

# THE LENNOXVILLE MAGAZINE.

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## A LORD OF THE CREATION.

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER V.

It was late in the afternoon when Vaughan Hesketh left his uncle's room, slowly descended the staircase, and entered the study. No one was there. A fire was burning, and Mr. Hesketh's great chair was drawn towards it, awaiting him. But the window was open, and on the table near, two or three books had evidently been recently laid down. Moreover, a cambric handkerchief lay on the floor beneath the window—Caroline's handkerchief, with her initials embroidered in the corner. Vaughan took it up, and regarded the fanciful letters with curious thoughtfulness for a long time. He was disturbed in his reverie by the faint sound of voices at a little distance, floating gently on the evening quiet. Yes, there she was, and Mr. Farquhar beside her. Both were standing at the end of the terrace, looking at the young moon that was just rising over the tops of the pines. The musical vibration of Caroline's sweet laugh reached his ears.

He stepped out, and taking a slanting path across the lawn, overtook them as they slowly paced the broad terrace. He noticed that Mr. Farquhar was talking earnestly, and Caroline listening with interest; he noticed also the gentleman held in his hand a shell-pink rose, which he knew must have been gathered from Caroline's own particular tree. Somewhat brusquely he broke in upon the conference.

"Did you know you had lost this, Carry?" holding up the handkerchief.

"O! thank you. Is my uncle coming down now? Does he seem better?"

"He appears pretty well, and is coming in to dinner. You have been admiring the moon, I suppose?"

"Why do you suppose?"

"O! you look like it. There's a peculiar sonnet-ish appearance in the eyes of persons under such circumstances. You'll see it in me presently. I already begin to feel in blank verse."

Caroline laughed lightly. Mr. Farquhar was silent.

"I could make a poem about you, Carry, this minute," Vaughan went on, as if restlessly bent on talking. "You look completely poetic, in that white robe, with the blue shawl wrapped about you, and that fair young crescent behind your head. I mean the moon, which evidently counts it a destiny enough to 'fill the ambition of a moderate moon'—to make an ornament for your back hair. I think I must get you a moon of your own, Carry, in mother-of-pearl."

"You are very kind," she responded, in the same gay tone.

Not a suspicion of embarrassment clouded her smile; then she looked at her watch, and exclaiming at the lateness of the hour, she fled across the grass, and disappeared inside the study window.

The two young men walked on for some little time in silence; then Vaughan, with some slight hesitation, commenced by saying, "I have been thinking, George, that the full disclosure I intended making to my uncle had, after all, better be postponed."

"Your reasons," his friend rejoined, after a somewhat blank pause.

"Nay, don't think me capricious or obstinate," said Vaughan, with a frankness that it was very hard to resist. "I know you have my promise and if you still claim it, it shall be done; but——"

"The arguments that were cogent a month since are surely not less so now. Time only increases your difficulty. For what reason did I accompany you to Redwood, but to make your confession of extravagance and debt easier by coming through a third party——"

"For whose name my uncle has an unusual respect," put in Vaughan. "Don't suppose me so cowardly as to have placed a duty upon other shoulders, merely because they were not mine. I knew well that from your lips the old man would receive patiently what otherwise might at once exasperate him beyond reason."

"Then why postpone it till I am no longer here to fulfil the office?"

"But you will be here again, often, I hope. And you will not count your visit valueless, even though its primary motive should fail?"

Mr. Farquhar made no immediate reply. With his eyes bent downwards, he appeared to be musing rather intently.

"Well, Vaughan, give me your reasons for delay."

"My uncle is evidently not in his usual health and spirits just now. He tells me he has had some heavy losses—some speculations in which he was concerned have failed. He received the tidings only this morning. You see, therefore, that to add to this—would——"

"Would be additionally painful, I grant; but the necessity is none the less, nor the duty."

"But, under the present circumstances, it is not his anger that I dread—it is his grief. He is depressed at present more than I ever saw him. Look at all sides of the question. I am his adopted nephew—his heir: to me he looks for help—for comfort. If, instead of this, I but bring him new troubles, it is enough to break his heart. His indignation, his displeasure, I could bear—but his sorrow—George, spare me that!"

He spoke with an earnestness that made his voice falter. His friend turned to him, and looked steadily in his face.

"I cannot quite understand you," he said, dubiously. "From what you told me of your uncle, I was led to expect a hard, harsh disciplinarian, rather than the genial old gentleman I find—or the tender-hearted being you now speak of. You said nothing of his probable distress—it was his unreasonable anger you deprecated."

"That is true, I admit. When away from him, I thought more of his stern strictures, of his uncompromising, business-like love of prudence. But I come here, and I find—himself! softened, too, by troubles of his own, kinder and more loving than he has ever shown himself to me." The speaker glanced at his companion's face, but the drooped eyes and inflexible lip told little. He went on—"Then again, there is another consideration—dearer, sweeter, holier than all. My cousin Caroline. I could not bear to crush her—to sadden her——"

The rigid mouth of the listener quivered, the impassive face flashed as with newly-kindled light.

"To *crush* her? I do not comprehend——"

"At least it would cause her some misery. Remember, George—she loves me."

"Loves you?" he again echoed.

"Loves me! Her tenderness and devotion are just now at once my pride and my pain. To see her betrothed husband——" He broke off, as if he expected some interruption here; but Mr. Farquhar was once more contemplating the ground, and made no remark. "I forgot," Vaughan resumed; "you do not know, probably, that Caroline and myself have always been intended for one another. Only this morning my uncle was speaking to me of our marriage."

"Is that true?"

Mr. Farquhar stood still, facing his companion with an intent but still impassive gaze. The words were uttered more emphatically, perhaps, than he was aware of. Vaughan coloured angrily, and drew back.

"I presume you do not doubt——" but he did not finish the sentence,

though Farquhar's look still questioned him. "Pshaw!" said he, laughing frankly, "I am a fool, indeed, to let my hot temper come between me and my best friend. Yes, George, it is true."

"And she loves you?"

"Is that so incredible to you? Are you so greatly surprised? Your amazement speaks well for our behaviour. Lovers are not generally so difficult of detection."

Mr. Farquhar suddenly swerved aside from his companion, and stooped to pick up a stone. He seemed to expend much energy in flinging it into the midst of the dark foliage of an *arbor vitæ* on the lower lawn. Vaughan laughed at him, and at the whimsical interruption to their discourse.

"You are half boy yet at heart, George; but be your full age just at present. I need your most mature wisdom."

Mr. Farquhar again turned to him, with a face that was pale and grave enough effectually to scare away all jestings.

"On such subjects of discussion as the present a man's own honest feeling is his best wisdom."

"So I think," said Vaughan, quickly. "I am aware that, in a merely wordly sense, my best, and easiest, and wisest plan would be at once to tell my uncle of my unfortunate involvements. I know the extent of the result. He would be angry—forgive—and pay. But other considerations intervene. I have told you what they are. Caroline——"

"Miss Maturin loves you, you say?"

"You seem oddly incredulous of the fact. Just use your perceptive organs the next time you see us together."

Mr. Farquhar's eyes blazed on him for a moment, in sudden and fierce disdain. With an effort he controlled it.

"There is another side to the question, which apparently does not occur to you," he went on. "Do you love her, Vaughan?—do you love Miss Maturin?"

"I cannot conceive why you should doubt that, either. I have known her from childhood; she is beautiful, intelligent——"

"I asked you a question—will you answer it straightforwardly? There is no time for quibbling——"

"And no desire on my part," declared Vaughan, with an air of injured candour. "Of course I love her, as a man *should* love the woman he looks on as his future wife."

Mr. Farquhar made no reply. They walked on.

"It is not necessary that I should say more on such a point," Vaughan resumed; "the dearest feelings of a man's heart are not commonly the oftenest on his lips."



He was interrupted by the apparition at the study window of Caroline's white-clad figure. She beckoned to them. "It is nearly dinner-time. My uncle is in the dining room. Do come in."

Mr. Farquhar, without a word, left his companion, and entered the house by the side-door. Vaughan joined Caroline at the window. He detained her there. In the soft evening light he looked at her earnestly, and appeared to derive great and growing satisfaction from the sight. Truly it was a pleasant one. The glamour of youth was about her—a starlike purity, a childlike grace, in trembling conjunction with the budding consciousness of womanhood. Moreover, with the spiritual beauty, the impalpable enchantment that environed her, there was mingled something intensely real and human; something that told of depths as yet untroubled lying far under the unrippled calm and translucence of her soul; something that, while it suggested faults and shortcomings, also revealed the power to conquer the one, and the nobleness that made up for the other. Because, whatever else was there, there was also Truth, unsullied and uncrooked by conventional sophistries or cowardly self-delusion—truth, white, crystalline, and absolute. Whoso have such are not without a reflex of God's presence, albeit they have not yet recognized His voice.

How much of all this did Vaughan see as he looked at her, and then gently took her hand? She glanced at him in shy surprise as he did so,—but she let it stay.

"We have had a long talk—my uncle and I," said he.

She turned in quick anxiety.

"O, Vaughan! is he displeased at anything? He is not angry with you, is he?"

"Displeased!—angry! what would make you think so? No, indeed. Don't look so alarmed, dear!"

He spoke very tenderly, and drew closer to her, softly stroking the hand he held. Caroline's head drooped instinctively; her heart was beating fast. Some curious and exclusively feminine intuition made her aware that this was neither the old, careless fondness of the boy, nor the more chastened, yet admiring regard he had sufficiently indicated since his return home. Some contradictory, restless feeling made her strive to disengage her hand, though, poor little hand! it felt very happy in his clasp. But he held it firmly; he bent his head lower still, close to her ear, whispering, "We were talking of *you*, and of me, Carry. You can guess what is my uncle's dearest wish; or, if you cannot, you *know*, you must feel, what is mine. Is it yours, also? Carry, tell me that you love me!"

He placed his arm round her. She had stood erect and still till then, but *then* she began to tremble much and uncontrollably.

"Tell me; tell me!" he murmured, urgently—"tell me that you are my own, own Carry—now and always!"

There was a pause. She could not answer, it seemed. But presently the lip quivered, unclosed, and "Now and always," she repeated, at last, very softly.

He kissed the downcast brow, and then strove to turn her face towards him.

"Look at me, dearest." And shyly, yet very proudly, too she looked up at him for an instant—only for an instant. Her bedewed eyes met the gaze of his, then she broke away from him. But at the door he caught her hand.

"Don't run from me so soon—I have so much to say."

Again he imprisoned her in his arms, and bent over her, uttering low words—soothing, tender, and fond. For her, she hid her face in her two hands, and let the tears have way that *would* not now be forced back. He watched the while.

"You are happy—say you are happy, in spite of these tears," he whispered.

Faintly came her reply, but it contented him.

"And I may tell my uncle that all is as he wishes—may I?"

She bowed her head.

"And you will let him see—that—that his great desire is fulfilled? You are not ashamed of loving me, Caroline?"

"Ashamed!" She looked into his face in a very radiance of triumph and joy.

"And we are betrothed? Say again that you are happy—say again that you love me."

"I am happy; I am happy!" She paused, caught his smiling, expectant look fixed upon her. "And—and I love—O, Vaughan! you are the whole—whole world to me!"

Shyness and shame were crushed, and yielded for the moment to the sudden impulse. For a moment she clung to him, as though indeed in him she found her home, her hope, her all. For a moment the strong full soul overflowed.

Vaughan Hesketh was conscious of a revelation. So far as he might he understood and was somewhat dazzled with the intense new light that flashed before him.

Then she fled, and this time he did not seek to detain her. He stood musing, his hands clasped before him, and the peculiar smile upon his

lips that made his face look at once so handsome and so enigmatical. His reflections were doubtless highly satisfactory, not to say exultant; and he slowly quitted the room, saying to himself, "She loves me *desperately*. It is very pleasant. I had no idea that—well, she shall be happy. Beautiful—she *is* beautiful, young, sweet, and loving. Yes, I am quite satisfied."

So he entered the dining-room, and informed Mr. Hesketh of the fact of the betrothal.

The old gentleman was leaning back in his easy-chair; the disregarded newspaper lay on his knee, and he was evidently lost in serious, and probably not very pleasing thought. But when Vaughan spoke to him, and told him what he had to tell, his face relaxed, his smile was a satisfied one.

