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CHRISTIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER AS READ IN THE CATACOMBS.

BY REV. W. H. WITHROW, M. A.

FEW places in Rome are more attractive to the student of Christian archæology than the Lapidarian gallery in the palace of the Vatican. In this long corridor,* are preserved a multitude of epigraphic remains of the venerable past—shattered wrecks of antiquity, which have floated down the stream of time, and have here, as in a quiet haven, at length found shelter. The walls on either side are completely covered with inscribed slabs affixed to their surface. On the right hand are arranged sepulchral and votive tablets, altar-dedications, fragments of imperial rescripts and edicts, and other evidences of the power and splendour of the palmy days of Rome. On the left are the humble epitaphs of the early Christians, rudely carved in stone or baked in terracotta, and brought hither chiefly from the crypts of the Catacombs.

Of greater interest to him who would rehabilitate the early ages of the Church, and

* It is eight hundred feet in extent, and contains about three thousand inscriptions.

“To the sessions of sweet silent thought
Would summon up remembrance of things past,”
is this long corridor of inscriptions than any of the four thousand apartments of that vast palace of the Popes, with their priceless bronzes, marbles, gems, frescoes, and other remains of classic art. He will turn away from the noble galleries where the Laocoon forever writhes in stone, and Apollo, lord of the unerring bow, watches his arrow hurtling towards its mark, to the plain marble slabs that line these walls. Here the monuments of pagan and of Christian Rome confront each other. The spectator stands between two worlds of widest divergence, and cannot but be struck with the immense contrast between them. On the one hand are recorded the pride and pomp of worldly rank, the varied titles and manifold distinctions of every class of society. The undying historic names of Rome’s mighty conquerors, the leaders of her cohorts and legions, mingle with those of her proud patrician citizens, and alike display on their sepulchral slabs the august array of *prænomen*, *nomen*, and

cognomen, which attest their lofty social position or civil power. The costly carving and elaborate bas-reliefs of many of these monuments indicate the wealth of those whom they commemorate. The elegantly-turned classic epitaph, with its elegiac hexameters, breathing the stern and cold philosophy of the Stoa, or an utter blankness of despair about the future, or, perchance, a querulous and passionate complaining against the gods,* show how the races without the knowledge of the true God met the awful mystery of death. The numerous altars to all the fabled deities of the Pantheon, the vaunting inscriptions and lofty attributes ascribed to the shadowy brood of Olympus—"unconquered, greatest and best"—read, by the light of to-day, like an unconscious satire on the high pretensions of those vanished powers.

On the other side of the corridor are the humble epitaphs of the despised and persecuted Christians, many of which, by their rudeness, their brevity, and often their marks of ignorance and haste, confirm the truth of the Scripture, that "not many mighty, not many noble are called." Yet these "short and simple annals of the poor" speak to the heart with a power and pathos compared with which the loftiest classic eloquence seems cold and empty. It is a fascinating task to spell out the sculptured legends of the Catacombs, that vast graveyard of the primitive Church, which seems to give up its dead, at our questioning, to bear witness concerning the faith and hope of the Golden Age of Christianity. As we muse upon these half-effaced inscriptions:

* As in the following: PROCOPE. MANVS. LIBO. CONTRA. DEVM. QVI. ME. INNOCENTEM. SVSTVLIT; "I, Procope, lift up my hands against the God who has snatched away me innocent."

ATROX O FORTVNA TRVCI QVÆ FVNERE GAVDES
QVID MIHI TAM SVBITO MAXIMVS ERIPITVR.

"O relentless Fortune, who delightest in cruel death, why is Maximus so suddenly snatched away from me?"

"Rudely written, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter,"

we are brought face to face with the Church of the early centuries, and are enabled to comprehend its spirit better than by any other evidence extant. These simple epitaphs speak no conventional language like the edicts of the emperors and the monuments of the mighty, or even the writings of the Fathers. They lift the veil of ages from the buried past and make it live again, lit up with a thousand natural touches which we seek in vain from books. They give us an insight into the daily life and occupations, the social position, domestic relations, and general character of the Primitive Christians, of which we get few glimpses in the crowded page of history. To him who thoughtfully ponders them, these unpretending records become instinct with profoundest meaning. They utter the cry of the human heart in the hour of its deepest emotion, and in the solemn presence of death. We hear the sob of natural sorrow at the dislocating wrench of hearts long knit together in affection's holiest ties; we witness the dropping tears of fond regret over the early dead; and seem to listen to

"The fall of kisses on unanswering clay."

We see the emblematic palm and crown rudely scratched upon the grave wherein the Christian athlete, having fought the fight and kept the faith, "after life's fitful fever sleeps well." We read, too, the intimations of the worldly rank of the deceased—sometimes exalted, more often lowly and obscure, and frequently accompanied by the emblems of their humble toil.† The very names writ-

† Many of the inscriptions are in Greek, which seems to have been largely employed even by the Latin-speaking Christians, probably because in it the new Evangel was first proclaimed. Thus the new wine of the Gospel flowed from that classic chalice which so long had poured libations to the gods.

ten on these marble tablets are often beautifully and designedly expressive of Christian sentiment or character. Sometimes the correspondence of name and character is indicated, as in the following: * ΣΙΜΠΛΙΚΙΑ Η ΚΑΙ ΚΑΛΩΝΥΜΟΣ, "Simplicia, who was also rightly so called;" ΗΙC VΕRVS QVI SΕMPER VΕRΑ LОCΥTVS, "Here (lies) Verus, who ever spoke verity." These names were frequently assumed in adult age, when the convert from Paganism laid aside his former designation, often of an idolatrous meaning, in order to adopt one more consistent with the Christian profession. Thus we have such beautifully significant names as INNOCENTIA, "Innocence;" CONSTANTIA, "Constancy;" PRVDENTIA, "Prudence;" ΠΙΣΤΙΣ, "Faith;" ΕΑΠΙΣ, "Hope;" ΑΓΑΠΗ, "Love;" ΕΙΡΗΝΗ, "Peace;" ΕΥΣΕΒΙΟΣ, "Pious," and the adjectives FIDELIS, "Faithful;" CASTA, "Pure;" BENIGNVS, "Kind;" ENGENVA, "Sincere;" DVLCISSIMA, "Most Sweet;" and the like.

Sometimes, too, a pious word or phrase was used as a proper name, as among the ancient Hebrews and the English Puritans. Thus we have such examples as QVOD VVLT DEVS, "What God wills;" DEVS DEDIT, "God gave;" ADEODATVS and ADEODATA, "Given by God;" RENATVS, "Born again;" REDEMPTVS, "Redeemed;" ACCEPTISSIMA, "Well pleasing;" ΕΥΣΙΠΡΟΣΔΕΚΤΟΣ, "Accepted," and ΣΩΖΟΜΕΝΗ, "Saved."

Some of the names in these inscriptions were probably given by the heathen in reproach and contempt, but were afterwards adopted by the Christians in humility and self-abasement. It is difficult to account otherwise for such names as CONTVMELIOSVS, "Injurious;" CALAMITOSA, "Destructive;" PROJECTVS, "Cast out;" and especially such opprobrious epithets as FIMVS and

STERCORIA, "Dung," and "Filth." In the last there may be an allusion to the words of St. Paul, "We are made as the filth of the world, and are the offscouring of all things unto this day." Thus the primitive believers bound persecution as a wreath about their brows, exulted in their "glorious infamy," and changed the brand of shame into the badge of glory.

Sometimes a sort of pun, or play upon words, occurs, as in the following: ΗΙC JACET GLYCONIS, DVLCIS NOMINE ERAT, ANIMA QVQVE DVLCIOR VSQVE; "Here lies Glyconis; she was sweet by name, her disposition also was even sweeter;" ΗΕΙC EST SΕPVLCRVΜ PVLCRVM PVLCRÆ FEMINÆ; "Here is the beautiful tomb of a beautiful woman." Much of the paronomasia, however, is lost in translation.

Most of the names, as might be expected, are of classical origin. We find also indications of the custom of adopting the names of the reigning dynasty. The modern Victorias and Alberts find their analogies in the Aurelians and Constantians of the Aurelian and Constantinian periods. The lofty *prænomen*, *nomen* and *cognomen* of the Pagan epitaphs do not appear in those of the Christians. Having renounced the pride of birth and place and power, they laid aside their worldly titles for the new name given in baptism. In some instances the name of the deceased is not recorded in the epitaph at all; perhaps, as Fabretti suggests, because "they wished them to be written only in the Book of Life."

These sepulchral slabs also frequently give intimations of the social rank and occupations of the departed. Sometimes, especially after the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the Empire, the enumeration of titles indicates exalted position and the holding of important offices of state, as for example the following: JVLIVS FELIX VALENTINIANVS VC. ET. SP. EX-SILENTIARIO SACRI PALATII EX COM. CONSISTORII COM. DOM.; "Julius Felix Valentinianus, a man

* In several of the following inscriptions the classical reader will detect irregular spelling and construction, which must be taken as we find them.

of the highest distinction and consideration, ex-Silentiary of the Sacred Palace, ex-Count of the Consistory, Count of the Household Troops." (A.D. 519.)* We have also such examples as SCRINARIUS PATRICIÆ SEDIS, "Secretary of the Patrician Order;" ARGENTARIUS, "A money dealer;" VESTITOR IMPERATORIS, "Master of the Imperial wardrobe," etc.

The great body of Christians, however, were of lowly rank, many of them probably slaves, by which oppressed class most of the arts of life were carried on. It was the sneer of Celsus that "wool-workers, leather-dressers, cobblers, the most illiterate of mankind, were zealous preachers of the Gospel;" but Tertullian retorts that every Christian craftsman can teach truths loftier than Plato ever knew. The emblems of the occupation of the vine-dresser, carpenter, mason, currier, wool-comber, shoemaker and the like, occur on many of the funeral slabs. We find also such records of trade as: PISTOR REGIONIS XII., "a baker of the twelfth district; ORTVLANVS, (*sic*) "a gardener;" HORREARARIUS, "a granary-keeper;" CARBONARIUS, "a charcoal seller;" POPINARIUS, "a victualler;" BVBVLARIUS DE MACELLO, "a flesher from the shambles;" CAPSARIUS DE ANTONINIAS, "a keeper of clothes at the Antonine baths;" QVADRATARIUS "a stone squarer;" POLLICLA QVI ORDEVM BENDIT (*sic*) DE BIA NOBA (*sic*), "Pollicla who sells barley in the New Street;" JOHANNIS V. H. OLOGRAFVS (*sic*) PROPINA ISIDORI;" John, a respectable man, a book-keeper in the tavern of Isidorus;" and less reputable than any, VRBANVS V. H. TABERNARIUS, "Urban, a respectable man, a tavern-keeper." This last, however, is of date A.D. 584, when the purity of faith and practice had greatly degenerated. While many of Rome's proudest monuments have crumbled away, these lowly

records of the early Christians have been preserved for our study.*

Very often some phrase expressive of the Christian character or distinguished virtues of the deceased is inscribed in loving remembrance by his sorrowing friends. These testimonies are calculated to inspire a very high opinion of the purity, blamelessness, and nobility of life of the primitive believers, all the more striking from its contrast with the abominable corruptions of the Pagan society by which they were surrounded. With many points of external resemblance to heathen inscriptions, there is in those of Christian origin a world-wide difference of informing spirit. Instead of the pomp and pride of Pagan panegyric, we have the celebration of the modest virtues of meekness, gentleness, and truth. The Christian ideal of excellence, as indicated by the nature of the praises bestowed on the departed, is shown to be utterly foreign to that of heathen sentiment. The following are characteristic examples:

IN SIMPLICITATE VIXIT, AMICVS PAVPERVM, INNOCENTIVM MISERICO 3, SPECTABILIS ET PENITENS; "He lived in simplicity, a friend of the poor, compassionate to the innocent, a man of consideration, and penitent." INFANTIÆ ÆTAS, VIRGINITATIS INTEGRITAS, MORVM GRAVITAS, FIDEI ET

* It may not be uninteresting to notice some of the trades and occupations mentioned in Pagan epitaphs. They are of a much wider range than those of the Christians, indicating that the latter were a "peculiar people" excluded from many pursuits on account of their immoral or idolatrous character. We find such examples as: MAGISTER LVDI, "master of the games;" MINCATVR POCVLI, "toast-master;" DOCTOR MYRMILON. "teacher of the gladiators;" DERISOR OR SCVRRA CONVIVIORVM, "buffoon or clown of the revels;" STVPIDVS GREGIS VRBANI, "clown of the city company of mountebanks." One of the most remarkable is that of FANATICVS in the temple of Isis. *i. e.* one hired to stimulate the zeal of the votaries of the goddess by wild and frantic gestures, attributed to the inspiration of the Deity.

* See McCaul's "Christian Epitaphs of the First Six Centuries."

REVERENTIAE DISCIPLINA, "Of youthful age, of spotless maidenhood, of grave manners, well disciplined in faith and reverence."

It is especially in the domestic relations that the tender and pure affections of the Christians are most beautifully exhibited by the record of them in the Catacombs. His heart must be callous indeed, who can read without emotion these humble memorials of love and sorrow which have survived so many of the proudest monuments of antiquity. Their mute eloquence sweeps down the centuries, and touches in the soul chords that thrill with keenest sympathy. The far-severed ages are linked together by the tale of death and grief—old as humanity, yet ever new. The beauty and tenderness of Christian family-life is vividly portrayed, the hallowing influence of religion making earthly love the type of love immortal in the skies. The tie that knits fond hearts together becomes the stronger as death smites at it in vain; the language of affection becomes more fervent as the barrier of the grave is interposed.

Especially is this the case when sorrowing parents mingle their tears at the tiny grave of their babe consigned to earth's cold embrace from their loving arms. The warmest expressions of endearment are lavished on the tombs of little children. Thus we have such tender epithets as AGNELVVS DEI, "God's little lamb;" PALVMBVLVS SINE FELLE, "little dove without gall;" PARVVLVS INNOCENS, "little innocent;" DVLCISSIMVS, CARISSIMVS, "most sweet, most dear;" DVLCIOR MELLE, "sweeter than honey;" ΠΑΥΚΥΤΕΡΟΣ ΦΩΤΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΖΩΗΣ, "sweeter than light and life."

Sometimes a natural expression of sorrow occurs, as PARENTES DOLENTES, "the parents grieving;" PARENTES MISERI FVNEBRIS ACERVITATE (*sic*) PERCVSSI TITVLVM ERIGI JVSSERVNT, "the wretched parents, smitten by the bitterness of death, command this tablet to be set up;" ADSERTORI FILIO KARO (*sic*) DULCI, INNOCO (*sic*) ET INCOM-

PARABILI, "To Adsertor, our dear, sweet, guileless, and incomparable son."*

The indications of filial affection toward departed parents are often exceedingly tender, as for example the following:—DOMINO PATRI PISSIMO AC DVLCISSIMO, "To our highly venerable, most affectionate and very sweet father;" PATRI DVLCISSIMO BENE-MERENTI IN PACE, "To our sweetest father, well-deserving, in peace."

The conjugal affections have also their beautiful and appropriate commemoration. Frequently the bereaved husband recounts with grateful recollection the fact that his married life was one of perfect harmony, unmarred by a single jar or discord: SEMPER CONCORDES SINE VLLA QVERELLA. The expression MALE FRACTVS CONJVX, "the sore-broken husband," betokens the intensity of conjugal grief which, it is sometimes said, bewails the lost "in tears with bitter lamentation," GEMITV TRISTI LACRIMAS DEFLET. Often occurs the phrase, INCOMPARABILIS CONJVX, "incomparable wife," frequently with the addition OPTIME MEMORIE, "of most excellent memory." Sometimes we read the simple words, QUI AMABAT ME, "who loved me;" also the phrase, CARVS SVIS, "dear to his friends," or NVNQVAM AMARA MARITO, "never bitter to her husband."

The spirit of these inscriptions will be best seen in a few examples, as the following:—BIXIT (*sic*) MECUM ANNIS XXII. MENS IX. DIES V. IN QVIBVS SEMPER MIHI BENE FVIT CVM ILLA, "She lived with me twenty-two years, nine months, five days,† during which time it ever went well with me in her society." DEO FIDELIS, DVLCIS MARITO, NVTRIX FAMILIÆ, CVNCTIS HVMLIS, AMATRIX PAVPERVM. "Faithful to God, agreeable to

* In an epitaph from Naples is the exquisite utterance of a sorrowing heart, IN SOLIS TV MIHI TVRBA LOCIS, "In lonely places thou art crowds to me."

† Sometimes the hours and fractions of an hour of life are mentioned.

her husband, the nurse of her own family, humble to all, a lover of the poor."

In the following, which is more than usually irregular in its lettering, a disconsolate husband mourns the wife of his youth, with the pleasing illusion that such love as theirs the world had never seen before :

DOMNINÆ

INNOCENTISSIMÆ. ET. DVLCISSIMÆ. CONJVGI.

QVÆ VIXIT ANN. XVI. M. IIII. ET FVIT MARITATA. ANN. DVOBVS. M. IIII. D. VIII.

‘VM QVA NON LICVIT FVISSE. PROPTER
CAVSAS PEREGRATIONIS
NISI MENSIBVS. VI.

QVO TEMPORE VT EGO SENSI EXHIBVI
AMOREM MEVM

NVLIVS VALLII. SIC DILIXERVNT. :

"To Domnina, my sweetest and most innocent wife, who lived sixteen years and four months, and was married two years, four months and nine days ;* with whom I was not able to live, on account of my travelling, more than six months ; during which time I showed my love as I felt it. None others ever loved each other so."

Similar language of mingled love and grief occurs in Pagan inscriptions, but without the chastening influence of Christian resignation. Thus we find frequent record of over half a century passed in marriage, SINE JVRGIS, SINE ÆMVLATIONE, SINE DISIDIO, SINE QVERVLA ; "without contention, without emulation, without dissension, without strife." With ceaseless iteration the virtues of the deceased are lovingly proclaimed, as in the following examples : CONIVGEM FIDELISSIMAM, "most faithful wife ;" MARITÆ FIISSIMÆ DVLCISSIMÆ RARISSIMÆ, "to a most sweet and pious wife of rarest excellence ;" ANYMONE OPTIMA ET PVLCHERRIMA LANIFICA

* It will be observed that Domnina must have been married before her fourteenth birth-day. We have noticed frequent records of marriage at fifteen and sixteen years of age ; also one at twelve, and another at less than eleven.

PIA PVDICA FRVGI CASTA DOMISEDA, "Any mone, best and most beautiful, a spinner of wool, pious, modest, frugal, chaste, home-abiding." In a poetic dialogue a husband expresses a wish to die that he may rejoin his wife, while she hopes that her premature death may prolong his days. He says :

AT NVNC QVOD POSSVM FVGIAM LVCEM QVE DEOSQVE

VT TE MATRUA PER STYGA MORTE SEQVAR.

To this she replies :

QVODQVE MIHI ERIPVIT MORS IMMATVRA JVENTÆ

ID TIBI LICTVRO PROROGET VLVTERIVS.

Such examples of conjugal affection recall to mind the love of Alcestos, in the Greek myth, dying for her lord ; and of Arria, in the Roman story, refusing to survive her husband, and, having plunged the dagger into her own breast, exclaiming with a smile — "*Pæte non dolet,*" "It hurts not, my Pætus."

But we have also illustrations of the fatal facility of divorce among the Pagan Romans, and of the domestic strife and crime resulting therefrom. In the following epitaph a discarded wife laments the murder of her child by the usurper of her rights : MATER FILIO PIISSIMO MISERA ET IN LVTCV ETERNALI VENEVICIS NOVERCÆ, "To her most affectionate son, the wretched mother, plunged in perpetual grief by the poison of his step-mother (raised this slab)." There is also a curious inscription written jointly by two living husbands to one deceased wife, in which she is designated "a well-deserving consort."

We should do scant justice to the blameless character, simple dignity, and moral purity of the primitive Christians, as indicated in these epigraphic remains, if we forget the thoroughly effete and corrupt condition of the society by which they were surrounded. It would seem almost impossible for the Christian graces to grow in such a noxious soil and fetid atmosphere. Like the snow-white lily

springing in virgin purity from the muddy ooze, they are more lovely by contrast with their foul environment. Like flowers that deck a sepulchre, breathing their fragrance amid scenes of corruption and death, are these holy characters, fragrant with the breath of heaven amid the social rottenness and moral death by which they were encircled. It is difficult to imagine and impossible to portray the abominable pollutions of the times. "Society," says Gibbon, "was a rotting, aimless mass of sensuality." It was a boiling Acheron of seething passions, unhallowed lusts, and tiger-thirst for blood, such as never provoked the wrath of Heaven since God drowned the world with water, or destroyed the cities of the plain by fire. Only those who are familiar with the scathing denunciations of popular vice by the Roman Satirists and the Christian Fathers, can conceive the appalling depravity of the age and nation. Christianity was to be the Hercules to cleanse this worse than Augean impurity. The lofty morals and holy lives of the believers were a perpetual testimony against abounding iniquity. The Christians recoiled with the utmost abhorrence from the characteristic vices of the times, and became emphatically "the salt of the earth"—the sole moral antiseptic to prevent the total disintegration of society.

Although three-fourths of the Pagan epitaphs are those of slaves or freedmen, out of eleven thousand Christian inscriptions scarce half a dozen are designated as of these classes.* The Gospel of liberty smote the gyves at once from the bodies and souls of men. The wretched bondsman, in the intervals of toil or torture, caught with joy the emancipating message, and sprang up ennobled by an immortalizing hope. Then

"Trampled manhood heard and claimed its crown,"

* "Apud nos inter pauperes et divites, servos et dominos, interest nihil." "With us there is no difference between the poor and the rich, slaves and masters."—(Lactant. *Div. Inst.*, V., 14, 15.

and the meanest hind was elevated by faith in the Unseen to the loftiest peerage of the skies.

It was the especial glory of Christianity, however, that it rescued woman from the unspeakable degradation into which she had fallen,—that it clothed her with the domestic virtues, enshrined her amid the sanctities of home, and employed her in the gentle ministrations of charity. "The Greek courtesan," says Lecky, "was the finest type of Greek life—the one free woman of Athens." But how world-wide was the difference between these Greek hetairæ—a Phryne or an Aspasia, though honoured by a Socrates or a Pericles—and the Christian matrons, Monica, Marcilla, or Fabiola! So much does woman owe to Christianity! "Under Pagan institutions," says Gibbon, "woman was not a PERSON, but a *thing*." Her rights and interests were lost in those of her husband. She could be repudiated or divorced at will. Woman, in turn, reckless of her good name, had lost the most immediate jewel of her soul. The Lucretias and Virginias of the old heroic days were beings of tradition. The Julias and Messalinas flaunted their shame in the high places of the earth; and to be Cæsar's wife was *not* to be "above suspicion." But Christianity taught the sanctity of marriage as a type of the mystical union between Christ and his Church, and asserted the absolute sinfulness of divorce save for one supreme cause. In its recoil from the abominable licentiousness of Paganism it regarded modesty as the crown of all the graces; and against its violation the heaviest ecclesiastical penalties were denounced.

The rites and benedictions of the church were early invoked to give their sanction to Christian marriage; and doubtless in the dim recesses of the Catacombs, and surrounded by the holy dead, youthful hearts must have plighted their troth, and have been more firmly knit together by the common perils and persecutions they were called

to share. Gilt glasses have been found affixed to many of the graves, with representations of a man and woman standing with clasped hands before a marriage-altar, while the figure of Christ appears between them, crowning the newly-wedded pair.

