

# THE LENNOXVILLE MAGAZINE.

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## THE BRERETONS.

### CHAPTER I.

“TOO late, then, Maud! God have mercy on me!” cried a young man, apparently about twenty years of age, as he threw open the door of the drawing-room at Brereton House.

The sole occupant of the room was the young lady whom he addressed, Maud Brereton, of Brereton House. She was sitting listlessly in the bay window, with her back turned towards the door, gazing out upon, evidently not seeing, the gay autumnal tints of the trees which studded the park, nor the gorgeous purple and crimson glow of the sunset which dyed the woods with a deeper, richer colouring than they ever knew even when decked in their full summer glory.

This evening Maud was not dreaming, as girls of her age delight to do, of the time when she, too, with all her charms, would be fading away, and wondering whether anyone would regret her, or whether she would sink silently and uncared for into her grave, as the leaves sank to the ground. No. This evening life and death were realities, for she had before her mind an ever present vision of one loved and trusted, as few mothers are loved and trusted, lying cold, pale, calm, upon her bed of death.

So deeply was she thinking, that she neither heard the door open, nor the exclamation that followed; and it was not till she felt a hand upon her shoulder, and saw an agitated face looking into her own, that she started up, and the colour flushed into her cheek.

“Answer me, Maud—am I too late? Oh, how I have travelled night and day since I heard she was ill. Say I am not too late!”

“Oh, Frank! How you startled me! When did you come back? Where did you come from? Are you come to stay?” inquired Maud eagerly, and then paused for replies to her various questions.

“Answer me, Maud, I say—am I too late to see her?” cried Frank, impatiently.

“Yes, you are. Would that you were not!” returned Maud, so-

lemnly. "If you had been here only two hours ago, you would have seen her—saved her, perhaps." And Maud resumed the seat she had left.

Frank made no reply, but his hand gradually slid from off her shoulder, and Maud, unheeding the sign, continued: "How she has prayed to see you. Throughout her illness she has talked of you, and during the last few days she has seemed to think of you almost incessantly. It was in prayer for you that she passed away." Then she added, "If you had been here, who knows, she might not have died."

Then the poor girl's courage failed, and she hid her face in her hands, and wept bitterly. For a few moments silence reigned throughout the room, but Maud soon recovered her self-possession. Then came the sound of a single convulsive sob. Maud started up, and saw her brother, for such he was, kneeling beside a table with his head crushed down upon his arms, his whole frame convulsed with the agitation which he was vainly trying to repress. She sprang to his side, and, throwing her arms round him, endeavoured to soothe his grief with gentle words and caresses. He endured her endearments for a while, and even grew calmer, as he listened to the soft tones of her voice as she tried to comfort him.

Then she said, "Frank, should you like to see her?"

He looked up into her face, and she saw that he was pale, and his delicately cut features were almost statue-like in their clear-cut definiteness. "No," he said, "she will curse me. I have made her life miserable. You even say I killed her."

Maud winced at the cruel words, but did not answer, and he continued, "I dare not see her. Her dead face will reproach me, and yet I swear I was innocent."

"She will not reproach you, Frank. She looks peaceful and beautiful, more beautiful than she did in life. I told you her last words were a prayer for you. Look at her, and you will never say such dreadful things again. Come."

And Maud took her brother's hand between her own two, and tried to drag him with her towards the door.

He half rose, and then, drawing back again, he said hoarsely, "My father, Maud, where is my father?"

"He is out. He has been out since morning," she replied. "He cannot be back yet."

"Then he does not know she is gone?"

Maud shook her head, and her brother continued: "Tell me what I am to do. Does my father ever speak of me now? Shall I go away without seeing him, or—" Then, interrupting himself, he exclaimed,

"But never mind him now. Come, we will go. She never spoke hardly to me. I cannot believe she thought me guilty. Come, I will go and see her. Her face will tell me all I want to know."

She opened the door, and the brother and sister moved across the hall and up the staircase.

"She is in her own room?" he asked, laying his hand on the latch, and turning to Maud.

"Yes, Frank. But remember what you are going to see," she returned, astonished at the calmness of her impetuous brother.

"I know," he said, "leave me alone;" and without another word he turned the handle of the door, entered, and closed it behind him, leaving his sister on the other side. Then, turning the key to prevent any surprise, he walked quickly to the bed, and drew aside the covering from the face of the dead.

For some moments he stood motionless, with his eyes riveted upon her whom he had tenderly loved, esteemed, and silently pitied, and who he knew well fully returned his affection. Then with a groan he sank upon his knees, and drew one cold hand within his own, and kissed those lips which had so often spoken loving words to him. "Oh, mother, mother! speak to me once again, only once; tell me you believe in my innocence. Oh, mother, mother!"

He was roused by a gentle knock at the door, and rose hastily from his knees. "Frank, you must come at once, please. I hear the sound of the carriage wheels coming down the avenue. My father will be here presently." One more kiss upon the cold forehead, and Frank drew the covering again over the beautiful, pale face, and joined his sister, looking almost as pale as the lifeless form he had just left.

"Go into my room, Frank. You must make your escape from the house when you know papa is safely shut into the library. I shall take him there while I tell him about her. Lock yourself into my room, or Sophy may come in and find you there," said Maud, as she took hold of his hand, and pointed to an open door. "Go quickly, and do be careful not to let any one see you," urged Maud, as the carriage stopped before the house door.

Frank lingered long enough to hear his father's heavy step enter the vestibule, and his loud voice asking for Miss Brereton.

"Frank, dear Frank, what are you going to do? I must see you again," whispered Maud.

"I do not know, nor care. Let me go!" he answered hoarsely.

"Maud, Maud!" cried Mr. Brereton from below.

"Promise to meet me to-morrow," she said. "Don't go quite away."

"Much you care about that," was the sneering reply.

"Maud! where are you, Maud?" cried Mr. Brereton impatiently from below.

"I am coming, dear papa," she answered.

"I shall meet you in the wood at five o'clock to-morrow evening," whispered the girl to her brother. He shook his head; and, as an inducement, she added, "I will arrange for you to see her again if you will only stop."

"Maud!" exclaimed her father.

"At the foot of the knoll at five o'clock to-morrow," said Maud, warmly pressing her brother's hand as a farewell.

Then she ran down stairs, while Frank escaped to his sister's room, for he heard footsteps advancing rapidly along the gallery.

#### CHAPTER II.

Mr. Brereton was standing in the hall, impatiently tapping his foot upon the floor as he waited for his daughter.

"Well, my dear, I do think that when I have been absent from home for a whole day I might receive a somewhat warmer welcome upon my return," he said.

"Dear papa, I hardly expected you could reach home so early. I am very sorry I kept you waiting."

"Early! hem! Half-past six—our usual dinner hour in the summer, I think. Besides, it seemed that you could find time for chattering on the staircase. Well, how's your mother? Pretty easy?" And then without waiting for an answer he added, "We'll dine at once, and I'll go and see her afterwards. Mind you do not keep me waiting."

So saying Mr. Brereton moved towards the staircase. For a moment Maud stood watching him, uncertain whether she should tell him the ill tidings at once—those tidings for which he was evidently so little prepared—or whether she should let him rest and recruit himself, for he was very weary, and gradually to break the sad news to him. Reflecting, however, that one of the servants or the nurse might, with ill-timed well-meaningness, allude to his loss, she quickly resolved to tell him that his wife had passed away during his absence from home. So she ran after him and said, "May I speak to you, papa, before you go to your room?"

"No, my dear, no. We shall have plenty of time for conversation this evening, and I am greatly in want of my dinner," was the reply in a querulous tone.

"Papa, I must speak to you, at once: before you go up stairs, please," returned Maud firmly, but gently.

"Hem, hem! My little daughter is growing imperious—must speak, indeed!"

"I cannot bear this any longer. Let me speak to you, papa," and without leaving him time for a refusal, Maud took her father's hand, and drew him after her into the library. It was strange to see the self-asserting, passionate, elderly man yield to the soft, almost childish, pleadings of the girl.

Once in the library, however, Maud's real difficulties began. How could she tell her father that her mother was gone? (She could not bring herself to say she was dead.) What words could she use? And more than all, how could she endure what would follow? All this flashed through Maud's mind as she led her father from the staircase to the study. Once there she could not delay. So with a great effort she managed to keep her voice steady and her face composed, as she said, "I thought, papa, you ought to be told immediately how very ill dear Mamma has been."

"I am sure I am very sorry for it. I suppose she has seen the doctor, has she not? I'll tell you what, Maud, you will have us both on your hands if you keep me here, for I am absolutely famishing. I should faint, I dare say, if I were a woman," interrupted Mr. Brereton, with a sardonic smile.

Maud found her task even more difficult than she had anticipated. Her father evidently felt no alarm—no fear of what her next words might be. Still when he ceased speaking she went on, "Mamma grew rapidly worse after you went away this morning, and I was obliged to send for Doctor White. He came, but it was no use; he could give her no relief, but he was very kind, and did every thing he could to prevent the constant return of her attacks of faintness, but ——" Here Maud's forced calmness forsook her, and she burst into tears.

"You know I hate a scene. Do stop this. You ought really to have more self-control. You will never be useful as a nurser, as long as you give way in this manner," said Mr. Brereton in a severer tone than was his wont in speaking to his daughter.

As Maud was still unable to recover herself he turned away, and walked towards the door, saying he should send Sophy to her with a glass of port wine—which, by the way, he considered an universal remedy.

"Oh, papa, please don't go. I am better now, and I do not want any port wine," entreated Maud.

I am not angry—only be quick, for I am desperately hungry. I had barely time to get through a plate of cold beef for my luncheon," was the reply.

"I told you that poor Mamma fainted again and again." (Here Mr. Brereton sighed resignedly, and gave up all hopes of dining until he had heard the story of his wife's illness.) "But in the intervals between her attacks she kept asking for you, and seemed disappointed when I told her you were gone out. At last she revived strangely, and talked about you and Frank (Mr. Brereton groaned), and then she begged me to send for Mr. Carlton, but before he could reach the house she again became unconscious, and never spoke afterwards."

For two or three minutes neither father nor child moved. Then Maud said, "She told me to give you her love, and tell you that she had always loved you."

"Do you intend me to understand that Mrs. Brereton is dead?" he said at last.

Maud bowed her head.

"Speak. Answer me. Is your mother dead?"

"Yes, papa."

Another pause, longer than the last, ensued. Then Mr. Brereton turned and left the room. Before he had reached the top of the stairs Maud was again at his side. "Are you going to see her, dear papa? Shall I go into the room with you?"

"I shall not see her now. Do not detain me, for I cannot talk to you at present. Go now; I shall be ready for dinner in a quarter of an hour," replied Mr. Brereton, stroking his daughter's fair head, and giving her one kiss upon her forehead, he entered his dressing-room.

Dinner was a very silent meal that day at the Manor House, for neither Mr. Brereton nor his daughter felt inclined for conversation. As soon as the meal was over and the servants had withdrawn, Mr. Brereton took his customary seat by the fire, and Maud, having poured out his glass of port wine and placed it on a consol beside him, drew a foot-stool close to his chair and seated herself at his side. Then possessing herself of one of his hands she said, "Shall I tell you about the last few hours of her life?"

"No, my dear, no. Why give yourself the pain of repeating anything so sad?" and Mr. Brereton relapsed into silence,

Maud shrank into herself. She had hoped that the suddenness of her mother's end might have served, in some way, to call back her father's former love and sympathy. She was bitterly disappointed.

After a while he began, "I have been thinking what would be the best way of making the funeral arrangements. It must be rather a grand affair you know. The worst of these things is the expense, and your mother's doctors' bills, during the last year, have been enormous."

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Then half to himself he said, "perhaps she left something in her will to pay off those expenses."

"I do not think Mamma would have wished to have a very costly funeral. She has often said that she should prefer to be buried quietly."

"Pooh, pooh! Leave that to me. Where is your mother's will, Maud?"

"Mr. Coleman told me that he had taken it away with him."

"Coleman! when was he here? Did he make any alterations in the will?" enquired Mr. Brereton eagerly.

"I do not know. Mr. Coleman was here yesterday, but Mamma saw him alone."

"Why did you not tell me that last night? By Heaven, I would have known what alterations she made! She should have left her money —."

"I did not say that any changes had been made. I only said Mr. Coleman had been here," interrupted Maud.

"Right, my dear, quite right. Perhaps no changes were made, and, at any rate, what is the good of bothering myself?" replied Mr. Brereton, resuming his ordinary self-contained manner, and signing to Maud to refill his empty glass. This done he again leaned back in his chair, and sighed. "About the funeral, you may rest quite contented. Everything shall be done as handsomely as possible, and of course we must invite all the neighbourhood."

