

that slavery, in some form, continued till the end of the century. In 1792 it is on record that over 1,200 negroes were deported from Halifax to Sierra Leone. Whether they were all coloured loyalists who had taken refuge on British soil after the Revolution, or comprised some old-time slaves manumitted out of deference to a change in public sentiment, there was no great reason to regret their departure, as they subsequently gave much trouble to the Sierra Leone authorities. Nova Scotia was destined, nevertheless, to have their place supplied, before many years had gone by, in a manner that eventually sorely tried her patience. In 1795 a rebellion took place in Jamaica, the insurgents being fugitive Maroons who had intrenched themselves in the mountainous district of Trelawny. General Walpole succeeded in bringing them to terms, having promised the leaders that if they capitulated he would guarantee them against banishment. The island authorities disregarded his promise, and, in spite of his indignant protest, resolved to transport the five hundred prisoners to Nova Scotia, with the proviso that if proved unacceptable there, they should subsequently be packed off to Sierra Leone. In 1796 they arrived at Halifax, where the Duke of Kent then held military command. At the suggestion of His Royal Highness, they were set to work at the fortifications of the citadel, and their work and behaviour proved so satisfactory that the Government invited them to remain in the province. The severe winter, however, was a harsh experience for them, and they shivered and pined for a warmer climate. In the spring, with some reluctance, they resumed their work, but at the approach of winter again the old trouble was renewed. It then began to be plain that to acclimatise them would be a tedious and somewhat costly process, and it was ultimately decided to ship them to Sierra Leone. There they were highly appreciated, their conduct being exemplary in contrast with that of the refractory "Nova Scotians" who had preceded them. But they still yearned for their native Jamaica, whither at last most of them were allowed to return.

After the departure of the loyalist blacks and the Maroons, it can hardly be imagined that the coloured population of the Maritime Provinces was very large. The war of 1812-14 brought, it is true, more runaways from Maryland and other Southern States who had, in the first place, taken advantage of the situation of affairs to flee for protection to the British fleet. It is not likely that any of them relapsed into slavery, nor, indeed, would public feeling have permitted such a relapse. By the last census of the inhabitants of the Dominion, 21,394 were returned as of African origin. Of these, 12,097 resided in Ontario; 7,063 in Nova Scotia; 1,638 in New Brunswick; 155 in Prince Edward Island; 141 in Quebec; and 301 in the other Provinces and Territories. That this element in our complex nationality is, for the most part, of comparatively recent introduction, there is indirect evidence to show, though, doubtless, here and there may be the descendant of a slave of the old *régime*, or the early years of British rule. As to slaves of Indian origin, the Panis or Pawnees, they seem to have won their liberty before their coloured brethren. Still another phase of the slavery question is that which has to do with white prisoners kept in servitude by Indian captors. Of men and women who passed through such an experience, Canadian history is not without example.

JOHN READE.

LETTER FROM ROME.

THERE are some places in this world, some marvellous cities and scenes, which even the most conceited amongst us must never feel themselves quite ready to behold. It is not that our pleasures are few, but rather that we are so little prepared for them. A very profitable life might be spent—the first half in learning about Rome, the second in visiting it. Nor is mere study a sufficient preparation. The knowledge of dry facts will help you but a step towards the full enjoyment of this wonderful city; so wonderful because no being on earth fails in finding here something to captivate and charm. Taste and sentiment and that capacity for worship, should be cultivated to the highest degree; for we have need of all that is best in us by nature and many of the subtle perceptions art can bestow, worthily to gaze upon what even a Philistine has pronounced "The world's tip-top show." But, again, the poet, the artist, the philosopher, each has his favourite haunt, his favourite *coup d'œil*. I wonder why, then, we ordinary mortals may not be allowed to choose, to look at things in our own peculiar way. While a spectacled antiquarian ponders over the half-obliterated inscription, another finds equal edification marking the less mystic characters on a Roman face. Contemplating that grand wilderness of ruined temples and deserted streets, the historian will fill it with clamorous life; but the melancholy dreamer loves it better thus, peopled by naught save moonbeams, mists, and memories. Why we feel deep dejection if, once within the sacred walls, there springs not within us a gourd-like enthusiasm for every branch of art; why we should deem it incumbent upon us to walk out of the Eternal City so many animated directories—it is hard to say. For after all the question is scarcely, How many beautiful objects have you seen? but rather, Of how many have you felt the loveliness? When our lips involuntarily quiver, our eyes fill at the mere mention of that gorgeous view—Rome lying at our feet as we stand on the Pincian Hill; when from looks alone can men discover how grand appears to us a "Dying Gladiator," or an "Apollo Belvedere," then need we envy little the frantic sight-seer who has marked every day of his stay in Rome by visiting a score of churches, and who with no difficulty could recite you the contents of a Vatican catalogue.

