

during seven happy years he farmed his land, and earnestly set himself to the task of bettering the condition of his dependants; he built model cottages, improved schools, visited the sick and destitute, and in these good works he was ably assisted by his wife. Her death in 1765 caused him for a time to lose all interest in these places and occupations, but some time after being appointed sheriff of Bedford, he was brought in contact with prisons and prisoners, and from this time began those efforts at prison reform both at home and abroad, with which he will ever be remembered, and in which he expended his fortune and his life.

Howard now commenced a series of visits to the gaols of England, where he was shocked at the misery and degradation he found. An account, published a few years ago, of the cruelties at that time practised in Egypt caused a shudder to pass through Christendom, but the descriptions of the state of English gaols, about a century ago, may well be compared with the prison of Benha. Thus, in the summer of 1774, Howard visited the west of England.

"When he struck down into the beautiful county of Devon, and visited what is now the queenly seaport of the south, he found there a gaol, which in its horrors vied with the famous Nitrian caves, inhabited by Eastern monks in the fifth century. 'No yard, no water, no sewer. The gaolers live distant,' are the ominous words recorded in Howard's note-book. This horrid establishment had in it a place called the clink, seventeen feet long, eight feet wide, and five and a-half feet high. No light could struggle inside, no air could penetrate the den except through an opening five inches by seven. Three people had once been shut up within this receptacle for two months, preparatory to transportation. By turns they took their stand at the opening to catch what light and air could by this method be obtained. The door had not been unfastened for five weeks before Howard paid his visit. He insisted upon entering, and there found, amidst intolerable filth and stench, a human being who had been confined in it for no less than seventy days. The unhappy creature confessed he would rather have been hanged at once than endure a lingering death in this fearful grave!"

As a result of these visits Howard laid detailed statements before the House of Commons. His energy and the justice of his cause were successful in part, and something was done towards the desired end in two Acts of Parliament that were passed at once; yet he was not satisfied, and the history of the remainder of his life is a little more than a diary of his journeys, not only in England, but through foreign countries, gathering information the most valuable, relieving at his own cost the wants of the wretched objects of his care, and visiting the most noisome places.

Danger never turned him from his path; he traversed in succession the gaols of England, Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Denmark, Spain, Portugal, Russia, and their pest-houses as well, and even sought when pestilence raged in Malta, Smyrna and Constantinople, to study the means of relief from it. No man has united more remarkably the zeal of a martyr with the calm intelligence of a statesman in the service of philanthropy. Once at Vienna, dining at the table of the British Ambassador to the Austrian Court, the conversation turned on the torture, when a German nobleman observed that the glory of putting an end to it in those dominions belonged to his Emperor.

"Pardon me," said the Englishman, "His Imperial Majesty has only abolished one species of torture to establish in its place another still more cruel; for the torture which he ends lasted at the most but a few hours, but that which he has begun lasts many weeks, nay, sometimes years. The poor wretches are thrown into a noisome dungeon, worse than the Black Hole at Calcutta, from which they are only released if they confess what is laid to their charge."

"Hush!" said the British Ambassador, "your words will be reported to His Majesty."

"What!" replied John Howard, "shall my tongue be tied from speaking truth by any king or emperor in the world? I repeat what I asserted, and maintain it is perfectly true."

He was just as fearless, too, in reproving vice. On one occasion he was standing near the door of a printing office, when he heard dreadful oaths and curses from a public-house opposite. Buttoning his pocket before he went into the street, he said to the workmen near him, "I always do so when I hear men swear; for I think that any one who takes God's name in vain can steal or do anything else that is bad."