Maud made no reply. She was wondering what first had made "the little rift within the lute" of her father's love for her mother; for that once he had loved her tenderly she well knew.

"Be sure you write yourself to Lord Ashburton. He'll feel it. He was a favourite—he was!" and Mr. Brereton's voice took a sound of irony.

Maud still was silent. "I must send for Wellby (the undertaker) to-morrow morning; it is too late to-night, and we will make all the arrangements for a fashionable funeral. And you, Maud, take care that your part is well done. Have a good luncheon for the guests, and a dinner for the servants, and let Wellby's people be thoroughly well looked after. Now we will make a list of all who are to be invited, and of course every one must be asked to send a carriage. (Mr. Brereton's world excluded, as wholly without the pale of society, every one who did not possess at least one carriage.) "It shall never be said that James Brereton did not know how to treat his wife's memory with proper respect."

Maud could scarcely refrain from bursting into a torrent of indignation at her father's cold-hearted interest in—she almost called it his enjoyment

of—what was to her the most intolerable anguish she had ever known, and it was with a feeling of unutterable relief that she rose at the summons of the servant, who came to announce that the tea was waiting in the drawing-room.

## CHAPTER III.

Maud awoke on the following morning with that sensation of vague depression which people frequently feel when they have fallen asleep, stunned by some heavy blow. The sun was shining brightly into her room, the birds were singing merrily without, and the autumnal breeze was whispering softly amongst the trees, so she lay still for some moments, vainly trying to recollect what had happened, and to account for the weight upon her mind. When, at length, the full extent of her loss flashed upon her, she turned upon her pillow with a dreary longing that it was evening, so that she might sleep again and forget her misery. But wishing was no use, and the day stretched before her with its round of painful duties to perform, and these must be done; and besides, there was no one now but herself on whom her father could depend for assistance. So she rose and began to dress slowly, saying over and over again to herself,

" Be the day weary, or be the day long,  
At last it ringeth to evensong."

" I wish it would ring an everlasting evensong for me! oh, mother, mother, why did you leave me all alone?" Maud felt crushed, forsaken, as if life had nothing left for her now that her mother was gone. So it is always with the young. Their spirits rise and fall with every slight change of mental temperature, but let any severe trial come, any deep sorrow, and for the time their whole lifehood seems to be frozen up, their whole energies annihilated. Fortunately it is but for a while, for the endurance of such poignant grief, did it last, would inevitably goad the sufferer to madness, or kill him with despair. Later in life, whether from familiarity with pain, mental and physical, or from the absorbing interests of the minor details of existence, the feelings become blunted, and sorrow no longer takes possession of us with a grasp so irresistible.

When Maud entered the breakfast room, she found her father's place vacant. He had evidently breakfasted without her, so ringing the bell, she inquired of the man who answered it, if Mr. Brereton were out.

" No, ma'am, but Master breakfasted a good hour ago, and now he is in the library with Mr. Welby," was the reply. " He said that Sophy

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was not to call you, ma'am, but that when you came down I was to ask you to be so good and recollect that letter which he wished you to write."

"Very well," said Maud, in a tone of disgust; and the servant withdrew, confiding to Sophy, whom he met just afterwards, that he thought "it was no wonder that Miss Brereton took on so, for Missis was a wonderful, kind lady." And Sophy agreed with him.

Maud had scarcely drunk a cup of coffee, when her father entered the room, hardly able to repress the satisfaction which would beam out on his face. "Well, Maud," he said, "you see I'm beforehand with you this morning. I've got through all my business, for Wellby is a man who understands his trade thoroughly. No expense is to be spared." Then, seeing the look of pain on his daughter's face, he kissed her forehead, and said, "I shall be forced to leave you alone, I am sorry to say, as I am obliged to drive to Windmouth on business this afternoon. I shall hardly get back before seven o'clock, I am afraid, so you must take care of yourself." And with a touch of tenderness in his voice, "You know you are my only home treasure." He was leaving the room, but turned back to say "Be sure you get that note done this morning, for I wish to see it before it goes. Bring it to me at luncheon."

"Yes, papa," replied Maud, thankful to be dismissed, and glad to have some definite occupation. So she sat down at her desk with a sheet of paper before her. It was very hard to write such tidings to one who, she knew, was a valued friend of her mother's. She wondered why her father was thus anxious that the news should be conveyed to him at once, and in an irregular manner: She resolved to enter into no details; she would simply state the fact of her mother's decease, and ask him to be present at the funeral. So she began:

"DEAR LORD ASHBURTOWN,—

"I hardly know how to tell you what happened yesterday, for I can scarcely bear to think about it yet, and I cannot realize it at all. Perhaps you have already guessed what has occurred; perhaps you saw more nearly than I did how near her end dear Mamma was—and yet I thought I knew how ill she was. She died yesterday afternoon—suddenly at last—and papa desired me to write and tell you. He also wishes me to say that the funeral will take place at Brereton Church, at two o'clock on Tuesday, and he hopes you will be present.

"Yours sincerely,

"MAUD BRERETON.

"Brereton House, Sept. 17th, 186—."

This letter, short and simple as it was, occupied Maud during the whole morning, and the luncheon bell rang before she had finished it. So, quickly signing her name, she carried it down to her father. He hastily glanced his eye over it, gave a short laugh, and tore the sheet across. The fragments he returned to his daughter, saying, "That will not do. I will write myself. Give me some writing paper."

Maud obeyed, and her father wrote the following note :

"MY LORD,—

"You will, I am sure, be deeply grieved at our loss. I say 'our' advisedly. I am a widower. Think what you could have felt had you been in my place, as I think you once desired.

"I am sure you will wish to pay due respect to the memory of my wife, so pray be here in good time on Tuesday next, the 23d inst. The funeral takes place at Brereton Church at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

"Your lordship's, in sad grief,

"JAMES BRERETON.

"To the Viscount Ashburton,  
"Adringham Hall."

This document he handed to Maud, and desired her to direct and send it by hand. Then he left her with many injunctions about taking care of herself, and repeating that he should be at home at seven o'clock.

Here was an opportunity for meeting her brother, such as she would hardly have dared to hope for. As long as her father remained at home she could scarcely have ventured to leave the house, for she felt that at any time he might want her. But now she had several clear hours at her disposal. So she went up to her mother's room, feeling more dreary than she had ever done in her life before. She was absolutely alone now. Nobody wanted her. You will think she was morbid, reader, and say, perhaps, "did not her father love her tenderly?" He did; but she was conscious, though she had not acknowledged it to herself, even in thought, that he was more proud of than fond of her—that he considered her a good speculation—that she made his home attractive to himself and others. All that remained for her to do was to try to win him to herself, and through herself she would work and make him forgive her brother. So she knelt down by her mother's side, and taking the cold hand between her own two warm ones, she gazed on the face of her who, in life, had loved her so tenderly. She knelt on, forgetful of all save the lost, until the recollection of her brother, her mother's darling, flashed into her mind, and she remembered her engagement. Drawing out her watch,

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she looked at the hour. It wanted only ten minutes to five. She must hasten away with all speed if she were to keep her appointment. She rushed from the room, and caught up her hat as she ran through the hall.

Five o'clock sounded from the turret tower as she entered the wood, and it was with a beating heart that a moment or two afterwards she reached the place where she had appointed to meet her brother.

He was not there. Surely he had not been, and, vexed at not finding her, had gone away again? But not a trace could she discover that any one had passed that way. Not a fern was displaced, not a bramble thrust aside. So, seating herself on the knoll, she waited.

A quarter past five chimed from the turret clock, and still Maud waited. Half-past, and no one could be seen. A quarter to six, and she heard a rustling amongst the leaves, but it was only a hare seeking his form.

At six o'clock Maud rose from her seat. It was fast growing dusk in the wood, and Frank would hardly come now. But she gave one more glance all round before she came down from the mound.

In the distance she could descry a figure advancing towards her with rapid strides. He was come at last, then. It was worth while to wait for him! And, quitting her post of observation, she hastened to meet him.

## WHEN LAST I SAW HER.

When last I saw her! Memory, now  
 Weave cypress chaplets for my brow:  
 When last I saw her hope had fled,  
 My heart was chilled, my life was dead.  
 And yet all nature seemed to smile,  
 So as might e'en my woe beguile.  
 July, thy sun was warm and bright,  
 Dazzled thy full orb'd moon the night;  
 But sun nor moon to me could bring  
 Cessation from deep sorrowing.  
 You'd have me tell you? words would fail  
 Half to unfold so sad a tale;  
 Enough and more it were to say,  
 She whom I loved had said me nay.  
 A wanderer thenceforth to be,  
 In many a clime, on land, o'er sea,

From home and friends, doomed,—worse than all,  
 To lead a life-long funeral.  
 That summer day comes back to me  
 In all its freshness o'er the sea,  
 Whose vast dissociating tide  
 Now rolls between me and — ; how wide  
 The gulf which separates us now,  
 Her own irrevocable vow !  
*Bride* I had almost called her : Never !  
 The stream which parts us flows for ever.

EXSPES.

## A LORD OF THE CREATION.

### PART III.

#### CHAPTER X.

But once in-doors, the scene was changed. The maid of whom he inquired for Miss Kendal announced that that lady was then engaged with her pupils. But on his saying he would wait till she was at liberty, he was shewn into the drawing-room — a long apartment, with two French windows looking out through the wreathed columns of the verandah, across the broad lawn to the thick shrubberies, and thence over the “dip” of the valley to the wave-like hills beyond. But Vaughan thought the interior of the room more inviting for the gaze to rest upon. *Imprimis*, walls of a pale vague colour, with a slender, graceful twining pattern of leaf-green described thereon. The usual amount of tables, consoles, chairs, and couches, disposed around; and — provided by Caroline’s thoughtful care from the hot-houses at Redwood — more than a usual quantity of flowers on stands at each window. A few prints on the walls and one large mirror, reflecting back the flowers and alabaster ornaments of the mantel-piece. Carpets and hangings of deep crimson gave a warm tone to the whole. Moreover, and finally the fire blazed brightly in the polished steel grate, and a little table with writing materials was drawn closely thereto. And a low gracefully-shaped lounging-chair was placed beside the little table; and in the chair reclined one of the prettiest visions of brilliance, warmth, and colouring, that ever glowed against the dulness of a November day. A vision of small but exquisitely harmonious proportions — of polished brunette complexion, with a living bloom upon each

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clear, soft cheek, a living lustre in the dark eyes. While ever and anon, a ready, sudden smile, intensely radiant, aroused the dimples round the red mouth, till the whole face, vivacious at all times, became wondrously vital with ardent life, such as is seldom seen on the faces of our northern women. Indeed, there was something exceedingly un-English about the aspect of Madame de Vigney. She *shone* like some rich southern flower. There was a gorgeous taste about all the details of her dress. The attitudes, too, in which she was apt to fall, lounging, graceful and careless; the voice, a luscious, lingering contralto — all combined to keep up the impression her face created; such an impression of fervid radiance as we have in looking at some tropical bird or blossom.

She looked up, and the flashing smile lightened upon Vaughan as he approached.

"Ah, fellow-traveller!" she cried, the slight foreign accent giving an added piquancy, hardly needed, to the rich voice. And she extended her hand, ivory white, gemmed with rings and a cloud of delicate lace falling about it.

Vaughan sprang to receive it; he held it for an instant, while he leaned towards her, with many lowly-uttered words of greeting and of inquiry.

"Not tired in the least — O no! But up here one feels as if the world hung a mile below — *n'est ce pas?* And the cold, and the wind — *ils me font peur!*"

She shrugged her shoulders expressively. Then she proceeded to put aside her *portefeuille*, and drew towards her a dainty mother-of-pearl work-box, from which she extracted a piece of embroidery that might have been achieved in fairyland, it was so aerial. At this she began to work busily, with a pretty importance. Now and then, however, she glanced up from beneath the shadow of her long black eyelashes, on the handsome face of her companion, whose gaze rested upon her with an earnestness that was more than admiring.

"They are all 'at lessons' in there," she proceeded, tossing back her head. I was counting the time till they should be finished. I was tired of writing my letters, and it is triste to be by one's-self a whole morning. When the wind makes such a noise, too. I am so glad you are come." This, with the witching smile, half-hidden, half-revealed, as she bent over her work.

"You make me very happy," murmured Vaughan, seizing her gold scissors, and twisting them about in an evident embarrassment and want of ease most unwonted with him.

"Yes, after Paris and London this is curious — *n'est ce pas?* I never

was in English country before. It is all strange to me. But you told me that it is beautiful about here. Where are they, then, these beautiful environs?"

She looked out of the window, and shivered ostentatiously, drew the foot-cushion nearer to her, and deposited her tiny, silken-clad feet upon it

Vaughan, twirling the scissors, began to tell her of different places in the neighbourhood, which he trusted she would find interesting. "The scenery —"

"O, but at this time of year, with these winds blowing, how can one talk or think of scenery? In the summer I shall be charmed to walk about and see things, *mais en attendant que d'ennui!*"

Vaughan could reply nothing, it seemed. He played with the toy he had chosen, in silence.

"Mille pardons, my scissors!" she cried, rescuing them, not too soon, from their perilous position in his restless fingers. "You must tell me, Mr. Hesketh, of the people that live about here. Society — is there no society? Is it all scenery that you have here? It is unhappy for me that I do not love much to walk."

"But do you not ride?"

"Ah, yes. But I have no horse in this place."

"I have — more than one; I need not say how entirely at your disposal."

"Really!" the brilliant smile dazzled him again. "You are very amiable. I delight in riding. I used to ride always at dear Paris."

She sighed at the mention of "dear Paris."

"Are you so attached to Paris?"

"Yes. I was very happy there — always." The last word was uttered after a brief pause, and the transient shade of sentiment which had begun to pass over the speaker's face seemed to be drawn off. She looked up suddenly at Vaughan, and, in quite a new tone, added: "I have to make the acquaintance of Miss Maturin — your cousin. I anticipate very greatly the pleasure. Tell me, what is she like? Miss Kendal says little of her, I fancy she loves her much. Is she so charming?"

"O!" and Vaughan muttered, amid much hesitation, that was but partially carried off by his forced air of carelessness, a few words, of which the only ones clearly audible were, "she is very young."

"A charm to begin with — *n'est ce pas?*" cried the pretty inquisitor, snipping a tiny fragment of cambric with her tiny scissors, and glancing at him as she executed the feat. "Go on."

She settled herself in her chair, with another shrug of her graceful

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shoulders, and a musically-uttered shiver, deprecatory, *en passant*, of the cold wind that shook the windows every now and then. All her arrangements were made to "listen." She worked on, deftly and busily, and waited for him to begin.

But he did not begin. He had proceeded no further in the code of hesitation than to fling back his hair, with a half-impatient gesture, and then looked fixedly on at the embroidering process, when an interruption occurred. Truth to tell, he hardly knew whether he felt it most welcome or most provoking. A troop of children came in, eager, and rather noisy, fresh from lessons. There arose a shrill little chorus.

"We can't go out! Miss Kendal says it's too windy." And then they gathered round their cousin Blanche, with a familiarity which showed how far they had progressed in friendliness, even in a short time. It was pleasant to see the readiness with which the lady lent herself to their small interests; the gaiety with which she immediately set to work to amuse them.

"Too windy! Indeed, I should suppose that," she cried, snatching the youngest on to her lap, and smiling on them all quite as brilliantly as if they had been a circle of grown-up admirers, duly bearded and moustached. "Did you never hear the story of the little Pierrot, whose hair was blown up into the moon?"

"No! No! O, what was it?" cried the chorus.

"Nor his adventures that befel him as he went to look for his pretty curls?"

"No! O, *do* tell us!"

"*Asseyez-vous, donc. Doucement.* I am going to tell you." And with a swift, laughing glance at Vaughan, she arranged them about her, the quietest little group of earnest auditors possible, and began her narrative.

Vaughan leaned against one of the windows, and looked on: charmed to the utmost, yet fiercely impatient of this monopoly of Madame de Vigny. Nevertheless, his attention was so engrossed, that he was conscious of no entrance, no approach, till a rather deep, equable, quiet voice addressed him, and looking round, he saw Miss Kendal beside him with her hand extended. He started at first, it was so odd to see her once familiar face again. Then he grasped her hand with considerable show of cordiality. He was delighted to see her, to greet her as a neighbour; it was quite pleasant, her coming to live so near Redwood, he averred.

"Yes," said the lady, calmly, after her manner, and at the same time looking at him with the old look, unobtrusive, yet inexorably searching, which he had used to hate so much, and did not precisely love just now.

"How is your uncle this morning?"

"Better, we hope," he replied, dauntlessly; not knowing, or not remembering, anything about it.

"And Caroline?"

"Very well—as usual."

"I fancied she looked wearied, and that the roses were faded a little, yesterday. She has had a trying time, poor girl."

"She was very sorry—we were both disappointed," said Vaughan, after a brief pause, "that she could not come with me this morning."

"She must not confine herself too much. It is a brave little spirit, that is apt to tax its physical powers overmuch sometimes. It was very good of you to come and see me under the circumstances," added Miss Kendal, with a kindly smile; for she really thought it so. Knowing that she had not formerly been a favourite with the young man, she at once concluded that any extra attention he paid her was for Caroline's sake. But Vaughan suspected a covert sarcasm, and coloured an angry crimson, bit his lip, and turned abruptly to the window, and the beauties of nature. All of which Miss Kendal noted—somewhat to her perplexity. However, she took her accustomed chair, which happened to be beside the very window where he was standing; drew her workstand towards her, and began knitting, the identical knitting, Vaughan verily believed, that she had always been busy over at Redwood. There was the thick round ball of white cord to be duly placed in her pocket, and there the eternal little square in process of formation. The glancing steel pins presently began to resume their appointed click; it was really nervously like old times, to stand by, and watch, and listen. With that voice, too, sounding so confusingly near, the most musical and most thrilling voice ever attuned to a baby-story.

"And then he went on a long, long way, till he met a great tall man, who had eyes like emeralds. And he looked at him, this man, and he said in a terrible tone ——"

"What do you think of our view?" broke in Miss Kendal's "terrible tone," startling Vaughan again. "We are very proud of being the highest habitation within five miles, birds' nests excepted."

He said something appropriate in reply, contriving, with some difficulty, to steer clear of the gentleman with the emerald eyes. Miss Kendal went on again. She could not quite understand why he so persistently looked out of the window, nor why his usually self-possessed aspect was so embarrassed and disturbed. Shyness was out of the question. She knew him too well to suspect him of such a weakness. Did he wish to make an exit, at once speedy and graceful? Was he anxious to be back to Redwood? It seemed likely. Miss Kendal's keen gaze

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softened; her knitting needles clashed in a somewhat less defiant and uncompromising manner. She considered within herself how best to give him the opportunity he sought. But while she considered, the silver voice from the fireside claimed his attention.

"Mr. Hesketh! do you know any petits contes. They want another, and I am tired."

Much flattered at her notice, Vaughan turned from his window, and advanced towards the little circle of eager faces, and its bewitching centre. Some awkward afterthought, though, made his approach less graceful than was usual with him. He even halted midway, to inquire, in a curious, constrained tone, "What he could have the pleasure of doing for Madame de Vigny." At which the young lady looked up, with a momentary, and probably unconscious, elevation of her pretty eyebrows, eloquently testifying to the singularity of the gentleman's deportment.

"For me? Ah! nothing. But you may amuse these children, if you will."

And, apparently taking a mischievous pleasure in his discomfiture, she moved from her seat, disentangled herself from the children, with a kiss to one, and a whispered promise to another, and came and leaned over Miss Kendal and her knitting.

"Do you know, I should like to learn that droll work of yours? One cannot for ever work at broderie. Cela m'ennuie."

"My dear, we shall cure you of that disease in good time," observed Miss Kendal, kindly, as, with her quaint, but irresistibly trust-compelling smile, she looked up into the charming, alluring face. "But I doubt if my droll work would exactly suit you. We shall see."

But here the children came crowding round. Mr. Vaughan Hesketh had apparently found himself unequal to the prescribed task of their amusement. He stood, uncomfortably enough, handling some books that were on the table, and every now and then giving furtive glances towards the two ladies. Madame de Vigny bestowed on him a half-imperious, half-reproachful, but wholly fascinating look, as the little troop came about her, with eager demands for "more stories!"

"Ah! I told you I was tired. I can think of no more to tell you just now. But if you like, we will go into the nursery, and play at that game—what do you call it, you petits sauvages?—bat-tel-dor and shut-tel-cock!" Pronouncing the inharmonious syllables very carefully, to the hilarious mirth of the children, Blanche moved, closely followed by them, to the door. There she turned, and with another pretty gesture of imperial *froideur*, she bent an adieu to the much-suffering Vaughan: "Good morning, Mr. Hesketh! We are all much obliged for your kind attention."

The door closed behind her, the laughing voices gradually grew indistinct. Vaughan put down his book, and seated himself from sheer want of knowing what to do. He was very ill at ease. We are accustomed to bestow a world of compassion on mental pangs, far less intolerable than the complicated ones in whose bonds he writhed just then. The wind blustered without, the fire crackled within, and Miss Kendal's knitting needles clicked in familiar harmony. Discord rather, to Vaughan's ears. He hated the sound, he longed to escape from it, and from her. But he was one in whom passion, however fierce, almost always instinctively veiled its front to prudence. Self-preservation was with him so radically the first law of his being, that even from himself his well-trained impulses were fenced and guarded round.

So he stayed; and after a brief silence, recommenced conversation with Miss Kendal. That lady replied deliberately, with a certain reticence which usually characterized her manner, and kept her eyes fixed on her work, at which she laboured indefatigably the while she spoke. All of a sudden, Vaughan having just finished a rather elaborate exposition of the differences between the climate of England and that of the Continent, Miss Kendal looked him full in the face, with—"So you knew Madame de Vigny in London?"

Altogether dismayed, as he really was, by this abrupt and unprovoked assault, he gathered self-possession enough to reply with every appearance of easy courtesy. "I had the pleasure of meeting her at Mrs. Bingley's house," he added, after a minute's silence. "She is a very charming person."

"Who? Which? Discriminate your pronouns, I beg," said Miss Kendal, with a lowering brow, and an impatient tapping of her foot.

"Both, indeed!" cried Vaughan, with a light laugh. "Mrs. Bingley is an old acquaintance; I owe many pleasant hours to her hospitality. Madame de Vigny—I cannot presume to praise."

"She is a pretty creature," Miss Kendal observed, in a milder tone. "I wonder, I shall be curious to see, if she and Caroline will like one another."

Vaughan rejoined promptly that he hoped so. A pause, during which a brilliant idea flashed into the mazes of his busy thoughts, and, for an instant, seemed to illumine their perplexity.

"Caroline, on her side, is almost enthusiastic in her anticipations," he declared; "she is most anxious that Redwood and its neighbourhood should be made as attractive as possible to the new arrival."

And then, by a felicitous progression, he slid to the riding question. He had been telling Madame de Vigny that her desire to ride might be

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gratified as often as she chose. "Caroline would be delighted to lend her pony, I know. And there are such charming excursions possible, even in this weather.

To all this Miss Kendal only briefly responded. She had addressed herself most sedulously to her work, and tugged away at a knot in the cotton, while her companion talked.

He summed up his argument by a recapitulation of the "charming excursions" in the neighbourhood; the fine points of view—for really the views were, some of them, perfectly magnificent.

"It strikes me," said Miss Kendal, to this, looking up at him with a grim smile, "that my visitor is likely to prefer a view of the country from carriage cushions, while this bleak season lasts. You have probably not yet discerned that she is a luxuriously-reared lady, and has no idea of subjecting herself to hardship, atmospheric or otherwise."

At this point she rose from her seat, and expended a good deal of energy on stirring the fire. Vaughan felt it was an opportunity not to be lost of retiring with a good grace. He took his hat, and advanced towards her to take leave, saying, as he did so, with much apparent indifference: "I only judged from her own words. I beg pardon, if I have been hasty or officious in the matter. And now, when may I tell Caroline that she will see you?"

"Quite uncertain—as soon as I can. You will have a tempestuous walk back," said Miss Kendal, almost complacently, for the rain was driving violently across the hills, and came dashing against the window panes. Surly as she was, she felt compelled to suggest that he should stay till the fierceness of the storm abated. But no; he thanked her, he did not care about the rain. And he finished the sentence to himself, as he strode out of the gate, "Rather be drenched with rain, or bruised with hail, than remain to be scarified by the sharp edges of such a woman as that!"

And so he bent his head to the blast, and went on his way, with a storm in his heart wilder, perhaps, and more dangerous, than that which raged without.

Miss Kendal stood at her window, and watched his exit from her domain. Her hands were clasped tightly together, her lips compressed themselves emphatically, her eyes shone with their keenest and most piercing light. Two words escaped her, almost passionately uttered, before she was aware—"My Caroline!"

And then another interval of restless thought. From it she turned with alacrity, when Blanche re-entered the room, flushed, and rather dishevelled.

"Ah, those children, ils m'ont presquetuée," she declared, flinging herself into her fauteuil again. "If their dinner-time had not come, I should have been altogether dechirée."

"My dear," said Miss Kendal, in her usual sober tone, "you must not allow them such license. They are good children, but they have high spirits."

"O, les pauvres petits, je les aime de plus en plus. I have pleasure in playing with them, chère madame. Don't deprive me of it, c'est à dire, pendant qu'il fait mauvais temps," she added, with a little yawn. "And truly my cousins are better companions than the visiter of just now."

This was uttered after a pause, and in a tone of pique.

"Indeed! I thought you liked the gentleman."

"O, in London he was well enough." She pulled at her apron ribbons, musingly. "But I suppose one can't flirt convenablement in the country."

(To be continued.)

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### "AT THE LAST."

ST. JOHN.

Life's narrow moon of hate and wrong  
 Shall wane through months and years—  
 Till gladness break with golden song  
 Through olden grief and tears.

The way is wild! the goal is far!  
 And hearts are faint and weak!  
 But Faith shall gleam, a constant star,  
 To guide the feet that seek.

SOCRATES.

Friends, and all things that are,  
 Shall glide with the years to the Past—  
 And a Song and a Star  
 Shall dwell in my heart at the last.

Wearry the way and long—  
 Rocks and ruins and sea-foam past—  
 Ere I fashion the Song,  
 And the Star shine bright at the last.

J. FREDERIC.

## THE EDUCATIONAL CUI BONO?

THIS question is often wrongly answered because it is misunderstood. It is, if not generally, at least very frequently, taken to mean, what is the use? or, in colloquial phrase, *what's the good*, of this or that? So put, it is a very easy question to raise, and equally difficult to answer. Let us take an example. Certain dead languages are taught in all the English public schools, and not only taught but made the staple of education. England is studded from one end to the other with grammar schools of ancient foundation, most of them dating as early as Edward VI. or Elizabeth, called grammar schools, because the basis of education as carried on in them was Latin and Greek grammar. Boys were then sent to school at about as early an age, say eight or nine, and remained about as long as they do now. No larger proportion of them probably pursued these studies at the universities, or in after life than at present; and yet that six years' training in the rudiments of language, progressing so far as to enable the pupil, by the time he left school, to construe an easy Latin or Greek author with tolerable readiness—such a training was deemed sufficient for the ordinary purposes of life. A lad would proceed thence, and take his place with credit and respectability in a merchant's office, or behind a tradesman's counter. With what a slender stock of attainments boys were, in the good days of old, entrusted more or less with the property and interests of other people, is horrible to contemplate. Boys were probably no better and no worse in themselves than they are now, and their Latin and Greek grammar, however intelligently mastered, was no palladium against the ordinary temptations incident to young lives between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one. Yet on the whole it may be doubted whether the adult male population were worse men of business or less honest citizens, more wanting in loyalty, or less under the influence of domestic virtues, than they are at this day. And yet there is so strong a *prima facie* case against the utility of such a foundation for practical life, that we have ourselves been often tempted to ask, what is the good of imbuing, or trying to imbue boys' minds, up to the age of fourteen or so, with a slight smattering of two languages, neither of which they will ever be called upon, or would ever be able to speak or write, and neither of which they will probably care to read? We want an answer which shall do more than satisfy the requirements of a few, and which shall, if possible, settle for the next generation of alumni a question which has been, in England especially, so terribly unsettled in this. One step towards settlement is to realize the difficulty of the position. Some ques-

tions are concerned with facts only, others deal with matters of opinion : in others, again, matters of fact and opinion must be taken together, and the attempt be made to combine them as it were chemically, and elicit from them some homogeneous result. When there are only two sides to a question, the course is comparatively simple ; but in the present case there are three : that is to say, there are three parties, every one of which claims to have an opinion on the subject, and every one of which has more or less weight in determining the practical course, so far a more or less unsatisfactory compromise to be adopted. These three parties, named in numerical order, are (1) the general public, or that portion of it which gives any thought to such matters ; (2) the alumni, amounting to some thousands of our public and grammar schools here and in the old country ; and (3) the teachers and managers (especially the former) of such schools. These may be briefly dealt with in order.

(1) Public opinion, although frequently wrong and always far from infallible, is still entitled to great consideration, and indeed will secure itself a hearing for good or evil on every question, social or political. Public opinion in England, at the present time, is said to be strongly in favour of non-classical education, or at least of the abolition of Latin and Greek as a compulsory branch of study. That troublesome question, *what's the good?* is the main argument relied upon by those who would give another death-blow to the dead languages. Now if it could be shewn that the majority of thinking people were really on this side, the upholders of classical study, in its old Elizabethan integrity, might well pause before making up their minds to defend what would really be an untenable position. But the truth probably is, that here, as in matters political, innovation is generally far in advance of public opinion properly so called. Innovators, reformers, or whatever else they may be styled, in politics, theology, and education, alike possess the common property of making a good deal of noise. They muster strongly on the hustings of a given question ; they are acting in concert with each other, and determined to shout lustily for their favourite project or pet theory, be it vote by ballot, Darwinian development, or a new system of Biblical arithmetic. The show of hands is, as might be expected, decidedly in favour of the persevering M.P., the distinguished naturalist, or the notorious ex-epelate ; and thus many a question is allowed to go to the bad, because the majority are inactive or pusillanimous. This is an age of practical utility ; and practical utility is a capital motto for the banner of public opinion. And this tribunal is less to be trusted on the question of education in proportion to the numbers who take part in it, nearly co-extensive with the fathers, and perhaps mothers also, of the rising generation. Every

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father of a family, however ignorant himself, is sure to form some opinion as to the bringing up of his children; and anything plausible, based on the theory of practical usefulness, is pretty sure to find adherents in the ranks of those who are really not qualified to form a deliberate judgment for themselves. *What's the good?* is a question very difficult on the present subject to answer both shortly and in such a way as to be comprehensible by uneducated minds. This fact, added to another, that many wrong answers may be given to it, is apt to bring discomfiture on the upholder of what, we still maintain, is the really sound principle of education, viz., that it should be based on a knowledge of the rudiments of language, and that, without disparagement to modern tongues, Latin and Greek are the most efficient because at once the keenest and most durable instruments for this purpose. Why we hold them in this estimation may be presently explained.

(2) What is the use of Latin and Greek? say our young friends; and the classics are at once outvoted by a large majority, many of whom will say twenty years hence, as many have done before them, that the time nominally devoted to more practical studies was not better or so well employed as it would have been upon the well-beaten track of Ascham and Colet. In their days boys are sent to school in order to go through a certain course of training, which the educators of that time thought most likely to be really useful to them in after life. The young gentlemen themselves were not, at that rude period, consulted as to whether they would prefer chemistry to classics, or entomology to Euclid as school-room pursuits. They no doubt acquired for themselves in play-hours a practical knowledge of the properties of sulphur and saltpetre in combination, and were probably as successful butterfly collectors as their modern representatives. But with regard to the curriculum of study both boys and parents acquiesced in the existing state of things. At the present day public or parental opinion is largely influenced by the abolitional propensities of our young friends. Many of them, a considerable percentage not to be set down in figures, find Latin and Greek grammar, those abominable verbs especially, very uninteresting, and the more so in proportion as it is possible to get through, or at any rate to survive a lesson without knowing it. This possibility adds the pleasurable excitement of risk to the gratification arising from non-exertion: and the result is that by the time the class has reached the terminal goal of work, the ground traversed is thoroughly unconquered by those of its members who have stuck to the principle of doing as little as possible. Bad habits of mind thus formed are apt to grow into positive incapacity; so that a youth of eighteen may, on leaving school, know positively less of his own or any other

language than he did five years before; and such instances are often alleged in proof of the baneful effects of chaining boys to the old-fashioned routine of classical studies, instead of giving their intellects free play for exercise on subjects of practical utility! Much might be said, if space allowed, from what may be called the youthful standpoint, on this question. The risen generation were once boys, and know, both by recollection of their own school days, and association with the present race of alumni, how boys feel and reason on the matter. They do not, with rare exceptions, look far enough forward to appreciate the value to themselves hereafter of anything which is for the present irksome. And it cannot be expected that they should. But it will be better for the cause we are pleading to put what remains to be said as the expression, not of public or parental opinion, nor of the very unanimous, if not impartial, decision of those immediately interested in the question, but in the somewhat distasteful shape of a professional opinion, which (readers, be sure) is certain to be one-sided, and must therefore be jealously scrutinized before acceptance, or rejected if possible.

(3) The whole question, in the opinion of many able educators in the mother country, who have devoted their lives to its elucidation, has been misunderstood. In fact, the science of education, like geology, in spite of the advances of late years, is still in its infancy. There is little doubt amongst agriculturists as to the best mode of cultivating turnips—soil of a certain kind being given, the particular dressing from which the finest and richest bulbs will be produced, can, we believe, be stated with almost mathematical precision. But the science of *menti-culture* is not yet so far advanced. Much, however, has been done. The results of an experiment, extending over many years, have lately been given to the world by Mr. Hawtrey of Eton, who, if any one, has a right to be heard on such a subject. It is impossible to do more here than recommend the book to our readers, especially to those engaged in education. It is "*A Narrative Essay on Liberal Education.*" To the question, "What is the manure most likely to yield a mental crop?" this writer appears to answer, without hesitation,—the study of languages, and especially, if we mistake not, of Latin and Greek, together with mathematics, and herein particularly of Euclid. This opinion is arrived at, be it remembered, as the result of actual experiment, not of an unproved theory. The steps which led the writer to this conclusion cannot be here detailed. But he must surely have started with a different rendering of *Cui bono?* from that popularly accepted, and one for which we may, without hesitation, claim his support, viz., that it should be translated *Whose is the good?* and not *What is the good?* as heretofore. And the answer to this ques-

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tion is simple enough. The benefit is the pupil's; and those of the public backed by our young friends, who deny or fail to see this, start, we cannot help thinking, with a wrong idea of the result to be required or expected from the years spent at school. The proper end of school training, whether supplemented or not by a university course, is not so much instruction as education. The hardest time of mental culture is not reached when a youth leaves school, or even three or four years later takes his degree. The first crop may in some cases be looked for at the latter period; but that we are not here concerned with. At the age of, say, seventeen, if the mind has been carefully trained, and, what is of more importance, if the teacher's efforts have been heartily seconded by those of the pupil himself, enough has been attained in the way of result. The mind, like material soil, requires ploughing, harrowing, manuring, sowing, weeding; and, without pressing the agricultural metaphors to an absurdity, the experiment above mentioned has proved the by no means novel truth that the best instruments for this purpose are the rudiments of language and mathematics, as tending to bring the mental muscle (to mix our figures a little) into most healthful exercise. A well-laid and thoroughly mastered grammatical course is one of the best to which a young mind can be disciplined, and for that reason is, perhaps, most distasteful to the learner himself, unless he be either possessed of more than average ability, or be farsighted enough to sacrifice somewhat of present ease for prospective benefit. It is true that the modern languages, French and German, are more useful, that is, more used in after life; but they are not such good cultivators as the dead languages by reason of their want of fixity. In spite of the deadness of the old dry bones of speech, it is something in the examination of grammatical forms to have embalmed specimens, clear and unalterable, on which to found one's observations. The tendency in this time and labour-saving age is more and more to dispense with grammatical inflexions; and this is the case most of all in our own language. The very absence of these inflexions imparts its peculiar value, as well as difficulty, to the study of a classical language. The amount of mental exertion put forth in mastering these inflexions may be seen by inspecting the attempts of even a moderately intelligent but unpractised pupil to turn the simplest English sentence into Latin. There are substantives to be inflected, with case endings unknown to our mother tongue; there are adjectives to be forced into agreement in several particulars with their substantives; there are verbs dependent on termination for distinction of voice, mood, tense, number and person; there are pronouns, perhaps not quite so hard (to speak as an alumnus), but sufficiently embarrassing, especially that intractable rela-

tive;—to go no further into the intricate modal questions which rise up as we advance. A knowledge of these constructions is indispensable not to the writing or speaking, but to the understanding even, of an English sentence; but our smooth-tongued modernism obscures them all: and the wonder is not that so many persons fail, but that any succeed in ever gaining, without the assistance of classical training, any insight into the real structure of the language of their daily life. A commission has lately issued a report upon the public and grammar schools of England, which, while recommending and sanctioning many modifications of the existing system of education, does not depart from the fundamental principle which bases it upon a knowledge of the classical tongues. The same principle has begun of late to be applied to the training of girls also, involving, as a modern discovery, the introduction of new machinery into the department of female education. Hence the rise and rapid growth in England of the Queens' and the Ladies' Colleges. But rapid as their growth has been, the application of the true principle to this half, if not better half, of mankind is as yet but in its infancy. It is a curious coincidence in illustration of the innate force of truth, that, simultaneously with the reactionary movement from which have sprung up modern schools and departments with the avowed object of dethroning the Muses from the old seats of learning for our sons, it has been discovered, on the other side, that a basis of Latin and Greek, with a seasoning of mathematics, is the best training for our daughters. Not only in London, but in the provinces, the experiment has been so far successfully tried; and the *Cui bono* correctly asked, has received the same answer we have ventured to give to it. One of the cases referred to in the commissioners' report is that of a remote town (Callington) in the mining district of Cornwall, where classics and mathematics are made the groundwork of teaching to children, chiefly but not exclusively of the middle classes, and of *both sexes* in the same school. The last-named condition is, of course, admissible only with great caution and under considerable restrictions, but in the present case it has so far been found to work well, for results have proved that the steady industry, oftener found in girls than boys, and the greater quickness and energy of the latter, produce a mutual reaction which supplies a healthy stimulus to the minds of both classes, as if each were the natural complement of the other.

Granting the main proposition here contended for on the ground of the natural fitness of the old-fashioned instruments for bringing about the required results of education, we would by no means concede to opponents the ground of practical utility, but maintain that it is at least as much ours as theirs. To know, by being able to trace them to their

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source, the meaning of words, and to understand the structure of sentences in daily use, is surely of much practical service in enabling a man to wield successfully the language, which is the vehicle of his thoughts. Men can reason well enough for ordinary purposes with no knowledge of the instruments they employ and operations they perform in doing so; and similarly they can speak and even write intelligibly, sometimes even correctly, with but a scanty knowledge, if any, of the nature of the language by means of which they express themselves. But to argue from this that any farther knowledge of the principles of thinking and speaking is practically useless, is to confine practical utility itself within very narrow limits, in fact to consign it, bound hand and foot, to the demon of money-getting, which on both sides alike of the Atlantic, and of the Canadian border, threatens to absorb all high and noble aims into itself.

The distinction between education and instruction as the ends of early training, may be again briefly referred to; since, plain as the distinction is, failure and disappointment have often been the result of it. Education, properly so called, draws out the mental powers of healthy exercise, and may be compared to the effect of gymnastics upon the body. Or, to use another comparison, education prepares the mental store with all necessary fittings, whilst instruction furnishes it with goods. The latter is now-a-days, too much aimed at, as might be expected from the utilitarian spirit of the age. A youth ought not to be expected to leave school or college with his mind fully stocked; it is enough if the warehouse be well and properly furnished with appliances for future use. Not of course that it will be empty; the preparative treatment will also have supplied considerable amount of stock in trade. The mind, even if it be in that state at first, cannot continue as a *tabula rasa*; for, good or ill, some characters must be inscribed upon it. And it is no disparagement to the other branches of study, such as history and geography, to say that they are not so well fitted as classics and mathematics for cultivating the mind. They are in fact, fruit-bearing pursuits in the strictest sense: for it may be affirmed that no produce deserving of the name can be borne by a mind which is unable to generalize. Many minds never acquire this power; it can exist only in a very undeveloped state during the period of tutelage. And of all studies history most needs this power for its successful pursuit. No one, however, would wish to banish these subjects from a school course. Information of facts, which may well be acquired in early life, must precede the mental use to be afterwards made of them; and as a mere exercise of memory, their acquisition, no doubt, has its use. And besides this, the outlines of chronology can be most easily acquired by young learners; and chronology is an indispensable

scaffolding for the building up of productive historical knowledge. It will be understood then, that no more is here contended for than that the long tried and well proved basis of middle and higher class education should not be arbitrarily shifted. It is unnecessary to say that exceptional cases will occur, which can be dealt with only by exceptional means. There are, no doubt, minds capable enough in other respects, but thoroughly incapable of grasping the simplest truths on a given subject. But let not such incapacity be taken for granted; a man, and a boy too, may be accounted of sound mind, unless proved to be otherwise; and those who are at all experienced in intellectual treatment, know that there are reasons which may even induce the patient to assume the appearance of greater feebleness than he can fairly lay claim to. Private tuition is the remedy for all really exceptional cases, or at least reception and judicious individual treatment within the walls of an intellectual reformatory, if such a valuable institution exists. The reader will, therefore, understand that the foregoing remarks refer to education in schools only, and in schools more or less of the public type. Should he be disposed to agree with us thus far, the further question as to the extent to which classical pursuits should be carried, and in particular as to the degree of importance to be attached to the practice, regarded purely as a mental cultivator, of composition, original or initiative, in the dead languages, remains untouched. We are not ourselves committed, nor would wish in anything here said to commit him to any opinion on that subject.

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## THE HON. THOS. D'ARCY MCGEE, M.P., &c.

### PART II.

ON his arrival in Dublin, Mr. McGee was received with every mark of respect and friendship by the leading men of the Irish party; Mr. Gray, however, not being at the moment prepared to give up to him the editorial chair of "*The Freeman*," he was sent to London, as the special correspondent of that journal. There he had every opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the Irish members of parliament, and with their views on Irish matters. It was at a time when the Irish people were living in a perpetual round of the greatest excitement: Repeal was their watchword; and O'Connell their idol, the National heart was throbbing with hope, and the last shilling was willingly offered by Ireland's sons and daughters, to defray the expenses of the Irish cause; O'Connell was

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becoming daily bolder in his demands for Repeal, the government was becoming thoroughly alarmed at the attitude the Irish question was assuming. Mr. McGee was not an idler, he wrote masterly letters to "*The Freeman*," but not satisfied with that, he soon became a correspondent of the "*Dublin Nation*," and, in fact, in the latter journal he took a greater interest than in the former, so much so that at the end of little over one year, he was recalled to Dublin by Mr. Gray, and an explanation which was demanded of him by that gentleman, led to his cutting his connexion with "*The Freeman*." To those who have not taken the trouble to understand how matters stood at that time, let us just say, "*The Freeman*" was the exponent of the views of the Repeal or Old National party, with O'Connell as their leader; "*The Nation*" was also a great admirer of O'Connell, but it did not agree with him on several points of his policy; he was old, wise, and rendered cautious by experience in the great battles of political life, he wished to keep the sword in its scabbard, conveniently at hand and in view, to show what could be done in case of necessity or in the event of legal means not proving successful to obtain the great national object of his political life. O'Connell would never appeal to arms save as a last chance for National life, after all other means had been tried and failed. The younger blood in which the "*Nation*" was printed would at once draw the sword and appeal to the God of Battles. "*The Freeman*" was an old philosopher, "*The Nation*" was a hot-headed young enthusiast.

On his ceasing his connexion with "*The Freeman*" Mr. McGee became one of the four editors of the "*Nation*:" Charles Gaven Duffey, as senior, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, John Mitchell, (at present editor of the "*Irish Citizen*" of New York, and as bitterly opposed to Great Britain as ever he was in his early youth) and Thomas D. Reilly, who was afterwards editor of "*the Democratic Review*" of New York, and now dead.

The columns of the *Nation* were also enriched with the brilliant and soul-stirring notes of THOMAS DAVIS—whilst the glorious fancies of such men as Thos. Francis Meagher, Richard O'Gorman, Terence B. McManus, and many others of equal or nearly equal powers of mind—made its columns a collection of the most brilliant gems of thought, the most lofty views of Nationality, the most crushing denunciations of wrong, the boldest and most independent demands for National equality, in Religion, in Government, in everything which would tend to make a Nation great and prosperous. Looking back to those days, and holding the "*Nation*' before the eyes of the great world, we have no hesitation in saying that, never in the history of journalism, has *The Nation* of that day been equal in brilliancy of thought and independence of utterance. And

while condemning the rashness of the leaders of *The Young Ireland* party, we cannot but admire the array of celebrated men of which it was composed, Charles Gavan Duffey, who was pronounced by the "*Univers de Paris*," to be "One of the greatest, if not the greatest of living Editors," William Smith O'Brien, of noble blood, the glowing and unselfish patriot who was fighting Ireland's battles on the floor of the British House of Commons, side by side with O'Connell, both Catholics in their views, the former a CATHOLIC PROTESTANT, demanding for his countrymen (Catholic) their rights as British freemen, the latter a PROTESTANT CATHOLIC, ever protesting, with all the great powers of his great mind, against the reign of bigotry and oppression which held, and alas! still holds, to a great extent, his countrymen, of all creeds or sects save one, fettered, soul and body, in abject slavery. O'Brien appealed to the passions of the Irish people. But O'Connell's appeals were directed to the heart of the great English Nation—that heart which is not surpassed in its deep admiration of justice and fair play, by any other nation on the face of the earth. As an Irishman, with Irish sympathies, and an Irishman's prejudices, we proudly admit that an appeal was never yet made to the great English Nation, advanced and supported by just and legal means, by moral force, by force of reason, by logical argument and by an appeal to the strong for justice to the weak, that it was not heard, listened to, and granted, not grudgingly, but generously, and with a genuine pleasure which sunk deep into the hearts of the recipients of such proofs of English justice; from the day when the sturdy Barons wrenched "*Magna Charta*" from a king who was at their mercy to the present, the *English people* never abused their power; they always proved true to the Golden Rule. It was not the British Government that repealed the *Penal Laws*, the English people ordered it, and the Government had to obey. The English people demanded emancipation for their Irish fellow subjects, the Government had to obey, though some of its members dared not live to face the terrible consequences of releasing Ireland from her chains. Oh! great men, oh! little mortals, how short a distance do you see into the future. Ireland was emancipated in 1829. Where are the dreadful consequences which your foolish fears foreshadowed? Where are the dreadful results which you foretold? The consequences are that all true Irishmen, Catholic and Protestant, became bound by ties of affection to the Empire; and the results, dreadful to England's enemies only, are that the most loyal people in Ireland to-day, are the children of those enemies of your own making, who were freed from the chains with which ignorance and bigotry had bound them by the voice of the great English Nation.

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O'Connell was entrapped, not by *English spies*, but by Irish spies in the employ of the Irish officials in the Castle at Dublin. He was dogged in every step of his daily life, his words were weighed with the greatest nicety, indictments were laid against him; he was tried, convicted and cast into prison. Then, indeed, could the Young Ireland party cry out to the Irish Nation with great force and justice. Look now where your moral force leads you—your legal demands for legal redress are treated with worse than contempt, your chosen counsellor and guide, your champion of peace, is thrust into prison, and you must be a Nation of slaves and cowards if you tamely submit any longer to such treatment; from the time when O'Connell was imprisoned in '44 the Young Irelanders with tongue and pen lashed the Irish people into a state of frenzy; the priests stood between the leaders and the people, but the National pride was up, the National spirit rose to boiling point at last, and before cooling time was allowed to the Nation, Young Ireland had changed its name to "THE IRISH CONFEDERATION," and with William Smith O'Brien as its chief, and Thomas D'Arcy McGee, as secretary, it sprung into existence in February, '47, at the very moment when the outraged feelings of the nation made its millions dangerous. The new National party was hailed with acclamation by the hot-headed youth of the country, and the youthful confederation was applauded on to revolution by Great Britain's enemies in all parts of the world, more particularly in the United States of America, when the cry of "'44 or fight" was easily changed for that of "Ireland and the Irish." The men who composed the leaders of the "*Irish Confederation*" are known in our day, and many of them are recognized as men of most undoubted talent, men who have rendered their names famous by their learning and political ability, by their powers in the senate and on the battle field, men such as are fit to lead or guide the destinies of nations, and consolidate the thrones of Empires. One of the Irish rebels of '48, after being several times tried and imprisoned for sedition and so called disloyalty in Ireland, Charles G. Duffey, left his country in disgust, and with his great abilities, if not entirely, at least in a very great degree, contributed to the establishment and consolidation of the power of Great Britain in far away Australia, and he is now living in his own native land, the honored pensioner of a grateful nation, resting after his successful labours in Britain's cause. Thomas Francis Meagher, on the bloodiest of bloody fields, where tens of thousands fell during the great civil war in the United States, proved himself worthy of the name which he received in '48 as an Irish rebel, "*Meagher of the Sword*." Amid the carnage and the roar of battles he sustained the reputation of

his country, and rendered the name of the "*Irish Brigade*" immortal. Need we remind the reader of O'Gorman, or mention that of Davis and the others? No, history will do justice to the reputation of the young Irishmen who formed "*The Irish Confederation*." Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the secretary, one of the most prominent, the youngest in years of them all, he who left his native land with a reward offered for his head in '48, died for British principles in his adopted country, by the hand of a vile assassin, and the British army assisted at his funeral, and the greatest among the most prosperous of Britain's Colonial Empire, mourns his death as a national misfortune. The latter years of his life, nay, the last words he ever uttered, were directed to the advancement of British principles, and to calm the passions of parties. The youthful "Hotspur" of '48 was the peacemaker of '68; "*we will conquer you with kindness*" was the only threat he would offer to the enemies of the Canadian Confederation.

Several causes led to the revolution of '48, in Ireland. O'Connell's imprisonment, ill-judged, if not illegal, was one of the causes; he the chief, the leader of the Irish people, had had for years, a double battle to fight—he had to fight for his country's rights, by legal and legitimate means, by appeals to the Government and people of England, and by petitions to the *Throne*. His bloodless battles were fought on the floor of the House of Commons, and through the press of the country; his armies were composed of the tens of thousands who met in legal meetings in every part of the Empire, to demand their legal rights in a legal manner; his only arms were the laws of Great Britain, and his own powerful and convincing eloquence to appeal to those laws. And now, long after he has passed away, his language is quoted by the liberal sons of England, demanding for their fellow subjects in Ireland, those rights for which O'Connell laboured during his whole life. The other battle which he had to fight was against the *Young Ireland party*, to curb their passions, to keep them in check, and prevent an appeal to illegal means on their part. Oh, glorious O'Connell, type of patriotism and unselfish devotion to your country's cause, how your soul must have been rent by the rashness and thoughtless folly of those inexperienced and hot headed enthusiasts, who, in their boyish frenzy, were destroying the result of your life's labours, and in their madness rushing on to their own and their country's destruction; in vain did you warn them of their folly, in vain did your eloquent tongue keep ringing in their ears "*an illegal act on your part is a victory for your enemies*;" in vain did you try with all the power of your mind and soul to save them and your country from the terrible consequences of their madness; in vain all your efforts—the youths who had

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clustered around your knee and received from your eloquent lips their first lesson in eloquence and politics, the sons of your adoption who had been trained to their country's service and their country's cause by your fostering care, the champions chosen by you to fight Ireland's battles after you should have passed away from the scene of your patriotic labours, those ungrateful sons whom you had cherished in your heart of hearts, treated your lessons of wisdom with contempt, and your great heart was broken, their every folly was a dagger, and in their madness they stabbed you to death; your lofty soul bore up under the insult of incarceration within the polluted walls of a prison, you patiently bore the companionship of criminals, for your country's cause demanded the sacrifice. But the ingratitude of your own chosen disciples weighed heavier on your heart and head than the weight of fourscore years; the cup was a bitter one, alas! too bitter; their hands held it to your lips, and your soul in horror at the unfilial act, burst the case of clay which enclosed it, and sought in the bosom of its God peace and rest.

O'Connell's death left the unfortunate people of Ireland without a leader. The ship was drifting helplessly about, the masterhand, which for years had held the wheel, was cold in death, and unfortunately that hand was replaced by inexperience and youthful folly. The people's mind was for some time past being, by slow, but none the less certain, degrees, trained to look on revolution as a national necessity. DUFFEY, MEAGHER, MCGEE and MITCHELL, daily wrote articles in the "*Nation*," which made the Irish blood boil; books, too, ("*Duffey's library of Ireland*,") were written by the master spirits who were leading them on to revolution. DAVIS roused up the nation to madness with his *songs* and *poetry*. "*Who fears to speak of '98*" became a household word, and the effect was magical. MCGEE delivered his celebrated lectures: "*The Golden link of the Crown*," and the national heart beat fast at his glowing language and bold utterance of revolutionary ideas. All the members of "*The Confederation*," travelled over the Island far and wide, holding public meetings and addressing the people on subjects calculated to produce the desired object. The people of Ireland, no longer restrained by the wise counsels of the venerable champion of repeal, but maddened by the eloquence of the hot-brained orators and poets who composed "*The Confederation*," were rapidly led on to that climax of folly, a revolution against the government. A revolution in all countries is a difficulty, in Ireland an impossibility, for, even supposing that the government is not prepared to meet the out-burst, *The Church* in Ireland can always control the millions; the best British fortification in Ireland is the—by some parties greatly abused—College of MAYNOOTH;

every black coated soldier sent forth from its doors to instruct the people is better than a British regiment to the government. Irishmen, as a general rule, are not afraid to risk and lose their lives in any mad enterprise, so long as the sacred name of nationality seems to sanction it; but when the soldier of "*Maynooth*" stands forward, as he always does, and tells them with the authority of the Church "that they are on the road not to victory and liberty, but to destruction and death;" and when he adds to this a picture of the *warm reception* which will await those who, going against the commands of the church, may lose their lives in the forbidden contest, there are few indeed who will not submit to the counsels of the good priest, when the sight of bayonets would but madden them.

The leaders of the so-called rebellion of "'48," were not prepared for the outbreak at the time it occurred. Their plans, if they had any fixed, were not matured, they were impelled to the rash act by the misery and distress of their unfortunate country. Yes, the great immediate cause of the outbreak was want of BREAD. Poor Ireland, what pen can attempt to describe her sufferings at that time? language cannot convey even a faint idea of the state of despair to which that unfortunate country was reduced. The angel of death flapped his broad black pinions over the land, accompanied by his two terrible coadjutors, *gaunt famine* and *raking pestilence*—all the elements seemed to have combined to render her situation miserable. Tens of thousands of once strong men, were struck down by famine and died, died of starvation, in sight of the rich fields of their country; their dead bodies were, in many instances, devoured by the starving survivors, or left exposed and putrefying in the glare of day—strong men no longer, the sons of Ireland, with starting eyes and famished frame, called on their leaders to save them or give them a chance to die like men; starving Irish mothers clasping their starving little ones to their pinched up breasts, cried for aid to the leaders of Ireland. And pestilence was not idle, that certain companion of the starving.—Ireland, in "'48," was no longer a nation of stalwart men and women; Ireland in "'48" was a nation of shadowy skeletons, tottering onward to the grave; Ireland in "'48" lay bleeding, she was in the very throes of dissolution, the grip of death was fastening on her throat, and she shrieked in her despair for aid. The cry pierced to the hearts the members of "*The Confederation*"—to arms, was now the cry, they could see no other way of releasing their country, and of assisting their starving fellow countrymen, and reckless of the consequences to themselves or to others, they rushed madly on, and the starving Irish nation would have followed them. But the faithful soldier of "*Maynooth*," the faithful

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Irish priest was on duty there, combatting against their madness, fighting against despair and death. Oh! noble soldier of the cross, noblest and bravest of Ireland's heroes, no reward but that which God alone will bestow, can recompense thy devotion to the true cause of Ireland, of humanity, the cause of God—thy greatest battles were fought where God and His angels alone could witness the struggle, and angels alone could sing thy praise.

The French Revolution in 1848, gave the Irish hope. "*The Confederation*" looked to France for some assistance; meanwhile, the leaders had gone too far to retreat, an army was watching their every movement—not an army of Britain's brave soldiers, no, it was only an army of informers and spies—most of them recruited from that unfortunate country, which has been fittingly called the paradise of informers. Mr. McGee was one of the five chosen at a meeting called for that purpose in Dublin, to Revolutionize Ireland, and call the tottering remains of its population to arms. It was against his own opinion, but he had to submit to the decision, or be branded as a traitor to the cause of Irish independence. After a tour through Ireland, he was ordered to Glasgow, on the eve of the intended revolution, to organize an expedition in Scotland, to act with the army of independence in Ireland, and thus divide the force which would be sent to crush out the rebellion. Rebellion! why, it did not even attain the dignity or proportions of a good faction fight, it was a mere fiasco, a ridiculous compound of stupidity and folly; the bursting of a soap bubble, a miserable failure wherein informers and a few policemen were mixed up with a mob of starving men without arms, numbering a few hundreds at most, the grand battle was fought, **AND NOBODY HURT**, in a vulgar cabbage garden. The leaders of the revolution! of '48, then retreated in "most admired disorder," before the grand army of informers, and were most ingloriously picked up one by one at railway depots, and other craftily chosen places of safety of a similar kind. O'Brien, Meagher, Mitchell and a few others were tried for treason, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered, which dreadful sentence was, as might afterwards easily be expected, commuted to penal servitude in Australia; in fact Britain could scarcely refrain from laughter at the ridiculous termination of the great revolution of '48. And we could feel disposed to look back on the whole matter as a subject of ridicule, were it not for the dreadful results to poor Ireland. Great Britain withheld her assistance, in a very great measure, from the starving people of the country, on account of the madness of "*The Confederation*;" and whilst Britain smiled at the termination of the farce, the face of Ireland was

streaked with burning tears, over the graves of a million of her children, who died of starvation and pestilence. Every ship leaving the shores of Ireland carried away hundreds of the population to find graves beneath the Atlantic wave, or homes in the United States, or Canada. Yes, the madness of the *Young Irelanders* in '48, together with famine and pestilence, gave to the United States and Canada over a million of population, and heaven's portals, we trust, have opened to receive more martyrs than all the persecutions of the emperors of pagan Rome ever gave to the early Christian Church.

Mr. McGee was still in Glasgow when the bubble burst, but at once hastened back to Ireland on receipt of the news. He came to Donegal, and, on his arrival there, found his own name figuring in the "*Hue and Cry*," with a large reward offered for his apprehension. After many dangers and risks he finally escaped, through the assistance of the late Archbishop Maginn, in a merchant vessel, bound for Philadelphia, disguised as a priest. He afterwards wrote a life of the good Bishop in gratitude for his friendly aid in the hour of peril. Mr. McGee left behind him at that time his youthful wife—(he had married Miss Mary Caffrey in 1847), and, with a heart almost broken, he was obliged to leave her whom he had sworn to protect, at a time when she most required his care—but she urged his departure, and blessed the ship that bore him away from her to a place of safety, once more away for the land of freedom. No longer the enthusiastic boy of seventeen, with his bright dreams and his rose-coloured pictures of the future, who left Ireland a few short years ago—now he stands on the ship's deck, straining his eyes to catch the last fleeting glance of that land, where his youthful dreams of independence had been so rudely broken—that land where his unfortunate fellow-countrymen are plunged in the deepest despair. Disappointed and spirit-broken he stands there, in experience an old man at the age of twenty-three years.

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## SKETCHES OF THE HUDSON BAY TERRITORY.

### PART IV.

In my last paper I attempted to describe the Copper Mines on the south shore of Lake Superior, and explain to what results the accidental discovery of the "old Indian diggings," as they are called, in that region led.

The subject of the present paper will be an account of the north

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shore of the Lake, a part of the New Dominion, which, although I have already described it in general terms, requires still further notice, from the circumstance that great discoveries of gold, silver and copper have been made in Thunder Bay, near Fort William; a region with which I am well acquainted, and which may yet become as great a mineral region as that on the south shore.

From Sault St. Mary's, at the foot of the Lake, to the boundary line at the Pigeon River, the distance in a straight line, or from headland to headland, may be computed, in round numbers, at 500 miles; but very much more, if following the sinuosities of the lake shore, and computing the average breadth at 70 miles, which I think is, as nearly as possible, correct. The distance to the height of land, or entrance to the Hudson Bay Territory, is, in some instances more, and others less, and we have a total area for this region of 21,000 square miles.

Nearly all along the shores it has a very bleak, inhospitable appearance; it is indented by numerous and deep bays, and studded with a great many islands of more or less extent, which lie along shore, and which, in my opinion, at least, formed, at some remote period, a part of the main land, and have been borne from it by some convulsion of nature. Unlike the south shore, it has excellent harbours; so land-locked are some of them in fact, that if a sailing vessel takes refuge in any of them from a storm, she has to wait for a fair wind to get out again. Its fishing grounds, too, are far superior to those on the south side; any amount of the finest fresh water fish in the world, could be got there, were it within easy reach. If, after all, it should prove that there is no wealth in the land, unquestionably there is plenty of it in the water. It is a land of hills and valleys, arranged in most admirable disorder, for which the practised eye of the geologist might be able to account, but which, to plain men, seems a sad jumble. There are several lakes and rivers, the largest being Lake Nipigon, about a degree north of Fort William, and in about the same longitude. That great ventilator of grievances, the editor of the *Montreal Witness*, stated not very long ago, in one of his issues, somewhat to my amusement, that Lake Nipigon was situated in British Columbia, was as large as Lake Superior, abounded in fine fish, but all knowledge of it was studiously kept concealed from the outer world by the Hudson's Bay Company; whereas the fact is, it is not a third as large, nor a fifth as large either; and could all its contents be discharged through its outlet, namely the Nipigon River, which empties itself into Lake Superior, it would not raise the level of the great basin above three feet. The principal rivers falling into it, proceeding upwards from the Sault St. Mary's, are the Butche-

wana, Montreal, Michipicoton, Pike, Nipigon, Fort William and Pigeon, the last being the boundary line. An abound with brook Trout, except the Fort William, which has a muddy bottom. Perhaps nowhere else in the Dominion are larger brook Trout caught than in the Nipigon River, where they attain a size of from three to ten pounds.