"I am glad, Vaughan. You are a happy fellow."

"I know it, sir," he answered fervently.

There was no time for more. The servants entered with dinner; the bell sounded, and presently Mr. Farquhar came into the room. Only a few minutes longer they had to wait for Caroline; then she came.

Poor girl! The ordeal of dinner is not the least trying that could be devised for a damsel under similar circumstances. However, she braved and came through it most creditably. She had a rare amount of spirit and resolution, which generally enabled her to achieve what she held to be very desirable. She determined that no outward show should exist of the wonderful new world she had but now entered: no bashfulness, no sentimental blushes or falterings, should, if she could help it, betray one iota of that which she held treasured so sacredly and tenderly. Therefore her demeanour, if not quite so frankly gay as usual, was very much farther removed from bearing any trace of agitation, past or present. Moreover, as the time went on, equanimity became easier, conversation less of an effort. By the time she rose to leave the dining-room, she had almost begun to understand, without first pausing to consider, the various remarks and questions that were circulating among the *partie quarrée*.

Her uncle rose to go with her to the drawing-room, declaring, in virtue of his being half an invalid, he would for that day assume the privileges of a lady. Vaughan closed the door after them. He appeared slightly discomposed, as he resumed his place opposite to his friend. Neither made any remark, and their talk was listless and disconnected, till Vaughan obeyed with alacrity the announcement that coffee was served, and led the way into the drawing-room.

There, Mr. Hesketh's sofa had Caroline seated close beside him, as if they had been talking earnestly. But he loosed her hand when they

came in, and she blithely rose and took her usual seat, where her face was half hidden behind the capacious proportions of the massive silver teacup. In that retirement, while the three gentlemen conversed over their dainty porcelain cups, Caroline doubtless had her own thoughts, and arranged them comfortably and "tidily," so that they should not get into the way for the next two or three hours.

And altogether the evening passed with more cheerfulness and less restraint than might have been expected. Its events may be briefly epitomized: Mr. Farquhar devoted himself to conversation with Mr. Hesketh, and to all appearance both gentlemen were soon deeply interested in a discussion on Chancery Reform; a dry subject, from which Vaughan escaped at the commencement, to follow Caroline to the piano, to lean over the back of her chair while she played, and to interrupt by ever-recurrent whisperings the sweet strains of Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi, thereby occasioning many varieties of harmony not contemplated by those composers. Light bursts of laughter occasionally rang upwards from this distant corner of the room, and then a momentary glance could hardly be resisted by either of its other occupants—a glance that took in a picture very charming in its way; white-robed, golden-haired Caroline, and Vaughan, handsome and chivalrous of bearing, speech, and look, watching her fingers as they played elfish tricks about the ivory keys, or trying to tempt her to look up at him for a moment—it was sure to be only for a moment—and then she would droop her head again, and extraordinary bursts of sound would ensue, as if—as indeed, was the case—she was wrathful with her own self-consciousness.

But at length the evening came to an end. Mr. Hesketh was the first to rise, and, after bidding a cordial good-night to his guest, left the room, leaning on Caroline's arm. When the door had closed behind them, Mr. Farquhar lighted his candle, and held out his hand to Vaughan.

"Say good-night for me to Miss Maturin. I have some letters to attend to to-night before I sleep."

"Are you really going at once? You look tired, my dear Farquhar —"

"My dear Vaughan!"

The other held his hand, and looked steadily into his face, with a long, searching look, that would not be denied. Vaughan met it, half wonderingly, yet unflinchingly.

"Are you reading my fortune?" at length he asked, laughing.

"I was trying to read *you*; but I cannot."

"Who should be able, if not yourself?" Vaughan replied; "you who have been to me friend, counsellor, and helper—you who know all my

follies and weakness as intimately as though I were a conscientious Romanist, and you my father confessor."

"True. And yet—and yet—but I must even trust——" said Mr. Farquhar, somewhat incoherently. And at last he removed his eyes from his friend's face, loosed his grasp of his hand, and went from the room.

And in his own apartment long did George Farquhar sit thoughtful, with a very changeful expression in his dark face—sometimes of pain, keen and sharp enough to make the lip quiver, and to contract the brow as with some physical spasm; anon of doubt, deep and perplexing;—till at length pain and doubt were both silenced, as it seemed, by the voice of a strong resolve. And then he rose from his seat, walked rapidly up and down the room for some minutes, and then—the mouth quite fixed and firm, although the brow was still clouded and the eyes were not all peace nor all thoughtfulness—he drew pen, and ink, and paper to him, and began to write rapidly.

Let us look over his shoulder:

"MY DEAR VAUGHAN,—I am going to leave Redwood early to-morrow morning. I beg of you to tender my apologies for the abruptness of my departure to your good uncle, and my earnest thanks for the friendly hospitality he has so kindly shown me.

"So much for myself; now to your own affairs. I have been considering their position, and I can see no righteous solution of the difficulties that would arise from their further postponement. You tell me that your marriage is to take place before long—an additional reason why all should be made clear and straight for your future career. I can, indeed, see reasons why an *esclandre* at this juncture is to be specially deprecated, yet worse even than that would it be for you to take new responsibilities upon you while the trammels of former difficulties still remain.

"Let there be no delay. Arrange the whole matter at once. I will advance you the requisite sum; you shall repay me at your convenience. I rely upon your often reiterated assurances and solemn promises never to incur another of these accursed 'debts of honour.' I rely, too, on the fact that you are about to link with your own fate that of a good and noble woman, whose love, I believe and trust, will awaken in you high ambitions towards a nobler life than has yet been yours. Moreover, I have sufficient faith in your generosity to believe that you will not disregard the knowledge that this loan to you will cripple my resources for the next few years. Let me have the real *happiness* of finding that it has done good service to you and yours. The money shall be paid to your creditors (according to the list of them with which you furnished me) directly I reach London, and the receipts sent to you. I purpose a foreign tour for

the remainder of the vacation. When I return, I trust it will be to hear that all has gone well with you. A worthy life lies before you—embrace it! See that you use well the good gifts Fate places in your way. Your past has not deserved such gifts, Vaughan Hesketh—take heed that your future repairs its errors. I am not given to sermonizing, so this must end.—I am yours faithfully,

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

“Write me word to my chambers that you agree to this. I shall have left for London before this reaches you.”

This written, he rang for his servant.

“Jenkins, we leave this at six o'clock to-morrow—no, this morning. Call me at five; see that the horses are ready. And remember before we start to give this letter to Mr. Vaughan Hesketh's man, to deliver to his master as soon as he comes down-stairs.”

The servant bowed, and retired, too proficient in his vocation to betray surprise, however sudden the plan. It so chanced, that on his way along the corridor he met Mr. Vaughan Hesketh's “own man.” He was discreet enough not to mention the fact of their approaching departure; but, in order to prevent accidents, he gave him the letter to deliver to his master next morning. Furthermore, it chanced that the man, being summoned to Mr. Vaughan Hesketh's apartment again that night, gave him the letter.

He read it. For a little he appeared to be considering, his hand shading his eyes. He looked up sharply at the waiting-man.

“Was this to be given to me at once?”

“Yes, sir—no sir. Leastways, Mr. Jenkins told me to give it you the first thing in the morning.”

“Ah! you needn't mention that you gave it to-night.”

“Very well, sir.”

And Vaughan Hesketh, serenely content, turned to his slumbers.

#### CHAPTER VI.

It was an afternoon in September. One of the fairest autumn days was lingering lovingly and regretfully about the embrowned beeches and dusky firs of Redwood. The shadowy, sweet presence of the season most dear to poet and to artist, was discernible everywhere. She glanced from the midst of many a cypress and pinewood; her soft, tender smile shone from faint rifts of cloud that girdled the horizon when sunset was near; the hem of her skirt had touched the dells and hollows where the grass grew lush and tall—had turned the ferns to amber and the grasses to gold. On the smooth turf of the hilly slope that led to the moor, she

had left footprints, of a pale brown fading colour, that contrasted with the vivid emerald of the moss around the tree trunks. And across the hill, through the tree branches, and the feathery grasses, and the amber ferns, came the slanting sunlight, making shadows everywhere, and flickering upon the narrow path leading to the moor, the slightly marked path which wound and wound itself between the trees and great clumps of gorse, and then was lost, as though it led to a brink beyond which lay only sky and air.

The hall windows looked out on the hill. At one of them Vaughan Hesketh stood, with his hands clasped behind him, his head bent down, and the peculiar eyes cloudy, ominous, yet with a fiery sparkle in them, looking out as if they saw more than the gleams and shadows of the autumn afternoon. Anon he turned away, and began idly rolling about the billiard-balls, till his quick ear caught the rustle of a robe, and he looked up to see Caroline descending the staircase. She came towards him; the almost serious composure of her face gave way to a smile, and the bloom on her cheek deepened. His own aspect cleared; it brightened into the free, candid sunshine of his best moods as he looked at her, and while he led her to the window, jealously retaining her hand in his.

But she rebelled, and tried to draw it away;—"Luncheon waits; let me go, Vaughan."

"Why should I? What signifies luncheon? Are not we both very happy here, looking out on this bright afternoon *together*?"

"Looking out of the window is a mean pursuit, I think," she said, wilfully, but with a happy glance that contradicted herself.

"O Carry! are you going to practise the Farquhar philosophy? Do you begin to see the vanity of all things?"

"I begin to see the vanity of *you* at least," she rejoined, laughing; "the rest will follow in time. Doubtless poor Mr. Farquhar's theory had reason in it."

"Poor Mr. Farquhar! Why such a tender adjective?"

"O, I always felt sorry for him, and I regretted his abrupt departure. I wish he hadn't gone abroad last week. I wish he had stayed longer at Redwood."

"Farquhar seems to have made a wonderful impression on your susceptible ladyship."

"Is it so wonderful? Were you not sorry yourself, when your friend left us so suddenly?"

"No, Carry; I had no room for sorrow, regret, or disappointment. I was in perfect content with everything in the world."

She coloured, in silence, as she led the way into the dining-room, declaring again that "luncheon was ready." But apparently neither of

them cared much for that repast. It was very soon dispatched, almost in silence, and then Caroline seated herself before the fire and Vaughan took a chair beside her. He leaned his elbow on his knee, his head upon his hand, and looked up into her face thoughtfully. Some fascination seemed to lead the conversation back to the former theme.

"After all," he said, with some emphasis, "he is an excellent fellow, in his way."

"Who?" she asked, waking from her own reverie.

He smiled complacently.

"George Farquhar. I say he is a capital fellow, in his way."

"But what is his way?"

"That of a man of the world—a man who has drained life of all its sweetness, and is rather apt to quarrel with the dregs because they are bitter. A man of intellect that has been suffered to lie fallow; of fortune that has been mis-spent or wasted; of position that has been turned to no account. A disappointed, *blasé*, cynical man, Carry, whose nature you can hardly guess at, much less understand."

"I can understand enough to be very sorry," she said, thoughtfully. There was a pause. "I regret more than ever that he did not stay with us," she went on. "Poor man! poor Mr. Farquhar! He should not have gone away."

"Of course, he is much to be pitied for not staying. But he seemed to think it inevitable that he should go, and I presume he knows his own affairs best."

"Business affairs—yes. But there are other things. It would have done him good, Vaughan, to have been in this pleasant country, and the beautiful autumn weather we have had ever since you came down. Don't you remember the one day at Crooksforth, how it cheered him? He was like a different person after he had been in the fresh, sweet air for an hour or two."

"My dear child, Redwood air is dear to you, I know, and doubly dear to me. But, with all due respect for its merits and its health-giving properties, I yet doubt its power to regenerate a morbid mind."

"O, Vaughan! remember that one day on Crooksforth!"

"I *do* remember; shall I ever forget it? But it is not of him I think in connection with that day; it was too full of—other things. And, since then, there has been so much happiness in my life that all morbidness and misery went out of even my remembrance."

He spoke very tenderly, and for one minute Caroline shyly nestled her cheek against his hand.

"Dear Vaughan, it is precisely because I am so happy that I feel



doubly compassionate to all who are not so. I yearn to give away out of my abundance."

"I like to hear you say you are happy. I like to see you look like that—And you are really happy, Caroline?"

"Have I not said?" she returned, with a bright smile. But it faded a little, as she went on—"If only my uncle were quite well, and himself again, I should be in the condition I used to repudiate—I should have nothing left to wish for."

"He will get strong again, in time: never fear. Dr. Barclay thought well of him yesterday, you know."

"Still it is a mysterious sort of ailment, which makes me anxious. Every day he is later in coming from his room; every day, exertion seems more painful and difficult. He was never very active; now his love of repose almost amounts to torpor. And his memory is not so good as it used to be."

"Ah!" said Vaughan, struck by the fact.

"Do you think that is bad?" cried Caroline, in eager alarm. "Dr. Barclay did not take much notice when I told him; he said with the physical weakness all mental disorder would go. And he is very cheerful always."

"That is a great advantage. Don't frighten yourself, or be too anxious, dear child. There is nothing dangerous in the sort of chronic influenza which, after all, my uncle's illness resolves itself into."

But Caroline's serious eyes took no new light.

"Don't look so grave, dearest. Do you know, I fancy your cheek is the least in the world less blooming than it was a week or two since. Suppose we go for a walk?"

He had no cause to complain of her want of bloom. Radiant and rosy was her blush as she replied, "O, Vaughan! I've something to tell you—something you won't like to hear."

"You little puss! I'll punish you ——"

"No; don't laugh. It is really something disagreeable. I knew it last night, but I did not wish to vex you before there was absolute need."

"What is it, then?" he asked, with a momentary peevishness, which escaped him unawares, being the natural protest against anything disagreeable or vexatious which it was part of his character to feel, though he did not always express it.

"It is about Miss Kendal. She arrived at Beacon's Cottage last night, and I am going to see her this afternoon," said Caroline, bravely and directly.

She could not help laughing at the wry face with which Vaughan received the information. The fact was, he felt rather relieved that it was

no worse. He had long since reconciled himself to the inevitable necessity of Miss Kendal's neighbourhood, therefore he was highly philosophical on the present occasion.

"Well, it can't be helped. And she is really there—not a mile from the spot we occupy? After this, I'll never believe in magnetism. If there was any truth in it, I should have felt an oppressiveness in the air when the arrival took place."

"O, Vaughan, be good!"

"Would it add to your happiness if I were to resolve to behave well, even to be civil, to Miss Kendal? Do you really wish me to be good?"

"You can hardly believe in such an unreasonable wish?" Caroline laughed, delighted at his gay humour on the obnoxious subject. "But it is true, though; I do wish it—very much."

"Then it shall be done!" he declared, solemnly. "Difficult as the undertaking is, it shall be accomplished; and, to begin at the beginning, Carry, I'll accompany you this afternoon; I also will pay my respects at Beacon's Cottage."

He watched her face narrowly, though smilingly, as if he expected to see there something different from the simple pleasure and gratification with which she looked up to him. But Caroline was transparent as air. Her second thought brought a shade to her face, a serious tone to her voice.

"Vaughan, after all, perhaps she would rather that I went alone the first time. I don't think you shall go to-day."

"Indeed!" he said, coldly. "Is your friendship so close and so sacred that not even your betrothed husband may come near it?"

His cold glance, his displeased tone, struck home. But something of her characteristic repulsion against all unreasonableness and injustice came to Caroline's aid.

"You must know what I mean, Vaughan. It is for Miss Kendal's sake, not my own, that I propose to go alone."

"And Miss Kendal is, of course, to be considered before me?"

She was indignantly silent; a red glow fired her cheek; a significant light flashed ever and anon from her eyes. She looked exactly as she had looked when a child, when Vaughan had been what she called "wicked," and herself "cross." Vaughan recognized the look; it was evoked in an instant, and capable of being dispelled as quickly.

"O, Carry! you should not try me where I am most weak. On this point I am utterly unreasonable; I confess it."

"I am glad you confess it."

"Don't upbraid me with that measured tone and chill glance. I really

intend to improve; veritably, Carry, the difficult enterprise shall be immediately undertaken."

"So you just now said."

"That is a heartless insinuation. Pshaw! it was half fun, my ill-humor. You may go to Beacon's Cottage as often as you like, and talk by the hour to my good friend there. It does not signify to me. I will trust you."

"Trust me?"

"Yes. If she abuses me as she used to do, if she tries to prejudice you against me, why, let her. Ill-nature will be its own reward."

Caroline's reply had only got as far as a reproachful, but nevertheless evidently relenting, "O, Vaughan!" when they were interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who delivered a card to Mr. Vaughan Hesketh, and announced that "the gentleman waited in the study."

"In the study! My uncle is not down, is he?" said Vaughan, quickly. He had just glanced at the card, and now rose, crushing it in his hand with evident embarrassment and annoyance. He stood as if considering for some minutes. Evidently he hesitated; but at last, without turning to Caroline, only muttering, "I must see him; I'll be back in a few minutes," he left the room.

Caroline sat still, thoughtful, and a little troubled. Why was it that in the midst of all the happiness of the last few weeks would sometimes rise shadows such as this that now reigned duskily over her mind? Why would the sense of unsatisfying incompleteness ever and anon oppress her, while to all appearance sunshine most absolute was around her, and, as she had herself said a little while before, she was in danger of "having nothing left to wish for?" It was no tangible care or anxiety that she brooded over now. Her uncle's illness was not in her thoughts. What was it? Even while she tried to penetrate into the mystery of her own spirit, Vaughan returned to her, took his old place beside her, looked at her, but not as before. His face betrayed agitation, his utterance was indistinct and hurried. *(To be Continued.)*

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## REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

### I.

At home once more—and the sunset,  
 With its old familiar gleam  
 Falls near on the quiet church yard,  
 And far on the merry stream—  
 On the city, far off, of the living,  
 So fair in the distance seen,

On the city beside me silent,  
 Where the graves lie calm and green—  
 With silver it touched the willows,  
 It gleamed like gold on the waves,  
 And lit with a heavenly brightness  
 That garden of quiet graves.

## II.

But within my heart was no brightness,  
 No answering sunshine there—  
 But a weary questioning spirit,  
 World-worn and oppressed with care—  
 For the scenes that were most familiar  
 Were saddest of all to see,  
 And the voice had been hushed for ever  
 I longed for to welcome me,—  
 A darkened and alien window,  
 Where the home-light beamed of old,  
 And a waste for the garden tended  
 By little hands long cold.  
 All sights and sounds but made keener  
 The pang that had slept before—  
 And I said, "to the great world-city  
 I will go on my way once more,  
 But first one hour in the church yard  
 I will walk in the sunset fair :  
 Peradventure to keep as a relic  
 The thoughts that may meet me there."

## III.

By the church yard slope, the river  
 Red with the sunset-wine,  
 Past sombre cypress and willow  
 Wavered a golden line—  
 And I thought as I heard it murmur  
 How oft as the years had fled,  
 It had joined with the funeral service,  
 And blent with the mourner's tread,—  
 A dreamy and soothing murmur,  
 Familiar it seemed and dear,  
 Like the voice of an unseen presence  
 Whose message I needs must hear.

## IV.

The river—its voice is telling  
 Of a bygone blighted joy,  
 Where the white cross guards his cradle—  
 Our little gold-haired boy—  
 My baby brother who faded  
 In a smiling trance so deep,  
 With his pure blue eyes scarce curtained  
 By film of the last long sleep—  
 For the hand of a guardian angel,  
 Ere a touch of earth could stain  
 The blossom, to Eden bore it,  
 Wet with baptismal rain—  
 And I thought of my own lost childhood,  
 So far and so long ago,  
 And I said in my heart, "Oh river  
 Thank God, it is better so."

## V.

And still the river—it lures me  
 To a green spot with flowers o'ergrown,  
 Where I read how the dark cloud shadowed  
 A summer of girlhood flown!  
 She lies with her bright eye's beauty  
 So veiled by the lashes long—  
 She lies with her pale lips parted  
 As ready to break in song—  
 And still where her sleep is guarded  
 By the sign she loved so well,  
 Each flower of the church's garland  
 Like beads, the seasons tell—  
 There linger the violets latest,  
 And there from the surpliced snow  
 Breaks first, with the spring's resurrection,  
 The crocuses' golden glow—  
 And there with the joyous Easter  
 Stand lilies in white array,  
 And Saint Joseph's star is beaming,  
 Saint Alice's bells are gay—

And I said, "It is well : God rest her !"  
 And I looked with a yearning prayer  
 Into heaven so blue and so distant—  
 And I thought, may we yet meet there ?

C. PELHAM MULVANY.

## TALLEYRAND.

### A CONTEMPORARY SKETCH.

*From the German of Gutzkow.*

#### PART I.

MADAME GRANDT may be better informed how often Charles Maurice Talleyrand de Perigord has perjured himself; but history says he has done so six times. She, however, loves him and does not moralise, for Talleyrand's constancy was unquestionable. He limps on his left foot and never runs or hurries himself in the least. Did any one ever accommodate himself to circumstances more gracefully? Talleyrand made no noise about his broken oaths; he sounded no trumpet before him when he left the camp of his party, but went without adherents, bearing no marshal's baton, but accompanied only by the Abbé Desrenaudes, who did his reading for him, and the Count d'Hauterive who wrote his speeches. Talleyrand did his best to soften down the rude contrasts of history, he sprang gaily into his new saddle and could not bear bloodshed. In short, I find much sympathy prevails in Europe for his graceful perjuries, and the fact is easily explained.

There are some people who regard the old priest as an unappreciated prophet. He has been compared to Socrates who in addition to his own good demon had a special one who plied him with warning and advice, and gave him an insight into the future. Talleyrand's prophetic genius is called sometimes an instinct, sometimes a revelation. We do not know what to think of it, and must therefore look to his life for a solution. Had Talleyrand a rule for his own guidance, to paint his cockade sometimes white and sometimes in colours? Or was his life the suggestion of his peculiar demon who had made a favourite of him? Or, again, did he possess an unchangeable idea, a *pensée immuable* like Louis Philippe? We shall see. It was still some years before the meeting of the Constituent Assembly that the young Bishop of Autun was to be seen alter-

nately in the best and worst society in Paris. His sole object at that time was to convince the world that he was no true priest. His throat still hoarse from the masses he had been obliged to sing in the monastery, his rank still battling with the priestly robe which he trailed after his lame foot, a second Esau who had sold his birthright to his younger brothers for the lentil pottage of the episcopal messroom,—he assumed a character made up of ambition, Encyclopædian philosophy, and dissipation. He did not forget to present himself at Court, where he made a great show of virtue. The youthful Bishop already knew perfectly well how to put on the mask: he was polite, flowery, somewhat unctuous, and generally preferred remaining silent. This was at first called modesty, but Talleyrand soon hit upon that insinuating smile which never forsook him in after years during his embassy in London. From this moment he was considered a genius, his silence became an authority, and people wagered that if he would only open his mouth something superlatively wise would most infallibly be brought to light. Talleyrand enjoyed the triumph of silence, took his leave, and hastened to Mirabeau who had long been beckoning to him. They linked their arms together, criticised the great people, lounged about the Palais Royal, and spent the night at the gaming table, in the Rue Quincampoix. Talleyrand and Mirabeau were the best of friends, and the latter sometimes praised the former because he was a man who had some ideas. I have always been curious to know what Talleyrand called an idea in 1786.

What kind of philosophy was it for which Talleyrand and Mirabeau then declared themselves in the midst of roses and mercenary delights? All I know about it is that both of them were always in want of money; and Talleyrand's chief maxim was that his idea might be summed up in getting as much as possible out of it for himself. The States met: the Bishop of Autun had to represent his Chapter. It is well known what good service Talleyrand did at the union with the Tiers Etat, at the time of the abolition of privileges, and at the Champ de Mars, where he performed a mass commending the New Constitution of France to the protection of heaven. He did well to reform. The priest pursued him terribly, he hated his profession, and threw away one privilege of his rank after another. Through all his votes and amendments there glowed less of the enthusiasm of freedom than of hatred. No one could have made a better calculation. Whilst he revenged himself for the injustice of his parents, for the vigils at which he fell asleep as a chorister, for the fasts he had undergone, and for that mess of pottage, he contrived at the same time to win considerable popularity. He knew what monarch would sit on the throne of France: he gave up Marie Antoinette to her tears and

gardes du corps, and struck up a friendship with the kings of the streets and suburbs. He philosophised even then, and knew that at the outbreak of a tumult one cannot raise one's head too defiantly, and that one must live in a burning fever of illusions, at least for a time.

He founded the Jacobin club: he, like Goethe's Mephistopheles, introduced paper money and urged at every session that the church plate, those (to him) odious vessels he had had to carry in his priestly robes, should be sold without mercy. He wanted no other worship but that of the nation. One day, however, it occurred to him that his hands were too delicate for a popularity that goes unwashed and wears no gloves. He grew tired of republican virtue, because it reproached him with having won 30,000 livres in play in one night. He looked at himself in the glass and found that the Phrygian cap of the Jacobins ill became his faultlessly handsome French features; so he founded the club of the Feuillants. That was a bad move; Talleyrand was outflanked: events came too fast for him. Mirabeau's fall made him totter, the affair of the Postmaster at Varennes and the emigration sorely puzzled him, and the foreign coalition compelled him to consider the situation of France. He heard the sharpening of the guillotine, the Pope's anathema which hit him personally awoke thoughts of death, and his popularity deserted him for men whose hands were more horny than his own. Hating violence, passion, and cruelty, he thrust himself into the office of ambassador, and was able to leave the unsafe ground of Paris with a good grace. As long as things went well in France and Louis XVI was still alive, Talleyrand played the republican admirably in London. His business was to represent the new order of things, and he did so with equal satisfaction before both English and refugees. His undoubtedly feudal descent made his political abandon bearable; less so, his moral. The Queen turned her back upon the dissolute priest; and indeed when the Convention shewed a desire for his head, and time after time besought him in a friendly way to cross the Channel, he quite lost all his prestige. His mission was at an end; but he did not despair yet: he reckoned on Pitt,—on Pitt who had once eaten pheasants from the forest of Perigord at his uncle's the Archbishop of Rheims. But Pitt, great statesman as he was, was afflicted with a short memory, and would not remember the pheasants. Talleyrand was too proud to mention them, and left England by Pitt's direction. In spite of his condemnation he was always considered a Jacobin in disguise. In fact he never suffered from a deeply rooted idea; for greatly as London had sinned against him, he was still constant to his affection and even went so far as to say that the principle of the English constitution was the best, in which wisdom required a value to be



set on principles. Talleyrand spent his term of exile in North America and in Hamburg. The good burghers would say that he wished to learn of them what true freedom is; but I for my part don't believe that he sported the white cockade on the other side of the ocean. What could he expect to gain by it? The love of a charming *émigrée*, a lily from the stem of Montmorenci? The aspirations of the proscribed priest did not soar so high, although he did not shut himself out from matrimony. He had other sympathies: he loved the good housewife; and it was merely by the romance of accident that Madame Grandt was of East Indian extraction. To the dazzling beauty of this lady was joined a sprightly and unaffected simplicity. The poor ex-bishop suffered much through his tender penchant. However, he was quite indifferent to the ill-natured libel, and did not pine for the happiness which Chateaubriand found meanwhile in the forests amongst the Red Indians. He was in despair at his non-deliverance from the labyrinth of ennui, from which the thread of Mrs. Grandt's stocking knitting only occasionally rescued him. He longed for the lovely Paradise of France and Navarre: the guillotine was tired out: Talleyrand saw no longer any cause for fear. He wrote to the Convention in a tone of patriotic home-sickness; he wept like any Swiss; assured them that in the home of Franklin and Washington he had perfected himself more and more in republican virtues; and begged that the ban might be removed from his name. Citizen Talleyrand returned. Madame de Staël and the coterie rejoiced that the new opinions would now no longer want for the lustre of the old guillotined and expatriated nobility. Carnot despised him, but Talleyrand knew what part to play. He frequented the clubs and saloons, oscillating between republican opinions and royalist manners. He became popular; for the need of peace and respectability preponderated. The Directory was well pleased with him. Having in the unsettled weakness of the present been elevated to the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs, he began to think of a firm and enduring future. His eyes fell on young General Buonaparte, whose ambition was as fiery as his love, at that time, for Josephine Beauharnais. Talleyrand was the go-between for both, for he wedded France with ambition. He it was who prompted the Italian victories of the Egyptian *cavalcade*. He knew that France would be ruled by no monarch but glory, and won so many partisans for his favourite that the treasonable *Coup d'Etat* of the 18th Brumaire was looked upon as a righteous deed. Buonaparte never forgot Talleyrand's services, and could even forgive him, when in after times the man breathed nothing but Bourbon conspiracies, by allowing him to retain his foreign influence. A sort of enthusiastic sentimentalism, which is so characteristic of the

men of our age, already chained him to Talleyrand, that cunning fox who, at the expense of his reputation for wisdom, and even at the risk of being laughed at, had recommended the young General to the Directory as a passionate admirer of the songs of Ossian. It was Ossian who long protected Talleyrand. Napoleon forgave the Minister who made use of his portfolio to turn the paper market to his own advantage: he forgave Talleyrand for making him the murderer of d'Enghien: verily, he did not forget Ossian. It is strange, however, that Talleyrand did not observe more closely the bent of his master's sympathies, for Napoleon had many peculiarities. In the first place he loved virtue; and the older and more powerful he became the more he preferred good morals to the songs of Ossian. In this respect he resembled all usurpers of the better sort: he felt more at his ease when breathing a moral atmosphere. Now Talleyrand was everything, high chamberlain, deputy grand viziér, everything but moral. He was the *roué* of the Bourse and of the gambling house; he carried on his intrigues without any plan, guided by the whim or fancy of the moment, and was not even ashamed of the fact that he had never led Madame Grandt to the altar. Napoleon would no longer put up with these irregular liaisons, and threatened Talleyrand with his displeasure; whereupon the Minister grumbled and married. Ossian grew fainter and fainter in the Emperor's memory, till in the forests of Poland he thought no more about him; and Talleyrand fell into formal disgrace.

This was his second period of inactivity; and he passed it in sarcasms, money speculations, and conspiracies. He had called the Russian campaign the beginning of the end, and took care to be at hand in time to take the crown from the head of the fallen hero. He gave it to the Bourbons. He could no longer bear to listen to the clanking swords of the Napoleonites, and was afraid of the epaulettes which would have guarded the imperial infant in its cradle. Talleyrand hated war because its issues defied calculation; and nothing is safer, nothing rules the bourse better than a peace not quite free from danger, a peace attended by some anxiety and requiring much diplomacy. Talleyrand now began to talk of principles, and these principles were for him the Bourbons. He had done them much service since the Polish campaign, and now wished to put the means of rewarding him into their hands. He accordingly demonstrated to the allies theoretically and practically what need there was for the white cockade. The Emperor of Russia allowed himself to be persuaded, and swore allegiance to the Count of Provence. To give Talleyrand his due, the restoration of the Bourbons was his most brilliant achievement. He exerted himself to the utmost to secure this precarious

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throne, and the course of events took such a strange turn as to put him exactly into the position for exhibiting a laudable patriotism. He fell out with Alexander who hated the second restoration; he fought for French independence, and placed the Bourbons on such a bold vantage ground that Louis XVIII himself was alarmed at it. It rested with Talleyrand to make the Bourbons popular: how was he more likely to succeed than by setting his face against foreigners? He even ventured to hint at an appeal to arms. Louis trembled at these distinguished services: Talleyrand's courage went too far, he was tainted with Napoleonism and his third period of inactivity began. Talleyrand gave in his resignation, and only hung on at court as high chamberlain. He amused himself as long as the restored dynasty lasted with sallies of wit, the acquisition of new titles, and walks to Valençai. Louis and Talleyrand outdid each other in pretty sayings: the former was great in epigrams, the latter in puns; the one excelled at impromptu, the other at premeditated blows. Louis aimed at being clever, Talleyrand only biting. Louis would have been glad to get Talleyrand away from Paris, and was always descanting upon the pleasures of the country which one could enjoy far from business at Valençai. At such times Talleyrand would ask about Ghent or gently hint how fine the weather was on the 20th March; and the King was reduced to silence. Talleyrand was not idle all this time: he was often seen in the chamber of peers, and read excellent speeches which slander ascribes to other pens. Talleyrand knew that one employment, even in times of leisure should never be neglected, viz: that of making one's self popular. He worked at it without any great exertion and without ambition: and his speeches against censorship and the Spanish war gained him good and honest friends, friends from the ranks of the middle classes, who look at the best side of everything.

*(To be continued.)*

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## MARTYRS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

NO theme is better calculated to awaken that enthusiasm latent in every human breast than the almost incredible labours and sufferings of the Jesuit Fathers in the wilderness of New France. In the wild gloom and constant peril of that primeval forest, were consecrated to God's service lives whose burning zeal and singleness of purpose rose superior to every trammel of worldliness, and overcame the severest

obstacles of nature. Amongst a people so radically opposed to every tenet of Christianity as often to provoke a belief that they were not altogether human, were consummated, in the fierce baptism of fire and blood, martyrdoms as glorious as any of old. The "noble army of martyrs" received during that brief and remarkable period, which witnessed the utter extinction of one of the most numerous aboriginal tribes of this continent, a new and brilliant accession to its ranks. The scions of nobility, and the offsprings of luxury and wealth, sacrificed every personal consideration; every prospect of future fame and affluence; every tie and endearment which bound them to kindred and home; and surrendered themselves, voluntary and even eager exiles, to all the danger and misery, and finally, torture and death, of a country unknown save to its savage inhabitants, or the few hardy adventurers who, allured by curiosity, or avarice, had penetrated into its pathless wilds.

Brébeuf and Garnier and Lalemant are names inseparably interwoven with the history of our past as pioneers and priests and martyrs. Theirs was a great work, which was not to affect their brief and meagre present alone, but the ages to come as well. Whether beneath all lay the craft of state-policy we need not now enquire. To common sight the labourers in that great vineyard had only the extension of Christ's kingdom in view. The conquest of the Hurons, and their national destruction, thwarted any other motives, if they had ever existed. We are too apt to be blinded to the true character of these holy priests and martyrs, as well as to their important part in the early scenes of our historic drama, by our prejudices against the peculiar order to which they belonged. We cannot easily separate *their* virtues and *their* labours from the strange pantomime of good and evil, of sanctity and profanity, at the same time enacted in other countries, and at a later period, perhaps, in our own, by the disciples of Loyola. We have, indeed, but to behold them with candour and charity to recognize and acknowledge their deep piety and holiness of life, their intense earnestness and righteousness of purpose.

Thus far we have spoken in general terms. For the rest we shall confine ourselves to a brief, and therefore necessarily imperfect sketch of the lives and labours of the illustrious priests and martyrs whose names we have already mentioned.

First on our list, as also first in the annals of history, stands the name of Jean de Brébeuf, that strange compound of the stern warrior and the tender missionary, of the dispassionate man and the enthusiastic devotee. He was descended from a noble family of Normandy, and possessed of all those graces of person and excellent qualities of mind which are requisite to great worldly fame and prosperity. But, from an early age,

holier and loftier aspirations than centre in the mere trappings and applause of humanity turned his course of life far aside from the martial career of his ancestors. He sought a nobler field of warfare than that of the blood-stained soldier. He longed for a higher mission than that of worldly traffic and gain. And all this he saw in the missionary life of the priest; all this he ultimately realized in the unbroken wilderness of New France. One of that little band of priests who accompanied Champlain, he came in 1626 to this new and wonderful country, whose discovery had added much to the glory of France. There is something to challenge our admiration even in that journey across a stormy sea, in that entrance into the midst of an unknown and hostile race, which we lose sight of in the more stirring incidents of aftertimes. To the missionary it was only the brief and pleasant passage to that Eldorado, where, if the earthly gain was small and transient, the harvest to be reaped of immortality was great and golden.

The greater part of the year following the arrival at Quebec was passed amongst the Montagnais, a wretched tribe between the Saint Lawrence and Hudson's Bay. The fruits of this mission were scanty indeed, the toil and privation abundant. It served admirably, however, as a preparation for that later and wider field of labour which, with a single interval, was to be the scene of his future struggles with the powers of darkness and sin, until martyrdom should release the panting warrior and hush the mortal conflict.

In the spring of 1626 he turned his steps towards the hunting-grounds of the distant Hurons. After a difficult and perilous voyage he reached Toaniché, a small Huron village near the waters of Thunder Bay. Here he remained, mastering the language of the natives, preaching and baptizing, and ministering to the sick, until the occupation of Quebec by the English in 1629. Although we have no records of the events of this first mission, it is highly probable that the missionary, at least, earned the gratitude and respect of these aboriginal people, as we find him, on his second appearance in their midst, receiving a warm and sincere welcome. The labour, however, must now be interrupted; and that before even the seeds had been sown, from which the harvest was to spring. And accordingly Brébeuf returned to Quebec, and thence, shortly after, to France. We may easily imagine the heroic priest who had spurned a thousand perils viewing with a heavy heart from the deck of the homeward bound vessel the receding shores of the land of his adoption. His disappointment, however, was not destined long to continue. In 1634 the infant colony was restored to France; and again the way lay open to the coveted mission-field. To the Jesuit there was something provi-

tial in all this; and he returned with renewed ardour and hope to the scenes of his former labours.

We find him again in 1635, solitary and helpless, on the shores of Thunder Bay, where five years before he had met the dusky warriors, glittering with gaudy paints and gorgeous with waving plumes. We behold him, alone and defenceless, threading the pathless forest in quest of the little village, in which he had spent three years of toil and self-denial, three happy years of praise and thanksgiving. We see him, at dead of night, hovering over its ashes and charred remains, amidst a silence broken only by the cries of savage beasts. Still he did not despair. To have grown weary and faint-hearted in this hour of trial was a grievous sin, from which the Jesuit recoiled with horror. He pressed on, and at length came to the new town of Itonatiria. The inhabitants received him with demonstrations of joy. That the wonderful Echom, as they called him, should condescend to dwell in their midst, and partake of their meagre fare, seemed to them very marvellous and very pleasant withal. And for a time the glad sun of a propitious Heaven shone upon the missionary and gilded his efforts. Sunrise is but the prelude to sunset; and the bright rays which dawned upon the Jesuit were followed by a darkness which derived half its intensity from its contrast with the preceding brightness. Pestilence and famine spread their sombre wings above the land; disease and death stalked from family to family, from tribe to tribe. Then it was that the true character of the priest shone forth with its clearest radiance, and his true mission received its sublimest illustration. History contains no records of greater self-abnegation, of deeper and purer zeal. Whole days, and often entire nights, were spent in passing from lodge to lodge, and from village to village; in exhorting to repentance and baptizing; in ministering to the sick and dying. And this, too, when dark looks and menacing gestures met him on every side; when the superstitious mind of the Indian imagined to find in the meek and patient man who laboured and prayed so earnestly for his good the source of all his ill and the origin of all his misfortune. The pestilence at length ceased; and the missionary was spared for still greater toil and self-sacrifice.

In 1640 he undertook a more perilous and difficult mission to the Neutral nation. His reception was disheartening in the extreme; and he returned in the same year to his Huron mission, where he continued, for the most part, during the remainder of his life. A more terrible destroyer than the pestilence was now upon the heels of the Hurons, the fierce and sanguinary Iroquois. Village after village, and entire tribe after tribe, disappeared before their ravages. Amidst all this outward

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wreck of his labours Brébeuf awaited calmly the issue. Two alternatives existed—martyrdom and flight—between which the missionary could not hesitate. Flight was disgraceful, martyrdom glorious. Therefore he toiled on, and as each day passed by saw more clearly his now inevitable doom. In 1649 the little village of Saint Ignace, where he then resided, was surrounded, and all its inhabitants taken. Amongst the captives was Brébeuf, alternately giving praise to God and exhorting his pagan captors to repentance. He was shortly bound to the stake, that instrument so long and so often sanctified by martyrdom; and after four hours of inexpressible agony and heroic endurance, passed rejoicing to that "heavenly home not made with hands." "Thus died"—says an eloquent writer\*—Jean de Brébeuf, the founder of the Huron mission, its truest hero, and its greatest martyr."

Between Brébeuf and Garnier was a striking contrast, as well as a striking similarity. In physical strength and vigour the widest possible difference existed between the delicate and beardless priest and the bronzed and stalwart warrior. In both were indomitable courage and unflagging zeal; in both were deep piety and holiness of life. Garnier, like Brébeuf, was of noble birth, and reared amidst the roses and allurements of Parisian luxury. Like him he showed early a fitness for that lofty career which he afterwards embellished with all the ornaments, and ennobled with all the excellences, of Christian life. He pined amidst the surroundings of ease and voluptuousness for the vivifying atmosphere of healthier and more congenial scenes. And when all France rang with the names of the missionaries who had entered upon their labours in that distant and perilous mission-field; when the recountals of their hardships and sufferings had awakened a universal response in the breast of the nation, he embarked for the land whither his imagination had already flown.

He reached Itonatiria in 1637, and was warmly welcomed by Brébeuf to a participation in his scanty fare; in his toils and perils; and, above all, in his anticipation of the enduring peace and joy which must some day come as an adequate reward for his transitory pains and tribulations. Here a serious illness detained him until the greater part of the summer had passed away. He rose from his couch only to find the forests yellow and sere, and the Indians rapidly disappearing before the ravages of the pestilence. In 1639 he commenced his labours amongst the several tribes of the Tobacco nation. The soil of this mission was

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\* Mr. Francis Parkman, to whose work on "*The Jesuits in North America*" we are chiefly indebted for the substance of this article.

unfruitful; and the good missionary had often cause to despair. The villages were small and widely distributed. The passages between them were tedious, and, for the most part, perilous. Nothing, however, could sway his determination; and after innumerable hardships and delays, he succeeded in founding a prosperous mission in the town of St. Jean. But scarcely had he beheld the harvest whitening as an ample fruition of all his labours, when the ruthless feet of the Iroquois rushed over it, leaving only waste and desolation.

In 1649 the town of St. Jean, together with its inhabitants, was destroyed; and amongst the dead was found the body of Charles Garnier. His martyrdom was less terrible than that of Brébeuf, but none the less real. His sacrifice was equally complete and glorious. In the old world, and surrounded and influenced by old-world circumstances, Garnier would have risen superior in all Christian qualities to Brébeuf. Often those Christians, whose lives shine with the brightest lustre under the most adverse circumstances, find trials and hardships necessary to purify and preserve intact their holiness and piety. Others, again, have kindled within them a flame of righteousness and godliness, which the soft airs of luxury and the alluring fragrance of worldly pleasures can never dim; but which burns on continually, emitting brighter and brighter rays until its earthly impurities are exhausted and its final radiance attained. Of these latter was Garnier. A martyr in the mission-field of the new world, he would have been the purest and noblest of priests in the old; courageous and unflinching amidst the perils of an uncivilized country, he would have been stern and inflexible amidst the vices and corruptions of civilization.

It remains only to speak of Lalemant, of whom we shall say less even than of Garnier. He, too, was a Parisian, and born to the enjoyment of those advantages of family influence and wealth which their possessors, for the most part, so fondly cherish, and which the great multitude of men behold from afar off with envious eyes. He, too, broke through the gorgeous but flimsy barriers of human niceties and pettiness, and trod those loftier paths which only the true-hearted and the heroic may dare.

The extreme feebleness of his physical constitution restrained him from arduous undertakings; the zeal and fervency of his faith impelled him to engage in the most difficult and perilous. He came late to the stirring scenes of the mission field, and brought with him more of enthusiasm than of power to accomplish. Associated, however, with Brébeuf as his superior, he toiled earnestly and steadfastly unto the end. The history of his labours would be but a repetition of what we have already said concerning those of Brébeuf. Each shared in the other's hardships



and perils; each was admitted by the other to a participation in his rewards and delights. When Brébeuf was in the midst of his tortures and his noble exhibition of faith, Lalemant was made to behold his agony, that he might the more keenly feel his approaching martyrdom. Touched equally by the sufferings of his superior, and by the sublimity of the scene, he uttered aloud the memorable words of St. Paul, "We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men." His own sufferings were intense and prolonged. Every method of torture which savage ingenuity could devise, was exhausted ere death came as a sweet release. After sixteen hours of mortal agony, he entered upon the joys of immortality. Through the fiery portals of persecution he passed triumphant to the blissful haven of eternal rest.

Pausing amidst the tumults and cares of the present, to look back to this period of the past, we are lured into a momentary forgetfulness of party prejudice, and become for the nonce, champions of the good and the noble, under whatsoever forms and with whatsoever modifications they may have existed. Piercing beyond the clouds and mists of superstition and error, we behold in the light of charity and truth, much to admire and much to treasure up and remember in the lives and labours of that little band of men, of three of whom we have written, thus briefly and somewhat at random.

J. FREDERIC.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER THE INSPIRATION OF  
LAUGHING GAS\*.

I could leap! I could hold the owls in chase,  
I could clip the moon in a kind embrace;  
I could look with scorn on the comet's flight,  
With my body of air, and my wings of light.

I could pass the sun with a careless scoff,  
I could pass the stars that are farthest off;  
I could pass where light and darkness sever,  
And mount through space for ever and ever.

And as I sailed on so wild and free,  
And laughed with mad and measureless glee;  
Though the huge concave were as dark as sin,  
I should kindle a kingdom of light therein.

\* A fact.

And I'd kick with my feet,—I believe I would ;  
 And I'd swing my arms, for 'twould do me good ;  
 And I'd clap my hands, and I'd roar, and sing,  
 And care not for spirit, or person, or thing.

What has the *earth* to do with *me*,  
 With its hillocks of land, and its pools of sea ;  
 Or what have I to do with the earth,  
 While *space* is too little for half my mirth ?

Oh ! I'd send your globes all whizzing through space,  
 And I'd grip my sides as I watched the chase ;  
 And as these whizzed on and those whizzed after,  
 I'd make the universe ring with laughter.

Evils and cares have ceased to be,  
 For I've drunk of the breath of boundless glee ;  
 Give me some more and let me quaff,  
 Why should we live but to soar and laugh ?

T. H. S.



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### SOME REMARKS ON HERALDRY.

IT is difficult to define the origin of Heraldry. Something akin to it has existed from the remotest period. There were Heralds among the Greeks and Romans, and indeed in much earlier ages, but their duties were not such as those of the Heralds of the present day. They were more of a military character, and consisted in attending on chiefs and armies, bearing martial messages, undertaking embassies of peace or war, and so on. But the business of the Heralds of more modern times is of a more settled and peaceful character, and consists in tracing genealogies, ordering and conducting Royal cavalcades and ceremonies, arranging precedences, attending on the installation of Knights of the Garter, and other orders of rank and distinction ; but principally in recording and blazoning the Coats of Arms and Heraldic Bearings of the Nobles and Gentry of the country.

The desire to possess honorary marks of distinction has existed amongst all nations from very remote times : and from a rude beginning, almost from the first ages of the world, this desire has been continually growing and extending itself, until, passing through many stages, it has at last es-

established itself in the present scientific and well arranged system of Heraldry.

