won’t they? and your friend can be helped, and all will be right. Look here!”

Tear-drops of sheer joy glistened in Caroline’s eyes as she unlocked and opened the casket and displayed her treasures. They were not many, but were mostly of value. There they shone in their pretty velvet recesses—rings, bracelets, two or three brooches, and one dazzling ruby necklace.

“Will all these make up a hundred pounds, do you think?” she asked, anxiously, and looked up in his face for the answer.

Let it never be forgotten, in the record of Vaughan Hesketh’s thoughts and deeds, that he was touched by the young girl’s artless generosity; that his first impulse was to draw her to his side, and say, emphatically, meaning what he said, too, “Dear Carry, I won’t touch them for the

world! Keep your trinkets, you dear little soul, and I'll manage as best as I can."

"But how can you? Do take them—you don't know how glad I am!—and then all your trouble will be over."

He kissed her—this time without verbally deprecating her plan. He even looked with a half-calculating glance at the jewel-box. She went on, flushed with eagerness, "I shall think of you so happily after you are gone, if I know everything is right, and you are not going to be worried or miserable. *Do take them!*"

"Your jewels! I can't. Suppose my uncle should ask about them."

"Some day I could tell him." Vaughan frowned. "Or," she went on, bright with a new idea, "could not you sell them as people do in books, and ask the man to keep them, and let us buy them back again some day."

He seemed struck by this suggestion.

"Think, Vaughan, couldn't you?"

She urged him, with dewy eyes, and cheeks all flushed with earnestness. He listened, and glanced at the ornaments, and smiled on her, and pressed her hand to his lips many times.

And so it came to pass, that some ten minutes afterwards Caroline watched from her dressing-room window the departure of the carriage for the railway station. Vaughan sprang to his seat beside the lawyer-like gentleman, his visitor, and Vaughan held carefully under his arm a certain square brown paper parcel. He looked up at her window, waved his hand, and was no longer in her sight.

And then Caroline sat down and cried—what for she could never have told—for she was relieved, glad beyond expression. Everything was happily arranged, and Vaughan was to be back the next day but one. However, as it was—she cried heartily and long, and when she rose from her chair, and looked out of the window, the September twilight had shadowed everything, and with a flash the thought came into her mind, "It is too late now to go to Beacon's Cottage."

A knock at the door, and Miss Maturin's maid announced—"Miss Kendal has just come, miss, and is waiting to see you downstairs."

#### CHAPTER VII.

A lady, dressed in black; middle-aged, of a dignified presence, with a calm face, neither handsome, nor remarkable for anything except a certain expression, of quiet humor and equable self-possession, which was thoroughly womanly, although not often seen in women. This was the outside

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aspect of her who advanced a few steps to meet Caroline, took her for an instant into her arms, kissed her, and then let her go.

"Now sit down, and let me look at you comfortably."

She looked. Caroline smiled, but she could not hide either her embarrassment, or the traces of the tears she had just been copiously shedding. Both might have been detected by eyes of several degrees less acuteness than those keen but kindly ones of bluish grey which were now fixed upon her face. But the tongue was not so quick as the eyes.

"How is Mr. Hesketh?" was Miss Kendal's next utterance.

"Not well—he has been ailing for the last two or three weeks."

"Nothing serious, I hope?"

"At first it seemed only a cold; but it hangs about him very strangely. He is weak and languid—sometimes keeps his room for two or three days together. Dr. Barclay has attended him the last few days."

"The doctor! a tangible disorder, indeed," said Miss Kendal gravely.

"And you are nurse, I suppose?" she added, after a pause, looking at her again.

"Very little 'nursing' has been needed, nor, I trust, will be. I almost dread the word—it sounds like a real illness."

"Never mind what it sounds like, my dear; there are real things enough to dread, without taking words into the account. Besides, I've been ill once in my life, and I think respectfully of nurses and nursing."

"How have you been all this while? You look very well."

"I am as I look. How are you?"

The emphasis on the pronoun, slight as it was, caused Caroline to colour. She made the usual reply, that she was quite well.

"And what has been doing at Redwood? Anything happened? You must tell me all your news."

"We had a ball here on my last birthday."

"Come! a promising beginning. Go on."

"And—Vaughan brought a visitor—a friend of his from London. You must have heard my uncle speak of Mr. Farquhar. His father was his old college companion, and he himself is now Vaughan's intimate friend.

"Vaughan Hesketh has left college, I suppose?"

"O yes! He was travelling on the Continent for six months, and has since been studying in London for a barrister."

"Ah! is he at Redwood now?"

"He has just gone to London—this very afternoon."

"Ah!"

Miss Kendal did not glance at the flushed face, with its traces of tears; she stirred the fire in silence.

"I ought to beg pardon," she observed, as she set the poker down. "I forgot I was n't at home. It seems wonderfully natural sitting here with you opposite to me. You had better go on with Schiller's 'Wallenstein'—where we left off."

With all the dry, half-humorous manner and tone, there was a certain ring of pathos which Caroline felt magically. The latent tears sprang to her eyes again, and almost involuntarily, as if obeying some olden, long-lost, but resumed influence, she slipped from her chair, crouched on the hearth-rug, and leaned her head against Miss Kendal's knee. For a minute or two no notice was apparently taken, but then a hand—not a small nor an especially delicate hand, but one of harmonious formation, and of an expressive physiognomy, so to speak—was laid on Caroline's soft hair, and rested there with a sort of steady content that was more eloquent than a score of ingeniously-varied caresses.

"Well, have you nothing more to tell me?"

"You have not said a word of yourself yet," said Caroline, in a low voice.

"One at a time, my dear; don't entangle affairs. After you have made your statement, like the man in the first scene of a French play, I'll enter and unroll *my* budget."

Caroline began twisting and untwisting the fringe of Miss Kendal's mantle. A silence.

"Do you find that assist you much?" asked the lady, peering down curiously. "I would by no means grudge even my best cape to such an end, but—"

"Ah! don't laugh at me," she cried, suddenly; and in a burst of candour she told that with which her thoughts were full—her engagement to Vaughan Hesketh.

Miss Kendal made no observation while she went on detailing many things that, her tongue once loosed, it was happiness for her to dwell on. At length she paused, and shyly glanced up at her companion's face.

"I suppose you are surprised?"

"My dear, I expected it—my dear, I expected it," said Miss Kendal, abruptly.

There was another pause. Caroline waited. At last the firm but gentle hands drew her head slightly back; the governess leaned over and kissed her pupil's forehead.

"God bless you, my dear child. Now," in quite a changed tone, "if you like, I will tell you my two-years' history."

And she immediately began her record. In not too many terse sentences, with some few graphic touches after her own peculiar style, Miss Kendal gave account of herself.

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"*Et me voici!*" she concluded; "to keep up the histrionic fiction—*Après tant des souffrances, &c.* You know how it goes on."

"And you are established at Beacon's Cottage with all your family?"

"Not quite all. It reminds me of the story of Dr.—, 'As I and eleven of my daughters were crossing Piccadilly.' No, my dear, I and seven of my household (four children and three servants) are arrived. The remaining one—whom I have not seen for twelve years—comes in a day or two."

"Who is that?"

"A niece of Lady Camilla's who used to live with her. She is a grown lady—a widow. Madame de Vigny is her name, for she married a French gentleman."

"A widow! Then she is an old lady!"

"By no means; quite young. She married early."

"But how is it she is to live with you?"

"She is not a pupil, as you will imagine, but many years ago I was her governess, and an old liking subsists between us, though we haven't met since she was a child."

"Then she is to be a visitor?"

"Yes; whenever she feels inclined to rusticate."

"Well," pursued Caroline, after a brief pause of consideration, "now for the others—the real pupils."

"O, they are nice little things. The poor mother! It half broke her heart to part with them."

"Why did she, then?"

"Well, I conclude it would have wholly broken it to part with her husband; and she had to choose between the two. It was a very painful business. However, the separation won't be for long."

"And Madame de Vigny will be of the family sometimes?"

"Sometimes; yes, she will be of 'my family,' as you call it. I like the term, it has an imposing sound," remarked Miss Kendal. "I hope Blanche will be a pleasant companion for you, Caroline; and for me also."

Caroline mused, and then smiled to herself, recognizing the half-jealous tone of her own thoughts respecting Miss Kendal's "pleasant companion." For it was Caroline's not uncommon characteristic that, loving very few, she could ill brook any interference with her monopoly of those few. It was no wonder, for as yet she had been little tried in that hardest exercise of unselfishness, which enables some women not only to endure, but be content, to see their best beloved finding happiness away from them, and independent of them.

Miss Kendal was likewise thoughtful. It startled her both when the

door opened, and Mr. Hesketh entered the room, wrapped in a dressing-gown, with his white hair showing silverly under the purple velvet cap which Caroline had daintily made and embroidered for him. He was leaning on his servant's arm, and walked feebly. Caroline sprang up, and was at his side in an instant. Miss Kendal rose, wheeled the great chair closer to the fire, and placed the footstool ready. And when the old gentleman was seated comfortably, she took his outstretched hand in both of hers, with cordial kindness shining in every feature of her face.

"This makes our group complete," she declared, as she and Caroline re-seated themselves, one on each side of him; "we must have the chess board out, and Caroline must learn her lessons on the ottoman, and everything must be as it used to be."

But after she had spoken, and looked at the old man, her face changed: her eyes took a new expression, as they rested first on the old worn face, and then on the fresh, blooming aspect of the young girl beside him.

"He is so picturesque to behold," said Caroline, fondly stroking the soft folds of his brilliant robe, of Indian pattern and colouring; "he looks like a gentleman who has come down especially to do a lady honour."

"I am very glad to see Miss Kendal," said Mr. Hesketh.

And they began to talk of many things. He was principally a listener, for talking did not appear to be very easy to him, and he leaned back in his chair, as if rest was a luxury that he appreciated to the utmost.

It was not till Caroline, summoned from the room to see some poor pensioner from the village, had left them together, that Mr. Hesketh appeared to rouse himself from his thoughts, and at once broke in upon the subject that had been occupying them, apparently, at least, till then.

"Caroline has told you all our news. I suppose—of the engagement—of my losses?"

No; Caroline had forgotten all about the business details. Miss Kendal had heard of no losses.

"It was her own loss, poor child. Her money was principally invested in some mines, in which I also had embarked a considerable sum, which I intended for Caroline. There is the fatal mischief of not being a man of business," cried the old man, passionately, "why did they leave the child's fortune in my helpless hands? I understood nothing of these mines; I knew nothing of the chances and changes of such things. My old brains have failed me, I believe. All the shrewdness and clear sight I once possessed have no longer existence. I was bewildered—overwhelmed—struck down—when I heard the news. The whole affair was smashed a month ago. I had the news the day after her birth-day. My poor little girl!"

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He stopped, fancying Caroline had come into the room again. Miss Kendal re-assured him.

"Then, you know, after the first shock, I began to consider that, although this part of my property was gone, I still had Redwood. And though I wished Redwood to descend intact to a Hesketh, and used to have some sort of pride about the estate going with the name, there were some other considerations that swamped all that at once. Don't you understand? I couldn't leave *her* future doubtful or precarious, for all the family pride in Christendom."

"And that's a great deal," observed his listener. "My dear, sir, I appreciate your feeling, believe me. Most men, I'm afraid, would sooner sacrifice their religion, to say nothing of a niece or two, than offer a slight to the smallest corner of their escutcheon."

"You may judge," went on the old gentleman, having taken breath, "what a relief it was to me to find all the difficulty settled for me. When I came to speak to Vaughan——"

"Ah! what did you say to him?"