There are at least four or five varieties of Trout: (Indian-Numaygoose,) a large bull-headed fellow, with a long shapeless body, weighing occasionally from 30 to 60 pounds. The flesh is soft and flabby, and by no means good eating. Another, much smaller, of the size of an ordinary Salmon, though not so well shaped; his flesh, though not so rich in flavour, is far more delicate and somewhat of the same colour. He is the prince of fish in my estimation, and out of the water into the pot would form a "dainty dish to set before a king." A third, called by the Indians Suskwit, averaging never more than from 10 to 15 pounds, is so fat a fellow, that if one were to attempt to fry him in a pan, the result would be oil, skin and skeleton. He is, however, not very abundant on the north shore, but is caught in great numbers on Isle Royal, where, in my day, an American gentleman carried on a very large fishery, principally for the oil which it furnished. The Suskwit, however, is occasionally salted down for winter consumption, and when boiled and eaten with vegetables, is not a bad article of food. There is also the Salmon Trout, with its bright silvery scales; it is, however, extremely rare. I never saw more than half a dozen specimens, one of which I caught myself, trowing with hook and line.

The Whitefish, like the Trout, is very abundant. There are, at least, two varieties, one small, of the size of the Ontario Whitefish, and another weighing sometimes as much as from 15 to 20 lbs. He has a remarkably small head for the size of his body, and is, by some people, considered the finest fish in the Lake. The Sturgeon, also, is to be met with, but by no means in such numbers as in Lake Huron. The other kinds are the Pickerel, red and white Carp, Pike and Herring. There is also found another peculiar fish which the Indians call Namaise or Little Sturgeon, from a fancied resemblance it has to that fish; but he has no affinity to it at all. He is cartilaginous, is armed on the sides with pointed bony scales, has an elongated head, and weighs ordinarily from 2 to 4 lbs. I have heard it said by men who pretended to know something of the matter that he is the only connecting link between the fish of a former geological era and the present one, although probably the Pike is another.

The different varieties of Trout have different feeding and spawning grounds, and, I believe, are not gregarious like the Whitefish and Her-

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ring. The inferior kinds spawn about the middle of September on the shoals of the different Islands, and the best so late as from the 1st to 15th November. The small Whitefish invariably go up the rivers and spawn in the rapids, while the larger and best kinds, like the Trout, spawn on the Island shoals. On the Saginah Islands, on the east of Thunder Bay, for instance, there is an excellent Trout fishery, although the fish is somewhat inferior from the middle of September to near the close of October, which is immediately followed by a fishery on the same grounds of the largest and finest Whitefish in the Lake. It may be stated as a general rule, that the later a fish is in spawning the better he is, with the exception of the Sturgeon, which goes up the river for that purpose in July. The Pickerel and Carp also, go up the rivers to spawn early in Spring, or as soon as the ice breaks up. This is a season anxiously looked forward to by the Indians of the Hudson's Bay territory, who may be pinched for food, because at the entrance of a river into any one of the lakes which abound in that territory, they are sure to find a plentiful supply of these fish. The Herrings come into the lake shores about the 1st of July, and are caught by the boat-load at the bottom of Michipicoton and Pic Bays, remain about a month, and after probably spawning in the rivers, return to deep water, and are no more seen till the year following. They are caught by seine nets, and very often a boat-load is taken by one haul. It is a very insipid fish, not nearly equal to the Salt Water Herrings; but the Indians make good use of them by splitting them up, and after thoroughly cleaning them and removing all the blood, drying them in the sun without curing of any kind; and after remaining spread out on a species of scaffolding for about ten days or a fortnight in clear dry weather, they become perfectly dry and are then packed up in bundles of from 100 to 200 each for winter consumption. If not good when fresh, the fish is still worse when dry, but it has often proved a god-send to an unfortunate Indian when every other kind of food temporarily failed him.

The Pike is the greatest carnivorous of the fresh water lakes or rivers. He spawns, I believe, in the Spring: like some land Pikes, he lives principally on his friends; indeed, where he abounds, he is apt to exterminate every other kind of fish. In Lake Superior, however, he is a small insignificant fellow, and cannot do much harm. He is not, I believe, a very fast swimmer; to procure his favourite food he dodges to lurk in long grass or weeds, or lie like a log at the bottom of the water, ready to pounce upon an unwary stranger swimming his way. Nowhere in the Hudson Bay Territory have I seen the Pike attain so great a size as at Lake St. Johns, the source of the River Saguenay. The average weight

of the largest is from 25 to 30 lbs. There is a large white population in that section of country at the present day; but when I was there, some thirty-five years ago, the only white people there were the people of the Hudson's Bay post. It was one of my favourite amusements to fish for Pike by lines set under the ice when the lake was frozen over. I had generally from 40 to 50 lines set straight out into the Lake, which I visited every second day with new bait carried on a small sled drawn by two dogs. The first time I visited my lines I found about ten fish, and trusting my hand into the jaws of the first I came to, so as to extract the hook, I had quickly to withdraw it, as it was literally covered with blood. His jaws have, I believe, as many teeth as the crocodile. A story is told of a predecessor of mine, in this section of country, who went out bathing in the Lake on a fine summer evening, as was his wont; not returning to the post at the usual time, his men went to his usual bathing place, where they found his clothing, and at once conjectured he must have been drowned, and on embarking in a small canoe found his body in about four feet of water, with a frightful gash on the calf of one of his legs, made by a Pike. The poor fellow must have fainted from loss of blood and was drowned.

Along the north shore of Lake Superior, good fishing grounds abound; but the best of them, where the finny tribe most congregate, is one at the Saginah Islands, east of Thunder Bay. These, however, are exposed to the fearful storms which occur in the Lake about the time of the Equinoxes, and although the fishing grounds, not lying very far from the north shore, are in a measure sheltered from the north and north east winds, they are fully exposed to the gales from the south and south west. The consequence, therefore, is that the fishermen may be unable, for two or three days, to visit their nets from the fury of the storm. At the Pic Islands, on the contrary, some 30 or 40 miles beyond the post of the Pic, there is not only the best Trout fishing in the Lake as regards quality, but it is also the best sheltered. No weather, however stormy it may be outside, can prevent the fishermen from visiting their nets. A barrel of this fine Trout would probably sell in Montreal nearly as high as a barrel of Salmon.

The Hudson's Bay Company, some twenty years ago, tried their hands at fishing for market on a great scale, but failed in that as they failed in everything else they undertook which had no connexion with their own business as Fur Traders. The late Governor Simpson had a fancy that a good deal of money might be made out of it. One of his reasons for continuing it, was that it would give some employment to the Indians who were roaming idly about the Lake at the time they were not

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fur trading; and if no great profits were made, there could be no heavy losses. That there were losses there can be no question; but how much they were no one could say, as the Fur Trade accounts and Fishery accounts were not kept separate. The fishery business, like every other business, is a trade to be learned, and the Company suffered a loss by not bearing that in mind. One of the great disadvantages under which they laboured was that a market was not easily accessible, that the fish caught in the fall had to remain in their stores all winter, and often, owing to bad barrels being used, and the fish not being properly cured, the result was that they were sold for what they would fetch in the market of Windsor or Detroit, of course at a heavy sacrifice. A gentleman of the name of Smith, a British Canadian, but who, about 15 years ago, was residing in Detroit, was employed by some parties in Canada, to explore the North Shore for minerals. After having been engaged in this employment for 3 or 4 years, in which he did not very well succeed, he turned his attention to the fishery business and established one on Isle St. Ignace, a very good locality between the Posts of the Pic and Fort William; but he fared as bad if not worse than the Hudson's Bay Company. For whilst they had a schooner of their own which could convey all the fishing material from the Sault St. Marys to the fishing grounds and transport the fish back again, besides the expense of labourers on the spot, he had to pay the freight of his material from the Sault, as also the freight of his fish back. The result, as a matter of course, was a failure, and although some other attempts were made by other parties before and after the time I have mentioned, the result was invariably the same. The speculation did not pay, owing to the distance of the market, want of regular communication and expense of transport.

With the exception of the clearings and improvements made by both the late North West Company and the present Hudson's Bay Company, around their Trading posts and Stations along the North Shore of the Lake, the country is nearly as much of a wilderness as it was some 300 years ago, when the French went there first to trade with Indians. A Post Office has been established at Fort William some 15 or 20 years; another at Michipicoton 2 or 3 years, and a third at Isle St. Ignace, last year; so that it is one comfort that we have not been moving backward, but moving forward, even at the snail's pace of starting a Post Office every 10 or 15 years.

I believe a great future is reserved for this country. Its fisheries are inexhaustible, and recent discoveries tend to shew that gold and silver are found in abundance in Thunder Bay; and yet, strange to say, our Legislators have passed such absurdly stringent mining regulations, as

virtually to amount to a prohibition to work the mines. Let us hope that wiser counsels will prevail, and that capitalists will be allowed to invest their money in the mines without the imposition of an enormous tax on the produce to the Government. It is only by a liberal policy of this kind that the country can be raised from its present wilderness state, so as to equal the wonderful progress that has been made within the last 25 years on the American side of the Lake.

As an Agricultural Country, it will never be very valuable,—it is too hilly. There are patches of good land, however, at the bottom of its deep Bays, and in the valleys of the Rivers. The best land of all is in the valley of the Kamenistoquia River, at Fort William, 10 miles up which is a fine lot of elm trees,—the only trees of the kind throughout the whole length and breadth of the land.

I intended giving a description in this paper of the locality in which the Silver mines near Fort William are found; that, however, must be reserved for a future occasion, and I will conclude by giving the result of a year's observations of the Thermometer, at Michipicoton, Lat 47°, '56. Long 85°, '5. or 5 hrs. 40 min. 20 sec. short of Greenwich time nearly, the times of observation being 7 a.m. 2 p.m. and 9 p.m. respectively, and for the year 1856.

1856	Mean	Max	Min.
January.....	7.6	36	30
February.....	9.2	39	35
March.....	16.4	49	31
April.....	38.9	64	2
May.....	47.8	69	28
June.....	57.5	86	38
July.....	62.4	85	41
August.....	59.2	94	32
September.....	51.8	75	32
October.....	44.8	67	21
November.....	28.8	47	3
December.....	11.5	35	28

Mean of year 1856, 36.32

Mean of year 1855, 37.19

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The instrument used was a very good English Spirits of Wine Thermometer. It must be remembered that Michipicoton is on the shores of

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the Lake, and that its temperature is affected by the proximity of such an immense body of water, which never freezes over entirely in winter. One or, perhaps, two degrees further north of the Lake would likely shew a higher temperature in summer and a lower one in winter than the above.

## THE CHURCH.

THE Irish Church question is not only one of the most important questions of the day, as regards the interests of the Church Catholic, but it has caused very serious troubles in the House of Commons; the disestablishment and disendowment of that church having placed the Government in a minority, while Mr. Disraeli is unwilling to permit the high office of Premier to be wrested from his hands, before he has had the opportunity of appealing to the revised constituencies created by the Reform Bill, which the present Government carried through. But in the meantime, and for the remainder of the present year, the Government of the Country remains in the hands of men, who, in the House of Commons, have been left in a minority of sixty-five, and whom the opposition seems, at all costs, determined to turn out. As might have been expected from this state of things, there have been scenes of confusion and undignified altercations in the House, caused by the irritation and annoyance which has been felt at what we may consider the unconstitutional way in which the Premier has treated them, especially in the matter of the threatened dissolution. The course of the bill, however, has not been in any way impeded; the Government were in no position to offer any serious resistance after the first resolution had been affirmed against them.