In 1779 an Act was passed for the establishment of two penitentiaries, and Howard was appointed one of the three superintendents. From the code of laws governing these institutions have sprung up our modern systems of prison discipline. They have become a development of civilization and, contradictory as it may seem to say so, of personal liberty. In the days of slavery no such systems were required. When imprisonment became a function of the State in the administration of justice, it was often carelessly, and hence tyrannically, exercised, because the practice of awarding it as a punishment arose more rapidly than the organization for controlling its use. On several occasions, grave abuses have been exposed by parliamentary enquiry and otherwise in the practices of prison discipline in different countries. The exertions of Howard and other investigators awakened in the public mind the question, whether any practice in which the public interest was so much involved should be left to something

like mere chance—to the negligence of local authorities and the personal dispositions of gaolers. The result has been that prison discipline is now regulated with extreme care. The public sometimes complain that too much pains are bestowed on it—that criminals are not worthy of having clean, well-ventilated apartments, wholesome food, medical attendance, industrial training, and education, as they now have. There are many arguments in favour of criminals being so treated, and the objections urged against such treatment are held, by those who are best acquainted with the subject, to be invalid; for it has never been maintained by any one that a course of crime has been commenced and pursued for the purpose of enjoying the advantages of imprisonment. Perhaps those who chiefly promoted the several prominent systems expected from them greater results, in the shape of the reformation of criminals, than any that have been obtained. If they have been disappointed in this, it can, at all events, be said that any prison in the now recognized system is no longer like the older prisons—an institution in which the young criminals advance into the rank of proficients, and the old improve each others' skill by mutual communication. The system now generally adopted is that of separate cells at night, and silent, associated labour by day—a system adopted at the beginning of the eighteenth century in the prison of St. Michael, which was visited by Howard, and warmly commended by him. He found within it a marble tablet with this inscription in Latin, "It is of little use to restrain criminals by punishment unless you reform them by education." This is the basis of the present principles which the world is even to-day seeking to introduce into prison management. A state of cheerfulness, hopefulness, and kindly treatment is essential for improvement and reform among criminals. Prison life must be regarded as one in which convicts are to be re-reared, as a family of peculiar children, each of whose peculiarities has to be considered. It is assumed that the worst traits in a convict do not prove him devoid of some good ones; and that the incentives to a good life should be made much greater and more pleasant than a bad one.

It is much to be hoped that the celebration of the centenary of the death of John Howard in Russia will do much towards prison reform in that country, where punishments are of the severest kind, and no attempt is made to reform the criminal, or assist him on liberation. Those who have read Hugh Conway's "Called Back" will have something more than dim remembrances of the ostroms in which men and women were huddled together, in "rooms reeking with filth, and floors throwing out poisonous emanations." In the more enlightened of European countries, as well as in America, people have learned to see that the offence of the criminal does not acquit society of all its duties towards him; and, moreover, the practical necessity, that each State should absorb its own criminals, prompts the desire to change these dangerous members into useful ones. In most of the German States care is taken by the authorities that a convict on his liberation should have the means of immediate subsistence provided for him; and he is placed for a probationary term, under more or less surveillance from the local magistrates, with a view at once to render his relapse into crime more hazardous, and to afford him assistance in his efforts to gain an honest living.

The subject of prison reform is yet a most important one in the social questions of the day, and we may well hope that the universal attention drawn to this matter by the centenary of the death of Howard may be productive of much lasting good.

A monument to the memory of Howard, carved in marble, in Roman costume, with sandalled feet, stands in St. Paul's Cathedral. His life has left its monument in every nation, as an evidence of the power of Christianity, and of how much it is able to accomplish in generous and benevolent souls. The doctrine that human nature is totally corrupt is negatived by such grand examples of natural virtue as from time to time appear, and to which Howard so pre-eminently belongs. To his exertions are mainly due the humanity with which prisoners are now treated, and the better moral atmosphere of our gaols, while to the end he will be known as John Howard the Philanthropist, the friend of the prisoner.

F. S. MORRIS.

THE *Times* made a revelation recently of some literary interest. The elder among our readers will probably remember a series of letters, signed "An Englishman," which began to appear on December 20th, 1851, and attracted unusual attention owing to the extraordinary literary vigour of their invective against Napoleon III. Good critics pronounced the writer superior to "Junius," and they were attributed to all manner of statesmen of the highest pretensions. They were originally published by the *Times* in ignorance of their writer's name, but it was subsequently, it would appear, ascertained that they were written by Mr. H. J. Wolfenden Johnstone, a surgeon, who had lived in France from 1848 to 1850. He died "recently" at Ramsgate, aged eighty-one. He appears to have remained silent ever after, and it is pleasant to think that in our day of self-advertisement a man could live from middle life to old age in possession of so powerful a weapon as Mr. Johnstone wielded, yet use it only when moved out of himself by moral indignation. There was not a journal in England which would not have been proud of letters from him, and he might have destroyed Ministries; but, in an age of gabble, he remained silent.—*Spectator*.

