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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVII.—No. 17.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1883.

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RAPHAEL SANZIO.

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#### TEMPERATURE

as observed by Hoarn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING						
April 16th, 1883.			Corresponding week, 1882.			
Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon.	Max.	Min.
Mon.	52°	46°	49°	Mon.	38°	16°
Tues.	56°	43°	49°	Tues.	42°	24°
Wed.	51°	44°	47°	Wed.	40°	33°
Thur.	39°	36°	37°	Thur.	46°	33°
Fri.	46°	32°	39°	Fri.	47°	37°
Sat.	46°	32°	39°	Sat.	34°	29°
Sun.	42°	38°	40°	Sun.	32°	25°

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 28, 1883.

### THE CANADIAN EXODUS.

In our last number we made a brief reference to the patriotic service which Mr. John Lowe has rendered by unfolding the whole truth in regard to the bulk of Canadian emigration into the United States. Since then we have received a copy of his report, the perusal of which has confirmed our appreciation of the good work which he undertook and successfully carried out.

One of the battle cries of the external and internal enemies of this country was that it was not able to retain its own inhabitants, who were flocking by the tens of thousands across the border. Not only were the factory towns of New England gorged with them, but the West was also receiving an abundant share. Not only was it the French Canadians who were deserting their native villages, and blindly exchanging independence at home for servitude abroad, but the sturdy farmers of the Eastern Townships and of Ontario were following in their wake. It was in vain that the true friends of Canada questioned the extent of this exodus, as they were confronted by the figures of American statisticians, compiled from alleged official sources. The situation had become embarrassing when Mr. John Lowe, in his capacity as Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, and in virtue of his thorough acquaintance with all the details of the emigration movement, determined to apply a test which would settle the controversy beyond the possibility of cavil. He took as a base of operations the point of Port Huron, where the Grand Trunk and its Great Western branch pass from Canada into the United States. At this point the U. S. Collector of Customs claims for the fiscal year ending June, 1882, an immigration from Canada of 71,424. This would be an enormous total if it were real, but by a very simple calculation Mr. Lowe proves that it is altogether apocryphal. He asked for the returns of the Grand Trunk Railway, over whose systems all these emigrants must necessarily have passed, and found that the total net emigration at Port Huron, from Canada to the United States, during the period mentioned above, by the Grand Trunk main line and the Sarnia branch, was 2,422. "This is the true and simple fact" to set against the American claim of 71,424. *Ab uno disce omnes.*

Mr. Lowe might have stopped there, but his appetite naturally growing by what it fed on, he proceeds to review the American tables profess-

ing to furnish details of the 71,424 immigrants. He shows conclusively that these minute details of information could only be obtained by actual registration, and that is a statistical labor requiring much time and scrupulous attention. That no such labour is attempted, Mr. Lowe proves from his personal experience, having crossed and recrossed the river at Port Huron several times, and never once been interrogated concerning his age, nationality or destination. Nor were such questions, within his observation, asked of any other passengers. Careful inquiry from well-informed persons connected with the railways and customs on both sides, convinced Mr. Lowe that the proceedings which he witnessed "were those which were usual."

As an offset to these fantastic American figures, Mr. Lowe concludes his most valuable report by informing us that the total number of Canadians returning to us from the United States, during the past year, was 20,857, and he further declares that the inward movement is on the evident increase this year. This is all very satisfactory. The Government, backed by its officials, are doing wonders in the cause of immigration, and they will receive due credit for the same from a discerning public.

### THE FRANCHISE BILL.

Sir John Macdonald is renewing his youth like the eagle, and has just made one of those brilliant strokes that stamp the progressive statesman. His Franchise Bill is a genuine surprise and will be received with universal acclaim. Its main provisions meet the growing requirements of the country, and are in consonance with the aspirations of our people. Here is an abstract of the measure, which will be found useful for reference:

The franchise is made uniform throughout the Dominion, and embraces:

#### IN CITIES, TOWNS AND VILLAGES,

- I. Owners of real estate to the value of \$300.
- II. Tenants paying an annual rental of \$20.
- III. Those having an annual income of \$400 and resident a year in the district.
- IV. Sons of owners of real estate not otherwise qualified, but resident with their fathers and mothers—one son for every \$300 of value.

#### IN COUNTIES,

- I. Owners of real estate valued at not less than \$200.
- II. Tenants under lease for not less than a year, at an annual rental of \$20.
- III. Persons having an income of \$400 and resident for a year in the county.
- IV. Farmers' sons, as in Ontario at present.

#### IN ALL THE CONSTITUENCIES,

Unmarried women may vote on the same conditions as men. As defined by Sir John Macdonald, farmers' daughters, as well as farmers' sons, and the daughters of real estate owners in cities, will have votes.

This last clause is strikingly peculiar. Little Canada has taken the lead and set the example in many important matters of late, but it is the first time in the history of legislation that a Government, spontaneously and of its own accord, without petitions or pressure from the outside, grants the franchise to women. It is rather late in the session to give such a measure all the attention that it deserves, but whether it passes or not before adjournment, the seed will have been sown, and the policy of the Government will have been laid down. This is a Reform Bill in the strictest acceptance of the term, and Sir John Macdonald deserves all the credit which its every measure involves.

### THE WEEK.

We are fast becoming a self-sustaining people. A Print Company is about to be established at Magog.

A BEGINNING of rapprochement between Germany and France is the signing of a Copyright Convention between the two nations. Literature may effect what politics are powerless to accomplish.

We fear that our Parliamentary sessions are becoming unnecessarily long. The present session bids fair to reach into the middle of May,

whereas it might easily have been concluded by the middle of April.

It is remarkable how changed for the better is the tone of the American press in regard to Canada and her fiscal legislation. Our cousins are beginning to recognize that we are really becoming a nation.

It is now officially announced that the Grand Trunk Railway has purchased the North Shore for five and a half millions. Mr. Senecal bought it less than a year ago for four millions. His enormous profit is therefore clear.

MR. SENECAI has it in his power to become at a bound the most popular man in Montreal. On assuming control of the City Passenger Railway, if he will improve the service in accordance with the public needs, we will all club together and elect him Mayor.

THREE thousand emigrants sailing for Canada on the one day! This is almost incredible, yet the arrival of the *Parisian*, *Austrian* and *Grecian* will soon give ocular proof of the encouraging fact. Verily Canada is on the high tide of fortune.

THE Colour Line still prevails in the Northern States, in spite of the doctrinaires. An attempt to place a negro girl in charge of the class of the public school at Paterson, N.J., had to be abandoned. The pupils left the school in a body, and many of the citizens protested.

LAST week the Legislature of New York undertook to forbid the presentation of the figure of the Saviour on the public stage. This week the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a bill prohibiting the practice of "treating" in bar-rooms and saloons. This is practical Christianity.

ANOTHER prominent military figure has passed away. The death is announced of Suleiman Pasha, the hero of the Shipka Pass, during the late Russian-Turkish war. For a time, Suleiman bade fair to prove a great general, but his subsequent reverses in the Balkans destroyed his reputation.

