

GARIBALDI AT CAPRERA.

The scene is the deck of the steamboat Washington lying in the Bay of Naples. A few distinguished Italian patriots are bidding good-bye to Giuseppe Garibaldi, who has just resigned the dictatorship of Naples into the hands of the King of Italy, and is returning to his island-home. They are talking earnestly of the future, of that Rome they hoped would some day become the capital of Italy, and of Hungary and Poland especially; but the General's innermost thoughts are towards his 'hearth,' and he suddenly takes his secretary on one side and says to him, 'Bassi, avete conservato quel sacco di castagne, perche ci fara molto comolo a Caprera.' He was joyfully leaving conquests and power to become again what he had been before. He had played his part well; he had served his king and his country faithfully; and he was returning to his simple life of earlier days with no other anxiety than what related to a bag of chestnuts some friends had sent to him from Calabria. His purse contained 3,600 francs, the extent of his earthly belongings save a cottage with a few acres of land, some swords of honour, one or two presents (such as a coverlet for his bed and a donkey-engine to work his cornmill) he had kept for the sake of the donors, and a couple of frames containing his mother's portrait and his wife Anita's hair. No sooner had he set foot on shore than, without even turning towards his cottage, he started off to see how some young pine-trees he had planted six years before were thriving, talking as he went with the two or three shepherds—the sum-total of the inhabitants of the place—who had gone down to the shore to meet him, asking them how they had fared during his absence, what weather they had had, what visitors they had seen on the island. Late as it was when he arrived, his first thought on entering his cottage was to go and see in what condition his fishing-tackle and hunting-gear were; and next morning, long before his sons and the one or two friends who had accompanied him were awake, he was out and busy digging a certain plot of ground called Fontanaccia, for which he has a special fondness.

Caprera is a small narrow island—a great rock in fact, with a few patches of soil here and there—of about twenty-two miles in circuit and three to four in width, separated from the northernmost point of Sardinia—as Valentia is from the coast of Kerry—by a strip of sea some two and a half miles across. It was once well known to the British sailor, for it lies close to the Maddalena, one of Nelson's stations in the Mediterranean. The only inhabitants are a few shepherds' huts and Garibaldi's house situated on the western side, about three-quarters of a mile on the higher ground. It is a one-storied building, *i.e.*, a ground floor only, divided into seven plain unadorned rooms: a kitchen, with appliances any small farmer's wife in England would consider very insufficient; a dining-room, with a plain deal table, large enough, however, to accommodate a party of twenty-five; a little storeroom; three bedrooms for his children and any friends who may land upon the island; and his own bedchamber and study combined—a good-sized room with two windows (one to the east, the other to the south), a carpetless boarded floor like the deck of a ship, and whitewashed walls. Its chief articles of furniture are a plain roomy iron bedstead, four common chairs, a simple writing-table, an old-fashioned chest of drawers, and a shower-bath. Everything of the most ordinary kind, but there is no affectation of Spartan simplicity, and in striking contrast to the modest aspect of the place are a number of things scattered about. On the bed is a splendid counterpane of white cashmere, most exquisitely embroidered for him in silk by the ladies of Milan; and standing in one corner, as carelessly placed as if they were a bundle of sticks, are several swords of honour with Damascus blades and hilts of gold set with gems, presented to him by his fellow-countrymen of Nice, Rome and other cities; but what he prizes far more is a box of tools for cultivating and ingrafting vines sent him by some friend in England. Flung over the back of one of the chairs is a handsome *poncho* of a rich white material lined with red, the gift of a distinguished Milanese lady. Hung against the wall are a telescope and a binocular, both presents from England. These were used by him in the campaign of 1860; and on his writing-table, together with a volume of Plutarch and some works on mathematics, lies a book of harbour plans given to him years ago at a moment of need by the captain of an English vessel in the Port of Canton. On the floor by his bedside there is a tiger skin to step upon; above the head of the bed hangs his mother's portrait, and at the side is a stand on which lie a revolver and a dagger. This dagger is another record of his wife. She always wore it hanging from her waist; and after her death, during the retreat from Rome in 1849, Garibaldi continued to carry it in remembrance of her until he lost it from his side during the fight at Caserta on the 1st of October, 1860. It was found, however, by a Calabrese, who restored it to the General, and since then its place has been by his bedside. Unless the General rings his bell, no one is permitted to enter his room with the exception only of his son Menotti. On the walls of the dining-room hang some water-colours representing episodes in the Montevidean war of independence, a photograph of an incident in the siege of Venice in 1849, and in one corner a Brazilian lance carried by one of his favourite troopers in South America. Outside the door of his room is a Mexican saddle, with stirrups of silver made in the form of reversed crowns. This was a present from a Mexican friend, and is a record of the battle of Melazzo. It was when he used it there that part of one of the stirrups was shot away by a cannon-ball. A little to the north of the cottage stands one of those portable iron habitations for colonial use sent to Garibaldi from England. Its four little rooms and kitchen are occupied by Bassi, his secretary, and opposite to it is the mill where the flour for the General's family and household is ground. The household, however, is not numerous. It numbers but three persons—an old soldier, a Venetian emigrant, who acts as the General's orderly, and serves for love, not for money; another man who cooks; and a woman to do the washing and tidying-up. The guests at Caprera are required to make their own beds.

