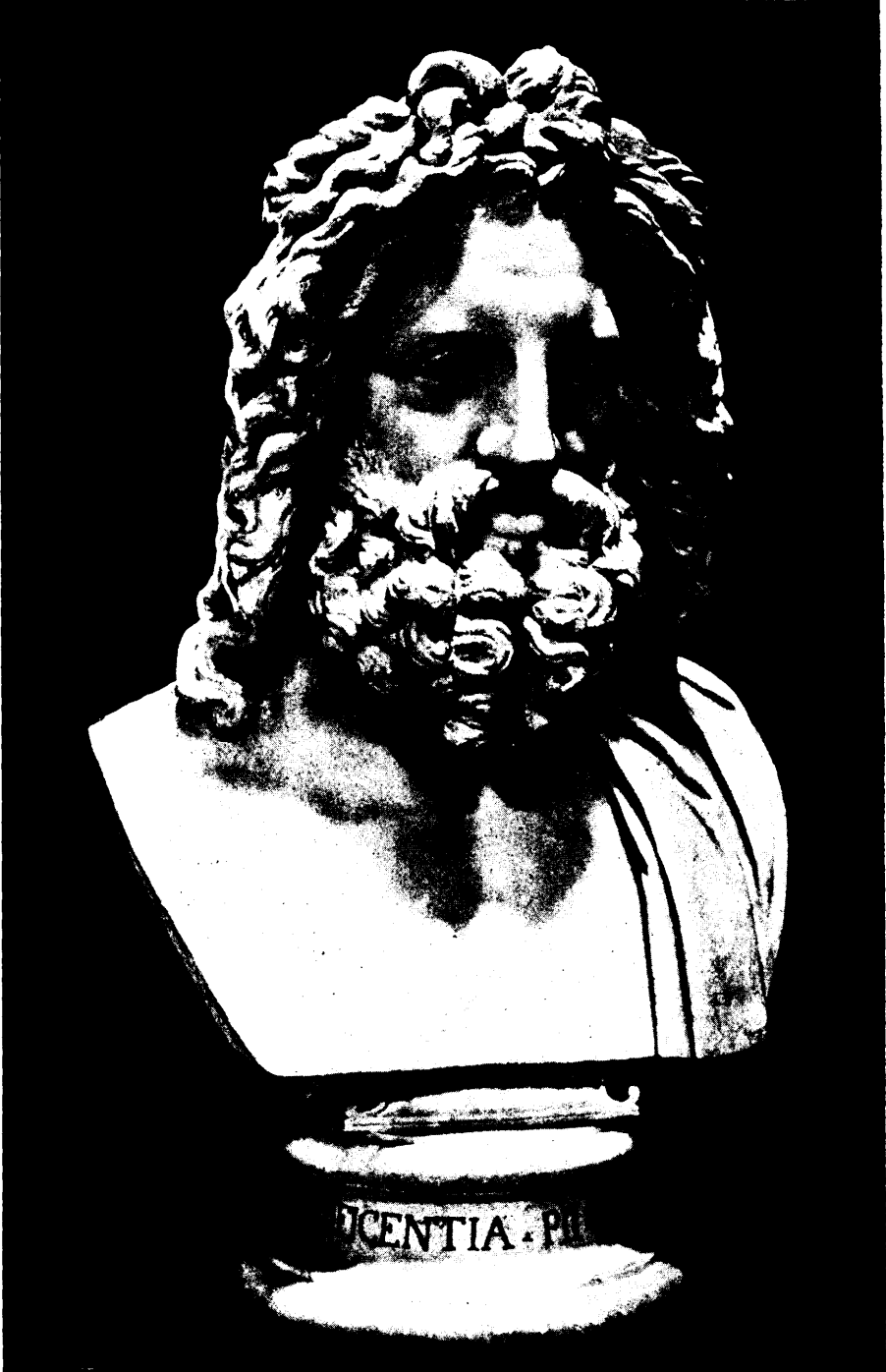


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THE ART SPIRIT.

BY O. A. HOWLAND, M.P.P.

HUMAN life, we know, is not to be lived on bread alone. As life rises above the barest necessities of existence, it becomes more and more a thing of the higher senses. The oyster may go on supporting its limited and motionless existence through its mouth alone; civilized men and women feed also through the eye and the ear, the mind and the heart.

We are somewhat too much accustomed nowadays to substitute the word "Art" for the proper and better term "the Arts." Art is not simple but manifold. It is not a special technique, but a method and a spirit, applied to all things. The commonest necessities may be ennobled and caused to give added enjoyment by suffering that magic touch. The object of our voluntary Art Associations ought not to be the mere making of pictures, so much as the cultivation of this Art Spirit amongst their members, and, through their influence, in the community around them. Under the influence of Art, clothing early ceased to be merely a means of warmth and covering. Art arranges its folds and selects its colors. It becomes significant of taste and character. Food and drink have become the subjects of nicety and refinement. The house, once a mere shelter, enlarged in time into "butt and ben," is transformed at

length into home, sweet Home. From the days of our rude ancestors, huddling around their forest fires, wrapped in skins, uncouth and unclean, and wrangling over bones and pottage—what a miraculous change to the thousands of happy homes of the cities and towns of our fair Canada: their myriad comforts and graces, their gentle faces and refined manners! What an hourly delight are those pictured interiors; how fondly borne abroad in memory! We think of good and gracious women, whose mere entrance brings an indescribable illumination into a room. To experience this—is it not to know the consummation of civilization—the highest product of the art of Life? The same art that has brought the picture to its perfection has labored on its fitting frame. What beauty in daily surroundings! What wealth in simple common things! We eat from pictured plates, spread on snowy cloths, decked with flowers. We drink from sparkling crystal. We are ungrateful if we return thanks for food alone. We would be forgetful of the brightness insensibly reflected into mind and soul from a multitude of daily foregoing attentions:—quiet, patient ministrations, working mutual respect and mutual pleasure.

The nature of all arts is human skill

applied to some end. While some satisfy needs of the body, the fine arts answer a like upward hunger of the human mind. The study of each one of the fine arts may be divided between two forms or directions of study. Every art requires appreciation of the end, as well as the knowledge to use the means. Technical skill should be preceded by faithfulness in observation: an intelligent intimacy of perception. The perceptive side of art, which appeals to the understanding, is certainly not less important than the imitative side, which depends upon the senses.

Art, thus studied, is a worship of Nature. If it does not begin with it; it must lead to it. Worship reverently believes in its object, and seeks to know it as it is. The attempt to represent and reproduce it, without this previous search for an inner suggestion underlying the forms of nature, is an idolatrous, not a true, worship. It prostrates itself before superficial resemblances. It sets up its own, perhaps misshapen, images in ultimate forgetfulness of the true Divinity. The curves of every mountainous sea tell of the mighty struggle between gravity and force. The stratification of a cliff, the outline of mountain ranges, are subject to the symmetry of law, and possess characters which should be studied and made to retell their story to the intelligence. The forms of trees obey primal instincts of growth that suggest a mysterious correspondence with our human pleasure in grace and balance of proportion. The sturdy branches spring from the common trunk, according to the secret of an appointed order, pursued into the infinite tracery of twig and leaf. Struggling and yielding, they attain to a division of the free air among them. The mind is enticed into a mystic region, where Equality and Fraternity reveal themselves, reigning immemorably in Nature's laws of form, before they gave birth to our legal conceptions and our moral sympathies.

If we apply this test intelligently, we shall not go far wrong in judging between the merits of the schools; whether we use the word school in the technical sense of the character of an historical series of artists, or whether we use it in the commoner special sense of particular contemporary teachers, or systems of instruction. The test is, does the school give more attention to mere technique, to tricks of the hand and material, than to the study of the original? Does it take its satisfaction in the reproduction of accidental and superficial appearances, or does it cultivate in the student that divine dissatisfaction with the best of human efforts, which arises in presence of the ever-opening vision of nature: the depth of thought, the great and pure design that study reveals in her apparent simplicity. Conducted in this spirit, mechanic arts may acquire the dignity of a pursuit of truth: and a fine art, for want of the same spirit, is debased into handicraft. Surely the student, who from the construction of the human eye, and an appreciation of the laws of optics, proceeded to the invention of the telescope, was no mere workman. In the spirit of his method he was to be reckoned among the masters of the fine arts. And the studio or art school which devotes its chief attention, first and last, to the copying of copies, whether it works with pencil or with stump, or even with air-brushes, under however carefully arranged north lights, is, in my humble opinion, a false and misleading, I may also venture to say, a debasing system of instruction. The end of these things, intellectually and artistically, is death.

No subject was more frequently or studiously painted by the great masters, generation after generation, than the great series of the natural elements and phenomena. To Fire, Air, Earth and Water; Springtime, Summer, Autumn and Winter, innumerable compositions were devoted, in an untir-

ing rivalry of loveliness. All the features of nature, ideally appropriate to the Elements or the Seasons, were grouped around the Genius of the scene, presiding over swarms of inhabiting spirits. A wonderworld of ancient imagination comes down to us, materialized into a jewellery of intellectual art, all fashioned by patient but inspired thought from the apparently common surroundings of nature.

Fire, the ancients described as a treasure filched from heaven: and they deified the man who was traditioned to have brought it down to human use. We still pursue the allegory into the forms of modern speech. Fire in our language is the symbol of every delight and every power. We speak of the fire of poetry, the glow of patriotism, the light of truth, the flame of love. Human imagination seems always to kindle in its presence. What a phrase is that of one of the ancient sages, among the thoughts collected for all time in that great record of human introspection which we call the Book: "Man is born to trouble even as the sparks fly upward." What deep musings by desert camp-fires are embodied in his touching simile. The ancient scribe brings back to us, across the gulf of ages and the difference of races, a sympathetic glimpse of primordial life long ago suffered and past. We are claimed in kinship by this mournful and forgotten man. We distinguish him, one of a cluster of shadows surrounding a spark of ruddy light, bounded by immensities of desert darkness: a pitiful cluster of castaways comforting their loneliness upon the shore of the ocean of night. In the darkness behind that illuminated circle of humanity lie toils and cares of days past and days to come: within it, what hidden enemies! what dangers that may even at that moment be stealthily creeping upon them! Centered around that glow are all that is known to the little group, of friendship, fellowship and

defence. No wonder faces grow pensive in the blaze; that social sympathy waxes around it: that a sigh, by one consent, flies upward, following the sparks that melt and die away into the illimitable outer darkness.

Have we not a lingering fellowship with these long past conditions: an inheritance of ancient feelings and experiences? Is it not perhaps this that brings, especially upon Canadians, the recurrent fever of the woods? The camp-fire endears our summer memories. Can the house be perfectly happy, or perfectly artistic, that has no visible hearth, bringing the ancestral camp-fire within its four walls? Can any wealth of luxurious surroundings replace it? Bare walls and carpetless floors are glorified by the ancient magic that lurks in the living fire. We mourn its absence, even though surrounded with the wealth of costly carving, and the rarest skill of oriental looms.

At the recent Parliament of Religions, the Fire-worshipping Parsee was once more permitted to expound to the West the deeply religious thought which has consisted for so many ages with high civilization of life and a lofty code of morals. The sources of the spirit of religion are in awe and gratitude. It is no return to a meaningless idolatry—no despite to the high spirit of the most perfected religion—if we still do reverence to this strange living genius of Fire.

I venture to entertain a theory of my own as to the origin of those numerous and widespread historic religions which made fire solely, or, joined with sun, moon and stars, the central object of devotion. I am inclined to reverse the ordinary theory. It is usual to treat the fire on the altar as an image of the unquenchable source of fire: the god of day, forever circling in the heavens. It seems to me far more natural and more probable to suppose that the visible, tangible, and invaluable serviceable fire was

first discovered, first to be regarded with gratitude and awe; and that the theory that it derived its source from the flaming messenger of the sky was a result of long subsequent reasoning.

The sentiments out of which the worship of Fire arose are perhaps still experienced, almost in their original form, by the voyageur who paddles in the falling darkness towards his rendezvous in the wilderness. Night's rushing wings pursue and overtake the laboring paddles. The waters grow obscure and cheerless; the sky becomes gloomy and threatening; the shores are transformed into solemn and formless masses. In the group of human beings the voice of mirth is checked; the song dies away: the lonesome spirit which inhabits the night takes possession of every soul. The wind chills; perhaps the rain pelts upon the shelterless backs; perhaps the storm begins to gloom. But suddenly the last point is turned, the gleam of a camp-fire, still distant, but not known to be near, is perceived,—a ruddy, distant star gleaming invitingly and cheerfully across the waste. No one can describe, no one can give a name to the feeling of cheerfulness and hope, the suggestion of human comradeship and security, which the sight of that little spark is capable of awaking in the breasts of men under these circumstances. It is the formless and unexpressed germ of everything to which we give the name of gratitude. The social sense itself, in its charm and its association, attaches to that spot of distant light. Comfort and companionship, the consolation of mutual help, the blind sense of a great mysterious gift, enter through the senses into the mind. If we could remove from our minds all their garniture of modern enlightenment and religious instruction, and place ourselves under the like circumstances, in the position of the rude predecessors of thousands of years ago—would not these feelings, experienced under like circumstances, take a shape not to be

distinguished from unconscious worship of the mystic element? Then let us remember that before lucifer matches, before even steel and tinder were familiarly known, fire was a thousand times more of the nature of a rare and mysterious gift, difficult of production and precious for preservation, than it is easy for us now to conceive. The very means of its production at will may long have been a jealously preserved secret in families and tribes. The friction of the sticks, or striking of flint stones, may very naturally have been accompanied with invocations to the mysterious Being, which, it seemed, of its own will, had the power of making itself manifest, not at the command so much as at the appeal of man. So produced, so valuable to its possessors, the function of making fire, and of keeping the invaluable torch alight in the home or on the journey, would naturally invest the sage, whose charge it was, with the veneration and powers of priesthood. It seems an obvious relic of a time, when it was a difficult, rare, precarious, and infinitely precious possession, whose extinction was a tribal disaster, that we find in many of the priestly and national institutions of later ages. The fire that the colonist bore with him to his new plantation, the altars in ancient temples that were never suffered to go out, seem to have been customs that survived from those long-forgotten primitive conditions, when the valuable germ was anxiously preserved in sacred vessels, under the care of the wisest and most trusted old men of the family or tribe. To me, it seems most probable, therefore, that Fire was not worshipped because it resembled the sun, but rather that the sun, in time, became an object of worship, because of the conjecture of its unity of nature with the sacred hearth-fire of the tribe. Fire could transform their flesh into wholesome and agreeable nutriment. Fire, by its mysterious help, rescued the perishing form of the primitive being from the grasping

claws of cold. Fire, at the same time that it was so beneficent and useful, was the unseen home of a dread, unapproachable, and destroying deity. Everything perished at its touch. Whatever it embraced vanished into vapor. Nothing resisted it except air and water, earth and stone. Hence, perhaps, the worship of these other elements: earth, air and water, were the kindred of fire, sharers in its immortality and mystery. The stones upon which it was ligated became an altar, and in time themselves sanctified every gift. Every meal became a sacrifice. Hence, at all events, is the probable origin of the worship which was extended to objects formed of stone. May it not be by another curious tradition from that unremembered past that we still instinctively seem to venerate stone, as a material, far above all other materials? It impresses us in buildings with a feeling of majesty which is not to be easily explained away, or wholly accounted for, merely by its durability or costliness, as compared with wood and other baser materials. It certainly seems to agree with this theory that stone, the material of altars, was reserved by the first builders for the temples which enclosed the altars. The multitudinous dwellings, both of kings and tribesmen, which must have surrounded Stonehenge, have evidently been of perishable materials, and disappeared long before any historic record. The circled stones alone remain, almost as intact as in the days of the Druids.

The possible sacredness that invested the shapen stones, even before their erection into a temple building on the intended site, may be the explanation of one of the greatest mysteries which must appeal to the mind of any beholder of this marvel of primitive workmanship.

It seems almost an inexplicable problem—how these huge monoliths—each of many tons in weight—could have been dragged, slowly as they must necessarily have been, by the

rude machines of the period, without roads, by mountain paths, through morasses and forests, from the coast of Devenshire to so distant a site as Salisbury Plain. The mechanical marvel involved in the shaping and transport seems not nearly so difficult of explanation as the moral fact. In a purely tribal age, it is impossible to suppose any one lordship so extensive as to embrace the region from the seacoast to the spot where Stonehenge stands. It is probable that the boundaries of numbers of hostile tribes must have been crossed. By what means was a state of peace maintained, or rights of transit secured for the transport of these huge masses, with the armies of men and enormous trains of oxen which must have been necessary for the tedious process? The explanation becomes less difficult if we conceive that veneration and sanctity attached to the very form and substance of the stones, and so communicated an immunity to their hewers and drawers. The genius of a modern novelist impelled him to select Stonehenge as the scene where retribution was destined to come upon his fugitive hero and heroine. There the enshrouding night failed to hide them. The stern Law, which they had escaped so long amid the habitations of men—It was the gloomy and implacable Divinity, long slumbering amid its ancient stones, that, affronted at their blood-guilty presence, revived and denounced them to their executioners.

In silent, almost awful, majesty, these lonely pillars, stand like a temple of desolation in the midst of the waste. I was, perhaps, more impressed by them because of the singularly sympathetic and appropriate circumstances under which I first came upon them. It was a May Day. I had been reading in a London journal what might be described as an essay upon the decay—in fact, the writer undertook to say the absolute disappearance—of the old May Day cere-

monics in England. Yet, when on my way to Salisbury Plain, in a little fold of the Moor, I came upon a moss-grown farmstead, a little hamlet nestling by itself in that grassy and protected hollow. In a green before the farmstead was planted the May-pole, hung with gay and garlanded ribbons. Around it the children were keeping holiday; dancing in the ancient ceremonial, by which, thousands of years before, their ancestors had been wont worshipfully to welcome in the Spring. By this time, perhaps, even in that little hamlet, the children, now grown up, have been schooled out of their superstitions; and will leave no successors to repeat to future travellers that beautiful survival of the picturesque beliefs of the primitive time. The

altars which the schools have levelled, the spirit of art may well occupy itself in re-erecting. Veneration revives as we piously retread the dust of the Sacred Way which led our primeval forefathers from darkness up to God. We retrace the wide-worn channel back to the ancient springs of thought and being. It may be the highest office of art to recultivate the profound piety and veneration of the heathen of the past, so glibly derided, yet, perhaps, so much profounder than our own. The groves, whose majesty we carelessly ravage, are instinct with primitive thought. The very stones cry out to us. Every step that we take should be as upon hallowed ground.

THE HOUSE OF RUINS.

HALF down the lonely vale where sunbeams creep
 Along the wild grown grass, one noonday hour,
 The old house stands, enwrapt in dreams and sleep,
 And through the gloom the ancient gables tower
 Above the ivy clinging on its walls;
 And on the mould'ring eaves the martens sit
 Through all the day, and when the twilight falls
 Out from the casements dark the black bats flit.

Upon the strangled path, should strange feet press,
 And should a strange hand knock upon the door
 That creaks and whines in plaintive-toned distress,
 A sound of feet might pass along the floor,
 And ghostly voices fill the vacant halls;
 Unwonted things might stare from out the gloom,
 And murmurs creep along the sunken walls,
 Bowled down beneath some dark and ancient doom.

Along the flowerless and the wild-grown lawns
 The thistle and the long-leaved mullein bloom;
 And scarce a bird chirps as the morning dawns,
 And not a flower gleams in the sunless gloom;
 And no fruit flushes on the gnarled, old trees
 Whose grey briarian branches now are grown
 A brushwood tangle where the sunset breeze
 Forever wails a mournful monotone.

The stream that wanders down between the hills
 Has eaten deep beneath the house's wall,
 And fallen stones choke back the slunken rills
 That gurgle down their sides in many a fall ;
 And truant boys that venture up the creek
 Creep past with timid foot and frightened eye,
 And dare not near the haunted house to seek
 For swallow's eggs among the chimneys high.

And through the mellow, golden, summer gloom
 One lonely, reed-voiced robin pipes aloud
 Until the day's last lights his wings illumine ;
 And then the song is ceased, and shadows crowd
 Across the songless valley's solitude,
 That seems a land within whose twilight bourn
 No human foot would venture to intrude ;
 Bereft of summers, and of springs forlorn.

And yet beyond the years now passed away,
 Sometime within the summer days long gone,
 A thousand birds sang all the lyric day,
 A thousand flowers gleamed on the summer lawn,
 And golden fruit grew mellow in the sun,
 And laughter swelled along the joyous vale
 As twilight birds flew homeward, one by one,
 And in the west the golden lights grew pale.

And long among the daisies and the grass
 A man and woman idly wandered on,
 And saw the faint gleams from the far west pass,
 Until the day and after-glow were gone :
 And plucking one among the many flowers,
 He said, "Though this poor flower must pass away,
 There is no end, no end to love like ours :
 Our love is of all time—these live a day."

But they have passed away, and daisies blow
 Above the graves wherein the lovers sleep ;
 And years have come and gone, and years still go ;
 But no voice breaks upon the silence deep,
 And only the old, gloomy house remains,
 Within whose silent walls no footsteps stray,
 And drearily the cold autumnal rains
 Beat down in gusts upon its gables grey.

—ARTHUR J. STRINGER.



THE LOST COLONY OF ROANOKE.

BY E. Y. WILSON.

IN North America we owe little to the Spaniards. Columbus did not discover the continent of North America, and in the United States and Canada we owe our laws and civilization to England and France. John Cabot, a sailor of Venetian descent, who had settled at Bristol, was sent by Henry VII., in 1496, on an expedition to discover a north-west passage to China. Cabot touched at Newfoundland and Labrador, then coasted down to Cape Florida. The English made the first permanent settlements within the present borders of the great Republic.

The fate of one of the colonies sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh seems to have passed from the minds of most people, but of late years a few persons in North Carolina have taken great interest in trying to trace its movement and find out what became of the colony of Englishmen that was left on Roanoke Island in 1587. As the first attempt at settlement on that island appears to be almost forgotten, a short account of it is here necessary.

In 1584, Walter Raleigh, who was then in high favor at court, received from Queen Elizabeth the grant of any lands that he might discover, that were not already owned by Christian princes, nor settled by Christian people. He sent out three several expeditions to explore and colonize the coast to the north of Florida; and on the country there discovered, Queen Elizabeth bestowed the name Virginia, and she conferred the honor of knighthood upon Raleigh in 1585. Though Raleigh was then busily employed in making preparations for the defeat of the threatened invasion of England by Philip of Spain, he still found time to fit out an expedition to the coast of America to make discoveries. The

first expedition was commanded by Philip Amadis and Arthur Barlow, who sailed with two barques from England on the 15th of April, 1584, O.S., and reached America in July of that year. After sailing along the coast for over a hundred miles, they found an inlet, or river, issuing into the sea. There they cast anchor, "within the haven's mouth, on the left hand of the same." They then went in boats to view the land and take possession of in the name of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. Roanoke Island was the country taken possession of, and it was some distance from the place of anchoring. This colony only remained about two months, exploring and viewing the land; when they returned to England, carrying two of the chief Indians with them, Manteo and Wanchesse, who were returned to their own country with the next expedition; the former to be made lord of Roanoke, and the latter to become the inveterate enemy of the English.

The second expedition consisted of seven vessels, under the command of Sir Richard Grenville, a cousin of Sir Walter Raleigh. It sailed from England on the 9th of April, 1585, and reached Roanoke in the July following. In August, Sir Richard sailed for England, leaving a colony under Ralph Lane. This colony remained but a short time, and had many adventures and fights with the natives, while exploring Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds. After despairing of assistance from England, Lane embarked with his whole colony on the fleet of Sir Francis Drake, which called at Roanoke in the summer of 1586. In about a month after Lane sailed away from what he called his New Fort in Virginia, Sir Richard Gren-

ville returned with supplies, and after a fruitless search for the colonists, he sailed away, leaving fifteen men on the island to keep possession. These men were never seen again by their countrymen.

Though several unsuccessful attempts had been made to found a colony, Sir Walter Raleigh did not despair; but in 1587 he fitted out three ships, under Captain John White, who carried to Virginia a more numerous colony than the one that sailed under Lane. There were 110 men and 17 women, under John White, as Governor. He and others of the colonists, were incorporated as "The Governor and Assistants of the city of Raleigh, in Virginia." The intention was for this expedition to land on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, where the city of Raleigh was to have been.

Governor White had been ordered to stop at Roanoke to look for the men who had been left on the island, and he was obliged to remain there, as the commanders of the ships seem to have been independent of his authority, and refused to transport the colony to their original place of destination, as it would interfere with their cruise in the West Indies, in search of Spanish prizes.

Shortly after the arrival of the colonists on August 18th, a daughter was born to Ananias and Eleanor Dare. The latter was the daughter of Governor White. The child, being the first born in Virginia (that was the name of all the country then) of English parents, was named Virginia. About the same time, Manteo, the friendly Indian chief, was baptized into the English Church, and given the title of Lord of Roanoke and Dasamanguepeuk.

This was the last colony, whose fate has given rise to so much speculation. The colonists found on their arrival that they needed many things that they had failed to bring with them; so with one voice they requested Governor White to return to England for

supplies, on which the existence of the colony depended. But no succor came from the Old Land until after three long years, for, in the meantime, England had needed every ship and every sailor in her struggle with Spain. On the 27th of August, White sailed for England, and the colonists were never seen again by their own people. On his arrival in England, Governor White found everything in confusion, and the people greatly excited. Sir Walter Raleigh and many others interested in the distant colony were called upon to take a distinguished part in the operations of the year 1588, when every preparation was being made to defeat the Invincible Armada of Philip. Amid such imminent danger, the poor colonists were neglected, and were supposed by most people to have perished miserably, or to have been massacred by the Indians.

In the Rev. Charles Kingsley's romance of "Westward Ho," allusion is made to the return of Governor White to England, where he had to unload his ships and prepare for war. White spoke of his daughter, Mrs. Dare, in Virginia, and said that it would be a great hardship and grief for her, with an infant daughter, in that far country, if he could not return with supplies to the colony.

After the Armada was defeated and dispersed, and the great danger had passed, Governor White was sent in April, 1588, with two barques, to visit the distant land, but these ships were so disabled, in fighting ships encountered during the voyage, that they were obliged to return to England.

No further attempt was made to reach the colony until 1590, when, in the month of March, White sailed again with three vessels. They did not reach Roanoke until August. No trace could be found of the colonists; their only memento was silent graves, deserted houses, and a palisaded fort; and, carved on a tree at its entrance,

the word "Croatoan." He took this as a token that they had been carried away by the friendly Indians of Manteo's tribe, which was on an island to the south, and on the mainland. Before Governor White left, there had been some talk of the colonists going "fifty miles into the main." If they were in distress, a cross was to be carved under the word Croatoan. Those Indians, called Croatans by the English, seemed to have occupied most of the country now comprising the eastern counties of North Carolina bordering on Pamlico Sound.

After a vain search, Governor White was compelled to return to the fleet. On the following day he thought of sailing to Croatoan, but, on account of approaching foul weather, it was decided that they should sail to the West India Islands for the winter, and return in the spring to look for the colonists at Croatoan. This they failed to do, for after cruising about for a time in search of Spanish prizes, they finally sailed for England, and reached Plymouth in October, 1590.

The colonists were not abandoned to their fate without other attempts being made to find them. Sir Walter Raleigh fitted out three or more expeditions at his own expense, but it is doubtful if any of them ever landed at Roanoke, Croatoan Island, or the mainland, in search of the lost people: for the navigators of that time were more intent on seizing Spanish galleons, than in looking for their lost countrymen, and the prizes were more frequently to be found further south, in the neighborhood of the West India Islands.

The unfortunate people were never more heard of, unless something related by Lawson, an early historian, has some reference to them. He wrote in 1714: "The Hatteras Indians, who lived on Roanoke Island, or much frequented it, tell us that several of their ancestors were white people, and could talk in a book as we do: the truth of which is confirmed, by grey

eyes being frequently found amongst these Indians, and no others. They value themselves extremely for their affinity to the English, and are ready to do them all friendly offices." No attempt seems to have been made to find out anything more at that time.

After White left Roanoke, the name of this settlement, the so-called city of Raleigh, disappeared from the annals of the country until 1654, when a party of explorers from Virginia, reached Roanoke, and saw what they termed the ruins of Walter Raleigh's fort. This was a bastioned fort of irregular shape, about forty rods square. Its present condition is thus described in *Harper's Magazine* for 1860: "The trench is clearly traceable in a square of about forty rods each way. Midway of one side, another trench, perhaps flanking the gateway, runs inward some fifteen or twenty feet. On the right of the same face of the enclosure, the corner is apparently thrown out in the form of a small bastion. The ditch is generally two feet deep, though in many places scarcely perceptible. The whole site is overgrown with pine, live oak, vines, and a variety of other plants, high and low. A flourishing oak, draped with vines, stands like a sentinel near the centre: a fragment or two of stone or brick may be discovered in the gaps; and then all is told of the existing relics of the city of Raleigh."

There is part of a tribe of Indians now living in North Carolina, who own quite a large section of land in Robeson county. They are called Croatans, and there is some reason for believing that they are the descendants of the tribe thus designated by the English who first came to Roanoke Island.

Croatoan was the name given to that part of the country inhabited by the friendly Indians, and the people were called Croatans by the colonists, but part of the country lying to the

west of Roanoake, was called "Dasamonguepeuk" by the natives.

From the description given by Governor White, Croatoan Island was probably a long narrow island skirting the coast, and now included in Carteret county, as it is so named on an old map of 1666; and, on a later map published by order of the "Lords Proprietors" in 1674, the peninsula embracing the present county of Dare was so called, and the Sound to the west of Roanoke still bears that name. The Croatans now living in Robeson county are, many of them, of mixed blood, and some are nearly white, and many of the families claimed by the tribe as descendants of the English, have retained their purity of blood, and can scarcely be distinguished from white people.

A missionary to the settlements, the Rev. Mr. Blair, wrote to his patron, Lord Weymouth, in 1703: "I think it likewise reasonable to give you an account of a great nation of Indians who live in this government many of which live among the English, and all, as far as I can understand, are a very civilized people." Mr. Blair speaks of a desert of fifty miles to be crossed in going to the place.

The location of the tribe thus spoken of is uncertain, but it is possible that descendants of the lost colonists were then living to the southwest of Pamlico Sound, and that they emigrated further into the interior, where a large body of Croatans were then living, and there is a probability that the civilized Indians referred to were the Croatans, as there was no other tribe to which the word civilized could apply. At that time, 1703, no settlements of white people were known to exist beyond the country around Pamlico Sound, but in 1729, white people penetrated the wilderness as far as Heart's Creek, a tributary of the Cape Fear, afterwards called Cross Creek, now Fayetteville, and Scotchmen settled in Richmond county in 1730, and many Highland-

ers settled in the neighborhood of Cross Creek after the battle of Cullodon.