The Suspensory bill, as it is generally termed, which provides for the stoppage of new appointments in the Church of Ireland, and the restraining the proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of Ireland, passed the House by a majority of fifty-four. Mr. Gladstone's earlier published opinions were quoted against him, and during the debate, considerable disturbance took place in the House, but there was no reason to suppose that any successful opposition could be offered to this, which was only a corollary upon the preceding resolutions affirmed so clearly by so large a majority. In spite, however, of the opinion expressed by a large majority of the Representative Assembly of the Nation, that the Irish Church must be, in justice to the Irish nation, not only disestablished, but disendowed—stripped, that is, of the temporal position which the will of the English nation conferred upon it—there can be no doubt that a grievous injustice has been done to it in the course of the debates in Parliament. Not only has the question been made a party question,

whereby to harass and expel from office the existing Government, but its true position and real claims have not been recognized, nor any measure taken to prevent an act, which purports to be an act of justice, becoming an act of very serious wrong, and a precedent for future spoliation and wrong. The Irish Church, continuous in history and succession from the earliest days of the Church, and in full spiritual communion with the Established Church of England, will not cease to exist, however ruthlessly its temporal rights be torn away from it. It may be feeble in organization, deficient in zeal, earnestness and faith, yet, no Act of Parliament can make a Church other than its Divine Founder made it. The Government of the United Kingdom may strip it of the temporal honours and temporal wealth which have been added to it by the liberality of individuals, and by the munificence of the State; but it is unworthy of men professing to be faithful members of a church, of which the despoiled church is a part, to forget, for the time at least, its corporate existence, its communion with the Church Catholic, and to make so great a question as its disendowment a road for themselves to power, and to deal with it in a spirit of confiscation, as if it had no claims to fair hearing and to liberal consideration. When we put these decisions of parliament alongside of Mr. Coleridge's bill for the Declamation of the English Universities, we see that there are many men in the House whom these concessions will not satisfy, but who, having once obtained a precedent in the case of the sister Church of Ireland, will press it ruthlessly, until the day may come when the English Church shall be similarly treated, and all gifts of founders and benefactors to any and every kind of Institution, shall be regarded as the property of the nation, to be dealt with according to the will of the majority for the time being.

In the midst of all these considerations and discussions, while crowded public meetings are being held for the purpose of maintaining the connection of Church and State, and while this inevitable question is forced upon many minds, and is receiving varied answers according to each one's prejudice or predilection, attention has been drawn to a book published long before the great movements in the English Church had fermented so widely and obtained such name and power. It is a work\* which Dr. Newman, in his well-known "*Apologia*," states to have had a considerable influence upon his mind, and which shews that these great questions which have now come to the surface, have been previously considered and freely handled by an able and farsighted writer. It claims for the Church of England a distinct corporate character, a spiritual sovereignty independent of the State, whose golden chains have been too closely fastened about the Church in England. Very strongly does the writer pro-

\* *Letters on the Church.* By an Episcopalian.—Longmore, 1223.

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test against what he terms the double usurpation, viz., the interference of the State in spirituals, and of the Church in temporals. On the one hand this state of things involves the Ministers of the Church in duties and offices which do not properly pertain to them; and on the other hand it prevents the Church from exercising that discipline within its own body, which, in the early ages of Christianity, it always did exercise, and with so beneficial an effect. The contrast between the Jewish Church, which was ordained to be a State Church, limited by the limits of the nation, and the Christian Church, on behalf of which our blessed Saviour refused all temporal sovereignty, even while before Pilate he asserted his regal dignity, and gave to his Apostles, subsequently, a commission to maintain the Kingdom which he appointed to them, stands out in strong relief upon such views as this writer expressed. In truth, disestablishment by no means the greatest evil the Church of England has to fear; disestablishment unaccompanied by loss of property might be an actual and immense gain; if accompanied by confiscation and spoliation, as indeed very probably it might be, it would be one of those fiery trials, which while they rend, purify, and by their very fierceness and heat, refine the truer metal, and separate it from the dross. The Church of Christ, the cause of truth, has ever suffered less from persecution than from prosperity; the favour of princes and states was more fatal to it than their animosity. And this age, which the beloved poet of the English Church has described as an age of "light without love," may in God's wisdom be seen to need the discipline of the refiner's fire of persecution and sorrow. Might it not be well for the English Church if she were to adopt the petition suggested by the writer of the book above named, and point out to the State the true position of Christ's Kingdom, and while inviting the support of civil rulers in their capacity of Christians, ask them in their capacity of rulers, seeing that their interference can do no good, simply "*to let the Church alone?*"

And at this juncture the Colonial Church, and especially the Church in this country, which has passed through the dangers and struggles which now have come upon the Irish Church, and may, ere long, come upon her English sister, offers a strong spiritual support to the mother Church at home. Thus the Colonial Churches repay, perhaps to the full, the debt of their original foundation and of the pecuniary support which many of them still receive. They point out that which appears so very hard to realize to the minds of many at home: the possibility of having a church without an establishment; Bishops, without the imposing externals, which surround them at home, clergy poorer than they are at home, and pastoral work without distinct parochial limits. The inherent vitality and indestructibility of the Church, which so many seem unable

to believe, is attested by the living testimony of actual fact. Nay, even disestablishment and disendowment, words which are said to be becoming ominously familiar to the English ear, have been felt here. The Canadian clergy met the difficulties attending the alienation of the Clergy Reserves by self-sacrifice and zeal. The commutation for their life estates, granted to them by Government, they formed into an endowment fund. The work which was entrusted to them by their Master to be done, they continued to carry on, though very much impoverished. It is well to remember these things, not only that we may retain the admiration and gratitude with which the laity of the Canadian Church then viewed the bright example of self-abnegation set them by their pastors, but also that we may be encouraged when difficulties assail us, or when we have to suffer loss or persecution for the truth's sake, to offer an unflinching front for Christ's sake, and to be ready, if he calls, to give up all for Him.

The Colonial Church in Australia has sustained a great loss in the death, by drowning, of the Bishop of Grafton and Armedale. Late in the dark evening of the Third Sunday in Lent, the account in the "*Guardian*" informs us, Bishop Sawyer was returning by water, after service in which he had preached, from Grafton to his house. The distance was two miles up the river, a strong breeze blowing, and the Bishop held the rudder lines of the boat. They were opposite to his own house, when the boat capsized, and the Bishop and his boy of 7 years old, and a servant, were drowned. It is a sad story; sad for the widow and children, whose husband and father was so suddenly called away, and for the new diocese which has thus early lost its first Bishop. He had been in his diocese but eleven weeks, but even on his voyage, his faith, zeal and love had been shewn in the confirmation which he held on board the vessel; before his arrival, his diocese had seen that their first Bishop was no ordinary man; no luke-warm servant of his Master and the Church; and in the short space during which he had lived among them, we hear that he had won all hearts, and raised a standard of work and zeal, which it may be hard for his successor to attain. Comparatively early his work for God on earth is closed; he has been found worthy to carry on that work which he began so worthily here, amid the brighter scenes of a sinless world, where the opposition of the enemies of the Church, both within and without us, shall be no more felt.

The Bishopric of Hereford, which was vacated by the death of Bishop Hampden, has been filled by the elevation of the Reverend Canon Atlay, Vicar of Leeds, to the Episcopacy. Dr. Atlay is spoken of as a zealous parish priest, of moderate views and sound learning, who is likely, by the blessing of God, to be a support to the Church in the coming times of trial.

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On Trinity Sunday, the Reverends Augustus Prime and Henry F. Burgess, graduates of Bishop's College, were ordained deacons by the Bishop of Montreal, at the Cathedral in Montreal. Both are men of singular earnestness and zeal, and it is a matter of no small rejoicing to the Church in this country, that the ranks of her clergy are filled by men such as, we firmly believe, the two gentlemen just ordained will show themselves to be. The condition of every church may be tested by the class of men who form its Ministers; and on this account Bishop's College, founded for the supply of learned and zealous Ministers to the Church, rightly appeals to that Church for aid and sympathy, that its valuable work may be not continued only but indefinitely enlarged.

## ESSAYS IN TRANSLATION.

## HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

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

## PART II.

Then valiant Hector of quick glancing helm,  
Thus made reply: "Of all that thou hast said,  
My own true wife, I feel, I know the truth,  
But—could I bear the taunts of Trojan chiefs,  
And stately Trojan dames, if, coward-like  
I skulked from battle in my country's need?  
Nor does my spirit keep me from the fight,  
For I have learned, brave hearted, mid the  
To draw my sword in Iliion's defence, [first  
To struggle for the honour of my sire  
And for my own. Although too well I know  
The day shall come, when sacred Troy must  
[fall  
And Priam and his warlike hosts who well  
Can wield in fight the ashen-handled spear!  
But not the woes of my brave countrymen,  
Nor yet my mother's nor my Kingly sire's,  
Nor all my brethren who shall bite the dust  
'Neath bitter foes, touch me so much as thine,  
When some one of the brass-mailed Greeks  
[shall end  
Thy day of freedom, leading thee away,  
In tears; and haply, in far Argos, thou  
May'st tend another's loom or water draw  
From Hyperæas or Messes's fount.—  
A slavish duty, forced on thee by fate,—  
And some one, looking on thy tears, may say,  
"She was the wife of Hector who excelled  
In a fight among the chiefs that fought for  
[Troy."  
And thy poor heart will ache with vain regret  
For him whose strong right arm would keep  
[thee free.  
Then may his heaped up grave keep Hector's  
[eyes  
From looking on thy sorrow and disgrace!"  
So spake the noble Hector, and his arms  
Extended to receive his son; but he  
Shrank, crying, to his well robed nurse's  
[breast,  
Fearing the warlike presence of his sire.  
His brazen armour and the horse-hair crest  
Above his helmet nodding fearfully,  
And Hector took the helmet off his head  
And laid it down, all gleaming, on the ground.  
And then he kissed and dandled him, and  
[prayed  
To Zeus and all the gods on his behalf:—  
"O Zeus and all ye gods, I pray you, grant  
That this, my son, may, as his sire, excel,  
And may he truly be the *City's King!*  
And may men say of him, as he returns  
From war, "He's braver than his father was."  
May he from warlike men take gory spoils,  
And may his mother glory in his might!"  
Such was the warrior's prayer; and in the  
[arms  
Of his dear wife he placed the little child.  
She clasped the treasure to her fragrant breast,  
Tearfully smiling, And her husband's soul  
Was touched with pity, and he nursed her  
[hand  
And called her by her name "Andromache;"  
"My love, fret not thyself too much for me!  
No man descends to Hades ere his time,  
And none whoe'er is born escaped his fate,  
Whether his heart be cowardly or brave.  
But, love, returning home, apply thyself  
To household duties, and thy handmaids  
Despatch to theirs, the distaff and the loom.  
For war must be the business of men,  
And of all men that have been born in Troy,  
This war has need of none so much as me."  
Thus having spoken, noble Hector placed  
The waving helmet on his head again,  
And silently Andromache returned  
(oft looking back through her fast gushing  
[tears)  
To the fair mansion of her warrior spouse.  
And there amid her handmaids she wept;  
And they wept too, mourning their lord as  
[dead,  
While yet he lived; for though he lived they  
[said  
They knew that he would never more return,  
Exulting in his prowess from the war.

JOHN READE.

## ADDENDA.

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### (\*) NEW BOOKS.

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#### "BRAKESPIN, OR THE FORTUNES OF A FREE LANCE."

This clever serial, reprinted from the pages of the new international magazine "Broadway," is a faithful and powerful portraiture of life in those mediæval times when there were bad elements in the Church and in Society; and when every individual figured in his, or her, little romance. The hero, Ralph Brakespin, has many good qualities to redeem his mediæval badness, and the character is drawn as one having read "*Guy Livingstone*," would expect the author of that novel to execute such a task. The book contains one beautiful and admirably written episode, handled in another form by one of our best modern poets, which to our regret, our space does not permit us to copy.

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#### "THE PHILOSOPHY OF EATING."

One of the most marked features in the progress of Science is the adaptation of its results to the great body of unprofessional readers. This *Dr. Bellevs* has successfully accomplished in an elegant and compendious volume entitled "*The Philosophy of Eating*."

We would like to see this valuable work in the hands of every housekeeper and mother. A careful study of it would prevent much of the unhappiness arising from the ignorance of the information it contains.

The fact of its having come to a second edition, after much opposition from enemies to general enlightenment, is sufficient proof of its intrinsic worth.

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#### "THE OLD WORLD IN ITS NEW FACE."

No one this side the Atlantic can be thoroughly well up in recent Continental affairs, who has not read "*The Old World in its new face*." We have not, for a long time, found anything at the same time so instructive and amusing. The author has that pleasing power of making us see things as he sees them, and to feel the same emotions as we gaze upon the countless historic scenes of the Continent.

Nevertheless we think he under estimates M. D'Aubigne, and takes a doubtful view of the modern tendency of Continental Protestantism.

We heartily commend this most useful and interesting volume to the attention of our readers.

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(\*) All the Books in this List may be obtained of Messrs. Dawson Bros., 23 Great St. James street, Montreal.