The first on foot in the morning is the General himself. He rises at four o'clock, and without taking anything to eat goes off to look after some pets who inhabit the border and surface of a small pond not far from the house—a flock of geese. On the alert for his coming, they waddle, cackling and clapping their wings, to meet him. He feeds them, and then, having gone back to the house for a few moments to get his cup of black coffee, he sets to work in his fields until about an hour before midday, when he returns home, looks over and signs

letters Bassi, his secretary, has written according to his instructions, and attends to other matters until dinner-time at noon. Some twelve or thirteen years ago he used to employ this hour before dinner in teaching a little shepherd-lad named Luca Spano. The boy was little more than a cretin; but by dint of steady, quiet perseverance and kindness Garibaldi succeeded in making something of him. He had learned to read well, write a good hand, and was progressing well when, on the 24th July, 1866, he fell by the General's side, fighting like a hero, at Monte Suello in the Tyrol. Of this brave death, and other incidents connected with his adventurous life, the General freely discourses as he sits at the head of the board, his son Menotti and his friends on one side and the other, and the servants 'below the salt.' Dinner at Caprera is always a very simple meal: minestra, *i.e.* soup with Italian paste or vegetables in it, followed by two dishes at the most, and no wine on the table. The conversation continues after the plates are removed—Garibaldi is ever ready to talk of his early adventures in South America, and if his Sicilian exploits are spoken of he always says that he would never have been able to pass the Straits of Messina but for the tacit assistance of England. At the end of about an hour the General leaves the table, and going to his room throws himself dressed upon the bed, sleeps for a while and then reads the papers or any book he is interested in. At four o'clock he goes back to his work in the fields until six or half-past, when he returns home again to sup. After supper he returns to his room, never neglects to write a page in his journal and note the meteorological changes of the day, and is generally in bed at the time when a great part of the world are beginning to turn night into day.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE TORONTO PULPIT.

I.

The Toronto pulpit of the present day is one of great power and excellence. It will well bear comparison with its own past, or with the existing pulpit of Montreal or any other city in the Dominion. Yet among the many contrasts of the eastern and western cities, the ecclesiastical differences are not the least prominent. The restless, nervous activity of western life and character find play in church relations equally with civic or social. There is an exhilarating element in the very air of Western Canada which makes repose impossible. Movement—even if it be not progress—is the normal condition of things. Thus the rapid growth and continual alteration of the city shews itself equally in relation to the churches. Up-town movements—alterations—enlargements—rebuildings—are the order of the day: to say nothing of the "swarming-off" process which is repeated perpetually. Eleven new or enlarged churches were the outcome of this restlessness and pressure of growth, last year alone. Every denomination took part in it: except—perhaps—the Baptist. If life be motion, the Toronto churches are evidently all alive: and if it be "movement in the easiest line of advance," then the easiest thing for churches to do would seem to be to run up new buildings on a scale of advancing size and increasing ornamentation.

The Toronto Pulpit stands also contrasted with that of Montreal in regard to the development of denominational peculiarities. In the eastern metropolis the presence and pressure of Romanism drive the denominations closer together; and the narrow limits of the Protestant element afford less scope for sectarian swing and play. But in the western city, denominational idiosyncracies have wider limits and unfold more fully. A stream of new population is constantly flowing into the arteries of the city, and each organic structure unconsciously strives to assimilate those particles which have greatest affinity for its substance and function. Thus the denominations are somewhat broadly marked: we have the Presbyterian Pulpit cautious, conservative, cool and logical, while the Methodist is emotional, fiery, authoritative and dictatorial. We have also the Congregational Pulpit appealing to the intellectual side of the community; and Episcopalianism to its sensuous or "aesthetic" sympathies. Such generalizations are necessarily imperfect, yet may be allowed to hold good in the main. Probably the exceptions would no more than prove the rule.

Certainly Toronto Episcopalianism cannot be said to represent either the cultured intellect of the city or its deep spiritual life; and as it does not represent its conservative instincts, the function assigned it is nearly all that is left. Such is the sober judgment of most reflecting people after one or two visits to the Church of the Holy Trinity, which the Rev. Mr. Darling has transformed into a sort of Canadian St. Alban's, and where the dear good twaddler keeps up the form of a sermon, whittled down to so fine a point as not to count for much in the general sum of the services. It is a marvel how little brains will serve a man—even in a pulpit—if he can but hit the whim of the day. And as Ritualism is one of these whims, and as Mr. Darling has hit it squarely, and as he well sets off the ecclesiastical millinery, why he can dispense with the encumbrance of brains. So can his curates; one of whom—a Mr. Day—used to fill fifteen minutes every Sunday with the most delicious *non sequiturs*, taking such seven-leagued strides in argument and making such astounding assumptions as fairly to take away the breath of any one accustomed to think. A few platitudes, a little holy bosh, formed the staple of a school-boy essay; these, with a sprinkling of "b., bn." and similar expletives, filled the copy-book taken into the pulpit to wind off the religious instruction of the people week by week. But there were the choir with its entrances, processions and exits; the 'priests' with their fancy dresses and posturing; the lights and the music, the flowers and the gilding; and Holy Trinity became a popular Church. It is a blessing that it is not the *only* popular Episcopal Church. The banner of the reformed faith is still manfully upheld in other churches, notably in St. James', the Cathedral of the Diocese. Not that Bishop Bethune holds it up, for all his sympathies are with the High Church party, and when he condescends to preach it is to have a slap at those who are "dividing the church" by refusing to adopt "the ancient ritual." But the calm and scholarly Dean Grassett still holds the fort of the Cathedral pulpit; and the Bishop is not regarded as a friend when he approaches it; although it is yielded willingly to Mr. Rainsford and his genus for evangelistic services. While he lived,