Huguenots in great numbers emigrated to South Carolina, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes 1685, and, in the early part of the eighteenth century, penetrated to the northern boundary of the State, and at their earliest coming found a tribe of Indians, speaking English, cultivating the soil, and living in houses. Their principal seat extended for twenty miles on the "Lumber River," as it was then called, though they occupied the country much farther west. These Indians had farms and roads, and had evidently lived there for some time. They held their lands in common, and there were no land grants until after white men came, and the first grant on record was made by King George the Second, in 1732, to Henry Berry and James Lowrie, two leading men of the tribe. James Lowrie was described as an Indian who married Priscilla Berry, a sister of Henry Berry, the other grantee mentioned. James Lowrie was descended from James Lowrie of Chesapeake, who married a Croatan woman in Virginia, as Eastern North Carolina is still called by the tribe. Henry Berry was the name of one of the lost colonists, and many of the family names borne by the tribe are the same as those on the list of names of the colonists who were left on the Roanoke Island, *i. e.*, the Harvies, Coopers, Darrs. The last name is probably a corruption of Dare, and has disappeared from the Lumber River since 1812, but at that time it was on the muster roll of a company composed partly of Indians from Robeson County, who served, during the war, in the United States army. But there are people there of that name living in Western North Carolina, who are claimed by the tribe as descendants of the English. Many old Anglo-Saxon words are used by this tribe which are now obsolete in most English-speaking countries.

For years they exercised the elective franchise like other citizens of North Carolina, but in 1825 they were deprived of their right of voting by an act passed by the Legislature of the State, and were classed with "free persons of color." At this they were very indignant, as they had always considered themselves far superior to the negro race. In 1868, when a new constitution was adopted, their privilege of voting was restored, and they were allowed public schools, but as they had been classed with "free persons of color" for so long a time, they were obliged to send their children to schools provided for the negroes. Many refused to do so, preferring to allow their children to grow up uneducated. They have since been recognized by a special act of the Legislature of North Carolina as Croatan Indians, and separate schools have been provided for their race. Their school houses, mostly built by private subscription, and situated in some secluded spot in the Piney Woods, compare favorably with those provided for the colored people.

There are about 3,000 Croatans in Robeson County, where they own about 60,000 acres of land. They are mostly landholders and farmers ; many

of them have quite comfortable homes, with flowers and shrubs around. The houses are often built far from the public road. Baptist and Methodist missions have established churches among them, so that they now have religious instruction. Very few of the older people had any opportunities for receiving an education, but they are intelligent and quick-witted.

There are about 5,000 Croatans in the State, and according to the traditions, they still maintain that their people once lived in Roanoke, Virginia, as they still call the country around Pamlico Sound ; that at a very early day, an English colony became incorporated with their tribe ; that they emigrated westward a long time ago. The tribe has probably lived in Robeson County for two hundred years. They had, for years, good roads leading to older settlements, and the Lowrie Road from Fayetteville, leading through Cumberland and Robeson Counties, to an old settlement on the Pee Dee river, is still a good public highway. Though very primitive and old-fashioned in their mode of living, they are a proud and reserved race, boasting alike of their English and Indian origin.



THE MYSTERIOUS SPOTLEY.

BY BERNARD MCEVOY.

WE never could estimate how old, Spotley was. Sometimes he looked younger than he did at other times. For one thing, he shaved clean—wore neither moustaches nor “side-boards”—and whether his hair was dyed or not, we never could tell. He might be thirty, but sometimes we thought it possible for him to be forty-five. Once, when he caught sight of a rather dashing-looking woman, who came into the bank and transacted some business at the counter, he looked sixty. I looked across at him from my desk with astonishment, to see a haggard aspect come over his face. His countenance looked grey and old, and his cheeks seemed to drop into the senile semi-pendulousness of dotage.

He was a close, cautious-looking man, about 5 ft. 6 in. in height, and he weighed, perhaps, 150 pounds—the relevancy of which observations will appear later on. It was a mark of his character that while he was ready to hear information about other people, he was never communicative about himself. He had been in the bank for years, and we younger clerks had theories about him which successively held currency and then dropped. He was a man who had seen better days, and was highly connected. He had been a priest in some distant State, and for some reason or other had forsaken holy orders. He was the son of an officer high up in the British army. He was a distant off-shoot of the Bonaparte family—an hypothesis that held sway for several months, and which was somewhat supported by his appearance, which was distinctly Napoleonic. But all these theories sank one by one into disuse. There was no drawing him

into conversation about his past history. It may be imagined, therefore, that the effect of the lady episode before referred to was to increase the bank's general curiosity. We found out who she was when she next came in,—the daughter of a millionaire who had come to Washington with her father for the winter. I am speaking of a time just previous to the war. Lincoln was at the White House, and it was rumored that Miss Haughton's father was an old friend of his. The only apparent change that the presence of Miss Haughton in the capital made in Spotley was that he dressed even better than usual. But as he had always dressed superlatively well, this was not much.

One day a somewhat loudly-dressed, well-built young man came into the bank, and, as I happened to be standing at the counter, he asked me if Mr. Spotley was in. Answered in the affirmative, the newcomer asked if I would point him out. I did so.

“Well, he looks a game 'un,” he remarked, with a decidedly English accent “Don't he now? A regular game 'un, he do. Think he'd pass a word or two with me?”

“I've no doubt he would if you wish to speak to him,” I said.

“Why, he's the cleverest light-weight boxer in Ameriky, and he looks it, blood if he don't.”

“You don't say so?” I replied. Here was a new theory with a vengeance. We had never credited Spotley with anything of the kind. I summoned him to speak to his admirer, and from a distance I interpreted their interview.

The unknown, loudly-dressed young man, placed himself in a fighting attitude, delivered a left-hander at an

imaginary antagonist, and winked his eye. Then he told Spotley, I imagined, that he too was in the pugilistic line, and was pleased to meet so renowned a master of the art. Spotley was, of course, civil, but impassive, affecting to make light of the other's compliments.

Then I imagined the visiting boxer narrated the details of some encounter of the ring he had recently witnessed. Pantomimically he wiped the floor with his antagonist, after pursuing him to the ropes more than once. This over, he put out his hand effusively and shook Spotley's with great respect. I imagined that the tears almost came into his eyes. Then Spotley retired to his desk.

"Queer customer that," I said to him ten minutes afterwards.

"Whom do you mean?" replied Spotley, with frigidity.

"That English sport in the plaid suit. He has a great reverence for you—says you are a mighty one with fists."

"Indeed?" said Spotley, softly.

"We never gave you credit for that or anything like it, Mr. Spotley."

"No?"

"No!"

"Well, there's nothing particularly strange in that, is there?"

"I don't know that there is—and yet—well, I wonder that it has never come out. Fancy you being a regular master of the fistic art, and we who see you every day never suspecting it."

"Is a man obliged to exhibit all his qualifications?" he asked.

"No. I don't suppose so—at any rate I don't suppose you would, Mr. Spotley?" I replied.

"Please excuse me," he said, with cold politeness: "at the present time I am very busy." And, with an aggravating smile, he closed the colloquy.

After that Spotley was more taciturn, cautious and self-contained than ever. Yet, strange to say, the circum-

stance added a fresh halo to Spotley's mysterious respectability.

"I don't believe it," said Erhardt, a big, light-haired young man, who was known to spend his evenings at a club where gentlemanly boxing was a specialty; "the thing's ridiculous. Spotley's been in the bank for fifteen years. You tell me that all that time he has kept this to himself. A man couldn't do it; he would be bound to show it somehow."

"Of course, you do yourself, Erhardt. But then you are not Spotley."

"Well, has he the make of a boxer? Look at his build. Where's his chest? Where's his muscle?"

"Oh that's what you might say of many an athlete. Spotley is very well made. He's solid. Big, even as you are, Erhardt, he might prove too tough for you."

"Well, of course he's not in my class. That's simply absurd. I wouldn't want to hurt the little man. Then look at his age. Why he's fifty."

"Thirty-five," I said.

"Well, I grant you he looks younger sometimes—but still—Oh, the thing's ridiculous. There's some mistake about it."

Nevertheless, it was observed that Erhardt eyed Spotley very closely from that day forward. We would catch him looking up from his ledger and gazing at the human enigma—as if he were mentally calculating the size of his biceps and the length of his reach.

Bank life is so tedious that anything is welcomed that is calculated to vary the monotony of the daily routine, and there is generally some topic that—off and on—floats on the surface of such scattered conversing opportunities as fall to the lot of the clerks. If two of us happened to meet in the street on the way home, the talk would at this time gravitate towards the mysterious Spotley. The interest was kept alive by various little circumstances. The sporting

visitor of a fortnight ago came into the bank more than once, accompanied by certain heavy-looking, thicknecked men, to whom he pointed out our Napoleonic-looking and silent coadjutor. Saloon-keepers, expensively dressed, and with much show of jewelry, took to waiting in front of the steps to see Spotley come out. The big policeman that stood at the corner had evidently "heard something," and touched his hat to Spotley with an added respect. Finally, a paragraph in an evening paper said that it was not generally known that a respected official of long standing at one of the local banks was a past master of the noble art of self-defence. It went on to describe the said official in such a way as to leave no doubt in the mind of the initiated reader that the person indicated was no other than Spotley. And still Spotley was as silent, cautious, and self-contained as ever. He attended to his work with the steadiness of a calculating machine.

At about this time the wife of my uncle, the President of our bank, gave an at-home, and I was among the guests. It was one of the affairs that may be described as a somewhat crowded parade, a buzz of conversation, a song or two, and a finale of dancing. My uncle had a penchant for entertainments of this somewhat old-fashioned and composite character. They were a sort of compromise between his new wife's views and his own, and he held that they pleased a variety of tastes. It was when the fashionable tenor of the day had exhibited his expanse of shirt front, and the diamond ring on his finger, in the most approved fashion, while he sent the tones of his voice soaring skyward, and had brought his vocal gymnastics to a close amid a good deal of admiration, that I discovered that the handsomest woman in my immediate neighborhood was the Miss Haughton whose appearance one day at the bank had had such a remarkable effect on Spot-

ley. I confess I was glad when, a few minutes afterwards, a happy chance led to my being introduced to her by my aunt. I felt an utterly unreasonable and indefensible curiosity to know the link between Spotley and herself. The sight of her had made Spotley look grey and old; would the mention of his name have the like effect upon her? This did not seem possible. She was, perhaps, twenty-eight years old, and exceedingly attractive, having arrived at that stage in a woman's life when an over self-consciousness is lost in a reasonable amount of satisfaction with her own charms, combined with a desire to have a share of what is going in the shape of wit, the pleasures of society, and good company: when tact has taken the place of timidity, and affableness and resource the place of reserve. When a man is introduced to a woman, a large amount of freedom of conversation is instantly realized, if the relations of the two are entirely free from the possibility of their ever being betrothed lovers. Now, Adele Haughton was at least seven years older than I, so that the idea of my ever being a possible suitor was absurd. I looked at her with the frank simplicity of a boy, while she naturally fell into the attitude of an elder sister. We began to throw the ball of small talk with all the freedom in the world. As I looked at her I could not help matching her with Spotley. I reckoned that she was one inch shorter than he was, and came to the conclusion that they would make a very suitable and handsome pair. He had dignity, she had brightness and gaiety; he was dark, she was blonde; he was cautious, she was impulsive. Meanwhile I was cudgelling my brains as to how to lead the conversation in the direction of the individual to whom I was thus mentally assigning a partner for life. At last I said—

"That fellow sings uncommonly well."

"Signor Zampanella? Yes, doesn't

he? What a gift it is to be able to sing."

"Yes, but after all, I think I would rather be muscular than musical."

"Would you? Men are so strange. You are as bad as my father—he worships muscle."

"Which is your father, Miss Haughton? Is he here?"

"Yes. Let me see whether you can pick him out."

I looked at her earnestly to impress her face on my mind. It was a strong, vigorous, sincere face, and I did not object to the process at all. Nor did she. A friendship had sprung up between us. Then I looked round the room.

"I see him," I said: "he is talking to Judge Wilmot."

"But I don't know Judge Wilmot."

"Well, you see that shortish, sturdily-built man with iron-grey hair and beard, and a very emphatic manner, who looks as though he were just giving judgment?"

Her eyes went in the direction of mine.

"Yes, you are like a witch; that is he," she said. "Now isn't he a dear?"

"Of course he is; how could he help it, when he is your father," I said.

"You musn't be foolish."

"So he adores muscle? Well he may, he is evidently muscular."

I could not help sizing him up with reference to Spotley. I could not help sympathizing with Spotley on the hypothesis that he had once ventured to regard him in the light of a future father-in-law.

"Ah, he should see Spotley, at our bank," I said with affected carelessness. But as I said it I looked full into her eyes. She was off her guard, and her face, for one half second, was an index of her soul. It expressed surprise, enquiry, anger and sadness, all at once.

"You know Spotley?" I said remorselessly. I mean Reginald Spotley. He is at our bank. I am in the

—— bank. My uncle, our host, is its president."

"Oh yes, of course; I remember."

"Spotley is a fine fellow," I continued, "curious in some of his ways, but really a fine fellow—a gentleman every inch of him."

Her glance repaid me. I knew at once that she loved him.

"What made me mention him now was the fact of his being an extraordinary boxer. Women don't appreciate that sort of thing, but Spotley is an A 1 athlete, no mistake about it. Knocks down men double his own size."

"Indeed?" she said earnestly.

"A fact, upon my honor. People come into the bank to see him."

"You astonish me," she said.

"Why? do you know anything to the contrary of him?"

"I always believed him brave and manly at heart. But they are preparing for the dance."

Just then some one came up and claimed her as his partner, and our talk ended. But I determined to observe her parent. By and by I was introduced to him. I found him a vulgar, irascible, good-hearted man of about fifty-two, of the kind usually called a "sport." He had made money, and he worshipped his daughter. These were the two pivots on which his life turned. He was an old acquaintance of my uncle's, and had a prodigious respect for him. My relationship to the President of the —— Bank made me *persona grata* to Mr. Haughton. We sat together watching the dancers and chatting affably. The old man had no reticence. He was about the roughest diamond I ever came across.

"That's my daughter, young man, that one there with the diamond bracelets. See 'em?"

"They are not so fine as she is," I replied.

"Ha! so you are took with her, like all the rest, eh? Well, I tell you you're right. Features, her

mother's, only not the woman her mother was, yet."

"You would find it hard to improve her," I said.

"Eh? what?—you?" said the old man suspiciously, with a directness altogether contemptuous of the conventionalities. "I'll tell you what, young man; the man that gets her will have to fight for her—see? No coward gets Adele Haughton; no sir!"

His manner nettled me.

"I regret to say, sir," I replied, "that circumstances entirely preclude my ever being in the running, so to speak, for you daughter's hand."

"Spoken like a man! Spoken like a man! Young man, you've got your uncle's cut and your uncle's ways. I respect you for it. I do, upon my word. But you must know I'm a bit particular. No coward gets my daughter. She's got no mother, God bless her, and I've got to keep guard over her—I've got to keep guard over her." His voice broke as he spoke, and his fatherly affection made his vulgarity tolerable. As he sat there, in evening dress which seemed to sit so awkwardly upon him, I could not help wondering what had been his past. I imagined him struggling for his own in a mining camp, railroad-making over the prairies, opening fresh claims in Dakota. And now he was wearing conventional attire in a Washington drawing-room.

But what did he mean by saying that whoever wanted his daughter would have to fight for her? He surely could not mean that he would leave her fate to be decided by wager of battle. The idea seemed absurd. Adele Haughton, having had all the educational and social advantages that money could buy, was a refined woman of taste. Her father was neither refined nor æsthetic. His civilized attire simply accentuated his uncivilized idiosyncrasies. He was no more of a gentleman, really, than any man chosen by lot out of a crowd of navvies or miners. He was, I thought,

invited to my uncle's entertainment simply on account of his daughter, and I could not help pitying the girl who was subject to the caprices of such a father. And yet, as I reflected, he certainly was rich, and probably kind to her, in a way. She had whatever she wanted, except, perhaps, the husband of her choice. I now felt sure that that man was Spotley, but thought I might hear some more details if I waited a little.

I found that old Haughton's respect for my uncle, to a certain extent, included me. He was inclined to be communicative, and as the dancers swung round to the delicious strains of the best string band in Washington he admitted me to his confidence.

"She dances well; don't she now? Look at that; see how she makes the turn at the end, eh?" said Mr. Haughton, half soliloquizing.

"What I was telling you," he continued, "was that anybody that gets her has to fight for her. That may seem curious to you, eh?"

I owned that it did.

"Well, now, look here. What I say is this. Man has to protect woman. Now isn't that right? Man should therefore be stronger than woman; he should be all there—ready—in one word, a fighter. Now I, myself, mister, have been a fighter from the word 'go.' I look out on the world, and what do I see? A crowd of fighters and a crowd of ninnies; a crowd of dudes without an ounce of muscle or an ounce of pluck, left money by their fathers, uncles, aunts, and what not. But can they fight for their own? Can they fight for the women that's entrusted to 'em? No. I say no! a puny lot o' white-livered, half-hearted trash."

"Yes, that's no doubt true," I said.

"True? you bet it is! I say, mister, come into the smoking-room and have a cigar with me—they're all amusing themselves here, and we shan't be missed. But not if you want to dance."

"What's the hull darned world but a fighting place?" he continued, when we were comfortably seated. "I tell you a man has either got to fight his way or sneak his way. Now, I've fought my way, and somehow I've more respect for them as fights than for them as sneaks. Can the young men of to-day fight as their fathers have fought before them? I say no! Understand me?"

"Yes, I think so. I think there is a good deal in what you say."

"Of course there is. What I want is plain truth—not what is taught by a lot of parsons. Now look at the earth. I've read books. What do you find in the early ages? Fighting. Come along a bit and what do you find? Fighting. Do you suppose we're going to do without it now? Not a bit of it."

"So I says to myself with regards to Adele. The man that is to protect her, I says to myself, must be a fighter. It may lead to temporary disappointment, but it will be better in the end. It did lead to a little disappointment in this very city—five years ago. I'm not going to mention names; I know the part of a gentleman. But it happened so."

Of course it did, I thought to myself, and the unfortunate individual was Spotley.

"Do you mean actual fighting, Mr. Haughton? I gather from what you say that you recognize that the world is a sort of contest in which the strongest wins. But do you mean actual fisticuffs?"

"Certainly I do. I hold that if a man is to be any good he must be able at some time or other to put up his props and down the other fellow. That's just what I mean. That sort of fellow is the sort for me. That's what they call the ultimate. Oh, I've read books, don't you mistake, and I've thought the matter out. Society depends on physical force. At the end of the chain of chances there is the policeman, and if he isn't strong enough

you call out the militia. Give me the man that's ready with his own physical force."

"But surely, Mr. Haughton, you want other qualities in the suitor for the hand of a lady besides mere brute power?" I said.

"That's her part of the matter. Let a girl alone for finding that out. I've got to attend to the other side of the business. Why, bless you, girls would go and marry the first dude that came along, so that he pitched 'em a pretty good yarn, and looked nice. That's why these parsons and lawyers and actors have a such a chance with 'em. But none of that sort for me."

It was impossible to avoid thinking of what a lamentable lot Adele Haughton had with such a strong-willed, opinionated old father as this, who had laid down cast-iron rules for himself of the sort that might have obtained in the Middle Ages, but which were entirely unsuited to this age of compromises. Next day, when I was back at my desk at the bank, I looked across at Spotley with much commiseration. Five years ago, I thought, he could not box, and was deficient in physical courage; he could not satisfy the curiously demanding code of old Haughton. This I gathered from circumstantial evidence, from Miss Haughton's look when Spotley was mentioned, and from her father's words. In another way I had learnt that he was now an accomplished votary of the art of self-defence, had made himself—being in love—a master of assault and battery, though previously he was only an ordinary well-conducted citizen—relying for protection on policemen, and ultimately, as Mr. Haughton had said, on the militia. The thought of whereunto these things might tend caused me at least to laugh inwardly to such an extent that I made a mistake in a column of figures, and had to go over it three times before I was sure I had cast it aright. It seemed such a ridiculous exemplification of the power of

love, that a sedate, somewhat prim and particular man like Spotley should put himself to the trouble of physically educating himself in this special way. For it seemed to me that he could have had no definite end in view. These were not the days of tournaments, when a man could enter the lists and fight for his lady love, and there seemed to be no way in which Spotley's athleticism could further his love affair. I concluded, after thinking the matter over, that he began his boxing lessons as a relief from his disappointment, and that he had continued to be an amateur from mere habit. But I had not reckoned on the immense persistence there was in Spotley. Nor did I know at that time that the three months' visit he had lately paid in England was prompted by his desire to become as perfect as possible in what was supposed to be, at that time, the best school of the Noble Art.

The *denouement* came pretty soon after this. When Spotley heard that the Haughtons were in Washington, he called at their hotel, and, as fate would have it, Mr. Haughton was out, but Adele was at home.

"I thought I might call and pay my respects as an old friend," said Spotley, after a somewhat agitated and constrained meeting.

"Was it like an old friend to leave me so long without hearing of you, Mr. Spotley?" said Adele.

"How could I write, or what could I do, Adele? I had been humiliated in a disgraceful way in the eyes of the only woman I ever cared for. I could either take the remedy which the law gave me, or I could keep silence. I chose to keep silence; but now I am come to speak. I have not changed towards you in the five years. But you have been all over the world and have seen many people—no doubt you have received much admiration. I am quite prepared to hear that you regard our former relations as an eccentric dream—almost a joke."

"Do you think so hardly as that of me, Reginald? It is too bad," she said, half inclined to cry.

"I beseech you Adele not to play with me. Do you really mean that the years have made no difference at all, and that I may hope one day to win you?"

"I mean just that, Reginald. I will go with you to the world's end."

"Adele!" He sprang forward to take both her hands in his. And at that moment her father entered, very grim and angry when he saw the state of the case.

"Adele—go to your room," he said sternly. Adele looked at first as though she would disobey the paternal command, but, at a sign from Spotley, she left.

"What do you mean, sir, by sneaking around here in my absence?" said the old man angrily.

"Look here, Mr. Haughton, I am not a boy, nor a tramp, but a respectable American citizen. I must ask you to talk this thing over in a reasonable manner. I did not know you were out; I am glad you have returned. This thing has got to be settled right here."

"What? — you;" and old Haughton advanced threateningly towards his visitor.

"I must beg you to conduct yourself reasonably. I will have no violence if I can help it. You are older than I am, and perhaps not in such good training, but I give you notice that you will not lay a finger on me with impunity."

"This is impertinence, as I will soon show you. I will have no sneaking lovers hanging around here." He rang the bell violently, and his colored manservant appeared.

"Now I know your plan, Mr. Haughton. That is the man who threw me out five years ago. I say it was a cowardly, base thing for you to do"

"George, put this man out," roared Haughton, his temper getting the better of him with considerable rapidity.

"Come, out you go," said the negro athlete threateningly, coming into the room and approaching Spotley.

"Now, look here, my man," said Spotley, sternly; "you just go outside. Touch me if you dare! I will knock you down first, and have you locked up afterwards. What do you mean, Mr. Houghton, by bringing a ruffian like this to settle a matter which ought to be easily arranged between gentlemen?"

"Now, don't make trouble, sir. Come right out," said the footman. He tried to catch Spotley's arm, but like a flash Spotley's right caught him under the jaw with a calculated force that not only astonished him but knocked him down. When he rose to his feet, Spotley was very calm and in fighting attitude.

"Oh that's it you want!" said his assailant. It was necessary for him to earn the approval of his employer, but he scarcely liked the business. He speedily found that he had to defend himself, and Spotley's eye was terrible to encounter, and his science unerring. Again the big negro grovelled on the carpet, this time with his nose showing, with great freedom, that his blood was about the same as other people's.

Besides this, he had a strong consciousness that he had met his match.

"If you don't get right up and go out of that door, I will pound you to a jelly. What do you mean by laying hands on a gentleman? Out you go! By heaven! you shall not rise higher than your knees till you tell me whether you are going out or not." Then Spotley turned and walked up to Houghton.

"Order that blackguard out, sir! Order him out, I say, or I will summon the police and have you both arrested. Order him out!"

There was a contest in the old man's breast, but he felt that he had met his match.

"George, go outside and wash your face," he said sullenly.

"And now, Mr. Houghton," said Spotley, "I want you to explain to me why you have twice resorted to these outrageous tactics. You've got to do it. I will get even with you if I devote all the rest of my life to doing it. You have twice called in that wretched man of yours to assault a free-born American citizen, thus introducing into civilized life the manners and customs of savages. Don't think for a moment I am going to allow this to pass. I am master, not you. I have worked for five years to show you that, though you are pigheaded, you are not strong enough to overthrow society. Now I tell you that, whatever happens, I am going to marry your daughter; so your mind may be at rest on that point. Something, however, is due from you to me. You grievously insulted me five years ago, and you have done the same again to-night. If you are willing to give me a written apology—my lawyer will draw one up to-morrow—you can sign it, and there is an end to the matter. If not I shall send for the police. I will give you two minutes to make up your mind, not a second longer."

The result proved the superiority of breeding, intelligence, and training. It showed that Houghton was, after all, only a "bluffer." During this harangue he showed signs of great discomfort. At the end of it he was completely demoralized. His jaw trembled nervously. Beads of perspiration were upon his brow. His eye was disconcerted and wandering, under Spotley's steady gaze.

"I meant it for the best," he faltered, mopping his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Meant it for the best, indeed; a pretty best! I want no parleying; will you sign the document?"

"Yes, I'll sign."

"Will you shake hands?"

"What? shake hands?" The old man looked for a moment at Spotley. —Spotley the firm, the unflinching, the terrible, who now held out his

hand steadily, his eye fixed on his opponent.

"Yes, confound it, I'll shake hands."

"Very well, then; that's all right. There need be no lawyer business. Mr. Haughton, you and I understand one another. You have had your way for five years, and now I've got mine. I wish you good evening."

After the stirring events of that eventful evening, the mysteries with regard to Spotley were cleared up in short order. Erhardt discovered, in a distant part of the city, the athletic club which was the scene of our accountant's fistic training and exercise. We learned that the English sport who came in just to look at Spotley in the bank, had made his acquaintance in

London at a select Athletic evening, at which the Marquis of Queensbery was the honored guest. We found that Spotley was the lineal descendant of the Colonel Spotley well known in New England annals. When he and Adele Haughton married, everybody seemed pleased, including her eccentric father. At this time of writing, Reginald Spotley is president of the bank in which I first made his acquaintance. In his family is an old negro servant, whose name is George. He sometimes entertains his fellow servants with stories of fighting, but he never mentions one special occasion, the history of which the reader now knows.

SLUMBER SONG.

SLEEP and rest, for it is best,
 Slumber sweetly soon;
 Fold thy tired eyes and rest;
 Silver dreams shall to thee croon,
 Sweet the time and soft the tune,
 In thy nest;
 Fold thine eyes, and thine the boon.

Now the busy hours are gone,
 With the work and play;
 Jewelled stars look down alone;
 Through the sleep-time pass away
 Owl and bat and shape of gray;
 Sleep, mine own!—
 Till the blue and golden day.

Night will close her raven wings
 With the dusky hours;
 Sweet the early carollings
 By the brook and through the bowers;
 Grateful are the morning showers;
 Slumber sings:
 "Morn shall wake thee with the flowers."

OLD BEN.

BY V. C. MCGIE.



load, as I intended taking the trip in her to the Gulf and back. I was noticing nothing in particular, simply passing away the time till my boat was ready to start. Being in a fit state for impressions, I was attracted by a little old negro, who was one of the gang unloading the *Golden Rule*.

He was only a roustabout, yet there was something in the expression of his face that held my attention. Some person might say that there is not much expression in the face of a negro; but in this face was written sadness and sorrow, as plainly as if it were inscribed on white paper. Beneath his snow-white head, covered with a ragged cap allowing the white locks to escape here and there through the crevices, was a black, wizened up, old face. The eyes had a far-away look in them, and moved slowly from side to side. His mouth had a dejected droop and, from appearances, if he were to smile, which did not look likely, it would be a dismal smile indeed. His old frame, bent and twisted, was sorely strained under the bale of cotton he was carrying from the boat. His step was slow and uncertain, and had to be urged, from time to time, by a kick or buffet from the mate. His mouth did not expand in a smile, as did the mouths of the other 'coons,' but he rather seemed to cringe and heave a sigh or two. The mate, now and again, directed a stream of curses at him, but they did not seem to affect him.

WAS walking leisurely along the docks at Cincinnati, waiting for the *Golden Rule* to un-

Who was this old negro I was observing and following so closely? That was the question for which I wanted an answer. I turned and asked a bystander.

"Why! don't you know Old Ben?" he said, looking at me with an enquiring expression, which may have been meant to convey the impression that he thought that I was very uninformed as to persons and affairs at the wharves. I was perhaps; but, to appear thoroughly conversant with everything, I replied, in a *sang froid* manner: "Oh! that's Old Ben, is it?—he looks older than I thought he was."

"Yes, he's had a heap of trouble lately. He's going down the river on the *Golden Rule*."

Our conversation drifted into other channels, but I was thinking of Old Ben. I had the cue at last. He had a story, and I intended to find it out.

The last bale was now landed from the *Golden Rule*, and a small return freight stowed away in the cargo room. The roustabouts, having received a small pittance from the mate, took up their positions on barrels, bales,—anything—some, stretched out, basking in the sun; others, asleep, standing up—their profession was to rest. The whistle gave a few dull roars, and we glided out into mid-stream.

When the smoky city had disappeared from view, and we were well under steam, I began to explore the boat from figurehead to paddle-wheel. Down in the hold I got a glimpse of Old Ben, thrown in with a lot of other roustabouts. I sauntered over to talk with the pilot.



"Why! don't you know Old Ben."

He, at first, did not notice me, either from being very intent on manipulating his boat, or because he did not think it worth while wasting his time in conversation. Then, for a while, I was answered in monosyllables, be-



OLD BEN.

tween his eternal, "that beats hell!" and a squirt of tobacco juice. After a time, however, his tongue began to loosen, and he soon became quite talkative.

"You have Old Ben on board, I believe," I said, when the talk was flowing quite easily.

"Yes, and I'm right glad to help take him back. He's had a hard time of it. Here!" he broke out with some words of command, inter-

mingled with not the mildest form of profanity. In this respect he was almost equal to the mate.

I stole away to find Old Ben.

I found the black passengers or rousters, or roustabouts if you like, all huddled together. A jolly lot they looked, with their chubby faces, some playing craps, others asleep. I looked around for the old un', as Old Ben was sometimes called. He was sitting apart from the rest, and on his face there was a sad gladness, as if he had suddenly found a plaything—something which he had yearned for.

"You're Old Ben, are you not?" I said, when I had approached him.

"Yez, sah; dat's w'at dey call me."

"Going home?" I put it again.

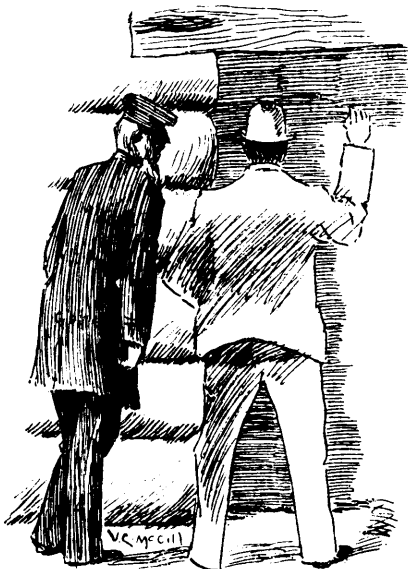
"Yez, sah; I'se gwine back to me ole woman. She's all I lives foh now." said the old negro.