The strong instinct of the female mind to personal adornment was, in the early centuries, suppressed by religious conviction and ecclesiastical discipline; and Christian women cultivated rather the ornament of "a meek and quiet spirit" than the meretricious attractions of the heathen. "Let your comeliness be the goodly garment of the soul," says Tertullian; "clothe yourself with the silk of uprightness, the fine linen of holiness, and the purple of modesty, and you shall have God himself for your Lover and Spouse."* The simple and becoming garb of the Christian matron is exhibited in many of the representations of *oranti*, or praying figures, in the chambers of the Catacombs.

With the corruption of the church and the decay of piety under the post-Constantinian emperors, came the development of luxury and an increased sumptuousness of apparel. The refined classic taste was lost, and splendour was the only expression of opulence. The mosaics in the more ancient basilicas, and occasional representations from the Catacombs, illustrate the increased love for costly adorning. The primitive simplicity of dress gave place to many-coloured and embroidered robes. The hair, often false, was tortured into unnatural forms, and raised in a towering mass upon the head, suggesting comparison with certain modern fashionable modes, and was frequently artificially tinted. The person was bedizened with jewellery—pendants in the ears, pearls on the neck, bracelets and a profusion of rings on the arms and fingers. St. Jerome inveighs with peculiar vehemence against the attempt to beautify the com-

plexion with pigments. "What business have rouge and paint on a Christian cheek?" he asks. "Who can weep for her sins when her tears wash bare furrows on her skin? With what trust can a face be lifted toward heaven which the Maker cannot recognize as his workmanship?"

We thus see, from the evidences afforded by ancient epigraphy as well as from the testimony of history the immense superiority, in all the elements of true dignity and excellence, of primitive Christianity to the corrupt civilization with which it was confronted. Its presence ennobled the character and purified the morals of mankind. It raised society from the ineffable slough into which it had fallen, and imported tenderness and fidelity to the domestic relations of life. Notwithstanding the corruptions by which it became infected in the days of ecclesiastical power and pride, even the worst form of Christian faith was infinitely preferable to the abominations of Paganism. Its influence gave a sanctity before unknown to human life. It averted the sword from the throat of the gladiator, and plucked helpless infancy from exposure to untimely death. It threw the ægis of its protection over the slave and the oppressed, raising them from the condition of beasts to the dignity of men and the fellowship of saints. With an unwearied and passionate charity it yearned over the suffering and sorrowing everywhere, and created a vast and comprehensive organization for their relief, of which the world had before no example, and had formed no conception. It had blotted out cruel laws, written like those of Draco in blood, and led back justice, long banished, to the judgment-seat. It created an art purer and loftier than that of Paganism, and a literature rivalling in elegance of form, and surpassing in nobleness of spirit, the sublimest productions of the classic muse. Instead of the sensual conceptions of heathenism, defiling the soul, it supplied images of purity, tenderness and pathos, which not only fasci-

* *De Cultu Fœminarum*, ii., 3-13.

nated the imagination, but hallowed the heart; and instead of exalting martial prowess and lauding the caprices of imperial power, it set before man the sanctity of suffering and of weakness, and the supreme majesty of gentleness and truth.

INDIAN SUMMER.

OH! these days,
 Autumn days!
 When the languid earth lies dreaming
 In a sort of golden haze;
 When amidst the verdant woodlands
 Stand the maples all ablaze:
 Gold and crimson, brown and orange.
 How they rise,
 Glowing pyramids of color,
 To the skies.

When the summer tasks are done,
 And the song-birds southwards gone,
 And no sound
 Stirs the voiceless, breathless forest;
 Save when, far away and seldom,
 The ripe acorn strikes the ground;

Or when leaves,
 With a melancholy rustle,
 And unstirred by any breeze,
 Circling downwards from the trees,
 Spread around
 A rich carpet brighter tinted
 Than the cunning Persian weaves.

Oh! these days,
 Autumn days!
 Who can paint the glow and glory
 Of these halcyon Autumn days?

THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS.

(From the French of M. Edmond About.)

CHAPTER I.

PHOTINI.

MY name is Hermann Schultz ; my father is an innkeeper whom the railways have ruined. The day on which I, by competition, obtained a mission from the Botanical Gardens, was high holiday in our family. My brothers anticipated that on my return from Athens I would be appointed Professor at the university : my father had another idea, he hoped I would return a married man. In his capacity of host he had witnessed several romantic adventures, and was convinced that it is only on highways that good fortune is met with. At least three times a week he would cite the fact of Lieutenant Reynauld's marriage to the Princess Ypsoff. The princess occupied No. 1 suite of rooms with her two maids and a courier, paying twenty florins a day for the accommodation, while the French lieutenant was lodged in No. 17, under the eaves, and paid one florin and a half. Yet, after a month's sojourn in the inn, he left in the same carriage with the Russian princess. Now, what possible reason could a princess have for taking away a lieutenant in her coach, unless it was to marry him? My poor father, with fond paternal eyes, imagined me far handsomer and more elegant than Lieutenant Reynauld, and did not doubt that sooner or later I must meet with a princess who would infallibly enrich the whole family. Either at *table d'hôte*, in a railway carriage, or on board a steamer, I would surely become acquainted with her. Respecting his illusions I refrained from suggesting to him that princesses would

hardly travel in third-class carriages, and as for lodgings—my means compelled me to select only very modest ones, where princesses would hardly put up. And to tell the truth, I disembarked at the Piræus without having experienced even the very smallest adventure. The presence of troops had raised the price of all things at Athens. The *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, the *Hôtel d'Orient*, and the *Hôtel des Etrangers*, were all alike inaccessible, and it was owing to the kindness of the chancellor of the Prussian legation, to whom I brought a letter of introduction, that I managed to find a lodging. He conducted me to the house of a pastry-cook named Christodule, who lived at the corner of the *Place du Palais* and Hermes street, where I was fortunate enough to secure board and lodging for the sum of one hundred francs a month. Christodule is an old soldier, decorated with the Iron Cross in memory of the War of Independence, and wears his national costume, (consisting of a scarlet cap with a blue tassel, silver jacket, white skirt and gilt gaiters,) even behind his counter, to sell cakes and pies. Maroula, his wife, is very stout, like most Greek women over fifty years of age ;—her husband purchased her for eighty *piastres*, during the height of the war, at a time when the sex were very dear. She was born in the island of Hydra, but dresses in Athenian style—black velvet jacket, light skirt, and silk handkerchief twisted in her hair. Neither Christodule nor his wife understood one word of German, but their son Dimitri, who is *domestique de place*, and dresses in French style, understands all the various *patois* of Europe, and speaks them also to some extent. However, I do not require an interpreter, for, although

by no means endowed with the gift of languages, I can speak broken Greek as fluently as English, Italian and French.

I dined at the same table with Christodule and the other boarders in the house. The first story was divided into four rooms, the best of which was occupied by a French archæologist, M. Hippolyte Mérimay. He is a short man, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, of a florid complexion, mild, and very talkative, and endowed with two master passions,—archæology and philanthropy; and is a member of various learned societies as well as of several benevolent confraternities. Although a great preacher of charity and well off, his parents having left him a considerable income, I never recollect seeing him give one cent to a poor person, and I am firmly persuaded that his knowledge of archæology was far greater than his love for the human race. He had at some time been awarded a prize by a provincial academy for an essay on the price of paper in the time of Orpheus, and encouraged by his success, had travelled to Greece to collect materials for a more important work, which was nothing less than determining the quantity of oil consumed in the lamp of Demosthenes while he was writing his second Philippic.

My two other neighbours were not nearly so learned, and the occurrences of ancient times did not trouble them. Giacomo Fondi was a poor Maltese in the employment of some consulate, who earned one hundred and fifty francs a month by sealing letters, and I fancy any other occupation would have suited him far better. Nature, which peopled the Island of Malta so that the East might never lack street porters, had given to poor Fondi shoulders, arms and hands similar to those of Croton's Milo; he was born to handle the club, and not to burn sticks of sealing-wax.

Little William Webster was an angel—*i. e.*, an angel from the United States of America. He was twenty years of age, fair,

rosy and chubby. The house of Webster and Sons, of New York, had sent him to the East to study the trade of exportation. He worked all day long in the warehouse of the Brothers Philip, and read Emerson at night; in the early mornings, at the glistening hour of dawn, he went to the house of Socrates to practise pistol-shooting.

The most interesting member of our community was, without exception, John Harris, young Webster's maternal uncle. On the very first occasion on which I dined with this strange fellow, I understood America. John was born in Vandalia, in the State of Illinois. I am not aware whether the Harris family is rich or poor—whether they sent their son to college or let him seek his own education. One thing is certain, that at the age of twenty-seven he relied upon himself only, trusted to himself, was surprised at nothing, believed nothing impossible, never procrastinated, triumphed over every difficulty, believed all things, hoped all things, tried everything, rose again if he happened to fall, began over again if he was disappointed, never faltered, never lost courage, and went straight on his course in happy mood. He has been husbandman, schoolmaster, lawyer, journalist, gold-digger, manufacturer, trader; has read everything, seen everything, practised everything, and traversed half the globe. At the time I made his acquaintance he was commander of an advice-boat at the Piræus, manned by sixty men and four cannons; he discussed the Eastern question in the *Boston Review*, carried on business with an indigo house in Calcutta, and, besides all this, found time to come and dine three or four times a week with his nephew Webster.

As for the people themselves, I seemed to know very little of them, even after four months sojourn in Greece. Nothing is more easy than to live at Athens without associating with the natives of the country. I frequented neither *café* nor theatre, read neither the *Pandore* nor the *Minerve*, but

lived quietly at home with my hosts, my herbarium, and John Harris. I might have been presented at the Palace, thanks to my diplomatic passport and my official title; and, having handed my card to the master of the ceremonies, I could count on an invitation to the first court ball, and for this occasion kept in store a scarlet coat, embroidered with silver, which my aunt Rosenthaler brought for me on the eve of my departure from home. It had been the uniform of her late husband, assistant tutor of natural history at the Philomathic Institute at Minden. My good aunt—sensible woman—knew that a uniform, especially a red one, is invariably well received in every country.

Unfortunately, there was no dancing at court during the whole season: the delights of winter were the blossoming of the almond, peach, and citron trees. There were vague rumours of a grand ball to take place on the 15th of May. It was mere town-talk, however, accredited only by some semi-official papers, and not to be relied on. My studies, like my pleasures, progressed slowly. I knew the botanical garden of Athens thoroughly from end to end; it is not very extensive, and contains but few varieties. The royal garden offered more resources. An intelligent Frenchman collected all the vegetable riches of the country, from the island palms down to saxifrage from Cape Sunium. I spent many long days in the midst of Mr. Bareaud's plantations. The garden is open to the public only at certain hours, but, fortunately for me, I could speak Greek to the sentinels, and out of love for the language they let me in. Mr. Bareaud and I never wearied of discussing botany and conversing in French.

Every day I herborized to some extent in the surrounding country, but never dared venture very far, as there were brigands encamped in the neighbourhood of Athens. and, although by no means a coward, as the sequel to this narrative will prove, I yet cling to life. It is a gift from my parents,

and I desire to retain it as long as possible in memory of them. During the month of April, 1856, it was dangerous to leave the city, and even imprudent to dwell within its walls. The brigands do not by any means spare their own countrymen and reserve their harsh treatment for strangers alone, but a Greek despoiled by his brethren resignedly submits to his fate, saying to himself that, after all, the money does not go out of the family. The populace sees itself robbed by the brigands as a woman among the common people allows herself to be beaten by her husband—admiring the manner in which he deals his blows. Native moralists bemoan the excesses committed in the country as a father deplores the pranks of his son; he is scolded in public and admired in secret, and is far preferred before, the neighbour's son who has never caused himself to be spoken of.

This is really a fact, and at the time of my arrival the hero of Athens was truly the scourge of Attica. In the salons and *cafés*, at the barbers' and druggists', in the miry streets of the bazaars, in the theatres and Sunday entertainments, everywhere Hadgi-Stavros was spoken of, sworn by, and admired. Hadgi-Stavros the invincible, the terror of the gendarmes—Hadgi-Stavros, king of the mountains.

One Sunday, when John Harris was dining with us, I led on Christodule to speak of Hadgi-Stavros. In former times our host had frequently associated with him, especially during the War of Independence, when robbery was less inquired into than it is now-a-days.

Emptying his glass of wine and smoothing his grey moustache, he commenced a long story, frequently interrupted by sighs. He informed us that Stavros was the son of a priest of the Isle of Tino, born no one knows exactly in what year—Greeks in the good old times but rarely knew their age, for civil registers date only from the downfall of the country. His father, intending him for the

church, had him taught to read, and at the age of twenty he travelled to Jerusalem and added the title of Hadgi, *i.e.* pilgrim, to his name. On his return Hadgi-Stavros was captured by pirates, and the conquerors, finding him apt, metamorphosed him from a prisoner to a sailor. Thus he commenced to wage war against Turkish vessels, and in fact against all those having no cannon on board. After leading this life for a few years he wearied of working for others and determined to establish himself on his own account, but having neither boat nor means with which to purchase one, he was compelled to exercise his trade of piracy on land. The revolt of the Greeks against Turkey permitted him to fish in disturbed waters, and he never knew exactly whether he was a brigand or insurgent, or whether he was the commander of robbers or partisans. All money was alike acceptable to him, whether it proceeded from friend or foe, from a simple robbery or from some glorious pillage. This wise impartiality rapidly augmented his fortune, and his reputation soon caused numbers to flock to his standard. Lord Byron dedicated an ode to him, and the poets and rhetoricians of Paris compared him to Epaminondas and even to Aristides. Flags were embroidered for him in the Faubourg St. Germain; they sent him subsidies; he received money from France, England, Russia, and, I might almost assert, even from Turkey. At the end of the war he, along with other chiefs, was besieged in the Acropolis of Athens, and lodged in the propylæum between Margaritas and Lygandas. They one and all kept their treasures at the head of their bed. One fine summer's night the roof fell in and crushed every one except Hadgi-Stavros, who was smoking his *narghilé* in the open air. He became heir to his companions' wealth, and it was unanimously conceded that he deserved it. An unfortunate event put a stop to his success. Hadgi-Stavros had retired to the country with his money, and now he witnessed a

strange sight. The powers who had given freedom to Greece now endeavoured to found a monarchy, and offensive words, such as government, armies, and public order rang in the ears of Hadgi-Stavros. When the public treasurer's employé called upon him to collect the yearly taxes matters came to a crisis. After relieving him of all his money, Hadgi-Stavros flung the hated government official out of the house, and himself escaped the arm of justice by fleeing to the mountains.

His former companions in arms were scattered throughout the country: the State had assigned them lands, which they cultivated sullenly, while eating the bitter bread of toil. On hearing that their former chief had quarrelled with the law, they sold their lands and gladly joined him once more. He, on his part, judiciously leased his property, for he had remarkable qualities as an administrator.

Peace and idleness had made him ill, but the mountain air revived him to such an extent that, in the year 1840, he contemplated getting married. He was assuredly over fifty, but men of his stamp have nothing to do with old age, death itself looks twice ere taking them in hand. He married a rich heiress belonging to one of the best families in Laconia, and thus became allied to some of the greatest people in the kingdom. His wife followed him everywhere, but died shortly after the birth of her daughter, and henceforth he took care of the child himself.

Paternal love gave him new energy. In order to amass a royal portion for his daughter he studied the question of money, on which he had hitherto possessed very primitive ideas. Now, instead of heaping up his dollars in strong boxes, he invested them, he studied the art of speculation, made several journeys through Europe under the guidance of a Greek from Marseilles, who acted as interpreter. During his sojourn in England he was present at an election in

some rotten borough in Yorkshire : this fine spectacle inspired him with deep reflections on the subject of constitutional government and the profits arising therefrom, and he returned to his own country determined to turn to account his native institutions by getting an income out of them. He burned down a number of villages in the service of the Opposition, and destroyed others in the interests of the Conservative party. When a ministry was to be overthrown it was only necessary to apply to him ; he proved by conclusive arguments that the police was badly constructed, and that the only means by which to obtain some slight security was to change the cabinet. But by way of retaliation, he gave some severe lessons to the foes to order by punishing them according to their sins. His political talents became so well known that he was held in esteem by all parties ; his advice in matters of election was almost invariably followed, so much so that, contrary to the principles of representative government, which requires a single deputy to express the will of several men, he alone was represented by thirty deputies.

The cruelty of Hadgi-Stavros has been greatly discussed. His friend Christodule proved to us that he did not do evil for the sake of any pleasure he found therein. He was a sober man, never drank to excess, and generally treated those prisoners kindly from whom he expected to receive a ransom. In the summer of 1854 he arrived with his band one evening at the house of M. Voidi, a substantial tradesman, in the island Eubœa. He found the family assembled, together with an old judge from the tribunal at Chalcis. M. Voidi and the judge were playing a game at cards, and Hadgi-Stavros offered the latter to play for his freedom. They did so ; the chieftain lost and submitted with a good grace, but he carried off M. Voidi, his son and daughter, leaving the wife so she could attend to their ransom. On the day of abduction the merchant was suffering from gout, his daughter had a fever, and the

little boy was pale and sickly. Two months later they returned home in perfect health, having been cured by fresh air, exercise, and kind treatment. The whole family recovered health for the sum of fifty thousand francs—was that too high a price? “ I confess,” added Christodule, that our friend is pitiless so far as bad payers are concerned, and that if a ransom is not paid at the expiration of the stipulated period, he kills his prisoners with commercial exactitude—it is his manner of protesting notes. Whatever may be my admiration for him, and the friendship which unites our two families, I have not yet forgiven him the murder of two little girls from Mistra. They were twins, fourteen years of age, beautiful as two marble statues, and both affianced to young men from Léondari. One morning they left home to sell cocoons at the spinning mill : they carried a large basket between them, and ran lightly and joyously along the road like two doves harnessed to the same chariot. Hadgi-Stavros carried them off to the mountain, and wrote to their mother that he would send them back for ten thousand francs—payable at the end of the month. The mother was a widow in easy circumstances, owner of two mulberry trees, but short of ready money, as indeed we all are. She tried to raise the sum on her property, but that is a difficult matter, even at a high rate of interest, and she could not collect the entire amount in less than six weeks. No sooner had she the money than, loading it on a mule, she started on foot for the camp of Hadgi-Stavros. On entering the wide *langadi* of Tugète, just on the spot where seven fountains are to be seen under one plane-tree, the mule halted suddenly, and refused to advance another step. Then the poor mother beheld her little girls lying on the road-side—their heads nearly severed from their bodies. She took them up herself, and, placing them on the mule, brought them back to Mistra. She never shed a tear, but lost her reason and died within a short time. I know that Hadgi-Stavros

regretted this act; he believed the widow to be rich and unwilling to pay, and had therefore killed the two children by way of making an example. Since that event debts due him have been paid promptly, nobody has ever dared to let him wait."

"*Brutta carogna!*" exclaimed Giacomo, striking a blow so heavy that it shook the house: "If he ever falls into my hands I will pay him a ransom of ten thousand blows with my fist, which sum will permit him to retire from business."

"I," said young Webster, "would just like to see him at fifty paces from my revolver. And you, uncle John?"

Harris, for all response, whistled an American air between his teeth.

"I can hardly believe my ears," said good M. Mérimay, in his flute-like voice. "Is it possible that such horrors are committed in the nineteenth century? Have you no horse and foot police?"

"Certainly we have," replied Christodule; fifty officers, one hundred and fifty-two brigadiers, and twelve hundred and fifty gendarmes, of whom one hundred and fifty are mounted. It is the best troop in the kingdom—after that of Hadgi-Stavros."

"What astonishes me," I said in my turn, "is that the old rascal's daughter does not interfere."

"She is not with her father."

"Where is she then?"

"At boarding-school."

"In Athens?"

"You ask too many questions; I only know that whoever marries her will make a good match."

"Yes," said Harris, "it is asserted likewise that Calcraft's daughter is not by any means a bad match."

At these words Dimitri, Christodule's son, blushed scarlet.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, addressing John Harris, "there is a vast difference between an executioner and a brigand. The profession of executioner is an infamous

one, that of a brigand, on the contrary, is honourable. Government is compelled to keep the executioner of Athens in the fortress, otherwise he would be assassinated, but no one bears any malice towards Hadgi-Stavros—the highest people in the country would be proud to shake hands with him."

Harris was about to reply, when the shop bell rang and the servant appeared, accompanied by a young girl about fifteen or sixteen years of age, dressed like the latest fashion-plate in the *Journal des Modes*. Dimitri rose, saying: "This is Photini."

"Gentlemen," said the pastry-cook, "let us change the conversation. Stories of brigands are not intended for young ladies' ears."

Christodule introduced Photini to us as the daughter of an old companion in arms, Colonel Jean, governor of the fort at Nauplie. The young Athenian was ugly, as nine-tenths of the native girls are; she had pretty teeth and hair, but that was all.

We were not surprised that the daughter of a simple colonel should be so expensively attired to spend her Sunday at the house of a pastry-cook; we knew the country sufficiently to be aware that the love of dress is the most incurable evil in Greek society."

Photini was a pupil at a boarding-school at Hétairie—a school established on the model of *la légion d'honneur*, but governed by far more liberal and tolerant laws. Not only are the daughters of soldiers admitted, but at times even the heiresses of brigands.

The daughter of Colonel Jean knew a little French and English, but her excessive timidity prevented her from shining in conversation. I learned later that her family reckoned on our perfecting her in foreign languages. Her father having heard that Christodule lodged respectable and learned Europeans, had asked the pastry-cook to let her spend her Sundays at his house, and the arrangement seemed to suit Christodule, but more especially his son Dimitri. The young man almost devoured

the poor girl with his eyes, while she never perceived his admiration. We had purposed going all together to hear the band play. This is a grand entertainment which takes place every Sunday. Everybody assembles in fine attire in a dusty field to hear valse and quadrilles played by a military band; the poor go on foot, the rich in carriages, and the fashionables on horseback. When the last quadrille has been played every one returns home, with dusty clothes and contented heart, saying, "We enjoyed ourselves vastly." Doubtless Photini expected to show off her grand toilet at the music, and Dimitri was looking forward to appear by her side, having bought a new coat for the occasion. Unfortunately it began to rain so heavily that all were compelled to remain at home, and by way of killing time, Maroula invited us to play at bonbons.

Not feeling any very great interest in the game I concentrated my attention on a little side-play going on at my left. While the young Athenian's looks were all directed towards the indifferent Photini, Harris, who never once cast his eyes in her direction, seemed to attract her by an invisible force. He held his hands carelessly and whistled Yankee Doodle, quite regardless of the company. I believe Christodule's narrative had made an impression on him, and that in spirit he was trotting over the mountains in search of Hadgi-Stavros; at all events, whatever his thoughts might have been busy about, they were certainly not of love. Possibly the young girl did not either dream of love, for Greek women as a rule are very indifferent, yet still she gazed at my friend John as a lark gazes at a mirror. She did not know anything concerning him, neither his name, country, nor fortune; she only saw him, knew he was handsome, and that was enough.

The rain did not weary of falling, nor Dimitri of ogling the young girl, nor she of looking at Harris, nor Giacomo of crunching bonbons, nor M. Mérinay of relating to

young Webster a chapter of ancient history, to which the latter paid no attention. At 8 o'clock Maroula laid the cloth for supper. Photini was seated between Dimitri and me, who did not covet the place. She spoke little and ate still less; at dessert, when the servant spoke of taking her home, she turned to me and, with a visible effort, whispered the question—

"Is Mr. Harris married?"

I took a delight in puzzling her, and answered: "Yes, mademoiselle, he married the widow of the doges of Venice."

"Is it possible? How old is she?"

"Old as the hills—like them eternal."

"Do not make fun of me, I am a simple girl, and do not understand your European jokes."