"Well, I had never taught him to look upon himself as a rich man. He had always understood that his heritage was conditional. I had taken care that his education should prepare him for either position. He is studying for a barrister, and would not be thrown on the world without resources. Don't you understand?" And again he appealed to Miss Kendal. She nodded. "Still, I had made my will years ago, by which Redwood descended to him, and in a codicil added afterwards, I left to Caroline all the property in those—those infernal mines. It is not worth a hundred pounds now."

"And you said to your nephew——"

"I told him the whole state of the case. I was in a good deal of trouble. The thing knocked me over. I told him everything; I told him that Redwood must be settled on Caroline; that he must trust to his own talents, and the little money it would be in my power to leave him; I told him—all this, you know."

"And he replied——"

"By telling me that he and Caroline loved one another! I was astonished; for somehow, of late years, my old wishes and plans had faded away. It seemed natural, when first Caroline came here, to look forward, and fancy; but afterwards, I settled that I was a match-making old fool for my pains; these things never happen as we wish. You see I was wrong. It all came about even more favourably than I could have hoped."

"It was wonderfully opportune, indeed. You never suspected their attachment?"

"By no means. Vaughan has been so much away, that he had hardly seen anything of Caroline since she was almost a child. But they were always excellent friends from the very first."

"O, I know," said Miss Kendal, biting her lip meditatively. "And so, under the new light of this happy state of things, you arranged——"

"Everything is left as before. Redwood, descending to Vaughan, descends to Caroline also. The old will may stand. There is no need to make a division of property between a man and his wife. Don't you see?" said the poor old gentleman, looking anxiously up at her, passing his hand with a weary gesture across his forehead. "Don't you understand?—it is all quite right now, and nobody will be wronged."

Miss Kendal glanced at the gray head, smiled kindly, then relapsed into thought again.

"And your old mistrust of Vaughan does not, of course, exist?" she asked, more hesitatingly than was her wont to speak; "you have had no cause for discontent respecting his conduct, since you paid his college debts, three years ago?"

"Let me see; we spoke about that. He said—he said he had been in no embarrassments since. He assured me so, solemnly, when I asked him. Because, you know, I could neither have my niece made miserable, nor Redwood ruined by a spendthrift," said the old gentleman, with something like fire flashing in his eyes. "No, no; if Vaughan were not worthy—if I were not entirely satisfied that Vaughan is worthy—he should have neither."

"When does Vaughan return from London?" was Miss Kendal's next, somewhat abrupt question; "and on what business has he gone?"

"On some affairs—I forget exactly what; but he told me—he told me, before he went. Some affairs——"

But Caroline entered, and the old man stopped precipitately, and looked at her fresh, girlish face, with embarrassment and fondness mingled very strangely, and even pathetically, in his worn, withered features.

"Come," cried Miss Kendal's cheerful voice, cleaving the mist of restraint like a west wind, clear, and blithe, and keen;—"come to your old place, Caroline, and let us have the old group round the fire. This is pleasant—this is comfortable! I need not go back for two hours yet, and at present I am at home."

"We only want the chess-board," said Caroline, half turning to fetch it.

But Miss Kendal detained her rather hastily. "Not to-night, my dear. We'll sit and talk, for to-night."

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So they sat by the fireside, they three. The white-haired old man, leaning back in his chair, sometimes looking up, and saying a word or two, but oftener with drooping head, and eyes half closed, and hands locked together before him. Miss Kendal, fresh coloured, and especially *vital* of aspect as she always was, sat opposite; and between them, her arm flung across her uncle's knee, and her head lightly leaning against Miss Kendal, was Caroline, young, blooming, fair, and unconscious.

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## THE TREE AND THE SNOW.

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### A LIFE FABLE.

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*Parva mala patienda  
Ne majora sint ferenda.*

'Snow, thou art too cold for me,'  
Cried a fond, impatient tree,  
When winter first began to throw  
Around its limbs her pall of snow;  
'Go, seek the Earth, I cannot bear thee,  
'Snow, thy cold embraces spare me.'  
Rejected thus, the snow forlorn  
Alighted on a grain of corn,  
Waiting but till the springtide come  
To rouse it from its wintry tomb.  
Soon hadst thou cause to rue thy choice,  
Fond tree! with rude and blustering voice  
When Boreas from the hills came down,  
His icy fang and gloomy frown  
Left thy poor branches bare and sere—  
A laughing stock to all the year.  
Sadly, in the smiling May,  
While the balmy breezes play  
Among the waving blades of green,  
Thy black and withered boughs are seen  
Confessing, but alas! too late,  
That heaven is just, though sad thy fate.  
The lesser ill hadst thou but patient born,  
Thou wouldst not thus have mocked the vernal morn.

O. M.

## THE LATE REV. S. S. WOOD.

THE Church in Canada is again called upon to mourn the loss of one of the oldest and most honoured of her clergy, one of those who have borne the burden and heat of the day, and were the pioneers of missionary labour. To those who are themselves old among us, the name of the Rev. S. S. Wood recalls the early days of the history of the Church, when it was forcing its way into the heart of the backwoods of Canada; it is associated with those of a generation which is fast passing away from among us, and into whose labours we have entered. Mr. Wood was the oldest clergyman, both in years and in orders, in the diocese of Quebec: the last of those who received Priests' Orders at the hands of its first Bishop. He had spent in this diocese the whole of his ministerial life of half a century, with the exception of the year of his diaconate, and two later years; and had served the Church under the episcopate of all its four bishops, and the reign of four British Sovereigns. He enjoyed the esteem, respect and confidence of all the Bishops of Quebec, particularly of Bishop Stewart, who had designed to appoint him to an Archdeaconry, and of his successor, whose more immediate contemporary he was. Between him and Bishop G. J. Mountain, indeed, there subsisted, for upwards of forty years, a brotherly affection springing from a thorough mutual regard and esteem, and cemented by a great similarity in their tastes and views, as well as in many points of their character. And the present Bishop of Quebec, on the occasion of his first visitation, referred to Mr. Wood in terms indicative of almost filial respect.

Mr. Wood was the son of Captain Samuel Wood, of Nunlands, in Berwickshire, an officer who served with credit in the 56th Regiment during the siege of Gibraltar in 1779, of which place he was appointed assistant town-major, while still a lieutenant. His son, Samuel Simpson, was born at Bideford, in North Devon, on 21st February, 1795, and before he was seven years old had the misfortune to lose his father, who died at Martinique in 1801. His mother (who belonged to a Welsh family, which, as well as that of his father, had been for several generations established at Berwick) was at this time residing at Colchester, her two sons, of whom Samuel was the younger, being placed at a school at Debenham, in Suffolk. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Wood removed to the modest paternal mansion of Nunlands. Her elder son entered the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and became an officer of Artillery. In 1805 Samuel entered the school of the Rev. Jos. Barnes, Vicar of Berwick, where he remained rather more than five

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years. Being designed for the profession of law, it was intended that he should be articled to a solicitor; but Mr. Barnes had formed so high an estimate of the abilities of his pupil, that he urged his being sent to the University. He was accordingly induced to alter his projects for future life, and to prepare for an entirely different career. With this view, he became a pupil, in the early part of 1811, of the Rev. James Tate, a distinguished scholar, head-master of the Grammar School of Richmond, in Yorkshire, and subsequently Canon of St. Paul's, and well known in the literary world. Dr. Musgrave, late Archbishop of York, and Dr. Peacock, late Dean of Ely, and many other eminent scholars, were trained at Richmond School. Here Mr. Wood acquired that elegant classical taste and accurate scholarship, which distinguished him through life; and even to his old age he would refer to his school-boy days with delight almost amounting to glee. The writer of this sketch well remembers an instance of this so lately as July, 1866, when a letter from his son, containing an account of a visit to Richmond, revived his early recollections. He always cherished a grateful sense of what he owed to Dr. Tate's instructions, and a friendly intercourse was maintained between them as long as the preceptor lived. In one of his letters, in which Dr. Tate addresses him as his "dear old pupil and still good friend," he says: "You, beyond doubt, are one of the heartiest and honestest of Richmondians that ever trod the banks of the Swale."

In 1813 Mr. Wood entered Trinity College, Cambridge, but in the following year removed to Corpus Christi College, where he remained till he took his degree in 1818, with the exception of a few months in 1817, which he spent in Scotland, for the purpose of reading with his brother-in-law, the Rev. C. H. Terrot, now Bishop of Edinburgh, and till lately, Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church. Upon taking his degree, he obtained a title to the curacy of Norham, near Berwick, and on September 20th, 1818, was ordained deacon by Bishop Barrington, of Durham. He served that curacy for nearly a year, when, having entered into correspondence with the first Bishop of Quebec, who was then in England, he was led to apply to the S. P. G. for an appointment in Canada. He was accordingly appointed to Drummondville, on the river St. Francis, in the district of Three Rivers, a military settlement which had been formed at the close of the American war in 1814. Attention had been called to the wants of the place by Dr. Mountain, Official of Lower Canada, who had visited it in 1818, and again early in 1819. Mr. Wood left England in September, 1819, and having been admitted to Priests' orders in the Cathedral of Quebec on 7th November following, he took up his residence at Drummondville in the same month.

At that time the Hon. and Rev. C. Stewart, whose headquarters were at Hatley, was the only other clergyman in what is now the diocese of Quebec, to the south of the St. Lawrence. Mr. Wood's position was, therefore, one of complete isolation, but he nevertheless often looked back to the seven years he spent at Drummondville as the happiest of his ministerial life; and it was the remembrance of them, and the affection he bore to the persons and scenes connected with his early labours, that induced him afterwards to return to the banks of the St. Francis. He gained, in a remarkable degree, the respect and affection of those to whom he ministered, not only in Drummondville itself, but in the neighbouring townships of Durham and Shipton, to which his labours were extended. Many examples of this have come under the personal knowledge of the present writer, among the older settlers whom he remembers. And in the journals of the late Bishop of Quebec, in his capacity of Archdeacon, when he was in the habit of visiting destitute settlements in order to ascertain their wants, frequent mention occurs of "Mr Wood's diligence," and of the success of his efforts in training to an appreciation of the services of the Church a population which had not been accustomed to receive them. He possessed one great gift for making the services specially attractive, for he had one of the sweetest voices in singing, and sang with such tenderness and feeling, as charmed all who ever had the happiness of hearing him. There are those now living who do not forget the impression he made upon them in this way, years ago, in their childhood. This gift, like all with which he was endowed, he was ever ready to use in his Master's service; and to the close of his life he used to lead the singing in his church. The influence which Mr. Wood exerted extended beyond his own flock, which at Drummondville consisted of persons properly belonging to the Church, and those to whom he carried his ministrations; an instance of which is mentioned in the Memoir of the late Bishop of Quebec, where an Irish Roman Catholic is stated to have had a great respect for Mr. Wood, saying that he was "the best man in the country, let who will be the other." Mr. Wood frequently accompanied Bishop Mountain in his journeyings both before and after his elevation to the Episcopate. In the account of one of his earlier ones, he thus refers to another power of pleasing, which, like himself, Mr. Wood possessed in a remarkable degree: "I would you had heard how my companion, as we toiled along, beguiled the way through the midnight woods, by repeating from his favourite poets, to whose works the conversation chanced to lead, I believe a hundred lines at a time, and favoured by the darkness, which removed some of the checks upon his confidence, gave their full effect to many animated or touching lines."