"You have had a hard time of it lately, haven't you?" I said.

"Not lately, sah; but foh de las' twenty yeahs. I used to hab forh chil'n. I hab none now. One dies at home. 'Nother come up to dis town, and got drown'. De other gone, de Lawd knows whar. I hab not bin 'ome foh fohteen yeahs—I hab not had money 'nough. I wan' to hab money 'nough to lib happy wid, an' keep me ole woman wid, too. One day, long, long ago, news come to me dat me las' chile die. I had sabed some money at dat time, an' was gwine a back 'ome to comfor' de ole woman. On de berry day I was gwine, some low-down, onery trash stole me money from me pocket, while I was 'sleep. I ohfen dinks ob de ole woman. I aint ahad much money since den, but I hab 'nough now to make us bof'appy. De ole woman is all I live foh.

"At las', aftah fohteen yeahs, I am to see her," and his face lit up radiantly as he spoke.

Old Ben and I walked and lolled over the stern rail together. We



"The Captain and I knocked at the Door."

talked and chatted, and the time went by very pleasantly when we were together.

Day after day went by monoton-

ously. And each day Old Ben and I were together for the most of the time. My example was followed by



LOADING OF THE "GOLDEN RULE."

all the boat hands, and soon Old Ben was the favorite and pet of the boat. We would lounge over the sides on the sunny days, sometimes landing at a village or town as we passed, watching the sleepy natives and listening to plantation songs. Then at night we would sit at times up on the hurricane deck, Old Ben looking forward to where the river was lost in the misty blending of the banks, as if to see there his old home. It was all he talked about during these long days and nights.

One morning, after we had been steaming down the river for nine days, Old Ben and I were standing together on the lower deck. It was a bright day, and the sun fairly danced on the water. Suddenly Old Ben seized my arm, and pointing out, excitedly exclaimed: 'See! see! dere 'tis—dat's me

ole 'ome. See dat ole log cabin ober yonder.'

He left me here and rushed upstairs.

A few moments later the boat was standing as near the bank as the mud would allow. The long gangway was slowly lowered from the centre of the boat. Out rushed Old Ben, followed by the captain, who stood midway on the gang plank, and followed the old negro with his eyes. The mate stepped out on the gang plank also. When Old Ben reached the shore he turned round, and taking off his old torn cap, yelled out gleefully: "Gawd bless you cap'n. I'm 'ome at las'. Be good to yoursel's, an' don' forgit Ole Ben."

"Good-bye. We'll call on our up trip and see how you are getting on," said the captain.

Old Ben scampered up over the banks, merrier than he had been for many a day.

The captain was visibly affected, and even the mate did not blaspheme the rousters for a time.

We rounded a turn in the river, and the old cabin was shut out from view, just as Old Ben was entering it.



"A trio wended its way to the boats."

We reached the Crescent city three days later, having made the trip down in twelve days. A fresh cargo was loaded at the levee, and the *Golden Rule* started on her northward trip.

We ploughed our way slowly up the river, and reached the old man's cabin one day, just at dusk. The captain seemed very much interested, and directed his boat to be run close to shore.

The captain and I walked slowly up the bank. The eyes of all in the packet were upon us. As we approached the hut we observed no signs of life anywhere around. The garden was overgrown with weeds, in short, the whole place had a deserted appearance. We knocked at the door. We waited—no reply. We knocked again, harder than before. This time we heard staggering footsteps. The door opened, and Old Ben looked into our faces with a vacant stare.

"Why, what is the matter, Ben? you look as though you had lost your best friend," said the captain.

"Dat's jes' w'at 'tis, massa. I done gone feel like killin' mysef'. I's weary

ob dis worl'. I come 'ome to fin' me ole woman; but she's gone—gone—gone—dere's no one here—no one—no one—" He started up, his eyes glaring as if we had contradicted him.

"Yes, I see; no one is here," said the captain.

"I'se bin awanderin' aroun' foh days lookin' foh her. I conno' fin' her. I come to the cabin of me ole frien' Silas. He say dat me ole woman done gone died moh'n a yeah ago. Dere's nuthin' foh me to lib foh now," wailed the old negro.

"Brace up, old man, and come along with us. We'll see you nicely settled in Cincinnati, won't we partner?" said the captain, looking at me.

"Yes," I replied, and urged him to come.

A trio wended its way back to the boat.

Next morning Old Ben was nowhere to be found. No trace of him could be discovered, though the boat was searched from stem to stern. It was only too apparent to all that the old negro's body was at the bottom of the muddy river.



SAXON OR SLAV :

*England or Russia?**

BY HON. DAVID MILLS, M.P., LL.B., Q.C.

THE theme of this article is the domination of Saxon or Slav—which shall, in the future that lies before us, lead humanity? The subject is one of special interest to us, because we have all felt more or less pride in the fact that we are ourselves members of the race which has for two centuries marched in the van of mankind; and we have now before us the question: Are we approaching the end of that period when we shall have fulfilled our mission, and shall be obliged to give place to some other race, that shall seize the standard which we can no longer carry? Are we about to yield up the place through being no longer qualified to hold it, because, having spent our energies, we are about to sink into a condition of lethargy, weary with the march of humanity, which we have long had the honor to lead?

It is a common observation that nations, like persons, have their periods of growth, maturity, and decay. But Burke wisely observes that nations are not physical, but moral persons. They do not belong to the same sphere of existence as individuals, and it is altogether a false analogy to suppose that they are necessarily subject to the same vicissitudes of being. The fact, however, remains, that hitherto there has been a succession of leading States, each of which rose to greatness, held the first place for a time, and then declined. The subject, then, which we are called upon to consider, is one of great importance to us. At this hour we belong to the domi-

nant race, and whether or not we are to have more than our brief hour upon the stage of history, is a question which must be, for our race, of the very deepest interest.

I say that the whole history of the world shows that there has been a succession of dominant races, and of nations, each of which has served to carry humanity forward a certain distance, to spread itself abroad by force of arms, to impose its thoughts and opinions upon a considerable portion of mankind, to exhaust its energies in the operation, and, after a period of some confusion, to sink into a subordinate position, and to have its place wrested from it by some other nation of another race.

The history of nations can have no other foundation than human nature. This, though everywhere the same, is everywhere modified by the varying strength of the elements of which it is composed. These variations are due to the character of the national environments. Some men are nations in miniature. We can point out individuals who are representative men of their times—of their nation—types of their race; and its whole history is exhibited in their lives. Psychology, for this reason, finds its most perfect expression in history. There we see the virtues and the vices, the intellectual strength and the intellectual weakness of a people. The acts of the rulers, the political constitution of the State, and the aims of the public policy, are but expressions of the strength and the weakness, of the moral and intellectual character of the people.

I assume that there is a Divine pur-

*This article was prepared as a lecture for the Political Science Club of Toronto University, but was not delivered owing to the refusal by the University Council of a lecture room to the Club, in which to hold their meetings.

pose in history, and that the life of the State is dependent mainly upon the moral stamina of its people. I assume that no State has perished that deserved to survive. In order to comprehend the status of a nation we ask ourselves for what purpose it exists? what special contribution is it making, or is it likely to make, to the progress of humanity? If it does not represent some specific idea and purpose; if it is not holding a large space in the well-being of mankind, its existence, as a leading State, would be unintelligible. The events by which it is developed would promote no common purpose and could contribute to no common end. Its national life would be without unity of design and could lead up to no definite result.

If the notion be true that a nation is called by Providence to represent an idea, and serve some great purpose, the order of events must be, in the life of such a nation, an order of progression; and, if this could be interrupted or destroyed, the nation would have, as such, but an abortive existence. It may well be that the existence of many States is only auxiliary to the furtherance of the design contemplated in the existence of the one great leading State of the time. Apart from the furtherance of that design, their existence has no great purpose. Just as thousands of forest trees serve only to form and to give symmetry to the few great trees that survive and reach maturity, so the majority of States serve mainly to give vigor and strength to the one placed by Providence in the van of human progress. Every great State that has played an important part in the history of humanity has had a beginning, a middle, and an end in its history. It constitutes a symmetrical whole. When its end comes it seems to have had a life rounded off and completed. There may be much in that history which we cannot but condemn; there may have been very

wide departures, at times, from a high standard of rectitude. At times that which is evil seems to have triumphed over that which is good. But at all times we can trace through its history—as we can trace the Gulf Stream in the broad Atlantic,—the great purpose for which it holds the first place. When we speak of the perfection of a nation we use a relative term; we measure it by its own type,—by what we discover that type to be. We consider the end it was designed to accomplish, and the perturbing influences which, from time to time, operate upon it. And the advantages of historical study will be greatly lessened if we fail to observe these influences, and to correctly appreciate the character and design of the forces, both external and internal, by which a State is impelled onward.

An epoch is complete when its historical development has unfolded everything wrapped up in the idea of progress which it represents. When this is done it can no longer move forward, because it has ceased to have any impelling motive carrying it beyond the point which it has already reached. The laws of this progressive development always harmonize with each other, because there is a necessary relation between all the parts of a nation's life. Show me an institution which a nation has outgrown, which no longer fits into those parts of its organic existence which have been re-formed, and I will show you an institution which will produce friction and unrest until it is adjusted and brought into harmony with the others. Every nation has an individuality of its own, which is seen in its art, industry, religion, philosophy, and government. In some States, one of these characteristics is developed to a much greater extent than the others. In some States the civilization is broader than it is in other States, and the national life has moved along all these lines. When the national energies are exhausted, progress ceases. At first there is rest,

and then disintegration and decay. The State with the widest civilization has also the fullest, the most instructive history. When I say history, I refer to the events of national life in a period of progress, and not to the events in a period of decay. Every epoch has an individuality of its own, as certainly as every nation has its own personality. We can designate the age or the epoch which has produced certain types in works of art, certain doctrines of religion, certain systems of philosophy, and certain theories of government, and certain notions of functions of the State. Now, when a State is struggling to the front, it brings with it different ideas from those entertained by the State already holding the first place. And even when the dominant State has completed its mission it does not yield its place without a struggle. Its defeat means the triumph of a stronger and more youthful people, who are destined to carry the banner of progress still farther onward. "War," says M. Cousin, "is nothing more than a bloody exchange of ideas." It is the triumph of the one who bears the treasures of the future over one who has nothing further to bestow. What gives interest to the great battles of Platea and Salamis, Marathon and Arbela, Xama and Pharsalia, Lepanto and Vienna, but this, that there were great ideas, as well as great forces, arrayed against each other? These great events are "the judgments of God in history:" that judgment is always just, and the world, in the end, gains by the change. Every student who reads Demosthenes sympathizes with the orator and patriot against Philip and Alexander. But this is due, not to the purity and patriotism of the Athenians, but to the lofty character of Demosthenes himself. The King of Macedon was unscrupulous; he was ambitious; but the Athenians were worse; they were luxurious and venal, and the world gained by the fall of Athens and the success of Macedon. Demosthenes

was a splendid character; every young heart thrills with admiration for the cause and the man: but there were not enough like him remaining to preserve the State. The State that succeeds must make sacrifices; it is only amidst great trials, patiently endured, that success is earned: and these struggles indicate points of departure from which nations move forward, upon hitherto untrodden pathways, to a nobler life than they had before attained.

I don't pretend to state why it is that men are perfected and disciplined, and placed upon a higher plane of life, through what they endure rather than through what they enjoy. The greatest Leader of our race, we are told, was made perfect through suffering; and no great good has ever been secured to man without great sacrifice. This is true from the days of Jephthah to the student who is at this day struggling for literary or scientific distinction, by pleasures denied and by toils endured.

Is it possible that a race may preserve those habits of simple virtue and unwearied energy, which may keep it indefinitely in the lead of human progress? This question suggests another: Does not the fact that it is in a condition favorable to progress along certain lines keep from it those envying influences which may be necessary to mark out a new, a higher, type of civilization? We differ from every leading nation that has preceded us, in the universality of our environment and in the numbers of independent centres of racial life. I am not going to discuss these questions further. It is our business to bear in mind that we are still to the front; that we seem still to be in the midst of a period of progressive advancement; that a great work still remains for us to accomplish; and that we are steadily and untiringly pursued by a powerful and ambitious race, with different conceptions of human rights, with different notions of the functions of gov-

ernment—a race who are seeking to supplant us, and who have an abiding faith in their own destiny. We would have the infatuation of fools were we to close our eyes to these facts. We must bear in mind, too, that it is not always the best that survives, but the fittest. We must remember that without moral stamina, without public virtue, without a spirit of self-sacrifice, it is impossible to maintain the front rank, and the people who do not possess these qualities in the highest degree are already doomed.

I have already stated that the English have taken the lead for more than two centuries; and that, at no distant day, the Russians will contest with them their right to maintain that position. A large portion of the earth's surface is to-day held by three races, which exhibit distinct habits of life, distinct conceptions of government, and distinct types of thought. These are the English, the Russians, and the Spaniards. France and Germany have already reached the maximum of greatness permitted them by Providence. Germany has for a century emptied her surplus population into English-speaking communities, where they have been readily transformed into Englishmen. With no room for expansion, the growth of Germany must be comparatively slow, and her relative position to-day is more favorable to her influence than it is likely to be in the future. For France there is even a less prospect for her to acquire a higher rank than that which she now holds. The great wars at the beginning of this century, and other causes, have contributed, in a marked degree, to produce a race physically inferior to their ancestors; so that there is this further limitation upon her chances of success. Spain may also be regarded as out of the race. The Spaniard holds to-day an immense area, not less than four millions of square miles, upon this continent; but Spain lost her American dominions, and with them her mari-

time enterprise, her commercial energies, and the chances for a rapid numerical increase of the Spanish race. If the political relations between the United Kingdom and her colonies were terminated, we might have exhibited in the British Islands a spectacle of decadence not unlike that which Spain presents.

I purpose in this article to embrace the United States as a part of the Anglo-Saxon community. I do so because the loss of British supremacy would be scarcely less disastrous to the United States than to the British Empire. It is true that the United States has room, under English leadership, for expansion for a century to come. But with India and China in the possession of Russia, with all the resources that this possession would place at her disposal, with the valley of the Euphrates occupied by her people, and with her frontier pushed southward from the shores of the Caspian to the Gulf of Oman, what would be the position of the United States? The Pacific would become a Russian lake. The population of the United Kingdom would rapidly diminish. The British Islands would no longer be a market for American bread-stuffs, and, while Russia would rapidly grow in wealth and population, the United States would do neither, for all the great marts of the world would be in the possession of a power that would use them to restrain and to cripple any state that might become her rival. The United States have, in the highest sense, no independent existence. They are a part and parcel of the Anglo-Saxon race, at the head of which is the United Kingdom. In science, in literature, in government, in religion, and in the conception of human rights, we are all one people, having a common aim, a common origin, and a common destiny. The forces which would establish Russian ascendancy over the United Kingdom would establish, in an incredibly short time, Russian as-

cendency over the world. It is said that a good understanding is now had with Russia, that a *modus vivendi* has been discovered, and that there is no longer danger of conflict between the United Kingdom and Russia. This proves nothing. It has frequently been said before. The Russian Czar and Russian statesmen have before drawn a line marking the extreme limit of Russian territory and the sphere of Russian influence. I dare say this has been done sometimes, though I fear not often, with perfect sincerity. But, however this may be, Russian officers and Russian soldiers, hundreds of leagues away, have willed otherwise; and as they have willed, so have events been moulded and settled. We know that the late Czar has been praised as the sincere friend of peace, yet his honor has been more than once pawned without having been redeemed: and during his short reign more than a million of square miles were added to his dominions by shocking butcheries, concealed by audacious and shameless lying, such as has marked the diplomacy of no other country. It is, therefore, of importance to consider whether the civilization of England or of Russia is to be the civilization of the next century. I think it is as certain as anything can be, which has not yet transpired, concerning human affairs, that if Russia is not broken in pieces by revolution, a desperate struggle for supremacy must, at no distant day, take place between her on the one side, and the British Empire on the other: and that, by no understanding can it be avoided, for by no understanding can Russia be bound. Let me by a few words invite the reader's attention to the history of Russia.

Russia at one time consisted of many nations. The Khazarui, an enlightened people, who in the Middle Ages maintained intimate relations with Bagdad and the Eastern Empire, who had flourishing schools, an extensive commerce, and liberal insti-

tutions, were ultimately destroyed by the barbarous nations that surrounded them. The empire of Russia and the kingdom of England began to exist about the same time; Rurik and Alfred were contemporaries. Russia has experienced, for a thousand years, great vicissitudes of fortune. Near the beginning of her existence she marched eighty thousand men to the conquest of the Byzantine Empire, and to the capture of Constantinople; and what she then aimed to accomplish she has never abandoned. Catharine the Great, Nicholas, and Alexander II., have since undertaken the same task.

Russia in the tenth century was as prominent, relatively, among the states of Europe, in territory, in population, and in her achievements, as she was forty years ago. The original cradle of Russia was at Kieff, on the banks of the Dnieper. The greater part of European Russia was united under one sovereign before Edward the Confessor was king of England. In the tenth century she extended from the borders of Lithuania on the west to the Volga on the east, and from the Finnish tribes on the north to the Petcheneges on the south. Before the end of the twelfth century Russia had acquired eastern Finland, and she had extended her borders towards the Baltic, but she had lost territory upon the south-east, and Great Bulgaria extended from the Ural River westward beyond the Volga. By the middle of the sixteenth century, the dominions of the Czar of Moscow reached from the Arctic Ocean to the Caucasus Mountains. The Khan of the Crimea still excluded Russia from the Black Sea, and the Grand Duchy of Lithuania extended from the Gulf of Bothnia nearly to the mouth of the Dnieper, embracing the whole of what is now western Russia, up to the borders of Prussia and Poland. From 1648 to 1789 this Duchy was embraced in the kingdom of Poland. In 1721 Russia acquired Livonia: in 1749 she obtained the south-east part of Swedish Fin-

land; in 1783 she conquered the remainder of Crim-Tartary and extended her borders to the Black Sea; in 1793 she seized Lithuania and the greater part of Poland. At the beginning of this century she took Bessarabia from Turkey, and Finland from Sweden; and in 1828 she acquired the country on the north-east coast of the Black Sea. So Russia continuously extended her borders in Europe, from her emancipation from the Tartars down to the year 1830. The progress of Russia in Asia has been as marked as her aggrandizements in Europe. Her boundaries in Asia have been extended at the expense of the Independent Tartar tribes of Persia, of Afghanistan, of China and of Japan. But of these conquests I shall speak more hereafter. I have already mentioned the beginning of Russian existence under Rurik. Russia experienced intestine wars, from causes which I have not space here to consider, which led to her decline in power and in importance. Then came the Tartar invasion from A.D. 1224 until A.D. 1480, when Russia was finally emancipated from their dominion. For two hundred and fifty years the Muscovites paid tribute to these conquerors, until Ivan the 3rd defeated them, and he became the second founder of the Empire. During the Tartar supremacy, the Muscovites endured the terrible atrocities of their savage despotism. Moscow was sacked and burnt, and every province of the Muscovite Empire was repeatedly overrun by them. They seemed bent upon waging a war of extermination, for their rule in peace was nearly as destructive of human life as was their rule in war.

Under Peter the Great, a new impetus was given to Russian dominion. It was he who acquired much of the country bordering on the Black Sea, and the Swedish possessions east of the Baltic. Russia had, in recent history, defeated Napoleon, dismembered Poland, acquired Finland, and extend-

ed her territories at the expense of Turkey. Over the tomb of Alexander I., hang the keys of Paris and Adrianople. Over the tomb of Nicholas hang the keys of Warsaw. She has subjugated, by force or by fraud, Tartars, Lithuanians, Poles, Swedes, Turks and Frenchmen. Every European war in which Russia has been engaged, except the Crimean war, since the days of Peter the Great, has been followed by an accession of territory. Russia has been patient in her reverses. She has begun numerous expeditions which have failed; but these failures have never led her to abandon any enterprise. When she has met with reverses she has submitted to fortune, not disheartened, but believing the time not favorable; she has waited her opportunity and pursued her object undismayed by past failures. In A.D. 860, her monarch besieged Constantinople: at that early period her Sovereign had resolved on its acquisition. They failed then in the enterprise; but the design has never been abandoned. It has been attempted by Catherine, by Nicholas, by Alexander the II, and is still among the cherished designs of all Russian statesmen. The settled policy of Russia in Asia is not less aggressive than in Europe. The French many years ago published what purported to be the Last Will and Testament of Peter the Great to the Russian people. It may be that this Will is a fiction; but it nevertheless accurately represents the settled policy of Russia, from which nothing can turn her aside. Let me quote a few paragraphs of this Will:

"5. Interest the House of Austria in the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and under this pretext maintain a permanent army, and establish dock yards on the shores of the Black Sea; and thus by ever moving forward we will, eventually, reach Constantinople.

"6. Keep up a state of anarchy in Poland; influence its national assemblies, and, above all, regulate the elec-

tion of its kings: split it up on every occasion that presents itself: and finally subjugate it.

"8. Bear in mind that the commerce of India is the commerce of the world, and that he who can exclusively control it is the dictator of Europe; no occasion should, therefore, be lost to provoke war with Persia; to hasten its decay; to advance to the Persian gulf; and then, to endeavor to re-establish the ancient trade of the Levant through Syria.

"9. Always interfere, either by force of arms or by intrigue, in the quarrels of the European powers, and especially in those of Germany.

"12. Make use of the power of the church over the disunited and schismatical Greeks who are scattered over Hungary, Turkey, and the southern parts of Poland: gain them over by every possible means; pose as their protectors; and establish a claim to religious supremacy over them. Under this pretext and with their help, Turkey will be conquered.

"13. All our batteries must be secretly prepared to strike the great blow, and so that they can act with such order, precision, and rapidity, as to give Europe no time for preparation. The first step will be to propose very secretly, separately, and with the greatest circumspection, first to the Court of Versailles, and then to that of Vienna, to divide with one of them the Empire of the world; and by mentioning that Russia is virtually ruler of the Eastern world, and has nothing to gain but the title, this proposal will probably not rouse their suspicion. It is undoubted that this project cannot fail to please them; and a war to the knife will be kindled between them which will soon become general, because of the interests which will compel other powers of Europe to take part in the struggle."

The Will, whether genuine, or a forgery, fairly represents, in fact and in spirit, the policy of Russia.

Permit me to point out the aggressions of Russia in Asia. At the beginning of this century the Prince of Georgia, through Russian intrigue, renounced his crown in favor of the Emperor of Russia. At the same time a Franco-Russian invasion of India was projected. Each nation was to furnish 35,000 men. The French were to descend the Danube, and to be transported across the Black Sea to Taganrog. The combined force was to advance through Khorassan, Herat, and Kandahar to the Indus. It was estimated that about four months would be required for the march. The march of the Russian expedition was begun. The Czar, Paul, was assassinated, and his successor gave peremptory orders for the return of the Russian forces. The Georgians sought to regain their independence; but the Czar had no intention of surrendering his new acquisition, and he proclaimed that, "our dignity, honor, and humanity, impose on us, as a sacred duty, not to resist your heart-rending cries, but to relieve you from the evils which afflict you, and to introduce into Georgia a strong Government."

The Russian Governor seized the Persian Province of Mingrelia; and by treachery or by slaughter, all the Persian Provinces on the western coast of the Caspian were soon after seized, or conquered, by the Russians. England made, through Sir John Malcom, Sir Hartford Jones, and Sir Gore Ouseley, in the course of 13 years, no less than three treaties for the protection of Persia against the French and Russian aggression, not one of which proved of the slightest value to Persia. The Russians, when the first of these treaties was made, were in alliance with France. But, afterwards, when that alliance was broken up, and England and Russia were acting together, the English endeavored to escape from their treaty obligations by explaining them away. Persia lost the Provinces of Karabagh, Georgia, Daghestan, Baku, Shirwan, and other exten-

sive districts, among the most fertile of the dominions of the Shah. In 1828 the Russians took possession of Gokeheh. The Shah urged their withdrawal. Menchikoff endeavored to turn the attention of the Persians to the East, and urged them to recoup themselves by the capture of Herat. But Persia was too much exasperated to listen to such advice. The whole Persian nation rushed upon the Russians, and forced them out of all the Provinces which they had acquired from Persia. But their success was short-lived. The Persians were defeated, and the war was ended by the surrender of the Provinces of Erivan and Nakhtchivan. The Persians called upon the English more than once, but in vain, for the fulfilment of their treaty engagements. The Shah expected their assistance. The British Government declined; but the policy of Menchikoff was not abandoned. The Persians became convinced that the English were unable to oppose Russia. And the Russians then assumed a position of offensive superiority. The English, seeming to regard Persia as having no value as a barrier to Russian advancement towards India, took little interest in Persian affairs. As soon as peace was concluded with the Shah, war was declared against the Sultan, and the armies which had served against northern Persia were marched into Asia Minor. By the treaty of Adrianople, a large district upon the borders of the conquests from Persia was acquired from Turkey. The Persians were incited by the Russians to invade Afghanistan and to lay siege to Herat, Russia herself, at the same time, undertaking the conquest of Khiva. The people of Herat, under their chief, made a vigorous defence, and the siege was for a time abandoned. In 1837 it was renewed. A young artillery officer, named Eldred Pottinger, encouraged the Afghans to make a stubborn defence. The English ambassador endeavored to persuade the

Shah to raise the siege, and the Russian ambassador urged him to continue it. The British ambassador was treated with marked discourtesy. The designs of Russia were clearly discernible. Persia was her instrument. Herat would become a Russian out-post on the road to India, if Persia was successful. Russian agents were actively engaged in attempting to form alliances at Kabul and at Kandahar. The Emperor Nicholas himself addressed a letter to the Ameer of Afghanistan. Captain Burnes was then at the Afghan capital, with a view to preventing the Ameer from becoming a party to the Russo-Persian alliance. The Russian ambassador sought to persuade the Shah to deliver it to him, and also the Province of Ghurian. He would remain there with 12,000 troops, and he would, when they joined him, deliver up Herat to them. When the Russian ambassador, Vitkievitch, reached Kabul, he found that Captain Burnes had forestalled him. But the English had only promised the Ameer protection against Runjeet Singh, while he would need protection against the Russians and Persians, on account of his abstaining from all intercourse with them, if he stood by the English. The Ameer strove hard, but in vain, to obtain more comprehensive guarantees from the English. Vitkievitch promised everything, and he succeeded. So that he had the Shah of Persia, the Sirdars of Candahar, and the Ameer of Kabul, all in his net at the same time. The triumph was but short lived. England intervened, and the attack on Herat collapsed. The English had been treated with great indignity by the Persians. Redress had been demanded without success. The British Minister addressed a despatch to the Persian Government in which all the British demands were specifically set out. These demands were rejected. The British Minister quitted the camp, and demanded permission to proceed

to the frontier. He informed the Shah that the Persians must at once raise the siege of Herat; that any attempt to occupy any part of Afghanistan, would be regarded as a war against England. The Shah abandoned the siege. The Russian Minister endeavored to induce the defender of Herat to visit the camp and come to terms; but Yar Mohammed, acting upon the advice of Pottinger, declined to be drawn into the trap, and this instrument failed Russia for the moment. But the chiefs of Kandahar were intriguing with the Persians; this led Lord Auckland to restore Shujaul Mulk to the Afghan throne, and force Dost Mohammed to retire. The chief cities of Afghanistan were occupied by British troops, but it soon became apparent that the new Ameer had no following among the Afghans, and that if the British troops were withdrawn, he would be instantly driven from the throne. I need not relate how, through the weakness or want of decision on the part of the General, Elphinstone, and others, the British army was destroyed; how, out of 16,000 men, but one man returned to Jalalabad, to tell of the weakness and indecision on the one side, and the treachery on the other, which caused a splendid army to perish. The officials of the Czar had intrigued not only with the Afghans, but they had carried on their intrigues in India. The Czar had sent an expedition to capture Khiva, an expedition which had failed. It was intended to put it out of the power, thereafter, of the English, to trouble the Russian Government for explanations about her intentions in Central Asia. Through the English mission of Captain Stoddart, Captain Abbot and Lieutenant Shakespeare, the Khan of Khiva was induced to liberate a number of Russian captives, so as to take from the Russians any pretext for a hostile expedition into his country. But Russia was not hindered in carrying out her policy by any concession of this

kind. British officers, after the disasters of Afghanistan, were put to death by the Khan of Bokhara.

Between the years 1856 and 1868, Russia extended her dominion up the Oxus. She subjugated the Kirghiz Tartars. She built a series of forts by which the country was held as it was taken. Her troops attacked and took Ak-Mechit. The Crimean war led to the suspension of military expeditions in Asia. When that war was begun, General Duhamel presented to the Czar a memorandum for the invasion of India. The route through Turkestan would be dangerous, as the inhabitants on that line would, at that time, have to be fought and defeated: and so the route of Khorassan was recommended. He points out that the Afghans might be induced to join the Russians for the sake of plunder, and if the Sikhs could be induced to join, so much the better. Russia proposed to march to India with an army of 30,000, which, with the freebooters who would join them, would be more than a match for any force which the English could bring against them. We make, says the Russian General, "compromises with our other enemies, but England's bearing towards us, which tends to weaken our power, does not justify us in leaving her in peace. We must liberate the people who are the sources of her wealth, and prove to the whole world the might of the Russian Czar." In 1856 the Shah of Persia was again induced to lay siege to Herat. Once more the English declared war against Persia, and landed an army on the island of Karack. The fort upon the island was taken. A Persian force was defeated at Kushab. The forts at the mouth of the Karun river were attacked and captured. Russia was, herself, occupied at this time in the suppression of a revolt of the Kirghiz Tartars. Russia again intrigued at Kabul, Herat, and Kandahar, but without success. From 1859 to 1868 she pushed forward her conquests, captured Chim-

kent, Khogent, and Yura-Tepe, and entered into a treaty of peace with Bokhara. Owing to the inferior arms of the Tartar tribes, Russia made great progress in the extension of her Dominions in Central Asia. If the Tartars had been furnished with improved arms they could easily have kept Russia at bay.

In 1873, at the annexation of Samarkand and Zarafshan, the conquests of Russia made a profound impression in England and upon the British Indian public. The subject led to conferences between Lord Clarendon and Baron Brunnow. The Baron communicated to his master the proposals made by Lord Clarendon, of a neutral zone between the two empires, the boundaries of which should be scrupulously respected by both. This idea of a neutral zone was abandoned by the English. It was suggested by the Indian officers, that the Upper Oxus, which was south of Bokhara, should be the boundary line, which neither party should permit its forces to cross. Prince Gortchakoff admitted that Afghanistan was completely outside the sphere within which Russia might be called upon to exercise her influence. The Russians were anxious to revive the idea of a neutral zone, but not until they had reached the borders of Afghanistan. And when that boundary came to be defined, Russia insisted upon embracing within her dominions a large section of territory, which, in 1873, she admitted belonged to Afghanistan, and which brought the Russian boundary within easy striking distance of Herat. The boundaries to the north-east of Afghanistan are still undefined, and Russia has been gradually pushing her forces into the Pamir country on the borders of northern India. When the conquest of Khiva was completed, the British Minister at St. Petersburg called on Prince Gortchakoff, who denied in the most positive manner that Russia had any intention of attacking Merv, although, at that moment, the plans of General

Kauffman for the subjugation of the country had been approved of. Russia has, by these acquisitions, acquired a basis of operation against India, which she can continue to improve until the opportune moment arrives. At the present time she seems to be pushing forward her exploitations into Thibet. The truth is, that not the slightest reliance can be placed upon any statement made by Russian officials. Although the Russian chancellor informed the British ambassador that a Russian agent should not go to Kabul, yet General Kauffman sent Russian agents to Kabul, from Tashkent, and continued official communication for a period of ten years, and arranged that a Russian agent should reside at Kabul and at other points in Afghanistan. He also asked permission to construct roads from Samarkand to various points in Afghanistan; for permission to locate troops at convenient points on the Afghan frontier; he endeavored to persuade the Ameer to permit the passage of troops proceeding to India; he asked that in case such troops were sent, the Ameer should furnish supplies on payment; and promised that for these advantages Russia would protect the Sovereign in his legal rights, abstain from interfering in the internal affairs of Afghanistan, and defend the Ameer against his enemies, whoever they might be. In 1878 M. de Giers said, in reply to a question by Lord Loftus, that no mission had been, or was intended to be, sent to Kabul, either by the Imperial Government or by General Kauffman, although General Kauffman had sent a representative from Tashkent six weeks before. Subsequently, he said, everything had been stopped, although four months later Count Shouvaloff admitted to Lord Salisbury that the Russian mission still remained at Kabul, and this in the face of repeated assurances that Russia would not interfere in the affairs of Afghanistan.

In January, 1891, M. de Giers in-

formed Lord Dufferin, after the capture of Denghil-Tepe, "the time had come for the Russian Government to show its moderation, and to take care not to allow itself to be entangled in any further military operations in that quarter of the world." And he further said that "he had the entire approval of the Czar for this declaration." A statement was made to Lord Granville, to the same effect, by the Russian ambassador in London. Once again, M. de Giers informed Lord Dufferin "that not only did Russia not want to go to Merv, but that there is nothing which can require us to go there." On May the 24th, of the same year, the announcement was made that Merv was annexed to the dominions of the Czar. Although English statesmen seemed to have believed the promise made to Lord Loftus and to Lord Dufferin, they had on record the fact that, in 1875, Prince Gortschakoff, in a letter to the Russian ambassador in London, stated: "His Imperial Majesty has no intention of extending the frontiers of Russia, such as they exist at present, in Central Asia, either on the side of Bokhara or on the side of Krasnovotsk or of the Atrek." And yet at that very time Russia was carrying on extensive military operations to do these things.

All these military operations, all these audacious falsehoods, point to a determination to make the country, so acquired, a basis for military operations against British India. We have the reports made on the subject, from time to time, by prominent Russian officers. Skobeloff in 1883 pointed out the importance, in the event of war with England, of Turkestan, as a base of operations, from which it would be possible not only to strike a telling blow against the British in India, but also to crush her in Europe. He points out the importance of maintaining there an army of 40,000 men, from which 12,000 may be spared to operate be-

yond the¹ frontiers. At a latter period he says: "the invasion of India with 18,000 men, though attended with risk, might overturn the English authority; but an army of 50,000 is absolutely free from risk."

Can any one doubt that Russia aims at the conquest of India, and that with the resources of India in her possession she would soon make herself master of the other portions of Asia? This is a question which concerns not only the people of the United Kingdom, but in no less degree, the people in every dependency of the Empire. Yes, I may go farther, and say that it concerns the whole English-speaking population of the globe. It is sometimes asked, what have we in Canada to do with a war between England and Russia in Central Asia? We have everything to do with it. Whenever that contest comes, it will involve the supremacy of the race to which we belong. It will be a contest to decide whether Russia shall dominate the world, or whether freedom of commerce shall still remain in the ascendant, and political freedom be the heritage of any portion of mankind. Look at the government of Russia, look at her policy of administrative exile, her police espionage, her prisons, her disregard for personal rights, and say whether these things can mean anything to us? I turn to one writer, who, describing the condition of her prisons, says that "a year ago these prisoners were healthy and robust; now they are bowed and decrepit old men, hardly able to walk; some of them cannot rise from their beds. Covered with vermin, and eaten up with scurvy, they emit an odor like that of a corpse. No mercy is even shown to the mad, and you may imagine how many of such there are in our Golgotha. They are not sent to any asylum, but are kept in order with the whip and the scourge. Rats are so plentiful that the prisoners are in danger of being devoured by them.

Prisoners are frequently nearly eaten up with the scurvy. The blood continually oozes from their gums, and flows from their mouths, until the jaw bones become bare." The exile never knows his accuser, and frequently he does not know of what he is accused. Sometimes witnesses are imprisoned, and they have been kept there, at times, four years, until the Government are ready to proceed. Over 700 persons were at one time in the House of Preventive Detention, of whom the vast majority were witnesses, and but 20 of whom the official prosecutor said deserved punishment, although 73 had perished by suicide, or from the effects of confinement. Sometimes the wrong man is arrested, and he is kept in prison for two or three years before the mistake is discovered. Sometimes, where an innocent party is acquitted he may be doomed to exile upon an administrative order, as the cruelty and injustice of his treatment may have made him dangerous. Russia is not a European power. Its government is Asiatic. All its conceptions are Asiatic. It is an Asiatic power, wielding the forces of modern civilization for the maintenance of an Asiatic despotism.

England's danger,—no, I will not say England's danger, but *our* danger, the danger of the whole race to which we belong—lies, in part, in the democratic character of our Government; in part, in the danger not being apparent to the people; and in the want of a patriotic spirit, ever watchful, ever ready to maintain this great Empire, as one and indivisible. It is easy to conceive that in a period of distress, when the English elector, who toils for his daily bread, finds it difficult to obtain constant employment, and to whom domestic reforms which, if obtained, will, in his opinion, improve his circumstances in life, probably would ask himself the question: "What interest have I in these struggles for Empire? What advantage is it to me that we of the United King-

dom should remain politically connected with our colonies?" Precisely the same question may be put by the people of the large, self-governing dependencies, who may be of the opinion that they can better their condition by controlling their external relations, when standing alone, than if they remain politically united to the British Empire. All this kind of reasoning is based upon the assumption that, were the British Empire disintegrated, the policy which has in so large a degree permitted every independent State to freely pursue its own interests, and carry on its commercial affairs without restraint, would continue. Those who take this view forget that the present order of things in the commercial relations of the world, is the result of English ascendancy, and that with the dissolution of the empire, and with the ascendancy of Russia, all this would come to an end. So that when any subject of Her Majesty, in any part of the Empire, asks, "What advantage is it to me that the English Empire should remain united; what advantage is it to me to keep Russia out of India?"—I say that, whenever any such questions are seriously put, it is an evidence that our danger is very great, for the information and the spirit are wanting, to guard against it; and if that is a prevalent opinion, the hour of our fall is at hand. If India were severed from the British Empire, and placed under Russian rule, and everything else retained as it is, it would mean a loss of ten millions in the population of the British Islands. But the loss of India means immeasurably more than this; it means a loss of every dependency of the Empire; it means to them the having of Russia as a master, instead of England as a protector. It means the loss of trade from diminished numbers, from diminished wealth, from the loss of commercial freedom, which would be certain to follow, and the loss of the maritime supremacy. It means putting 18,000,000 of square

miles of the Eastern continent, and 900,000,000 of its people, under the dominion of one ruler, who will wield the power which this gives him, to trample into the earth every nation and every people that might aspire to better their position, or to become his rivals in any field of human greatness. If there be any advantage in free institutions; if there be any advantage in the supremacy of the law; if there be any advantage in unrestricted commerce; if there be anything worthy of regard in the moral dignity of man; if there be anything to our profit in upholding our supremacy against Russia—then, for the preservation of these things, let us resolve to maintain our unity, with a full knowledge of all that that unity implies; with a full appreciation of all the blessings which Anglo-Saxon civilization bestows; for with Russian ascendancy all these things must perish—perish as certainly in America as in Britain. Look at the commercial fleet of the United Kingdom, the extent of her trade, her wealth, her en-

terprise, her literature, her successes, her sacrifices, and say whether she is not still the root and stem of our race? Are we, the 70,000,000 on this continent, other than the branches of this venerable trunk?

The more I consider this question, the more do I feel it to be, far beyond every other, the one in which our political greatness is involved; the one, beyond every other, upon which our whole race should be thoroughly well informed, and upon which it should be united. An Esau-like preference for the time that now is over the time that is to come—a preference which ruined Greece; which ruined Carthage; which ruined Rome; will not be less disastrous to us. Individual excellence, a generous public spirit, an unsullied public virtue, and an enlightened public judgment, are the elements essential to create that unity of purpose, and to prepare us for making those sacrifices upon which our civilization, our safety, and our independence can alone securely rest.





JOPPA GATE, JERUSALEM.

SUNDAY MORNING AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE IN JERUSALEM.

BY THOMAS CONANT.

THE most interesting Sunday forenoon I ever passed has been this one in March at the different services about the Holy Sepulchre.

It is a fine spring morning; about the Holy City some rain has fallen during the past week, but to-day the sun shines brightly, and the past chilliness of even yesterday, when I wore my overcoat, is dispelled, and we walk about in our ordinary coats.

At the Jaffa or Joppa Gate, my hotel is—without the walls. We pass through the big iron-bound gates, nearly always left open these days, but a Turkish guard always there. Here the wall is quite 40 feet thick and 60 feet high, and located, as all the walls of

Jerusalem are, on the brow of the hills.

We can see why Jerusalem has been able to withstand so many terrible sieges. The difficulty is great of getting over these walls on the brows of the rising hills.

As we enter, we pass through the Jewish quarter, on our way to the Sepulchre. Saturday being the Jewish Sunday, the Jewish shops are generally open to-day, but some Jews, out of respect for the Christians, close their places of business as we do.

Jews here wear long locks on each side of the forehead, before the ears, while the remainder of the hair is cut close; so at a glance one can tell a Jew.

We crook along the street, only ten feet wide, and arched overhead; up and down stone steps; make another crook: pass down about a dozen steps and run the gauntlet of half a hundred beggars, calling "backshish nawadjii:" or perhaps the cry is varied by "muskee (poor) nawadjii," as they thrust their tin cup before your face.

We have arrived at the area in front of the church wherein the Holy Sepulchre is. In this, besides beggars, are people squatting on the stones before their wares, which they cry for sale. Let us wait a moment before we enter, and look upon the scene.

Some are selling glass rings for the ankles and wrists of Moslem girls: others have some gold coins, mainly British sovereigns on salvers, which they want to exchange for silver. Others sell cakes; still others olives, dates, and other fruits: and it is really hard to find any devotional feeling coming over you at this spot, so very near the place of the great entombment.

We enter: we doff our caps. Within, at once a sing-song hum comes to the ear, and it is almost dark.

Then we get our sight accustomed to the darkness, and we see a lot of people, of both sexes, kneeling and kissing a marble slab, very fervently, as if their very existence depended on the fervor of their osculations.

This they tell us is the *real* slab on which our Saviour's body was laid, and on which He was anointed after the crucifixion.

We go on a little farther: the Greek church, or stall, as it were, is within this huge Church of the Holy Sepulchre. A full Greek service is going on, and the congregation is of sheep-skin-coated, shock-headed, big-booted Russians, who by far outnumber all other pilgrims in the Holy Land.

My readers know as well as I that while the Czar of Russia is supposed to be the real head of the Greek Church, the Patriarch of that church resides here in Jerusalem. We accom-

modate ourselves to the dim light, and see the Patriarch himself in a raised stone pulpit, and below him, in the keeping of an under-priest, is a huge salver of shew bread.

We push our way among the crowd: see their shew bread, and tarry a moment among the shock-headed Russians, who evidently do not patronize barbers very frequently, either here or at home. They make the round of the stall or chapel, each taking a piece of the shew bread, and they pass out by a door at the far end, bowing all the while to the Patriarch.

But they do not move fast enough to-day, and the officials, or some of them, come among them and rudely *push* them (both sexes) through the door. They seemed to want to linger about the shew bread and the Patriarch.

Not very exclusive are they at all, for the under-priest catches up a lump of this shew bread and holds it toward me, for I am taller than the rest, with the invitation: "Come along, John."

The cognomen, "John," I get, I suppose, because all English-speaking men are John Bulls to him.

For fear we may laugh, we get out, while the chant still lingers in our ears.

They are all standing at the Greek service, and, as we listen, we can catch the hum from the other services going on about the Tomb.

We go to see them, before we go to the Sepulchre. Next to the Greek Church, in size and importance, is the Catholic, in its division or stall within the great edifice.

There is little use to spend words to speak of the Catholic service, for it is the usual celebration of the Mass, in this the most celebrated spot in the world.

We pass out a little farther, and here is a very small stall or chapel of the Copts of Egypt, where full choral chant is going on. The deep sonorous voice of the officiating priest pervades the whole vast structure. Veiled women stand about, with white sheets

wound around them, and the men are still wearing flowing robes, such as our great-father Abraham wore, when he essayed to offer up his son, Isaac, not more than one thousand yards from this very spot.

It really appears to me, as I stray about the various chapels, that these Copts make up, for the loss of size of

Christ's Baptism, His Crucifixion, and other scenes from His work and mission. These are all the services going on to-day.

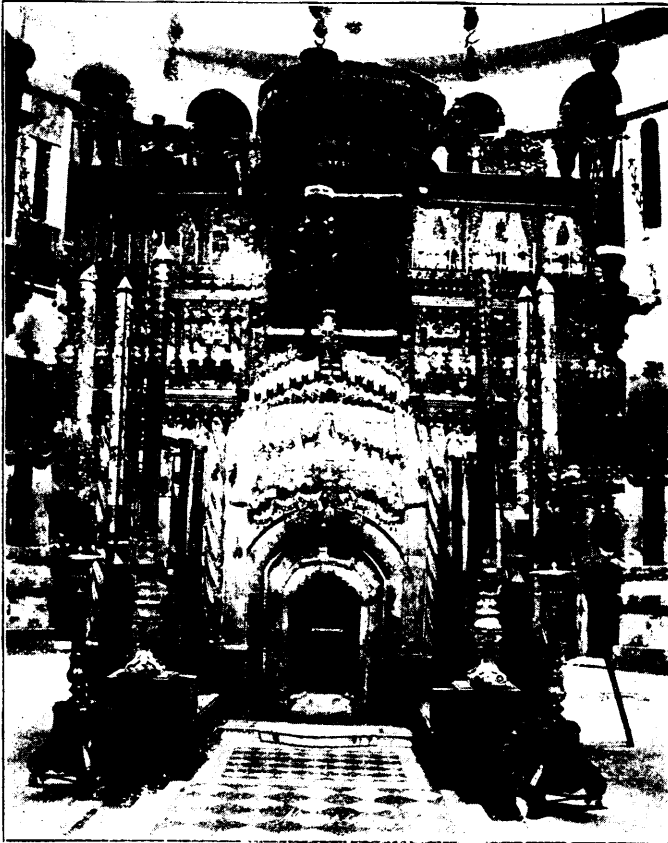
Modern guards, with bayonets at their sides and loaded muskets, stand about everywhere. Whether they be necessary for the place we may judge; there are so many different religionists

here, and all of them are aiming to *get nearer* to the Holy Sepulchre. The Turk is bound to keep possession, and order at the same time.

It does seem hard, I admit, that Mohammedans should own the Sepulchre and Calvary, which we visit a little later in our morning walk.

Now we push through a small door and go down two steps into a rotunda, about 10 feet in diameter, vaulted and arched overhead. On the north side of the rotunda is a white marble sarcophagus. This, they explain, covers the real tomb within which our Saviour's body was laid.

Up above the sarcophagus are a Russian image of



HOLY SEPULCHRE.

their chapel, in nearness to the Holy Sepulchre, for their priest is only separated from it by a stone wall about two feet thick.

We go on a little farther and find the Armenians holding their service. Very much they resemble the Mohammedans, and, to the unaccustomed eye, there is no difference. About their altar are some painted figures of

Christ, and a star. Russia went to fight about this star, when the Crimean war broke out, and she has the star here now for a certainty. Right beside it is a Catholic figure of Christ on the cross, and beside that an Armenian painting—I think it is of Christ—while all about are innumerable candles and lamps, and incense is burning, and the air is suffocating. The

place is full of people all the time, and pilgrims are kissing the marble sarcophagus, and even attempting to kneel, right in the crowd. So, I tread upon the prostrate forms of the penitents, to my sorrow, but involuntarily and unwillingly.

Can it be that I am standing before the real spot where our Lord lay?

Nowhere else in this world of sorrow and pleasure, will such earnest thoughts come to the beholder.

A reader naturally asks if this is true? All I can say in reply is that many, many millions of our fellow-men think so, and I do not know. As we progress in our walk, I think I can show the real tomb, and the real Calvary.

Now we go up stairs—up thirty feet of a rise—and here is the figure of our Saviour, as large as if in life, nailed to a cross, and candles and lamps are burning about. As many pilgrims as



CALVARY.

But we cannot tarry,—the pressure is too great. We go out; pass by the chapels, down some stone steps, and see the *very spot* where the Empress Helena discovered the true cross upon which our Saviour was nailed.

They say the other crosses were found at the same time: that a dead man was laid upon the two first with no effect, but on touching the third he came to life, and so the true cross was known.

can get near, are crossing themselves, and kissing the stones at the foot of the cross. Here, they maintain, the cross was placed when our Saviour was crucified. Again, can this be so? Many millions believe it, and I will not contradict them. Personally, I do not believe it. We shall go to the real spot when we get away from this place.

Push gently: step lightly! Is not the chanting entrancing? I admit it



TOMB OF JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA, WHERE CHRIST'S BODY LAY.

is, but we must get away: and once more we are in the glorious sunlight, and wend our way on foot, for no carriage can pass through Jerusalem streets.

We are bound for the Damascus Gate. The *Via Dolorosa* runs very near to it, and they say Christ came up that street when He came to be tried before the Roman judge. There is a little shorter cut to the Damascus Gate, and we take that. We pass the open booths where tobacco is being sold, and a thin paste of apricots, rolled out flat, like cardboard. It's for food, and really does not taste unpleasant.

Here's the Damascus Gate, and it's very much like the other one, where we entered—the Jaffa Gate.

It was just at the east of this gate that the Roman General, Titus, got over the wall by filling up the space, and making an inclined plane, up

which his soldiers walked. Ah! mighty events have had their scenes here-about. We walk, about one-third of a mile, to where the roads meet and diverge. Here, I submit, is Golgotha. It is a hill, and it fulfils all the conditions of Golgotha. An English society is purchasing all they can of it, but it is a Mohammedan cemetery, and the real hill itself they cannot purchase. We ramble about the hill for a few minutes, and look about.

The Mount of Olives is very plainly visible to the east and south, and it is pleasant to look upon on this early spring morning, with the fruit trees just coming into blossom. Russia, however, has her huge shaft, right on the very highest point of the mount, towering away up in the air. I am not jealous of Russia here, but yet it does not look right, for if that be the real spot from which our Savi-

our ascended, no Russian structure should defile it.

I met people here from America who have been living in and about the Holy City for some years, who gravely assured me that they *never will die*. Their idea seems startling at first, but we must remember that their faith is so strong that they think Our Saviour will certainly appear, shortly, on the top of the Mount of Olives, upon the very spot where He ascended, and they will ascend with Him, and thus escape the dread monster, death.

We walk down from among the graves, over the side of the small hill of Golgotha, and we come into the excavation in the rock, where the tomb of Joseph of Arimathæa is, even at this day.

It was in that tomb our Saviour's body was interred. General Gordon, when here, had no doubt about this being the real tomb. Capt. Condor, of the Palestine Exploration Society, too, thought the same, and it is now becoming very generally believed by Protestants that this is the very spot.

All the others stick to the tomb within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

There are no improvements hereabout, and no one is here. In order

to get into the tomb I had to send for a native Mohammedan, who had the key to the gate, or lattice, which barred the entrance, and I induced him to open it, only by giving him a couple of francs from each of us.

If we look at the photograph carefully, we get a good idea of the tomb. I may add, that at the top, where the head of the deceased would naturally lie, is a scalloped stone for the head to rest upon; and some are so very enthusiastic as to say, that upon that *very stone* within that tomb, our Saviour's head actually rested.

Now, since we have got all the facts which *can possibly* be got, we end our walk, and go home.

As our hotel is without the walls, we follow along the wall on the outer side, and do not again go into the city this morning, for we have food enough for reflection, and do not care again to mix with the crowd, who would sell us tobacco, or bangles, or dates, or apricots prepared in flat rolls, or change money. It is a short walk to our hotel, for the Holy City is small at best, and we are not even fatigued by our walk of the forenoon. The hotel is a very fair one, and "mine host" is a Jew who does his best to please us.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

(Died at Windsor Castle on December 12th, 1894; his remains were borne in *stat.* to Canada by H. M. S. Blenheim, and were interred on January 3rd, 1895, with national honors, in his native city of Halifax.)

The darkness came while yet the sun was high,
 And dimmed forever that unfaltering eye,
 Whose vision pierced the passing clouds of strife,
 And marked in honor's paths his way of life.
 No dream of glory dwarfed his loftier aim,
 To whom his country's good was more than fame;
 No sheen of gold obscured his clearer view,
 Who saw the right, and held the balance true.
 His life went out within the storied walls
 Of ancient Windsor's animated halls.

Where England's sons for ages o'er the foam
 From flood and field have borne their trophies home
 To lay at England's feet. Alas! that one,
 The Greater Britain's great and loyal son,
 Whose eagle vision swept a wider sky,
 Should pass the stately portals but to die.
 Fame's laurel wreaths are dust and ashes now,
 The seal of death upon that lofty brow
 Proclaims a more imperial sovereignty
 Than hers who holds the empire of the sea.
 His country mourns — and yet — was fate unkind?
 The onward look of that untrammelled mind
 Saw closer drawn the loving ties that hold
 These kindred nations in their sacred fold.
 Love kindles hearts by kindred sorrow thrilled
 — Was not his dream of life in death fulfilled?
 When England's empress-mother to her breast,
 With soothing words an orphaned maiden pressed,
 And kissed the cheek that streamed with hopeless tears,
 Not all the statecraft of a thousand years,
 With all its mastery of designing arts,
 Could strike so deep a chord in loyal hearts.
 The solemn tolling of the minster bells
 To all the world the tale of sorrow tells;
 The funeral pomp, the pageantry of state,
 Declare that England mourns the fallen great.
 Across the wintry ocean's tossing breast
 They bear his body to its final rest,
 And ocean's mistress trains her dogs of war
 To guard the passage of his funeral car.
 His own loved city claims that sacred dust,
 But wider realms will share the sacred trust,
 That fell unguarded from the nerveless hand
 Of one who well had served his native land.
 The matchless mind, the heights his genius won,
 Shed lustre on the state that called him son,
 — A man who lived in honor, died in fame,
 And left on memory's page a stainless name.

St. John, N.B.

A. M. BELDING.



ONE OF THE FEW.

BY KAY LIVINGSTONE.

I.

It was such a beautiful love story—theirs! From beginning to end—if that were the end—a simple record of deep love and absolute faith. "I think it was indeed that "perfect love which casteth out fear."

Viola had had lots of trouble in her young life—not, perhaps, any that could be called very profound, except of course, the death of her mother—but only the friendlessness and homelessness which tells upon sensitive natures. Ever since, at eight years of age, a week after her young mother had been borne to her last resting-place, when she had pressed a tear-stained, childish face upon the old Viola—her namesake—in mute and miserable farewell, and been hurried away to the French school, henceforward to be called home, until Madame and the Colonel made her one of their own family, she had seldom known real sympathy or special kindness from anyone.

It had not taken long for the child to get accustomed to school life at Al-tremont, even though the bare, stone floors were so different from anything she had known before. At first, to be sure, it did seem very odd to cut the bread for breakfast the night before, and leave it in open wicker baskets to dry; but Viola knew little of luxury. She was used to privation, as are all children of officers having nothing but bad habits and their pay, and barracks had been home to her all her life.

She was a happy child, and a born musician, like her father before her; and at the *Pensionnat*, though life was naturally somewhat severe, her great talent met with encouragement from the very beginning. In the years that

followed she never went to England, for the simple reason that her father never sent for her; but, though she seldom spoke of it, the natural reliance of a young life upon loved ones at home was sadly wanting, and could not fail to leave an impression upon the girl's character. Still, when the news came, on her seventeenth birthday, that her father had died suddenly, and that there was little or nothing left for her, Viola was, for a time, reduced to a state of consternation. Her sorrow, naturally, was not great. She had not seen him for eight or nine years, and he had never shown much affection for her, besides, she had a suspicion, impossible to get rid of, that he had not been kind to her mother. Still, he was the only relative she had in the wide world, and it is a sad thing to be left absolutely alone. The school had never filled the place of home, but the girl shrank from exchanging it for the world, about which she knew little, and was thankful indeed when the principals came forward and offered her a position on the musical staff, which she gladly accepted.

In the picturesque old town, there happened to be a colony of English residents, pleasant people of the higher ranks of life, who, for one reason or another, preferred a foreign land to their own sea-washed shores. And these people had naturally raised a little sanctuary, wherein they might hear their beloved service from day to day, and worship as they had been accustomed to do. In this circle Viola was known and liked, and her charming gift highly esteemed; so that when the vacant position of organist was offered her the girl accepted it with a grateful heart, and, in her quiet way, was very happy.

So things went on for several years, until she was twenty-two or so, with a great deal of work, a little amusement, and, among her constant occupations, a curious desire to know whether this was to be the whole of life for her. She had grown up into a very charming young woman, tall and slight, with sunny brown hair, and earnest, observing, gray eyes; and, if her expression was a curious mixture of gentleness and *hauteur*, it was seldom that she could be accused of haughtiness in her manner, for no one dared to take a liberty with Viola.

Among the English colony, those whom Viola counted her dearest friends—they had been friends of her mother's—were a retired colonel, and his wife, a lady of French origin, who yearly visited Altemont for a longer or shorter time, and stayed at a charming villa they had in the neighborhood. They were elderly people whose sons were scattered about the globe, carving out fame for themselves in various ways; and to their coming the girl looked forward always with keen pleasure. The visit, which was to prove so eventful for her, had been somewhat protracted, but was now drawing to a close. Viola had seen much more of her friends than usual, and would ever afterward carry with her a haunting memory of the little excursions with them here and there. To view with wondering eyes some ancient cathedral, to sit upon the sea shore and watch the tumbling waves, or to wander, in a state of fascination, for hours among the beauties of Versailles, were new experiences to her. But if they were new, these delights were to prove continuous as well. The change came unexpectedly, as such things do, and almost before she knew how it happened, the *Pensionnat* was a thing of the past, and Viola Churchill found herself a person of position and leisure at Ashurst Priory,—an adopted and cherished daughter of the most indulgent of parents.

II.

And life at the Priory was so charming. For a long while it seemed as if it must all come to an end, like any other beautiful dream. Everything went so quietly, so easily—no anxiety for the future—no care for the present. If it had not been such a rest to her, and she had not been made to feel daily how happy she made those about her, I have grave fears that the sterner training of her childhood would have made Viola afraid that it could not be quite right. To her, the situation of the house was little less than perfect. Surrounded on all sides by a distracting array of hill, dale and woodland, in which the girl's soul delighted, who would have thought it could be only an hour's run by the South-Western from great London itself. On the other side, too, within a few miles of them, was situated one of those permanent camps, which cause a delightful stir and variety in every direction, and, indeed, it was in a great measure because of this circumstance that the colonel had settled down at the Priory.

"What is the use of my going up to town for the news," he would say, "when it comes to me here so much sooner, at first hand?" For military topics only, of course, could strictly be classified as news with him. Although now several years since he had retired from the service, the old officer naturally retained a most active interest therein, so that his house was a constant rendezvous of embryo heroes, whose swords and spurs clattered through the halls at all hours; as well as of those of more advanced years, with whom the gallant deeds of former times might be discussed; while there was nothing that gave his good lady so much pleasure as to convoy a troop of young people—her friends were almost all young—through the pomps and circumstances of a Field Day, or to look on with smiling content at the ever popular dances in camp. All this Viola found very delightful, and to add

to it all, the one thing which in time she would have missed, came to her as a matter of course. The organ of St. Dunstan's, the delightful old parish church, which had been relying for some time upon the services of a neighboring amateur—who *professed* more than he *practised*—had suddenly been left vacant, and was now joyfully handed over to her, in answer to her modest request. There are some people who say that a woman should not be allowed to play upon the king of instruments, because she can't do it! I am not sure whether I ever said so myself or not; if I did, it was before I had heard Viola.

Madame shook her head a little at first, when the girl excitedly announced her intentions with regard to training the choir: but soon she was content to smile with gentle satisfaction over the efforts so amply rewarded, especially as she knew that now Viola would feel she was doing something really useful.

Among the choristers was a young officer from the camp, who never failed to make his appearance at morning service, unless his duties were included in the orders of the day, from whence he had a standing invitation to luncheon at the Priory, preparatory to accompanying the fair organist to Evensong. In answer to Viola's smiling protest that she did not exact such faithful service from her choir, and that perhaps he was needed to support the camp chaplain, he had laughingly replied that he preferred mixed choirs, and that the extraction of woman's voice from even a camp chapel was a relic of monastic insolence.

Lieutenant Haultain was a young man with a career—no uncommon thing in these days—whose spurs had already been won among the fever-tainted jungles of West Africa, from whence he had come home to receive, with modest surprise, the commendation of the War Office, and a decoration from the hands of his Queen. While waiting for the next perilous enter-

prise they might see fit to offer him, it was difficult, people said, to get him to talk of his doings. Had he really routed a native chief assisted by the Arabs, and rescued six hundred half-dead and wholly terror-stricken slaves, whom he afterwards convoyed to the coast with frightful trouble; and was it true that he had once gone through a battle?—actually a battle, think of it—just what Gordon would have done—with a little rescued darky baby on his arm, afraid to give it to anyone, or even to lay it down, for fear it might be killed, and all at the risk of his own life! But to Viola he had never been reticent. She knew more than did anyone else of his hopes, his ambitions and his patience. Unconsciously they had been drawn towards each other—these two—from the very first, drifting on from music and kindred topics, until some of their talks were serious enough. If the rose garden had at once captured her young fancy when she came, how dear would it ever remain to her with the memory of the happy hours which had come and gone there. One day, they had been talking of Stanley, then still deep in his perilous researches.

"I know one of the men who is with him," said Geoffrey, slowly turning about in his hand a lovely rose he had taken from Viola's lap, "and, I think, no one knows what hardship is better than they. I have seen a good deal myself—a good deal—of the misery, among these poor wretches, that a man would gladly die to be able to avert; but I am sure that even I have no idea of what they have come through. . . . At least, that is how I felt when Grant was telling me about it."