"In other words, Mademoiselle, he is wedded to the sea. He commands the American guard-ship *Fancy*."

Her face became so radiant with joy at this intelligence that I forgot her ugliness, and for a moment almost thought her pretty.

CHAPTER II.

MARY ANNE.

THE studies of my youth have developed in me one grand master passion—*i. e.*, a thirst for knowledge, or, in other words, curiosity. Until the day of my departure for Athens my one delight was study, my one grief ignorance. Science was my love, and as yet no one had ever attempted to deprive her of her place in my heart. I walked through the world as through a vast museum, with a magnifying glass in my hand. I observed the pleasures and pains of others as facts worthy of notice, but unworthy of either envy or pity, and was no more jealous of a happy household than a couple of palm-trees wooed by the breeze. I had about as much sympathy for a heart lacerated by love as I had for a geranium nipped by the frost. After having dissected

living animals one is scarcely sensible of the cries of quivering flesh, and I would have proved a splendid spectator at a combat of gladiators.

Photini's love for John Harris would have excited pity in any one save a naturalist: the poor creature loved passionately and loved in vain. She was too timid to let her love appear, and John Harris was too great a blunderer to perceive it, had it even occurred to him. Who could fancy that he would feel interested in an ugly girl from the banks of the Ilissus? Photini spent four more days in his society, the four Sundays of the month of April. She gazed at him with her languishing eyes from morn till eve, and yet never summoned up courage to open her lips in his presence. Harris whistled peacefully, Dimitri growled like a young dog, and I smilingly observed this strange malady from which my constitution had hitherto preserved me.

Meanwhile my father wrote to me that business was very dull, travellers few, and living very dear; that our opposite neighbours had emigrated; and that if I had met with a Russian princess my best course would be to marry her at once. I replied that I had so far met with no one to bewitch unless it was the daughter of a Greek colonel; that she was seriously smitten, though not with me; that I might possibly become her confidant, but never her husband. As to other matters, my health was good and my herbarium magnificent. My researches, hitherto confined to the outskirts of Athens, might now be extended: a feeling of security was beginning to reappear, for the brigands had been repulsed by the gendarmerie, and all the newspapers announced the dispersion of Hadgi-Stavros' troops. In a month at farthest I could return to Germany and secure a situation which would furnish bread for the whole family.

On Sunday, the 28th of April, we read in the *Siccle d'Athènes* of the grand defeat of

the King of the Mountains. The official reports said that twenty of his men were disabled, his camp burned, his band dispersed, and that the gendarmerie had pursued him as far as the marshes of Marathon. This news, so agreeable to strangers, seemed to give less pleasure to the Greeks, more especially to our hosts. Christodule, for a lieutenant of the phalanx, was certainly lacking in enthusiasm, and the daughter of Colonel Jean almost wept while listening to the account of the brigand's defeat. Harris, who had brought the paper, never dissimulated his joy, and as for me, to regain possession of the country enchanted me. On the morning of the 30th I set out with my box and cane; Dimitri wakened me at four o'clock; he too was going to join an English family, who, on their arrival at the *Hôtel des Etrangers* a few days before, had engaged him to attend them on their excursions. I walked down Hermes Street to the crossway, and then took the Eolian road. On the horizon, directly in front of me, the *Parnès* reared their summits like an indented wall;—this was my destination.

After two hours' walking I entered the desert. Traces of vegetation here disappeared, and only tufts of coarse grass, some long stalks of dried-up king's spear and bird-grass, were to be seen on the arid ground. The sun was rising, and I saw distinctly the fir-trees covering the mountain-side. The path I had selected was not a very certain guide, but I directed my course towards a group of houses scattered here and there on the slope of a mountain, which were apparently the village of Castria.

I cleared the Eleusinian Céphise at one bound, greatly to the disgust of the little turtles playing here in the water like common frogs. A hundred paces further on the road disappeared in a deep and wide ravine, hollowed out by the rains of two or three thousand winters. I fancied, with some degree of reason, that this ravine must represent the road, for during my former

excursions I had noticed that the Greeks dispense with the trouble of tracing a road whenever the water has been obliging enough to burden itself with that labour. Plunging into the ravine, I continued my walk between two steep banks, which completely hid from view the plain, the mountain, and my destination. The road had so many windings that soon it became a difficult matter to know what direction I was taking, and whether I was not turning my back upon the *Parnès*. My wisest course would have been to climb either of the banks and discover where I was, but they were so perpendicular, and I, being tired and hungry, felt unwilling to quit the shade. Seating myself on the gravel, I drew out of my box some cold lamb, bread, and a bottle of wine, and comforted myself with the hope that some one would pass along the road presently and inform me of my whereabouts. In fact, just as I contemplated stretching myself on the earth to rest, I fancied I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and, putting my ear close to the ground, felt convinced several riders were approaching. Buckling my box on my back, I prepared to follow them in case they should take the road to the *Parnès*. Five minutes later two ladies appeared on horseback, dressed in English travelling costume, while behind them walked a youth, in whom I at once recognized Dimitri.

I took off my felt hat politely to the two ladies, who seemed, however, to pay little attention to my salutation, and shook hands with Dimitri, who gave me all necessary information in a few words.

"Am I on the road to the *Parnès*?"

"Yes; we are going there likewise."

"Can I go along with you?"

"Why not?"

"Who are these ladies?"

"My English patrons. The milord remained at the hotel."

"What sort of people are they?"

"Peuh! Bankers from London. The

old lady is Madame Simons, from the house of Barley and Co.; the milord is her brother, the young lady her daughter."

"Is she pretty?"

"That is a matter of opinion—I prefer Photini."

"Are you going as far as the fortress of *Philé*?"

"Yes. They have engaged me for a week at ten francs a day and my board; it is I who organize the excursions, and selected this one for to-day in hopes of meeting you. But what is the matter with them now?"

The old lady, annoyed at seeing her servant monopolized by a stranger, had put her horse to a trot in a place where, from the memory of man, no horse had ever trotted before. The other animal endeavoured to follow suit, and if we had conversed longer we should have infallibly become distanced. Dimitri hurried to overtake the ladies, and I heard Madame Simons say to him in English—

"Who is this Greek to whom you were talking?"

"He is a German, madame."

"Ah! what is he about?"

"He seeks herbs."

"Then he is an apothecary?"

"No, madame, he is a scholar."

"Ah! Does he understand English?"

"Yes, madame, very well."

"Ah!"

These three "ahs" of the old lady were uttered in three different keys, and indicated in a very marked manner the progress I made in her esteem. Still she did not address me, and I followed the little caravan at some distance.

Dimitri dared no longer talk to me, but marched in front like a prisoner of war. All he could now do for me was to cast some friendly glances in my direction—glances which seemed to say, "What minxes these Englishwomen are." Miss Simons did not once turn her head in my direction, and I

was unable to decide in what respect her ugliness differed from that of Photini. I perceived that she was tall and well made, her shoulders broad, her waist round as a cane and flexible as a reed, while all I could see of her neck reminded me of the swans in the Zoological Gardens.

The mother turning to address her, I hastened my steps in the hope of hearing her voice, for have I not said I am very inquisitive? I arrived in time to hear the following conversation.

"Mary Anne!"

"Mother."

"I am hungry."

"And I am warm, mother."

Mary Anne's voice penetrated into my inmost heart, and I experienced a totally new sensation. In my whole life I had never before heard anything quite so fresh and silvery as this exquisitely modulated voice. The sound of a shower of gold falling on my father's roof would truly have appeared less sweet. How unfortunate, thought I, that the most melodious birds are necessarily the ugliest ones; and I dreaded seeing her face, yet longed to gaze upon it, so powerful a hold had curiosity over me.

Dimitri purposed making the ladies halt for breakfast at the *Khan de Calyvia*, a badly-constructed wooden inn, but where one is always sure of finding a leathern bottle of resinous wine, brown bread, eggs, and a whole regiment of venerable hens, which by death are transformed into "chickens" by virtue of metempsychosis. Unfortunately the *khan* was deserted and the door closed. At this intelligence Madame Simons spoke very querulously to Dimitri, and turning round she displayed to my view a face as angular as the blade of a Sheffield knife, and two rows of teeth like wooden fences.

"I am English," she said, "and claim the privilege of eating when I am hungry."

"Madame," replied Dimitri, piteously, "you will breakfast in half an hour at the village of Castria."

I, having breakfasted, gave myself up to melancholy reflections on Madame Simons' ugliness, and muttered the Latin aphorism between my teeth, "*Qualis mater, talis filla.*"

From the *khan* to the village the road is particularly disagreeable, a sort of stair-case between a perpendicular rock and a precipice which would cause an attack of vertigo even in chamois themselves. Before entering this path Madame Simons inquired whether there was not another way.

Dimitri praised the path, saying there were many hundred times worse in the kingdom.

"At least," continued the good lady, "hold the bridle of my horse; but what will become of my daughter? Could you not manage to lead both horses? This path is truly detestable; it may be good enough for Greeks, but it was never made for English people. Is it not so, sir?" she added, turning towards me.

I was introduced now, and, bowing with all the elegance with which nature has endowed me, I answered in English—"Madame, the road is not so bad as it seems at first sight; your horses are sure-footed, I know them, having ridden them both, and if you desire it you can have two guides, Dimitri for yourself and me for your daughter."

Without waiting for an answer I advanced boldly and took hold of the bridle of Mary Anne's horse. The blue veil had been blown back by the wind, and I beheld the most adorable face which ever bewildered and unsettled the mind of a German naturalist. For the sake of your peace of mind I trust you may never happen to meet with similar eyes. They were not surprisingly large, neither black nor blue, but of a peculiar and personal shade of their own—a glowing yet velvet-like brown, only met with in Siberian humming-birds and some garden flowers. No comparison can do justice to their charm. And to think that poor Dimitri thought her less beautiful than Photini! Truly love is a disease which stupefies its patients. I, who

never lost my reason, can certify that this world never saw a woman in any degree to be compared to Mary Anne. Her features were somewhat wanting in regularity, she had not the profile of a statue; possibly, Phidias might have refused to carve her bust, but Pradier would, on bended knees, have implored her to give him some sittings. I must admit that her nose was neither straight nor aquiline, but genuine French *ratoussé*, and that her left cheek had a dimple quite wanting in her right, but to my dying day will I deny that these conformations detracted from her beauty. She was as beautiful as any Greek statue, but in a different way. Beauty is not measured by an immutable type, although Plato has so affirmed in his divine divagations; it varies according to time, people, and the different culture of people's minds. Two thousand years ago the Venus of Milo was the most beautiful girl in the Archipelago, but I do not believe she would prove the most beautiful woman in Paris in the present year.

I led Mary Anne's horse all the way to the village of Castria, and yet the subject of our conversation left as little trace in my memory as the flight of a swallow leaves in the air. The sound of her voice was so sweet and gentle that I could listen to naught else. I felt as people do at times at the opera, when the music is so sublime that it is impossible to understand the words. She seemed to inhale the fragrant mountain air with visible delight. I need but close my eyes to recall her appearance; so beautiful, so full of life and happiness. I knew the animal too she was riding; it was *Psari*, a white horse from Zimmermann's riding-school. The habit was black, that of her mother bottle-green, made in a style eccentric enough to display her independent taste. Madame Simons wore a black hat of the absurd shape adopted by men of all nations and countries, while her daughter's was of grey felt, such as were sported by the heroines of the *Fronde*. Both wore gloves

of chamois kid. Mary Anne's hand was rather large, but admirably shaped.

The village of Castria was deserted, like the Khan of Calyvia. Dimitri did not know what to make of it. We alighted near the mountain facing the church, and went knocking from door to door—nowhere could any one be found. No one was in the priest's house, no one at the magistrate's; the authorities seemed to have removed with the population. All the houses of the community are composed of a roof and two openings, of which one serves as door, the other as window. Dimitri took the trouble to break open two or three doors to satisfy himself that the inhabitants were not asleep, but all his trouble was in vain, it only brought about the rescue of an unfortunate cat, forgotten by its owners, who immediately started off in the direction of the forest.

Now Madame Simons lost patience. "I am an Englishwoman," she said, addressing Dimitri, "and no one makes a fool of me with impunity. I will complain to the legation; I engaged you to take me on excursions through the mountains, and you lead me over precipices. I ask you to procure food for me, and you expose me to the danger of death from starvation. We were to breakfast at the *khan*, and find it forsaken; I persevere and follow you to this village, and lo! all the peasants have left. This is not natural. I have travelled in Switzerland, a country of mountains, and yet there I lacked nothing. I always had breakfast whenever it suited me."

Mary Anne endeavoured to calm her mother, but the good lady would not listen. Dimitri explained to the best of his ability that the greater number of the inhabitants being charcoal-burners, their profession necessarily scattered them over the mountain. Any way as yet but little time was lost; it was now only eight o'clock, and we were sure to find an inhabited house and breakfast in ten minutes.

"What house?" inquired Madame Simons.

"The convent farm. The monks of the *Pentlique* possess large estates above *Castria*, where they raise bees. The priest in charge of the farm has always a plentiful supply of wine, bread, honey and chickens; he will give us our breakfast.

"He will have left home like every one else."

"If so he won't be far away. The time for swarming is at hand, and he dare not leave his hives for any length of time."

"Go and see then; as for me, I have travelled far enough this morning, and do not purpose remounting my horse before having breakfasted."

"Madame, it will not be necessary to mount your horse," replied the patient Dimitri, "we can tether our animals to the trough; we will arrive more speedily on foot."

Mary Anne persuaded her mother to go on; she was dying of curiosity to see the priest and his winged tribe. Madame Simons and her daughter looped up their habits, and our little party set out. The path was steep and narrow, and might have proved pleasant to the goats of *Castria*. All the green lizards basking in the sun wisely disappeared on our approach, but not before eliciting a series of shrieks from Madame Simons, who hated reptiles, and after fifteen minutes' walk we were rewarded by setting eyes on an open house and a human face.

The farm-house was a small red brick building, surmounted by five cupolas, neither more nor less than a village mosque. From a distance it had quite an elegant appearance—clean without and dirty within, as is the case with most eastern dwellings. Close by, on the ground under the brow of a hill studded with thyme, were to be seen about one hundred beehives. The king over this domain, the priest, was a young man about twenty years of age, stout and hearty, dressed in peasant's garb, all except his cap, which, instead of being red, was black; by this sign Dimitri recognized him.

On seeing us approach, the young priest raised his arms and gave signs of profound amazement. "What a strange creature!" said Madame Simons, "what reason has he to be so much surprised at our appearance? It would almost seem as if he had never before seen English people."

Dimitri, who was some steps in front, advanced and kissed the monk's hand, saying with a strange mixture of respect and familiarity:

"Bless me my father. Wring the necks of two chickens, and you will be well paid.

"Unfortunate youth," said the monk, "what do you want here?"

"Breakfast."

"Did you not see that the *khan* down there was abandoned, and that the village was deserted?"

"Had we seen any one we would assuredly never have climbed up here."

"You are then agreed with them?"

"Them? Whom do you mean?"

"The brigands."

"Are there any brigands in the *Par-nes*?"

"Yes, since the day before yesterday."

"Where are they?"

"Everywhere."

"Dimitri turned hastily towards us saying: "We have not a moment to lose, the brigands are in the mountain. Let us hurry to our horses. Courage ladies, and run if you please."

"That is a little too much," said Madame Simons, "must we start without having breakfasted.

"Madame, your breakfast might cost you dear. Hasten for the love of Heaven."

"It seems like a conspiracy; there are no brigands, I don't believe in brigands. All the newspapers announce their dispersion; besides, being English, if any one were to touch a hair of my head ——."

Mary Anne was much more alarmed, and leaning on my arm she asked me whether I thought we were in danger of death.

"Not in danger of death, but of being robbed."

"What does it signify?" pursued Madame Simons, beginning to argue, but she was interrupted by Dimitri and Mary Anne seizing her by the hand and dragging her towards the path whence we had so lately emerged. The little priest followed her, gesticulating violently all the while, and I felt inclined to push her from behind. A short imperative whistle made us all stop suddenly.

I raised my eyes. Two shrubs and mastic-trees grew on either side of the way, and from each of these protruded three or four rifles, while a voice shouted in Greek :

"Seat yourselves on the ground!"

When this command had been obeyed, the guns were lowered, and it seemed to me I had never before noticed the desperate length of Greek rifles.

The only difference existing between devils and brigands, is that while the former are not so black as they are painted, the latter are far more filthy than is usually supposed. The eight bullies surrounding us were so dirty that I should have liked to hand them my money with a pair of tongs. With some effort it was possible to guess that their thin caps had once been scarlet, but no laundress could ever have brought back the original colour of their clothes. Their hands, faces, and even their moustaches were of a reddish grey, like the ground over which they trod.

The chief of the band which had captured us was distinguished by no outward sign, unless that his face, hands and attire were somewhat richer in dust than those of his companions. He stooped over and examined us so closely that I felt his moustache graze my face; you would have supposed him a tiger scenting his prey before devouring it. Having satisfied his curiosity he said to Dimitri :

"Empty your pockets."

This command was instantly obeyed; the youth turned out a knife, a tobacco pouch,

and three Mexican *piastres*, about sixteen francs.

"Is that all?" demanded the brigand.

"Yes, my brother."

"Are you the domestic?"

"Yes, brother."

"Take back one *piastre*, you must not return to town without money."

Dimitri bargained. "You might leave two," he said, "I have two horses down yonder from the riding-school and must pay their day's hire.

"You can explain to Zimmermann that we took your money."

"And if he desires payment in spite of this?"

"Tell him he is lucky to get back his horses."

"He is well aware that you don't take horses. What could you do with them in the mountains?"

"Enough of this. Tell me who is that tall lean fellow by your side?"

I answered for myself: "An honest German, whose spoils will hardly enrich you."

"You speak Greek well. Empty your pockets."

I took out about twenty francs, my pipe and handkerchief.

"What is that?" inquired the grand inquisitor.

"My handkerchief."

"What for?"

"To blow my nose with."

"Why did you tell me you were poor, it is only *milords* who use pocket handkerchiefs. Take that box off your back. Good. Open it."

My box contained some plants, a book, knife, a small packet of arsenic, and the remnants of my breakfast.

"You ought to have a watch," said the brigand, "put it along with the rest."

I delivered up my watch, an heirloom in our family, weighing about four ounces. The wretches passed it from hand to hand. I hoped that admiration, which renders men

better, would dispose them to restore some of my property, and begged the chief to leave me my tin box; but he rudely ordered me to keep silent. "At least," said I, "return me two dollars to enable me to get back to town." He replied with a sardonic laugh—

"You will not require them."

It was now Madame Simons' turn. Ere putting her hand in her pocket she challenged them in her paternal tongue.

"Reflect well on what you are about to do," said she, in a threatening tone of voice. "I am an Englishwoman, and English citizens are inviolable in every country of the world. Whatever you take from me will prove of little use, and will cost you dear. England will avenge me, and you will all be hanged at the very least."

"What is she saying?" queried the speaker among the brigands.

Dimitri replied: "She says she is English, and ——"

"So much the better, all English folks are rich. Tell her to do as you did."

The poor lady placed on the sand a purse containing twelve sovereigns, but as her watch was secreted, and, as they did not search us, she kept it. The clemency of our conquerors likewise permitted her to retain her pocket-handkerchief.

Mary Anne threw down her watch along with numerous little charms, and a satchel which she wore like a mountaineer. The brigand seized eagerly upon this latter article and drew forth a *nécessaire*, a bottle of smelling salts, and about a hundred francs in English coin.

"Now," said the impatient beauty, "you will let us go—we have nothing else."

She was soon made aware that the meeting was not over.

The chief now crouched before the booty, called the priest, counted over the money in his presence, and handed him forty-five francs. Madame Simons nudged me with her elbow. "You see," said she, "the

monk and Dimitri have delivered us into their hands, they are sharing the spoils."

"Not so, madame," I replied at once, "Dimitri received only a trifle of what was stolen from him. What you have witnessed is done all over the world. On the banks of the Rhine, when a traveller has ruined himself at *roulette*, the banker at the gaming table gives him sufficient funds to enable him to return home."

"But the monk?"

"He received one-tenth of the plunder in virtue of an immemorial custom. Do not reproach him, but rather be grateful to him for having wished to save us when his convent was interested in our capture."

Our discussion was here interrupted by the adieu of Dimitri, who had been set at liberty.

"Wait for me," I said, "and we will return to Athens together."

He sadly shook his head, answering in English so as to be understood by the ladies.

"You will be detained as prisoners for some days, and will not see Athens again until your ransom has been paid. I will advise the milord of your detention. Have the ladies any commissions to give me for him?"

"Tell him," said Madame Simons, "to hasten to the Embassy, thence to the Piræus in search of the Admiral; let him complain at the Foreign Office, and write to Lord Palmerston. We will be rescued from this place by force of arms, or by political authority, and I do not wish a single penny to be spent for my freedom."

"I pray you," said I, somewhat less angrily, "to tell my friends in what hands you left me. If a few hundred *drachmes* are wanted for the ransom of a poor naturalist, I am sure they will provide them without much difficulty. These highway gentlemen will not set too high a price on my head; I have a mind to a^c them, ere you leave, what I am worth.

"That will be useless, my dear Monsieur Hermann, it is not they who fix the sum for your ransom."

"Who then?"
 "Their chief—Hadgi-Stavros."
 (To be continued.)

MYSTERY.

I KNOW not if in other's eyes
 She seemed almost divine;
 But far beyond a doubt it lies
 That she did not in mine.

Each common stone on which she trod
 I did not deem a pearl:
 Nay it is not a little odd
 How I abhorred that girl.

We met at balls and picnics oft,
 Or on a drawing-room stair;
 My aunt invariably coughed
 To warn me she was there:

At croquet I was bid remark
 How queenly was her pose,
 As with stern glee she drew the dark
 Blue ball beneath her toes,

And made the Red fly many a foot:
 Then calmly she would stoop,
 Smiling an angel smile, to put
 A partner through his hoop.

At archery I was made observe
 That others aimed more near,
 But none so tenderly could curve
 The elbow round the ear:

Or if we rode, perhaps she *did*
 Pull sharply at the curb;
 But then the way in which she slid
 From horseback was superb!

She'd throw off odes, again, whose flow
 And fire were more than Sapphic;
 Her voice was sweet, and very low;
 Her singing quite seraphic:

She *was* a seraph, lacking wings.
 That much I freely own.
 But it is one of those queer things
 Whose cause is all unknown—

(Such are the wasp, the household fly,
 The shapes that crawl and curl
 By men called centipedes)—that I
 Simply abhorred that girl.

* * *

No doubt some mystery underlies
 All things which are and which are not:
 And 'tis the function of the Wise
 Not to expound to us what is what,

But let his consciousness play round
 The matter, and at ease evolve
 The problem, shallow or profound,
 Which our poor wits have failed to solve,

Then tell us blandly we are fools;
 Whereof we were aware before:
 The truth they taught us at the schools,
 And p'raps (who knows?) a little more.

—But why did we two disagree?
 Our tastes, it may be, did not dovetail
 All I know is, we ne'er shall be
 Hero and heroine of a love-tale.