THE Quebec reporters are rather slow. They forgot on the very night of the late fire to flash over the wires that the catastrophe was the work of the dynamite fiend. It was a lame and impotent afterthought to send that solution to the *New York Herald* only the next day. The Ottawa people were much more briskly and boldly imaginative.

THE Quebec fire is a national calamity. There were books and manuscripts lost in the library which cannot possibly be replaced. It is inexplicable that they should have been left exposed to the chances of conflagration in a combustible building. The authorities at Ottawa should see at once that the precious Parliamentary library is made as fire-proof as possible.

MIGHT not explosives of some kind be employed to break up the ice of the river when it is half-rotten, thus helping the agencies of nature and bringing on navigation a week or ten days earlier, just as the pick and the shovel expedite the cleaning of our streets in advance of the action of the sun? It is clear that there is a want of enterprise in this matter.

QUEBEC political life is full of surprises. The latest of these is the trial of the Premier for corruption, by agents and personally, in the late Jacques Cartier election. The petition is filed for Mr. Mousseau's disqualification. If partisan spite is at the bottom of this action, it is very vile indeed, and the defendant owes it to himself and the Province to bring on a speedy trial.

We hear several complaints about the accuracy of the Hansard reports. Our impression is that the staff is too small for the increasing amount of work required. Members are getting altogether too long-winded, and it is proposed to

introduce the hour-rule of the United States Congress. There are not ten men in the House worth listening to for over an hour at a stretch.

THE *Pull Mill Gazette*, with its usual shrewdness, makes the following striking parallel that—whereas it is as certain that the dynamite conspiracy was hatched in New York as that the Mazzini uprisings were planned in London, there is no more reason to expect that extradition will follow the one as that it followed the others. This were retributive justice with a vengeance.

THE enthusiastic reception of the Princess Louise at Ottawa must have convinced Her Royal Highness that, in spite of her long absence, our people are still devotedly attached to her person and to the Throne. We opine, too, that the Marquis' conscientious discharge of his high duties, notwithstanding the adverse circumstances which that absence entailed, had much to do with the warmth of the popular demonstration.

THE Orange Bill was disposed of with less difficulty than we had anticipated. Its champions presented their case with rare moderation, and, indeed, the whole debate was conducted in a manly spirit of fair play. The Opposition, with a few exceptions, and the solid French delegation voted for the six months' hoist, which was carried by the comparatively large majority of thirty. Under the circumstances, there is no chance for the measure in the present Parliament.

No less than twenty-six seats are contested in Ontario in consequence of the late elections. This would be an expensive anomaly in ordinary circumstances, but in the present instance, it may result in more accurately determining the real strength of Mr. Mowat's Government, a matter of no ordinary importance, in view of the fact that the Opposition still persist in affirming that it is in a clear minority of the popular vote.

THE murder trials in Dublin are going on apace. Brady and Curley have been found guilty and sentenced to be hanged by the neck until they are dead, and the jury having hung in the case of Kelly, he has been retried without delay. The whole conspiracy has been unearthed through further revelations of informers. It is a thousand pities that the cause of Ireland, which embodies so many salient elements of justice, and has so many grounds of appeal to the sympathy of the world, should be injured by such diabolical devices of wholesale murder and destruction.

### LITERARY.

THE beautiful copy of Petrarch, bought by Mr. Pickering for \$9,750 at the Sunderland sale, has just been sold to the British Museum.

MR. JOAQUIN MILLER declares that he is no longer "poesying," he is devoting himself to newspaper correspondence.

MESSRS. ROBERT CARTER & BROS. have in preparation a work that will be looked for by a larger public, viz., "Robert Moffat, Missionary to Africa: His Life and Labours," a work which will interest even those who take but slight notice of ordinary mission work.

READERS are complaining that the delicate covers of the volumes of the "Parchment Library" are a mistake. For a short time, they say, nothing could be more dainty; but the delicate white is soon soiled; ere long the cover warps; it will not open easily and absolutely refuses to close completely, and no one can feel quite comfortable with a book which is always gaping, unless it has a paper weight on top of it.

MR. WILLIAM G. MEDICOTT, of Long Meadow, Mass., who died recently, had the good fortune to possess one of the best collections of Anglo-Saxon and early English books in this country, among them volumes which had belonged to celebrated men,—to Sir Frederick Madden, Thorpe, Conybeare, Cookayne,—and which were enriched by their manuscript notes, with numerous and rare editions of "Beowulf," *Cædmon*, etc.

SCRIBNER'S SONS have in press a series of lectures which the late Sydney Lanier had prepared and delivered, a short time before his death, on "The English Novel and the Principle of its Development," a part of his regular course of English literature addressed to the students of the John Hopkins University. They were left complete, and only the slightest textual revision was necessary for final printing in book form.

LOVE'S TRUST.

If love be tender, truthful, pure,
If love be regal, loyal, sure,
By all the world of land and sea
Divided it could never be:

If love be steadfast, trusted, tried,
Grown watchful, true, it needs no guide:
It fears not Fate, nor wane, nor night,
It walks apace self-crowned with light:

If love be fickle, wayward, bold,
And grasps its buds ere flowers unfold,
With empty hands it walks alone
When chill winds sigh and sob and moan:

THE RAPHAEL CELEBRATION AT ROME.

The most famous of Italian painters, Raffaele Sanzio, whom the world commonly calls Raphael, was born at Urbino, in Umbria, part of the Papal States, four hundred years ago.

At ten o'clock in the morning a procession set forth from the Capitol to the Pantheon, to render homage at the tomb of Raphael. It was arranged in the following order:—Two Fedeli, or municipal ushers, in picturesque costumes of the sixteenth century, headed the procession carrying two laurel wreaths fastened with ribbons representing the colours of Rome, red and dark yellow; a company of Virgili, the Roman firemen; the municipal band; the standard of Rome, carried by an officer of the Virgili; and the banners of the fourteen quarters of the city.

The procession was rendered more interesting by the presence of many Italian and foreign artists. Having arrived at the Pantheon, the chief personages took their place in front of Raphael's tomb. Every visitor to Rome knows this tomb, which is situated behind the third chapel on the left of the visitor entering the Pantheon.

The ancient city of Urbano, Raphael's birth-place, has fallen into decay, but has remembered

its historic renown upon this occasion. The representatives of the Government and Municipal authorities, and delegates of the leading Italian cities went in procession to visit the house where Raphael was born.

"HER CONSIDERING CAP."

This picture gained much favour in the Winter Exhibition of the Society of British Artists. The artist, Mr. E. F. Brentnall, has been known hitherto by his contributions to the exhibitions of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, rather than by his oil paintings; but, with regard to technical merits of execution, he must be acknowledged here to have given proof of skilful mastery also in the last-mentioned branch of art.

WHERE IS WOMAN'S PLACE?

THREE VIEWS OF DR. DIX'S "CALLING OF A CHRISTIAN WOMAN."

The Reverend Doctor Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Parish of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York City, preached during the recent season of Lent a series of sermons on the "Calling of the Christian Woman, and Her Training to Fulfill It." These attracted much attention contemporaneously with their delivery, through the reports of them which appeared in the newspapers, and drew from many directions a sharp fire of criticism.

It would not be easy to summarize the views advanced by Dr. Dix, but they will be sufficiently indicated to the reader in two ways,—by the comments made upon them below, and by the titles of the lectures. These latter are as follows: (1) "The Place of Woman in this World;" (2) "The Degradation of Woman by Paganism, and Her Restoration by Christianity;" (3) "The Education of Woman for Her Work;" (4) "The Sin of Woman Against Her Vocation;" (5) "Divorce;" (6) "A Mission for Woman."

The commentaries presented below are prepared from different points of view, and are from the pens of one lady and one gentleman. The Rev. Dr. Harris coincides substantially with the views taken by Dr. Dix; while Mrs. Dall strongly combats them. As to the Authority which each shall have, we submit the decision to the reader. Dr. Dix, himself, in the opening of his first lecture, says: "Women are, in many respects, more competent than men to teach their sex their duty and their mission. Some have written so admirably that it seems as if nothing had been left to say. Still, there are points at which even the best women diverge in their views, and topics in which the wisest may go wrong; and we priests, who, whatever our personal shortcomings, have a commission from above, and a message to men from God, and are the mouth-piece of that Church to which His handmaidens belong, may be, and ought to be able to help occasionally, by merely stating what the Bible and the Church declare on certain great matters on which many lessers ones depend."

Mrs. CAROLINE H. DALL: If one, walking in the full glory of noon-day, were by a single false step to fall through the shaft of an old mine, he could hardly feel the outer darkness more than by becoming the unwilling reader of Dr. Dix's late volume on woman. What is true in this volume is not new, and what is new is not true. Nothing can be

much more offensive to a thoughtful woman than the tone of de haut en bas which pervades the pages. He is wholly right in thinking that women need careful training for their duties, and that the functions of men and women are wholly different. The important question is, who shall settle what these functions are. The "advanced women" claim that the consensus of the sex should settle it in each case,—a consensus to which women should contribute as fearlessly as men. Dr. Dix appears to have received plenary inspiration to decide it for both, and in the exercise of his office makes several remarkable slips. "God's gift of power settles the right," he says. Amen! The most persistent suffragist claims no more than this.

One of the most curious features of these lectures is the character of the Scripture commentary involved in them. The doctor does not seem in the least to understand the true character of "strange women," nor the meaning which underlay the restraints of the law as to the exchange of clothing. Let him look to the joints of his armor. It is certainly true, also, that mankind has become so well accustomed to the modern idea of the sacredness of home and of the family, that it seldom pauses to consider that all this first took form under the developing power of Christianity. The Doctor has a special anathema for the woman who forsakes her home and enters into life as the rival of man. This is something that is never consciously undertaken; and the wrecks of womanhood, like the wrecks of manhood, are a part of the divine plan. What such women consciously seek, is development for unrecognized powers and opportunity for adequate bread-winning. Nor have we ever asked that woman "shall know all that man do." On the contrary, forbid men to know more than we do. The page that cannot be read by men and women together in the "sanctity of home," should never be read at all. The Doctor objects to throwing young men and women together at the age when the passions are strongest. His anybody ordered otherwise? Men and women should never be "thrown together" at any age. They should grow up from infancy in each other's society, as brothers and sisters do. Then, when marriage comes to be thought of, the glamour of surprise will be absent and love will make a handmaid of judgment. "Let no kind of work be denied her which it is womanly to perform," says our teacher. But what is womanly? Even clergymen, it appears, must reason in a circle; and, meanwhile, we would advise the Doctor to make a study of the statistics of great cities. Is it not disgraceful to the Christian minister to treat with such flippancy the great enigma of social evil, and to ignore so persistently that fact which is in the eye of the Moslem the chief reproach of Christianity,—namely, the homelessness of thousands of women?

The Doctor proceeds to advise us that one of the chief functions of woman is "to teach men that she is, by right of her sex, the superior"! Unfortunately, humanity is the result of the two related components. Every woman is the child of some man, and history does not bear out the Doctor's assumption. The fountain will not rise higher than its source.

The most extraordinary statement, however, in the whole book, is that which makes woman responsible for the extravagances, false ideals and atheistic indifferences which threaten to diminish population and break down the home! Where are the secret societies, the fashionable clubs, the "muscular Christianities," to which the husbands of these women surrender all the sweetness of life?

Divorce is too large a theme to be dismissed in an evening lecture. Those who have pondered the subject for years, believe that no solid foundation can be reached for the nuptial bond, until the restlessness of modern desires and inquiries is restrained by the expressed convictions and demands of good women. So far in the world's history, it has been left to men to decide what makes unhappiness in the married state.

The author of the "Reverend Idol"—an absurd title, for which the publisher, and not the author, is responsible,—said recently that she was amazed at the success that her book had had as a story. She wrote it as a series of studies to help men and women to understand each other better. English literature is full of books, many of them of an unpretending kind, which may have served this purpose. Froude's "Life of Carlyle" has shocked the sensibilities of the century; but it only reveals, through the frankness of Carlyle's peasant blood, a state of things to be found in at least seven households out of every ten, although perchance a little more courtously veiled. If men and women were living lives tending towards God's ultimate of human destiny, they could not misunderstand one another as they do.

It seems hardly credible that any clergyman in the nineteenth century should bid woman devote herself to the salvation of the world, because she was the primal source of all its sin! Christian scholarship submits to the myth which explains how death vanquished Eden only because the "tree of life" hung full of fruit; but, if Dr. Dix wishes us to accept this as a matter of history, how will he defend Adam?

The best answer to the charges of general frivolity brought against the sex, are to be found in the large classes of marriageable women who waited for the opening of such colleges as Oberlin, Vassar and Wellesley, voluntarily withdrawing for four years from social life that they might be better fitted for their duties.

The charge advanced that women are mute in the company of agnostics, and the like, has

probably some foundation in the fact that they are obliged to listen to lectures like these in the churches. For ourselves, we have no faith in a world which has broken from its moorings. A reverent recognition of a divine law and purpose seems to us an essential of all true reform work. Dr. Dix speaks no significant word. He says that "the training of a girl should be based on the theology of the incarnation." This seems to be a new school of theology, and we wait for the Doctor's exposition of its tenets.

While we wait, let us remember that women need:

- 1. Education, that they may become acquainted with their own powers;
2. A free market for their labor, that these powers may win them their daily bread; and
3. A suffrage which, it is to be hoped, may in time carry with it a limited suffrage for all citizens, and especially to enable women to modify the laws which concern them, and to protect the fruits of their own labor.