"And they talk about the Crusaders and the Knights of the Holy Grail," said Viola, with fine scorn, "as if there never could be any like them again! As if what they did could compare with you—I mean, with the men of the present day."

"I wouldn't say anything against

them," said Geoffrey, reflectively, "they must have been the right sort—if they ever existed—or their deeds could not have lived. And after all, you know," slowly, "that is all that a man wants. We all have to die—why not try and do something worth while for someone before we do?"

"Yes," said Viola, eagerly, "that is what I think too."

"Out there, on the coast," he went on, turning his face to escape an obtrusive sunbeam, "you forget that there are such things as luxury, and comfort and happiness, like—like this—and you get so familiar with death and all kinds of wretchedness, that dying doesn't seem half so bad as it must seem here, you know. Of course, a man likes to live out his days, and there is a tremendous lot worth living for, but if one could do anything worth being remembered about, why—" The sentence remained unfinished, and Viola made no answer.

So the charming summer days drifted past, and the comradeship of these two went on and deepened in the sight of all men. The two old people smiled over the turn affairs were taking, but they did not acknowledge to each other, scarcely even to themselves, how dear a certain thought was becoming. I think that even Viola was hardly conscious of it herself, until at last, in the delicious quiet of a Sunday afternoon, as she and her companion walked slowly home together across the meadows, and through the wood, from church, he asked her to be his wife: and then, indeed, her lot seemed to overflow with all that a happy life could give. And because Fortune sometimes designs to smile upon those who were before neglected—as if in mockery of the world and all its works?—everybody was enthusiastic about this engagement. If Viola had been popular before, now no one could do enough to show his appreciation. The general in command at the camp rode over himself one afternoon to congratu-

tulate her, laughingly assuring her that he would have brought the staff with him, had he not been sure that they would all come without any orders.

But the lovers were not long left in the simple joy of their Arcadia: at any rate, it seemed short to them. The Dark Continent had need of those who would lay down their life, and even love for her sake; and they had so often talked of the separation awaiting them, that the order to proceed on foreign service was no surprise to them when it came. I would not describe to you, if I could, the pang of this parting. A soldier's duty has many a time demanded such a one, and will do so again.

Geoffrey was gone, perhaps never to come back any more; and, at first, Viola's heart grew numb in its passionate pain. The hearts of her kind old friends bled for her in silence, as they anxiously watched her mechanically going about all those things which had before given her so much delight. They knew—Madame best of all—for they had been through it themselves; and the times of long ago came back to them vividly, in their sympathy. Gradually, however, the strain became less intense. Anxiously looked for letters came from the dreaded coast, and all was well with the exiles. At least, so they said, and by degrees their eagerness to convince brought a sort of conviction with it. Viola was of a brave and enthusiastic nature—"the stuff that heroines are made of," one of the colonel's gallant old friends had told her—and before long her cheerfulness reasserted itself, and life went on serenely enough again. She read the papers with unflagging interest, eager with the devotion she had imbibed from her lover about all that concerned these great schemes for the new country that was so old. In the colonel's young days it had been India; now it was Africa. Freedom for Africa! Freedom from the unspeakable curse

of slavery—peace and prosperity instead of the horrors of savagery! Geoffrey's letters, too, though seldom long, for there was always so much to do, came with unflinching regularity: for they were sent by hands which carried the despatches; and thus many things not spoken of at all in public, reached her, lifting her life out of a possible groove, and keeping her in touch with all that went on so far away.

It was a serenely beautiful morning in June, with a promise, however, of heat afterwards. Viola had been restless and unable to sleep nearly all night, an unusual thing with her, and, getting up early, made her way down to the rose garden, thinking the cool air would refresh her for the duties of the day—for she still continued to think her Sunday services the most important she had to do. It was now nearly two years since she and Geoffrey had become engaged, and almost all of that time they had been separated by what would seem sometimes no less than a most cruel fate. As she passed up and down the dewy walks, or stopped to tuck into the bosom of her white dress his favorite roses, her thoughts fled, as they never failed to do for any length of time, to her lover across the sea: and as it ever did with her, the thought of him brought peace to her mind. When breakfast-time came, she felt better, and said nothing to the colonel and madame of her unquiet night, for it disturbed these kind people to think of anything going wrong with her; and by the time church was reached, her chief anxiety was, as usual, about the state of the choir—for it was only a country choir, after all! Would the increasing heat make the tenors flat, or would that troublesome bass bolt with his part, as he did last Sunday? But she was soon reassured. A little unsteadiness in the *Venite* soon disappeared, and when she found the place among the chants for the Psalms,

she had almost recovered her usual serenity. Viola loved the Psalms, almost more, she thought, than the rest of that beautiful service. The chant, too, was one of her favorites, and seemed especially adapted to the tender and solemn words before her. The old church looked very beautiful, with the ivy gently rustling about the open windows. Long, slanting beams of the morning sun fell across the pews, touching the bright heads of the children and the bent shoulders of age; the solitary voice of the surpliced figure at the desk, calm and earnest, rose in the stillness—"Let the vengeance of thy servant's blood that is shed, be openly shewed upon the heathen in our sight:" and the choir went on:—

"O let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before thee: according to the greatness of thy power, preserve thou those that are appointed to die."

Suddenly the girl started, almost with violence, stumbled over a chord, and stopped. All of the choir, who could see, looked up with surprise—nothing like this had ever occurred before—and those who could not, forgot to sing, and craned their necks in a vain endeavor to find out what could be the matter. But the confusion was only momentary. With an effort as painful as it was intense, Viola recovered herself—had she not been such a practised player, it would have been impossible—but her face was haggard and white, and her hands trembled, as she glanced fearfully over her shoulder, at the stall which *he* used to occupy. It was gone now; but surely the choir must have heard that strange voice—strange now, but O, so beloved, which with infinite sadness had mingled with their own in that verse! No, she could see they had noticed nothing! Casual surprise there had been at her own hesitation; but that was over, and they were again calmly occupied with the rest of the psalm. Poor Viola! Of course, it was only fancy, she reasoned with herself, very likely

the result of last night's restlessness, but so sudden, so terrifying! Mechanically she went on with the service, but the beauty of it was gone for her, and when the text was given out, her heart still beating strangely, she was glad to slip out through a side door, and sit upon the bench in the old porch, with her cheek pressed against the cool stone. The rest of the day was no better. She did not recover herself, and only with continual self-control managed to get through her part in the afternoon, thankful that at least the small congregation would not notice, and that the rest of the day was her own.

The evening was very quiet. Dinner was over, and there were no visitors. The colonel, with a handkerchief over his face, had gone to sleep in his bamboo arm-chair, and Madame sat placidly reading "Life and Work," by a popular clergyman, beside the shaded lamp. The book *Viola* had taken up did not fix her attention, and she would not go to the piano while the colonel slept. The only sound came, once in a while, from the heavy tail of "Sahib," the great mastiff, lying, as he was allowed to do sometimes, on the drawing-room floor. Presently *Viola* arose quietly, and went to the open window, parting the long, lace curtains, and stood there motionless, looking with vacant eyes out into the soft, scented twilight. Then, with a long sigh, she let the curtains drop again, and, turning, left the room. As the door closed, Madame looked up hesitatingly, and half rose, as if she would follow, but, instead, took up her book again, and went on with her reading, shaking her head gently as she did so. A louder thump than usual from *Sahib's* tail had the desired effect. The colonel pulled the handkerchief from his face, and sat up, rubbing what remained of his white hair on end, and indulging in a voluble yawn.

"Where's *Viola*?" he demanded, looking about the room.

"She has just left us this moment,

my love," said the old lady. "By-the-by, Gerald," after a pause, "have you noticed anything unusual about *Viola* to-day?"

"No, my dear, no—not that I am aware of. Is she not in her usual state of health?"

"She was quite well this morning, I think," she said, a little uneasily.

"Yes, yes, so she was! Didn't she make a joke at breakfast, about something or other—I forget what! Bless my soul, I'm losing my memory! I'm sure I am! Does she hear from *Geoff* regularly?" he continued.

"Yes," said Madame, "O, yes! Wonderfully so, considering that it is such a place, and moving about as he is most of the time. She had one yesterday—but it had been delayed, I fancy."

"There is no trouble between them, I hope!"

"Oh, no," she said, emphatically; "not a shadow. There never was—never! Do you know, my dear," very tenderly, "it makes me young again to have her with me. She is a dear girl! It reminds me of our own young days, long before all those boys of ours were thought of!"

"Yes, yes," he said, smiling at her. "Those happy days—when we were so miserable! But don't be anxious about *Viola*, my dear! You will find it is only the heat! By jove! Church to-day, really almost reminded me of India. And I don't know when I felt so drowsy during the sermon! Only the heat, my dear!"

Madame smiled, but did not say anything, and *Sahib* stretched his great limbs and yawned vigorously, intimating that the conversation, to his mind, had been long enough.

III.

Clearly there was something wrong in the camp at Malta that broiling June Sunday afternoon. Even the fierce African sun, pouring down with pitiless directness, could not account for the utter stillness, mixed with ap-

prehension, which seemed to permeate the air. In their more distant quarters, the men lay about with the smallest possible amount of clothing on, speaking occasionally in low tones, and always of the same person; while the sentry in front of the powder magazine, stopped now and then, with his head bent forward in the direction of the hospital tent, as if listening earnestly for some sound which might come from it. Within the tent, it seemed cool and dark for a time after the glare outside. The sufferer—it was Geoffrey Haultain—lay motionless upon his bed, covered only with a sheet, his eyes closed, his long, slender hand loosely laid over a small prayer-book, from which, at his own request, the chaplain had been reading the Psalms of the day. He was not much changed, except that the face was thinner, and the ends of the fair moustache had grown long, and drooped languidly on each side of the well-formed mouth. Things had not been going so well for some time as those at home had been led to believe. Five times within the year had his duties unwillingly been laid aside, at the bidding of the dreaded fever, and now the fight was well-nigh over; the strong vitality, which at home had never known one day of pain, had almost succumbed. By the bed sat a solitary watcher, the tall Scotch chaplain. His linen jacket was unbuttoned, and his peaked cap, with its white havelock, lay on the floor, where it had fallen beside his chair. His thin, sun-burned face, and kind eyes were full of keenest pain, as from time to time he gently removed and moistened the handkerchief which lay upon the sufferer's forehead. An hour ago he had followed the colonel and doctor outside, letting fall behind him the grass mat, saturated with water, which served for a door, and in answer to his unspoken entreaty, the surgeon's rugged face had become grimmer than before.

"He cannot last long now," was all

he said. "It is only a question of time."

Since then the figure had lain motionless, and now the watcher rose with a vague fear, and bent over him, lightly laying his hand upon that of his friend. Reassured, he sank back into his chair, and would have withdrawn his hand, but the fingers closed round it feebly, and the eyes were opened, quietly, but with a strange, unseeing gaze.

"Don't take your hand away, Viola," he said, and his voice was full of tender rapture: "it is so cool. It was cool—always—your hand!" There was a pause. "Do you know," he went on, with an effort, "I think I was wandering a little in my mind; or perhaps—I was only—dreaming! I thought—I was in the church—at Ashurst!—in the choir! We were all there—you at the organ—in your white dress—and we were—chanting—the Psalms—for the day. But it was—only—one verse—all the time—over and over—'According to the greatness—of thy power—preserve thou—those—that are appointed—to die?' And then—don't cry, Viola—I knew that I was appointed to die—and it seemed—so hard! But all that passed away, and I did not mind any more—and I thought—you would not—either—because, you know, my darling," rousing himself, "it is only—going home—going home—and soon you will come too." He stopped, and then went on again faintly, "And then I came back to myself—and found you—sitting—beside—me! My kind little girl! And you will—not—leave me—any—more,—Viola!" That was the last word he said. Later in the day the men, still under the same melancholy constraint, were lounging about in the shadow of their mess tent. It was near tea-time, and soon the swift darkness of semi-tropical night would close in upon them. As the colonel's orderly approached, they sat up and looked at him—then at each other.

"Boys," he said brokenly, "it's all over!"

That was all, and if it was received in silence. Many a broad, sun-burned hand was lifted to brush away the tears ere they fell.

At daybreak the last scene of all was enacted, when between the melancholy, long roll of the drums, and the echoing volley over the grave, the chaplain's sad voice committed the "earth to earth, ashes to ashes," and the men sobbed audibly around. And there he shall sleep in the silence of the little military burying-ground,

until the trumpet of the great roll-call of God shall awake him. The sand of the desert drifts hither and thither in the hot wind, and the tall palms wave their feathery tops above the white cross which marks the spot his friends shall never see, but far away in a great English Cathedral, is a stately monument raised to his memory by officers and men of his regiment, and after the eloquent record of that brave and brilliant life are the simple words:—"He asked life of thee, and thou gavest him a long life; even for ever and ever."

A GLIMPSE OF ROBERT BARR.

BY C. STAN ALLEN.

A BEAUTIFULLY shaded street, the last within the western corporate limit of the city of Windsor, Ontario, is Campbell avenue. The street is intensely Scotch. It was surveyed by a Scotchman: it was named after a clan of Scotchmen, and it is said that every householder on the street is a son of auld Scotia—most of them are Campbells, too.

The exception to the rule is Robert Barr, sr. He is Scotch enough, but his name is not Campbell.

In a neat two-storey dwelling, surrounded by a small vineyard, and sheltered and shaded by a row of handsome maples, live Mr. Barr and his good wife, father and mother of the well-known author, Robert Barr, who, as a sketch writer, is, perhaps, better known to newspaper readers as "Luke Sharp."

Robert Barr, sr., is a man of striking face and physique. Both features and frame indicate strength—the first of mind, the other of body. Standing well over six feet, he is broad of shoulder and deep of chest, and, notwithstanding his years, he bears him-

self with the erectness of a man who, like Longfellow's blacksmith, "looks the whole world in the face," for he fears not (nor owes) any man. His massive forehead, and deep, thoughtful, yet keen and penetrating eyes, evidently belong to a man much given to do his own thinking, and to trying all things by the tests of reason and right. He is, in short, a type of that which has made Scotland no less famous by valuable work done in the fields of industry and literature, than she has been made by the feats of arms which the Celtic portion of her people have performed.

Mr. Barr has a shrewd, observant mind, and is sharp and critical of speech. He is impatient of all semblance of hypocrisy or pretence, and is unsparing in exposing it. Several samples of his caustic wit, exercised in this direction, might be given. A fellow countryman of his own, on whose lips, as on those of Mr. Barr himself, there still hangs persistently "the accents of the Scottish tongue," is something of an elocutionist. After a public appearance of his in that

role, he asked Mr. Barr what he thought of his performance. "Weel, man," was the reply. "Your bodily presence on the platform was fine, and your voice was capital, but, losh, man, your awcent was damnable."

Mr. Barr, like a great many of the Scottish people, is a great reader, and is possessed of a naturally keen and well-trained critical faculty. He appreciates what is good, both in light and deep literature, and gives his judgment with terseness and vigor, irrespective of who the writer may be. It is, consequently, a great pleasure to talk to him, and few could listen to his shrewd and incisive conversation without feeling that they had profited by it. It is no wonder that his most distinguished son has attained the position he has in letters, or that the rest of the Barr family show similar gifts. They come by them naturally—by right of inheritance.

Mr. Barr has shown himself possessed of another characteristically Scottish trait. He has been a careful man, and is what Americans call "well fixed." He is possessed of considerable property, and, now that age is creeping on himself and the partner of his life, and their family is grown up to manhood and womanhood, and most of them have homes and families of their own, he can afford to take things easy, and indulge his taste for literature, without being troubled with the "carking cares" that so often embitter the closing years of most men's lives.

Mrs. Barr is a worthy help-meet to him. She is one of the best types I have ever seen of those kindly, wise and motherly women of whom the homes of Scotland can, thank God, show so many. She is possessed of the qualities of the careful and industrious housewife, whom Solomon so fully and so appreciatively describes. She is a model of what the Germans lovingly designate the "hausmutter." But she is more than that. While

looking after the interests of home, she has devoted herself to training up her children in the way they should go, and has done it so wisely that she has secured not only their respect, but their reverence; not only their honor, but their love. In short, she is one of those mothers whom their "children rise up and call blessed."

With such a father and such a mother, it is no wonder that their children, every one, have done well and prospered. Nor is it to be wondered at that Robert Barr, jr., in dedicating one of his books to his parents, used the simple, but eloquent words, "To an honest man and a good woman."

Robert Barr's career in literature is an interesting one. He has been, by turns, school-teacher, newspaper reporter, sketch writer, magazine editor and novelist. He is now following the last three vocations, and making a success of all.

When he came to this world he was quite young, and his eyes first opened in the City of Glasgow, Scotland. At the age of four years he came to Canada, bringing his parents with him, as he himself puts it. He was educated for a school-teacher, and in due time graduated from the Toronto Normal School, with his certificate in his pocket. Thus armed he set out to seek a school, and secured a position in a rural district of Kent county, at a salary which at the present time would hardly pay for the tobacco for the innumerable cigarettes he consumes in the course of a year. He tramped for several miles along the river Thames before he struck this princely job, with a salary of \$218 per year attached thereto. In speaking of this, recently, Mr. Barr said that he felt that he was swindling the school section by accepting such extravagant terms, but that was their lookout and not his. Later on, he applied for a position on the teaching staff of one of the schools of the embryo Canadian city of the Straits. The secretary of the school board was

an outspoken countryman of Barr, and is now Windsor's police magistrate. He did not take much stock in the ambitious young school-teacher, and did not hesitate to say so. Barr had no "recommends" to tell of good work done in other schools, and the position was given to another applicant, with yards of credentials, and not half so much ability.

Mr. Barr had serious times looking for schools. He was not endowed with an extraordinary amount of this world's goods, and had to travel very economically. While waiting at one

ough for you to sleep in, the meals ought to be good enough for you to eat. I don't like you to be going over to the 'opposition' for more than half your meals."

Barr looked at the man in surprise, assured him that he had not purchased any meals at the "opposition," chuckled to himself and walked away.

Barr's first story was the result of an accident. While teaching school at Walkerville, he became acquainted with Alex. McNeill of Windsor, and the two decided to make a trip in a

small boat to Buffalo, during the summer holidays. They were to go along the south shore of Lake Erie and return by the north shore, but, at Buffalo, their craft was wrecked by a canal boat and their cruise came to an untimely end. Barr saw the humorous side of every incident of the trip, and deemed it worthy of being worked into a story. He accordingly wrote it up, labelled it, "A Dangerous



ROBERT BARR, SR.

place for the trustees to decide his fate, he had to live, and a hotel was the most convenient place for the purpose. In order to spend as little as possible, the young school teacher would often miss his meals at the hotel, and dine on a dime's worth of crackers and cheese purchased at a grocery. The landlord of the hotel where he slept did not understand this, and one day Barr was more than astonished when the Boniface addressed him as follows:—

"I say, Barr, I don't like this way of yours. If my beds are good en-

Journey," and laid it on the desk of city editor Quinby of the *Detroit Free Press*, by whom it was published.

The acceptance of this story was followed, in a short time, by a request for more, and soon Barr gave up teaching and became an attaché of the reporting staff of the *Free Press*. He was promoted gradually until he became news editor. While hustling for news, he wrote many bright sketches, and after a time did nothing else. His *nom de plume*, "Luke Sharp," is a familiar one to all news-

paper readers. His adoption of this pseudonym, takes one back to the time when he was attending school in Toronto. Near his boarding house was a sign which he saw daily, and which conjured up many funny ideas because of the curious combination. It read, "Luke Sharpe, Undertaker," and the young student had many a quiet laugh at the incongruous and unique appellation. When he began sketch-writing he made the name his own, and his own it is to this day. In his magazine articles and novels, he is known as Robert Barr, but his *Free Press* stories still bear the signature which was attached to his first story.

From 1877 to 1881 he continued on the *Free Press* city staff, and in the latter year he went to England to establish the London weekly edition of the paper, which is still most successful.

Speaking of the London edition, Mr. Barr said:—

"Only twice since 1881 have we missed connection between Detroit and England. The way we work these editions is to send the matrices or molds, from Detroit to England, print the paper there, and it is ready for the reader. You can get a Detroit weekly *Free Press* on the Strand as easily as on Woodward Avenue. On one occasion the mold went down with the *City of Brussels* in the Mersey, and that week we had to rake up a paper as best we could. The other failure to connect occurred when the *City of Berlin*—for the matrices are always sent by the Cunard line—broke her shaft coming out of New York, and had to put back to that port. The matter I wrote for the paper then, the same as now, was sent from England over here, was put in type here, the matrices sent back, and then we printed what had been written weeks before. My co-laborers in earlier days were M. Quad (Chas B. Lewis), and Signor Max (George P. Goodale).

The writings of those earlier days were largely devoted to travel and character sketches, and it was only about five years ago that he began writing short stories.

In naming over the stories which his pen had given to the world, Mr. Barr said:—

"I have written four stories now, the last of which has just been issued. My first story, "In a Steamer Chair," was profitable alike to the publisher and myself. My next story, "From Whose Bourne," was even more successful: and the third, "The Face in the Mask," which was dedicated to W. E. Quinby, surpassed the other two. The last one is entitled, "In the Midst of Alarms." The leading character in it is one taken from life, and one many Detroit people would recognize, were the man still living. The hero is a hustling, wide-awake newspaper man of the West.

"It is now about three years since, with Jerome K. Jerome, I started *The Iller*, and it won favor almost from the start. We have continued it ever since, and about six months ago I became the sole editor."

It is at rare intervals that Barr visits the home of his parents in Windsor. Several years elapse between his home-comings, and they are all the more appreciated on that account.

Not only does his appearance bring joy to the fond hearts of his aged parents (aged in name only), but it also elicits a hearty welcome from a multitude of friends. Barr is a man well liked. He is not a prophet that is without honor in his own country. His works are extensively read and eagerly sought after by those who knew him as a school teacher and reporter; not because they are "Bob Barr's," but because the people feel that they are well written, interesting and worth reading.

To the writer, a well-known society lady of Windsor recently said:—

"Why, I used to go to school to

Luke Sharp, and I guess, from all accounts, I was a Tartar. I never received a whipping though: but he used to inflict a punishment much harder to bear, by making me stand with my face to the blackboard and my nose to a chalk mark placed thereon for the purpose."

Mr. Barr is in much demand on the rare occasions of his visits home. As an illustration:—

A newspaper friend of mine, on the staff of the *Evening Record*, of Wind-

off by a friend, but would be home in the evening.

The genial old gentleman, Mr. Barr's father, promised to keep his son at home, so as to give the reporter a chance to secure the coveted interview. The evening was cold and stormy, and my friend looked upon the interview as good as over, feeling that Barr would not venture forth on such a night.

For the third time disappointment awaited him.

"He just cam' hame in a hurry," said the father, "had his horse fed durin' the time he was changin' his claes, an' gaed straicht back again tae Detroit. He said he had some kin' o' a club denner tae attend. I told hoo aften ye had been to look for him, and what you were aifter, but he just said he couldna possibly stop, but that he had gi'en an interview that day to the *Journal*, an' that ye could mak' up ane oot o' that."

"I am raal sorry," said the mother, in her kindly tones, "but he'll no be back until eleven at nicht. Mr. Bennett, his brother-in-law, is to drive to the ferry to meet him at that hour, an' he is sure to go straicht to Mr. Bennett's house, where his wife is. That would be the best place to catch him, but ye'll hae to gae early in the mornin'."

The reporter, expressing his determination to have an interview with Mr. Barr, whatever trouble it might cost, the old gentleman remarked that his son might not be in the best possible humor, and that he did not care, anyway, about being interviewed.

"But," added he, "I'll just gie a bit note tellin' him how hard ye've tried to catch him, and biddin' him treat ye kindly. Here, Jeannie," addressing his daughter, "write oot a bit line for me. She's my private secretary, ye see."

Miss Jeannie here archly suggested



MRS. ROBERT BARR, SR.

sor, was assigned to interview Mr. Barr on his recent visit—hunting the "bar" he called it—and set out to look him up. The parents' home was visited early in the day. Robert was found to be over the river in Detroit, but it was stated that he would be back at noon. Midday found the reporter at the Barr home again, but the man to be interviewed did not put in an appearance. Instead, he had sent a note that he had been carried

that, if the reporter failed to get an interview with her brother, he could interview her, as she could tell him everything that Robert did when he was at home—that is, on the rare occasions on which he honored their house with a visit.

"It will not take up much space in the paper," said she, "to record his doings while here. All he does is to smoke and talk."

"An' a very enterteenin' talker he is too," put in the mother, proudly.

"Aye is he," concurred the father. "He's just a' that. It's a great pleasure tae hear Robert tell aboot his travels. I can just see the scenes as he describes them, an' it mak's me lang tae gang through them an' see them for mysel'."

As Miss Jeannie withdrew to the library to write the note, Mr. Barr said fondly and proudly:—

"Jeannie's a guid lassie, and she has ability and talent, like the lave of the bairns. She writes raal weel already. She has a capital story in the *St. Thomas Journal* about Conan Doyle and his visit to Detroit. Man," said he, turning with enthusiasm to the reporter, "that Conan Doyle is a gran' chiel, an' I'm awfu' pleased that he and Robert are such close friends."

The following morning the reporter set out in the rain for a three mile jaunt up the river front to the house of Mr. Bennett, the brother-in-law

alluded to. Mrs. Barr was there, but her husband had not returned. She was, however, to meet him at the ferry in Windsor at ten o'clock, but she did not think there would be time for an interview, as they had far too many engagements for the limited time at their disposal. The reporter was not to be so summarily disposed of, however, and, capturing Barr as he landed from the boat, rushed him into the nearest hotel, and obtained his interview before being located by Mrs. Barr and Mr. Bennett.

Besides the sister already referred to, other members of the family have literary tendencies. James is also an author, who would probably be known to very few people by the family name. His pen name is "Angus Evan Abbott;" Angus Evan from the name of an old and highly respected teacher of his boyhood in Windsor, principal of the High School, and Abbott was taken from the name of a late premier of Canada, Sir John Abbott, who succeeded Sir John A. Macdonald.

James has also achieved considerable success in the world of letters, and writes many stories for the English magazines.

Another brother, John, is a newsman, being commercial editor of the *Detroit Free Press*, of which the other two brothers are graduates.



YOUTHFUL CANADA, AND THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

BY J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

THIS is emphatically an age of organization. Organized military power; organized naval action; organized political, religious, moral, or charitable effort: are all recognized forces in the upbuilding of a modern nation. And so also with associations for advancing the interests and welfare of women and of young men. But it remained for the vigorous personality of Mr. W. A. Smith—a volunteer officer and a Sunday-school teacher of Glasgow—to start, in 1883, the organization of boys.

He found the difficulty, which so many others have experienced, both before and since, of getting boys from the streets, boys from the slums, boys from the farm, and even boys from the home, interested in the lessons of religion, or in the principles which lie at the root of a life of honourable action or high endeavour. With him, as with others, boys would be boys. They came together in Sunday-school for the purpose of enjoying themselves, if that were possible; with no interest in what was being taught; with little respect for the teacher, and no reverence for the subject. Punctuality and courtesy were qualities which seemed entirely foreign to their nature; patriotism was a myth, and instruction a bore.

To get them interested was his great object, and finding it impossible to do so by following the usual lines of threadbare teaching, he hit upon the use of the military principle. It is the one absorbing idea which all energetic lively boys have at one stage or another of their careers. To march; to drill; to imitate in any degree the apparently charmed life of the soldier, is to them the most fascinating of pursuits. No toil is too great; no self-

sacrifice too extreme for them to undergo; no command too exacting for them to obey; if this instinct can only be gratified. Hence, the first organization, and the immediate success, of a Boys' Brigade. Mr. Smith's discovery was in the application of this military enthusiasm to Christian instruction; the union, in the mind and life of the boy, of military and religious training. It was the embodiment of Kingsley's idea of muscular Christianity, applied at a period when the youthful instincts are still fresh, and the character of the future man still unformed.

Many of his boys were unkempt, uncouth specimens of humanity from the streets of a large city, without habits of self-control, and with every prospect of growing into reckless, lawless men. Professor Drummond somewhere describes the difference between a class before and after the military organization was introduced: "As a Class, it was confusion, depression, demoralization, chaos. As a Company, it is self-respect, enthusiasm, happiness, peace." The principle once utilized, and the success of the idea locally established, boys' companies were formed in other churches, and in other centres, until finally there came to be a great organization of boys, first in the United Kingdom, then in the United States and Canada, and finally in many other parts of the world.

With his characteristic interest in all movements tending to the improvement of the position of those living in poverty; the elevation of those living in ignorance or amid surroundings of vice; the inculcation of Christian principles or moral obligations—the Earl of Aberdeen had taken an early and active part in the organization, and had for a long time been its Honorary

President. Since coming to Canada, His Excellency has apparently awaited a favourable moment to help those who are interested here. By bringing Mr. Smith to the Dominion, in order to explain more fully the aims of the Boys' Brigade, and by himself presiding at such meetings as that held in Toronto on March 8th of the present year, he is now giving the movement a very considerable impetus. And apart altogether from the organization itself, the gathering in the Normal School at Toronto was a living lesson in moderation and Christian charity, such as this country needs in far greater numbers, and from which men may gather benefits wider and more important than even those obtainable by the boys who were primarily interested.

Upon the platform and speaking in favor of the proposal were men of all the chief denominations and creeds. His Lordship, the Bishop of Toronto, the Rev. Dr. Potts, the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, and the Rev. Father O'Reilly, —Anglican, Methodist, Presbyterian and Roman Catholic,—stood shoulder to shoulder in urging the formation of Boys' Brigades in connection with the work of their various churches. To them the organization seemed to embody for its particular purposes the highest Christian action of the age. As the Governor-General said in his opening address: "The movement is an eminently comprehensive one, offering as it does the widest opportunities for sympathetic, combined action by all the various branches of the Christian church, and allowing at the same time for complete freedom to each, so far as religious instruction is concerned."

The aim of the organization, in a word, is the development amongst boys of a spirit of true Christian manliness. Its object, according to the Constitution, is "the advancement of Christ's Kingdom among Boys, and the promotion of habits of obedience, reverence, discipline and self-respect." Mili-

tary organization and drill is to be used as a means of securing their interest, banding them together in united work, promoting good habits and associations, and enforcing strict obedience and discipline. Only boys between the ages of twelve and seventeen are eligible, and every company of from thirty to one hundred members must be connected with some Church, Mission or other Christian organization. The officers are gentlemen anxious to promote the objects of the Brigade, and the non-commissioned officers are selected from amongst the boys, according to merit and efficiency. Six or more companies in any one city or district may be formed into a battalion, and the captains of all the companies constitute the Brigade Council.