C. S. C.

THE MARCH TO COOMASSIE.*

A SUSPICION has lately crossed the minds of Englishmen that the enthusiasm which they have lavished upon the troops who returned victoriously from the Gold Coast may have been a trifle in excess of that which the occasion demanded; and, as a consequence, an incipient reaction is beginning to be perceptible in public opinion, which is not only weary of banquets and speeches, but is also conscious that foreigners have been poking cynical fun at the exuberant demonstrations of joy which have been called forth by the success of a three-months' campaign against African savages. It has been already pointed out that the expedition had everything in its favour which could provoke enthusiasm or excite interest. In sustained, but not unduly prolonged, excitement, in the occasional interruptions of communication with the advancing army—pauses provocative of interest because suggestive of disaster—in the real rapidity of execution when the time for action came, and in the display of vigour, force, and success—the expedition was as dramatically complete as it was militarily perfect. We can, if we like, brush away the after-dinner speeches, and obliterate much of the over-adjecuted laudations of public writers; but we shall find that there remains much that is suggestive, a good deal that is grand, and not a little to be proud of, in the march to Coomassie.

"COOMASSIE AND MAGDALA: the Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa." By Henry M. Stanley. (New York: Harper Brothers.)

"THE ASHANTI WAR. A narrative prepared from the Official Documents by permission of Major-General Sir Garnet Wolseley," &c., &c. By Captain Brackenbury, R.A., Assistant Military Secretary to Sir Garnet Wolseley, &c., &c. (Edinburgh & London: William Blackwood & Sons.)

"FANTI AND ASHANTI." By Captains Brackenbury and Huyshe. (Blackwood & Sons.)

Mr. Stanley was, we should imagine, a capital correspondent of the *New York Herald*. No one better could have been found. He knows the palates for which he is catering, and he caters accordingly. But these necessities of his situation, into which he enters *con amore*, do somewhat incapacitate him for the office of historian. To learn the whole and the true story of the campaign, other works must be read, and other authorities must be consulted, besides the bulky volume of this vivacious and keen-sighted correspondent. His book, however, has many excellent points; for Mr. Stanley is observant, indefatigable, and usually writes lucidly as well as candidly; and as he is also a foreigner, and as such does not hesitate to criticize the English operations from a military, political, or national point of view, we shall not do badly if we place ourselves, at least partially, under his guidance on our *Anabasis* from Cape Coast Castle to Coomassie.

We need not accompany our author in the steamship from Liverpool to the Gold Coast, though the voyage had one most important and most enduring influence upon his book; for on board he accidentally came across the "Soldier's Pocket-Book" edited, "to my surprise," he adds, by "Sir Garnet Wolseley." Of this book as a whole, Mr. Stanley is pleased to speak well, though he says, "were the book reviewed bit by bit, there is many a place where Sir Garnet might be hit very strong (*sic*) on tender points;"—a criticism which, considering the relative acquaintance of critic and author with the subject treated of, is certainly much more amusing than damaging. However, in this volume Mr. Stanley discovers that, "if my memory serves me right," Sir Garnet calls correspondents a "curse to modern armies," and this discovery affects the whole tone of the account of

the expedition; for it very evidently affected the "Special's" temper. There are hardly five consecutive pages in which some reference is not made to this opinion of Sir Garnet's, or to his reluctance to communicate items of intelligence to the gentlemen of the press. The author's wrath and scorn, which is always at boiling point, fairly bubbles over when, on one occasion, the Commander-in-Chief, in his advance to Coomassie, telegraphed orders to the *Sarmatian* to steam away to Gibraltar with some important intelligence, without ever informing the correspondents that he intended to do so. Possibly the *Herald* would have been better pleased to have had the news "special" from its own correspondent, but the English public was, we imagine, satisfied with the authenticity of the news vouched for under General Wolseley's own hand. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Stanley should have allowed this vexation to rankle so long in his bosom, and to such an extent tarnish his page. It colours all his views of Sir Garnet's character and deeds, and seems to make it incumbent on him always to speak of the General with a sneer, an insult, or with a faint, unwilling, and damning praise. In re-writing his letters for publication as a book, he would have shown good taste, and rendered his publication far more valuable, if he had suppressed nine-tenths of his grumblings about "the gentlemen of the press."

As we omit the voyage to Africa, so we will also omit the history of the troubles on the Gold Coast as narrated by Mr. Stanley, who has evidently not taken the trouble to get hold of the right end of the thread in the skein that is, it must be confessed, rather a tangled one. That he should have been ignorant of the real causes of the war before he went there is merely saying that he was no better informed than the rest of the world. That he should be unable, after his return, to compile from official and other sources, and personal observations, such a succinct history as would place the important facts

clearly and concisely before the reader, shows either carelessness or incompetence. In the little work "Fanti and Ashanti," by Captains Brackenbury & Huyshe, written and published as it was, hurriedly, so as to meet the then urgent craving felt by the public for some reliable and succinct statement of affairs on the Gold Coast, a far clearer account of the history of the English relations with Ashanti is given than by Mr. Stanley. And in the larger work by one of the same authors, which we have placed at the head of this notice, if not all that can be said, at least all that need be learnt on the subject, is put before us.

It is now sixty-seven years since the great inland Kingdom of Ashanti first came into collision with the English; and it must be confessed that our relations with that people have usually been most unsatisfactory: for, in war as well as diplomacy, we have not only sometimes shown to little advantage, but have frequently been most unmistakably worsted. For several years we not only were the unwilling and helpless witnesses of the tyranny exercised by the Ashantis over the tribes living nominally under our protectorate, but we at one time distinctly recognized the right of the King of Ashanti to a kind of tribute from us. Those old bygones, however, are bygones, and the recent war arose not from any misunderstanding about our treaties, but in consequence of the transfer of the Dutch possessions on the coast to the English. Still, the previously-admitted supremacy of the Ashantis must be borne in mind, as it doubtless was one of the main instigators in their recent attack upon a power over which their traditions told them they had not unfrequently obtained a triumph in the field.

Considering the trouble which had sprung from the divided authority on the Gold Coast—for the various trading and military posts of the English, Dutch and Danes were at one time hopelessly intermingled—the acquisition of the whole

territory by the English not only seemed the natural, but also a most promising solution, of the difficulty. Mr. Stanley, in his imperfect account of the negotiation, omits to notice the extreme care taken by the English Government to have nothing to do with any of the Dutch possessions on which any native potentate, but especially the King of Ashanti, had any lien, or the transfer of which to another protectorate would be unacceptable to the people themselves. The ratification of the treaty between England and Holland was withheld until Colonel Nagtglas produced to the British Governor a renunciation by King Koffee Kallali of all claims upon Elmina, about which there had been some uncertainty. This formal document satisfied the English Government, and the purchase of the Dutch possessions was at last completed. The ink, however—to use the common expression—was hardly dry, when the Ashanti monarch revoked his abnegation of rights over Elmina, and again commenced to interfere in the affairs of the Protectorate. Hence, ostensibly at least, arose the late war, in which we found ourselves saddled with the alliance of a crowd of worthless, cowardly and apathetic “kings” and tribes, who would not help us to help them against the attacks and oppression of a foe in every respect their superior. Mr. Stanley, who is, and perhaps rightly, severe upon the apathy and disregard for the advancement of the country which has marked the period of English rule on the Gold Coast, is much surprised that we should have adopted as allies the Fantees, that “miserable and worthless tribe.” But he answers his own surprise by naïvely saying, “It may be said, in justice to the English, that they could not help themselves; that they found the Fantees in possession of the country and of Cape Coast itself, and had no right to displace them for the Ashantis or any other people; that such a course on their part would have been the grossest injustice. It is true the English could not have done

this arbitrary act without incurring great guilt:” and, this being the case, it does not speak highly for Mr. Stanley’s own ideas of justice, that he should be so “surprised” that the English had not thrown over a people to whom circumstances, and not their own choice, had bound them. Few things, however, stand out clearer, as we read the official documents bearing upon affairs at the Gold Coast, than the constantly repeated desire of the English Government to facilitate, rather than obstruct, the intercourse of the Ashantis with the sea-board. The latter have been likened to the Montenegrins—a resolute, liberty-loving people, anxious for an outlet on the coast by which to prosecute peaceful trade and develop their own resources. The simile is but too flattering to the Ashantis, and is, besides, utterly beside the truth. The English have encouraged them to trade, but they have never approached the sea except as marauders, destroying all within their reach, asserting claims over, and imposing tribute upon, all adjacent tribes, and mainly desirous of a chance of purchasing arms and ammunition by which to maintain the by no means beneficent supremacy which they had obtained.

However, we do not wish to enter into the complex history of our connection with Ashanti. Behold us now—the autumn of 1873—brought face to face with the fact that, at a moment when it was unexpected, and with a force with which the local authorities found themselves quite incapable of coping, the Ashanti army crossed the Prah, the dividing line between their own territory and the Protectorate; and, deriving support either from the sympathy of those who aided them, or from the plunder of those who were hostile to them, they advanced almost without opposition up to the very walls of Elmina and Cape Coast Castle itself.

When the British Government became convinced that, in spite of Colonel Harley’s assurances, and in opposition to Mr. Pope

Hennessey's opinions, a real and very serious Ashanti war was on their hands, they immediately, and wisely, decided on combining the civil and military power on the Gold Coast in the hands of one competent officer, and such an officer they found in Colonel Sir Garnet Wolseley, who was sent out to administer the Government, and to act as Major-General on the Coast. So great was the reluctance to expose European soldiers to the deadly climate of the Coast—of which indeed the effects had fatally manifested themselves on the few marines who had been sent out to assist Colonel Harley—that no white troops accompanied the General, although every possible preparation was made beforehand, so that no time should be lost if, after visiting the scene of action, Sir Garnet reported that the native forces were unequal to the task of crushing the Ashantis. That they would be unequal to it he had no hesitation in very speedily deciding. He landed at Cape Coast Castle on the 3rd Oct., and on the 13th he wrote a long despatch reporting that without three English regiments it would be impossible to carry out the wishes and fulfil the expectations of the Home Government. Late on Nov. 17th this despatch reached London; a Cabinet Council was summoned; and the same evening orders were telegraphed to the *Himalaya* and *Tamar* to start at once with the 23rd Fusiliers and the Rifle Brigade. These ships sailed on the 19th and the 21st, and the 42nd Highlanders, who were selected when Sir Garnet's application for a third battalion was received, sailed on Dec. 4th in the Allan steamer *Sarmatian*.

At the date of Sir Garnet Wolseley's arrival the Ashantis had overrun the Protectorate, and were within a few miles of Cape Coast Castle and Elmina. A few miles N. of the latter, which is itself about 12 miles E. of the former town, was a large Ashanti camp, which was drawing supplies from the disaffected or terrified villages on the coast. On the 13th Oct.—ten days after his arrival

—the General, who had carefully laid, and as carefully concealed, his plans, steamed off at midnight for Elmina, whence at day-break, with a miscellaneous force of Houssas, labourers, part of 2nd W. I. Regiment, a few blue-jackets, and about 150 marines, he commenced his march against Essaman, where an Ashanti outpost was established. The enemy was not discovered until, in a path through thick bush, a Houssa was shot, the muzzle of the musket almost touching his body. Then a fusillade began on all sides at once, and it was with the greatest difficulty that our men, English as well as native, could be restrained from uselessly firing away all their ammunition. The enemy tried his usual tactics of turning the flank and attacking the rear; but discipline, the Snider, and a 7-pounder gun soon made themselves felt, and the Ashantis fled. Several other villages were visited, but they had been deserted, and were burnt. It was in this trifling action, in which all the Staff were personally engaged, that Colonel M'Neill—so well known to many of us—was dangerously wounded. The result, however, of the day's work was very important. It gave confidence to our allies; it taught the Ashantis that we were not afraid to follow them into the bush, and in their own warfare and on their own ground were their superiors; while it also proved that Europeans, if carefully handled, will stand a long day's work on the Coast—many of the men having marched 21 miles.

Having thus cleared his left flank—for the Ashanti army made at once a retrograde movement—and trusting to Capt. Glover to make all secure on his right flank, the General concentrated his attention and resources upon preparing a road inland over which the European troops could, on their arrival, march to the Prah and thence invade Ashanti. Without maps, without any Intelligence Department, with but very few dependable men, and only a handful of officers under his command, and with an

extreme scarcity of labourers—a difficulty that increased daily until it nearly ruined the expedition—it was a work of enormous labour to push forward road-works and to fortify the necessary posts in a country where the climate was so deadly, and where, to the deep swamps and impenetrable jungle, was added the obstacle of a watchful and blood-thirsty foe. England has showered honours and lavished an enthusiastic welcome on the regiments that took part in the campaign; but the real hard work was endured by those few officers who landed on the Coast in October. By them the whole details were organized, the roads made, the native “kings” brought to have some faint comprehension of what we expected of them, native levies were raised, drilled, and taught confidence and steadiness—and all in the face of an enemy, and an enervating, if not deadly, climate. The most disheartening work of all fell to the share of those officers who were sent as emissaries to the various Kings and Chiefs, from whom it was hoped, if not expected, that material assistance could be obtained. The same story is told by all of them—first evasions, then promises, then evasions again, and, lastly, a point blank refusal to move, or a confession that he was unable to control his subjects, were the invariable tactics of each of their sable majesties. That *anything* at all was obtained from such allies is much to the credit of those by whose tact, forbearance, and firmness, such results as were obtained were brought about. “I had the greatest trouble with him,” writes Lieut. Graves, of King Akinnie of Acoomfie, “as he is a true type of the lazy, palm-wine-drinking, good-for-nothing African, who, like all the other native princes, has got the idea into his head that the European officers are to do all the real hard work of running all over the country collecting troops, while his majesty lies all day on his back smoking and drinking. Their total apathy, indifference, and want of energy, is almost maddening at times.” And the King of

Acoomfie may be taken as a fair specimen of his class.

Notwithstanding all this, however, native forces were gradually raised—one battalion being placed under the command of Colonel Evelyn Wood, and the other under Major Russell. The most successful corps were Captain Raitt's Houssa Battery and Lieut. Gordon's Houssa Company, of which we shall hear again before we reach Coomassie. The former became in a few weeks so efficient that the detachment of the Royal Artillery which arrived from England in the *Sarmatian*, was never sent up to the front; and in all the trans-Prah actions “Raitt's guns” were always in the thickest of the fight, and, especially at Amoafu, contributed most materially to the success of the day. Lieut. Gordon seems to possess naturally a wonderful power of controlling and gaining the confidence of the natives. In pushing unsupported to the front, in holding advanced posts, in fording or swimming rivers in search of the enemy or in quest of intelligence, “Gordon's Houssas” became the crack corps of all the native levies. Among the subordinate officers employed in the Ashanti war, no names stand out clearer in the record than those of Raitt, Gordon, Lord Gifford, and Sartorius.

After the fight at Essaman, the Ashantis commenced a retreat in an E. direction, towards the main road between Cape Coast Castle and the Prah. Along this road our working parties had advanced as far as Dunquah, some 20 miles, whilst a post had been fortified at Abrakampa, about 15 miles from the coast, and lying a few miles to W. of the road. On the 28th Oct., a fortnight after Essaman, an advance was planned from both Abrakampa and Dunquah, with the hope that, the one force marching N., and the other W., they might, near the point of intersection of their two routes, attack the retreating enemy both in front and rear. But, owing to the refusal of some native allies to march, the manoeuvre was only partially successful. Most of the sailors and marines,

the only available white troops, were again embarked, and the native forces were at the front almost without support, when the Ashantis made a most determined attack upon Abrakampa, lasting from 4 p.m. till after midnight. The General collected all the available forces and started from Cape Coast Castle to reinforce the garrison. Major Russell, however, had successfully repelled the attack, though he was still in danger and unable to make any aggressive movement. As soon as the new arrivals recovered the effects of the terribly fatiguing march—necessarily made in the hottest of the day—from the coast, attacking parties were sent out, and by them the already-commenced retreat of the enemy was converted into a flight. For some days “touch” of the retreating foe was altogether lost, and work was resumed on the road, and our outposts reached Mansue, about half way to the Prah, when the enemy was again encountered in some force. His retrograde movement was, however, still being continued, and the officers on the route gave him good reason for accelerating his steps. Caution and ‘dash’ were demanded of all employed on this service, as there was no possibility of always detecting the presence of the enemy, whose sudden attacks threw the native levies into the most uncontrolled dismay. Once, at Faysowah, Colonel Wood was obliged to retire before an overwhelming force; but the coolness and vigour of the staff officers soon restored confidence to the disordered Houssas, Kossoos, and Assins, of whom our column was composed. As no more white troops could be sent to Colonel Wood’s assistance, extreme caution became necessary; but events subsequently proved that the Faysowah action had had a more demoralizing effect upon Amanquatia’s troops than upon our own allies. Our advance was steadily pushed on until, on Dec. 10, Captain Butler reached the Prah, and found that the whole Ashanti army had recrossed into their own land.

And thus ends the first scene in the Gold Coast drama. Within two months from his arrival Sir Garnet Wolseley and his Staff had, without further assistance than a few men—never exceeding 200—from the fleet, organized a local force and conducted a campaign which resulted in the discomfiture of the large Ashanti army; and before an English regiment appeared on the coast, the Protectorate was relieved of the presence of the enemy.

Pending the arrival of these troops life was naturally uneventful to the unfortunate “Correspondents” at Cape Coast Castle. To Mr. Stanley, chafing as he did under the reserve with which the General and all his Staff thought it desirable to guard their plans, existence became almost intolerable, and so he determined on a trip down the coast—that is to the eastward—in a small steam launch which his employers had placed at his disposal, in order that he might obtain some information of the whereabouts and the proceedings of Commander Glover. This officer, who had been Administrator at Lagos, and had made himself well acquainted with the country and the tribes in its rear, had offered his services to the Government, and had been deputed to raise a force at Accrah and Addah, and then to chastise some refractory tribes on or near the Volta: up which river he was then to proceed and, with his native allies, create a diversion in favour of our main advance from Cape Coast Castle by entering the Ashanti territory from the W. Mr. Stanley’s first expedition as far as Accrah was uninteresting, though he gives us a few graphic sketches; as for instance, this one of scenery on the coast:—

“By hugging the shore closely we were enabled to detect beauties that are never seen by passengers travelling on the steamers. Tiny nut-brown villages, modestly hiding under a depth of green plantain fronds and stately silk cotton trees, which upheld their glorious crowns of vivid green foliage more than fifty feet above the tallest palm tree: depths of shrubbery wherein every plant struggled for life and breathing-space with its neighbour, through which

the eyes in vain attempted to penetrate beyond a few feet ; tracts of tall wavy grasses, tiger spear, and cane, fit lurking places for any beasts of prey, varied by bosky dells, lengthy, winding ravines literally choked with vegetation, and hills on the slope of which, perhaps, rested the village of a timid, suspicious sub-tribe."

In a second trip down the coast, Mr. Stanley was fortunate enough to find the object of his search at Addah Fork. Despite his anxiety to see Captain Glover, the correspondent, American though he is, seems to have been beaten in a dressing-race in the morning, for before he was out of his tent the famous "Golibar" was off and at work. However, Mr. Stanley started in pursuit, and "soon discerned the sturdy form of Governor Glover striding hither and thither, and recognized his cool, calm voice giving orders. He was superintending personally the loading of the *Lady of the Lake* for an up-river trip with ammunition ; he was giving orders to a blacksmith ; he was shewing a carpenter what his day's duties were to be ; he was speaking to the engineer about his boilers ; he was telling the coloured captain at what hour to be ready, and what sand-bars to avoid ; he was assisting a man to lift a box of ammunition on his shoulders ; he was listening to a Yoruba's complaint about some unfairness in the distribution of accoutrements ; he was inspecting the crews of the steam launches ; he was directing some of the steamboat men how to treat wild bullocks ; he was questioning the commissariat officers about supplies ; he was rebuking the Accra king, Tarkey, for the dilatoriness of his men ; he was specifying the day's duties to a Houssa sergeant—he was here, there, and everywhere ; alert, active, prompt, industrious. He was general-in-chief, quartermaster-general, military secretary, pilot, captain, engineer, general supervisor of all things, overseer over all men, conductor of great and small things—a most remarkable man—and, in short the impellent force of his army."

Such a man seemed admirably qualified

for the work which had been allotted to him to do ; and it is no wonder that the correspondent, who had been nibbling his pen-top in the languid irritation of enforced idleness at Cape Coast Castle, should become enthusiastic over his hero, whom he not only found hard at work but also most obligingly communicative as to his present deeds and future intentions. In this respect the comparison which Mr. Stanley draws between the frank and talkative "Golibar" and the inaccessible and correspondent-hating Sir Garnet is, of course, to the disadvantage of the latter. But it never seems to have occurred to him that there was any difference either in the responsibilities of the two officers or in the work in which they were engaged. Captain Glover's expedition was intended as a diversion on the left flank of the Ashantis, and the more they heard of the preparations making on the Volta the sooner they would retire from the Protectorate. Sir Garnet's object, especially before the arrival of the white troops, was to mask his intentions so that he might strike sudden blows and make the most of the small force at his disposal.

The lower part of the Volta, like most sluggish rivers in the tropics, is one large unhealthy lagoon, with mangrove bushes "seeming as if they grew on stilts, for so the varied painted stems appear, entangled amongst one another, and disgustingly naked," and "swarming with crocodiles, hippopotami, divers, cranes, pelicans, storks, whydahs, paddy-birds, and ibis by thousands." Pushing through this unhealthy region, they reach Blappah, Glover's highest fort, which is under the command of Capt. Sartorius, who like all his comrades, was sanguine of success, and, as events proved, much underrated the obstacles ahead. Glover's entire force consisted at this time, the middle of December, nominally, of 23,000 men ; but two months had already elapsed since he had reported that he should be ready "to take the field in a

fortnight." General Wolseley wrote to him that the English troops would reach the Prah about January 15th, and that he hoped that Glover's force would also cross the Prah about that day. This he readily undertook to do, "with a force, at the least, of 16,000 effectives;" but on Christmas Eve, the day before the Head-Quarters Staff was to leave Cape Coast Castle for the front, there came a dispatch from the Volta, in which Captain Glover confessed that he could not hope to reach the Prah *within forty days*. Few men better knew the character of the Western African tribes, but even he had not made enough allowance for the dilatoriness, timidity, and generally unsatisfactory character of those whom he had undertaken to lead. It has been asserted by Mr. Stanley and others that General Wolseley did scanty justice to the labours of Captain Glover, whom he is also said to have treated with scant courtesy. But Captain Brackenbury's book shews the reverse to have been the case. It was impossible that a General who had laid his plans in dependance upon the promises of aid voluntarily made to him should not feel some annoyance when weeks and months passed and the promises remained unfulfilled. But Sir Garnet constantly wrote to and of Captain Glover in the most friendly terms, and Captain Brackenbury, while describing the first collapse of his force, speaks thus of him: "Nowhere could a man be found more thoroughly and completely capable of dealing with these men than Captain Glover. His indomitable energy, his personal courage, his tact and knowledge of native character, made him unrivalled in such a task; but all these qualities were spent in vain and broken to pieces, like waves upon a rock, when they encountered the hopeless character with which they were now brought into contact." The work which Captain Glover did accomplish, and its effects upon the success of the campaign will appear hereafter.

At last—at last the English troops arriv-

ed, "too late and yet too early," as Capt. Brackenbury says: too late for the blow which might have been struck from the strategic position of Mansu while the Ashantis were in retreat; too early for the advance into Ashanti territory, because, owing to the leisurely manner in which the enemy retired over the last 30 or 40 miles to the Prah, owing to our inability to harass him with native forces only, the completion of the road had necessarily been delayed. General Wolseley had promised not to keep the English regiments a day longer on shore than was absolutely necessary, and, therefore, no sooner had the transports arrived than they were ordered to sea for a fortnight, with instructions to rendezvous at Cape Coast Castle on January 1st. The immense exertion, the indefatigable energy which was required, in order to provide not only a road for these troops, but sleeping accommodation, commissariat stores, and, above all, transport, can only be understood by a careful study of the official reports and the correspondents' letters. It was a work of enormous difficulty, and at times it became absolutely impossible to maintain a sufficient and regular supply of porters along the line of 73 miles from the coast to Prahsu. Some 500 men were at one time required daily to carry up ammunition alone. None of these men could be trusted to work except under supervision; each must work with his own tribe, and Europeans could not possibly distinguish the tribes—even with so-called interpreters the means of communication were limited; then half the men would desert; the other half would refuse to march; and so on. Of course, when the troops landed and the demand for transport was trebled, the difficulty was more than trebled, and the whole expedition *very nearly* failed in consequence. Men of a W. I. regiment were utilized as bearers, and the 42nd Highlanders themselves volunteered to carry up stores.