Washington, D. C.
REV. DR. J. ANDREWS HARRIS:

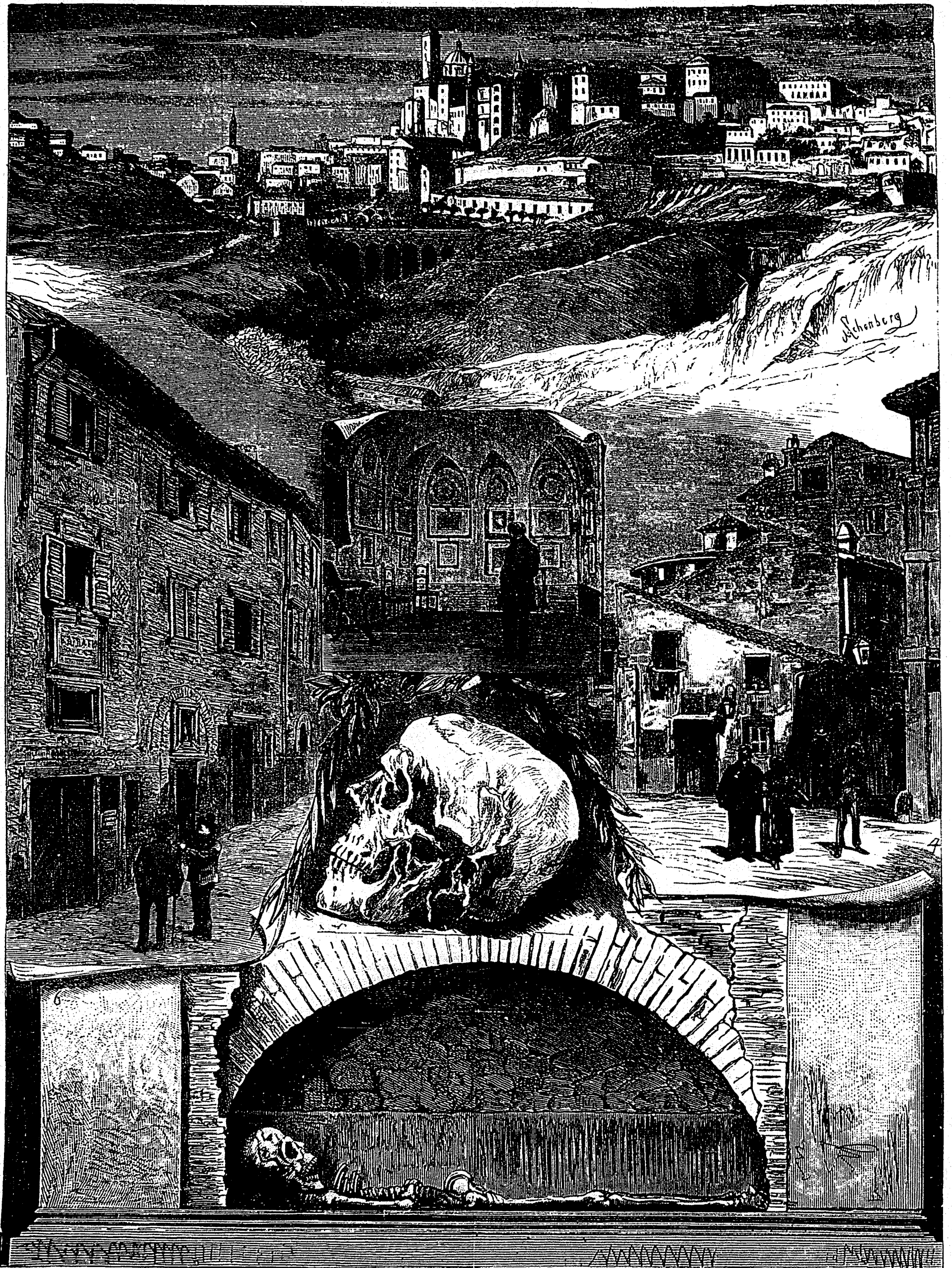
Perhaps no book has ever been written by a strong thinker that is not open to some criticism. The stronger and the more emphatic its statements, the more certainly may some of them seem exceptionable. But the writer's standing-point, and the object with which he avowedly writes, must both be taken into consideration in any fair discussion of the merits of his book.

In these lectures, Dr. Dix occupies the position of a Christian teacher, thoroughly believing in his mission to teach churchly Christianity, and feeling a responsibility to teach it plainly and forcibly to the people of his care; furthermore, to teach it as having a bearing upon the determination of vital, practical questions of the "living present,"—not as a mere system of dreamy speculation.

Now, it is very easy to pick out passages here and there, and, apart from their context, to make them appear to have a different bearing from their real intent. Sad havoc has been made, even of the Bible, by such treatment. But it is hard to see how anyone, if he be—we will not say, a believer in Christianity, but simply—a lover of social order and morality, can read this volume through, without feeling that it is a most wholesome, brave and noble protest against some of the evil tendencies of the present day. The author feels and writes as a Christian priest, but a Christian priest who fortifies his utterances by an appeal to undeniable facts. It has been sneeringly said that Dr. Dix would degrade woman to the condition of a mere breeder and household drudge; that his maxims come from a belittling estimate of woman's work; that he would deny her many advantages which come from a thorough education, suited to the facts of our present civilization. We do not so read him. Woman's worth is to him inestimable; woman's being is to him fairly worshipable; woman's education he would have the very best that can be had. He says (p. 79): "Such an education should aim at the development of the most perfect physique and the most thorough intellectual culture. . . . To the rarer spirits should be opened all the treasures of literature, art and science; it should make them thorough scholars, accomplished women, able to hold their own with the wisest and most learned of the age." What could the advocates of "higher education" say, more than this? But the Doctor adds, and we believe most truly: "Yet this education should have for its final aim the fitting woman for her own place in the kosmos; and that we have already defined to be a place in the home, and in a social order which is built on the idea of the home, and is, in fact, but an extension, an expansion, of the home."

Here is the key-note of all that he says in these lectures. Everything groups itself about this central thought; and his claim for Christianity is that it has done more than any other force in the world to produce homes that are worthy of the name, and a society, when the idea is faithfully carried out, the best and most beneficent in the world. He admits exceptional cases, where rare women have had a mission more akin to that of men in its publicity and turbulent activities,—a mission which, here and there, has been fulfilled to the benefit of mankind; and also cases where women, from having no home place or ties, or from being compelled to do something reputable to support themselves independently, are forced out into the world to battle with it as men have to do. He rightly claims these to be exceptions, and has a noble sympathy with them. But he has to deal and does deal with the rule, rather than exceptions. He would have woman so educated, in the true sense of the term, as to be the queen of home, revered, loved, worshipped, there,—the spring from which shall flow home virtues and home blessings, which in turn shall overflow from homes into society to its real benediction. He shows with a masterly hand how the growing, spreading banes of social and civil life come from the desecration of the home idea, and he would have woman occupy normally her true place as the central holiness of the home and the saviour of society. That is the aim of his lectures. And the picture he draws of the evils which are putrefying society, is awfully true.

The necessary brevity of this notice must pass by much that could be profitably dwelt upon; and we must be content to sum up by saying, that, even if some of his professional claims may be set aside by those who do not admit them in the larger circle of readers of these published lectures, the task Dr. Dix set himself was worthy of a teacher of sound morality, and he has nobly performed it.—The American.



1. View of Urbino. 2. House in which Raphael was born at Urbino. 3. Interior of Raphael's house. 4. House of the Fornarina, or baker's daughter, Raphael's model, at Rome.  
 5. Skull of Raphael. 6. Skeleton of Raphael, as discovered in 1838, in his tomb in the Pantheon.

THE RAPHAEL COMMEMORATION AT ROME.



ROME.—THE RAPHAEL COMMEMORATION. LA FORNARINA, OR THE BAKER'S DAUGHTER.—RAPHAEL'S MODEL

## THREE WORLDS.

## I.

In youth the world, a newly blown  
Prismatic bubble,  
Shows the enchanted soul her own  
Enchanting double.

The light and dew of heavenly dreams  
Filled my young vision,  
And life rose clothed in orient beams,  
Bright apparition!

Then love in each fair bosom beat,  
A pure emotion;  
And friend was a long and sweet,  
Ideal devotion.

Woman was truth; and age was then  
Holy as heavy,  
Strangely about the brows of men  
There shone a glory.

A radiance shed by my rapt sight  
And reverent spirit;  
How changed the life, how paled the light,  
As I drew near it!

## II.

The wondrous years no more were mine,  
When fervent Fancy  
Remade the world by her divine,  
Sweet necromancy.

But still, as paled that earlier flame,  
My zeal grew warmer  
To serve my kind; and I became  
A world-reformer.

For every problem then I saw  
Some new solution,  
Could I remodel human law  
And institution!

To wed in work the heart and mind,  
Make life a mission  
Of wise good-will to all mankind,  
Was my ambition.

Bondage and ignorance should cease;  
Reason and culture  
Should banish war, the dore of peace  
Succeed the culture.

But patiently as I reshaped  
The old equation,  
I found some factor still escaped  
My calculation.

No philosophic scheme, nor act  
Of legislature,  
Can yoke the storm and catarrh  
Of human nature.

A thankless task has he who tries  
To chip and model  
The world to just the form and size  
Of his own noddle.

Is it because of hopes long tossed,  
Or heart grown harter?  
Now I have also something lost  
Of that last ardor.

No dungeon door will cease to creak,  
Nor chain be broken,  
For any world I hoped to speak,  
But leave unspoken.

My noon is past, as many things,  
Alas, remind me!  
Slowly about my shadow swings,  
Lengthening behind me.

The unaccomplished task laid down  
I leave to others;  
The voice, the victory, and the crown,  
To you, my brothers!

Not doubting, though my lips be dumb,  
But trusting wholly  
In that fair time which yet shall come,  
Shall come, though slowly.

Not in our hurrying years, but late,  
Through generations,  
The race shall rise which I await  
With perfect patience.

Youth's brave illusion, manhood's hope,  
Vision of ages,  
Are augury and horoscope  
Of future ages.

A harp-like sound is in my ear  
A far-off humming;  
I see the golden cloud, I hear  
The chariot coming!

Nearer and sweeter than I thought  
One world has waited,  
Though not the world my fancy wrought,  
Or hope created:

A world of common light and air,  
Of earth and azure;  
Of love girl round by fear, and care  
Dearer than pleasure:

Of simple wants and few, good-will  
To friend and neighbor;  
And each day's cup each day must fill  
With thought and labor:

Furtherance and help, with ample scope  
For tears and laughter;  
Of child-like faith, and earnest hope,  
In the hereafter:

Patience in pain: in every ill,  
Cross, and privation,  
If not contentment, patience still,  
And resignation.

My brother's wrong I may not right,  
But I can share it;  
My own I'll study less to fight,  
And more to bear it.

I'll till my little plot of ground,  
And pay my taxes,  
And let the headlong globe go round  
Upon its axis.

Aspire who may to seize the helm  
And guide creation;  
If I can rule my little helm  
With moderation,—

My own small kingdom, act and thought  
And chaste affection;  
Trained powers, and passions duly brought  
Into subjection.

The world of home, of wife and child,—  
Goaded by ambition!  
I'll live serenely reconciled  
To my condition.

With years a richer life begins,  
The spirit mellows;  
Ripe age gives tone to violins,  
Wine, and good fellows.

I'll marry action to repose,  
Busily idle,  
As through great scenes a traveller goes  
With slackened bridle.

To loftier aims let me aspire,  
To higher beauty;  
Freedom to follow my desire  
Be one with duty.

About our common mother earth  
Flow seas of ether;  
Heaven holds her in its starry girth,  
The clouds enwreathe her.

Forever mystery, love, the soul's  
Boundless ideal,  
Like a deceiver ether rolls  
About the real.

And second youth can still suffice  
The bright creation  
With its own dreams and rainbow hues  
Of aspiration.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## AND JOE.

## I.

Theodora Justice sat, with a wearily comfortable air, before an open fire in the sitting-room of her friend, Margaret Denton, M.D.

"The worst of it is, I have lost my ambitions," said Theodora. "I used to have such fine dreams." She laughed a little. "I meant to do a few things for the amusement of other people, and a great many for my own pleasure. This morning I came across a plan I drew last year for a Gothic library. I also found a programme I made at the same time for a series of literary and musical entertainments, and a list of guests to be invited from New York and Boston. With this paper was another; and what do you suppose that was? A set of colored designs I had drawn for previous Raphaelite costumes wherewith to adorn my own person. They were quite pretty, too, though you'll find it hard to believe; but I don't care for them now, nor for the library, nor the parties."

Her smile was dreary, but before her friend could answer there was a knock at the door, and a servant came in to say that "A. N. Keilly was very bad," and wanted the doctor.

"Let me go with you," said Theodora.

"Certainly," answered Margaret; "but it is not a pleasant sight you will see."

Miss Justice was the daughter of the manufacturer who owned the principal share of the factories and houses of the town, but she knew nothing about the people whom she visited with Margaret that night. It was the first time she had ever been in any of their homes, and all her idea of duty towards them had hitherto been satisfied by a half-formed resolution that some time she would build a Gothic library or found an art gallery for them. Now, with new, vague thoughts, she followed Margaret, who took the occasion to visit several patients. They toiled up dark, narrow stairs. They went down into basements. They found a dying girl's chamber lighted with tapers, and the garment in which she was to be buried lying beside her on the bed. And then they went into a pleasant sitting-room, belonging to a French-Canadian family. A carpet was on the floor, a bright-colored cloth over the table; the chimney shelf was covered with gaudy toys and ornaments. Some flower-pots were on the window sill, and a melodeon stood against the wall. Three or four hand-ome girls sat round and talked eagerly with the doctor.

After leaving this place, Miss Justice and her companion turned towards home, but had gone only a few steps when they came upon a crowd of jeering boys surrounding a lad who sat forlorn and silent upon the sidewalk. A red light from the window of a little oyster shop streamed about them all.

"He had an awful fit this mornin'," said one boy.

"I say, Joe, did you have any dinner to-day?" shouted another, as he turned a somersault that brought him directly in the way of the two ladies as they approached the group.

"What is the matter?" said Theodora, sternly.

A chorus of voices answered, "He's starvin', he is!"

"Starving! What do you mean? Who is he?"

The boys giggled, and were silent a moment, till a red-headed Irish urchin said, with a grin, "Joe Huckleberry, we call him. His mother's turned him out. I gin him a piece of bread this mornin', an' he sleeps round, in the Company barn an' woodsheds."

"Joe Huckleberry!" repeated Theodora.

"Yea, that's what we call him. Can't just say his name. He's French."

Margaret placed her hand on Joe's shoulder.

The boy remained all this while looking on the ground, apparently waiting in an uninterested mood for some one to do something with him. He looked up now with a silly smile.

"He has fits," said the Irish boy.

"Awful!" cried another, "I seen him bite the ground, jest like a dog, in one on 'em."

"They comes on anywhere—in the street, or in the mill, jest where he happens to be," added the red haired youth, confidentially.

"Joe, has your mother turned you out of doors?" asked Margaret.

"No," said the boy. "It's my brother-in-law."

"Do you live with your brother-in-law?"

"I did, but he's turned me out."

"What did he do it for?" asked Theodora.

"Dunno," said Joe. "He never liked me, nohow. Couldn't bear me afore he married my sister. Half killed me, one day, lickin' me in the street, jest for nothin'. Come across me, an' thought he would, I s'pose."

"When did he turn you out?"

"Night afore last."

"And where have you slept?"

"Got in 'g'in that night, after they was all asleep, an' went up in the garret an' slept."

"And last night?"

"Got into the Company barn."

"What have you had to eat?"

"Nothin' much."

"Where is your mother?"

"She lives with my brother-in-law."

"Did she want you turned out?"

"No. She gin me some bread yesterday an' this mornin'."

"Is she kind to you?"

"Yea."

"Is your sister kind?"

"Yea."

"Then what is the matter?"

"Dunno."

"Do you work in the mill?"

"I did. I worked up to Slade's; but my father come away from there, an' lef' me, an' then I was turned off, an' I come down here."

"Oh, you have a father! Where is he now?"

"He's at my brother-in-law's."

"Did he want you sent out into the street?"

"He said I might as well be."

"Why don't you try to get work in the mill here?"

"I don't think they'd give me none."

"Why not?"

"I've worked here afore."

Theodora smiled at this ingenuous confession, but said gently, "Come with me, and I'll see that you are taken care of to-night."

Joe rose, and stood slouching at the lady's side, while she said to the Irish urchin, "Will you go and tell Joe's mother and his sister's husband that I want them to come up and see me this evening, if possible."

"Dunno who you be," said the boy, promptly.

Theodora felt slightly ashamed to find herself a stranger to these boys, but was relieved when two voices whispered loudly, "It's Miss Justice," and the youngster, thus informed, darted off on his errand.

"Now, Joe," said the lady, "come with me."

They started, the boy slinking along beside his stately companion, while Margaret walked thoughtfully one or two steps in advance. The crowd of boys stared, giggled, whooped, followed, and at last one voice cried out,—

"H-, he! Joe's got a gal!"

"Why don't you give her your arm, Joe?" shouted another.

Theodora's blood was on fire, but she never turned her head. They were not many rods from her home. Did those few feet of roadway divide civilization from barbarism? Was it God's fault, or was it partly hers, that men and manners changed thus, as one went "down street" from her dwelling?

"Keep close to me, Joe," she said, but her voice shook with indignant shame. Margaret waited for them to come up with her. The boys, still hooting and chuckling, gradually dispersed, and the trio went on unmolested.

The two women took Joe into the kitchen, and gave him supper. When Theodora examined her protégé in the light, her heart sank. He was about fourteen years old, slender and loosely made. His hands were long, dirty, and repulsive. He had reddish, watery eyes and a small, pinched nose. His mouth hung open, and showed traces of tobacco juice about it. The whole face was pale, unhealthy and idiotic.

"He looks like a parasite on humanity," whispered Theodora to Margaret; "the creature of a horrible, mocking chance."

"God knows why he lives," said Margaret, simply.

Theodora answered, smiling, "Evidently, science hasn't spoiled your religion yet."

In process of time Joe's brother-in-law, Andrew Moore, arrived, and was ushered into the dining-room, where the ladies proceeded to cross-examine him. He was a good-looking young fellow, about twenty-five years old. He admitted at once that he had set the boy adrift.

"I was in hopes, ma'am," said he, "as he would get took up, an' sent to the Reform School. I've got the whole family on my hands,—the old man an' the old woman, an' the little uns. My woman hain't worked much since her baby was born, though the baby's three or four months old. We are considerable in debt. Joe's the ruin of his family. They can't stay nowhere on account of this boy. They git turned out of every place they go to. You know

rich folks, when they has a me one as ain't quite right, can hire somebody to keep 'em out of mischief; but it comes hard on poor folks, as can't spare neither time nor money to take care of 'em."

"But don't you think it was cruel to turn him out, when he had nowhere to go?" asked Theodora, a little astounded by the young man's cool way of looking at the matter.

"Well, you sees miss, it was a question between turnin' him out or the rest of 'em. I can't feed 'em all, even with old Huckleberry's help. He'll drink 'most all he earns, anyway; an' Annie's that sickly she ought not to work at all. Then Joe's dangerous when he's mad. He threw a stone as big as my two fists through the kitchen window, an' then I told him to clear out. It might ha' killed the baby, let alone my havin' to pay for the window."

"He says you beat him," said Theodora.

"Well, I've tried to lick the badness out of him," frankly admitted the young man. "You can, out of some boys, you know."

Finally young Moore was induced to promise to take Joe in for a few days, till Miss Justice could make some other provision for the unfortunate lad. As Moore went out of the door, Joe's mother appeared. She had been at a neighbor's, and had only just received Miss Justice's message. She seemed a decent woman, of English origin, though she was born, she said, and had lived in Canada and the States all her life. Her first husband, the father of Andrew's wife, was an Englishman; Joe and her three younger boys were the children of her second marriage with a French Canadian. No, her husband didn't work much, and he did drink; but he was always good-natured, and she hadn't no fault to find with him. Joe was the trial of her life. If he had work, he wouldn't stick to it. He bothered the neighbors, and the family were forced to move from one place to another continually. They had moved four times in a little over two years. They were at "Slade's," the first of the winter, and had been pretty comfortable there, though it was a hard life for her, making the little they could earn feed them all. She couldn't ever think of getting clothes with their wages. The three younger children did not go to school, because they had no shoes; and it was surprising to see how much they ate, for all they stayed in the house so much,—butter especially. Nights she had plenty to do, getting breakfast ready and drying her husband's and Joe's shoes for the next morning. There was so much snow that winter, it kept their shoes wet nearly all the time. She had to wash and dry their clothes in the night, too. And Joe was such a torment, and he acted bad about his work; and so they packed up, and she came down here; and then his father come too, and left the boy there, hoping he would get "took up" and put somewhere. She shouldn't like to complain of him herself, but if he had got into some trouble and been put into the Reform School, maybe it wouldn't have been so bad for him. She hadn't done nothing but cry the last three days; but she couldn't blame Andrew for not wanting him round, after he thrown that stone in the window which came so near hitting the baby.

Margaret and Theodora scarcely knew whether to blame or sympathize, and both suspected that her husband's drinking had more to do with the family destitution than the wife would admit. They dismissed her with some presents of food, and let her take Joe with her, who stumbled a little going out into the darkness.

Theodora came back from the door with a puzzled look.

"Joe is the problem," she said. "His family can't solve it. Can I?"

"You can try," said Margaret. "Dear, ought you not to know your operatives, and seek to be their friends, and not merely their mistress?"

Theodora threw out her arms with a momentary gesture.

"A friend," she said,— "that is what they need; but for me! Was I made for Joe?"

Margaret's pulses beat in sympathy with this rebellious outcry of a disappointed heart, but her soul saw farther than did Theodora's dimmed eyes, and she answered,—

"No more than Joe was made for you. You need some one to work for. It may be God made him to keep you from idleness."

## II.

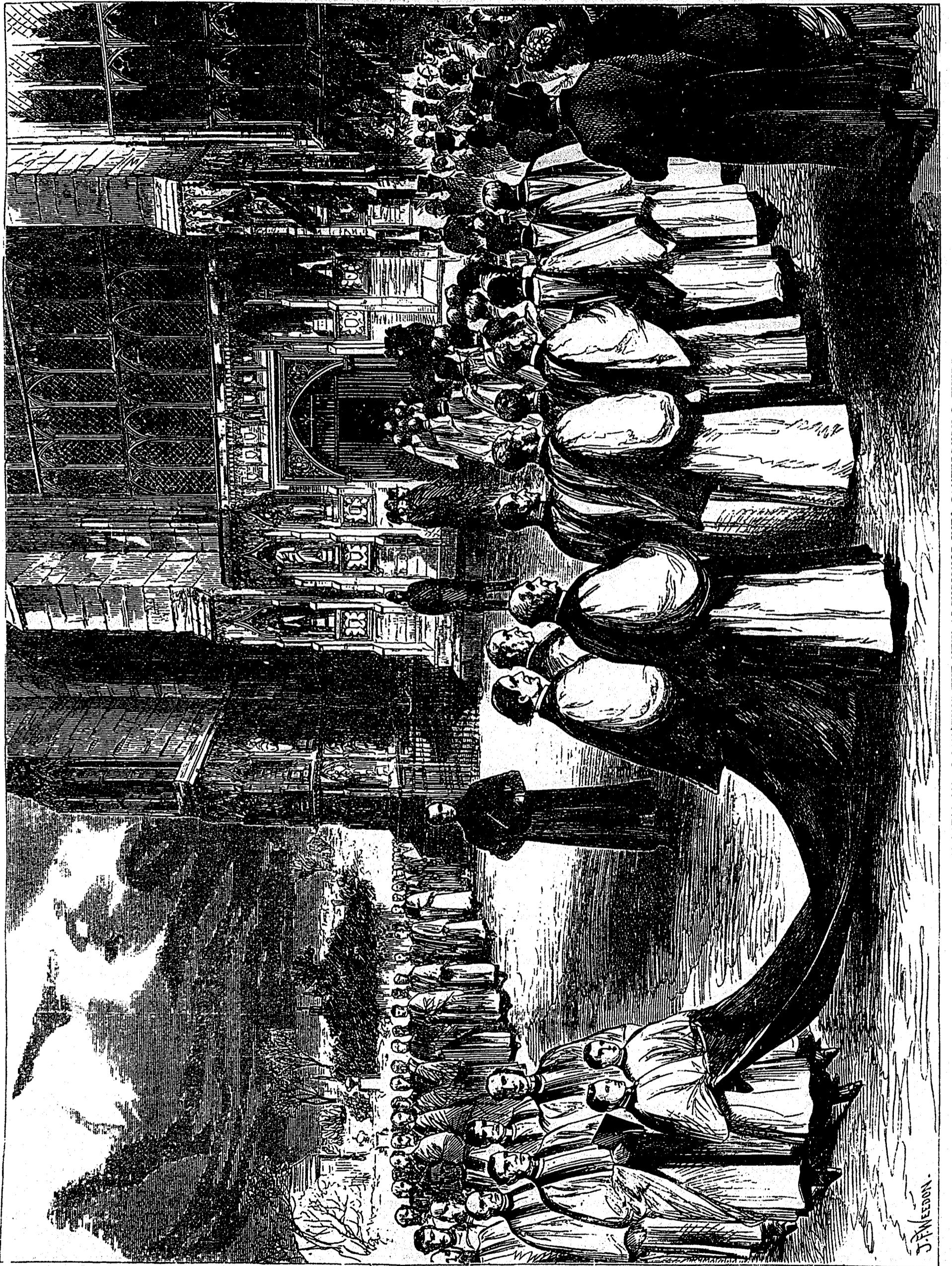
Andrew Moore walked away from Miss Justice's in a bad humor. It was the first time he had ever been in a grand house, the first time he had ever sat in a handsomely appointed room and talked with an elegant woman. Theodora's calmness irritated him. He resented her superiority. She was very lovely to an educated eye, that could appreciate the beautiful head covered with light brown hair, the delicate features, her supple motions, and the waving lines of her figure; but this young fellow perceived none of these perfections. He only felt that she belonged to another world from his, and was angry because, in some indefinite way, he seemed to himself inferior in her presence. He was vexed also because he had been overpowered by her, and had promised to take Joe back.

"I dare say," he said to himself. "That girl thinks she can boss everybody in this village, if she's a mind to."

Then he thought of the little weak-minded woman who waited for him, with her sickly child, in his squalid home, and grew angrier still, and, calling his sins and follies "his

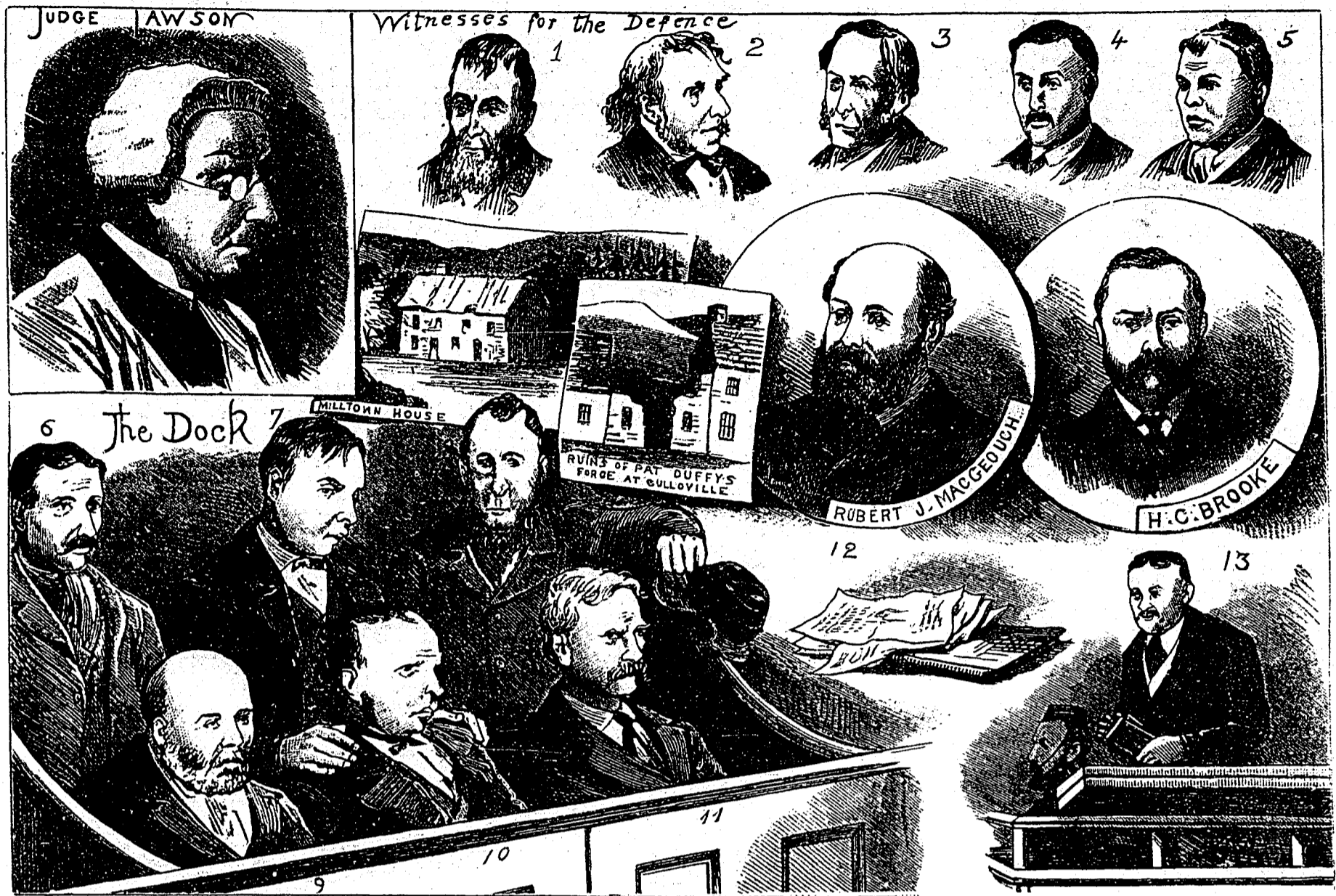






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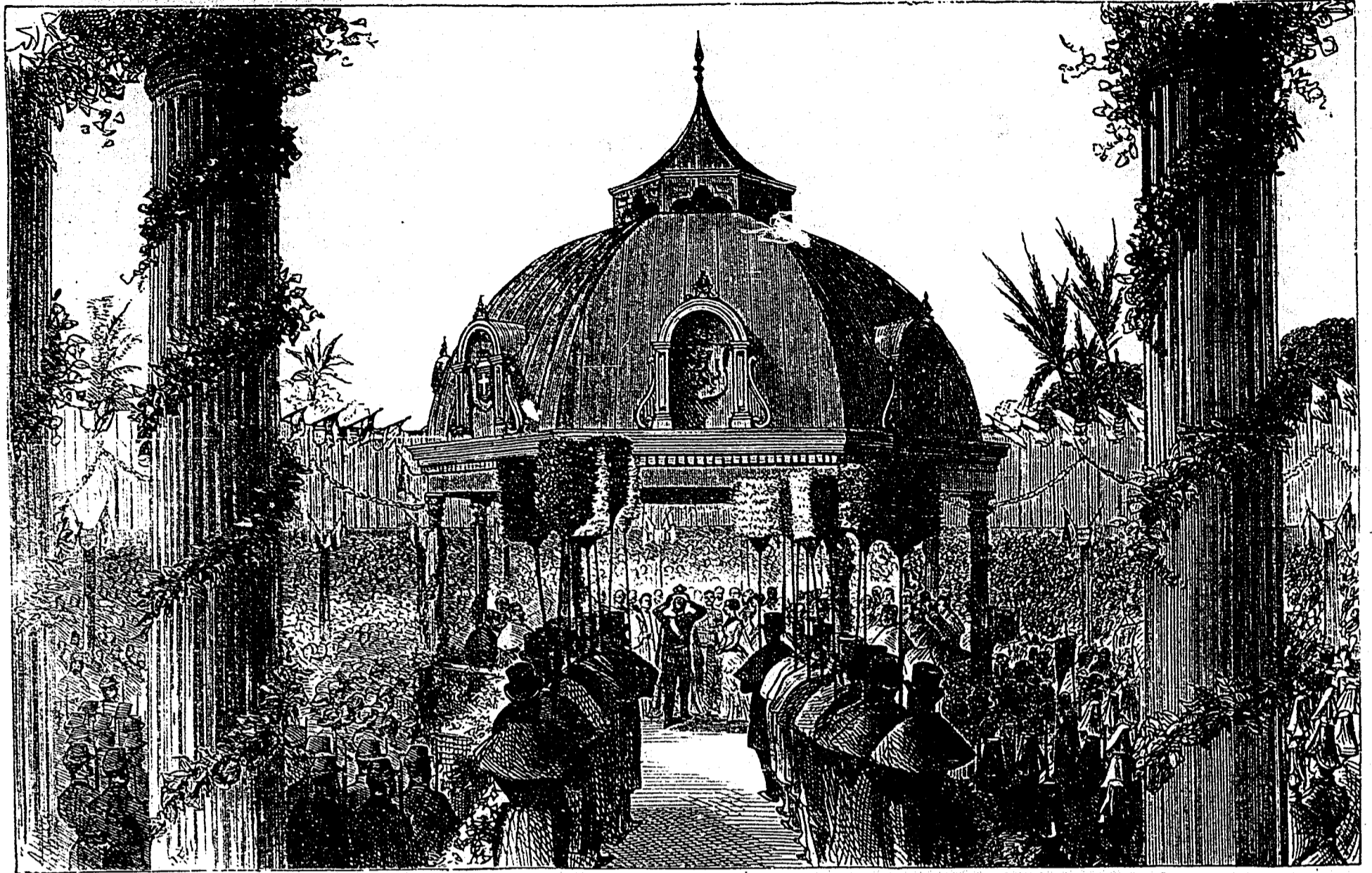
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