In Great Britain many prominent men have taken an interest in the movement. The Archbishop of Canterbury is Vice-Patron of the Boys' Brigade; the Earl of Aberdeen, as already stated, is Honorary President; and the Honorary Vice-Presidents include the Marquess of Tweeddale, the Earl of Mount-Edgemont, the Earl of Meath, Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, Lord Kinnaird, Major-General Lord Methuen, General Lord Roberts, Lord Kelvin, General Sir Donald Stewart, Colonel Sir E. S. Hill, M.P., the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishops of Liverpool, of Carlisle, and of Down, Connor and Dromore, Dr. J. Marshall Lang, Moderator of the Church of Scotland, Dr. Walter C. Smith, Moderator of the Free Church, Principal Caird of Glasgow University, Prof. Henry Drummond, and a number of others. A large amount of money has been expended, and a great deal of useful and elevating literature distributed in the shape of monthly magazines, such as the "Boys' Brigade Gazette" and in handsomely gotten up pamphlets given as Christmas presents.

Naturally, therefore, the organization has grown steadily. Boy nature has greatly appreciated the appeal to

its dominant passion, and military training, combined with athletic exercises, has swept many thousands of the youth of Britain into fields of Christian activity. According to the official report of 1894, the increase has been as follows :

YEAR.	Number of Companies	Number of Officers	Number of Boys.
1884	1	3	30
1885	5	20	28
1886	44	136	1,999
1887	124	385	6,116
1888	220	706	10,388
1889	318	1,023	14,372
1890	394	1,250	16,752
1891	418	1,301	17,259
1892	490	1,618	21,602
1893	594	2,025	26,033

And the Brigade Secretary gives the figures for March, 1895, as 750 companies, 2,600 officers, and 33,000 boys. In Canada, largely through the efforts of Mr. T. W. Nisbet, of Sarnia, there are now 80 companies, 300 officers, and 4,000 boys in the Brigade. The United States boasts a strength of 14,000, but it is not so well organized, and does not follow as closely the British lines as is the case in Canada. Indeed, Prof. Drummond recently expressed a fear that it was tending in some places in a harmful direction. Australia, the West India Islands, New Zealand, and South Africa, also have a number of companies, and in the last-mentioned country there is a particularly picturesque company, composed entirely of Zulu boys. Even far-away Hindostan has a number of companies. The limit of operation is, therefore, as wide as the Empire, and wherever the British flag flies over a company of the Boys' Brigade, it sees an effort to teach patriotism and Christianity together—the lesson which all boys should learn: that a good Christian ought to be a sincere patriot, and that to "fear God and honour the King" is not only a Biblical injunction, but a practical benefit.

If this principle, coupled with the use of the military method, in order to promote those habits of obedience and discipline, respect to superiors and

elders, neatness and punctuality, which are so often lacking amongst the boys of to-day, be Jingoism, then most people will feel that they have long been Jingoed without knowing it. But the military organization is not the only means employed in the Brigade to promote healthy boy-life, and to bring the youth of the various districts, and outside the oft-times weak influence—in this respect—of the various churches, under Christian control. Very often the boys of the Company form a separate Bible-class. Athletics are freely used to strengthen the organization, and there is every encouragement given to the promotion of cricket clubs, football clubs, gymnastic clubs, and swimming clubs. Instrumental bands are also promoted, and there are now 166 bands, with 2,359 performers, in the Boys' Brigade of the Mother Country. Summer camps are, of course, a most enjoyable thing for the boys, where they can be arranged, and in large cities are looked forward to as the brightest times in the lives of many who usually see little in summer but the darkness of side alleys, or the noisome windings of a slum region.

The testimony of British clergymen as to the effects of this movement on the boys who pass through their hands is really remarkable. The Rev. T. T. Lambert of the Wesleyan Chapel, Leeds, speaks warmly of its useful Christian influence, and adds that "it has transformed many of our rudest boys into gentlemen." Canon Lester, of Liverpool, declares that by its influence "character is formed, developed and built up." The Rev. James Paterson, B.D., of the Belgrave Presbyterian Church, London, England, says:

"The Boys' Brigade in our Sunday Schools, has changed the centre of disturbance into the centre of calm. It has met the Boy at an age when the temptation to inattention, disorderliness, and irreverence is peculiarly strong, and it has put within his reach the graces of attention, order and reverence."

The Rev. Wm. Proctor of the United Presbyterian Church, Dublin, declares that—

“The effect which the Brigade movement has had on my church and mission has been marvellous. Lads who could not be got to attend the Sabbath School or Church, with any degree of regularity, now do so regularly; whilst others, who were beginning to rebel against parental control, have given unmistakable evidence of a change in heart and life.”

In point of fact the Boys' Brigade is intended to form a sort of link between the Sunday School, which the little boy attends because his parents send him, and the Young Men's Christian Association, the Church Guild, or other kindred organizations which he may—but too often does not—join in later years. It is not hard to understand how inspiring such a semi-military, semi-Christian line of instruction and literature can be, aside altogether from the military drill, and the uniform, which slight in itself is still sufficient to be the pride of a boy's heart. Lessons from the lives of Havelock and Outram, Lawrence and Gordon, permeate the publications of the Brigade. Stories of Sheridan and Clive and Wolseley point many precepts regarding Christian bravery and moral courage. After looking over these publications, and listening to such addresses as Mr. W. A. Smith has been giving over the length and breadth of Canada, it is easy to appreciate the enthusiasm with which boys have, in so many places, taken up the movement, and with which, for instance, they sing “The March of the Boys of Britain,” to the tune of the “Men of Harlech:”

Boys of Britain, young Crusaders,
Warring with the soul's invaders,
Knights of God 'gainst Satan's raiders,
Firm as men we stand!
“Sure and Steadfast” our foundation,
Bread of life, each soldier's ration,
We're the sinews of our Nation,
Strength unto our Land!

Chorus.—The Cross of Christ is flashing
From hand to hand, and massing
The flow'r of Christian Chivalry

Thro' Boyhood's service passing,—
Trusting God, and doing rightly,
Duty's path for us shines brightly,
Prayer will canopy us nightly
Through life's Holy War.

Aside from the work which Mr. Nisbet, of Sarnia, and the Rev. Mr. Young of St. Enoch's Presbyterian Church, Toronto, have done, and are still doing, in connection with the Boys' Brigade proper, the idea has been adopted by at least two other Canadian organizations. The Church Lads' Brigade is distinctively Church of England, and has had a degree of success which makes many churchmen feel that they should adhere to it rather than support the wider and more comprehensive Boys' Brigade. There is, however, no substantial reason why it should not eventually fall into line with the original Association, and help to swell the progress of a truly imperial institution. So with the Church Boys' Brigade, which owes so much to the Rev. Mr. Short, and which, as yet, is limited to the Anglican Church in Toronto. It originally grew out of the choir organizations of the city, and, as Bishop Sweatman recently said, “there is no reason why it should not drop the ‘church’ from its name, and fall in with the Boys' Brigade, preserving, of course, the autonomy of its own church arrangements.”

His Excellency, the Governor-General, has somewhere pointed out the great advantage of the Boys' Brigade, in affording ample scope for co-operation in organization, together with autonomy in administration. This fact was vividly illustrated by the statement of the Rev. Father O'Reilly, at the Normal School meeting, that, “Speaking as a priest, he might say that the Roman Catholic Church was in perfect sympathy with the movement, and he saw no reason why all the churches should not unite in it, in sympathy and cordial union, each preserving its own autonomy so far as regarded religious instruction.” And

then he spoke of it as promoting Christian union and Canadian patriotism.

Similar ideas were brought out at a large meeting held in Exeter Hall, London, in June, 1893, under the chairmanship of the Earl of Aberdeen. His Excellency was surrounded upon the platform by a number of prominent men, and concluded his address with the following words: "We may be sure that if we can promote and encourage the true spiritual membership, on the part of boys, of the invisible Kingdom, we shall at the same time inevitably be promoting—as regards the visible Kingdom of our country—patriotism and good citizenship, making the boys loyal subjects of our gracious and beloved Queen, and fostering the development and formation of good citizens, good patriots, and good men."

Archdeacon Sinclair spoke of the essential manliness of Christianity, and of the qualities of self-control, self-respect, considerateness for others, obedience to those in authority, and appreciation of high ideals, which it was so desirable to cultivate in the boys of the period. He made no apology for the introduction of the military principle. Like Mr. Smith, upon a later occasion, he probably felt that none was required, even should the training given result in some accession to the volunteer forces, or to the army of the Empire. But he did point out that the ordinary soldier, no matter what might be his faults, or even vices, was a better man in many ways than the loafing companions he had left behind in the streets. He had learned obedience, discipline, alertness, neatness, and smartness in his ways and habits; he had, perhaps, made true and useful friends; he had learned to keep his temper. So with the boy who serves his time in the Brigade. Even if he does not go from it into active church-work, he is none the less a better citizen, and a better man for the experience he has had, and the training he has undergone.

And, in a thousand ways, opportunity is given for the improvement of the boy's habits; the training of his character; the moulding of his life. Patriotism is distinctly inculcated. He is taught that to be a good Christian, a man must be a good citizen. He must always remember his duty to Country and Queen. In Great Britain he comes under the attention of men whose names are a part of British history, and whose deeds or character he cannot do better than emulate. Various battalions are reviewed yearly, or oftener, by Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley; Lieut.-General Freemantle, commanding the forces in Scotland; General Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, V.C.; General Sir Donald Stewart, and many others.

History is taught in such a way as to interest the boy, and to point the moral of patriotism and national or individual honour. The great men of the past are made to live again for the benefit of the youth of to-day, and their deeds of valour, of self-sacrifice, or of Christian chivalry are used in the literature of the movement and the lessons of the Brigade, to promote similar feelings and aspirations amongst boys whose uniform and semi-military organization inspire to natural youthful sympathy with deeds of martial heroism or Christian courage.

Unity, both national and Christian, is promoted by an organization which permeates every part of the Empire, and includes Catholic, Protestant, Methodist, Presbyterian, Anglican and Baptist, in one common work under a common head. Toleration is vividly inculcated by all sects and creeds thus labouring together for a common object, and by boys of varied nationality and colour, working hand in hand. Loyalty to country is naturally developed through loyalty to officers and organization, as well as from the precepts of Scripture and the lessons of history. Matters of great future value and importance are taught, such as

that represented in the ambulance work. In this department lectures are given by competent medical men, upon the "Laws of Health," "First Aid to the Injured," and "Stretcher Drill." The boys seem to take eagerly to these lessons, and, last year, the Glasgow Battalion alone passed over 200 through the Ambulance examination. In several cases, and, as a result of this instruction, boys have proved of very great service in serious accidents.

In concluding this brief sketch of a great organization, I cannot but wish the Boys' Brigade every possible success upon the soil of Canada. We want Christian manliness inculcated in the boys of this Dominion; we

want physical development and moral growth to go hand in hand; we need patriotism and the old principle of "Love God, and Honour the King;" we want to check the increasing tendency towards the Continental disrespect to elders or superiors; we desire to see an expansion of the true democracy, which says "You are as good as I am," not "I am as good as you are;" we require all the discipline and habits of order which can possibly be encouraged and taught amongst the youth of our land; we want all the possible principles of organization applied to the boys of the British Empire, as well as to the men and institutions of our vast Imperial domain.

GLERER MOMENTS.

The green of leaves against a summer sky,—
 Nights of the North,—when the white stars seem nigh.
 Still-water spaces, fringed by rushes gray,
 With lines of wild fowl passing far away.
 White rise of dawn across a shoreless sea,
 Chasing the darkness o'er the waters free.
 Vast fields of ice, that stretch before us far,
 To where some great berg sparkles like a star.
 When viewing these, come moments when we see,
 Dimly, the endless life that is to be.

REGINALD GOURLAY.



A SUMMER EVENING AT THE VILLAGE POST OFFICE,

WAITING FOR THE NEWS.

BY PROFESSOR TADMOR.

THE original author of the story which I am about to relate was by birth a Scotchman. Like most Scotchmen, he had been educated in the parish school. At an early period of his life he was apprenticed to a Paisley weaver. He learned the business, but he did not follow it. As soon as his articles of indenture expired he entered the Royal navy as a sailor; and he remained seventeen years in the service. A sailor in the British navy sees a great deal of the world, and, if he is a man of intelligence, learns much. After my story-teller left the navy, he led, for a few years, a kind of vagabond life. There was scarcely a state or province in North America which he did not visit, and few men possessed in a higher degree the sailor's faculty for relating marvellous adventures, and hair-breadth escapes from terrifying perils. Old Mack finally settled in the Province of Ontario, and devoted himself to market-gardening. This pursuit he followed for many years, until advancing age unfitted him for that constant toil which a life of solitude, and a pursuit like his, demand. He left his own hermitage and became a gardener for one whom he usually called "the Boss." Before doing so, he had found great difficulty in providing for himself, especially in the winter season. He had neither horse nor vehicle, and sometimes his supply of fuel was very scanty, and in mid-winter he not infrequently suffered from the cold. But when he went to reside with "the Boss," he did but little in summer, and in winter no more than he voluntarily chose to undertake. The one thing which, however, he did daily, was to walk to the village post office, half a

mile away, and obtain the letters and newspapers of his employer. The mails arrived by stage about seven o'clock in the evening, and old Mack was always on hand, to take part in every discussion that interested him and to pick up the gossip of the day. Every accident or adventure of the day, for miles around, was known in the evening at the post office. In the summer season, the old man could be seen on his way thither an hour before the postman's stage coach came in sight. On the particular evening to which I refer, the old gardener was cordially greeted by the boys, who, like him, usually came before the mail arrived, to tell stories, to learn the local news, and to hear the postmaster and an obstinate deacon argue for the hundredth time about Final Perseverance and Predestination. The amusements were further varied by political discussions, and by some one blowing a dinner horn in response to the horn blown by the postman, whose wrath was thereby excited, and whose loud denunciations were drowned by a still louder tooting upon the responding horn.

The old gardener did not often trouble himself with religious or political discussions. Not because he had not well-considered opinions, but because he regarded them as private enclosures into which the multitude had no right to intrude; they were desecrated and degraded by being publicly canvassed. The old man had travelled much. He had seen a great deal of the world. His novel and extraordinary adventures had been many, and he occasionally astonished his hearers by relating some marvellous story, in which he had himself played a prom-

inent part. When the mail bags were taken into the office, there was usually an intermission in the evening's entertainment. But a small fraction of those present could crowd into the post office at one time. The majority, in the summer evenings, remained without, carrying on desultory conversations about the events of the day—the prospects of political parties in Canada, in England, and in the United States, the Eastern question, the invasion of Egypt, and a score of other matters which were, at the time, themes for newspaper discussion—long after the mails had been distributed. Sometimes the evening was well advanced before the last of them called for his newspaper and went home.

On this occasion, young Peters opened his newspaper, and, in a moment, said: "O boys! here is a most important piece of news—'A colored boy devoured by an alligator.'" In a moment all gave attention, and Peters read how two colored boys were playing on the bank of the Escambia River, in Florida, when an enormous alligator, which the boys had not seen, suddenly struck one of them with its tail, and sent him far out into the water, swiftly swam to him, and boy and alligator both disappeared. The remaining boy raised the cry of alarm, and a few white men, and several colored men, who were near at hand, ran to give assistance. Two of them took the boat the boys had, and pushed out to the place where the alligator had been seen to sink with the boy; but they discovered nothing beyond a few bubbles upon the surface of the water. The colored people were greatly agitated. A colored boy had been devoured by an alligator.

This paragraph of news afforded a theme for a few minutes of discussion, and the older members of the crowd told stories of hunting adventures, of accidents, of great perils that occurred a half century ago, when the greater part of the country was still covered by its primeval forest. There was for

a moment a lull in the conversation and the story-telling. The old gardener had more than once been challenged by the boys to relate a story. One said: "Come Mack; it is high time that you should tell a stretcher, one that will give the whole neighborhood the nightmare for the next fortnight. You can do it. The experiences of the early settlers can't be compared to your feats among the pirates of Farther India."

This bantering invitation pleased the old man. He emptied his pipe and closed his jack-knife and put them away. He thought of his perils at sea, of the desperate attack made upon his ship by a gigantic devil fish in the Bay of Bengal. He spoke of his fight with a male kangaroo in the interior of Tasmania, and of his short stay with the gigantic Patagonians. He named many more, to impress those who heard him with the notion how much there was of interest that he could tell, and how marvellous and varied his experiences had been. He said there were times when any one of these incidents in his life would be interesting for him to relate and for them to hear. But it was not so then—they were not suitable to the occasion.

"Why would not one of these stories suit?" inquired the village blacksmith.

"Because," replied the old gardener, "not one of them suits the surroundings of this evening. The man who tells a story suitable to the occasion, and does it well, is an artist; but he is no artist, and no true story-teller, who does not consider and accurately appreciate the fitness of things. No painter would ever appreciate a green Indian, or a pink Hottentot, nor would he represent the northern savages naked in their boats among icebergs. Suppose I were to tell you of that giant squid, with tentacles eighty feet long, with some of these upon the rocks far below the ship, and others upon the top mast, holding one of the best sailing ships in the British

navy, with all its canvas, up for nine hours in its desperate grasp—you would feel it was not just the story for the evening. It would be like a discord in music, a jest at a funeral,

few minutes ago. Not that the alligator ate a nigger boy—that is not a rare occurrence in those regions—but that it should have happened in the lower Escambia astonishes me. There



“Like a larger and coarser edition of Thomas Carlyle.”

life in the British navy without seeing a good deal of the world and its wonders, if he had good eyes and knew how to use them; and this much I can tell you, boys,—near the very spot where that unfortunate nigger boy was devoured, I rode to church, one fine Sunday morning, the biggest alligator ever seen in that country.”

This announcement was received with vociferous cheers. The old man had made a decided impression. A New York drummer whose breath was fairly taken by this de-

are, it is true, negroes there, and there are, too, plenty of alligators. But that there should have been two such occurrences in the very same place is very unusual. I have been all over that country. I know West Florida well. I know the banks of the lower Escambia as well as I know the streets of this village, and I had a very strange adventure myself in that same place forty years ago.”

“You did?” said the village blacksmith, with an expression of astonishment; “Of course you were sure to have been present where anything unusual had happened. There is no place in the wide world, where either man or alligator is, where you have not been, and where you have not very nearly equalled the feats of Hercules.”

“That,” said the old man, “is very near the truth—much nearer than you suppose. No one ever spent seventeen years of his

“Let me tell you,” said old Mack, “that there is something very remarkable about that story Peters read a

breath was fairly taken by this de-

claration, said, "I think, old fellow, you have struck oil; the boys are fairly with you this time."

All were eager to hear the story of this wonderful ride. Old Mack was urged to proceed, but he obstinately declined. He said that he had not time; that the boss would be waiting impatiently for his mail, and he must go at once; but if they really cared to hear the story, of which the ride on the alligator was the least wonderful part, he would tell it to them the next evening.

This was Friday evening, and he knew that, on the evening of the next day, many who received only a weekly newspaper would be there for it, and he would have twice as many present to hear him tell his story. He had succeeded in advertising himself, and he knew that he had awakened interest in those who wanted excitement, and found the opportunities of securing it very few; and so, at a somewhat earlier hour than usual, many had assembled upon the veranda of the village post office, to hear old Mack relate his wonderful ride to church on the biggest alligator ever seen in western Florida.

"Don't you want to go to R—— town to-night? I am going, and I want some one with me for company, as it may be late before I get back again," said Deacon C—— to young Morrison.

"Not to night;" was the reply, "old Aleck is going to hold forth at the Corners. This is a special occasion. The old fellow is going to spread himself, and I would not miss his story for anything. You had better stop. You will hear nothing in town that will compare with old Aleck when he is on the war path; and, you may bet what you like, he intends to give us a surprise party to-night."

"Nonsense!" said the Deacon; "old Mack's extraordinary lying disgusts me. I can't stand his blowing"

"O! but you must bear in mind," said young Morrison, "this will be

tall talk. The old man is not going to tell one of his ordinary adventures this time. He is on his mettle. He has had twenty-four hours to consider his subject—to refresh memory, as he calls it—and to work all the details in the most marvellous way. Last night he announced his ride on the alligator, and you may be sure that he laid down the shovel and the hoe, and has been lying on his back all day, and recalling the most striking incidents. I must honor the old fellow with my presence this time, and hear him relate this the greatest adventure of his life."

"So you," said Deacon C——, "wish to have me believe you are walking three miles to hear that old man indulge in extravagant lying."

"I am walking," said young Morrison, "three miles to hear him tell one of his yarns—and why not? I don't know whether there is any basis in fact for what he may say. It is not necessary there should be. What does it matter to you or to me whether Isaac of York, his daughter Rebecca, or Robin Hood ever existed? The story is not interesting because it is an accurate record of events. It is because that, along with all his extravagance, there is much in what he says that fairly represents real life,—that makes him interesting."

"I thought, young man, you had more sense than to be pleased with such aimless lying," said the Deacon.

"I don't take your view of old Mack's stories," said young Morrison. "Fiction, it is true, is not history. Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is not history. It is fiction. Yet it taught more truth concerning slavery than many histories of the period. For an old plug, I think Mack is a good story-teller, and with better opportunities, he might, in that line, have merited and secured distinction. I shall, I have no doubt, retain some recollections of what he may say, for some time to come; and I am not sure that

any remembrance of what I might elsewhere see or hear this evening, would remain six months hence, and as we live in thoughts, not breaths, I must hear old Mack tell his adventure in west Florida."

Deacon C.—drove on, disgusted.

Those who had not urgent business to attend to in town, found it convenient to go to the Village Corner. Old Mack, at his usual time, hurried off to the village post office. It was a Saturday evening in June. The boys, too, were there in great force. On this occasion, they were aimlessly seeking amusement. There had been a definite announcement the evening before of what the old man would tell, and so they had come to hear him relate how he had once ridden to church, near Pensacola, on the back of the biggest alligator ever seen in west Florida.

The old man was looking a little nervous, but cheerful. He had considered his subject with great care, and he had resolved to tell this story as he had never told a story to the boys before. He had often amused the boys. He had related many a marvellous adventure, many a hair-breadth escape from danger and from death; but this he had done as chance may have brought him and them together. On this occasion, many had come specially that evening to the village corner to hear what he had to tell. Never since he came to the West, had he before been so specially favored. Never before, anywhere, had there been so much honor done him. He was now the chief man of the multitude. He was fond of being noticed, and this, to him, was a great day in his life. He was nerved up by a determination to surpass the expectations of those who had come out to hear him. He had hoped by this effort to become, in the estimation of the boys, "the Prince of Story Tellers."

The old man, as was usual with

him, took a seat on the steps of the veranda of the post office; but there were too many about him to be heard should he attempt to engage in his story-telling in that posture. The crowd extended across the street. A large number stood in the door of a blacksmith shop on the opposite side of the highway. The old gardener found it necessary to stand up. He took from his coat pocket a large red handkerchief, and carefully removing his hat, he wiped the perspiration from his forehead with great deliberation. His eyes, always prominent, seemed more prominent than usual. He looked like a larger and coarser edition of Thomas Carlyle. Those of my readers who have seen Carlyle's portrait, can form a pretty accurate notion of the old man's physiognomy. He differed from him in appearance only as the sailor, who has felt the sun and the storm, differs from his brother who has led the life of an indoor student.

"The old fellow is going to spread himself this time," said one of the young men, who had been observing him closely.

"Yes," responded his neighbor. "Won't he punish the tobacco, though. He ought to have a great auk's egg and a pint of rum, to give him a fair start."

"An auk's egg," inquired the other, "what is that?"

"Why," said his companion, "don't you remember his adventure on the coast of Greenland; how the ship and a great whale had both been shut into a narrow bay by an iceberg; how the diver and the sailors milked the whale with the ship's pumps; how they got thirty barrels of whale's milk daily; how they got several boat-loads of auk's eggs; and how they lived four months on whale's milk, auk's eggs, and Jamaica rum. Why, the old fellow made as much commotion among the boys here by that story as a fire in a rag factory does among the rats."

"O!" said the other, "I remember

it all now. It was then Deacon C — said that nothing good could ever come to a community that would listen with evident pleasure to such lying.”

“Why don't he begin?” enquired Reynolds. “See how his mouth twitches. He is nervous. You may depend upon it, he is bound to surpass himself, or burst.”

Old Mack knew that the postman would be there within half an hour, and then all would be hubbub and

self of the first invitation. He was banteringly invited to tell the story he had promised the evening before.

He began by reminding them that the alligator was not to him an unfamiliar reptile. He had seen the great Gavials of the Ganges, the Crocodiles of the Nile, the Caymans of the Amazon, and the Jacares of the Orinoco. They were all substantially the same as the alligators found at the mouths of the rivers that empty into the Gulf



“The old gardener found it necessary to stand up.”

confusion. The attention of the crowd would be destroyed; and the inattention of even a few would spoil everything. Few practised speakers, no matter how well prepared, can escape failure, if they fail at the outset to secure the attention of their audience. Mack was not a practised speaker. He was simply a fluent talker, and had a better store of information than most men of his class. He was, on this evening, most anxious to begin without further delay, and he availed him-

self of the first invitation. He said he had no special interest in exploring the rivers of west Florida for the sake of seeing alligators. “My grandfather,” said the old man, “was with Major Loftus in 1764, when, by order of King George III., he attempted to ascend the Mississippi, and take possession of the French forts on the east bank of that river. It was reported, that after having ascended as far as the mouth of the Red River, they were compelled to retire, owing to the hostility of the Indians, who

fired upon the British boats in their ascent. But I heard my grandfather, more than once, say that that was not an honest report. The men were far more afraid of the alligators than of the Indians. The lower Mississippi swarmed with them at that early period. In those days you could not, in the spring season, get an Indian to venture upon the Mississippi. The river was literally alive with alligators, and at night the bellowing of the bull alligators terrified whites as well as Indians. It was not surprising that they were feared. The alligator was, in those days, a most formidable craft for an Indian, in a bark canoe, to meet on the waters of the Mississippi. One blow of its tail shattered the best Indian canoe to fragments, and then the alligator had the Indian completely in his power."

"Why don't you say at its mercy," shouted young Peters.

"Shut up," said Mr. Austin; "let him get to the beginning of his story; we want to hear it before Simpkins toots his post-horn."

"Mercy," said old Mack, "is not a quality that we ascribe to alligators. They are capable of exercising power,—it is a quality which belongs to them—but mercy is as foreign to an alligator as good manners is to young Peters."

Peters had the laugh against him, and, as he wanted to hear the old man's story, he made no reply. He knew the old man must preface any real or imaginary adventure he related with a kind of dissertation; and so, when the crowd were interested they avoided interruptions, which they well knew would drive the old man away from what would, in the case of others, be regarded as the beginning.

"I heard my grandfather say," he continued, "that the bull alligators, during their attempted ascent of the Mississippi, fought each other with great ferocity, and attacked whatever they found afloat. They broke in pieces two of the boats in that ex-

pedition, and devoured, in spite of all that could be done to save them, eighteen men of the expeditionary force; and so, Major Loftus and his brother officers became alarmed, and, instead of proceeding to Fort Chartres, returned to New Orleans. My grandfather, when he obtained his discharge in 1767, obtained a large grant of land upon the Escambia river; but like many others, he never went thither to settle upon it. For twenty years active efforts were put forward to prevent settlement beyond the Alleghanies, the better to secure the settlement of Florida; but in 1783 the English retroceded it to Spain, and the occupants of the lands were allowed a year in which to sell, or to become Spanish subjects. My grandfather was not an occupant, and so the Spanish authorities paid no regard to his claim. In 1818, Spain ceded Florida to the United States, and I hoped through a friend in Mobile, who was speculating in these old claims, to sell my grandfather's old claim for something. That is the way I came to visit that section of the Union. I had a beautiful skiff, and had coasted leisurely all the way from Mobile.

I reached the mouth of the Escambia river. The day was hot, and I was much fatigued. I had not gone many miles up that river before I found a beautiful clear place under the shadow of a large spreading tree; and as the place seemed quiet and secluded, I thought I would bathe here, and in that way refresh myself. I was not, at that moment, thinking of danger, I had a small anchor, with a strong rope attached. The prongs of the anchor projected over the stern of my boat. I began to undress, preparatory to bathing. I laid my coat and waistcoat upon the seat of my boat. I wore a red flannel shirt, and this I next removed, and, as it was wet with perspiration, I spread it over the anchor to dry while I was bathing. Before I could make any further pro-

gress in undressing, I was attacked in front and rear. A tremendous alligator had floated down, unobserved, under the stern of my boat, and had attempted to swallow both the anchor and my shirt; but this I had not, at first, noticed; and a gigantic Mexican bull, sprang up from beneath the shadow of a tree a short distance away, and at once came swiftly down to my boat. I had not yet divested myself of my pantaloons and shoes; these I still had on. I pushed my boat a few yards from the shore, so as to be out of the bull's reach, and as I had a noose on the end of my anchor rope, I threw it over the bull's horns, thinking that he would soon drag the anchor under the roots of one of the many large trees hard by, and become so well fastened that he could give me no further trouble. He was very large and fierce, and, as he rushed into the water after me, I was forced to pull out still further from the bank. It was only then that I discovered the alligator, and, perceiving my danger, I gave two or three vigorous pulls at my oars, and got out of reach of both. Had I been a moment later, he would have been near enough to have struck me with his tail, and to have knocked me into the water. Then it was I observed that the anchor was already overboard, and in the possession of an enormous alligator. The bull saw the monster about the same time, and at once turned back to the shore. He knew the alligator would have a great advantage over him in the water, and so he hurried out of the river. The alligator at once made for the bull. I soon saw that I was to have anything but a quiet Sunday. When I threw the anchor rope over the bull's horns, I expected he would drag the anchor under the roots of some tree, and would, in this way, be so effectually tied up, that I could move about without danger. I heard the singing of the people in church, although the church was hidden from my sight by the trees and bushes. I knew it was

but a short distance from me, and thither I purposed going. But I did not see very clearly how I was to get there, for the alligator, by swallowing the anchor, had spoiled my plan for fastening up the bull. The moment I undertook to cross the field he was ready to rush after me. His roaring was well nigh deafening, and his frantic performances reminded me of the prancing and swearing of a border ruffian in the early days of Arkansas. I noticed the bull was much more willing to make war upon me than upon the alligator, and so I made up my mind to mount the reptile. The bull did a good deal of prancing and roaring, but he kept at a respectable distance from both ends. He, indeed, seemed quite as much afraid of the tail of the alligator as of the head, and he might well be, for in the condition in which the alligator then was, the tail was the most formidable end.

I soon discovered that the church stood in the edge of the bull's pasture, and that the bull frequently stood in its shadow and pawed up the sand, throwing it over his back, as a means of driving away the flies.

When the bull started, I could see that he caused the alligator a good deal of discomfort. This greatly enraged the great brute, and he rushed after the bull. The bull snorted like a locomotive, but he did not venture to turn upon the alligator, though he seemed inclined to do so, for he again and again put himself in a threatening attitude. The alligator could not have bitten him, for the anchor protruded out of his mouth, and kept it partly open. The brute was of enormous size. You would think me exaggerating if I told you truthfully how big he was; but to keep within the mark, I may say that he seemed to me nearly as long as across this street, and as big, over where I sat, as an ordinary sugar cask. My feet did not reach to the ground when I was astride of him. He was certainly old enough to have remembered Colum-

bus, had Columbus ever visited West Florida.