Having made every possible arrangement

for the march, and entrusted the duty of landing the troops to his Brigadier, Sir Archibald Alison, General Wolseley and Staff left the Coast on Dec. 27th.

The instructions which were at this time issued for the regulation of the march, for the health of the troops, for their guidance in action, concerning the treatment of native allies, &c., were as comprehensive as they were simple and admirable. Everything seems to have been not only thought of, but *thought out*; routine was ignored, and the best way to do the best thing was alone considered. It was at this moment, when time was of supreme importance—for the season was already far advanced—and when every movement had been timed and calculated to a nicety, that Capt. Glover reported his utter inability to carry out his promised advance. The only thing to do was to direct him to give up all his intended operations against the tribes on the E. of the Volta, and to march with such forces as he *could* rely upon to the Prah. At Inquibim, the first halting-place, "we have for the first time," says Mr. Stanley, "an idea how the British Government can and does take care of its troops. Accommodations for sleeping, in the shape of immense sheds thickly thatched and walled with plantain leaves arranged symmetrically, are constructed, to relieve the soldiers from further labour upon arrival in camp. Under these sheds are long platforms of split bamboo, raised a couple of feet above the earth to prevent the tired men from throwing themselves upon the ground, as they arrive hot and perspiring from their march. Opposite these sheds are the spacious huts constructed for the reception of stores and for the accommodation of control and regimental officers. In the centre of the camp is an open shelter, covering an enormous iron tank weighing about two tons, which contains a filter invented by Captain Crease, R.M.A. One of its qualities is, that it filters beautifully clear water as fast as it may be required. The tank

contains many hundred gallons of water. By this provident measure the thirsty troops are saved from the inconvenience and illness consequent upon drinking the unfiltered water of these parts, the properties of which have an exceedingly bad effect upon the constitution of Europeans." Arrangements identical with those at Inquibim had been made at all the stations up to the banks of the Prah.

"From Cape Coast to Mansu, the land, stripped of its thick garniture of forest and jungle, would appear to be undulating; some land-waves higher than others, some troughs or dells deeper than others; but there is a general uniformity of undulation, all of which is covered with forest undergrowth of all tropical trees and plants. This intense block-like mass of vegetation spreads out on each side of the road, and the road, shaded by the commingling and embracing branches, is more like a tunnel than a highway."*

"When the first two stages from Cape Coast had been passed, we left the region of low bush and entered that of the primeval forest. In fifteen or twenty miles from the coast the absence of the dead shade of the great forest trees allows of the growth of many brilliant and beautiful flowers—convolvuluses of almost every colour that can be imagined, from the darkest purple to the palest saffron; passion flowers, brilliant scarlet spikes on a plant with foliage like a young plantain; delicately-scented mauve-coloured sweet peas, and rich orange bell-shaped flowers upon a kind of tree-hibiscus. As we entered the great forest this profusion of flowers ceased, and we came upon the region of orchids and ferns. There was no botanist among our party, and science has lost an opportunity of registering the wonderful beauties of this great primeval African forest—beauties which at first strike the eye as almost marvellous in their grandeur, but which in time become more drearily mono-

* Stanley.

tonous, more oppressive to the spirits, than words can possibly describe. Not one spark of colour ever lights up the endless green. Sometimes in the dismal swamps grand white lilies are to be seen, but never anything brighter; never is there one gay hue. To live from day to day always shut in by this dense wall of foliage on either side, always the same dark green, always the same luxuriant growth of huge ferns, palms and creepers interlaced and tangled in a thousand weird forms—for days and weeks never to catch a glimpse of a real horizon—always enclosed by these walls, which none the less imprison because they are of leaves and not of stone—to live thus palls upon the senses with a deadly and depressing weight.

“Our morning marches were often commenced before the dawn, in the dead stillness of the night; and it was strange to walk on in advance and hear the great forest wake. For an hour or so before dawn the most absolute silence reigns, but just before the first glimmer of light is perceptible it appears as though everything commenced to move, and as if life existed where no sign of life is to be seen. Indescribable sounds, mysterious rustlings are to be heard; and if one listens intently it seems as though one could hear the very pulse of nature beating. Then with a rush comes the light, and with the light the noises become more distinct.”*

Along this forest-road, whose streams had been bridged, morasses made passable, and dense bush cleared away, the troops commenced their march on January 1. The Rifle Brigade were landed first. At 1.45 a.m. the first man got into the boats of the *Himalaya*; at 3.20 the last man marched from the beach, and at 6.35 the whole of the men and baggage had arrived at Inquibim.

The 42nd Highlanders followed, but owing to the impossibility of providing transport only a small detachment of the 23rd R. W. Fusiliers was landed; while the

Royal Artillery were kept on board because Capt. Raitt's Houssa Battery had arrived at such a state of efficiency that English gunners were not needed. “I witnessed,” writes Stanley from Prahsu, “the evolutions of the Houssa force yesterday, as conducted by Capt. Raitt, and I must candidly confess that few European artillerymen could have gone through them in better style; they certainly could not have done so well under the hot sun in which the Houssas worked.”

General Wolseley reached Prahsu on the 2nd January, “mounted in solitary state on the top of a light buggy, which had been drawn all the way from Cape Coast by six strong Fantees;” and on the same day the town-crier of Coomassie was brought in by our outpost from across the river with letters from the King. The envoys were detained until some white troops arrived, and then, after witnessing the performance of the Gatling gun, they were sent away with Sir Garnet's reply to his Majesty—which required the immediate release of all the white captives, the payment of an indemnity of 50,000 oz. of gold, and an agreement to sign a treaty of peace at the capital. On the 12th another letter was received from the King, who sent down Mr. Kühne, the German missionary, as an earnest of his wish for peace, and besought the General not to advance into the Ashanti kingdom. To this the General replied, that without the delivery of all the captives, and of hostages as guarantees of his good faith, no attention could be paid to the King's request.

Before the bridge was thrown across the Prah by the engineers, Russell's and Wood's regiments had been already for several days occupying advanced posts on the road to Coomassie before any white troops were pushed forward. The delay was owing, as usual, to the insufficiency of transport; the men detailed for regimental service having been from necessity taken to carry up stores and ammunition from the coast. It had been intended to lay down a narrow gauge

* Brackenbury.

railway for part of the distance, and indeed the locomotives and six miles of rails were sent out ; but as the country proved to be obviously unsuited for such an undertaking being carried out in the limited time allowed for the expedition, the remainder of the stock was counter-ordered. It struck Canadians as extraordinary, when the English army was starving and freezing on the bleak Crimean plateau, between which and its base of supplies there stretched six miles of impassable slough, that no one had the sense to send out a few cargoes of planks and construct a plank road from Balaclava to the front. So, in this case, a plank road even as far as Mansu would, with or without a supply of quadrupeds, have overcome half the difficulty of transport.

The first European troops that crossed the Prah were the Naval Brigade, but the advance into the unknown roadless country was entrusted to the native forces. Foremost of all went Lord Gifford's scouts, with orders to "feel for" the enemy in every direction, but not to attack him unless compelled to do so. Then came Russell's regiment, followed by Raitt's Artillery and Wood's regiment, and that by the 2nd West India Regiment. The greater part of these native corps were left to garrison the various posts on the road, and the white troops advancing through them thus came to the head of the column when it approached the Ashanti forces. Of course the advance corps had to clear the road, make fortifications, and provide quarters for those in rear. "At Akrofoomie, the second trans-Prah station, we found the camp in course of construction. Half-naked black wood-cutters make the place resound with blows of axe and hatchet, others are swarming on the tops of sheds at thatch-work ; others, with spade, shovel and pick, are clearing weeds, grass and dead vegetation away. Busy activity is exemplified by the aspect of labour which the hurrying forms of helmeted officers, and men, black and white, give the scene. In a few

days the scene will be that of an orderly, well-conducted camp, under rigid discipline ; for so quickly do ready hands and skilled minds change and subdue the virgin forest."* Several streams were passed ; the Foomoosie river ran "just like an English trout-stream, boiling clear and bright over rocks, and then falling into deep pools." Moisey, at the foot of the Adansi Hills, is the next station. Then comes the steep pull up the hill-side, 1,260 yards from the foot to the summit. On the latter a clearing was made and occupied by a portion of Wood's regiment. This is the first and only view obtained over Ashanti land, but it contains no point of interest, as nothing could be seen but interminable forest covering the undulating slopes of these spreading hills. Just below them lies the village of Quisa, the first station in the Ashanti kingdom.

So far the advance had been unimpeded. On more than one occasion Lord Gifford had been confronted by a small body of Ashantis who warned him not to advance, but they themselves retreated, having their arms reversed in token of their not being at liberty to attack him. On the 23rd January another letter was received by Sir Garnet from Quisa, in which the King promised to pay the indemnity, but begged that the English forces might not advance any further. He also sent down all the other white prisoners, M. Bonnat, a French merchant, and Mr. and Mrs. Ramseyer and their two children. One of the objects of the expedition had thus been accomplished. The General, however, did not accede to the King's request for delay. He stated distinctly his intention of reaching Coomassie—as a friend, if the King agreed to his terms ; as a conquering enemy if he rejected them. The Ashanti army, after its return from the Protectorate had disbanded, and it was owing to that circumstance that our occupation of such a strong position as the Adansi Hills had not

* Stanley.

been opposed. Now, however, the King was assembling his troops—whence his intense desire to delay the advance of his foes. The advance, of course, was continued; and at this moment despite all the disappointments that had been experienced, some encouraging news was now received from the columns that were intended to operate on the east of the main body. Captain Butler had, with immense labour, induced a few native kings to follow him—just enough to make the Ashantis believe that an attack was to be made in that quarter; while still further east Captain Glover, loyally conforming to the General's instructions, against his own opinion and in the face of great difficulties, did actually cross the Prah on the 15th inst., although with a force numbering only 750 men; with which, however, though with very small supplies both of food and ammunition, he continued valiantly his march for Coomassie. Captain Dalrymple was in the meantime trying, but with scant success, to push forward a column of native levies to the west of the main advance.

On the 24th January headquarters reached Fommanah, and remained there four days until sufficient stores could be collected for a further advance. On the 29th the march was resumed; more letters were received from the King begging for delay, and it did not need Mr. Dawson's ingenious warning—"Please see 2 Cor. chap. ii., ver. 11"—to make the General see through the insincerity of his professed desire for peace. The reply sent was to the effect that no further halt would be made till the terms were complied with or Coomassie was reached. Writing from Fommanah: Mr. Stanley says "You will naturally ask what an Ashanti house is like. The house wherein my press colleagues and myself are lodged may be taken as a fair specimen of Ashanti architecture. Externally this house presents us with four houses, each of which is about ten feet long by six wide, standing corner to corner, and enclosing a quadrangle. Abutting against two

of these houses are two others of similar size joined together by a wall of mud and pierced by a doorway which admits you into the outer court, or court of reception; for the inner court is evidently devoted to family uses, or for retirement and privacy. The exterior of the house is plain and unpretending, but on entering the court-yard we are at once struck with the fact that a strangely original people have been found in the Ashantis. We lift our eyes to the walls and elevated alcove, and are astonished at the immaculate cleanliness of it and the elaborate ideas of ornamentation which they possess. For the height of three feet above the ground the walls are painted an ochrish red colour, and so is the floor, but above this they are of a waxen white, covered their entire length and breadth with designs in alto-relievo half an inch thick; cornices are set off with many grooves, friezes with singularly bold diamond-shaped designs with embossed centres; the pediments are something of the Ionic order, severely plain and square, the walls with intricate scroll-work relieved by corollas in alternate squares. * * *

Close by our house is a shady spot, formed by two banian trees, a gum tree and a palm tree, railed round and enclosing a circular space which I have no doubt is devoted to fetich uses. The altar is composed of poles lashed together, resting on forked uprights. The sacred vessels consist of the bottom of a glass bottle, an earless mug, and a very ancient china tea-cup. Bits of cloth, rag, cotton and twine, form the only approach to hangings; splashes of cornmeal-water mark the trees over which the fetich priest flung his consecrated liquid."

A reconnoissance to Borborassie brought on the first brush with the Ashantees, and the first loss on our side—that of Captain Nicol—since crossing the Prah. On the 30th it became abundantly clear that the oft-repeated rumours of the intention of King Koffee Kallali to strike one desperate blow for his kingdom at the village of

Amoaful were correct, and on the following morning the troops marched out of camp fully prepared for action. Nor did they wait long. Preceded by Gifford's scouts, the 42nd Highlanders led the advance; followed by the 23rd and the Rifle Brigade. The left flanking column, consisting of some sailors and Russell's Regiment, was commanded by Colonel McLeod: the right, containing more sailors and Wood's regiment, by Colonel Wood. It would be impossible to convey an accurate or intelligible account of the fierce battle that ensued, in the limited space at our command. The main column found that the road on which it was advancing soon descended into a swamp, on the other side of which rose a steep hill. On this high ground, which swept round to the left in a semi-circle round the swamp, the Ashantees had well chosen their position, and they defended it with great skill and gallantry. The advance of the 42nd was made under a hot fire from all sides, the road being through dense bush; but ground was gained every minute. The left column, having to clear its own way through the bush, necessarily made slower progress, but Col. McLeod succeeded in gaining the crest of the hill and clearing out the enemy. It was while leading on the engineer labourers to clear the bush for the advance of this column, that Captain Buckle, R. E., was shot through the heart. Meanwhile, the right column had found the bush too thick to allow of its advance much beyond the village of Egginassie. As a consequence, the Highlanders, forcing the enemy back in the centre, became separated from their flanking columns, and the Ashantees penetrated to their rear. However, communication was speedily re-established by reinforcements which were sent forward by the Major-General. The success of the passage across the swamp was mainly due to the admirable practice made by Capt. Raitt's Houssa guns, which poured rounds into the thickest masses of the enemy whenever a

position could be found favourable for their use. The action began soon after daybreak, and it was half-past 12 before the Brigadier reported that Amoaful, the village in rear of the position, and the highest point on the hill, had been taken by the 42nd. The left flank of this position was at this time tolerably well cleared of the enemy, and Col. McLeod had struck in to the main road in rear of the 42nd. But the right was entirely "in the air," Col. Wood's column being still hotly engaged. But by two o'clock the action here too was over. Defeated by our main attack, the Ashantees now tried the effect of harassing our rear and breaking our communications. Insarfū was threatened, and a most determined attack was made on Quarman, which continued all night and part of the next day, but the garrison, having been reinforced from front and rear, beat off the enemy.

The next day, February 1st, the large village of Becquah, lying to the left of the road, was cleared of the enemy, chiefly by Lord Gifford's scouts. It was more particularly for his gallantry on this occasion that that young officer was awarded the Victoria Cross. The action, owing to the dash with which the scouts carried the village, was short, the main body of the troops not having been employed at all. During the day a good deal of fighting ran along the line of communication between Amoaful and the three posts next in rear. In the afternoon, the enemy having been beaten at all points, the Rifle Brigade was ordered up to the front. The next morning, with Russell's regiment in front, supported by the Rifles, a further advance was made, and, with little resistance, Agemmamu was reached at noon; and here General Wolesley determined to halt for the day, though his advanced posts, later in the day, occupied Adwabin. A great deal of difficulty was experienced in bringing up the supplies, as nearly every convoy had to run the gauntlet of a fire from Ashantis in the bush. A good deal of bag-

gage was lost. A very determined attack was made on Fommanah, a village which was too large for defence by the small garrison left there. The indefatigable Colonel Colley, the head of the transport department, had gone back there to look after some convoys, and found the place very hotly attacked. Capt. North, 47th Regiment, was very badly wounded here; but the enemy was eventually repulsed. Four days' supplies were now collected at Agemamamu, and Colonel Colley having undertaken that in five days a fresh convoy should arrive at that place, the General decided upon making his further advance upon Coomassie as a flying column. The English soldiers were asked whether they would undertake to make their rations for four days last, if necessary, for six, and they all responded cheerfully and willingly to the request.

It was evident that the defeat at Amoaful had dispirited the Ashantis, and there were signs all along the road that the retreat of of the King's army had been something very like a flight. Their faith in fetich seemed to cling to them to the last. "Each village had its human sacrifice lying in the middle of the path. The sacrifice was of either sex, sometimes a young man, sometimes a woman. The head, severed from the body, was turned to meet the advancing enemy, the body was evenly laid out with the feet toward Coomassie. This laying out in this manner meant, no doubt—*Regard this face, ye white man, ye whose feet are hurrying on to our capital, and learn the fate awaiting you.*"* But still the Ashantis did not trust only to such obstacles to stop the advance of the English. Between Adwabin and the Ordah river, on the 3rd February, a severe fire was opened on the head of the column; but the river bank was won, and, a footing on the stream secured, Russell's regiment, which behaved remarkably well, was pushed

across, the water being waist deep, and under cover of the work which they threw up on the other side, the Engineers, under Major Home, immediately commenced the construction of a bridge. That night the force bivouacked on the bank of the river, and a most uncomfortable night it must have been, as the rain fell steadily, and, all the baggage having been left behind, no one had a change of clothing. During the march on this day another appeal for delay was received from the King, but, being no more satisfactory than before, the answer merely announced Sir Garnet's intention to march to Coomassie.

At 7 a.m. on Feb. 4th, the column passed the scarcely-finished bridge, and then began one of the most interesting and dashing of modern fights. Five hundred yards in advance of the village of Ordahsu the enemy was posted in force. Russell's men were first engaged, but as they threw themselves down to fire and did not gain ground as rapidly as pleased Colonel McLeod, he passed some of the Rifle Brigade to the front, and speedily carried the village. It was here that Lieut. Eyre was killed. The enemy, broken in front, wheeled round and made a most determined onslaught upon our right flank, but still the advance continued. The baggage and supplies were all ordered up to the captured village, and as they passed, the detachments that had been holding the road as far as the river were drawn in, "and the enemy allowed to close, with shouts and war songs, round our rear, Russell's regiment being formed across the road in rear of the village. One loud sustained war-shout from the enemy told us of their rejoicing at seizing our communications and cutting us off, as they believed, from our bridge and our camp, which by this time a body of them had entered, destroying the shelter huts constructed on the previous night."†

* Stanley.

† Brackenbury.

However, the self-contained little army cared no more for its communications. It meant to be in Coomassie that night, and in Coomassie it was. The 42nd was now sent to the front, the Rifles being fatigued, and the final advance began. To disregard flank attacks, and to march on at all hazards, was the order. The new tactics of "marching past ambuscades with salutes of bullets on either flank," were evidently beyond the experience of the Ashantis. We cannot do better than quote the Brigadier's (Sir Archibald Alison's) report of Colonel McLeod's advance: "Placing himself at their head, he gave the word to advance. I accompanied him with my staff. On first debouching from the village, a tremendous fire was opened on the head of the column from a well-planned and strong ambuscade, six men being knocked over in an instant. But the flank companies worked steadily through the bush; the leading company in the path sprung forward with a cheer; the pipes struck up, and the ambuscade was at once carried. Then followed one of the finest spectacles I have ever seen in war. Without stay or stop, the 42nd rushed on cheering, their pipes playing, their officers to the front; ambuscade after ambuscade was successfully carried, village after village won in succession, till the whole Ashantis broke and fled in the wildest disorder down the pathway, on their front to Coomassie. The ground was covered with traces of their flight. Umbrellas and war-chains of their chiefs, drums, muskets, killed and wounded, covered the whole way, and the bush was trampled on each side as if a torrent had rushed through it. No pause took place until a village was reached about four miles from Coomassie, when the absolute exhaustion of the men rendered a short halt necessary. So swift and unbroken was the advance of the 42nd, that neither Raitts' guns nor the Rifle Brigade in support were ever brought into action."

As at Amoafu, so at Ordahsu, the Ashantis had chosen their ground and laid their

plans well, and against a less determined advance they might have been successful. Throughout all the fighting, the enemy was only once seen at all in force in the open; Lieut. Hart witnessed some 150 men entering a clearing. "Their arms were all sloped; every man was closed up to what we call fronting distance; their pace was quite regular, though much slower than our quick march, and except for that, and the fact that they were all talking, they moved as do our best-drilled soldiers." Their attacks on our flank and rear were prepared beforehand, as a large clearing was found, concealed by a belt of bush, in which they massed a large body of men for this purpose.

General Wolseley continued to hold the village of Ordahsu, which was incessantly attacked by the enemy on all sides, until he received positive information of the success of Colonel McLeod's advance. This news on being received was communicated to the troops and translated to the natives, and "they raised such a ringing cheer, that almost as by magic, the enemy's fire ceased and not another shot was fired by him. He knew that cheer could have but one meaning, lost heart, and gave up the game."*

Then the whole force advanced. The last report from the Brigadier told Sir Garnet he had taken all the villages but the last; and very soon that fell too. Two piteous letters from Mr. Dawson, a captive, were received, begging for delay, but the General's sole reply was "push on." Little resistance was offered at the last; the foe was dispirited, crushed and vanquished. The King had directed the defence from Ahkanwassi, two miles in rear of Ordahsu, where on a golden stool under the shade of plantain leaves, he awaited the issue, until the steady advance of the Highlanders, and the near-singing of the Snider bullets, told his Majesty that neither fetich, diplomatic arts, nor Brummagem arms had availed him aught, and that

* Brackenbury.

his power was broken and gone. Then he took himself off, retreating with the semblance of his army, no one knew where. At 5.30 the head of the column entered Coomassie, and when, three quarters of an hour later, Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived, he found the 42nd drawn up quietly on parade in the great market-place, which rang with three hearty cheers for Her Majesty the Queen.

And so the goal was reached. Of subsequent events we must refrain from saying much, as this article has already far exceeded the intended limits. The General's first care was, after billeting the troops, to take means to send a letter to the King, and that pithy epistle was despatched, which commenced thus:—"King! you have deceived me; but I have kept my promise to you. I am in Coomassie;" and in which again an offer was made of concluding a treaty. No definite reply was received to this letter, though several messages purporting to come from the King were delivered during the next day. However, His Majesty did not put in an appearance; no one knew, or would tell, where he was, and no hostages were sent in. We were in Coomassie, but even that success did not compel the King to come to terms. What was to be done? General Wolseley decided that unless the King came in on the 5th of February, the next morning the retreat should commence, and the town should be burnt. For thus deciding he has been severely criticized. Events subsequently proved that the rain which fell so plentifully on the night of the 4th was not really the beginning of the wet season; and also that the Ashanti army was thoroughly broken up, and that the King was really anxious to make peace. Still there can be no doubt that Sir Garnet was justified in thinking he had ample reason for deciding as he did. Major Russell reported, on the 5th, that the bridge over the Ordah was 18 inches under water, and the stream still rising. The rations with the force were only sufficient for two or three days more, and it was then

uncertain whether more convoys could push through. "It was out of the question," says Captain Brackenbury, "to undertake any operation that might involve another battle, because any increment to our list of sick and wounded would have placed it beyond our power to move them back to Agemmamu, as there would neither have been hammocks nor bearers sufficient for the purpose." Prize agents were therefore appointed, and a limited amount of loot was allowed to be sent down to the coast. Then the engineers were set to work to mine the Palace. All that night they worked unceasingly, and when the troops began their march at six next morning, the work was not finished. A party was told off to fire the town. A full hour had elapsed since the main body marched off. "Anxiety was exhibited by those remaining with the rear guard at the great delay in the firing of the mines at the palace, and the distance which in consequence existed between the main body and the 42nd, which was to follow: but no such anxiety was shown by Col. McLeod. The same quiet demeanour was shown here as under the enemy's hottest fire, and he remained behind the rear company till the party of Sappers and the last Engineer labourer had passed to the front. At nine o'clock he rose and waved his hand: it was the signal for the front company to march, and Coomassie was left a heap of smoking ruins."*

Into the wisdom or the necessity of this deed we cannot now enquire. Sir Garnet halted for some days at Foinmanah, where the envoys from the King overtook him, and paid an instalment of 1,000 oz. of gold dust, and the draft of a treaty was agreed upon. The camp at this place was suddenly startled one day by the sudden appearance of Capt. Sartorius. This gallant officer had led the advance of Glover's force from the Volta across the Prah, to within a few miles of Coomassie, where his chief had sent him on,

* Brackenbury.

in ignorance of General Wolseley's achievements and whereabouts, to open communication with the main column. As he rode on he learnt that Sir Garnet had begun his retreat; but with only 20 men he pushed on, passed unmolested though the smoking ruins of the capital, and overtook, on the 12th, Headquarters at Fommanah. On that day Captain Glover himself reached Coomassie, after one of the most wonderful marches on record. Hurrying on, in obedience to his superior's orders, he crossed the Prah on the day on which he was instructed to do so, though he had only 750 men with him, many of them being almost worthless, while his stores of ammunition and supplies were almost nothing. It was well established afterwards that this diversion had exercised a material influence on the

success of the campaign, as a large body of Ashantis were detailed to watch Glover's advance. The apparently abortive expeditions of Captain Butler and Captain Dalrymple had also produced the same effect; a large force having been detached from the main army to watch the lines along which these officers were supposed to be advancing. Captain Glover falling in to the main road, brought up, as it were, the rear of the army of invasion. As he passed along, the stores were cleared out at each station, the fortified posts dismantled, and all that could not be moved destroyed. On the 21st of February the last troops reached the bridgehead at Prahsu. On the 23rd they were withdrawn across the river, and the bridge over the Prah was then destroyed.

So ended the Invasion of Ashanti.

LOVE'S OCTOBER.

O LOVE, turn from the unchanging sea, and gaze
 Down those grey slopes upon the year grown old,
 A-dying mid the autumn-scented haze,
 That hangeth o'er the hollow in the wold,
 Where the wind-bitten ancient elms enfold
 Grey church, long barn, orchard, and red-roofed stead,
 Wrought in dead days for men a long while dead.

Come down, O Love! may not our hands still meet
 Since still we live to-day, forgetting June,
 Forgetting May, deeming October sweet—
 —O hearken, hearken, through the afternoon,
 The grey tower sings a strange old tinkling tune!
 Sweet, sweet, and sad, the toiling year's last breath,
 Too satiate of life to strive with death.

And we too—will it not be soft and kind,
 That rest from life, from patience and from pain,
 That rest from bliss we know not when we find,
 That rest from love which ne'er the end can gain?—
 —Hark, how the tune swells that erewhile did wane!
 Look up, love!—Ah, cling close and never move!
 How can I have enough of life and love!

WILLIAM MORRIS.

RUSSIAN REMINISCENCES.

BY ANAT IVE.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER IV.

AT last all the guests had arrived and dinner was announced. Everybody was well pleased with the entertainment, and numerous were the compliments of which Roslaf was made the unwilling recipient. He was pre-occupied and puzzled, for he did not know when or how to offer his "presents" to the magnates of Totma. Lavin, however, having foreseen the difficulty, called him aside, some time after dinner, when the young folks were vigorously dancing and the older ones merrily discussing the crops and the market prices at the bar, or making preparations for "a little game" at cards.

"It is time now, Roslaf. Have you got the bank-bills ready?"

"I have. But how is it to be done?"

"Follow me and you shall see?"

They went up into Lavin's bed-room. On his table lay a parcel. He mysteriously untied it, and uncovered to wondering Roslaf five neat cigar-cases, and nearly filled them with genuine Havannahs, which he had bought for his own use before leaving St. Petersburg. Then he said:

"Now, where is your money? All ready in envelopes, and addressed! That's right! You are a sagacious pupil. Put one envelope into each of these cigar-cases, but first write upon them: 'To be opened in private.'"

This was soon done, and having deposited the cases in his pockets, and received Lavin's further instructions, Roslaf rejoined the crowd. Having found the Master of Police, he first invited him to take a glass of wine

with him, and then led him into a private room. Here Roslaf, after some hesitation, at last succeeded in delivering himself of the following speech:

"As my friend Lavin has told your High-born Honour, I intend to spend some time in this town, and I consider myself happy to have gained the friendship of a man of your Honour's high standing. I flatter myself that you will ever bear me the same good-will which you have shown to-night, by honoring me with your presence; and even this very hour I want to appeal to your friendship for me, and to ask a favour of you."

When Roslaf had got so far he stopped, partly for want of breath, and partly from astonishment at the peculiar change of expression of the Police-master's face. The bland smile had given place to an expression of searching suspicion, and while he cautiously surveyed Roslaf, the latter plainly read his thoughts.

"He wants a favour. What could it be? I don't know him. I must be careful not to commit myself!" He bowed and said hesitatingly:

"A favour! What may I be able to do for your Brightness?"

"Oh, it is but a trifle, but it would greatly oblige me, nevertheless. I know that good cigars are scarce in this town, and as I have a few left, I beg of you to accept some of me, with this case, as a mark of my esteem."

"Certainly, certainly, my friend!" exclaimed the worthy gentleman, greatly relieved. "And I will light one on the spot."

He opened the case, and, noticing the envelope, pulled it out and read the inscription. Then he cast a sidelong glance at

Roslaf, who pretended not to observe him. After looking hard at the envelope for some time he seemed to guess what it contained, and, therefore, having replaced it in the case, advanced towards his host, shook him by the hand and exclaimed in a cordial manner: "Thank you, my friend, these are splendid cigars." Then he whispered into Roslaf's ear the Russian proverb: "One hand washes the other."

In a similar manner the other four cigar-cases were disposed of.

The evening wore on, and by 10 o'clock all the crowd had left, and Roslaf and Lavin discussed their plans for the future.

It was determined that Lavin should "deliver up" Roslaf to the Police-master the very next morning.

This was done, and although this gentleman was rather surprised, yet he not only graciously promised to keep everything secret, but also gave Roslaf unlimited liberty, imposing upon him only the condition that he was to notify him in person when he intended to leave the town for more than three days. This was done immediately, for Lavin had proposed to devote an entire week to his new friend, in order to introduce him to the gentlefolks in the vicinity of Totma, and Roslaf had eagerly accepted the proposal. He knew that it would be vain to hope for a speedy termination of his banishment, and he could not make up his mind to spend three or four years, or perhaps much more of his young life, amidst the common-place surroundings of Totma and its vulgar society. He, therefore, had made up his mind to seize the first good opportunity for flight, and rather for ever to expatriate himself than to submit to an arbitrary punishment. Having this end in view, Roslaf was well pleased with Lavin's proposal, as it would permit him not only to gain a practical knowledge of the country immediately surrounding the town of Totma, but also habituate the Police-master to his absence

from town, whilst on his intended frequent and protracted visits.

When Lavin had set out on his journey back to St. Petersburg, Roslaf hired some furnished apartments of a respectable old widow, and to all appearances comfortably settled down to the humdrum life of the little town; yet he neglected no opportunity of increasing his knowledge of the country, and gathering such information as might prove useful to him in his meditated flight. Several months passed by, and the winter had set in, increasing the facilities, or rather lessening the difficulties, of travelling in this almost trackless country, and introducing the usual sleighing excursions, either for distant pic-nics or wolf-hunts. This was the most convenient time for Roslaf's purpose. Upon mature deliberation he had come to the conclusion that it would be best to take a southward direction, instead of the road to St. Petersburg, as there were no telegraphs running southward, and it would be considered a matter of course that he would try to regain the capital. Thus he would be likely to be left to pursue his journey without molestation, whilst the westward roads would be strictly watched. He had provided himself with ample means, and established communication with his mother, which was not likely to be intercepted. His intention was to proceed southward about as far as Charkof, spend a few months in travelling about in some popular disguise, in order to allow the first excitement which would necessarily follow the news of his flight to subside, and then, after spring had fairly set in, to take a northward direction towards St. Petersburg and Cronstadt, in order to seize an opportunity of embarking for England. He was, however, in great indecision as to the mode of his flight, and the means of obtaining a passport with another name. He could not think of using his own, as that would have been equal to a deliberate surrender into the hands of the police, and he was aware that to travel without one was almost

equally dangerous, for in Russia a man without a passport is, *ipso facto*, a criminal, and if apprehended, and refusing to give his name and place of registration, is sent to Siberia for perpetual settlement. However, an unforeseen circumstance helped him over this difficulty. Whilst on one of his frequent visits to a gentleman living some twenty miles east of Totma, he went out shooting and lost his way in the woods. After wandering about all day, at last, a little before sunset, he heard the faint cry of a child. Following the sound he found a little boy of about seven years of age, evidently the son of a peasant. He was lying on the ground moaning and unable to move. Roslaf asked the little fellow what was the matter, and learned that he had climbed a tree to catch a young crow, had missed his footing and fallen to the ground. Roslaf carefully examined his limbs and found that he had dislocated his hip. He at once proceeded to set it, during which operation the poor child fainted. When he recovered again, Roslaf tenderly took him up, and, following his directions, soon arrived at a small and lonely clearance in the woods which contained his home. The parents' gratitude was overwhelming, for said they: "Our Vania would undoubtedly have perished in the wood, had you not brought him home. He had gone to stay a week with his aunt, six miles from this place, right through the forest, and as he knew the way perfectly well we should have thought him safe with her."

Vania's father, Trofimof, was a well-to-do pedlar, had seen a great deal, although quite young yet, and was an intelligent man. The original quaintness of his conversation and his rich humour so well pleased Roslaf that he often visited him whilst staying with his friend, and at last, to the pride and delight of Trofimof and his young wife, Katia, he spent a whole week under their quiet roof.

When considering the means of obtaining a passport, it occurred to our exile that he

could not do better than disclose his circumstances to the sagacious and experienced pedlar, and obtain his counsel and assistance. Trofimof listened attentively, and at once assured Roslaf that he might cheer up, as there was no great obstacle in the way.

"I told your Brightness before," he continued, "that I make several peddling journeys every year, which last from two to three months each. I am just now about setting out on my first sleighing-trip, and have got my yearly peddling license properly signed by the authorities. This would be very opportune to your Brightness if you do not despise the garb of a pedlar, for you know that a pedlar's license serves to all intents and purposes as a passport."

"Despise it! Not by any means, Trofimof. On the contrary, I think there could not be found an assumed character better calculated to suit and account for the irregular movements I may have to make in order to elude the vigilance of the police."

"Quite right, your Brightness. With a pedlar's license in your pocket you would be almost safe, and if you will accept mine and use my name, you are welcome."

"Thank you, Trofimof. You shall not repent of your friendly act."

Trofimof approved of Roslaf's plan of starting southward, his own business leading him westward, where he was known by every child within a hundred miles and therefore never required his license, whilst Roslaf, in *his* direction, might fearlessly exhibit it whenever necessary, for Trofimof was not known thereabouts. Trofimof speedily procured a light covered sleigh, such as is generally used by pedlars, and repainted it in his barn, so that it might not be known again. A cream-coloured pony was also bought and, under cover of darkness, conveyed to Trofimof's stable, where it was transformed into a dark-bay one. The sleigh was filled with cheap dry-goods, woodcuts, and toilet and fancy articles from the pedlar's stock, and a complete outfit of wearing

apparel for Roslaf was selected from the same source. When everything was ready Roslaf returned to Totma, remained in town for a few days, spent an evening at the Police-master's, and intimated his intention of leaving Totma for another week or longer, in order to visit a Mr. Sokolof, a gentleman living about thirty miles west of Totma, *on the high-road to St. Petersburg*. Consent was granted, as a matter of course, and the next morning Roslaf left for Mr. Sokolof's. This visit was undertaken merely with the intention of making the officials believe that the fugitive had chosen the western road. Having dismissed his driver Roslaf left Sokolof's after only a few hours' stay, on foot, on pretence of an appointment, and went to meet his friend Trofimof, who was awaiting him in the appointed place with his covered sleigh and fast ponies. They reached Trofimof's home in safety the same night, and, after a good rest, the next morning was spent in the final preparations for Roslaf's journey.

As an additional precaution Roslaf wrote a letter to a very doubtful friend of his in Totma, in whose faithfulness he knew he could not trust, telling him that he had left for St. Petersburg, and requesting him to keep the news secret. Although this man did not know that Roslaf's sojourn in Totma had been compulsory, yet Roslaf expected that, immediately on receipt of this letter, he would go to the Police-master's, whose friend he was, to communicate the news, and thus serve Roslaf's intention of hoodwinking the police. The letter was dated eight days ahead, and delivered into the hands of Trofimof, who very much enjoyed the ruse, and promised to post it on the day of its date, and in a little village about sixty miles west of Totma, whither he was to drive for the purpose, in order to give the impression that the letter had been posted there by the fugitive himself whilst on his journey westward.

The ruse succeeded admirably, and concentrated all the attention in that direction,

whilst Roslaf, who was then about two hundred miles south of Totma, steadily pursued his journey.

CHAPTER V.

IT would be beyond the scope of this sketch to follow Roslaf from day to day on his protracted journey. We therefore content ourselves with selecting such incidents and observations only as throw a light upon the peculiarities of his country and its people. He was lucky enough to escape all persecution from the police, and highly enjoyed his erratic life of freedom. He appreciated the opportunities it offered him of forming a more intimate acquaintance with the hospitable, childlike and generous people of his wide fatherland, whom centuries of slavery and oppression have not succeeded in degrading. Never having travelled before, Roslaf saw many things that were as new to him as to any of the readers of this hasty sketch, and therefore it may perhaps be well to recount a few of such circumstances as excited his curiosity. A prominent one is the existence, in almost every village of note, of a so-called "wise woman." Physicians, as a matter of course, are to be found only in the towns, and their place in the country is held by those "wise women" who not only enjoy the superstitious reverence of the people, but really seem to have some claims upon it. For not only do they possess a knowledge of diseases and the curative powers of herbs, often performing cures in cases that baffle the skill of physicians—but the agencies they employ are so mysterious, or at least so generally unknown, that they promise a field of investigation which may amply repay the unprejudiced seeker after truth.

Anxious to learn, and not given to the habit of ridiculing a thing merely because he could not account for it, or because it often was enveloped in or accompanied by unnecessary secrecy, and the ridiculous pretences

of the performer, Roslaf had made up his mind to improve every opportunity for separating the dross of senseless superstition from the genuine curative agencies employed by these women. With this view he had taken up his residence with one of them for an entire month, and by an offer of payment had induced her to show him most of her art. He found, however, that it consisted merely in a mnemonic knowledge of certain causes producing certain effects, without the slightest idea of the "rationale" of their action. Notwithstanding this, however, he was not disappointed, as he succeeded in acquiring some very valuable knowledge. I will mention one peculiar remedy for snake poison, as Roslaf afterwards had an opportunity of testing its efficacy, and succeeded beyond expectation, and as it may prove useful to some one else. It consists in the application of live frogs, young or old, to the wound caused by the fang of the serpent. We anticipate: on a rainy day of the following spring, Roslaf had claimed the hospitality, for himself and his horse, of a peasant farmer, living in a lonely part of the broad southern prairies, called Steppes, in Russia. The children of the peasant, some seven or eight, were all out playing in a marsh that stretched itself across that part of the country. Presently they came home, crying and carrying their little five-year-old brother, whose face was very much flushed, and one hand and arm swollen.

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, father, we were all playing, and Petia saw a black snake and caught it by the neck; and it turned and bit him."

The mother and father became as pale as death, and the former burst into passionate tears, exclaiming:

"Oh, my Petia, my Petia, my darling, must I lose you so soon?"

The little fellow, in a burning fever, was laid on the couch and undressed. His hardly perceptible wound was between the thumb and forefinger.

"Is there no doctor near?" asked Roslaf. "I will saddle my horse and fetch one."

"There is not one within forty versts (thirty miles), and if there were, he would be of no use. Never yet did a doctor cure the bite of a black snake. It is sure death, and in three hours our little one will breathe no longer!" said the poor man, wiping his eyes with his sleeve.

Roslaf bethought himself of the frogs, and at once sent out the rest of the children to gather as many as they could. In about half an hour they had collected about a hundred, as the marsh was swarming with them. Poor little Petia by this time had become insensible, and his head and the whole of his right side were so terribly swollen that the distended skin had a glassy appearance, and his features were altogether obliterated. Pushing aside the swelling with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, Roslaf laid the first frog, a young one, flat on the wound. He seemed convulsed, and was dead in half a minute. The same result with the next dozen. By and by the swelling immediately around the wound began to soften and fall, and the frogs lived longer. Another supply was brought in for the night, and the next morning the little fellow was considerably better. Roslaf stayed another day, until all danger from the poison was over, and at last left, loaded with blessings.

Roslaf found himself at Charkof long before it was time for him to take a northward direction. He resolved, therefore, to continue the same southward course, and push forward as far as the Black Sea. During his journey through the Government (province) of Poltava he was frequently followed by a wolf or two, which however proved too shy to come uncomfortably near. Twice only did they inspire him with some apprehension.

One frosty night he was driving along the high-road in the same Government, and was approaching a gloomy forest of pines and firs. Before reaching it he had to pass

through a small village, which he found in a state of great excitement. The cause was the death of one of the villagers. He had left his home on the morning of the previous day—a Sunday—in order to attend mass in the neighbouring village, about ten miles distant, and on the other side of the forest. After church he had dined with some friends, and at last set out homewards considerably intoxicated. He never reached his home. On the Monday afternoon several men coming through the forest found his heavy sledge, and the scanty remains of his yoke of oxen lying on the road. Of himself there was nothing left but his skull and a few of his bones, gnawed clean. These were gathered up and taken to the village, where Roslaf witnessed the horrible sight. He had been torn by wolves whilst lying helplessly drunk on his sledge.

Notwithstanding this proof that the wolves were dangerous at the time—it was January—Roslaf made up his mind to proceed that very same night, for he feared less the savage brutes than the police, and he thought that in the last village he had recognised the face of a man from Totma in a sleigh, drawn by a troika (three horses abreast), and he wished to put as much space as possible between himself and this man.

As he approached the wood the howling of the wolves was heard more and more distinctly, and his pony became very uneasy. When he was fairly in it, he saw some five or six of the animals in the middle of the road, snarling and snapping at each other, and tugging at some dark mass lying on the ground. This Roslaf conceived to be the carcasses of the oxen, as he saw a sleigh standing close by. To return would have been useless, for the animals had seen him and the horse, which when once fairly in sight of his enemies, gnashed his teeth and exhibited signs of fury rather than of fear. Before Roslaf could come to a decision, however, the horse had dashed right into the midst of the wolves, caught up one of

them by the back of the neck with his teeth and dragged him along at a furious pace, leaving his bewildered comrades far behind. At last he dropped the wolf, reared up and brought down his forefeet on the skull of the brute, audibly fracturing it, then neighed defiantly, and pursued his road as if nothing had happened. Roslaf was astonished at the behaviour of his pony, but was told on relating his adventure in the next village, that it was not uncommon for entire horses, such as his pony was, to attack wolves whenever they encountered them.

The second adventure was of longer duration, and scarcely less exciting. It happened in the extreme south, on the road between Chersön and Nicolâyef. The country here is one vast prairie, where in winter the road is indicated by whisks of straw fastened to long poles stuck into the ground, as no track remains visible for any length of time, but is soon obliterated by the ever-shifting and drifting snow. In the fall of the year the soft ground in these parts often cracks open after a heavy rain, forming indented gaping fissures, often many yards wide and generally very deep. These openings are produced as suddenly as the cracking of a glass tumbler by hot water.

One afternoon, after dark, Roslaf left the lonely roadside inn where he had baited his pony and rested, and proceeded in a northward direction, following the friendly whisks. But soon all traces of them disappeared, as a heavy wind-storm had swept over the country a few days previous, and had uprooted them. Not knowing which direction to take, and having been told that it was but seven versts to the next village, he resolved to allow the horse to follow his own instinct, trusting that he would take him there in a short time. The horse did not seem at all in doubt about the direction, but trotted on confidently, sniffing the frosty air from time to time, and pricking up his ears as if conscious of the trust reposed in his abilities, and anxious to acquit himself to

his master's satisfaction. And so he would have done but for the following circumstance:—When within sight almost of the village, the road describes a curve, in order to avoid one of those cracks, which now, of course, was filled with snow, closely packed at the bottom, through the weight of the upper strata, and light and loose almost as feathers on the top. The pony kept a straight line, and, consequently, he and the sleigh, with its contents, were suddenly buried in the snow. So sudden was the descent that Roslaf at first could not realise his position. All around him was dark and cold, and several seconds passed before he could understand that he was firmly planted in the snow, head downward. After some frantic efforts, and half suffocated, he succeeded in liberating himself, and began to listen for a sound from the pony. He heard him vigorously blowing and snorting, and at last saw his head emerging close by his own, as Roslaf had been thrown forward in the fall. As the moon had not risen yet, he resolved to wait her appearance before making any attempts at liberating himself. It was six o'clock, and the moon would not rise before nine! He had not been in the pit very long when he heard the howling of wolves, which rapidly drew nearer. At last one after the other made their appearance above the edge of the crack, until he counted sixteen of them, hungrily gazing down with their red and green glowing eyes, or sitting on their haunches and howling most dismally. And what so dismal as the howling of a wolf, in a cold, dark winter's night, on a lone, sounding prairie, bordered by an echoing forest? Both Roslaf and the horse kept perfectly quiet, paralysed by their helpless condition. At last, however, Roslaf remembered that the sound of a bell was at least as disagreeable to the wolves as their howling to him. He therefore loosened the tongue of the bell on the horse's bow, and began to ring it vigorously. The effect was surprising. At its sound the wolves set

up the most desperate shrieking and yelling, as if in exquisite torments, yet crept as closely to the edge of the fissure as they could, just as the dog will lie down under the very piano whose sound distresses his nerves. From time to time they would snarl and snap in the direction of the bell, as if in desperate self-defence, and their behaviour seemed to be like that of animals under the power of a mighty spell, against whose influence their every nerve and muscle rebelled, and yet from which they were unable to flee. This concert lasted for above an hour, Roslaf never for one moment ceasing to ring the bell, nor the brutes to howl.

Suddenly the bell's tongue broke, and a rush caused Roslaf to look up, but he was at once blinded by the spray of snow which came down upon him. When that had settled he saw that none of the wolves had remained. As soon as the sound of the bell had ceased, the frightened brutes had darted off towards the wood, and presently he heard their voices far away as they fled across the plain.

When the moon rose, Roslaf found that one of the narrow ends of the fissure presented a gentle slope, and after a couple of hours of hard work, he succeeded in getting everything up again on *terra firma*, when he soon reached the village, very little the worse for his snow-bath. The next day a terrible snow-storm set in, but as Roslaf had been warned not to set out on his journey, he remained in the village, and thus escaped all danger. For three days did the storm rage, sweeping over the prairie with all the fury of a hurricane on the waste of the waters, and driving before it the snow in dense white columns, obscuring the light of the day and shaking to their foundations the lowly and solid mud-houses of the village. Before the evening of the second day the whole village had disappeared under the whirling snow, and Roslaf experienced the sensation of being buried alive. The house

was dark and cold, for the fire could not be lighted, as the chimney was covered with snow, and the resinous pine-strips, which in the winter serve these people instead of candles, consumed too much of the air necessary for breathing. The time was spent mostly in sleeping, all huddled together on the great family lair—the top of the bake-oven, and covered with sheepskins—in singing and telling stories.

On the third day the snow-storm must have ceased, for when our prisoners awoke on the fourth morning after their incarceration, they perceived some rays of light coming in through a chink, high up under the gable, and thereby knew that the snow was settling. The chimney was cleared and a cheerful fire once more spread a genial warmth through the bleak room. The snow continued to settle very fast, and the following morning the people began to dig themselves out and to clear their streets and yards, with so much success that towards evening the village presented its usual appearance.

Roslaf's pony needed a good rest, therefore his master decided on staying another week in the village, where he was treated as an honoured guest not only by the common folks, but also by the priest and "starosta" (elder). It so happened that during his stay the yearly *matrimonial show* took place. This is an ancient custom of the peasantry, but is now fast falling into disuse, although even St. Petersburg still retains it. As a matter of course this day is observed as a general holiday, and all the marriageable young girls, from the age of fifteen upwards, dress in their best, bedeck themselves with all available jewellery and ribbons, and gather in some appointed street, slowly walking up and down in single rows like geese, or posting themselves in a long row on one side of the street. This lasts generally for a couple of hours, and I need not say that in such a concourse of girls there is all the time plenty of chatting and chaffing, and

laughing and teasing. Whilst the ladies thus disport themselves, the young men, in their becoming tight-fitting blue coats, sheepskin or felt caps or hats, and bright polished boots, promenaded up and down the street, in order to pick out the girl or girls to whom they intend to send their "svahas" or female match-makers, who, in the meanwhile, may be seen busily running up and down the row of girls, in order to get a commission from some of them to carry the offer of their hands to the swains that may have moved their maiden hearts.

All was bustle and merriment in the village on this important occasion, and the streets resounded with the songs and shouts of the young guests from the neighbouring villages and small towns. Roslaf joined in the promenade of the young men, and many were the tender glances he received from the blushing beauties; and when at last he gathered around him a few of the swains, and led them in a merry song, expressly composed by himself for the occasion, the admiration of the ladies vented itself in loud acclamations and expressions of praise.

Having received his share of applause, Roslaf took refuge in the house of the priest, where he intended quietly to spend the afternoon. But he had not been there long when a respectably dressed old peasant woman entered the room, bowed slowly to the sacred pictures, signed herself with the cross, and making another stately bow to Roslaf, addressed him in solemn tones:

"Hail, my bright falcon! How lonely thou art! why dost not come out into the free air, and select thee a dove to take to thy heart, to love thee and stand by thee in trouble and sickness. Hast thou not seen the lovely one that sent me? Does not thy soul yearn after her? Come, take my hand and look at her!"

"I thank thee, good mother. The maidens of our country are fair, and thou art kind, but I will not yet give up my liberty."

"Thou art wrong, my son, thou art very

wrong. It is not good for thee to be alone. She is fair as the day, and mild and tender as a dove. She has silver and jewels, and of dresses very many. Her family is most honourable of all in this village, for she is the Starosta's daughter. She is young—an opening rosebud. Yet she is tall as the bending birch and as strong, and can cleave the wood for thy household, and carry water, and take care of thy property and of thyself too, shouldst thou of a holiday be overcome by the 'green wine,'" (whiskey) etc., etc.

It was with some difficulty that Roslaf could convince her that he did not intend to marry. Three more svahas waited upon him, but none succeeded in securing to herself a fur-jacket, the customary remuneration for her trouble when successful.

On leaving this village, Roslaf once more turned southward, until he reached the north shore of the sea of Azof. Here he was for a short time the invited guest of the chief of a wandering Crimean Tartar tribe, of whom we will only say that their mode of life is strikingly like that of the Canadian Indians, in whose wigwams Roslaf spent a few weeks in the year 1871. The only differences are such as are necessitated by the difference of the surroundings. The former move from place to place in large, heavy, covered wagons, of the rudest construction, and drawn by camels.

The next journey Roslaf undertook was again in a northward direction, with the view of reaching St. Petersburg without any further deviations, as the roads were becoming bad here and there, through the warm southern winds.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN on his way to St. Petersburg, Roslaf happened to call at the house of the manager of a gentleman's estate in the Government of Poltava. The manager politely acceded to his request to

feed the horse and its master, and while the horse was resting and Roslaf was sharing the dinner of Pan (Mr.) Dombrofsky, the latter took such a liking to his talkative guest that he invited him to stay a few days.

"You know," said he, "that we do not get many visitors in this wilderness, and even of those I do get, not many are welcome."

His invitation was gladly accepted. The Pole made no secret of his aversion to the Russian government of his country, and many and hot were the political disputes between these two. The one the champion of the Government of Alexander, the other the incarnate enemy of everything Russian. In nothing could they agree, except in their denunciations of the reigns of old Nicholas and his predecessors, and it was in vain that Roslaf tried to demonstrate how, under the Government of the noble Alexander, Poland's people had gained in every respect; that they enjoyed more civil privileges than ever they did under their own national rule, —even more than the people of Russia—and that the country, although still miserable and desolate, enjoyed a greater amount of prosperity than it had done since her history began. Pan Dombrofsky was blinded by an indiscriminate hatred of everything Russian, as his family had been ruined by the liberation of the Polish serfs, and, therefore, after admitting the truth of every one of Roslaf's arguments, he invariably closed their disputes in woman-like fashion, saying:—

"Ah, well, that may be so, but still it is a shame that you Russians should thus rob and oppress us. But our day will come, and Russia shall still creep in the dust before my beloved country."

A whole month did Roslaf stay with the generous Pole, who did everything in his power to amuse and detain his guest. Fox-hunting, hare-hunting and wolf-hunting were their most frequent pastime; and, for the

benefit of sportsmen, I may add that the fox and hare are always hunted when the snow lies fresh on the ground, and the animals leave a track behind them. As both of them are found in great abundance in those parts of Russia, and as the fox is hunted for his much-prized red fur, and the hare for his flesh, they are shot down as soon as possible, from the saddle, and immediately skinned. The flesh of the fox is given to the stag-hounds, which are used to bring him to bay. The wolf in winter is followed in a sleigh, drawn by a spirited troika, but this sport is merely a pretext for the drive. The true wolf-hunt takes place in the fall, when the ground is frozen hard, but not yet covered with snow. The wolf is hunted in the same manner as the fox by the English, and when at last the poor brute sits down on his haunches, panting and snapping at the dogs that surround him, the first rider that comes up dismounts and puts an end to this vile and cruel amusement of the well-bred savages, by breaking or dislocating the neck of the animal with one stroke of the short and heavy Cossack whip. To the honour of the "barbarous" Russians I must add that this latter mode of hunting is *not* a national one; but an imitation of the civilized and "noble" English hunt.

One day there set in a great thaw, which continued for several days, until the thick layer of snow on the roofs had partly melted away. One afternoon, during this thaw, Roslaf was sitting at the window reading, and as he lifted up his eyes he noticed something strange on the roof of the large barn, which, being fully sixty feet long, completely enclosed the opposite side of the farm-yard. He looked upon it more attentively, and it seemed to him as if the whole of it were wriggling and moving. "It must be the effect of the twilight," he thought, but, continuing to look, he saw that the whole surface of the roof was closely covered with some small dark-coloured animals, and presently, as Pan Dombrowsky opened the door

in coming into the house, he heard a confused noise, like the squealing of innumerable very young sucking pigs. This noise grew louder and more piercing every moment, whilst the dense mass of animals wriggled and writhed and struggled in the most bewildering manner. At last their motions became so rapid, and they crept and leapt between and over each other, and tumbled and rolled, and turned and twisted about in such confusion, that it was almost impossible to discern the shape of any one of them, but the whole of them seemed like some clayey, muddy water in full seething.

"What in the name of wonder is that?" exclaimed Roslaf.

"Why, did not you know them?" answered Pan Dombrowsky. "They are rats. They have come out to drink and to enjoy the warm weather. They always do in a thaw, or after a rain!"

"Did you say rats? But there are thousands of them!"

"So there are."

"But they must destroy an enormous amount of your grain."

"Of course they do, the pests."

"But why do you not destroy them?"

"How would you do it? If you were to take a gun and shoot into their masses, you would kill but very few, comparatively, and the next minute they would all be upon you, and tear you to pieces. They are extremely fierce, and it is very dangerous to meddle with them. They kill every cat that we get, and, look, even the mastiffs have crept into their kennels."

"You astonish me! But could not you poison them?"

"Easily. But the result would be the loss of all our stores. For they would creep into their hiding-places among the grain, there to die, and in the spring their carcases would putrify, and the effluvia would render all the grain and flour so obnoxious that not even the pigs would touch it."

"But surely you must have some means

of saving your grain from their depredations, or destroying them?"

"Certainly. It is very easy to prevent their access to the stores, by building the store-houses of brick or mud, with floors and ceilings of the same materials. As to destroying them, we leave that to the rat-catchers."

"The rat-catchers? Well, I remember when at school I once read a German story, entitled 'The Rat-catcher of Hameln,' where it is represented that the man charms them away, but of course, I took that to be a mere silly tale!"

"Not so silly as you think. For we get rid of our rats in a similar manner. If you stay a couple of weeks longer with me, you will have an opportunity of witnessing the proceedings, as we expect the man some time this month."

A few days afterwards the man came. Every living thing was carefully locked up. The rat-catcher, a ragged old peasant, took up his position in the middle of the yard, pulled a common willow flute out of his bootleg, and began to play some slow-measured tune. By-and-by he played faster and faster, until it was almost impossible to discern any tune or time at all. During his play, numbers of rats were issuing from various dark corners, some actually jumping from the roof. Their numbers kept ever increasing, from all sides did they come, and especially from the large barn they came running in one uninterrupted, eager stream, until the whole yard was alive with them. They squatted around the charmer, close and closer, until not an inch of the snowy ground was visible. Their eyes were all directed towards him, and a strange stillness came over them. They sat as if spell-bound. Now the charmer relapsed into the slow measure he had played at first, and carefully pushing aside the rats before putting down his feet, he slowly walked out of the yard into the open steppe. The rats followed in serried columns, and as if drowsy. When they were fairly out of the

yard, Pan Dombrofsky went into the stable, and led out two horses, already saddled, mounted one and invited the bewildered Roslaf to mount the other, which he did. Both followed the swarm of rats at a safe distance. The rat-catcher had increased his pace to as fast a walk as he could keep up in the deep snow. For two long hours did he walk on, always playing his drowsy tune, and the rats followed as steadily as a well-trained body of troops. At last he arrived at a spot where a large quantity of boiled meat, mostly old horses, had been scattered on the snow. A horse stood by, tied to the leg of one of the quarters. The charmer, still playing, hastily untied and mounted it, and galloped away, halting a long distance off.

In an instant the animals threw themselves upon the feast provided for them, and soon hid all the meat under their bodies, fighting for it and squealing with all their powers. This lasted for about a quarter of an hour, when numbers of them were seen frantically rushing away from the main body, and running and leaping through the snow in all directions.

"Now it is time for us to be off," said Pan Dombrofsky, spurring his horse. "They will soon spread over the ground for half a mile around, and should we remain here they would jump up at our animals and bury their teeth in their legs and bodies until they would hang from them in clusters. Their bite is always dangerous, but is poisonous now, and would be sure death to our horses, as the meat has been boiled in poisoned water. To-morrow they will lie dead in the snow."

Roslaf was exceedingly anxious to ascertain what agency the rat-catchers employed to fascinate the animals, but the man could not be induced to divulge his secret.

The next week Roslaf tore himself away from his pleasant host to enter upon the more dangerous part of his adventures; the return to the capital and flight to England.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Roslaf reached the town of Tver, south of St. Petersburg, the spring had fairly set in, navigation was open and the ice-bound ships in the docks of Cronstadt were preparing to set out on their voyages. In Tver, Roslaf sold his sleigh and horse, parting with a heavy heart from the latter—his trusty friend in all his journeys, dangers and difficulties.

Fearing to meet accidentally with a person to whom he might be known, Roslaf did not venture to take the train to the capital, but joined a party of pilgrims, all of them of the lower classes, who were returning to St. Petersburg on foot, after having paid their devotions to the sacred picture of Saint Nilus in the monastery of the same name. He arrived in the capital footsore and heartily disgusted with the pilgrimage and the pilgrims.

Having hired a furnished room, with board, in the Wiborg suburb, a poor and obscure part of the beautiful city, he sent a letter to his mother, asking her to meet him in the Alexandrofsky Park, unattended and veiled. What were their feelings on this interview, after so long and dangerous a separation, and in the midst of the still greater dangers surrounding Roslaf, the reader's own heart will tell him. This meeting was to be their last one on earth. Both felt it, and even now the remembrance of that last meeting with a loving mother burns as a hot iron in Roslaf's aching heart. Five years of struggle, of hardship and sorrow, have been unable to lessen the acuteness of his grief. When Roslaf returned to his lodging, he found a letter awaiting him, carefully sealed and addressed to Ivan Ivanof, the name he had given to his hostess.

He opened it with sad misgivings. It contained a narrow strip of paper, and on it, in Lavin's handwriting, he read :

"Burn this at once. You are recognised.

Your landlord is a spy. Flee. This night you are to be arrested."

Poor Roslaf stood transfixed. He at once resolved to leave for Cronstadt the next morning, but in order to deceive his landlord, the spy, he invented the following artifice to account for his absence during the night. He went to the bath house, and standing outside, waited until he saw a young lad coming out. Tapping him on the shoulder, he said :

"Here, little brother. Will you oblige me if I pay you for it?"

"Won't I? Of course I will, for money!"

"Very well; do you know Anna Gavrilovna, who lives in Svenskaya street?"

"I do. I live in the same block, and I guess you are their new lodger?"

"You are right. Well, go to her and tell her you saw me at the bath, and that she need not mind getting tea ready for me, as I have met with a friend here, and am going to stay all night with him. Here are ten copeks for yourself, and here is a rouble (60 cents) for Anna Gavrilovna. Give it to her and tell her to get a very nice dinner with it, for two, for I am going to bring my friend with me, about one o'clock to-morrow. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly well. I will tell her what you said. Good night."

"Now I am likely to be free in my movements until to-morrow noon," said Roslaf, with a sigh of relief.

He went to a low tavern, asked for a supper, a room and bed, and spent the rest of his evening in speculating upon the means of his escape. The next morning he got up early and, having had his breakfast, proceeded to the Alexander Bazaar, consisting chiefly of second-hand shops, where one may expect to meet with anything and everything that ever is, or rather was, used by man. No matter what you may need, only "give it a name," and lo, it is produced, provided always that it be second-hand. Here Roslaf entered the shop of a

dealer in second-hand clothing, and having picked out a Scotch cap and such articles of clothing as would be most suited to give him the appearance of a foreign sailor, he proposed to the dealer to give his own smart suit of blue cloth in exchange for them, if he were to offer him a reasonable sum of money for the difference in the value of the two suits. This offer was eagerly accepted, and after much haggling, which Roslaf, to avoid suspicion, prolonged as much as possible, he received five roubles into the bargain, and left the shop to all intents and purposes a foreign sailor. In this disguise he went to a French barber's and had his hair and beard cut in the German style and afterwards dyed a very dark brown, for it was naturally of a very light colour. With some burnt umber, which he bought in a drug-shop, ready for use, he stained his face, neck, hands and arms in such a way as to give himself the appearance of a dark complexioned man. In order to do this he had retired in the upper story of a house in the process of building, upon which, that day, there were no workmen engaged. Having surveyed himself in the small glass on the back of his pocket hair-brush, and being satisfied with his appearance, he boldly entered the street, imitating the swinging gait of a sailor. He had to traverse the city in all its length, along its main streets, in order to arrive at the Cronstadt steamer landing-place, therefore he thought it safest to hail a droshka, a small open carriage, in order to be driven to it, and thus avoid the danger of a face to face meeting with an acquaintance.

Arrived at the wharf, Roslaf found the steamer was about to start, and he walked on deck, passing the two policemen with apparent indifference. Once on board and started, Roslaf soon ascertained that there was nobody there whom he knew, and therefore in order to perfect himself in his assumed broken Russian, he entered into a lively conversation with his neighbour, a good-

natured, fat-faced tradesman, playing the part of the German sailor to great perfection. Arrived at Cronstadt, he thought it would be the wisest plan to wait a few weeks before attempting to leave the country, as his intention might have been guessed by the experienced police, and it was likely that a sharp look-out would be kept on all ships leaving the harbour. He therefore, for a while, was careful to keep at a distance from the docks, and took his lodgings in a cheap boarding-house, kept by a Swedish woman, for the accommodation of sailors of all nations, whose company, under the present circumstances, was very useful and instructive to him. Speaking German like a native, it was not difficult for Roslaf to sustain the part of a genuine Berliner, even among the Germans.

Having ingratiated himself with his honest and kind-hearted landlady, Roslaf, after a while, confided to her that he had no passport, and wished to leave Russia. She advised him to go and board for a while with a German widow, who kept an hotel which was frequented mostly by English and German captains, and to try to induce some one of them to smuggle him out of the country. All attempts of this nature, however, proved utterly useless, as the experienced English mariners knew how dangerous it would be to their interests to attempt the abduction of a fugitive from Russian law, and no payment that Roslaf offered, however considerable, could induce them to run the risk. The Swedish and Finnish captains sailing between British and Russian ports were also tried, but unsuccessfully. Poor as most of them were, their dread of Russian vengeance was too great even for the temptation of the very considerable sum offered to them. Prospects looked dark, but Roslaf did not intend to be discouraged. Sometimes he considered whether it would not be as well to retrace his steps, once more to recross Russia and to enter Persia, in order thence to proceed to England. But

the same difficulty stood in his way, the want of a passport, for Trofimof's license had expired. One afternoon, whilst taking a walk in a quiet street, Roslaf was suddenly stopped by a heavy hand, which grasped his arm. He quietly turned round, expecting to see the face of some fellow-boarder; but, oh horror! it was that of a policeman, whom he had often seen in St. Petersburg, and to whom he must have been personally known.

Roslaf quickly looked around him. Not another human being was near. On one side, the street was bordered by the dead walls of the government store-houses—on the other, by the inner walls of the fortifications of the Citadel. A sudden twist liberated him from the careless grasp of the policeman, and turning round, he confronted him, and putting both hands into his pockets, pulled out, with his left hand a well-filled purse, with his right, a glistening pocket revolver, a masterpiece of Belgian workmanship. Holding both before the face of the bewildered policeman, he explained:

"A sound, a step, and you are dead man. Be quiet, stand still and listen to me, and this,"—shaking the purse—"may be yours."

The policeman did as he was bid, but with a countenance which, besides apprehension, expressed nothing but the most intense astonishment and curiosity.

Roslaf hid his revolver in his breast-pocket, and sitting down on one of the large stones that were lying about, opposite the policeman, said:

"I suppose you were sent here from St. Petersburg purposely to apprehend me, if possible, as you knew me personally."

"Knew you? man, are you mad? How should I know every loafing sausage-maker? (Nickname given to the Germans by the Russians.) But stop, I was indeed sent here to find a man whose face I had the honour of knowing in St. Petersburg, some eight months ago. But you—"

He stopped short, as if struck by a sud-

den thought, and looked Roslaf in the face, attentively, searchingly. Then he said slowly:

"German sailor, and speaks Russian like a Christian! Ho, I know the voice! Your Brightness, I arrest you."

"If you can. You will be dead first." Out came the revolver, the muzzle almost touching the policeman's nose, who bent back until his head touched the wall.

"Put that thing away, please, for mercy's sake! It makes my blood run cold to look into that dark hole. Those things go off so easily!"

Roslaf dropped his weapon and exclaimed, angrily, stamping his foot on the ground.

"What a fool I have been, thus to betray myself to this fellow."

"What a fool you have been!" echoed the policeman with great feeling.

"But what in the world made you grasp me by the arm, if you did not know me" asked Roslaf.

"How *could* I know you, thus disguised? *Nobody* would know you. I merely wanted to ask you for a match, as I wanted to steal a short smoke in this retired place."

"Well, Markof," said Roslaf, "you will not think of trying to arrest me, for if you hold your tongue and do not betray me, this purse shall be yours. It contains a hundred roubles."

He swore a most solemn oath that Roslaf had nothing to fear from him, and pocketed the purse with exulting joy and innumerable expressions of gratitude.

"As you are a friend now," said Roslaf, "I may want your advice and help. Where do you live?"

"In the Connaya Street, No. 60. I have a tenement of my own, as my wife lives with me."

"That is lucky," thought Roslaf, and asked: "How many rooms have you got?"

"Three, but I want to let one of them."

"Very well, I take it. It will be safer for me to live with you, as that would place me

beyond suspicion. If you keep me until I escape, and help me as much as you can, you shall have another hundred roubles on the day I leave Cronstadt."

Markof stood for a while, weighing the greatness—to him—of the reward offered against the fearful risk he incurred if his part in the transaction should be discovered. At last he said:

"Agreed! Rely on me as on yourself. But not a word to my wife. You know—a woman's tongue. And do not speak Russian so well. Say you are waiting for a brother from inland to join you, or something of that kind, you know."

The same evening Roslaf became the lodger of the very man who had been sent to apprehend him, and whose interest it now was to help him to escape for his own safety's sake. The next morning, after breakfast, Markof entered the room of his lodger, who had assumed the name of Hans, and told him, with an air of great self-complaisance, that he had devised a means of obtaining the necessary papers for him.

"I know a poor woman in Cronstadt," said he. "She is the widow of a copyist, and has got a son of about your age. This fellow had been a sailor on board English vessels for several years, and the woman told me some time ago that he intended to go and settle in England, where he has got a sweetheart. If you like to make it worth his while to let you have his papers and to keep his peace until you are beyond the reach of our police, I think you may get away. Shall I go and see the woman?"

"By all means. But how will the man explain the loss of his papers after I have got away?"

"That is easily done. After you are safely at sea he will petition the police for a new foreign passport, declaring that he lost his own, and in three weeks' time, and at an expense of about ten roubles, including '*private fees*,' he will obtain new papers."

The plan appeared to Roslaf to be very

promising, and he awaited the return of his host with great anxiety.

But when he did return, his disappointed looks shattered all poor Roslaf's hopes.

"Just one hour too late. He sailed this morning."

Although Roslaf was much annoyed at this failure, yet the very attempt had given him a fresh impulse and a new idea, which was likely to be successful in the end.

Having invited Markof into his room, he told him that he thought it would be well and easier to obtain the papers of some *foreign* sailor, and Markof not only highly approved of the plan, but wondered how it had not occurred to himself before. "And," said he, "there is nobody more likely to transact this business more satisfactorily than that woman, the Swedish boarding-house keeper, with whom you lodged. However, you had better not show yourself in the streets, and let me go and arrange things with her."

He went, and entering the humble home of the Swedish widow, put on an air of great dignity and severity.

"Madam, I am a policeman from St. Petersburg, sent here on purpose to apprehend a man who is trying to leave the country against the wish of the authorities."

Poor "Madam," became very fidgety.

"I have succeeded in catching that man, and he has confessed to me, that he not only lived with you for a week, but that you tried to help him to escape."

The poor woman began to cry hysterically.

"Yes, madam, you are a lost woman, unless I choose to keep this thing secret. As for him, he will do so if I ask him. Is it worth my while to do so?"