The exact origin of this science, as I have said, cannot be attributed to any particular circumstance or period;—the symbolical signs made use of by ancient countries, such as the Ox (or perhaps the Sphynx) of Egypt, the Eagle of Rome, the Bear of the Goths, the Horse of the Saxons, and so on, may be said to be amongst the first heraldic emblems of Kingdoms or States. It has been thought by some that the idea of arms and other Heraldic signs, was originally suggested by the Egyptian hieroglyphics, but this cannot be authenticated. It is beyond a doubt, however, that signs and devices of honour have been used in all ages and by all nations. It cannot be said, therefore, that the system of Heraldry as it now exists, had any direct or distinctive origin. It was insensibly, from an obscure and somewhat mysterious beginning, introduced and established; and after partially existing and enlarging itself through many rude ages, was ultimately arranged and perfected as it now is; principally during the Crusades, and in the time of the prevalence of tournaments. It is generally admitted, that it was at this period that the use of personal family coats of arms commenced: the idea having been taken from a sort of livery that was then worn by men-at-arms over their armour, hence the origin of the name "coats" of arms. The different parts of this clothing, gave rise to many of the armorial bearings which now exist: for instance, the fees, (or girdle), worn round the waist, is now represented by a double line drawn across the centre of the shield, thus:  and the Bend, (or shoulder belt,) which was considered an honourable bearing, and was only worn as a mark of distinction, is represented by a double line drawn diagonally across the shield, thus:  and there are many other parts of this clothing which are retained in the emblazonment of arms in the present day. But the principal object of the use of Heraldic bearings in these tournaments, and also in battle, especially in the Crusades, was the identification of chiefs and their followers. In those times, when the person was disguised by armour and helmets, the only mode of distinguishment was by the armorial bearings displayed on their shields or banners. Each chief and his followers were thus known. For instance: there was the knight of the Lion, the knight of the Bear, the knight of the Fetterlock, and so on: and thus the different chiefs and clans were distinguished.

To this martial use of Heraldic devices, passing through many stages, and softening and improving with the advancing civilization of the world, we are indebted for the present refined and useful science of Heraldry.

Many may differ from me in regard to these terms as applied to Heraldry; I am one of those who think it a most beneficial though somewhat neglected science, as bearing upon the social regulation of this or any other country. It traces genealogies and honours. It defines the different ranks. It preserves order in the arrangement of public ceremonies—it keeps alive one of the happiest and safest elements in the Constitution of our country—the acknowledgement of ranks and classes—and it stimulates the highest and the lowest to praiseworthy and patriotic emulation.

Look, for instance, at the different grades of distinction in this country; how the noble desires to attain the highest point in his especial order; how the military commander strives to rise above his compeers; how the lawyer seeks for the posts of honour that are open before him; and how even the private soldier pants to obtain a like distinction in *his* class.

The stars and collars and honourable badges of knighthood are all graduated by the Heralds' College.—From the highest to the lowest order, from the Garter to the Guelph, each wearer knows his own place of precedence, and each is held in corresponding acknowledgement and respect. So with those in lower ranks: the modest stripes on the arm of the corporal or sergeant, show the respective precedence of their wearers, above their fellows in arms; and even the war-medal, with its various clasps of graduated distinction, which the humble private displays upon his breast, to denote his comparative deeds of daring for his country, confers on him a mark of honour and reward, of which he is justly proud, and gives him a place above his fellows in the ranks of the chivalry of his country.

Before I come to the more immediate and modern use of this science as practised in our day—the emblazonment of Coats of Arms—I must mention that it comprises many other subjects which space will not allow me to enter upon at length: such as tombs, monuments, and sculptures, especially recumbent figures, which generally being those of knights or others renowned in arms, are represented with shields and armorial bearings. Painted windows, too, come within its compass, and many a benevolent founder of some religious, charitable, or educational institution, has been identified, and his name perpetuated by the Heraldic devices or other family emblems displayed thereon.








But as I have just said, the most prominent feature of Heraldry in the present day, is its connection with the emblazonment of Coats of Arms.


These are several classes under which the different sorts of arms and emblems are generally arranged:—

The first of these comprises the Arms of Dominion—those used by sovereigns, not as their own, but as the Heraldic mark of distinction of their kingdoms. Thus, the Royal Arms of England are not those of the

Queen personally, but of the Country; and the national banner—"the Flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze,"—is recognized by all the world as the "Flag of England." Then follows the Arms of Communities: such as Cities, Corporations, Public Bodies, Institutions, Colleges, Arms of Patronage, and so on. And lastly comes the class with which we are most familiar, that of Parental or Hereditary Arms, as borne by the nobles and gentlemen of England. There is no doubt that this class of Arms was not introduced into this country until the commencement of the Crusades, in the latter part of the 11th century.

The marshalling and blazoning (arrangement and colouring,) of these Coats of Arms, and their achievements and ornaments, although apparently partaking somewhat of worldly vanity, is far from being devoid of useful interest. Their different arrangements are very instructive as to the rank and position of their bearers. The different class of coronet, for instance, conspicuously displayed on the carriage of the noble, shows the rank he holds among the nobility of the land: from the Prince to the Baron.

The Red Hand of Ulster distinguishes the Baronet from the Knight, and the Helmet the Knight from the Esquire and Gentleman: and the marshalling or arrangement of the Arms upon the shield, may often tell us something of family history.—Thus, you may tell a married man by his Arms being "impaled" with those of his wife, thus:  an unmarried woman, by her Arms being borne in a shield lozenge shaped, thus:  A widow, by her Arms being borne in the same lozenge shaped, thus:  a bachelor, thus:  with her husband's, thus:  A man who has married an heiress, thus:  borne in the centre of Pretence."  the wife's Arms being on what is called an "Escutcheon"

And here I should mention, that the term "heiress" does not mean what is generally understood by that word, namely, a lady possessed of money; but one who is the sole or joint female representative of her family, where there are no male heirs; and as females cannot transmit the Arms of the family to their successors, the descendants of the Heiress, and her husband, are entitled to "Quarter" the Arms of the mother, (hitherto borne in an escutcheon of pretence,) with those of the father, thus:  and so hand down the united Arms of their posterity. I may go farther and show that some than this, even to the house of mourning—of the best and softest feelings of our nature

may be awakened by Heraldry. The funeral hatchment, which we see displayed, is not without its meaning, and equally tells its tale. It tells the caller or passer by, that within the doors, over which it hangs, there exists a sorrow, that wants not to be intruded on by him. It tells him, too, not only that death has visited the house, but it tells him which of the members has been called away, whether father, mother or child; and it bids him give a sigh of sympathy and pass on. It may, perhaps, be said, that in these days of civilized advancement, this is but an idle and vain indulgence, and that such a display of the emblems of the world's vain glory over the doors of death, is inconsistent with the more solemn and sacred feelings of such a time; but it must be remembered that it is part and parcel of a system established in ruder ages, that has been handed down to us entire with its other observances, which we still retain. This custom, no doubt, had a reason for its origin, and was probably introduced in the early ages, before the art of printing was known, when writing was not an easy accomplishment, and postal communication difficult; and was intended to answer the purpose, as far as possible, of a modern "advertisement."

I could enlarge much upon my subject, but space forbids. Enough, however, I think has been said to shew that, however lightly the science of Heraldry may be held in the estimation of those who have not studied it, there is enough in it to afford us an interesting association with the chivalry of past ages; and to ensure to us a useful and practical system for the regulation of the different ranks and orders of the realm, to an extent which probably no compulsory legislative enactment could do; and without which, confusion and disorders, the consequent attendants on the want of any such systematic and methodical arrangement, would insert themselves into the social elements of the country to the disturbance and probably the subversion of that admirable system of well-regulated order that now exists.

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## A LETTER ABOUT WORDSWORTH AND GOETHE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—You have been so kind as to open the pages of the "Lennoxville" to me; and I shall avail myself of the privilege. A few days ago, in the course of my desultory reading, I fell upon a simple little poem of Goethe's. It at once suggested thoughts of Wordsworth, and recollections of his poems. I cast about in my mind to discover the cause of the association, and was led to the following reflec-

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tions; which with your permission I shall venture to give your readers, in the belief that they will prove interesting to those who are of opinion that whether or not the "best poetry demand as severe study as mathematics require," it will at least repay it.

Wordsworth was full of that feeling of awe which nature ever produces on fresh hearts—a sense of divine harmony, into which the downfall of man, and the destroying trace of his hand, brings a discord. Could it have been possible for Adam, in the days of his virginal simplicity and purity, to have torn a leaf from a flower—to have violated by destruction the harmonious and unbroken completeness of the blooming verdure around him? Nothing but a sense of discord within us—a sense which has by use and perpetual presence come to be no sense—could reconcile us to wreaking a like discord in the external nature of things. And in our purest moments in those times when we are brought back most nearly to the original temper of man made in the image of the god of nature, there has risen in our hearts at least—whether it has been breathed into words or no—a silent but a stern protest against that wanton violation of the sanctities of nature, in which at other times the unrest and discontent of our spirit, hungering blindly after it knows not what, has found its readiest expression.

This feeling, which we have all in a greater or less degree, and at different times experienced, Wordsworth most constantly enjoyed, and most frequently expressed; either, directly as in the passage where he says: "There is a spirit in the wood," or, as the assumed undercurrent of his thought; of which the metaphors and figures of his poetry were but the bubbling forth, as we see on the surface of some mighty stream, which, like Niagara below the Falls, in its depths is borne onwards, but on the surface betrays the agitation and rapid underflow, only by a swirling eddy, or quietly evanescent bubbles. The underflow of the poetry of Wordsworth is "The spirit that is in the wood." He speaks in every poem as only one could, who had entered into the inner sanctuary of nature, and was commissioned to reveal her spirit. In the highest sense of the word there was a deep communion between him and nature. I do not expect every one who reads this letter to enter into the meaning of the expression. For every one sees with his own eyes, and not with the eyes of others; and, while in physical sight, what is red to one is red to all, what is green to one is green to others, yet in mental and much more in spiritual things, the eye sees only what it has the power to see, and not all that is before it. "Symbolical" terms are not alike expressive to all, but each one sees so much of their meaning as he has a key for in his own breast. A man who does not partake of

the spirit of Wordsworth will not see the depth of the expression, and he who does partake of that spirit will interpret it only so far as community of spirit leads him.

Goethe, whom with Shakspeare and Homer, the Germans assign to a rank above all others, has shewn in many passages the possession of this kinship with the soul of nature, this brotherhood of poetic hearts. And in one short poem—the one before alluded to—his words seem like tones of the same voice which breathed through Wordsworth's lips, rather than utterances of another. To illustrate this I shall quote an extract from that most perfect piece of modern criticism—the late F. W. Robertson's Lecture on Wordsworth—and then give a translation of Goethe's verses. Robertson's Lectures and addresses p. 230. Amer. Ed: "In order to understand the next passage I shall quote, I must remind you of the way in which the ancient Pagans represented the same feeling. Most persons here will remember how the ancient Pagan poets loved to represent some anecdote of a huntsman or shepherd who, in passing through a wood and plucking some herb, or cutting down some branch, has started to see drops of human blood issue from it, or at hearing a human voice proclaiming that he had done injury to some imprisoned human life in that tree. It was so that the ancients expressed their feelings of the deep sacredness of that life that there is in Nature. Now let us see how Wordsworth expressed this. As usual, and as we might have expected, he brings it before us by a simple anecdote of his childhood, when he went out nutting. He tells us how, in early boyhood, he went out to seek for nuts, and came to a hazel-tree set far in the thicket of a wood, which never had been entered by the profane steps of boyhood before, as he expresses it, "A virgin scene." He describes how he eyed with delight the clusters of white nuts hanging from the branches, and with exquisite fidelity to nature, he tells us how he sat upon a bank and dallied with the promised feast, as we dally with a letter long expected, and containing correspondence much loved, because we know it is our own. At last the boy rose, tore down the boughs, and on seeing all the ravage and desolation he had caused by his intrusion, there came over him a feeling of deep remorse."

"And unless I now  
 Confound my present feelings with the past;  
 Ere from the mutilated bower I turned  
 Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,  
 I felt a sense of pain when I beheld  
 The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky—

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Then, dearest maiden, move along these shades  
 In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand  
 Touch—for there is a spirit in the wood."

The following is an attempt to reproduce in English Goethe's.

*Found.*

Into the forest  
 Alone I went;  
 To seek for nothing  
 My sole intent.

In shadow standing  
 A flower was there,  
 Like starlight, gleaming,  
 Like young eyes, fair.

I stooped to pluck it;  
 It clear did say;—

Should I be gathered  
 To wither away?

With roots unbroken  
 The plant I brought,  
 And in the garden  
 Of my dear cot

Again I set it  
 In sheltered place;  
 Now blooms it ever  
 And grows apace.

I should beg you to notice more particularly the third verse, and how, as described in it, the objective impression becomes a subjective voice. The harmony of nature becomes in him a voice speaking within him. This,—the becoming the interpreters of the dumb pleadings of nature, is the common point between Wordsworth and Goethe which my remarks tend to illustrate.