The bull made for the church, and the alligator and I followed. There were some "nigger" boys in the field, playing near the church, instead of being inside. They caught a glimpse of the bull, the alligator and myself. They had never seen a vicious Mexican bull hitched to a vehicle like that before; and you must not flatter yourselves, young men, into the mistaken belief that under no circumstances will the kink come out of a colored man's wool. I tell you such an opinion is all a mistake. There was no kink in the wool of any of those boys. It instantly came out of curl, and stood upright. It twitched and moved as if it were going through some kind of military evolution. We were close to them before they saw us. They ran as if life was very dear to them and that the place of safety was the meeting house. The bull chased them, and, had his progress not been impeded by the alligator, it would have gone hard with those boys.

The boys had no sooner gone into the church than the congregation came pouring out of the door and out of every window, as if they were escaping from a fire. Those who escaped from the windows into the field rushed to get out with even greater celerity. No one could tell why he or she had rushed out of the church. The boys had said nothing that was coherent or intelligible. Everybody saw that they had seen something terrible; and their appearance had acted like an electric shock upon the whole assembly, and, in an instant, every one who saw them was equally excited and frightened.

"The bull made a desperate plunge at a big yellow girl, whom he fortunately missed, though he carried away the greater part of her dress, and at the same time took my anchor clean out of the alligator's throat. The bull, in his fierce plunge at the yellow girl, passed close to the alli-

gator, and received from the reptile a tremendous blow with his tail. To my great astonishment, the bull suddenly turned upon him, and, for half an hour, I never saw so desperate a fight. It was really terrifying. The bull was as active as he was fierce. He rushed upon the alligator, and with one horn behind a foreleg of the monster, partly turned him over; but the alligator once more struck the bull a powerful blow with his tail, throwing him to a considerable distance. The stroke was so violent that I expected to see the bull run away; but no, he rushed upon the alligator more fiercely than ever, and endeavored to gore the great reptile. The alligator was far less active on land than he would have been in the water. He snapped savagely at the bull, and frequently struck at him with his tail, without success. At last, with one tremendous blow, he knocked off both the bull's horns, as easily as you could brush icicles from the eaves of this building, in winter. The bull reared himself upon his hind legs, ran out his tongue, and roared like mad.

"The whole congregation, numbering about two hundred, rushed out of the field. In their excitement they had come inside.

"The bull and alligator were so much enraged against each other that they gave no heed to anything else. The people, though intensely excited, were, nevertheless, very quiet. No one saw what the end might be. But when the bull's horns were knocked off, the pain and rage of the animal made it more than frantic, and the people scrambled over the fence and over each other. The alligator snapped viciously at the bull's horns, and, seizing one of them endways in his mouth, forced the point of the horn right through his own nose, until it protruded nearly its whole length. The alligator, by this operation, suffered by the acquisition of a horn scarcely less than the bull did by its loss. Both animals had been very severely punished. Both were

in great pain. The alligator was bleeding from its mouth, both on account of the laceration of its throat by the anchor, and the penetration of the horn through the roof of its mouth. The bull, in his frantic leaping and shaking of his head, came near enough to the alligator to receive a tremendous blow with its tail, and fell headlong upon the alligator's head, and was pierced nearly through by his own horn.

"In a few moments the bull was dead. His great weight held down the head of the alligator. The alligator could not withdraw his nose, for the bull's horn practically riveted the two together.

"The people, old and young, were terrified into silence. They had again climbed into the field and stood gazing upon the two animals so lately engaged in fierce conflict. They all understood that the fight was at an end. The bull was dead, and the alligator, if not released, must die where he was then pinned.

"The old colored preacher, who was in the midst of his sermon when the boys entered the church, and who was a favorite slave on one of the plantations of that neighborhood, invited all the congregation to again go into the church, to 'improve this great occasion.' He said they had had nearly an hour's intermission. It was a most wonderful day—the most wonderful ever known in those parts. Who, he asked, had ever seen a man come to church on Sunday driving a bull and a bull-alligator team. The like had never been seen since the days of Noah, when the bears and lions and whales and elephants fought for places on the tops of mountains, where they could stand out of the water. But here, said he, the giant of the field and the giant of the river had come to church and fought on dry land.

"The old preacher was working himself up to a high pitch of eloquence, when a young colored man stood up and said they wished to have

an important point settled. He said: 'Some ob de boys am foh de bull, and some am foh de alligator. Sam Tuesday says de bull picked de quarrel, and de alligator sawved him right. Sam wants a vote ob de meeting-house upon de question, to see who am foh de bull and who am foh de alligator.'

"The old preacher warmly objected. He said: 'Dis am not de occasion for such a procedin', but a Senator from Alabama will be in Pensacola on de next Tuesday, to hold a political meetin', where a vote might be taken on dis great bull alligator question. It could be considered widout party bias: but,' said the old preacher, 'dis am become de day for great moral reflections.'

"The old man had hardly got started again when a colored boy, who had glided out of the church to take another look at the bull and alligator, came running in greatly excited, and, shouting at the top of his voice, said: 'Jim Wattle am in de alligator, and says he's smotherin'.'

"The whole audience was once more startled.

"'What's dat you say?' asked old Dinah Wattle—she was Jim's mother.

"'I say,' said the boy, 'Jim Wattle's in de alligator, and he says he's smotherin'.'

"In an instant all the congregation were once more round the alligator.

"At first it was proposed to pull the bull off the nose of the alligator. But the alligator, it was seen, was alive, and he was far to formidable a customer to turn loose, and as Jim Wattle's voice was heard in the depths of the great reptile, he would certainly make off to the river, and there was no means of preventing him.

"The old preacher sent one of Judge Long's slaves after the Judge, to come, and bring with him his rifle and shoot the alligator. The old Judge lived but a short distance from the meeting house. He was not a church goer. He was a famed marksman. He had an excellent rifle, which he carried

with him when he went on circuit, to secure a proper respect from the bar, and prevent contempt of court.

“The Judge thought, he said, that his young nigger had gone mad, when he undertook to tell what had happened, and for what he was wanted. He concluded at length to take his



“Jim Wattle am in de alligator.”

rifle and powder horn and go; and so he appeared upon the ground. He shot the alligator. The bull was pulled away. The alligator was turned back downward; and I,” said old Mack, “opened him, and sure enough there was Jim Wattle, and, would you believe it, he had on my flannel shirt. He had taken it from the anchor when in the alligator’s throat. His own had been completely digested, but the brown jean trousers of the boy, strange to say, looked as good as new. The grease spots had all been digested out.”

“Come now, old man, rest a moment; unless you do, you can’t possibly live to finish your story,” said

Dan Palmer. “Give us a chance to breathe; some of us are on the point of suffocating. This is something immense.”

“Don’t be so incredulous,” said old Mack; “I am half inclined to the opinion that it may have been a stray crocodile from the Nile that swallowed Jonah.”

“Keep to your own tale; don’t mingle ancient truth with your romance,” interrupted Knight. “You don’t pay proper regard even to what you call art, now.”

“You are criticising me too soon; my picture is not yet complete,” the old man replied.

“The Wattle family, though slaves, were a happy family that day. Jim Wattle cried, because, he said, he was so glad to see them all again. He said it was so dark in the alligator’s stomach. Then old Dinah and the old man, Nincumiah Wattle, cried, and all Jim’s brothers and sisters cried, and the sympathy and excitement led to the whole congregation crying, led in the crying by the Wattle family. Sally Wattle threw her arms around Jim’s neck, and kissed him. Then she stepped back, swelled out her cheeks, blew a long whistle, and exclaimed: ‘O, golly, Jim, but you hab got de alligator bref.

And there was, beyond all question, a most marked odor of alligator about the boy.

“Jim had been a most unruly nigger. He had, on many occasions, vexed and worried his overseer; and his mother more than once urged him to be more obedient, or he would certainly be flogged, or sold away to some distant plantation. Jim gave but little heed to these maternal admonitions; but this solitary confinement in the stomach of the alligator was an altogether new experience. It greatly sobered him, and he was, upon his release, in a better mood to listen to good advice than he had ever

been at any former period of his life. There was great weeping and rejoicing, and exclamations of thankfulness for Jim's restoration to the plantation.

"The old colored preacher came to me—this was the first time he noticed me—and said: 'Sah, this am a wonderful day. Nebber has such a day in west Florida befoh. Why, you hab brought back de dead. Dat Jim Wattle was as good as dead when dat alligator swallowed him. De Lawd mus' hab come along wid you when you rode dat alligator. Nebber could ride a beast like dat to de meetin house, hitched to a cross bull, wid Jim Wattle alibe inside, if de Lawd hadn't come along. Dangerous craft, dat, Massa. One outside and one inside passenger. I guess Jim would radder be outside passenger too.'

"The old man smiled. He thought he had said something humorous; but instantly his countenance became grave. He continued: 'Dis am a berry wicked place. I can't make any impression on de young men heah. Dey hab all got shells as thick and hard as dat ole alligator's. Dey got a big scare when de alligator swallowed Jim Wattle. Jim was about de worst boy on de plantation. Jim hab grown up on chicken. Massa, dat Jim am almost nuffen but chicken. If you heah a roosteh crow after sundown, you just go to look foh dat roosteh, and you sure to find Jim Wattle. Now, Massa, I hope Jim Wattle hab had his shell softened in de alligator. You see findin Jim has broke 'em all down, and we mus' go once moh into de church and improve dis occasion. I hope we make some holes in the devil's shell heah to-day. Massa, he mos got dat boy.'

"The old preacher was a very sensible old man, and was greatly prized by his owner. His influence

was healthful, and he was looked upon by his master as the great moral instructor of all the slaves in that section of the country.

"The old preacher said: 'Perhaps, Massa, you would be so very good as to improve de occasion. You see how much can be made of it. You hab saved de boy's life by riding dat alligator heah; now if you can do so much for de boy's soul, dat will be a still greater good.'

"I pointed to Jim, and said he had my shirt; that a colored woman had given me her apron to keep the sun from blistering my shoulders; that my coat and waistcoat were in my boat; and that I was besmeared with the alligator's blood, from having assisted in opening the reptile.

"Judge Long heard our conversation. He stood near us, leaning on his



"Sure enough there was Jim Wattle."

rifle; and he at once answered my objections. No one there had been more impressed by the strange events of the day than he. He turned to me, and said: 'Speak to them, by all

means. It would be a great misfortune if you did not. You may depend upon it they will listen to every word spoken by the distinguished stranger who rode that alligator here. Throw off that apron from your shoulders. Your shoes and your trousers are all the clothing you require. Any more would not be befitting the occasion. Stained as you are, you look like Hercules, returned from the slaughter of the dragon, and are as great a hero in the estimation of these people. They will think no more of your appearance than if you had escaped in your night clothes from a fire.'

"I reflected for a moment. I was profoundly impressed with what had been said both by the old preacher and by the Judge. The more I reflected on what had transpired, the more remarkable the events of that day seemed to me. They took hold upon my imagination. I saw the whole moral situation. I gave my consent. I told the Judge I must have the upper jaw of the alligator, with the bull's horn in it, to take in with me. I saw the old preacher had been anxious for his people's good, and when the fitting opportunity came, he recognized it. I advised him to lead his flock into the church. The Judge and I removed the jaw. I took hold of the horn and slung the great jaw over my shoulder.

"When the Judge and I had removed the snout of the alligator, and had reached the open door of the old church, the whole congregation were engaged in vigorously singing a hymn which had been improvised by a very bright-looking girl, a slave in the house of one of the principal planters in that section of country. She was naturally clever, and although she could not read (for by the law of Florida, at that time, it would have been a crime to have taught her) yet she had learned much from the conversations which she had heard in the household of her mistress. She sang each stanza herself first, and then led the whole congregation in singing it

again and again. I only heard the last two stanzas, and these I'll sing to you now. They were sung over so many times, and the tune being one which I had often heard sung by the natives upon the western coast of Africa, when we were watching for slavers, it was easy for me to remember it." Then old Mack sang:—

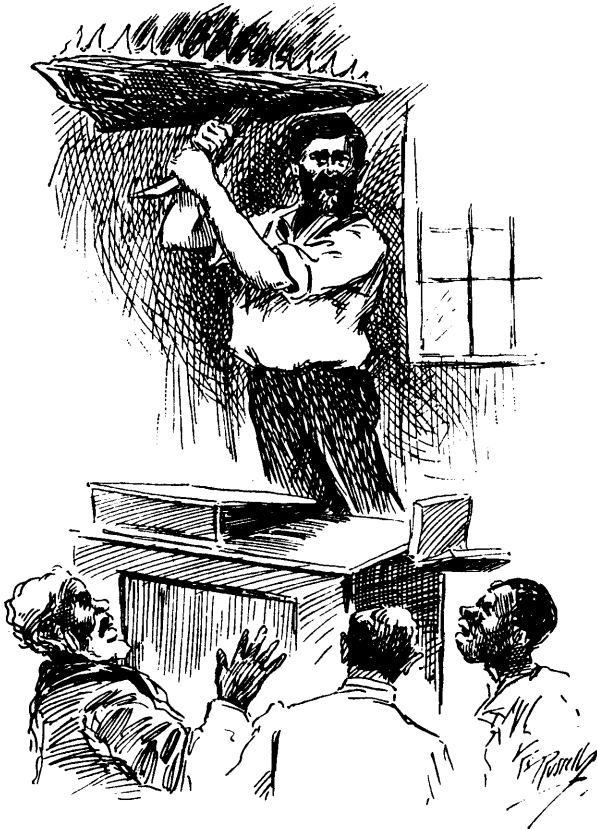
'Oh, yo poo heedless sinner,
A wandin from de ark,
Dwellin down in allumgator,
What am bery damp and dark ;
Ef Massa hadn't hunt yo,
And sent dis boss ob skill,
In de riber allumgator
Yo'd been stayin still, (Spoken) Jim Wattle.
 Been stayin still,
 Been stayin still,
In de riber allumgator
 Yo'd been stayin still.

Dis bery carful captin
Not leab yo in luch,
Hitch bull to allumgator,
And bring yo heah to chuch.
Clense up yo'self foh Sunday,
Gib up yo ways ob sin,
Ef an oder 'gator kotch yo,
Oh, yo neber come agin,
 Yo neber come agin,
 Yo neber come agin,
Ef an oder 'gator kotch yo,
 Yo neber come agin.'

McTavish interrupted the old man and said: "You never heard that tune in Africa. Why, man, that's a Scotch tune," and he hummed a line of "When the Kye comes Hume." But old Mack said: "Don't be so fast, young man; that is no Scotch air; it is a genuine Ashantee tune that I have many a time heard the native women sing while milking their goats by starlight.

"Well, when the singing was ended and the opening exercises over, the Judge and I walked into the church. Boys, I was equal to that occasion. I seized hold of the bull's horn with both hands, and whirling the bloody snout of the reptile over my head, I brought it down upon the pulpit with a crash that made every window in the old church rattle. I said Samson had slain a thousand men with the jaw bone of an ass, but this mighty reptile

had not slain Jim Wattle. Look at the teeth of this monster; one nip, and they would have met in the vitals of that boy, whom Providence had protected from a worse place than room in the alligator. I related the story of Jonah and the whale. I addressed myself to Jim Wattle, and holding up the alligator's jaw, asked him how he passed that gate of death unharmed.



"Brought it down upon the pulpit."

Jim broke down, and very soon all the rest followed. When I gesticulated with that alligator snout, they fairly leapt from their seats, and yelled as if it were the doom of death to them all. Old Judge Long became excited, and, seeing the effect of striking the pulpit with the alligator's jaw, took hold with me to give greater emphasis to my remarks.

"They were a changed community. Jim Wattle ever after helped the old man in his Sunday meetings. The Judge himself went his circuit without his rifle, and took an interest in the plantation meetings when at home.

"Boys, this is a cold climate, far too cold to look for alligators. But since I left Pensacola, I have never seen so many boys and young men, in one place, who are in need of an alligator reformation."

The old man had finished his story. He lighted his pipe, and walked about to receive congratulations. The post-man arrived a minute later. Many did not express the utmost confidence in the old man's veracity. But he had been the story-teller for the evening. He had been listened to with interest, and like the story-teller at the Arab tent door, he departed with the day.

Sometimes more than one old settler told a story in the evening, at the village post office, while waiting for the mail, about difficulties surmounted, hardships endured, dangers escaped, and lives sacrificed, in the courageous efforts put forth to make the wilderness and solitary places glad: how men and women helped each other, and how all were pleased to see the humble

log cabin give place to the frame farm house, and to observe the first orchards that began to bear fruit. These stories were interesting incidents in the annals of the place, important events in the lives of well nigh forgotten heroes in the cause of peaceful industry, whose names are not even perpetuated by a grave stone. But old Mack's story, which I

have here recorded, was of a very different kind, and had been told in such a way, and under such circumstances, as to unfit young men and boys for listening to anything about General Brock or the first settlers.

On the same evening that Mack told his story, "Come," said one young man to his companions, when old Mack had gone, "let us go to the lake. The moon

is nearly full; the night will be glorious; and I feel so much like having helped the old fellow release Jim Wattle, that I must have a bath. We shall have a reformation without an alligator." A score of them started off for Lake Erie, which was little more than a mile away, forgetting the labors of the week, and singing as they went,"

Ef an oder 'gator kotch yo,
Oh, yo neber come again.

TRUE TO HIS COLORS.

The forest stands far to the south from there,
The stragglers stretch thinly between;
Alone, this little tree shakes to the air
His pennant of faded green.

I'm the Northern Limit of Trees, quoth he,
And yon is the frozen zone ;
The forest hath fled to the south, you see—
I must fight with the foe alone.

Alone in the fields of ice and snow,
Still he standeth undismayed,
And holds to the angry winds that blow,
His pennant of green displayed.

—HERBERT CROMBIE HOWE.



ROME REVISITED.

Some notes from letters written at Rome in February, March, and April, 1864.

OLD AND NEW ROME.

MY DEAR ———

I have been trying, for my own sake and yours also, to recollect, so far as is possible now, after twenty years, what we expected Rome to be like before we ever saw it.

Of course, we had not then, like the tourist of to-day, the advantage of having read Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," and gaining beforehand his frank impressions of the town, to help us in determining the relative merits of its various show places. I think that

our pre-conceived impression then was that most of Rome was in ruins, and consisted of churches and other buildings, most of them erected by Sixtus V., out of the ruins of the Colosseum and of pagan temples: that Michel Angelo painted

most of the town, and that Bernini furnished the statues (most of them in bad taste). I think, too, that we expected to find it a larger and dirtier Italian town than those we had already seen—Siena, Perugia and Pisa—containing some fine churches, some good galleries, some historic buildings (in ruins), Michel Angelo's "Moses," Raphael's "Transfiguration," Guido's "Aurora," some extensive catacombs, and a general reminiscient flavor of our classical studies: but nothing clean, or modern, or "go-

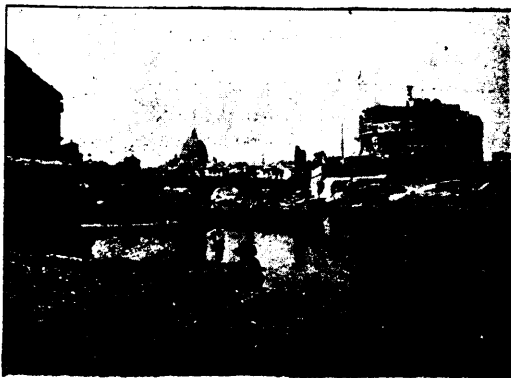
ahead": no street cars: no electric lights, no asphalt pavements,—in a word—the Rome of the Cæsars and the Popes, cherishing and living only upon the memories of a dead and buried past.

You will recollect our shock of surprise, when, after alighting from the train at a cleaner and more commodious railway station than the "New Union Station" seems likely ever to be, we drove through the Piazza del Cinquecento, and past the lovely fountain

in the Piazza del Terme, down a well-paved and well-lighted street to our hotel, and saw on flaming posters the announcement of the performance that night, at a Roman theatre, of Offenbach's "La Grande Duchesse," (then the rage at Paris), with

Mlle. Schneider herself in the *title rôle*. We (then, fresh from Paris and Vienna,) rubbed our sleepy eyes, and said "Can this be Rome?"

That, as you remember, was very soon after what the late Cardinal Wiseman, in his "Recollections of the last four Popes," always calls "The Sardinian occupation" of Rome,—in other words, its new birth as the Capital of United Italy. The first pulses of the new life had begun to throb even then; and now, twenty years after, young Italy is a giant in the



CASTLE S. ANGELO AND ST. PETERS.

pride of manhood, and New Rome the capital of "New Italy," is (to my thinking) one of the most progressive, cosmopolitan, clean, well-governed, and beyond all doubt or comparison, the most interesting amongst the capitals of Europe.

THE "REAL ESTATE BOOM" IN ROME.

New Rome, like all modern towns, has had to run the gauntlet of certain maladies which attack growing cities, just as some ailments attack adolescent "humans."

Rome, like Toronto, has had its "real estate boom"—a feverish attack, more severe in this Southern climate than ever it was in our more northern latitude. It lasted from 1880 to 1884, and then (in American parlance) "the bottom fell out of it." Many great people, and even great families: i.e., the Borghese, Prince P.—and others, as well as thousands of lesser note, thought themselves millionaires for two or three years, and have ever since been almost paupers. You have read all about it in Marion Crawford's "Don Orsino;" but you must really be here to see how completely it has altered the northern and western quarters of the town, from the Pincian Hill to Castel San Angelo, on the one side, and the Church of St. John Lateran on the other. The Villas Ludovisi and Barberini exist no more.

In their stead are miles of boulevards closely built up with hideous seven-storeyed brick (or brick-fronted) "flat houses," like Paris beyond the Arc de Triomphe, or New York above 72nd street. The Borghese Palace and Villa are said to be in the hands of the banks (or the Jews.) The palace is a sort of "Old Curiosity Shop," and the famous Borghese Collection of statues and pictures is now exhibited at a franc per head in the Casino, whence there is an electric tramway (fare three cents) through the Villa Borghese to the Pincian Gate. !!!

A PEEP AT ROYALTY.

Yesterday (March 14th) being the King's birthday, there was a grand review of all the soldiers composing the garrison of Rome. Under the new *régime*, this garrison is about 15,000 strong, and consists of, first the Royal Guards ("Household Troops," I suppose), who wear a very pretty and perfectly-fitting uniform of dark blue cloth, with red facings and silver buttons; then the Royal Engineers (another handsome uniform of dark blue, with crimson facings), Cavalry, Riflemen (*Bersaglieri*), who wear those quaint broad hats, with a bunch of black feathers on one side; Grenadiers; and, lastly, the ordinary Infantry, wearing the (usually very ill-fitting) "*giubba*," or light blue tunic, with grey trousers and white belts,—the last always dirty. These are any-



ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN.

thing but *elite*. They are just ploughboys in uniform: and their marching and wheeling would drive Col. Otter mad. They are undersized, as a rule; and I think it would take about four of them to tip the scale against a certain popular major of the 48th Highlanders whom we wot of. But they are intelligent young fellows, and, after talking to a number of them, I have grown to feel quite interested in, and "chummy" with, the Italian "Tommy Atkins," who seems at least as brilliant as his English cousin, if not more so. They come from all over

the kingdom, and not one in ten of those to whom I have spoken is anything but an enthusiast about "New Italy," though many of them would prefer that it should be a republic instead of a monarchy.

The review was held in the old Prætorian camp, near the Porta Pia, the gate by which the soldiers of United Italy entered Rome on the memorable 20th of September, 1870. By the kindness of Mr. W. W. Story, (sculptor, author, and poet,) we saw the "march past" of the royal party from the windows of his studio, which has been transferred from its old quarters, near the Piazza Barberini, to his "up-town" residence, near the "Piazza dell'Indipendenza," just north of the railway station.

First came a squadron of mounted cuirassiers: then King Humbert and his staff, including the heir apparent, Prince Victor Emmanuel, and his cousin, the Duke of Aosta. Then more dragoons: then a dozen mounted flunkies in the royal scarlet liveries: next two open carriages containing the Queen and her ladies of honour; then more dragoons; and, finally, infantry,—infantry,—infantry,—until you were tired looking at them.

The King has grown an old man since we saw him twenty years ago as Prince Humbert. This was his 51st birthday, and he looks quite his age, if not more. His once coal-black moustache is as white as snow, but he sits his charger like an old centaur, and looks, I think, handsomer than ever, in his magnificent uniform and white-plumed helmet. Queen Margaret (though fair and gracious still), has "gone off" sadly during these twenty years, and now looks "fair, fat, and quite forty," which I suppose is somewhere near her age. The popular enthusiasm for "*il Re*" is by no means as exuberant as it used to be, for Victor Emmanuel; and though there was a running fire of "*vivas*" all along the line, but few people uncovered as their Majesties passed—a vast-

ly different reception from that which greeted the Pope from the tens of thousands who filled St. Peter's last Sunday to see the beatification of a new Spanish Saint. But that (as Mr. Rudyard Kipling says) "is another story."

A VISIT TO A SCULPTOR'S STUDIO.

After the military pageant, we had something much more to my taste. Mr. Story asked us down stairs to visit his studio, and himself acted as our *cicerone*. It was a rare treat—a day to be marked with a very white stone. He is now over 75 years old; and, having lived in Italy ever since 1848, has become extremely Roman, without, however, ceasing to be an American of the best type. His right hand has not yet lost its cunning; and some of his later statues are, to my mind at least, equal to any of his earlier work. He showed us a new Cleopatra, fresh from the chisel, and done in the purest white marble. She is a low-browed, sensuous-lipped, Egyptian beauty, reclining, supported by one full round arm, upon the cushion of a divan;—very *decolleté* indeed,—a tiger skin thrown carelessly over one shoulder being her only garment (?). She has a dreamy, far-away look in her great eyes, as if he had taken her in the midst of that soliloquy about pre-existence, which he so well describes in his own poem of "Cleopatra." Perhaps you may remember the lines;—

"I will lie and dream of the past time,
Æons of thought away,
And through the jungles of memory,
Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed
I wandered, where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
The silence of mighty woods,
And, fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
I knew but the law of my moods.
I sucked in the noontide splendor,
Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting and dreaming,
Basked in the tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,
As the shadows of night came on,

To brood in the trees' thick branches,
 Till the shadow of sleep was gone.
 Then I roused and roared in answer,
 And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
 My curving claws, and stretched me,
 And wandered my mate to greet.
 Then like a storm he seized me
 With a wild triumphant cry,
 And we met as two clouds in heaven,
 When the thunders before them fly ;

I will not shrink or cower,
 Come, as you came in the desert,
 Ere we were women and men,
 When the tiger passions were in us,
 And love as you loved me then."

But this second Cleopatra of Mr. Story's is, to my taste, not equal to her predecessor, the one which Nathaniel Hawthorne describes, in "Transfiguration."



LAST COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME.

"The sitting figure of a woman draped from head to foot in a costume minutely studied from that of ancient Egypt. . . . The face a miraculous success. . . . The sculptor had not shunned to give the full Nubian lips and other characteristics of the Egyptian physiognomy; yet Cleopatra's beauty shone out richer, warmer, more triumphantly beyond comparison, than if, timidly shrinking from the truth, he had chosen the tame Grecian type. The expression was of profound, gloomy, heavily revolving thought. In one view there was a certain softness and tenderness. Catching another glimpse, you behold her hard as a stone, and cruel as fire. In a word—all Cleopatra,—fierce voluptuous, passionate, tender, wicked, terrible, and full of poisonous and rapturous enchantment."

This one reminds me too much of Canova's statue of Pauline Buonaparte (Princess Borghese) as *Venus Vincitrix*, which is one of the attractions of the Borghese

We grappled and struggled together,
 For his love, like his rage, was rude ;
 And his teeth in the swelling folds of my
 neck,
 At times in our play drew blood.

* * * * *

Come to my arms, my Antony ;
 The shadows of twilight grow,
 And the tiger's ancient fierceness
 In my veins begins to flow.
 Come not cringing to sue me ;
 Take me with triumph and power,
 As a warrior storms a fortress ;

Collection.

And, *apropos* thereof, I heard a rather good story the other day. It is said that when the statue was finished, the Princess herself was exhibiting it to some of her Roman friends. One of them asked, "Did you not mind sitting to a sculptor *like that?*" referring to the fact that she was what, since "Trilby," we now "call a model for the altogether!" "No," replied the

fair model, with simple surprise; "Why should I have minded? There was a good fire in the room all the time."

Mr. Story's studio is a gallery of Scriptural and American history.

ington, Lincoln, Edward Everett, General Geo. B. McClellan and others; also some capital portrait busts of Byron, Shelley, Robert Browning, Mrs. Browning, etc. One little statuette especially caught my fancy. It was Mr. Story

himself in his working garb, (Norfolk jacket and little round cap)—looking just as he looked twenty years ago—(and he doesn't look a bit older to-day.) One thing, however, it lacks,—his inevitable, perpetual cigarette, and without that, the likeness, to my thinking, is not perfect.

A FUNCTION AT ST. PETER'S.

Last Sunday we went, with some tens of thousands of others (chiefly Spanish) pilgrims, to see the first step in the creation of a new Saint, viz., his beatification by the Holy Father, in the church of "San Pietro in Vaticano," the largest grandest Cathedral in the world.

You can fancy, perhaps you can recall, the scene. Mrs. Elliott describes it very well in the eighth chapter of her "Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy," but no words of hers or mine can do it justice. The immense choir of the great Basilica was hung, from its lofty roof to its marble floor, with curtains

He still has the original models (in plaster) of his well-known statues,—Adam, Eve, Saul, David, Esther, etc., also those of his father, Chief Justice Story, Chief Justice Marshall, Wash-

of crimson damask, and lighted by thousands upon thousands of chandeliers, blazing with innumerable lights. Above the "Chair of St. Peter" was suspended an immense picture of



MARTYRDOM OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

the new Saint, while other pictures hung about, showing his good deeds and the miracles which he wrought before and after his death.

Down each side of the choir, and all around the great piers of the dome were tribunes or galleries, crowded to suffocation by the *elite* and privileged (*i.e.* ticketed) persons; while all down the nave, transepts, and huge side-aisles, even to the great west door, was packed a mass of humanity, eager, patient, and fairly (?) devout. The people in the tribunes were all in proper dress:—ladies in black dresses, with black lace veils on their heads (no bonnets allowed), and men in evening or court dress, which is *de rigueur* if you want a good place. In the nave, you “go as you please.”

The aisles were kept clear by barricades and by a force of the Pope's Swiss Guards, in their motley Michel Angelo uniforms, and by the Pope's “apparitors” or “gentlemen of the household,” in their black velvet doublets, Spanish cloaks, and the ruffs of the time of Philip II.

After we had waited nearly two hours, the *vivas* away down at the west front announced the Holy Father's entrance by his private door from the *Scala Regia*. He was carried in his “gestatorial” chair (whatever that means) with two great feather fans before him, and behind him a long line of white and scarlet robed prelates. No sooner had he entered the church than we (an eighth of a mile away) could feel the thrill of excitement which ran like an electric shock through the 50,000 spectators who filled the nave and aisles. Then commenced such a waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and such a shouting of

“*Viva il Papa Re,*” as never heard before.