It takes so little to darken the bluest sky, or make a rainy day the brightest in our existence, that first impressions of places and persons are by no means to be relied upon. We are not seldom blinded by the thought: "We near the land for which our souls have yearned;" and then again,

though the face which meets us may far surpass our dreams, a disappointment is always felt at first in not finding the very physiognomy we expected. There is infinite interest, however, in the perusal of the scores of enthusiastic outbursts from pilgrims to Rome through all centuries. But, I think, we shall henceforth have fewer of such curious studies. Not exactly that enthusiasm is dying out, only the entrance to this great city, like the entrance to many other things on earth, is changed. Scarcely have we time to dry our eyes after a sad farewell to Florence than we must smilingly salute Roma. Alas! that sometimes our sweetest pleasures must be gulped down like a collation at a wayside station. The train awaits us, and the guards cry out impatiently "Avanti! avanti!" According to Monsieur Rousseau, "On jouit moins de ce qu'on obtient que de ce qu'on espère." It is just this hope, "drawn out," that we wish to experience in approaching Rome, instead of which we are dashed into the very heart of the city ere we hear: "Ecco Roma!" Picture what travelling hither must have been in the old carriage days. It is early spring, the hour sunset, when heaven is placing upon the head of its favourite champion a golden crown of victory; when purple banners float in the west, and a hundred iron tongues murmur, "Eternal!" For no triumphal entry of a Caesar could the city wear a more gorgeous aspect. We have approached at reverential pace; and the towns passed since our arrival in Italy—but so many "courtiers leading to a king!"

However, even from the unfortunate occupants of a prosaic railway carriage, we may gain a little diversion in compensation. The pretty enthusiasm of the school girl, the grave pleasure of the *savant*, the forced interest of the insolent dame, and finally the ecstatic joy of the gentle curate, form a combination of delicious contrasts. Especially interesting is this latter, when with glowing cheeks he murmurs Martin Luther's "I salute thee, O holy Rome; Rome venerable through the blood and the tombs of the martyrs!" Only, as he is not Martin Luther, he will doubtless never feel any disappointment; nay, perchance, be as ready to leave behind him his faith as his heart.

It was *fête* this first day of ours in Rome, and we spent it with feelings much akin to those of a Frenchman who arrives in London on Sunday. The farther southward you travel through Italy the more numerous become the holy days; and the more religiously are they kept, the greater is the outward light, and the more obscure the inward darkness. I do not say one is a consequence of the other, I merely remark a fact; and this state of things culminates in Naples, where life appears to be nothing but a long, lazy *festa*.

Our first impressions of Rome were not pleasant ones. Of course we knew that near us lay the grandest church, the grandest palace, and the grandest ruins in the world; only we found ourselves in a labyrinth of houses prodigiously gloomy and prodigiously high, and streets, or rather alleys, prodigiously narrow, where men and beasts hustled each other with unbecoming familiarity. Added to this, most of the shops were closed, and I know of nothing more ghastly and depressing than lines of shutter-covered windows and iron-barred doors. So, like many others, not dazzled from the first, we began to question whether there was anything to dazzle; but all this changed on the morrow.

Though it is out of my power to take you for systematic "Walks in Rome," still I shall with pleasure be your cicerone through some desultory wanderings. Not even St. Peter's and the Vatican will tempt you, I think, ere you have glanced, if but for a moment, at Roman ruins—the Fora and the Coliseum. Thus silent and deserted, with the nervous ebb and flow of life around, they seem, as it were, the Past lying in state, the strong, fierce Past, to us weaker-willed mortals almost incomprehensible in its firmness. As I look into its face—scarred and strange, yet wonderfully beautiful—tottering columns, crumbling arch, and ruined temple bring before me that picture of fallen pride—Milton's Satan, degraded, cast out, thrown from highest heights, but prince, but ruler, still.

Trace with me these ruins. They lie in the southern portion of the city. We will wander from the Fora of the Emperors to the Forum Romanum, and the Forum Boarium. The first we may examine is that of Trajan. Alas! but for the scanty remains of granite columns, one might well question what stood here. The beautiful halls for public recreation, the magnificent basilica and libraries, and all the dazzling brightness of gilded statues and magician-like creations have vanished. The Forum of Trajan is now the haunt of an indefinite number of comfortable looking cats, supported entirely, the bystanders assure us, by the efforts of an eccentric English dame! At the farther end of the excavations rises a column in perfect preservation. A spiral band of bas-reliefs covers the thirty-four blocks of marble which compose it; but the figure of Trajan which once crowned the top, is now supplanted by that of St. Peter.

Thus threading our way along these narrow, ugly streets, every here and there we find with delight a column, a frieze, some exquisite piece of work, so that it is like rummaging in an old rag shop, where from out the tattered rubbish falls a strip of rich brocade or gold-embroidered stuff. Some few pillars belonging to the Temple of Mars Ultor are all that remain of the once magnificent Forum of Augustus. Two half-buried Corinthian columns and the part of a frieze give one an idea of how beautiful must have been the Temple of Minerva, adorning the Forum Transitorium, or Forum of Nerva. In a dirty court must we look for the remains, a few huge blocks of stone, of what cost 100,000 sesteria (£900,000). Some pronounced this Forum of Julius Caesar the most superb of all. Grand as they were, however, these Fora must ever have been, as they are to-day, infinitely inferior in importance and interest to the Forum Romanum. Used chiefly for judicial proceedings, they were built rather as ornaments to the city than for political purposes. But it is the spot where we stand now, that, after all, means Rome to us: