

not having been taught the elements of mechanics at school or elsewhere, are, as we affirm, wronged in not having the above fact impressed upon them by the newspapers, so that they could at least consult their own safety by choosing their cars.

One painstaking but ignorant newspaper scribe in London, remarking that several passengers in the rear of the train stated that the shock did not appear so severe, makes the remark on his own account: "This probably arises from the great speed and instantaneous nature of the accident." When people are led like this, what can become of them? \* \* \* If that writer for the press would take a lesson in shunting at any railway station, he would know that the *vis inertiae* of each truck or carriage in succession, assisted by elastic action at each fresh pair of buffer-springs, diminishes the shock progressively, so that if the train were long enough it might happen that a passenger would scarcely feel it at the further end. But then you never know whether you are to be subjected to a "meeting" or an "overtaking" accident, which is why we have said the middle of the train is the only place of safety. The companies are very fond of goods. Let them put a few goods trucks at each end of every passenger train, if they will do nothing else. The number of lives saved by this simple plan alone would be very large.

And such are the sort of facts we need to have the people taught, and the School Boards would do well, we are sure, to give their attention to them for a little while to come. Rudimentary mechanics, with the groundwork of chemistry and physics, which are very generally taught in schools in the United States and seem to be coming into use in Canada, though it is doubtful if we have a Canadian School-book on these subjects in our Series, will, it may be trusted, among all the high civilisation of the Mother Country and the seas of clever and advanced discussion, be made available for the protection of the people at large.

Mr. Stevenson put the question, in last SPECTATOR, "Why do we want inspectors of houses and drains, of ships and factories, and I know not what besides? Is it not because the law of contract is so ill enforced?" Partly, doubtless, but much more on account of the prevalent heedlessness and ignorance, which if he can do anything towards the removal of, he will be conferring an important public benefit. Till these are removed, for which we wait with what patience we may, we must have inspectors, and a sufficiency of them. Inspection can set to work remedial power, while individual knowledge often has its hands tied for the want of power.

CIVIS.

### GARIBALDI AT CAPRERA.

(Concluded.)

But this simple methodical life—which follows the same general course, whether his guests are humble shepherds over from Sardinia, or the Duke of Sutherland and Lord Stanley (as he was then) just landed from his Grace's yacht—has many things to diversify it and prevent it falling into mere monotonous routine. After clothes were paid for, Garibaldi's means would not, until very recently, go far towards providing food for even so simple a table or such modest needs as his; fish must be caught and game snared or shot. The days devoted to these purposes are occasions of excitement, expectation, and of all that hearty recreation which sporting gives. When fish are wanted the whole of the little population of Caprera rise at midnight. The signal is given by a trumpet-call blown by the General's orderly; the boats are launched, and the party, going well out to sea, cast the nets for a haul, and return soon after day-break with sufficient to feed the few inhabitants of the island for a couple of days, and leave a quantity to be smoked or dried for future provision. If the General has any guests staying with him, he, while going with the party, takes a separate boat for himself and his friends, and fishes, as he much prefers, with line and bait. For game, there are excursions over to Sardinia, where it abounds; and according to the season good bags of pheasant, partridge, wild duck, quail, and woodcock are made. From time to time a wild boar is shot, but that is as chance offers; for being a sport involving expense, Garibaldi's party have not generally preserved it. Then again there is the post-day. Once a week (every Sunday morning) one of the Rubattino line of steamers touches at the Maddalena, and lands the Caprera mail-bag. It generally contains some six hundred letters and as many newspapers from all parts of the world. Of these at least sixty will be from England, Australia and other parts of the British dominions, containing advice of presents sent to him, or expressions of admiration for what he has done for liberty and his country; while he complains that too many of those from Italy are filled with petulant complaints of the Government, whatever party is in power, or requests for certificates of service rendered in the field, to be used as testimonials for obtaining pensions or Government employ. It not infrequently happened that the mail brought registered letters from anonymous correspondents containing five and ten pound Bank of England notes; but now Garibaldi has no need of this, and it must not be forgotten that during the time when it was known that he would take no money recognition from Italy for the services he had rendered her, while at the same time his needs were great and often pressing, his friends and admirers in the United States were behind no others in sending him material aid and hearty expressions of warmest admiration. Directly the post-bag arrives it is taken in to the Secretary Bassi's iron habitation, where he examines the contents; and having opened all the letters, takes those of greater interest to the General at once, the others of lesser importance being laid before him later, and the remainder Bassi either answers himself or tears up as the contents may merit. To some of the letters Garibaldi of course replies in his own handwriting, always disposing of the subject in very few words; but to the greater number he notifies on the back, in pencil, what answer Bassi is to write, and simply signs it. The next Sunday, when the steamer calls again, the answers are sent off, always with the postage unpaid; and together with them, from time to time, trenchant pithy letters, written by the General to one or other of his intimate friends, in condemnation or approval of some political event his correspondents or the newspapers have made him acquainted with; or expressing sympathy or admiration with or of some individual or cause. Immediately he

received the news of the abolition of capital punishment in Italy, he wrote this note to the Minister of Grace and Justice:—

*To the Minister Mancini, Rome.*

To you, Colossus of law, I augur, after the abolition of the executioner, the abolition of the butchery of war.

My family remember you with affection.

G. GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi is no political fanatic. Republican in principle, he lets his opinions give way before conviction of what may be best for his country under the actual circumstances. When he was returning to Rome at the beginning of 1875, his arrival was looked forward to with apprehension. It was thought that it would be the signal for an outburst of Republican sentiments; but he had no sooner alighted from the train than he was known to have declared that, Italy having become 'one' under the Constitutional Government of King Victor Emanuel, it was the duty of all true patriots to set aside party-feelings and individual opinions, and unite in endeavouring to strengthen it. For his own part, he had fought for Italian unity as long as it had to be obtained; but, the aim accomplished, his efforts for the future would be exclusively turned towards endeavouring to better the condition of the people, and his immediate object the improvement of the Roman Campagna and the cleansing of the Tiber. According to Republican notions, Prince Torlonia was an aristocrat and a friend of the Pope's; but true to his higher, or rather his own, nature, Garibaldi did not hesitate to go personally to him to secure his coöperation. It is necessary to say that the great banker and strict Conservative came down to his door bare-headed to receive the Republican General and Revolutionist, greeting him with 'Che alto onore me fate Generale a venire qui a visitarum in casa mia?'

Simple-minded, disinterested, without a thought for himself, Garibaldi is the same to all men, prince or peasant. The day the Duke of Sutherland paid his first visit to Caprera, Garibaldi was in bed indisposed. He had declined that morning to receive a Sardinian peasant, who had crossed over to the island to see him, and had told his faithful friend Fazzari—who fought under him in the Tyrol, and had spent several years in the island, helping to tend the obstinate wound he got at Aspromonte—that he would see no one. Somewhat later the Duke's yacht came in sight, and his Grace on landing was met by the two young men, Menotti Garibaldi and Fazzari, carrying barrels of water on their shoulders—Menotti white with flour, Fazzari black with smoke; they had been grinding corn for family use, the one attending to the grist, while the other drove the donkey-engine; and great was their embarrassment on the Duke announcing himself, not on account of their dusty condition, but because of the order the General had given. What was to be done? Fazzari went to announce the arrival. 'But I cannot receive him to-day,' said Garibaldi. 'How can I do so when I have refused to see Santo Janca?' At last it was arranged that Santo should have his audience first, and at once, and then the Duke was introduced.

What thousands thronged the streets of London to see Garibaldi all the world remembers; and when he was last in Rome no day passed without numbers presenting themselves for admittance to his temporary home at the Villa Casalini. On his fête-day the crowd was such that a special body of police had to be sent to keep order along the road. The only way to manage at the villa was to form a line through the house, that the people might go in at one door and out at another in a continuous string. When the last had left, Garibaldi turned to the few intimate friends who were with him, and said, 'Shaking hands with so many thousand persons has tired me more than if I had fought a battle.' But that hand is now crippled with gout. It is not always now that he is able to leave his bed at four in the morning; and when he can, he is scarcely able to work on his little patches of ground, or do more than look on and give his orders. But then, again, he has no longer the need he had two years ago. His friends succeeded finally in overcoming that repugnance he felt against receiving anything at the hands of that Italy towards whose unity he had contributed so greatly. It could no longer be said that what was required to make the hero comfortable would burden the finances of the country; and he was at last, though unwillingly, induced to yield to the argument, that Italy was lying under the imputation of ingratitude towards one who had served her so well and so unselfishly.

### OPTIMISTS.

"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

I read with interest "Pessimists" in the last issue of the SPECTATOR, and I am more than ever convinced of the folly of meeting troubles half-way, and that no lot is so hard but that it may be made better or worse by those condemned to it. We all to an extent shape our own destiny, and certainly are able to add to or subtract from our own happiness. The poet tells us

"Man is man, and master of his fate,"

which, like many other things which poets say, is half a truth that sounds like a whole one. No one is absolute master of his fate; but he can do a great deal in the way of shaping his condition, and more especially in toning down some of the harsher features of it.

It is desirable to get well convinced of this, because we cannot but see how many add to the load they have to bear simply from their manner of carrying it. You may fit a burden to the shoulders snugly and compactly, so that its weight is only half felt, or you may so dispose it that it galls and chafes at every step, and seems far heavier than it really is. The poor are more particularly apt to display a want of tact in bearing their burden. It is nice to have plenty, to live in pleasant houses, and wear good clothes, and eat good things, and have money wherewith to gratify every whim and fancy. Nobody but a fool denies that. On the other hand, a good many people rub along cheerily enough, living from hand to mouth, and often with little in the hand to raise to mouth, but still enjoying life. The necessities of existence are exceedingly few, and when we talk of our requirements, we, as a rule, mean rather what we have got into a habit of requiring. An Indian will live on a handful of rice and a little oil. Neapolitan *jazzaroni* content themselves with their *maccaroni* and an occasional melon, and seem to get nourishment in some mysterious way