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Mr. Wood removed from Drummondville towards the close of 1826, when the inhabitants of Melbourne and Shipton presented him with an address expressive of their grateful sense of his pastoral services among them, particularly in the establishment of Day and Sunday Schools, as well as of personal affection and admiration of his "unaffected piety." He returned to England, where he remained for nearly two years, during which he served as curate of the parishes of Ebchester and Medomsky in the diocese of Durham. During his stay in England, he took the degree of M.A.

The statute 59 Geo. III, cap. 60, imposing disabilities on clergymen who had received colonial ordination, was now in force; and Mr. Wood, feeling the hardship of its provisions, published a forcible protest against it, entitled, "An apology for the colonial clergy of Great Britain, specially for those of Upper and Lower Canada, by Samuel Simpson Wood, M.A., of C.C.C., Cambridge, Presbyter of the Reformed Apostolic Church, late of the diocese of Quebec, in the Province of Canterbury." This pamphlet, it cannot be doubted, contributed, in a great degree, to bring about the alteration in the Act made in a subsequent session of the imperial parliament. Late in 1828, Mr. Wood returned to Canada, and in January, 1829, was instituted to the rectory of Three Rivers, which he held to the time of his death. In 1834, he again visited England, being entrusted by Bishop Stewart with a commission for urging upon the government the appointment of a suffragan to share with him the overwhelming labours of the see. This measure had been nearly accomplished during the lifetime of Bishop Stewart's predecessor, but at his death, the government had declined to carry on the negotiations. Mr. Wood was also charged with representations to the Ministry with the view of securing the clergy reserves to the Church, and providing for their proper management; and was authorized to collect funds for Church purposes, and books for the formation of an Episcopal library. He was, besides, to urge upon the authorities at home the immediate establishment of McGill College, Montreal, as the University for Lower Canada. Owing to delays arising out of some opposition to the will of the founder, this institution as yet enjoyed only a nominal existence under the honorary presidency of Archdeacon Mountain, who, as it was generally understood, would give way to Mr. Wood, than whom no man in Canada was more fitted by his attainments to occupy such a post. The difficulties, however, which had obstructed the full establishment of the college were not removed for some years, and its management had by that time passed, to a great degree, out of the hands of the authorities of the Church. Mr. Wood's qualifications, however, were not lost sight of. Bishop G. J.

Mountain, who had succeeded to the administration of the diocese on the death of Bishop Stewart in 1837, soon began to feel the want of an institution for training candidates for Holy Orders. Writing in 1839, to the S. P. G., he says "it had long been his ardent wish and prayer to establish a college," and in December, of that year, the Society voted £200 per annum towards the maintenance of divinity students. In the following autumn he decided on placing all the recipients of this bounty at Three Rivers, under the charge of Mr. Wood, whose theological as well as classical attainments eminently qualified him for the task. In April, 1841, he informed the society of the completion of this arrangement, adding, 'I have thus paved the way, I hope, for the establishment of that institution—I shall be thankful if I can say that college—the rough project of which I communicated to you in November last.' The rectory house at Three Rivers, which was originally a monastery, seemed to offer some peculiar facilities for his purpose, both from the general character of the building, and particularly from its connection with the parish church, which had been the chapel of the monastery."

(\* Subsequently, however, the Bishop was induced, by local representations, to change the situation of the institution to Lennoxville, the consent of Mr. Wood having been obtained to his removal thither as its principal. This consent, to the great regret of the Bishop, Mr. Wood afterwards saw reason, on more mature consideration, to withdraw. The divinity students, however, remained under his charge till Bishop's College was opened in the autumn of 1845. During this period Mr. Wood was also engaged in the education of his own sons, and those of a few other gentlemen. Among them was a son of the late Chief Justice Sir James Stuart, who, as the writer well remembers, was induced to place him under his care from witnessing the effect of his training on his own sons. Mr. Wood had the true notion of education; a devout Christian, a consistent Churchman, and a genuine English gentleman himself, he aimed at making his pupils the same. He encouraged, and took part in, all manly sports, and in his vacations was accustomed to take long pedestrian tours with his boys. He had married, in 1854, Miss Margaret Mary Hallowell, eldest daughter of the late James Hallowell, Esq., of Quebec, and cousin of the late Mrs. Bethune, wife of the Dean of Montreal. By her he had a large family; and though they met with several distressing bereavements, three sons and five daughters survive him.

In the year 1856, the Bishop of Quebec was induced to yield to the repeated expression of the long cherished wish of his friend and chaplain, and to sanction his return to the eastern townships. He was permitted

(\*) Memoir of the late Bishop of Quebec, p.p. 222, 223.

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still to hold the rectory of Three Rivers, to which place he paid periodical visits in the capacity of Rector as well as of Rural Dean, an office to which he was about this time appointed, and in the discharge of which he was accustomed to visit all the parishes and missions in the districts of Three Rivers and St. Francis. This office he resigned on the death of Bishop Mountain in 1863. But, though he had retired from Three Rivers, he did not cease from labouring in his Master's cause. He assumed the charge of Trinity Church, Upper Durham, where he officiated regularly till within ten days of his death, as well as at different school-houses within the same township. These labours he discharged gratuitously, though from the first he thought it right to train his people to the support of the Church; he was, with that view, as he had been at Three Rivers, a constant and successful collector for the Church Society; and from the time of the establishment of the Diocesan Board in 1862, till his death, he regularly sent in a voluntary assessment from Durham to its treasurer.

On leaving Three Rivers, he had been presented with addresses by his flock and by the inhabitants generally, among whom he had lived for more than a quarter of a century, and by very many of whom his memory is still cherished with the utmost affection and respect.

Shortly after his removal to the townships he acquired a property adjoining the church-yard at Durham, of which he at once made over a tenth part to the Church. He also made a small addition to the burial ground which he designed as his last resting-place, and such it has now become. He built a comfortable house in a beautiful situation on the banks of the St. Francis, and here his last years were spent. There is nothing more to be recorded of his public life except that he became examining chaplain to the Bishop of Quebec in 1858, on the return of the Rev. Dr. Mackie to England; that the Professorship of Divinity at Bishop's College was subsequently offered to him by the Bishop of Quebec and Montreal, an offer which he felt himself unable to accept. Our limits will admit now of only a brief record of the close of his life. On Sunday, 1st March last, he celebrated the Holy Communion for the last time: the entry in his diary states that, on that day, he did not feel well. On the following Sunday, however, he was able to officiate and preach, though he complained of an unusual and painful sensation in his head. No serious apprehensions, however, were entertained until Tuesday, 17th March, when his medical attendant first expressed uneasiness. During the next two days the disorder seemed to increase. On the 20th, the Rev. H. Roe of Melbourne (who was unremitting in his kindness and attention) called, and prayed with him by his desire, and also on the following day. Notwith-

standing extreme weakness he joined in the prayers, repeating the *Amen* with great fervour and distinctness after each. He also followed, with evident comfort and pleasure, the 23rd and 27th psalms, and other suitable portions of scripture which were read to him; repeating over and over again: "In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

On Sunday morning (22nd) he revived for a short while, and after taking a little nourishment he was once more able to take in the texts which were repeated to him, and again seemed to derive great comfort and support from the assurances thereby conveyed. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of life." "My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." These and other passages he could be heard faintly whispering to himself as they were repeated to him. He also said, "I die in the fear of God," and on being asked by his son "and in His love too?" he replied, "yes." The name of the Comforter was plainly audible as he endeavoured to repeat one of our Lord's sayings from St. John xiv, the first two verses of which chapter he repeated several times.

This was the last effort he was able to make. He shortly afterwards fell into a state of unconsciousness, in which he remained till he breathed his last, in complete calmness and peace, a few minutes before two o'clock in the afternoon of the feast of the Annunciation. He was buried on the following Saturday, the funeral being attended by the Bishop of Quebec and ten clergymen from the St. Francis district and Quebec, in their surplices. He was borne to the grave by eight of his parishioners, all grey-headed and venerable looking men. The Bishop, and the Rev. Dr. Nicolls, C. P. Reid, and H. Roe took part in the service, and hymns 169, 117 and 142 (pt. 1) from "Hymns Ancient and Modern," were sung. The church had been fully draped in black by the hands of the parishioners.

Thus has passed away one of the old school, and he has not left his like behind. His character was distinguished by a hearty earnestness, and thorough sincerity. No man was ever more truly genuine. He was blest with the gift of a cheerful heart, which made him a most engaging as well as instructive companion; and all these qualities imparted to his letters, as well as to his conversation, very unusual interest. "E'en his failings leaned to virtue's side," and his own rectitude of purpose and single-mindedness, made him, perhaps, with regard to worldly business, sometimes too unworldly in his transactions with others. But his friends would not wish him to have been, in this point, other than he was. It may be said of him as of the late Bishop of Quebec: "Among his friends he loved to unbend, and he made all around him delighted with his playful

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sallies. But in his most genial moments, you could never forget that he was a Christian, and a Christian Minister, for there was a savour of piety and of genuine Christian kindness about everything that proceeded out of his mouth."

All his children were gathered under the paternal roof at the time of his death, though one, unfortunately, arrived too late to be recognized by him.

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## TALLEYRAND—A CONTEMPORARY SKETCH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GUTZKOW.

### PART II.

I would not venture to say that Talleyrand belonged to the Orleans conspiracy, still he cannot help liking Louis Philippe, for both of them love England. Talleyrand was the ægis of the new government, and was its best representative in foreign countries. His old-fashioned airs and graces were familiar to all cabinets, and were greeted with smiles of recognition. Talleyrand gave the new government a moral stamp, and the comforting assurance, so to speak, that it would not differ materially from its predecessor. The old manners still prevailed without any alteration. Talleyrand's destiny was to pour oil upon the troubled waters of the revolution, and that of 1830 was no more to him than any political change which had preceded it. He made those who flew first learn to walk, taught enthusiasm to be wise betimes, and became the pedantic tutor of the young France of July, whose foolish pranks he undertook to find excuses for at foreign courts. The self-sufficiency of old age shews itself in the course Talleyrand is now pursuing. He has to encounter the difficulties of a veteran statesman who confides old customs and formalities as a sacred deposit to some young aspirant. Talleyrand seems desirous of making diplomacy subservient to self. He likes war still less than formerly, for he is old, very old, and would vanish in the smoke of the first cannon shot. He it was who caused the ruin of Poland, sacrificed Italy, and would have abandoned Belgium if the working of the protocol had failed. He created the domestic policy of Louis Philippe, and his motto is "Peace at any price." Talleyrand is now eighty,\* his sight failing, his whole frame growing more shrunk and feeble. How many more springs will he hear the lark sing in the clear skies of Valençai?

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\* In 1834.

Now what can be thought about such a life as this? Was it a work of art or a lie? Neither, to the best of my belief; and I deny, moreover, that Talleyrand was a great man. He did not create his own destiny; he did not make events. Picture to yourself other circumstances, and you may always be sure how Talleyrand would have behaved under them. Louis XIV would have found in him an excellent man of business, who would have commanded success in diplomacy by his adroitness, and in salons by his wit. Under Louis XIII he would never have been a Mazarin; between the Fronde and the League, between to-day and yesterday, he would have been crushed. He required a field wide enough for flight as well as for party tactics. This noble field was granted him as an inheritance from one moment to the next, and being a prudent man, Talleyrand knew how to make use of it. His six perjuries may, in the eyes of some, be considered pardonable in his circumstances, but a really great man would never have involved himself in the dilemma of being obliged to commit them. It would seem from what has been said, that he did not take a large and comprehensive view of things, but had a stock of isolated maxims always on hand, which can readily be put to the test at any moment. Talleyrand philosophized about events and about the natural weakness of the human heart, but paid less attention to moral questions. He did not altogether repudiate conscience, but its warnings were of no great weight with him. He sucked the very marrow of those around him; absorbed the purposes, interests, fears, and even the understanding of the outer world, and enlisted everything on the side of his own advantage. Talleyrand did not call every act a deception, which ended in the non-fulfilment of a promise which had been given, but he took into account the intention of his opponent, and recognised the fact that one man preys upon another. Why keep faith with those, thought he to himself, who are ready to deceive you at any moment? According to him, circumstances excused everything, and he believed the only debt he owed to heaven was not to succumb to them. Egotism was his religion, and he did homage at the shrine of any virtue which he thought might injure him. He had, however, some general rules of conduct which might even be called sublime. Thus, any two courses being proposed, he took care to choose the one which would yield him most advantage. If he saw that a round-about course would pay better, he could even be magnanimous enough, for example, to vote against the establishment of a chamber of peers, although it would for the moment have added greatly to his own dignity. On such occasions his form dilated, his words grew nobler, and the *nimbus* of an unselfish love of virtue played around his head. Still he felt no great eagerness for such opportunities of dis-

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play; did not go out of his way to seek them, and was contented if he merely attained his object, even though it were by questionable means. He did not shrink from Jesuitism either in morals or politics, but I repeat that he acted in this way on no settled principle, without system, and without any fixed rules. One rooted principle, however, he had, which has been already mentioned, that of making as much money as possible. Talleyrand's political career would have been different if he had not had the misfortune to start in debt. It was no doubt possible to win large sums at the commencement of the revolution, and the luck of the gaming table, which was Talleyrand's constant resort, is alluring. Nevertheless, his exile plunged him into great difficulties; he could not return to Paris but by the help of borrowed money, and there were times when he had not the wherewith to pay his hackney coach fare to the hotel of some member of the directory. But in the consulate, and during the empire, he amassed considerable wealth. Napoleon was very generous even when Talleyrand, the worst possible economist, suddenly came again to the end of an accumulated fortune. It was at the Bourse that the minister had the best luck. The money intrigues which he carried on with the poor harmless King of Spain have never been cleared up, but a very easy-going conscience seems to have lurked behind them. Talleyrand was always in the position of wanting still more than he had; he was not unfrequently obliged to sell his house, his moveables, or some country estate, and it was just in the nick of time that the Pope offered him several millions for his principality of Benevento. The Bourbons were less generous; they had only orders and feudal titles at their disposal. Talleyrand was forced to indemnify himself on the Bourse; up to the present time it is his right hand, the hand which pays. He turns politics to the best account, and plays at hazard with the world's destinies in order to keep up the day's quotations. Perhaps Talleyrand would not have shuffled with words and oaths so often if he had not been so often in want of money. When he said "unfortunately, a man must live," he meant "unfortunately, virtue is impossible." People are very apt to father upon Talleyrand an unalterable principle in French politics, which was, as it were, at the root of all his undertakings. I mean alliance with England. But this is not such an old hobby of his; he first took it up after the second restoration. As republican and imperial minister, he had not many inducements to try it. The hatred on the other side of the channel seemed unquenchable, and England did not hesitate to increase her debt for the sake of giving herself blindly up to it. Still it is true that Talleyrand early became acquainted with the secret springs which set British politics in motion:

he understood how parliament was composed, and knew how to appreciate the high value which must be set upon certain leading families in the country. His fine tact taught him still earlier the vast weight in English politics which was in store for the house of Wellesley. He called Napoleon's attention in good time to the fact that by an act of respect shewn to this family a certain mastery over British policy might be gained. What Napoleon then declined, Talleyrand took up again after the battle of Waterloo. He made use of the materials of the alliance, and very soon divided the elements which had a natural sympathy for France, from those which in any case must be alien to it. He used England as a shield against Russia, a policy which France was unfortunately too weak to carry out. Talleyrand played away the favour of Louis, who was influenced by personal jealousy towards England, and roused the anger of Alexander, who effected his downfall. After the revolution of July, he resumed his policy where he had been forced to break it off fifteen years before. He took pains to involve English interests in every complicated question, and thus to shew, almost by indirect methods, the advantages of the French alliance. Talleyrand, indeed, might have been thought in London rather an English minister than a French ambassador. While seeming to put France aside he forced England to do all that the French cabinet required, either merely giving his assent, or sharing the responsibility, or even, on occasion, taking the initiative. When England held back on the Polish question, he forced a decision by means which he secretly brought to bear upon parliament; he turned the question of Belgium into an English one by promoting the election of Prince Leopold; in Eastern affairs he stirred up English ambition, and by his representations compelled the government to advance to the front. Talleyrand wishes French foreign policy to be limited only by subscribing to that of England, and the Duke of Broglie, who tried, on his own responsibility, to introduce something like honour and independence into his ministry, was obliged to draw back. The quadruple alliance is said to have been brought about in Madrid by a *coup de main*, and the long delay which ensued as to its publication seems to give credibility to this statement. But this cannot really have been the case, for the state of the peninsula was not such as could have arisen in one night: it was long foreshadowed, and diplomacy must have seen what was coming. The right of intervention which lies at the foundation of this alliance appears, indeed, rather to have shunned the light of day, and that it might be able to give a better account of itself, it assumed the disguise of an intrigue, whereas, in fact, it was nothing but the result of a compact entered into in London. We cannot conclude

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this sketch without throwing out the question, whether Talleyrand moves in the department of a territorial and balance-of-power policy, or whether he has, at length, acknowledged that the relations of international right are tending more and more in the direction of attack and defence, either under a stationary or a progressive system. We think the latter supposition very questionable. Talleyrand is not accustomed to see a principle in the French Revolution: to him it is nothing but a catastrophe. Talleyrand's first care was to remove everything extraordinary from the revolution of 1830. The entire change which it might have brought about in the foreign policy of France he checked *in limine*, and compelled her to return to the old hereditary routine. He turned the freedom of nations into a question of territory and balance of power, as the case of Belgium sufficiently proves. He does his utmost to promote Eastern complications, because they involve a question of supremacy and of an old idea to which nations are no longer willing to be sacrificed, and because nothing seems to him more likely to draw Austria away from the Northern alliance. Talleyrand would achieve his masterpiece according to antiquated notions of the balance of power, if he could induce Austria again to resume her old line of policy towards England. But Talleyrand is striving after the impossible. In our times the most skilful diplomatic combination may be destroyed in a moment. Our present period of secretaries of legation cannot last long; for the old artifices, those elegant sword tricks of parade, cut their way, as Menzel says, even through giants. France complains, and not without justice, that Talleyrand is betraying his country to England. For what advantage has it yet derived from his policy? It has honour enough left to call 'peace at any price' no advantage. Talleyrand's policy is a mere game of dice. He plays with nations for the highest throw, whereas he ought to shew them which has the strongest arm. Talleyrand is now moderate in his aims for the first time. He no longer plays to win, but merely to regain the old stake which he lost in the second game. The old man will not let the hilt out of his hands, even though he only beats the air with it. His opponents understand their own affairs and opportunities better. Who can deny that the Northern alliance rests upon a very firm basis? It steers steadily towards its aim: it has its cannon, its Cossacks, its principles and its tendencies. Talleyrand has more adroitness; but it is only for a moment that wit is superior to strength. Talleyrand has no aim, for he does not understand the affairs of France: he is not the representative of the revolution, but only of persons who are accidentally involved in it. Thus his only use is by small victories to prepare a great defeat for his own country. And yet, how soon will a funeral catafalque be raised in the halls of Valençai!

### THE THREE SMILES.

I looked upon an Angel's face ;  
And as I looked the Angel smiled  
To see a saintly child of grace  
Forsaken, sorrowing, reviled ;  
Yet striving bravely for the right,  
All blameless in his Father's sight.

I looked upon a demon's face ;  
And as I looked the demon smiled,  
Smiled with a fearful joy to trace  
An heir of Heaven by sin beguiled,  
From noblest truth and purest fame,  
To blackest lie and foulest shame.

I looked upon a mortal's face ;  
And as I looked the mortal smiled,  
I knew those lips had found a place  
For angel bright or demon wild ;  
Oh ! answer, brother—sister, tell  
Is thine the smile of heaven or hell ?

W.

### ALCOHOL, ITS USE AND ABUSE.

THE question of alcohol being too often a question of life and death, is one which, on whichever side their decision may lie, will not, we hope, be thought undeserving of a passing notice by the readers of the *Lennoxville Magazine*. The following remarks, although they may appear one-sided (as, what hearty agitation of a question is not ?) are not intended to commit our readers or ourselves to any decided judgment either way on the subject. There was a distinguished philosopher of old who astonished the young Romans, when on a visit to their capital, by the readiness with which he would advocate either side of any imaginable question, and that not as now-a-days through the potent influence of a retaining fee, but because he held truth to be so ethereal a commodity that it was impossible to catch and bottle it by any amount of syllogistic effort. Now, we hold quite the contrary opinion, that it is exceedingly puzzling and proportionally unpleasant to look at both sides of a question, at least, at the same time ; and as our thoughts have lately been directed to the anti-alcoholic side, we hold it would be mere folly to let in a stream

of conflicting arguments merely for the sake of disproving conclusions which we at present hold to be satisfactorily established, merely, that is, for the sake of reducing ourselves to the deplorable condition of the doubting philosopher.

## I.

Let us start, then, by the assumption that of all things solid or fluid which have been or can be introduced into the human system, some are beneficial and others hurtful in themselves, and apart from the question of excess, to the healthy subject. It must, of course, be postulated that *mens sana in corpore sano* is the natural and proper state of the human body. Articles uniformly noxious under such conditions may all be roughly generalised under the name of *poisons*; and to these, if we judge by their effects, alcohol undoubtedly belongs. Particular poisons, as we all know, affect particular organs; some, for instance, the brain, others the stomach, others the nerve centres. Of the effects produced, some are patent to observation on the living organism, and others can be arrived at only by *post mortem* experiments. Alcohol has a peculiar affinity for the brain, and hence its, at first, exhilarating and then stupefying effects. It is, like tobacco, a narcotic poison of the strongest kind. The following experiment may illustrate the rapidity with which alcohol when introduced into the system makes for the brain. About two ounces of alcohol was injected into the stomach of a dog, and the animal died almost instantaneously. As soon as possible after death, the brain was subjected to distillation; and a remarkable quantity of alcohol was obtained from it, more than from an equal weight of any other part of the body including the blood itself. So much for experiment. That alcohol makes for the brain of the living subject who survives the dose is evident, both in the recollection of such survivor, as soon as the appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober can be made; and also in the unchallenged truthfulness of the statement respecting any one at all the worse for liquor, that it *has got into his head*. It most assuredly has done so. *Hinc subitæ mortes atque intestina senectus*, or *juventus* as the case may be. Now the poison in question kills in various ways; by sudden shock as in many cases of apoplexy, by coma where the patient never rallies from a draught as effectual, but more painful than laudanum, and by superinduced disease of various kinds, of which delirium tremens is the form attributed by common consent to its real cause; whilst others, such as gout, dyspepsia and diseases of the liver and kidneys, especially in persons of so called temperate habits, no less surely spring, though not confessedly, from the same source. The sound mind too, no less than the sound body, succumbs to

this potent spirit. A mental perversion dependent entirely on this physical cause ensues. It may be called Vinomania, an inordinate and irrepressible addiction to the bottle on the part of those who would be the first to allow that the present is a very poor and weak counterblast to the practice which they know is killing them, while the descent of this Avernus, however easy, is by no means pleasant even to themselves. Like all tastes, except for the purely natural beverages, milk and water, the taste for alcohol is acquired. The lower animals are not beyond its reach, and as the following anecdote will show, can resort to cunning for its gratification. A pony which had served its time and was dismissed from harness, was observed one day rolling, evidently in pain, on the lawn before his master's house. A pint of warm beer was prescribed for this attack of colic, and it effected a speedy cure. A day or so afterwards, Dobbin was again seized with an attack of colic on the lawn as before, in full view of the dining-room windows, and the same comforting dose was repeated with the same satisfactory result. But when the attacks became very frequent, and at last, of almost daily occurrence, the master's suspicions were aroused, and no more beer was administered. Strange to say, the attacks ceased from that time, and Dobbin lived on in the uninterrupted enjoyment of health to a good old age.

Another invariable effect of alcohol taken in considerable quantities is to impoverish the blood. This it does by absorbing the oxygen of the blood, which would, if allowed, have enabled it to oxidate, and so convert into usable material, the waste matter of the system. This waste, failing such re-adaptation for useful service, accumulates and turns to fat, which is very apt to collect where it is least wanted, around the internal organs, and especially the heart, inducing forthwith feebleness in the vital action, followed speedily, if the cause is allowed to operate unchecked, by total break-down and stoppage of the whole mechanism. Observe too, the action of spirit on dead tissues: it hardens them. Bottles of spirits containing preserved anatomical preparations or specimens of natural history are familiar to us in every museum. It seems highly probable that the tissues of living organisms, subjected to a similar soaking process, become hardened in the same way, and, consequently, in a greater or less degree insensible to the effects of alcohol: and hence the common expression, a *hard drinker* or *hard headed man*, conveys very nearly a literal truth. But enough on this aspect of the question.

## II.

Let us console ourselves by the reflection that almost all poisons, alcohol included, are very useful drugs; bad, intolerable masters, but most

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valuable servants. And alcohol, like any other drug, is a good medicine, administered skilfully and under professional advice. It acts powerfully, as has been seen, on the brain and nervous system, and is, therefore, not only useful but necessary in cases of extreme depression, when the vital action is feeble, be the cause accident or disease. An over dose must be as carefully avoided as if arsenic, laudanum, or other deadly agent were being administered; and by an over dose is generally meant one in which the *stimulant* effect is passed and the *sedative* produced, the former being in most cases the one required. Hence the need of small doses administered at intervals, not at discretion but with discretion. Where the vital action is so thoroughly depressed as to exclude all reasonable hope of rousing it, which frequently happens in old age, the kindness of large and repeated doses is very questionable; and patients have been known to make the touching request, sometimes it is to be feared in vain, that they might at least be allowed to make their exit from life sober.

The question whether the medicine alcohol may be safely or beneficially used without medical advice, is the same as may be asked with regard to the use of any other medicine, a question merely of judgment; and people of common sense may safely be left to answer it for themselves. Alcohol may with prudence be used as safely as any other edged tool or combustible material, more safely, indeed, because an accident, strictly so called, is, in such a case, scarcely possible. When a man is used up so as to be unable, for instance, by his own unassisted efforts, to complete any work which he has engaged to produce by a given time, an alcoholic stimulus may, no doubt, be useful for that particular purpose. It may enable him to do the work which he could not do without it. But let him not forget that the work is really done at his own expense: more is taken out of him than his strength warrants. His body requires to be recruited by rest, and if circumstances forbid this, his health is more or less injured. "Alcohol," it has been well said, "gives no addition to the amount of vital strength; it merely urges the more rapid and thorough using up of what you already have."

### III.

It cannot be expected that many will accept this statement who have been indoctrinated with the notion, prevalent certainly in England, that alcohol is, in any proper sense of the word, *food*. It is no such thing. We are speaking now of pure alcohol, which has no nourishing properties, nothing which can procure muscle, renovate tissue, or repair the wasted vitality of the blood. But people do not drink pure alcohol or anything approaching to it; and many spirituous beverages, such as beer,

do contain a certain small amount of nutritious matter, much smaller than would be found in a similar bulk of almost any recognized article of food; and this plus the alcohol, which does, in fact, counteract the effect of such nutriment. For if, as we believe has been proved by experiment, alcohol refuses to act along with the gastric juice, it is neither a food nor a solvent of food. Few will deny that the natural solvent of any substance received into the stomach is water, although opinions may differ as to the amount of nutriment, that is of food, which water contains. It may fairly be doubted whether more water ought to be taken into the system than is sufficient to act with the gastric juice in enabling the stomach to assimilate the food committed to it; and hence we see the absurdity of assuming that water is a cure for every imaginable disease. The healthy subject requires so much and no more, the limit being probably indicated by natural thirst, which, as no two persons are constituted exactly alike, will vary in different cases. An unhealthy subject may, and no doubt often does, require more water than a healthy one, in the same way as a choked drain requires, from time to time, to be cleared by the flushing of a heavy shower. And here we appear to have the key to what is valuable in the so-called water-cure. The potations, packing and douching which go on at Malvern, Ilkley Wells, and other well-known places of resort by health seekers, do for them, analogously, just the same service performed for street gutters by a shower of rain. But enough of this; for it is no part of our intention to disparage, even at the distance of a couple of thousand miles or so, the attractions of those charming watering places. But if water is a solvent and no more, alcohol is not even that—far less is it food. The statement is open to easy refutation if incorrect, that alcoholic drinks, beer alone in a slight degree excepted, do not contain chemically discoverable nutritious elements. But to this it is sometimes replied that, allowing the absence of nutriment, they do nevertheless contain force or the materials for producing force. Now if by *force* is meant *strength*, the objector is begging the whole question; for strength can only be the product of nourishment, and this of nutritious elements in the substances received into the stomach. All that can be truly said is, that an alcoholic stimulus produces a temporary effect, resembling that which would result from an increase of strength. Most of us have, no doubt, had ere now the felicity of riding in a hired conveyance called a cab, or may be a fiacre, and noticed with what desperate efforts cabby succeeded in lashing his poor jaded beast into a trot, or possibly, to save our train, into a canter. Now the whip in that poor beast's case was the alcoholic stimulus; it certainly put no strength into him, although it enabled his master to

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extort a little more work out of his wearied limbs than without that incentive he would have been able. The horse, we will suppose, did not fall down exhausted before landing us at our destination : but no one would say that he was at all the better, some might maintain that he was decidedly the worse, for the operation. Similarly, alcohol excites and rapidly consumes force, but cannot add to it. It is, to adopt another comparison, like the bellows blast poured upon a fire, making it burn more intensely, and generate perhaps a greater amount of steam, which may enable the machinery to work for a time more rapidly. But this it does simply by causing a more rapid consumption of the existing stock of fuel. It may be justifiable to work a ship's engines up to or beyond their registered power on an emergency, as when the alternative lies between running into port by such means or going to the bottom in deep water. The end in this case justifies the means, fraught with danger as they are; but the position is something like, although not quite so bad as, that of the besieged garrison, who having spent their ammunition, charged their pieces with the stones of their own fort, missiles which might possibly do some damage to the enemy, but would almost certainly burst their own guns, besides helping to make a practicable breach in their entrenchments. And yet even this might be excusable if the besieged knew that relief was at hand, and sure to reach them if they could only keep the foe at bay for an hour or two longer.

But the respondent is down upon us again, and alleges that nothing is easier (he might also say, more odious) than comparisons, and that analogy, if held valid as an argument at all, can prove anything. Well, be it so. What has been said proves nothing; but if it raises a presumption, however low, in favour of the tenability of our main position, it has done nearly all that the great Bishop Butler claimed to have effected in his greatest work.

## IV.

No more comparisons, then, but an additional fact or two, and we have done. And first, the habitual use of alcoholic drinks puts the whole body into such an abnormal state, that it becomes equally unable to bear either a disease or the remedies of that disease; and obviously, where alcohol would be the proper remedy, it must in such cases lose more or less its efficacy. Again, there is no more fatal agent than alcohol in the process whereby the white man is rapidly, not only displacing, but destroying the native races of North America, for instance, and New Zealand. The aborigines are rapidly dying out, and that in a great measure through the introduction of fire-water amongst them by Euro-

peans. The fact may or may not be partly attributable to the same cause that, in the late Maori war, scarcely one of the natives who received wounds, however carefully and skilfully treated, was ever known to recover. The patients might to all appearance be strong, healthy men, and the wounds not in themselves dangerous; but after progressing favourably towards recovery for some time, almost every case terminated fatally. There is no reason at all to suppose that the subjects were hard drinkers; the abnormal state of body above mentioned as the result of alcohol, especially on its first introduction into blood hitherto a stranger to it, may be sufficient, although we say it with deference to professional opinion, to account for the fact mentioned.

One of the commonest uses to which alcohol is applied is, in common parlance, *to keep out the cold* by reason of its calorific properties. It certainly does act the part both of poker and bellows in resuscitating the dying flame, but only to make it die down again more quickly; as a consequence of which the body is more susceptible to the effects of cold and more liable to frost-bites than it would be without such stimulus. In the Russian army the authorities are aware of this, and we believe it to be a fact that alcohol is entirely forbidden to the soldiers as a calorific agent, when they are proceeding on any service which involves long exposure to the cold, and the Hudson's Bay Company have adopted the same plan in the fur countries under their control.

And lastly, with the inconsistency of Æsop's countryman who blew hot and cold with the same mouth, we are apt to think that we require alcoholic stimulus as a counter-agent to the extreme heats of summer or tropical climates. There is no more fatal mistake. Certain drinks containing alcohol do, it is true, contain wholesome properties; but even these would be more wholesome minus the spirit which is imbibed with them. It is a well-known fact that the readiest victims to tropical diseases, such as yellow fever, are those, frequently new comers from England, who are by habit least careful both as to the quality and quantity of what they eat and drink. Persons of what is called *full habit* are especially susceptible of and least able to resist diseases induced or favoured by change of climate. And similarly, workmen exposed to great heat, such as stokers, glassblowers and the like, are taught by experience to abstain almost wholly from any internal calorific whilst actually engaged in their work. Our great African explorer is (we trust he may still be spoken of in the present tense) a water drinker; and our yet greater Indian hero, the late Sir Henry Havelock, always discountenanced alcohol amongst his men, employing it only on occasion as a temporary substitute where neither food nor rest could be obtained. The

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evidence of Insurance Companies on the side of abstainers from the popular poisons might be largely adduced; but our limits are already exceeded, and personally we dislike statistics as much (may we confess it?) as brandy and water, regarding them as a cup which neither cheers nor inebriates. Let us in conclusion assure the readers who have been patient enough to read thus far, that we have no connection whatever with the Temperance League, nor the least desire to damage any branch of legitimate trade in solids or liquids. We live too near the State of Maine, and know too much of the state of Scotland to feel sanguine as to the success of any attempts to make men sober by legislative enactment, or what has been not inaptly styled, *maine* force. But there is, we are happy to believe, an under current of common sense and a prudential power of self-restraint, which, apart from all appeal to higher motives, may induce some people to look at facts, when placed fairly before them, which may hitherto have escaped their notice. It has been our endeavour to state facts fairly, and all we would claim for them is that, if true, they are significant and worth knowing.

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## MY POUND OF GOLD.

NEVER shall I forget the feeling of despondency with which my first view of the famous Forrest Creek diggings over-powered me. A month's uncomfortable sojourn under canvas on Liardet's beach, near Melbourne, while waiting for the means of transporting our luggage into the interior, had indeed in a measure disenchanted me with the colony; and though plates full of nuggets were to be seen in the Melbourne shop-windows, surmounted by cards bearing pressing invitations to lucky miners to sell their precious metal at the highest price, the numbers of disappointed diggers who daily flocked into town in a state of comparative destitution, and who eagerly sought employment as stone-breakers and road-menders, told plainly enough that gold was not likely to become a "drug in the market" for a little while longer, and that though there were many prizes, the number of blanks was also considerable. Nevertheless I was hardly prepared for the utter dreariness of the scene which burst upon my two companions and myself, when on the fourth day from leaving Melbourne, after a tiresome tramp beside the dray which carried our baggage, picks, shovels and crowbars, we entered a valley about three hundred yards wide and several miles in length, so closely honey-combed by pits, that with the exception of the narrow road along which we travelled, there was barely room for a footpath between them. Beside and

surrounding each hole was a heap of the brick-coloured earth that had been thrown out; hardly a particle of anything green was to be seen. The hills on either side had been completely denuded of trees, and the stunted grass was parched by a scorching sun. The innumerable sun-baked heaps, the gum-tree stumps, the deserted pits, the ruins of a few wretched bark huts, half a dozen broken windlasses, and the silence that prevailed where there were so many evidences that but a short time before there had been heard the busy hum of thousands, all conspired to give an air of desolation to the valley, and to cast a gloom over our spirits which we vainly endeavoured to shake off. We occasionally turned aside from the road and looked with less of curiosity than of dismay into the pits which seemed to us to be bottomless; and when at last we reached our camping ground near Pickford's store, on Friar's Creek, about ninety miles from Melbourne, we concluded, as we pitched our tent and boiled our tea, that we would be much better at home again; to sink one of *those* holes seemed entirely out of the question. A good night's rest, however, had a wonderful effect upon us, so that when next morning we opened the tent door and let in the bright sunshine of an Australian summer's day, a good deal of the gloomy feeling disappeared; and though desolation was still a marked feature of the scene, (for these were deserted diggings, and their best days were long past) yet even the few tents and huts in sight on the hill sides, and a dozen or so of miners standing by rude creaking windlasses, and raising "washing stuff" from the pits of mysterious depth, cheered us greatly and made us determine to go to work at once; but in the first place we were obliged to procure licenses, without which we were liable to a fine for being on the diggings. And so, as I have duly recorded in my journal,—“Feb. 7., H. and C. have gone to the Commissioner's for licenses. We saw the mounted police scouring the country this morning in search of unlicensed diggers and feared they would visit us, as they passed quite close.” My “mates” found their way to the office in a neighbouring gully, and soon returned with the required documents, which were good for a month only, and cost thirty shillings each.

The gold license, (a crumpled specimen bearing marks of having been carried in a digger's pocket for some time, is by me as I write) ran as follows: “No. 73. The bearer L., having paid the sum of one pound ten shillings on account of the general revenue of the colony, I hereby license him to mine or dig for gold, or exercise and carry on any other trade or calling on such Crown Lands within the Colony of Victoria, as shall be assigned to him for these purposes by any one duly authorized in that behalf. This license to be in force until and during the month of February

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and no longer." Then follows the signature of the Commissioner; annexed are certain rules and regulations, among which are the preservation of the roads, the due observance of Sunday, and the extent of claim allowed to each miner, viz., 144 square feet.

In consequence of advice which we received from a friendly digger, we removed our tent to a level bearing the ill-omened name of Murderer's Flat, about a mile further down the creek, where a number of miners were at work, and where it was said, some of them were finding gold. "Feb. 8.—Some people washing stuff near us. I had a talk with them; they were very civil and allowed me to watch them extracting the gold from the washing stuff as the clay in which it is found is called. One man washed about a thimbleful out of two buckets of the stuff. Went on the hill where a rush of diggers took place about a fortnight ago; short as the time is since the digging was commenced, the entire hill for the space of some hundred yards from the centre has been burrowed and dug up. Some of the holes have turned out very rich, yielding several pounds weight, while others are empty, or as the diggers say, "Chicers." Some men with whom I had a conversation said they were "making wages:" wages meaning about two ounces a week. While on the hill I perceived a crowd running in an excited manner; and making my way to the point of attraction found that the cause was a visit from the Commissioner, a gentlemanly person with a gold-laced cap, attended by policemen in blue flannel shirts, with naked bayonets stuck in their belts, and carbines in their hands. The Commissioner was settling a dispute between two diggers, one of whom tunnelled from his own pit into that of his neighbour, and consequently became liable to a fine of £10, which was levied on him then and there."

"Feb. 9. Commenced a hole with C, and got down four feet by evening. 10th. Got to the rock early to-day at a depth of about eight feet; tried the washing stuff, and found only a few grains of gold, so must give that up. Tried cradle tailings, and got a few grains; not thinking so badly of the place to-day probably, from having something to do as well as from the novelty of the employment." And here I may briefly describe the system of *digging* which prevailed in the Mount Alexander district. A likely spot having been chosen, the most favourable position being usually the middle of a gully, a hole was commenced, if circular, about three feet in diameter, if oblong, about five feet by three. The hard clay was loosened by a pick and then shovelled out; and by alternately picking and shovelling, a pair of diggers would usually reach the bottom of a hole about twenty feet deep, in two or three days. After the first day's work, a rough windlass, made of gumtree, was rigged at the mouth.

of the hole, and the clay hauled up by means of a bucket, one man windlassing and his mate filling the bucket below. The bottom of the hole was the rock, which was sometimes slate, sometimes schist, and in some cases sandstone and quartz; above this was a layer of pipe clay, sand and gravel, varying greatly in thickness as well as in colour and composition, according to the character of the underlying rock. This contained the gold and was called "washing stuff;" if very rich, rounded grains of gold, and little water-worn nuggets might be seen in it and picked out with a knife; but this would be an exceptional case and the stuff would even then require to be washed in order that the finer gold might not be lost. The washing stuff having been sent up to the surface, was carried to the nearest water and *puddled* in a large tub or trough, and the water changed and poured off repeatedly, until the clay had been washed out and only sand and gravel with gold remained. This was transferred to a cradle, closely resembling the domestic article; but in place of the roof there was a sieve and beneath the sieve a sloping board fitted with ledges or bars.

The cradling was done by placing the sand in the sieve, pouring on water and rocking at the same time; the light sand was carried away by the water, while the gold, passing through the sieve, was caught against the ledges beneath, and was then freed from any remaining sand by being manipulated in a washing dish.

Such was the usual plan; where water was plentiful long troughs, called "Toms," and sluices were sometimes employed advantageously.

As a general thing, gold was obtained only by sinking at the diggings I visited during my ten months' stay. No crushing was then carried on, though gold-bearing quartz cropped out in several places, and I frequently broke off with a hammer pretty specimens streaked and dotted over with gold. In some places the alluvial deposit on the surface or only a few inches beneath, was found to be exceedingly rich. But these surface diggings were exhausted almost immediately from the very facility with which they were worked. Strange to say, the richest sinkings also, were those which were first discovered. At the time of my arrival, the excitement which had about eighteen months before almost depopulated Melbourne and had left scores of vessels without crews in Hobson's Bay, had in a great degree subsided. There were plenty of new diggings but none of them very rich; and hundreds of reckless fellows who at the first rush to the gold fields had in a few months gained hundreds and even thousand of pounds' worth, and who with the expectation that the gold would always prove equally abundant, had returned to Melbourne and had "knocked down" as they called it, in the wildest dissipation, their easily

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got wealth, wandered remorseful and discontented over their former claims, now worked out, and despising small gains cursed their own folly and the exhausted diggings in vile colonial phrase.

Most of the crimes of violence which were only too prevalent at this time, might I believe, be traced to these idle ruffians, of whom a good sprinkling were ticket-of-leave men.

"Feb. 24th.—A fellow entered a store opposite our tent last night, and was caught in the act of robbing it; when caught, he kicked up a tremendous row, cursed policemen and storekeepers, and pretended to be drunk, and kept us awake most of the night with his shouts."

25th.—The thief who was taken last-night spent the hours till breakfast time chained to a log, outside the police tent. The police foolishly took off the handcuffs to allow him to eat his breakfast, but they had no sooner done so, than he made a spring, escaped from amongst them, and ran a considerable distance before he was retaken; some diggers stopped him, so he was manacled again, and marched off to Castlemaine with a guard."

We had now been three weeks at the diggings, and though we had worked hard and had sunk many holes, we had found very little gold. We tried surfacing; we washed cradle tailings; we "*prospected*" in new gullies, in hopes of coming upon something good, but all to no purpose.

Our expenses were heavy and our purses were growing light, for flour was a shilling a pound, and butter four and sixpence; so it is not to be wondered at that my journal abounds in sage reflections upon the folly of leaving home, and the desirability of getting back again, the frequent record of which appears to have afforded me a melancholy satisfaction. At this time, however, a change in our affairs took place; my companions returned to the tent one evening with something like exultation on their faces; they had just heard of something good, they said: C. had had an offer of £3. per week, as driver of an escort waggon; H. had been encouraged to offer himself as trooper, and a berth as book-keeper, clerk, &c., in a *General Store*, which though worth only thirty shillings a week at first, might eventually bring me more than twice that sum, was waiting my acceptance. Was not this better than digging? and such digging as ours had been!

I cannot say the news affected me very agreeably, as I had no particular fancy for the new line of life proposed to me. But there was necessity in the case, so I lost no time in visiting the store-keeper who required my services, and on the 28th February, I entered his canvass-roofed establishment as his assistant.

My duties were particularly light; in fact, during the middle of the day

I had little or nothing to do, as the diggers made their purchases and sold their gold chiefly in the evening, the day being employed in working on their claims.

Chalmers, the store-keeper, and his wife were a kindly and respectable couple of canny Scotts; he had been fortunate during the palmy days of Friar's Creek, and had prudently given up mining when gold became scarce, and had invested his findings in diggers' requisites, which he exchanged for gold at a very remunerative profit. My engagement lasted only five weeks, as by the end of that time I had partly recruited my resources, and had moreover, formed a decided dislike to the business, infinitely preferring to undergo any amount of hardship as a digger.

During my stay I had a good opportunity of studying the character of the diggers, who, with few exceptions, spent their gold as quickly as they found it, and were on the whole most excellent customers. They were great devourers of sardines and mixed pickles, and went through an astonishing quantity of butter considering the price. Of tea, also, and sugar, they were amazing consumers. There was quite a run upon candles, which were burned in the holes, and raspberry vinegar and lime juice they bought freely. I am glad to say we sold no spirits, nor could we do so, even if willing, under a penalty of £50. Spirits was, unfortunately, sold on the diggings, by so called "sly grog dealers," who usually gathered round them a most depraved and reckless set.

One of these dens was a great deal too close to us for our comfort. On this head I have noted, "March 3rd. Towards evening some people warned Chalmers that an attempt was likely to be made to-night to rob the store; he was warned a second time this evening, and as he was robbed about a year ago, he evidently was much alarmed. I remained on watch part of the night; heard the police galloping past early this morning; (4th) they halted at the grog shop, and after some examination of its contents, commenced its demolition by tearing off the canvas. It has been for some time the haunt of bad characters, and we were not sorry to see every trace of it quickly removed. About thirty pounds' worth of spirits was seized and carried off, and the owner also. His wife, a young and very wretched looking creature, came into the store soon after, lamenting the mishap. She mourned above all other things the loss of some port wine, "for," said she, "that's the stuff I'm fond of." She brought in for sale fourteen ounces of gold, but having lately bought a quantity, we had not money enough to purchase it. March 18. An old Irishman came in to-day overcome with grief, because, under the influence of brandy, he had sold some land in Melbourne at the rate of eight pounds sterling per foot, frontage; though if he had waited till he had become

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sober he could have got four times that price; he said he could raise £1000 any day. He spoke pathetically on the subject of Irish whiskey; he had not forgotten the name of Guinness, and tears started in his eyes when thoughts of the far-famed malt came over his soul. I heard to-day that H. and C. having failed in their projects of escort driving, &c., had set up a lemonade establishment, but had drawn only two shillings during the last two days. March 23. Went to the escort office to-day for a letter for Chalmers; the office was a small and shabby tent, at the door of which stood a sentry with a carbine; passing by his permission, I found myself in the presence of a stout gentleman sitting at a table covered with gold, weights, scales, and parcels. Beside him was a strong box in which he deposited the diggers' treasures to be sent under escort to Melbourne. April 7. Bade farewell to Chalmers, as the "*auri sacra fames*" has been growing strong upon me lately, and I have had quite enough of it store keeping. He offered me good terms if I would remain, but I declined. We parted good friends, and he begged me to make myself at home in his store if at any time I returned to those diggings."