## CANADA FOR ME.

BEFORE Old England's snowy head  
In reverence we bow;  
We see the light of centuries shed  
Its glory on her brow;  
We feel it, that to her we owe  
More than our love can pay;  
And yet our young life cannot grow  
In bonds of yesterday.  
'Tis Canada, young Canada,  
Canada for me.

The story of Old England's deeds  
On many a page is writ,  
And it must stand as now it reads,  
No power can alter it.  
Chequered it is with good and ill,  
With mercy and with blood;  
Ours is unwrought, unwritten still,  
And we can make it good.  
'Tis Canada, young Canada,  
Canada for me.

Nowhere beneath Old England's flag  
The slave can live a slave;  
No hapless serfs their fetters drag  
Where her free banners wave;  
And yet the yoke of rank and blood  
Sets heavy on her neck,  
While our more stalwart freemanhood  
Bows but at virtue's beck.  
'Tis Canada, free Canada,  
Canada for me.

The Lion's roar affrights the earth  
And sets the world ashake;  
Strong are the nations which their birth  
From that strong mother take;  
And we who are to manhood grown  
Learned from the milk we drew  
To face the shafts of fate alone  
And a new path pursue.  
'Tis Canada, brave Canada,  
Canada for me.

Fair are Old England's holy spots  
Where poets mused and sang,  
Where sprang to birth world-moving thoughts,  
Where shouts of freedom rang;  
But fairer is the prairie wild  
That waits the patriot's tread;  
The promise of our Northern child  
Is more than England's dead.  
'Tis Canada, my Canada,  
Canada for me.

Benton, New Brunswick. MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

## CULTURE AND THE DAWN OF FREEDOM.

I HAVE just taken up a volume of "Piers Ploughman" and it has suggested certain reflections. I propose to make a few remarks on the fourteenth century in England without paying much regard to artistic arrangement and daring to discard master Horace's "lucidus ordo."

There is a close relation between literary genius and the passion for the welfare of the people,—between the desire to serve humanity and liberal studies. I cannot recall an instance of a man of genuine powers of thought and true talent for expression who, free from the influences of warping profession or pursuit, was not against oppression and for the people. Nor ought we to be surprised at this, for as thought and speech are the great distinguishing qualities of man, the power of thinking fruitfully and clothing thought in fit words implies an elevation of mind from which the "pride, pomp and circumstance" of state and war are reduced to comparative insignificance. And no doubt one of the reasons why the fame of literary men—of course I speak of the great ones—is more enduring than that of other great men, because they are the champions of the people, especially of the poor and the oppressed, and leave evidences of this in living thoughts and words which continue their warfare after they have been resolved into the elements. Dead heroes whose marbles adorn fane or capitol fade from the popular memory, and the proudest priesthoods pass away like phantoms, while the love and admiration and tears of centuries have kept his name bright and his grave green whom the forgotten warriors and statesmen would have thought honoured by an invitation to dinner as a passing notice.

With Piers Ploughman or Walter de Map in hand the truth irresistibly occurs to one that it is not in the main to statesmen, still less to lawyers or ecclesiastics, but to literary men—to culture, in a word, we owe our freedom. In England the mental activity caused by the crusaders and the universities in the twelfth century gave birth to the struggle for political and religious liberty in the thirteenth, and it is interesting to note the connection between the physical and mathematical science of Cordova and Bagdad, between the scholastic philosophy of Paris, the hunt after old classics in Italy, the legal studies of Bologna and the burgeoning out of English literature, the dawn of English science, the earliest movement in the direction of popular freedom. That Mahomedanism the crusaders went to destroy converted them to higher views of intellectual and