It is impossible to give in equivalent words, or except by explanation or paraphrase, all that is contained in the tenth line. "Da sagt es *fein*." Those familiar with the old Testament story will gain some idea of its meaning by rendering it thus. "Then it said with a *still small voice*."

If the reader think that the remarks I have made above are hardly borne out by the evidence of the piece which I have summoned as my witness, let him remember that he hears the testimony only through the medium of a very incapable interpreter, one who is honest but inadequate, being only a maker of prose. The spirit of Goethe's verse defies capture; the dead form may be exported from German into English, but the soul is left behind. I feel as if I had wronged the shade of Goethe, in mutilating and crushing the flower of his genius by my unskilled attempt at translation to foreign soil.

I am, Mr. Editor,  
 Yours always,

A. G. L. TREW.

March 4th, 1868.

# SKETCHES OF THE HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY.

## PART III.

### THE COPPER MINES OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

THE subject of the present paper will be some account of the copper mines of Lake Superior, or rather of the ancient "Indian diggings," as they are commonly called, on Keweenaw Point; of which neither history nor tradition gives any details, and which were first brought into public notice in the winter of 1847-48. What I have to say, however, is not original, but is abridged in my own words from a work on the ancient mining of Lake Superior sent me some six years ago, while still residing in the Indian country, by Professor Baird of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. It may, however, prove new and interesting to many readers of the "Lennoxville." If one were to cast his eye over a map of the great Lake, and nearly half way up on the south shore, he would see a remarkable projection curving to the north east until it ends in an irregular point—it is, in fact, a Peninsula about 80 miles in length, and where it joins the main land 45 miles in width. Through the whole extent of this projection a belt of metalliferous rock extends differing at various points both in structure and in the character of its contents. Within this belt all the mining operations, both ancient and modern, have been chiefly confined; and the most extraordinary thing is that the metal is found chiefly as native copper, not as an ore. It is nearly free from foreign matter, and when melted down gives from 90 to 95 per cent of pure copper. I myself saw one mass on board one of the American boats, at the Sault St. Mary's, which must have weighed nearly one thousand pounds. The cutting of the mass in the mine is, however, a very tedious and costly process.

In 1841, Dr. Douglas Houghton, geologist for the State of Michigan, a man whose reputation extended beyond the bounds of his own State, and who was unfortunately drowned some years afterwards near this very spot, was the first man to communicate to the Legislature the information that native copper was to be found at Keweenaw Point. As a matter of course, explorers and speculators flocked to it from all quarters; but after a period of great excitement only about half a dozen companies of all that had been formed, continued, in 1846 or 1847, to mine in earnest. At the present day there may be a great many more; but I have no account of them. The most noted of the mines are the Cliff, North West, Min-

nesota and Pewabic. The product from some of these mines is something astonishing. I saw in the newspapers some time ago, that the Boston and Pittsburgh Company, which owned one of these mines, cleared in two years 137 per cent.

Marquette, further down the Lake, is the far famed iron city. Unfortunately, I can give no account of it; but it is said that the ore is inexhaustible and becomes richer the further down it is explored. We can judge from the enterprising character of the Americans, what a great place Marquette must be, yet it was sometime after the discovery of copper on Keweenaw Point that the iron was discovered at that place. I saw by the newspapers recently that one of the companies engaged in mining there expected taking out this year 125,000 tons of ore.

A railroad has been built across the country from Marquette to Green Bay on Lake Michigan, which saves the long detour down the St. Mary's River into Lake Huron. Green Bay must be a different place now from what it was when I saw it in 1845, as I see by a large map now before me, that it is the terminus of two railways. For, however, unprofitable as an investment to the stockholders these railways generally are, there can be very little doubt they are a very profitable one to the general public.

The principal towns on the south shore are, at the head of the Lake, Superior City, at Keweenaw Point, Ontonagan, and further down, Marquette, besides several villages and post offices all along the coast. Some 25 years ago, this whole country was a wilderness, and no white men but two were found between the Sault St. Marys and Lapointe, a distance of about 400 miles. At that time, also, only two sailing vessels were seen on the Lake, one belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company on the north shore, and the other belonging to the American Fur Company or the American Government on the south shore; whilst the little steamer, the *General Scott*, in whose cabin or saloon 40 men could scarcely find standing room, made weekly trips between Sault St. Marys and Mackinac. What a contrast at the present day! Large steamers, propellers and sailing vessels are counted by scores, and there has surely never been seen under the sun a nation more capable than the Americans, of developing the resources of a country.

I will now notice the account given by the author of the book I have mentioned, of the old Indian mines, and how the natives worked them. It must not be supposed, however, that they mined as people do at the present day. They only acted as surface explorers, and it is a remarkable fact that, in the opening of the principal mines on Point Keweenaw, the modern miners followed in the path of their Indian predecessors.

"It is by no means an easy task to discover remains buried, as those of the ancient mines of Lake Superior are, in extensive and dense forests, where the explorer can only see a few rods, or perhaps yards, around him; and where there is seldom anything which rises sufficiently high above the surface to attract the eye. They are, for the most part, merely irregular depressions in the soil trenches—pits and cavities, sometimes not exceeding one foot in depth, and a few feet in diameter. Thousands of persons had seen the depressions prior to 1848, who never suspected that they had any connection with the arts of man; the hollows, made by large trees, overturned by the wind, being frequently as well marked as the ancient excavations. There are, however, pits of such size, as could not fail to surprise one at first view, were not the effect destroyed by the close timber and underwood with which they are surrounded." Such is the account which the author, Mr. Chas. Whittlesey, gives of the pits and cavities, the discovery or opening up of which by Mr. Knapp, agent of the Minnesota Mining Company in 1848, led to such wonderful results. It was on the Minnesota location that the existence of mines, long since wrought, was made known; and here also the most extensive works are to be found. There is a group of veins, four in number, running parallel; and on the whole four the ancients laboured. There is also a corresponding group of rude trenches for more than two miles. In giving an account of some of the tools the old miners used, I cannot do better than take Mr. Whittlesey's own description: "Not far below the apparent bottom of a trough-like cavity, where shaft No. 1 is now situated, among a mass of leaves, sticks and water, Mr. Knapp discovered a detached mass of copper, weighing nearly six tons. It lay upon a cob-work of round logs or studs, 6 to 8 inches in diameter, the ends of which showed plainly the strokes of a small axe or cutting tool, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide. These marks were perfectly distinct. A piece of this wood, which I took from the mine in 1849, proved to be a species of oak, the only species known upon the range, and by some called the Spanish oak. It shrunk upon drying to about two-thirds of its size, cracking open in deep gashes, and possessed little strength. Its appearance was that of water-soaked timber, not rotted, preserving its original form. The mass of copper had been raised several feet along the foot wall of the lode on the timber by means of wedges; its upper surface and edges were beaten and pounded smooth; all the irregularities taken off, and around its outside a rim or lip was formed, bending downwards. This work had apparently been done after the miners had concluded to abandon the mass. The marks of fire on the rocks of the wall are still evident. Charcoal, ashes, and stone-mauls are

found in all of the pits hitherto cleaned out; one of the heaviest mauls yet seen weighing 36 pounds, came from this location. It has a double groove, which is not usual, and it was intended, no doubt, to be used by two men. In one of the pits a rude ladder was found, formed of an oak tree, trimmed so as to leave the stumps of the branches projecting, on which men could readily descend or ascend to or from their work. Wooden levers are also found among the rubbish, preserved by water, which covered them continually. On the edge of the excavation in which the mass of copper was found, there stood an aged hemlock, the roots of which extended across the ditch. I counted the rings of annual growth on its stump, and found them to be 290. Mr. Knapp mentions another tree which had 395. The fallen and decayed trunks of a previous generation were seen lying across the pits.

Besides mauls made of stone the miners had mauls made of copper, which were fashioned into shape by pounding, some of them weighing as much as from 20 to 25 pounds, the handles generally being from 8 to 10 inches long—in fact they seem to have used the copper for many purposes, such as knives, chisels, bodkins, arrow and spear heads.”

How long a time has elapsed since these old miners were at work on the shores of Lake Superior is a question of great interest. Mr. Whittlesey, although he does not say so in express terms, inclines to the opinion, I rather think, that it was about the same time that the ancient Britons were digging for tin in the mines of Cornwall before the time of the Romans; for the workings, particularly the deeper ones, were similar in both cases. He claims for them, however, an antiquity of from 500 to 600 years, and supposes the race to be the same as the Mound Builders of Ohio, Kentucky, and some of the other Western States. These mounds, or tumuli, were repositories for the bodies of the dead, which being opened in recent times disclosed copper implements and copper ornaments, such as are found in the old Lake Superior mines.

No less a man than the late Gen. Harrison, before he became President of the United States, tried his hand on the subject before the Historical Society of Ohio, but neither he nor any other man could arrive at any certainty. My own opinion formed from some knowledge of the Indian race, would be against the Mound Builders and the miners being one and the same people; because from the workings carried on there must have been a great population on the ground at one time, and it is not likely that the Mound Builders would have travelled so far and remained so long on the same spot. It is more probable that the copper tools and ornaments found in the mounds were got in exchange by the builders

from the miners for some other commodity, and that the latter have passed away without leaving any other record or monument but the working in the mines behind them.

## THE CHURCH.

THE Bishop of Capetown has published the correspondence which he has had with the Bishop of London, and the Archbishop of York, on the subject of the appointment of an "Orthodox Bishop of Natal." Both these prelates have spoken out plainly on the side of, and partially in defence of Dr. Colenso, and inasmuch as none other has spoken at all, it may be said, however painful the statement be, that to some extent, the English Church stands committed to the views thus set forth. The Archbishop of Canterbury, indeed, adheres to the opinion which he has already expressed, that there is nothing to prevent the consecration of another Bishop, but he stands in this correspondence alone, and his position as adviser to the Bishop of Capetown, prevents the free expression of decided views, such as we might have hoped for from other prelates of the English Church. If, indeed, the Church of England recognizes Dr. Colenso, as the Bishop of Natal, and considers, with the Bishop of London, that he is in Communion with her, then it would be but just and right to both parties in this great controversy that it should be declared; it is easy to suggest "grave doubts," especially when there is a certain vagueness about the doubts, but it is none the less unjust to insinuate such doubts, and not to point to the exact act or position of the Bishop of Capetown, of which the validity is doubtful. The Bishop of Capetown says, "The Church cannot evade her responsibility before God in this matter, or refuse to face the grave questions which are before her."—And again, he writes: "I shall wait with trembling, in common with tens of thousands of its most devoted members, for some Synodical decision, which may rescue the Church of England from the false position in which some of its Bishops have placed it. Should no further action be taken, it would, I fear, leave the Church of England burdened with the alliance of heresy, by the endurance of the deposed heretic as a bishop in communion with itself. Whatever the decision of the bishops of the Church of England may be, the duty of the Church in South Africa is clear. It is bound, if it can, to provide a faithful pastor for the souls of the people entrusted to its care; and God helping, I trust, on my return to my province, with the aid of my com-provincials, to be able to consecrate there. We hold that the maintenance of the faith is

"the first and highest duty of every Church; that that duty must be preferred before any other consideration; and that nothing can release us from the obligation to discharge that duty at the present crisis."

These are plain, strong words, but the occasion, in the view of, perhaps, the majority of the Churchmen, justifies them. Even if the court which condemned Dr. Colenso, was not technically perfect, there seems little reason to doubt about substantial justice having been done. The Bishop of Capetown exercised his authority with the consent of the South African Church. The judgment of the court has been confirmed by the almost unanimous voice of the whole Anglican Communion, as expressed by its Bishops at the recent Lambeth Synod. Further, a large number of the communicant members of the Natal Church are earnestly desiring to receive a new Bishop. Can then, individual bishops of the English Church, hampered by the temporalities of their Sees, judge of the necessities of the Church in South Africa, where the Bishops have no temporal titles or temporal position? And can the State prevent the consecration of a new Bishop for Natal, seeing that there is no creation of a temporal peer involved, as would be the case if a Bishop were to be consecrated for an English See. When, as in England, the consecration of a Spiritual Father in God involves the gift of a peerage to an individual, who had no such title before, and thereby the ranks of the nobility of the State receive an addition to their numbers; the State, rightly, claims a voice in the election. It issues a *congé d'élire*, a royal mandate, and further names the new Bishop, whom, practically, the electors are compelled to receive; but the consecration of a South African, or other Colonial Bishop involves no such creation, nor can the Spiritual act come under its recognition at all. In the eye of the law, the Bishop is in the same position before and after the consecration, even more than a deacon or priest ordained for spiritual work at home: they do receive the recognition of the State, they hold a definite legal position, a distinct, social status; but, if the decisions of the English Law courts are correct, such is not the case with a Bishop of the Church in the Colonies.

But while these questions are agitating the minds of Churchmen at home, the Supreme Court in Natal has arrived at a decision, that in consequence of Natal having been at the date of Dr. Colenso's Letters Patent a Crown Colony, properly so called, the letters Patent are valid even to the extent of coercive jurisdiction, and that the deposed Bishop is Trustee of the English Church property. Acting upon this view they have ejected the Dean from the Cathedral and the Deanery, and the other clergy who do not share Dr. Colenso's heresy, from their Churches, and where there are Parsonage houses, from these also. In making this de-

cision, however, the Supreme Court of Natal appears to have overlooked the fact, that if Dr. Colenso's Letters Patent are valid, the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan must be allowed to be effective; the deposition of the Bishop was disallowed as a legal act by the Privy Council on the ground, that they recognized neither a Bishop of Capetown nor a Bishop of Natal, and if therefore now this decision is invalidated, the English Courts must enter upon the question of the validity of the sentence. In fact the deposition of Bishop Colenso may prove to be legally valid, as well as spiritually valid, and if this appears likely to be the ultimate result of the finding of the Supreme Court in Natal, it is yet possible that delay in the consecration of Bishop Macrorie might be deemed advisable. At such an important crisis in her history, this wearied South African Church needs the prayers of her members of the Church, that God may of His great goodness grant to her a period of rest and prosperity after her many difficulties and trials. A most earnest address of thankfulness has been sent by the clergy of Natal to their Metropolitan, in which they express their appreciation of his labours and sufferings on their behalf, and their joy at the prospect of a Bishop being appointed over them, "to restore the waste places and to build anew that which has been broken down." The pastoral also of the Pan Anglican Synod has tended to restore confidence, and to strengthen the Churchmen of that diocese by the belief that the sympathies of the whole Anglican Communion are with them, and their prayers offered for them in these struggles.

The Pan Anglican Synod of Lambeth has been the subject of a debate in the Lower House of Convocation, in the course of which the Dean of Westminster spoke of the Assembly of Bishops in the same offensive way in which he had previously spoken. In this case, however, he spoke in an assembly of learned men, where his words met a meet reply and rebuke; the idea that Bishops had assembled from Canada, the United States, New Zealand, Africa, and other countries, merely to attend what the Dean styles a "convivial meeting," found no response from other members of the Convocation of Canterbury. While indeed the council assembled at Lambeth neither desired nor claimed to make Canons for the Church, yet it should be spoken of with reverence, and its decrees accepted as being the expression of the convictions of the highest rulers of the Church, from whom if the Holy Spirit of God depart, so as to cease to guide them in their words and acts, it really leaves the Church over which they are appointed to pre-ide. In the course of the discussion Archdeacon Wordsworth stated that the latter was regarded by members of other Churches as the greatest act of the Anglican Communion, and quoted in support of his views the Abbé Guetté, who had said that the



Lambeth Conference had seized upon the two great sores of Christendom, the adoration of the Virgin, and the adoration of the Pope, Mariolatry and Papatry. The Convocation of Canterbury has now after this eager debate set its seal to the Conference by formally reading the Pastoral Letter or Encyclical, according to the resolution which was the subject of such opposition on the part of the Dean of Westminster.

The Bishops of the Upper House have debated again on the subject of ritual, and have passed a resolution, "that the limits of ritual observance cannot be left to the unrestrained discretion of individual clergy, and ought to be defined by rightful authority; and that other means should be provided with the view of enforcing the rule laid down at the end of the notice concerning the Service of the Church, duly interpreting all diversely taken common usages, and if necessary for removing ambiguity in the existing law." The resolution, as it stands, seems to have no more chance of settling the question than previous ones; the rightful authority is not defined; ritualism or ritual observance is not defined, nor can any good be effected by a rule, which, while it limits ritual observances on the side of excess, does nothing to touch the case of clergy who are too indolent to do their proper work, and, while living upon the temporalities of a parish, allow the parishioners to starve spiritually. While even the greatest indolence is no crime, and defects are unproved, it cannot be that excess be suppressed. Recourse to Parliament is the Bishop of London's avowed object; it would be a very dangerous expedient, and one, which, while it destroyed the "ritualists," might destroy also those who had called in the arm of the State. The Bishop of Oxford said of such a course that it would be "inviting men to have recourse to law, and telling them with the next breath that if the law is not in accordance with our views we will have it made so." The attempt to effect this might effect too much, and Parliament, acting as mediator to the two Church parties, might destroy both instead of repressing one. Can no other means be found of restoring peace to the Church? We trust that in God's providence such will be found, and that He, who ever brings good out of evil, will make the earnestness, which this contention has tended to produce, the means of extending the Church's usefulness, when it is turned not against brethren in fraternal contests, but against the common enemies of both, the spirit of infidelity and irreligion which is now during our disputes making such terrible and rapid progress.

We cannot but notice, as being a public loss to the Church, the destruction by fire of the great printing establishment of the well known Abbé Migne. A million of stereotyped plates, fruits of fifty years of labour, thousands of volumes of the Fathers, and a vast quantity of other valu-

able books have been destroyed. The valuable edition of the Fathers, well known as the Migne Edition, will now become probably very scarce; for an old man, past seventy, can hardly be expected to commence again the work of editing them, which had cost him so much time and labour. The destruction of that establishment is indeed a loss to the whole Church, and one which only after long interval, if ever, can be really replaced.

### ESSAYS IN TRANSLATION.

Hippolytus 730 ΧΟΡΟΣ.

*ἠλιβάτοις ὑπὸ κειθμῶσι γενόμεναι*

*ἵνα με περὶ ἴσσαν ὄρνιν*

*θεὸς ἐν πταναῖς ἀγέλαιον θεῖη. κ.τ.λ.*

Where sun never climbed, in the clefts of the rock,	By minstrels extolled,
It were well to abide;	The goodly Hesperides, famous
Swift winged, a bird where birds flock,	For apples of gold,
By the precipice side!	To the bourne where the God, who of Ocean's
It were well to be sped over ocean	Dark purple hath sway,
Past Adria's shore;	Setteth bound, nor will guide any further
Past the foam where Eridanus eddies;	The mariner's way;
I fair would explore.	For there is the Peak that supporteth
The stream were sad Phaethon's sisters	The term of the sky;
Weep on through the years,	The limit of heaven, dread Atlas,
Where shines through the dark tide, like amber,	Upbeareth on high,
The gleam of their tears.	And there are the wells of Ambrosia;
I would fly far away to the Islands	There Zeus hath his shrine,
	There waxeth beatitude ever—
	Effulgence divine!

C. PELHAM MULVANY.

February, 1868.

### SLANDER—AN EPIGRAM.

Wann dich die Lästertzunge sticht,  
So laß dir dies zum Troste sagen:  
Die schlechtesten Früchte sind es nicht,  
Woran die Wespen nagen.

Bürger.

When slanderous tongues are stinging thee,  
Let this thy consolation be;  
The sorriest fruits least fair to sight,  
D' least the gnawing wasps invite.

Quam tua percutiant mordacis verbera lin-  
guæ,  
Pectora, solamen vulneris istud erit;  
Non, quæ deteriora sinu tulit annus, edaci  
Poma petens morsu rodere vespa solet.

O. M.

# PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE TOWNSHIPS.

## PART I.

WHATEVER may be said of the comparative importance of Superior and Primary Education, it cannot be doubted that a good Common School System is of incalculable value to a community, and such a system we have. It doubtless has defects, there is unquestionably room for improvement in its administration, and in the character and standing of our primary schools; but whoever denies that this system and these schools are doing a great work for the present and future of the country, must have given the subject a very imperfect or a very prejudicial examination. A New England clergyman, who has had a pretty thorough acquaintance with the Common Schools of the Townships, writes thus:—“One cannot be familiar with the working of the Public School System of Canada, and that of almost any of the New England States, and not be impressed with the great superiority of the former.—Canada has a good Common School law. The redeeming feature of the Canadian Government, as I retain impressions of it, is the School system. It is ample, thorough and vigorous. It is, of all secular success, Canada’s hope.”

It appears from official reports that there are now about two hundred and seventy-five English primary or “Common” Schools in this (St. Francis) District, nearly all of them public schools, *i. e.*, under the control of the School Authorities, and sustained by public funds. These are so distributed in the different townships that there are but few, it is believed, even of the poorest inhabitants, who cannot secure for their children the advantages of a Common School education,—in most cases, for eight months in the year, and that within a distance of two miles. If it is objected that a large proportion of these schools are taught by female teachers—many of them young and inexperienced—it may be replied that a large proportion of these female teachers are competent, faithful and efficient—many of them to their praise, be it said—labouring with a zeal, and accomplishing an amount of intellectual and moral good, which eternity alone can fully show. Let no one speak sneeringly of our female Common School teachers; some are, doubtless, incompetent, many are comparatively inexperienced, but few are wholly inefficient or unfit for their work; and many may justly be called “burning and shining lights.” Some of these teachers have enjoyed the advantages of Normal School training, and we are glad to know that the number is increasing. Many others have enjoyed good facilities for improvement in the High Schools

of the Township, to which reference may be made hereafter. It is to be hoped that facilities for Normal School instruction may be increased, and that a much larger number of our teachers may be induced to avail themselves of those very desirable means of preparation for their important work.

In concluding this necessarily brief article, it may be remarked that our Common Schools are deserving of more confidence and attention from the community than they receive. When we consider that those schools furnish to the mass of our youth the main in many, cases, the only source of education, we cannot fail to see that no one who has the welfare of this new country at heart, should be indifferent to their character. This subject will be resumed in a future number.

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### LENTEN LECTURES.

Lectures on the following subjects are being delivered during Lent in St. George's Church, Lennoxville. Service every Wednesday Evening, at 7 P.M. Seats free.

- Wednesday 4th March. General view of the Sacraments and history of the Institution of the Holy Communion. Rev. A. C. SCARTH.
- " 11th March. The types of the Holy Communion contained in the Old Testament Scriptures. Rev. R. WALKER.
- " 18th March. The Outward Sign and Inward Grace in the Holy Sacrament. Rev. W. H. PRIDEAUX.
- " 25th March. The Obligation and Importance of frequent Communion. Rev. W. RICHMOND.
- " 1st April. Fears, Scruples and Excuses considered. Rev. DR. NICOLLS.
- " 8th April. Preparation requisite for the rightly receiving the Holy Communion. Rev. A. C. SCARTH.

Lennoxville, Lent, 1868.

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### SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FROM FEBRUARY 12 TO MARCH 12.

#### CANADA.

R. C. Lee; E. C. Towle; Walter Gouin; Mrs. Wilcocks; George Danton; S. Comstock; James Brown; James Boutelle, sen.; R. L. Harvey; G. H. Borlase; W. Anderson; A. E. Martin; W. Ritchie; Rev. Rural Deane Milne; Archie Stevenson; Rev. Edmund Wood; Mrs. Irving; A. McT. Watt; B. B. Smith, B.A.; J. S. Watt; A. Hunt; Strachan Bethune, Q.C.; Vice Chauc. Bishop's College; Rev. Louis C. Wurtele; E. Roy; Mrs. Mears; His Lordship the Bishop of Quebec.

#### UNITED STATES.

F. C. Dudgeon; J. Forbes; W. H. Baker; G. Cull.

#### ENGLAND.

G. Shapland, Esq.; Miss Prideaux; Rev. W. O. Wilson; W. C. Prideaux, Esq.; R. C. Christie, Esq.