Having joined a mate called Moon, I find, "April 16th, got into a hole in German gully, drove it, and sent up washing stuff; we got out a load which we carted to the water, but it yielded only four pennyweights. With various mates, but with very little success, I visited, during the two months following, the newly discovered Jim Crow Ranges and the MacIvor diggings, distant, respectively, about thirty and fifty miles from our first encampment. From week to week I got about as much gold as paid my expenses, and no more. The idea of making a fortune at digging, at last left my head completely, and in its place came a very fixed determination to get a *pound of gold* at all events, if possible, and then to leave the colony for ever; the first step being a very necessary preliminary to the second. I cannot tell of any adventure, so to speak; my life was, on the whole, uneventful, and even monotonous. And yet there was just enough of excitement and fascination in the work to make it pleasant in spite of the hardship and the rough companionship, and the occasional privations I endured.

Here is a page from my journal: "May 12—MacIvor bought thirty yards of calico at one and sixpence a yard, and Darby spent the evening and most of the following day making a tent. Darby and I sunk a hole which we bottomed on Friday, and found some gold; but we are doubtful if there is enough to pay. Never saw so many people together before, crowds flocking in, and provisions scarce and dear; bread, three shillings for the two pound loaf; gold selling at £3 12s. per oz.

"Most of those who come in seem totally unprovided with tents, and their make-shifts of blankets and calico will prove a poor protection during the rains. Saw some nice two-ounce nuggets with the people in the next tent; they have a good claim in Golden Gully. Have no license yet, and won't take one till next month. "15th.—Tried some stuff from the hole; some of it turned out a quarter of an ounce to the dish. Darby picked out some with the knife, so I hope our luck has come at last. 16th.—Carted down some stuff to the creek, and were much disappointed, as it turned out only an ounce, and so gave up the hole on Thursday evening, as not a speck more was to be seen in it or in the drive. 23rd.—No gold. Come down to a single sovereign and an ounce. June 4.—Started alone for Bendigo (30 miles) to see D. H., and get some money he owes me. Got £12, and returned. June 13.—It rained heavily, which prevented my proceeding to Friar's Creek. 15th.—Got a load of stuff from a shallow sinking carted down to the beach for ten shillings. Darby and I busy washing, when the police surrounded us. Not having licenses, was obliged to pay five pounds for self and same for Darby, who had no money. Out of spirits at this, as it has left me only ten shillings.

"June 16.—Attended at the camp 10 a.m. We were obliged to wait a long time before our case was called. We both pleaded guilty to the charge of occupying Crown Lands without license; were fined only two pounds each, as "we had given no trouble." The police seem an awkward set, and quite unaccustomed to pistols, which they handle too freely. They sometimes shoot people by mistake. (N.B. August.—See by a late paper that one of the MacIvor policemen had shot himself by letting his pistol fall into the fire.)

"17th.—Determined to leave MacIvor, so sold the tent to Bill, an old convict, who lives close to us; sold the tools for thirty-seven shillings, and have now about eight pounds. Curious characters living round us here. A London cabby, a Liverpool brass-founder, a dragoon, a man-of-war's-man, Jack by name, of course, several whalers, and a good many shepherds and hut-keepers, formerly denizens of Van Dieman's Land, and commonly termed "Darwenters." "June 18.—Started for Friar's Creek, crossed several swollen creeks on logs; met a man who had fallen in while crossing the Caliban, and had lost his blanket and boots. Breakfast at the Miami Inn (19th) at eight this morning, but nothing to eat for the rest of the day, as they refused to sell anything in the shape of food at the only sheep station on the road. 20th.—Reached Saw-pit Gully about 10 a.m., almost starved, having camped out under my blanket, without food since yesterday morning. Accompanied by two

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Yankees, who overtook me on the road, and were as hungry as myself. Bought two loaves and a quarter of mutton, and borrowed a frying-pan from the butcher's wife; made a fire in the gully and had some breakfast; shared breakfast with the Yankees, who were looking for work on the roads; we parted with mutual good wishes. Reached Chalmers' store towards evening; he and his wife were glad to see me, and begged me to take up my quarters with them as long as I remained. June 22.—Put my pistols in my pockets and helped Chalmers to carry twenty-five pounds of gold to the Escort Office. July 3.—Met Mann, the storekeeper's son, in grief, when returning from Castlemaine. He had just been "stuck up" by two men, and robbed of fifteen ounces, a few minutes before. Two policemen came up, to whom we communicated the mishap, and they at once went into the scrub in search of the robbers, but did not find them. Chalmers, greatly afraid of being robbed, pressed me to remain, as otherwise he would be left alone."

Soon after this Chalmers sold off most of his goods, closed the store and went to Geelong, leaving me in charge of the tent, in which I slept at night, while digging by day in the neighbourhood.

At this time I worked chiefly by myself, sinking shallow holes and surfacing; and though my gains were small, they were pretty regular, so that week after week I saved a little towards my pound of gold. The accumulation went on very slowly, however. On one occasion, indeed, I got three ounces in one day; but this was quite a brilliant stroke of luck, and weeks followed during which I was able to save hardly half an ounce. But I persevered, and used the greatest economy, as I was determined to carry out my idea.

However, I did not always work alone. I met with all sorts of people who had become diggers, among whom were several attorneys, a teacher of music, university men, sailors, soldiers and convicts. With some of these I consorted from time to time, as I happened to require their assistance, or as they required mine, in some operation that could not well be managed single-handed; and I have pleasure in recollecting that in no single instance had I the slightest difficulty with any of these fortuitous companions, some of whom were of a rough type, but that, on the contrary, I met with constant civility, and even kindness.

A "mate" who worked with me in October was an elderly man, called "little Jimmy," who, though his antecedents would not bear investigation, for he came from the region of the "Darwent," and confessed that he had been transported many years before, was one of the most satisfactory and honest little fellows I ever met. He had been in the country a long time, having been "sent out" when quite a boy, and

had consequently grown up without any education whatever. But he delighted in having books read to him, and was most thankful when, of an evening after work, I would take my book to his hut.

On Sundays I used to read a good deal for him upon subjects about which it may well be supposed the poor fellow was sadly ignorant, and he listened and learned with all the docility of a child. So the months passed; the rainy season was over and the summer came again, when, at last I attained my object; for on Monday, November 8th, I wrote: "No gold since last Tuesday; on that day got eighteen penny-weights; have now a pound less one pennyweight. November 12th. — Went with my *pound of gold* to the Commissioners' and lodged it in the Escort Office; the first I have sent down." On the same day, by a curious coincidence, I received letters from friends at home which confirmed me in my intention of leaving the diggings. I was about to wash a tub of stuff when they were handed to me; but I had no sooner read them, than I determined to sell tools, tub, cradle and all, and start for Melbourne without delay. However, it was necessary that I should wait a few days in order to deliver up the store to the person to whom Chalmers had sold it, and who was now on his way from Melbourne. So I employed the interval in visiting Bendigo, and bidding farewell to the companions with whom I came to the country, and who very soon after followed me. Having accomplished this trip, I returned and gave up my charge, and on the 20th of November took my leave of the diggings. I ought to have mentioned before, that Sunday at the gold-fields was strictly observed, so far as abstaining from digging was concerned. But it was the day specially chosen by the miners generally for cutting firewood, and washing their clothes, &c., and was, I fear, observed by very few after a Christian fashion. For, at the time of which I write, there were, with one exception at Castlemaine, no churches. Nor, indeed, from the nature of the population, could there have been; as a place containing quite a city of tents to-day, was liable to become a solitude to-morrow.

So much has been written about the scenery of Australia, that it is unnecessary to attempt a description of the park-like appearance of much of the country, which, though sometimes tame and monotonous, is occasionally varied by exceedingly pretty views. Its natural history, too, is well known and describable. Of the famous marsupials, I saw only the opossum and the kangaroo-rat. Kangaroos kept clear of the diggings. The beautiful but songless birds were varied and numerous; and flocks of parroquets, white cockatoos and magpies perpetually flew over-head, or settled on the trees at the road-side.

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Once, and only once, I saw an emu ; but he saw me also, and started off at a rapid pace, before I could get close enough for a shot.

Snakes, of which there are a few venomous kinds, were scarce, as I saw only two during my stay. Lizards abounded, and centipedes and scorpions showed themselves occasionally.

One thing that struck me particularly in my rambles round the gold-fields, was the large extent of surface sprinkled over by small angular white quartz *overlying* the black vegetable mould, and strewn so thickly in some places, as to resemble at a little distance a covering of snow. Quartz is, of course, a rock peculiar to all gold fields, probably the matrix from which the water-worn gold, (with particles of quartz often adhering to it,) was washed. But how come the *angular* quartz to *overlie* the recent vegetable mould ? This is a question to which I have not yet seen a satisfactory answer.

I was unavoidably detained in Melbourne a whole tedious month, waiting for a vessel ; at length I obtained a passage ; but though it was only in the second cabin, most of my pound of gold was spent in securing it. The captain was a not very pleasant character, who not having the fate of the "Ancient Mariner" before his eyes, spent a good deal of his time shooting with a pea-rifle at gulls and albatrosses, as I overheard a sailor telling another, "to keep the devil out of his mind." My fellow-passengers, especially those in the second cabin, were mostly an ill-conditioned set, many of them being convicts who had "served their time," and who, though doubtless they had "left their country for their country's good," were certainly not returning for its benefit.

A notable exception and contrast, indeed, was formed by the presence of an English clergyman, who was most obliging in lending me books, and to this hour I feel grateful when I remember his kindness.

That clergyman is, or was very lately, a dweller in the "Dominion" ; should his eye fall upon this page, he will be reminded of the voyage from Melbourne to London, of the good ship Northumberland.

L.

## THE CHURCH.

THE present age may well be said to be an age of revolutions. In whatever direction we look, whether to the old world or to the new, incessant and abrupt changes are taking place, traditions and institutions unquestioned for centuries past, are being placed on their defence, while men's minds are necessarily unsettled, and they are learning to doubt

things never heretofore doubted. It would seem as if the earthquakes whirlwinds, and upheavals which have devastated, and even threatened to change, the face of the natural world, were being reflected in the condition of the human societies which inhabit that world. The calmest observer of the tides of man's feelings and passions cannot fail to notice with somewhat of alarm, the present aspect of things: an age which boasts of its civilisation, has seen more bitter and cruel bloodshed than many a past generation; law and order are openly defied by the assassin, who imagines himself to be inspired by patriotic motives; total anarchy seems to threaten one of the greatest empires of the world; while men, who have nothing else in common, are calmly plotting to overthrow that faith in a Divine Ruler of the universe, in whom, from primeval times we have believed, and the working of whose Hand we have been accustomed to trace in all the social, political, and moral changes that the world has yet seen. Will the Church of Christ, like the Ark of old, surmount the boiling, seething waves? Or will it be split up, weakened, and finally submerged beneath the waters? Some are in such times of trial sure to turn back and endeavour to save themselves; others, sincerely believing in its ultimate triumph, do not recognise sufficiently the truth that God ever works by human agency; but there are many in our branch of the Church, and we may hope in others also, whose piety, and wisdom, and energy, guided by the Holy Spirit of God, will, we believe, bear the ship safely through the storm, not only without loss, but with accretions of strength and abundant assurance of enlarged powers for the future.