Again and again, as the Pope was borne up the centre aisle, past the great *baldachino* and up through the choir, the shouts were renewed with such increasing intensity and fervour of enthusiasm as I believe to be only possible in Italy, and perhaps even there, only in Rome. As an English lady



THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL.

Guido.

near me remarked, “It wasn't a bit like church. It was a regular ‘God save the Queen,’ only more so!”

The Pope looked very well and strong, in spite of all the dismal stories of his ill-health. His face is singularly fine, I had almost said beautiful; his expression dignified, benignant and pure, without being in the least

weak: though he does lack the strong under jaw of Pio Nono. He seems to be more of a scholar and a saint, but perhaps less of a politician, than was his predecessor in the chair of St. Peter. The ceremony lasted about an

New Rome may be modern in her political and municipal institutions, but (unlike Paris) she seems still to be devoutly attached to her national Church and its head.

It is only on occasions such as this,



MADONNA LIBERATRICE.

Herbert.

hour-and-a-half, and at the end of it the Holy Father was carried back again, blessing us as he went, amid enthusiasm as great as upon his entrance.

that St. Peter's strikes me less as a place of worship (though in it

"The voice of prayer is never silent

Nor dies the strain of praise away"),

than as a magnificent gallery of statu-

when the great Cathedral is filled with some 40,000 or 50,000 people, many of them enthusiastic worshippers (like these Spanish pilgrims), that one really appreciates its superiority to any other Christian church. As Henri Taine very well expresses it:

"Thus filled and measured by the crowd, the church becomes colossal, ornate without being overcharged, and majestic without being overwhelming. Those gilded compartments that border the great vaults—those marble angels seated on its curves—that superb *baldachino* of bronze, supported by its spiral columns—those pompous mausoleums of the Popes, form an altogether unique combination. Never was a more magnificent pagan temple erected to a Christian God."

On ordinary days I confess

ary and painting. Here, in imperishable mosaic, are reproduced some of the finest paintings in the world, and the copies are to me, and probably to most of us, as good to look on as the originals, hung in far better light than most picture galleries afford, and set off by an environment which is nowhere else possible or even approachable.

Here are Raphael's "Transfiguration," in mosaic (four times the size of the great original in the Vatican gallery close by), Domenichino's "St. Francis," his "Last Communion of St. Jerome," and his "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian;" Guercino's "Burial (or Glorification) of Sta. Petronilla;" Guido's "St. Michael" and "Crucifixion of St. Peter," Costanzi's "Raising of Tabitha," and Maratta's "Baptism of Christ," besides many, many more.

And for statuary,—can anything be finer than Michel Angelo's "Pietà," or Canova's kneeling statue of Pius VI. in the *Confessio*, unless indeed it be his greater work, the tomb of Clement XIII., at the corner of the right transept, with the magnificent figures of Religion holding up the Cross, and the Genius of Death with torch reversed, while the waking and sleeping lions guard the entrance to the tomb.

Then there is the celebrated tomb of Paul III., founder of the Order of Jesus, the Farnese Pope who built the palace which bears his name, with material "borrowed" from the Colosseum and Theatre of Marcellus, and who "annexed" from the Baths of Caracalla, the granite basins which to-day adorn the palace front. It used to have four statues, but only two now remain, those of Prudence (a portrait of his mother), and Justice (his famous sister-in-law Giulia), and they (once nude), were modestly endowed by Bernini with tin petticoats, painted to look like marble.

I confess that I much prefer Thorwaldsen's graceful and simple monument to Pius VII., the unfortunate

Pope who crowned Napoleon I., was for seven years an exile from Rome, and was sent back by the allied Powers in 1813 to re establish the inquisition and the Order of Jesus. But, to the student of history, there is scarcely one of these tombs but has some interest: and a "Britisher," even though not quite a Jacobite, may be pardoned for standing with more than mere artistic reverence before Canova's stately monument to our three Stuart Princes, James III., and his sons, Charles Edward, and Henry, Cardinal York.

Of most of the statues of the founders of religious orders which adorn (?) the piers of the nave and transepts, and of the colossal atrocities which fill the niches of the four huge piers supporting the great dome, especially Bernini's Sta. Veronica, "flourishing a marble pocket handkerchief," I forbear to speak.

IMPERISHABLE PICTURES.

To-day (under a special *permaezzo*), we have been, with our Scotch friends, at the Papal manufactory of mosaics, which is, I believe, the chief if not the only factory in this city of nearly 450,000 people, and employs about as many people as one of the large "departmental stores" of Toronto.

We were met at the door by a gorgeous person in uniform, who took charge of our sticks, umbrellas and wraps (fee one franc), and then handed us over to another uniformed attendant (fee number two), who acted as our guide, and could speak a little, a *very* little, French—of which accomplishment he was unnecessarily, and, I thought, unwisely proud.

We went through room after room of finished mosaics, all copies of well-known originals; from "Pliny's Doves," and views of Rome, to that lovely "*Madonna liberatrice*" of Hébert's, with the dark circles under her eyes, holding in her arms the sweet Christ-child, with golden hair, and his finger



INTERIOR OF SISTINE CHAPEL.

on his lip—one of the loveliest of all the thousands of Madonnas we have seen here or elsewhere. Here are also the originals, hung along the walls, of those portraits of all the two hundred and odd Popes, (from St. Peter and St. Linus, to Pius IX.) whose (often imaginary) lineaments look down at you from the frieze of that most ornate of cathedrals, “St. Paul’s, outside the Walls.”

But we were most of all interested in the factory itself,—the actual work-rooms where the mosaic pictures are made. They form a series of large, well-lighted rooms, along whose walls are ranged in numbered cases some thousands of holders containing the *smalta*, or little glass cubes which are used in making mosaic pictures. Each “smalt” is like a diamond type, only smaller, and there are over 25,000 different shades of them. When we were there they were copying (I believe for the Cathedral at Milan), Guercino’s

“Burial (or Glorification) of Sta. Petronilla.”

You know the picture and the story which it illustrates. Sta. Petronilla was the daughter of St. Peter, and was beloved by a Roman nobleman, Valerius Flaccus, who was not a Christian. She was afraid to refuse him, and promised to wed him after ten days, but meantime prayed earnestly for death; which boon was granted her, and when her lover came with his friends to celebrate the marriage, he found her dead. They buried her crowned with roses. It is a very strong picture, in which, as in his “Aurora,” in the Casino Ludovisi, Guercino showed himself not inferior to the Carracci, Guido, Domenichino, and the other great masters of the Eclectic School: (I don’t count Carlo Dolce as one of them).

Well, to come back to the factory. At one end of the room was a large copy of the picture, ruled off into

squares, and at various tables all down the room different workmen were occupied, each with a copy of one of these squares before him, in "setting it up" in little glass type, just as in the old days, we used to "set up" copy in the composing-room of the *Daily Stiletto*. The newer or poorer members of the "craft" had the inferior parts of the work, the sky, the floor, the architectural bits, etc. The old hands were given the more important sections: and I stood for half an hour watching one grey-headed, spectacled old chap, who was doing the head of Valerius Flaccus, who, as you may remember, is looking down sadly on the corpse of Sta. Petronilla.

He had a great deal of trouble with the eyes, and while I watched him he more than once took out, with a fine pair of pincers, some hundred or so of "smalta" from the putty which forms the back of his "stick," and began to make the eye all over again, so as to give it just the right expression. It was very interesting (though I felt rather as if my own eyes were being operated upon), and I wondered as I stood looking at him whether he thought (as I did), that the finished picture would be imperishable, and would look down from the walls of the great Cathedral upon generation after generation of "articulately-speaking men," long after he and I had been

laid, like Sta. Petronilla, in our graves, and turned again to the dust from which we rose. One could make a very pretty sermon about it, if one were in that "line of business."

A GILDED PRISON.

I think that if I had to be a prisoner, and could select my place of incarceration, I should choose to join the illustrious "prisoner of the Vatican," in that largest of palaces, provided I might have (as I suppose he



LIBERATION OF ST. PETER.

Raphael.

has whenever he so chooses), free access at will to all its art treasures. We have spent about ten days there already. Each visit makes one feel even more than the last how inexhaustible are its stores of artistic wealth.

Think of living in a house containing (as the guide books tell us), 20 courts and 11,000 rooms, many a single one of which contains enough of priceless worth to make the best of our American museums seem poor by comparison.

True, the Sistine Chapel is so overloaded with decoration as to produce a sense of bewilderment and fatigue rather than of pleasure: and as for the Stanze of Raphael, I cannot but agree with Taine, that "the painter here is secondary: the apartment was not made for his work, but it for the apartment. The light is dim, and half of the frescoes are in shadow. The ceiling is overcharged—the subjects stifle each other; and nineteen out of twenty of those who visit the place must certainly be disenchanted." Can you recall his criticism of the "Incendio del Borgo?" If not, it is worth re-reading. Considered as a representation of a terrific conflagration, the picture is simply ludicrous, but as a series of studies of "the human form divine" in various and always striking attitudes, it is superb. "The Liberation of St. Peter from Prison," though placed in the worst possible place for light—for you remember its position just over the principal window of the room—is magnificent, and grows upon one more the longer one studies it.

But it is when you visit the Sculpture Galleries (the entrance is now away at the back of St. Peter's, half a mile, at least, from the end of the tramway), that you feel thankful that the Popes of the Renaissance and later periods, were so rich and such munificent patrons of art. Is there anything finer anywhere in the world than that *Sala Rotonda* of Pius VI, where one does not know whether to admire most, the Jupiter from Otricoli, the grandest realization in marble of a heathen's conception of God, or the Barberini Juno, or that lovely head of Antinous, or the colossal sitting statue of Nerva, of which *Merivale* says:

"Among the treasures of antiquity preserved in modern Rome, none surpasses—none perhaps equals—in force and dignity, the sitting statue of Nerva, which draws all eyes in the *Rotonda* of the Vatican, embodying the highest ideal of a Roman magnate, the finished warrior, statesman, and gentleman of an age of varied training and wide, practical experience."

Speaking of Nerva reminds me how familiar and "at home" one grows to feel with these old Roman Emperors, meeting them almost daily in the Museums of the Vatican, the Capitol, the Casino Borghese, and in so many similar places. As Story says in "*Roba di Roma*":

"At Rome the Emperors become as familiar as the Popes. Who does not know the curly-headed Marcus Aurelius, with his lifted brow and projecting eyes, from the full round beauty of his youth, to the more haggard look of his latest years? Are there any more modern portraits more familiar to us than the severe, wedge-like head of Augustus, with his sharp-cut lips and nose, or the dull phiz of Hadrian, with his hair combed down over his low forehead, or the vain, perking face of Lucius Verus, with his thin nose, low brow and profusion of curls.—or the brutal head of Caracalla, or the bestial, bloated features of Vitellius?"

"These men, who were but lay figures to us at school, mere pegs of names to hang historic robes upon, thus interpreted by the living history of their portraits, the incidental illustrations of the places were they lived and moved and died, and the buildings and monuments which they had erected, become like men of yesterday. Art has made them our contemporaries. They are as near to us as Pius VII or Napoleon."

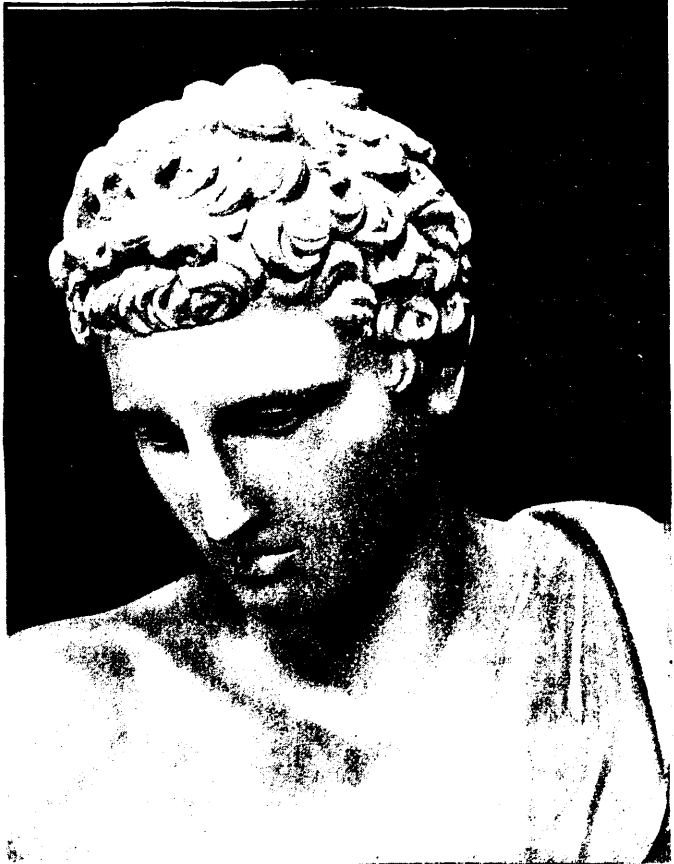
There is a head of Nero here, in this "Hall of Busts," which makes me sure that history (as in the case of our own Cromwell), has grossly maligned that poor young fellow. No man with such an angelic countenance could possibly have been wicked "one little bit." Just as the thermometer has been the ruin of our Canadian North-West, I believe that (but for those wretched historians), Nero (judging from his face), might have been canonized and worshipped as a saint. Indeed, that very fate did befall two of the statues in this same "Hall of Busts." They are two life-sized sitting figures, now

considered to represent the Greek comic poets, Posidippus and Menander, and probably once stood in the temple of Athene on the Acropolis.

Having been early carried to Rome they were lost, until about the time of Sixtus V., when they were dug up somewhere on the Viminal Hill, and placed in the church of *St. Lorenzo Pane e Perna*, where they were worshipped under the belief that they were statues of saints, a belief which arose from their having metal discs over their heads, a practice which prevailed with many Greek statues intended for the open air. The marks of the metal pins for these discs may still be seen, as well as those for a bronze protection for the feet, to prevent their being worn away by the kisses of the faithful,—as on the statue of St. Peter at St. Peter's.

I think it was in the "New Gallery," the other day, that we heard an American girl in front of the bust of Julius Cæsar, looking with interest at the clear-cut, intellectual face, with its strongly marked lines, Roman nose, and sharply defined lower jaw, and saying to her gray-haired, soft-hatted companion in a tone of frank (not shy) surprise, "But, *poppa*, surely Cæsar didn't believe in all those heathen gods and goddesses," as she indicated with a wave of her well-gloved hand the adjacent statues of Mercury, Minerva Medica and Proserpine.

I was reminded of another American female of the "Emancipated Woman" type, whom we had met a few days before in the Borghese Picture Gallery, standing in front of Elizabeth Sirani's picture of Lucretia,—the usual school picture of a fat, middle-aged lady of sad expression, and with a dagger in one hand (sometimes the right one), the point directed to-



HEAD OF ANTINOUS.

wards her (too-much exposed) bosom. "Father," said the Emancipated Female, to a gentle-looking old man at her side, "that's Cleopaytra, I'm sure." "No," said the old gentleman, "accordin' to this list it ain't Cleopaytra, its Loocretar, and I suppose that must be the asp."

"Wall," said the E. A. F., "I don't

care what your list says,—that's Cleopatra,—I'd know her anywheres, and I guess that asp story is about played out by now."

I was glad just then that I "hailed" from the wilds of Ontario, and not from the cultured New England States.

"CITY HALL" POLITICS IN ROME.

In one respect Rome is far behind Toronto, viz., in the management of its civic affairs. With us, as you know, these things are largely managed by three or four irresponsible newspaper reporters, who dictate policy to the Mayor, solve all engineering problems for the City Engineer, and give their opinions upon finance *ex cathedra*, through the medium of (chiefly) evening papers, to the City Treasurer.

In Rome they have not yet "caught on" to this simple and eminently satisfactory method of conducting civic business.

The best citizens there think it an honor to be elected members of the "giunta" or Board of Aldermen, and the present mayor ("Sindaco"), is a Prince belonging to an old and honorable Roman family.

In fact the municipal government here is still something like our old system in Toronto in the days when men like Sir Adam Wilson, Sir Oliver Mowat, the Hon. John Hillyard Cameron, the Hon. Henry Sherwood and Col. Macaulay, and the elder Geo. T. Denison, thought it not unworthy of them to become aldermen of the City of Toronto: — "*mais nous avons changé tous cela*"—and now we have—but "comparisons," as Mrs. Ramsbotham says, "are odoriferous," and so "I names no names."

Perhaps something is due to the fact that the aldermen here meet in a City Hall rich in memories of noble names borne and noble deeds done by Romans, not all of past ages, but

many of them of the present generation.

One room is dedicated to memorials of Joseph Garibaldi, the uncanonized saint whom New Italy worships today with an intensity of fervor unknown but under those southern skies. To me, as a sincere admirer of the "red-shirted saviour of his country," it was delightful to see the Italian provincial on his first visit to the capital, reverently uncover as he entered the chamber where the bust of the "Great Liberator" stands among the banners and garlands which were carried beside and heaped upon the coffin of the "grandest Roman of them all," who, after winning the South for the "Honest King," was content, to return to his farm at Caprera, like a modern Cincinnatus, and to let others enjoy the glory of his triumph.

This, and one other room in Rome, are to me the most sacred spots in that Holy City. I mean by "the other" that large chamber in the Palace of the Quirinal in which are filially preserved by King Humbert, the banners and wreaths sent by all the *communes* of United Italy to the funeral of him without whom United Italy had never been; "*il Re Galantuomo*,"—Victor Emmanuel II., who after the fatal reverse of Novara, took up the crown cast down by his broken-hearted father, Charles Albert, and, vowing to wear it as a constitutional monarch, or "to die trying," added to its gems the States of Lombardy, Naples and the Sicilies, the Abruzzi, and finally Venice and central Italy, including Rome itself.

I have just been reading Mrs. Godkin's life of Victor Emmanuel, and perhaps, am still a little under her influence, but to a Canadian who has seen a nation slowly grow from 1867 to 1894, and not yet become united and homogenous, the life of Victor Emmanuel is intensely interesting.

Do you remember what Col. John Hay wrote at Paris, thirty years ago:

“Lame lion of Caprera,
 Red shirts of the lost campaigns,
 Not idly shed was the generous blood
 You poured from generous veins.
 For at last came glorious Venice,
 In storm and tempest, home,
 And now God maddens the greedy kings,
 And gives her people Rome.”

But to return,—perhaps to descend
 —to the City Council of Rome.

In the matter of police protection, Rome would startle the average Toronto alderman, for there are in the city nearly 2,000 policemen (including the Pope's), divided as follows:

1st. The “guardians of public security,” a Government protective and police force, appointed and paid by the Crown, and whose duty it is to investigate criminal cases wherever they may be sent throughout the kingdom. Of these there are about 850 in Rome.

2nd. The “*Carabinieri*” (gendarmes), a military body, very well dis-

ciplined, also appointed and paid by the Government and answering pretty fairly to the Royal Irish Constabulary. Of these, about 600 have headquarters in Rome.

3rd. The ordinary city constables (*guardie ai citta*), appointed and paid by the City Council (*Municipio*), who enforce city by-laws as to regulation of traffic, breaches of municipal ordinances, etc. In Rome (which has a population of nearly 450,000), there are 511 of these, or a slightly less proportion per head than in Toronto, though our police force also performs the same duties as by the foregoing list are assigned to the *gendarmes*.

Perhaps even we, “the latest seed of time,” might take a hint from Italy, and separate a little our Governmental and Municipal duties.

TORONTO.

C. R. W. BIGGAR.

GABLE ENDS.

ANECDOTES.

OPINION OF LORD PEMBROKE, who died in 1794, concerning bishops. In a letter to Garrick, 1771, he says: “I cannot attend in the House of Lords to give my vote for the Liverpool Theatre, but I have desired Lady P. to beat up for as many troops for him as she can, and as it is to oppose the church, I trust she will get a good many to majority on the Bench, who, far from a voice, should, by *rights*, have no seat but in a pew, anywhere.”

A JUDICIAL PUN. — Lord Chancellor Hatton had been sitting for several days hearing a case which turned altogether upon the extent of certain property, and the correctness of the boundaries thereof. The counsel on one part said: “My Lord, I assure you we lie on this side.” “And

we, my Lord,” said the opposing counsel, “most unquestionably lie on this side.” The Chancellor, rising, said: “If you lie on both sides, which am I to believe?”

REPARATION. — “I must tell you an excessively good story of George Selwyn,” says Walpole. “Some women were scolding him for going to see an execution, and asked him how he could be such a barbarian to see the head cut off?” “Nay,” said he, “if that was such a crime, I am sure I have made amends, for I went to see it sewed on again.”

HOW TO TELL A GENTLEMAN. — “Because you are a gentleman,” replied the girl curtseying, “for all your homespun clothes.” “Ha! pray how have you found that out?” “You talk differently from

our people, sir. Your speech, or your voice—I can't rightly tell which—is softer than I have been used to hear. And you don't look, and walk, and behave as if homespun had been all you ever wore." "And is that all?" "You stop to consider, as if you were studying what would please other people; and you do not step so heavy, sir; and you do not swear; and you do not seem to like to give trouble; I can't think, sir, that you have been always used to such as we, hereabouts."

LOSS OF AN ARM.—When Nelson visited the Royal Navy Hospital at Yarmouth, after the battle of Copenhagen, he went round the wards, stopped at every bed, and to every man said something kind and cheering. At length, he stopped opposite to a bed on which was lying a sailor who had lost his right arm close to the shoulder-joint. Then the following short dialogue ensued:—

Nelson—"Well! Jack, what's the matter with you?"

Sailor—"Lost my right arm, your honor."

Nelson paused, looked down at his empty sleeve, then at the sailor, and said, playfully: "Well! Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen; cheer up, my brave fellow."

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.—A woman from the neighborhood of Granville went into an apothecary's shop the other day, with two prescriptions, one for her husband and the other for her cow. She inquired what was the price of them; and the apothecary replied that it was so much for the man, and so much for the beast. The woman, finding that she had not enough money, reflected for a moment, and said: "Give me, at all events, the medicine for the cow; I can send for my husband's to-morrow."

ON A ROYAL DEMISE.—How monarchs die is easily explain'd,

And thus it might upon the tomb be chiselled:

"As long as George the Fourth could reign, he reign'd,

And then he mizzled."

OUTS AND INS.—A poor Yankee, on being asked what was the nature of his distress, replied that he had five *outs* and one *in*; to wit, *out* of money, and *out* of clothes, *out* at the heels, and *out* at the toes, *out* of credit, and *in* debt.

PLAIN TRUTH.—A town beggar was very importunate with a rich miser, whom he accosted in the following phrase:

"Pray, sir, bestow your charity; good, dear sir, bestow your charity." "Prithee, friend, be quiet," replied the miser, "I have it not."

PHILIP LAWDESHAYNE.

PECULIAR "EXPOONIN."

Not very many years ago an old Scotch Presbyterian minister, in the neighborhood of Glasgow, whenever he was feeling a little under the weather on the Sabbath day would send word to one or other of the elders to go and officiate for him in the pulpit.

This state of things had gone on for some time, and all of the elders but one had taken their turn in officiating for the pastor.

Sandy McPherson, a large-boned and excitable man, had thus far avoided this, but his turn came at last. The old Dominion was once more out of sorts, and he sent word to Sandy McPherson to go to the Kirk and read a passage of the Holy Scripture and "expoon" it. This was very short notice, but Sandy went away to the Kirk, determined to do his best.

He mounted the pulpit, and chose for his subject the story of David and Goliath. Having read the chapter through, he began thus to speak:

"My dear friends, ye'll kin I'm no muckle guid at expoon'in the Holy Scripture, nevertheless I'll do the best I can. Ye'll ken that in the aulden times, the airmy o' the Philestines came forth in battle array to fight King Saul's airmy, and ye'll ken that the Philestines were a race o' giants, enormous men; the sma'est o' them wad scarce stan' up in the Kirk where we are now assemel'd. An' the great giant Goliath, the biggest man o' them a—an enormous giant, cleed in armour frae heed tae foot, an' a sword in his

han' fourteen feet long, stepped oot an' challenged the machtiest mon o' King Saul's army to come oot an fecht him. But not a mon would come.

"Then wee David, a wee bit chap that wad scarce come up to my waist-ban' said tae King Saul: 'I'll go an' kill the great Goliath.' King Saul said: 'Wee David, ye never could kill the great Goliath, the great giant o' the Philestines; ye never could kill him.' But wee David said: 'I'll kill him, however.'"

From this point on, Sandy became more and more excited. "Noo, wee David had no airmour on, an' no sword in his han'. He'd naught in his han' but a wee bit bag wi' twa strings tied til't. He stepped out before the great giant an' stooped doon an' picked a stane oot o' the brook, and he put it in the wee bag; then he skirled it roun' his heed twa or three times, then let it go. An' it knocked the — heed in." F. W.

A PROPHECY.

I dreamed in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth. I dreamed that was the new City of Friends. Nothing was greater than the quality of robust love—it led the rest. It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city, And in all their looks and words.

—WALT. WHITMAN.

Just beyond there!
Emerging from the light,
Hidden from us by the shadows,
Our future kingdom awaits us;
The kingdom of human brotherhood;

The kingdom of human equality;
The long prepared for—
The kingdom of the democracy.

Back and back through the wheeling cycles
of the centuries;
Back through the slow sweep of the ages;
Out from dead democracies, and from
buried civilizations,
And forgotten greatness, germinating in
the darkness;
Out through wandering hordes of savages;
Through wars, rapine, slavery, and blood-
shed interminable;
Through kingships, lordships, serfdom;
Through dwarfed souls; through minds
groping and stumbling in the night;
Through the grey dawn of early twilight;
Through martyrdoms, revelations—
Freedom's sun-worshippers,
Offering their early sacrifice
To the first pale beams of Day;
Through hard-hips, hunger, misery;
Through slavery's crowning masquerade of
the centuries—
Nations stumbling blindfolded under their
masks of Liberty,
Bleeding and shackled, striking out in the
darkness,
And cursing they know not what;
Through anxiety, struggle, failure, defeat,
madness, despair—
Slow as slow moving Time, sure as Eter-
nity,
Out, and on, in her last sweeping cycle,
Life's slow-evolving wheel sweeps round
again
To her great crowning effort.

—ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

BOOK NOTICES.

A cable message from England conveys the gratifying intelligence that the *London Speaker*, in reviewing the recently published volume of poems of Frederick George Scott (Drummondville, Que.) "My Lattices, and Other Poems," printed in full "Samson," one of the strongest in the collection, declaring it "the best American poem published in many years." This is enviable distinction for a Canadian. "My Lattice" was published by William Briggs, last December, and has created no little attention. There is a tribute to the general excellence of

the collection in the fact that scarcely two of the critics agree as to which of the poems is the finest. The author is yet a young man, and there is no reason to suppose that his best work has been done. His fellow-Canadians will view with pride his progress up the ladder of fame, toward the top of which this flattering notice of the *Speaker* has given him a perceptible lift.

La Revue Nationale, J. D. Chartrand, 7 Place d'Armes, Montreal.

It is with great pleasure that we hail the

appearance of a very superior magazine, published in the French language, and representative of the best thought of those in Canada, who by race belong to one of our mother countries—France. In referring to high quality, we do not do so in the ordinary terms of courtesy. The first number, February, is superb, so far as the character of the articles is concerned. The editorial ideal is evidently very good, and we trust our French-Canadian fellow-citizens especially, and those of the English-speaking race of Canada who understand French, will not only patriotically, but from a real appreciation of a well-balanced, thoughtful magazine of high literary quality, extend a liberal support to an enterprise, which is endeavoring to do for French-Canadians what the CANADIAN MAGAZINE is endeavoring to do for British Canadians; i.e., to build up in Canada a united free, broad-minded nationality. The contents of the number before us (the February number) are excellent, both in the interest of the subjects treated and in literary and scientific quality. Hon. Mr. Chapleau, Hon. Wilfred Laurier, Hon. Joseph Royal, Louis Frechette, Benjamin Sulte, John Hague, and many other men of national note are amongst the contributors. In subject matter, the contributions embrace a very wide range, from review and scientific articles to excellent fiction. The illustrations, if, perhaps, too much devoted to the faces of writers are well executed. We wish the new magazine long life and prosperity. —THE EDITOR.

"*Facts about Pompeii.*" By H. P. Fitzgerald Marriott. London: Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd., 1 Creed Lane, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

There is probably no other monument of antiquity which strikes home so directly to our imaginations, nor which evokes, even when the historic sense is feeble or untrained, more vivid pictures of actual life in the past, than the disinterred ruins of Pompeii. Yet the impressions gathered by mere sight-seeing, observations made on no system and with no definite object, are likely, there as elsewhere, to pass quickly out of the mind, leaving behind little or nothing of lasting value as knowledge. The real utility of topographic works is hardly so great for those who never can see, or who have seen the places themselves, as for those who are about to visit them, or, better still, are actually upon the scene. There exists already, I believe, quite an extensive literature upon the subjects of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and Mr. Marriott, whom probably some readers will remember as having lived for several months in London a few years ago, and who has since devoted himself chiefly to the study of Pompeii, with the advantage of actual residence on the

scene of his investigations, has designed his book, not so much as a general guide to Pompeii, but as a supplement to existing authorities, dealing with certain features of great intrinsic interest, which have not, hitherto, been accorded special notice. It may not be generally known that Pompeii, to adopt the usual spelling—the author prefers the form "Pompei," for reasons which he states in a note—was, to a great extent, ruined by an earthquake in 63 A. D., and much rebuilding and restoration had been hastily accomplished before the second and final overthrow and destruction in 79 A. D. This rebuilding necessarily diminished greatly the number of those very interesting evidences of other and older civilizations than the Roman, Samnite, Greek, and Egyptian, to which Mr. Marriott refers at some length. It is perhaps those hints and indications of the little episodes, and of the home surroundings and aspects of daily life, found so abundantly in Pompeii, which most strongly interest the general reader. In this book, moderate as are its proportions, these are well brought before us. There are descriptions of the elaborate system of baths in the private houses, of the family portraits on the walls, the instruments used in the manufacture of macaroni, the glazed windows, and of the five storied houses—those of three seem to have been quite common. Almost painfully realistic is the representation of the cast of a dog which had been chained to its kennel, and had crawled upwards on the ever deepening layer of ashes until, having reached the limit of its chain, it died in the horrible contortions of agony of which over eighteen hundred years have not effaced the record. The book has a number of illustrations reproduced from photographs, showing examples of frescoes, houses, portraits, etc., with very satisfactory clearness. There is a full page plate of the famous bronze Mercury found at Herculaneum, the beauty of which must attract everyone. The descriptive passages attest the keen appreciation which the author must possess for the scenic and æsthetic charms of Pompeii, as distinguished from its merely archaeological interest. Amongst the appendices there is, *inter alia*, a very full and careful analysis of the various styles of mural decoration. Notes are added about several of the most important houses, describing them in detail. Finally, there is a complete illustrated list of the curious marks or signs cut into the stones in various places, the nature and origin of which the author has fully discussed. Some of these, it is said, have been recognized as Masonic symbols; this Freemasons can decide for themselves. We strongly recommend them, and others who wish to increase their knowledge in this direction, to commence by getting Mr. Marriott's book.—B. Sr. G. L.