We are no longer left in doubt about the form in which the storm will burst upon the Irish Church. The resolutions affirmed by the House of Commons will, if they become law, by one stroke not only disestablish the Church of Ireland, but also in a manner wholly unprecedented, take away all its revenues. The resolutions though carefully worded, seem, like all the speeches on the Irish Church, which, through many years past appear in the annals of Parliament, to confuse the question of establishment and the power of holding property. Unless a voluntary body has power in its corporate capacity to hold property, we can have no societies, colleges, churches at all. The question of establishment or non-establishment, though a grave one, yet involves no wide principle, extending beyond itself; whereas the question of the claim of the Government of a country to confiscate all property, which they may choose to consider to be badly administered, involves a fundamental principle of social and national life. The Irish Church is corrupt; its revenues are squandered; work is paid for which is never done. Does this warrant confiscation? And to press the question more closely, does not the fact of its establish-

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ment properly bear a great part of the blame of this mal-administration? Had the Irish Church been a voluntary body, would this have been suffered?

It is by no means easy to see what churchmen of the Established Church of England and Ireland ought to do under these circumstances; the difficulty is not merely a question of Churches; it does not depend solely upon the utility and value of the Irish Church, or upon her vitality: the disendowment of an endowed body is neither more nor less than the transference of property from the hands of one person to those of another. Yet we may well question the premise which we have assumed, viz., whether the Irish Church is wholly devoid of vitality; her disendowment will remove from Ireland thousands of her best inhabitants, both clerical and lay; it will alter the state of religion in Ireland in an abrupt way, which may reasonably, on mere social grounds, cause alarm, depriving seven hundred thousand members of our communion of those means of grace, which at present, the Irish Church affords them. We must, at least, believe that members of Parliament are prepared to assert deliberately, that the Roman communion offers higher means of grace to the population of that island, and, therefore, that there is nothing unreasonable in handing over to them so large a number of souls. We may at least trust that this grave matter will not be treated, as we fear it has been, as a mere party question; that due time will be given to its discussion, not only in Parliament, but through the country, and that the two questions, which appear to us so distinct, of establishment and endowment, will be disentangled from the knot in which the resolutions appear to place them.

Scarcely in some respects of less importance than the disendowment of the Irish Church, is the bill introduced by Mr. Coleridge for secularising the University of Oxford. The noble buildings and grand foundation, and wide prestige of both the great English universities, have from time immemorial been the heritage of the national Church of the country; her right to them has been undisputed, until the revolutionary spirit of this century purposes now to hand over the revenues and the entire government of the university to men who may be Christians or infidels, members of the Church of England or the Church of Rome, Presbyterians or Dissenters. Scarcely can non-conformists really desire to carry a measure which shall not only unchurch but unchristianize these ancient seats of learning, the pride not of the Church only, but of the nation. Mr. Liddon's suggestion that a large portion of the revenues of the college might be detached from them, especially the more wealthy among them, in order to found colleges which should be handed over to non-conformist

bodies, appears to be such as should satisfy all those who do not agitate the matter in the interests of scepticism. No one who really knows the universities, and has had any experience in the characters and dispositions of the young men who commonly pass through an university career, could do otherwise than oppose the secularisation of university education. Men at the age at which they come to an university are just beginning to exult in the conscious possession of intellectual powers, and many are thereby inclined towards philosophical speculations, and love to exercise their newly found powers upon any and every question, just as in the pride of physical strength and energy they undertake bodily labour for the labourer's sake. It is almost impossible to overrate the influences which the existence of non-Christian fellows, tutors, and professors would have over men at this stage of their intellectual development. There are, of course, some in whom early religious culture would prevail over the seducements of a refined scepticism, and still more, we believe, in whom the faith would ultimately triumph; but who would expose a son whom he desired to keep in the full faith of a Christian to such trials? On many minds the influences of an university career tells with an effect, which no lapse of time blots out. The main existing fault in our two great universities is, not that they exercise too much, but too little moral and religious control over the undergraduates: even now, scepticism works in them, which is due to the painful fact that, owing to a variety of causes, the best men do not stay at Oxford and Cambridge as tutors in the several colleges. Mr. Liddon well points out that the resignation of a portion of their income would not weaken the teaching powers of the different colleges; rather it would have a beneficial effect upon it, because the fellows, who would cease to exist, are already lost practically by non-residence, and are a drag and not a support to those who are engaged in the real work of the university. If the colleges depended upon the residence of their fellows, they would more carefully select those who are qualified for the difficult work of college tuition. Oxford would not be the loser, and might, perhaps, be the gainer, if £10,000 a year were taken from the aggregate income of the different colleges, and appropriated to other purposes. There is sufficient revenue to maintain another university, and the majority of those who have the real interests of education at heart, would be rejoiced to see the existing endowments better used. At the same time, as in the case of the Irish Church, this is no just pretext for confiscating the whole revenues in the interests of a secular education; we protest with Mr. Liddon against any scheme which shall make Oxford "a mere lecturing and examining machine,

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"warranted to educate the best youth of England for all days to come, "in nothing better than a polished ungodliness."

But while the storm is threatening the Church at home, Dr. Colenso is exercising his legal position, as Bishop of Natal, with all the bitterness and violence which he can; supported, doubtless, by the statements of the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of London, he openly persecutes the Catholic party. We can hardly wonder that some persons despairing of the Church of England, have sought refuge in the Church of Rome. Yet, at the same time, we regret deeply that secession to Rome, which the last decade had not seen, has again commenced: those who have left us will not find greater rest within another communion; the spirit of scepticism is quite as widely spread among their priests, as among ours, although it may not have yet caused so great a scandal. And those who thus turn their backs in the hour of danger, show that they have no power of endurance in the cause of religion, when they leave the city that is most hardly beset; in our Church the battle of Christianity and the world is being fought, and in our Church, by God's aid, the battle shall be won. We have treasured the Bible as the Word of God even in our darkest days, and we will not let it go now, that the clouds gather round us, and the storm threatens. But it certainly is a keen blow that this attack upon the Bible springs from England; where the Book has been printed most extensively, criticised most reverently, and circulated most freely, that thence should spring this deadly attack upon it; that Bishops of our communion should, the one openly deny the Divinity of our Blessed Lord, and the Inspiration of those Scriptures to which He set his seal, and the other proclaim to the world that he upholds the heretical bishop, because he is not deposed by the Civil courts. And this evil has to be tolerated because we are so divided, and fancy ourselves even more divided than we really are. But in the presence of this common enemy may we not unite our strength; are there not thousands and tens of thousands still, who cherish the Divinity of our Blessed Lord as the ground of their hopes? There are thousands and tens of thousands who openly or practically deny it; there never was an age when more bitter hostility was shown to our Saviour, but on the other hand, there never has been an age when he was more fervently adored, more heartily worshipped, than the present; and if those who love their Lord with deep, heartfelt, reverent love, and adore Him with all their souls, could but join in one compact mass, the scattered forces of the enemy, though perhaps numerically superior, would, and must, yield in the conflict. The unity of the truth gives it a power over error; where truth is, there alone is union possible. And truth there is in our communion, divine truth, and light shedding its gos-

pel beams over England and the English Church. But to those who, because they see corruptions around them, have fretted themselves into impatience and undutifulness, we appeal in the words of a great and learned writer in our Church.\* "Who shall secure them against further doubts? When they find that human frailty pursues them even in their desperate flight, that the practical corruptions of Rome are not less than the practical imperfections of England; when they find themselves surrounded by creature worship, bound to pay respect to lying wonders, involved in the long series of inconsistencies, usurpations, and corruptions to which the infallibility of Rome stand pledged; when they find that in order to relieve their faith from the difficulties, which it was not manly enough to face at home, they have been burdened with the thousand times greater weight of the Romish doctrine of every successive age;.....where will they then fly for comfort, or what is the next and last stage in the development of such unhappy restlessness and impatience of spirit?"

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\* Moberly's Discourses on the Great Forty Days.—Preface to 3rd Edition.

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## ESSAYS IN TRANSLATION.

### AUTUMN TINTS.

(From the German.)

Oh why does nature look so glad  
Whilst I alone am grave and sad?  
The seasons change and years roll on,  
But my life's sun has never shone.

The woods are clothed in bright array,  
Tints golden, russet, what are they  
But signs of their approaching doom?  
They vanish, fade, alas! too soon.

I have sat gazing on those trees:—  
My hopes once seemed as bright, but now  
Where are they? Like those leaves laid low,

Like them with golden hues once flushed,  
Like them now trampled in the dust.

A voice is wafted to my ear,  
"Sweet memories of the past are dear,—  
"Would'st wish those gorgeous tints away,  
"E'en should there be no more decay?"

The trees are bare, and all around  
The dried leaves strew the mossy ground;  
But a soft halo hovers there.  
Murmur not that 'twas once so fair.

C. E. S.

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## ADDENDA.

### THE PAN-ANGLICAN SYNOD.

It seems to be a difficult task to determine who was the originator of the Lambeth Conference. The honour has been assigned in turn to the Bishops of Montreal, Ontario, and Vermont. Nevertheless "*adhuc sub judice lis est.*" We are inclined to think that our own Metropolitan contributed most to its accomplishment, but that the idea of such a Synod had been frequently suggested for some years prior to its realization. The following letter, however, demands notice:

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Will you kindly allow me to correct a statement \* which appeared in your article on "*The Church*," in the March No., and to do, by such correction, justice to the Christian sagacity of one whose self-forgetfulness demands that his services should be kept in memory by his friends. There has been advocated a claim for this honour, on behalf of more than one. Even while the Synod was just separating to its scattered Dioceses, there was a letter written to the *Times* by the Ven. Arch. Patton, in which it was endeavoured to give the honour of the origination of the Synod to the Bishop of Ontario; and since then it has been asserted that

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\* See March No., p. 123, of "*Lennoxville Magazine.*"

the late Bishop of Vermont was the proposer of the Conference. But, sir, I may be allowed to set at rest this question, and to give the honour to whom the honour is due.

James Bovell, Professor of Physiology in Trinity College, Toronto, and for many years lay secretary to the Synod of Toronto, and also the Provincial Synod of Canada, is alone entitled to the credit of originating the Pan-Anglican Synod. It was he who first uttered the idea; it was he who brought up in the Lower House of the Provincial Synod, which bore fruit in the assembling of her Bishops from the near and far off fields of the Church; from Europe, America, and Africa, from Asia and the Southern Seas. And I have been told by a member of the Provincial Synod, that when Dr. Bovell first spoke of this idea, it was laughed at as "One of Bovell's visionary schemes." But he supported his motion with an earnestness which removed opposition, and the "visionary scheme" is an accomplished fact of history.

I am, Sir,

Yours always,

A. G. L. TREW.

P. S. By doing justice to Dr. Bovell, I do not wish to do injustice to the warm interest and earnest endeavours by which our Metropolitan so greatly *furthered* the accomplishment and success of the Synod.

MARKHAM PARSONAGE, Ontario.