"Oh sir," said she, laying her trembling hands imploringly on his sleeve, "I am but a poor widow. All I have at present is but twenty-five roubles. Take it, do take it, and do not ruin me, for God's sake!"

She opened a drawer, and after searching in it for a while she produced a small roll

of greasy bank notes, which she laid into Markof's open palm.

The latter carefully put the money into his pocket, then drew himself to his full height, and said, pompously :

" Well, madam, listen to me. I will keep your secret if you promise me two things. The first is that you pay me another twenty roubles in two months' time. The second is this—I want you to buy for me of some foreign sailor, coming from England, his papers of discharge from his ship, and to make a bargain with him that he stay with you for two weeks, at your cost, before trying to obtain other papers. Let him say that he lost his own. Will you do it ?"

" I will, I will, if I can. I will try my best, Mr. Officer."

" Very well, and look here, I myself will pay for the papers, whatever he may ask for them. Make the best bargain you can, but at the same time get the papers at any cost. You may come and tell me when you find a man willing to do so. Here is my address."

With these words he stalked out of the house.

At dusk, Roslaf, too impatient of leaving everything in the hands of Markof, paid the widow a visit, and having at last succeeded in allaying her fears and suspicions, he was told all about Markof's mode of serving him.

He was exceedingly indignant, and at once refunded the twenty-five roubles, telling the overjoyed widow that if Markof made

another attempt at extortion, she should boldly defy him, and tell him that, if he accused her, she would at once go to the Police-master's and tell him that Markof himself had not only been concealing the fugitive, but also ordered her to procure for him the papers necessary for leaving the country. This threat afterwards effectually protected the widow from Markof's visits.

The next morning the widow came with the desired papers. They belonged to a German sailor who had come from Shields, as cook on a Whitby vessel. During the voyage he had so badly burnt the inside of his arm that he was unable to work. He had gladly accepted the offer of ten roubles and free board for his papers, and as Roslaf did not speak English, the German sailor tried to find a captain that was willing to engage him at "*a shilling a month*," or, in other words, to take him on board on condition that he should work for his passage. Roslaf did not wish to be classed as a passenger, for fear of exciting the suspicion of the Russian Naval Police Inspectors. In a few days a passage was found on board a Hull steamer, and, dearly as Roslaf loved his native country, he was unspeakably happy when he saw its shores fading away in the distance.

So much had he become accustomed to a life of continual danger, that it was a long time before he could realize that at last he was free, beyond the terrible grasp of despotism, and protected by the strong arm of "*Glorious Old England*."

FELLOW-SUFFERERS.

I.

Alas, poor tree ! had I thy bravery,
 Or couldst thou weep in concert to my sighing !
 Around us leaves lie dead ;
 I wail, but thou dost spread
 Bare arms of benediction o'er the dying.

II.

Thou their first stay and last, from bud to leaf,
 And this thy thanks, poor tree,—
 That they all fall from thee
 Like summer-friends when summer days are over ;
 Till thou' dost stand alone,
 With all thy greenness gone,
 For winds to mock and winter snows to cover.

III.

Lightly the zephyr came, as lightly hied ;—
 But these, when first he wooed,
 Forsook their real good,
 Knowing thee faithful and the wind untried ;
 Reproach them—they will hear !
 Their graves are very near—
 Close at thy roots the prodigals abide.

IV.

Ah, not reproach, but rather dirge and prayer :
 They, as they lie and die,
 So low, who late were high,
 Fare worse for loss of thee than thou canst fare ;—
 The wind that whispered, *lied*—
 Kissed once, and flung aside,
 And scent of death is on the autumn air.

V.

Alas, poor tree ! thy fate and mine agree ;—
 Alike our desolation and despair !
 A thousand leaves left thee,
 ' Twas but a dream left me,
 Yet is my life, as thine own branches, bare.

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE ON A RAFT.

A HOLIDAY cruise on a timber raft does not, at the mere mention of it, suggest first thoughts of a very favourable character. It would not probably move the "old salt" to enthusiasm, or rouse the spirit of *dilletanti* yachtsmen. But a little reflection by a staid landsman not given to nautical exploit save in its mildest forms; not gifted with a levelness of head sufficient to warrant the climbing of masts, or physical control adequate to the exigencies of a rolling sea; will convince him, at least, that there are some peculiar features, some characteristic attractions connected with such a mode of seeking diversion, which recommend it as worthy of consideration. Travel by raft has no touters, no guide-books, no flaming advertisements to laud, or even to indicate the advantages it possesses over the usual modes of transit; so it must of necessity look for patronage to those who are fond of meditation, are not in a hurry, and are content with occasional spells of excitement. The ordinary summer tourist, who does the St. Lawrence and other fashionable routes in a steamboat, and fancies that the chief end of man has been attained, that the cup of pleasure has been drained to the dregs, and enjoyment penetrated to the kernel, will welcome with gratitude the information that there is a world of novelty yet unconquered, and a means of slaking a thirst for sensation yet untapped. But this ordinary tourist must not give way to extravagant ecstasy at the announcement; the charms of raft travel are for the few, not the many; and, as has been hinted, the capacity to discover and appreciate them is limited by conditions of an onerous character. However, there are palpable advantages in favour of the raft tourist over those enjoyed homeopathically by the steamboat passenger. Fashion does not sit enthroned on a raft; its behests are there ignored, and the needs of the occasion alone control. Hence little luggage is required, and the freedom from incumbrance which this secures signifies lightness of heart, the natural consequence of exemption from the importunities of zealous hotel-porters and energetic hackmen, as well as a total immunity from the agony which accompanies the crashing and smashing of one's best and perhaps only trunk. The raftsmen on his voyage does not have his temper tried by the impertinence of waiters, which, apart from its moral worth, is a boon only appreciable to its full extent by the steamboat passenger desirous of cultivating a relish for his victuals. He is not compelled to appease his appetite at the expense of his manners by being compelled to fight his way to his meals under penalty of languishing in semi-starvation until the third table is lung up. He is not driven to decide between dyspepsia-producing beefsteak and a variety of dry delicacies which give the table of a steamboat a unique, a too familiar, a never-to-be-forgotten appearance; or to strain the axis of his mind in the endeavour to decide fairly between the merits of the tea and the coffee, or to arrive at a definite conclusion respecting their similarities and differences. He is not moved to bitter envy by witnessing nice distinctions drawn between those who shall get state-rooms and those whose fate it is to be accommodated with spaces under the piano or on the dining-table; nor is his bachelorhood, if so it be, put to open shame by a curt negation of its claims to attention until everybody else is told off. He is not kept awake at night by the giggling of girls, nor put to sleep in the day-time by their incessant chatter. No! the raftsmen is his own waiter. He takes his meals when

prompted to eat by a natural hunger which does not come and go at the sound of the dinner-bell; his place at table is anywhere and everywhere he chooses to sit; his diet is simple,—pork, hard tack, bread, potatoes, tea undisguised by chalk-milk and untuned by sanded sugar, and game, sometimes, such as the hen-houses along the shore deliver into his piratical grip; his sleeping apartment is a shanty of pine boards specially built for airiness, and capable of coming down at a moment's notice; his bed, consisting of two military blankets with a valise pillow, is always ready made; his tub is the river, ever at hand; his "constitutional" is on wood pavement, ever free from dust. He has abundant leisure to view the scenery; he can read, write, talk and walk, or sleep, just as he pleases, and in fine, is as nearly his own master as he can well be. The sense of complete freedom expands his chest, and no untrammelled son of the desert can experience more complete buoyancy of spirit than does the shaggy unkempt tourist who drinks in the fresh morning air as he saunters up and down a 100 foot log in the middle of the river, or, extended at full length, basks in the sunshine listening to the plash of the waves as they gently lave the sides of his raft. So that a comparison between the two modes of travel shows advantages on the side of the seemingly less enjoyable, which in their æsthetic, dietetic, social and moral character, go to mellow the hard feeling incident to first thought on the subject of raft navigation. Were it desirable to depress the scale too much in favour of the raftsmen's view, it would be open to his sympathizers to throw in the continuous opportunity for fishing which the steady movement of the raft furnishes—but some unoccupied ground must be left to the imagination.

The raft is quite safe so long as its constituent logs keep together. Should it resolve itself, or be resolved into its elements in deep water, danger is to be apprehended, for every one cannot walk on, or even keep

astride of a log in the water. Blondin and Blondinists could perhaps; but unaccustomed raftsmen find it rather slippery work. Any one who is perfect at paddling a tub could hold his own on a log; but the tendency to roll is a source of such danger to the isolated squatter on square timber, as to justify a casual observer in mistrusting its efficiency as a life preserver. Walking on a detached log means not a succession of steady steps, but a movement akin to what one understands by St. Vitus's dance. The raft proper is composed of what are technically called drams, each of which is a complete raft in itself; in fact a raft is a number of drams chained or roped together. The timber intended to be rafted down to Quebec is taken from the booms, say in Toronto bay, and built up in drams. Huge sticks of pine, ash, elm, or oak, are laid side by side to the width of about fifty-two feet, and to the length of about two hundred and fifty feet, with a space of two feet between the ends of the logs, so as to give them room to play in a rough sea; these are bound to traverses, or cross-pieces, laid every three feet, by withes of young ironwood, oak or hickory trees rendered pliable by a twisting machine. The bottom being thus laid, it is loaded in tiers until the dram draws from three-and-a-half to six feet of water, according to the quantity or weight of timber. A shanty is built of pine boards on the middle of the dram, and the dram thus honoured is called the Cabin Dram: the cook's house adjoins the shanty, and in it are stored barrels of pork, biscuit and bread. Around the bow, stern and sides of the dram, railings are constructed at an elevation of three feet, and oars thirty-six feet long and about fifty pounds weight are provided. It takes fifteen men a month to build one of these drams. For going through the canals, the drams are built about twenty-four by one-hundred and twenty, and in a less secure manner than those intended to take the chances of the rapids. It is said to be as cheap to

take a raft through the canals as down the river, and the more valuable timber, such as oak and pine, goes by the former route, as the risk of loss is of course much diminished. One wonders why all the timber does not go through the canals, when the dangers of the rapids are taken into consideration, and it is remembered that no Insurance companies extend their aegis over the timber man. If a dram sticks on a shoal, or is run on the beach, it takes a deal of pulling and hauling to get it off again, the cost oftentimes being from two to five hundred dollars. When everything is ready, the drams are lashed together, two and two, and a tugboat steams off with them down Lake Ontario, and thence along the river St. Lawrence to Prescott.

The distance between Toronto and Kingston was accomplished in eighty-five hours, and the captain of the *Edsall* felicitated himself on the speed and strength of his tug, but expressed regret when he recollected that his vessel was paid according to the time occupied, that is, about \$200 a day. Eighty-five hours between Toronto and Kingston (one-hundred-and-sixty-five miles), is a good long time to an "amateur casual," on a raft, though to a timber man it represents a short raft passage between the points named. Three days of sunshine, three days of gossip with the men, three days devoid of stirring incident, save a slight blow which set the timber creaking in a manner sufficiently startling to give a good idea of what a storm could do if it only chose. To a timber raft badly put together, a storm on the lake means "scatteration" in its most destructive sense, and a log hunt for a month afterwards. But our parallelogram went quietly and smoothly onward. The men slept and ate, and ate and slept during the day, and sat up all night telling stories, singing songs and dancing. All nationalities were represented, but the French and English speaking Canadians especially vied with each other in tales of adventure and the recital

of personal experience. There was Antoine, who had laid the axe to the roots of great trees in Western Canada and in Michigan, and was now on his way to his domicile of nativity. His had been a life of hard labour, speckled with oases of romance, and he seemed nothing loath to pass it in panoramic review for the entertainment of his fellows; but his forte was, like a true sentimentalist, music. He sang, with an air of resolution, the songs of French Canada, and when incited to melody showed a wonderful skill in giving his voice the *tremolo* much affected by popular singers, thus realizing Charles Lamb's description of the piping of the gentle giantess. "The shake which most singers reserve for the close or cadence, by some unaccountable flexibility or tremulousness of pipe she carrieth quite thro' the composition, so that her time to a common air keeps double motion—like the earth running the primary circuit of the tune, and still revolving upon its own axis." His favourite air, and indeed that of all, was the canoe refrain, *En roulant ma boule*, the chorus of which was rendered with great spirit, its accompaniment being a violent working of the arms, intended to represent paddling. The words of this song extend over thirteen verses, so a few will suffice as specimens:—

Derrière' chez nous, ya-t-un étang,

En roulant ma boule (*chorus*),

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,

En roulant ma boule roulant (*chorus*),

En roulant ma boule.

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant

En roulant ma boule,

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,

En roulant, etc.

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant

En roulant ma boule,

Avec son grand fusil d'argent,

Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,

En roulant, etc.

Then there was Pierre, who was making his yearly pilgrimage to his home, or rather his wife's home—for poor Pierre had been

blessed with a shrew, and like the simple-minded fellow he is, took to the woods every fall, worked hard all winter chopping, and about midsummer found himself again rafting towards the consumer of his wages. His matrimonial felicity was not perfect, as a week under the roof of his little white washed cottage seemed to render him equal to another year's absence, another year's endurance of cold and shanty hardship, another year's existence on pork diet. Hugh, the cook, had his budget of songs of the "Mother Darling" class, as well as of the dramatic, which were made to tell by the addition of fanciful bits of clog dances, while his border tales were of the most incredible kind, fearful robberies of fowl, and dreadful legends as to the eating capacity of the winter shanty men. The Foreman of the raft was a mine of statistics, and full of interesting details as to the lumber trade, which he prefaced with a characteristic song, descriptive of the raftsmen's life—

Voici l'hiver arrivé ;
 Les rivières sont gelées ;
 C'est le temps d'aller au bois
 Manger du lard et des pois.
 Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons !
 Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons !
 Pauv' voyageur que t'as d'la misère !
 Souvent tu couches par terre,
 A la pluie, au mauvais temps
 A la rigueur de tous les temps.
 Quand tu arrive à Québec,
 Souvent tu fais un gros bec
 Tu vas trouver ton bourgeois
 Qu'est là, assis au comptoi'.
 — Je voudrais être payé
 Pour le temps que j'ai donné.
 Quand l'bourgeois est en banq'route,
 Il t' renvoi manger des croûtes.
 Quand tu retourne chez ton père,
 Aussi pour revoir ta mère ;
 Le bonhomme est à la porte,
 La bonne femme fait la gargotte.
 — Ah ! bonjour donc, mon cher enfant !
 Nous apport' -tu ben d' l' argent ?
 — Que l' diable emport' les chantiers !
 Jamais d' ma vie j'y r'tournerai !

In his less musical moments the Foreman becomes communicative, and is nothing loath to tell respecting his operations in the woods, his hauling the logs to water, his draining lakes to gorge the shallow streams and rivers down which they float the logs, and to give, with dates and items, all the minor details which go to make up his business life. His information is varied, and he appreciates at its true value the great forest. From him we learn such facts as the following : Canada possesses almost every variety of ornamental wood, and at great International Exhibitions displays not less than sixty-four varieties of timber. The great variety of kinds, and the abundance in quantity of our forest woods, is the reason that the greater number of them have no intrinsic value here. Oak, pine, walnut, maple, elm, tamarack, and cedar, are our chief exports. Last year the total exported produce of our forests reached \$28,586,816 in value, the largest quantity being of white pine. Next in value come Agricultural Products, and after them Animals and their produce. At the late lumberers' convention at Ottawa, Mr. Little stated that the forests of the United States and Canada, taken together, will not afford a supply of white pine for more than twelve or fifteen years at the utmost, at the present rate of consumption. Such a statement carries with it a significance which those who look into the future would do well to ponder over. The exhaustion of Canadian forests means the loss of our chief source of export. But the rapid consumption going on signifies to the lumberman that every year his work will be further and further back from civilization, and that his hardships, if not his wages, will steadily increase.

The hours went by very slowly in doing Lake Ontario's 180 miles, but the leisure thus afforded to familiarize oneself with the men, and to admire the sticks of timber, the excellencies of which were repeatedly pointed out, was, as may be seen, somewhat improved. Once through the lake and past Kingston, it

might be supposed that the scenery of the Thousand Islands would dispel the languor which had at times manifested itself in all. Though willing to answer when questioned, the raftsmen, like the Indian, is never garrulous. Gazing at the waves as they rippled by, with sunshine pillowed on their tiny crests, or lazily watching the shore where the dozing hills nodded a seeming recognition with their cloud night-caps, he yielded him to the soporific spirit of the scene, and became silent, dreamy, and sometimes even sleepy. Nepenthe had been found. Even the Thousand Islands, with their luxuriantly tinted foliage, their overhanging branches, and dainty bowers, their myriad forms of substance and shadow, their winding passages, their delightful changes of landscape, their seventy miles of lingering sweetness—all, all failed to dispel torpor or awaken into activity the ratiocinative faculties. We gazed and enjoyed and gazed and dozed. The solitude, the stillness, the exquisite beauty of the scene, the balminess of the atmosphere, intoxicated like sweet incense, and stole away all sense of life; dreamland with its figments and pigments was ours, and for many a moment, a set of beings happy and contented as ever roamed the Elysian fields, were the somnambulists of our raft. Our sleep was not dull, heavy, abject unconsciousness, but rather delicate, soft quiescence—rest to the body, holiday to the mind. The griefs and disappointments of the past clothed themselves in wedding-garments and danced like dervishes *vis-à-vis* to the joyous possibilities of the future. In truth, the Thousand Islands were to us the Thousand-and-one Nights of oriental fiction. But this somniferous delirium was too painfully delicious to last, and like everything mundane, came to an end. At Prescott we were restored to the consciousness of life's realities by the departure of the steam-tug, and beneath the shadow of the famous old windmill which had witnessed some of the pranks of '37, the drams shook off the coils that

had so long united them, and each made ready to do for itself in its downward course. Pilots came on board, huge oars were shipped, men were hired in quantities, fifteen or sixteen to a dram, and after a few strokes from the long oars, which looked amazingly like monstrous *antennæ*, our raft was in the current moving along with a speed startling in its contrast to the former creeping motion. The rapids now began to be referred to with respect, and even the current, as it swept our parallelogram around islands, through narrow channels, shaving shoals and rocks that looked uninvitingly near, became a subject of conciliatory compliment. Steady work at the oars has taken the place of indolence, and the men shout to each other in French, Indian and English; brisk repartee and stentorian laughter indicate rising spirits; and the timid tourist, partaking of the general excitement, leaps from log to log for the purpose of reassuring himself as to their adhesive qualities, and recalls the lines of Sangster:

" All peacefully gliding,
The waters dividing

The indolent bateau moved slowly along.

The rowers light-hearted,
From sorrow long parted,

Beguiled the dull moments with laughter and song.

' Hurrah for the rapid! that merrily, merrily

Gambols and leaps in its tortuous way;

Soon we will enter it, cheerily, cheerily,

Pleased with its freshness, and wet with its spray.'

" More swiftly careering,
The wild rapid nearing,

They dash down the stream like a terrified steed;

The surges delight them,
No terrors affright them,

Their voices keep pace with the quickening speed:

' Hurrah for the rapid! that merrily, merrily

Shivers its arrows against us in play.

Now we have entered it, cheerily, cheerily,

Our spirits as light as its feathery spray.'

" Fast downward they're dashing,
Each fearless eye flashing,

Though danger awaits them on every side;

Yon rock—see it foaming

They strike—they are drowning!

But downward they speed with the merciless tide :
 No voice cheers the rapid, that angrily, angrily
 Shivers their bark in its maddening play,
 Gaily they battled it—heedlessly, recklessly,
 Mingling their lives with its treacherous spray !”

The river has a glazed appearance ; its very oiliness indicates something wrong underneath the surface ; the revolving eddies in their corkscrew movements predicate trouble ahead ; and the accelerated speed of the raft forewarns one of danger that lurks not far in the distance. We are beginning to go down hill very swiftly. No wonder. From Lake Erie to Montreal, 367 miles, the descent is 564 feet. Vessels coming up through the seven canals constructed to avoid these St. Lawrence rapids ascend 116 miles of river in actual horizontal distance, overcoming a fall of 225 feet above the level of tide water, and this in a river said to discharge 4,300,000 tons of fresh water annually into the ocean. So there is good reason for our raft making good time onwards—it is going down the first pair of stairs. But the white caps of the Galops have little temper for us as we plough through, for the tumble of this rapid is less fierce than we, in our innocent excitement, anticipated. Not a stick is displaced, and confidence in the buoyancy and strength of our platform rises several degrees. Grown bolder by slight experience, we express loudly our desire to encounter the famous Long Sault, the most magnificent of all the rapids, and whose dangers were, in the olden time, especially dreaded. Says Mr. Boulton, in his Topographical description of Upper Canada (1824) : “Boats may pass near shore, but where misfortune has driven either a boat or a raft into the very strong part of the current, it hath seldom happened that a life has been saved. A melancholy instance of the danger of this occurred in the late French war, when several boats and their crews were entirely lost.” But enquiries of an historical nature were cutshort abruptly, after reaching smooth water again, by the appear-

ance of a canoe which angled towards the raft for awhile, and finally succeeded in coming alongside. Its passengers were two Indians, a white-haired old gentleman, evidently papa, and a fair faced girl, evidently papa's daughter. The transfer of this new and unexpected freight to the cabin-dram was a work of short duration, and thence an explanation of the angelic visit was soon promulgated, to the effect that daughter had long cherished an “intense, eager, and insatiable longing” to “shoot the rapids,” and that papa had insured his life, and given reluctant consent on one condition, viz : that he should accompany her. She carried a dainty satchel containing wine-biscuits for nibbling purposes, and papa, like a sensible man, displayed anxiety respecting the movements of substantial hampers, which the keen-scented cook followed about with radiant countenance. The new arrivals occasioned much excitement. The Indians at the oars betrayed no sign, save that their black eyes flashed for an instant. The French grimaced at each other. The English slapped their kees violently but said nothing. The surprise was too much for vocal expression. Never had such a thing been dreamed of in raftsmen's annals as the shooting of the Long Sault by a young lady. She was not very strong looking, but she had delicate features, long wavy hair which fluttered gaily in the breeze, a *petite* figure, and eyes full of sunshine and sweetness. It seemed to grow on us that she was neither merry nor giddy ; her demeanour rather bespoke characteristics such as thoughtfulness and kindness. When she seated herself on a coil of hawser, and quietly took to her “tattooing,” to the discomfiture of some on board who would have been glad to furnish her with full statistics relative to the dimensions of the canals, and to point out to her the peculiar excellencies of the various sticks of timber, the oarsmen looked very knowing and sarcastic. Some persons transferred their valuable information and services

to papa, who showed his appreciation of several hours' run of learned conversation by breaking out, in the middle of a table of condensed mathematics, with an allusion to his hampers. The allusion was caught up with alacrity, and a motion towards the victuals had a seconder in everybody not engaged at the oars. The contrast between hard-tack and sponge-cake is great! The gulf between fat pork and chicken is vast! A land appetite and a water appetite are totally different things! *Aqua vitæ* and *aqua fortis* have nothing in common. The little lady was somewhat sly, for no sooner were potations ended than she demanded a song. Each looked at the other; one had a cold; another had left his music at home; but silence was cut short by the irrepressible Antoine, who looked tenderly at the maiden, then ferociously at his companions, and sang out to a delicious minor air:

Isabeau se promène,
Du long de son jardin,
Du long de son jardin.
 Sur le bord de l'île,
Du long de son jardin;
 Sur le bord de l'eau,
 Sur le bord du vaisseau.

Elle fit une rencontre
De trente matelots,
De trente matelots.
 Sur le bord de l'île, etc.

Le plus jeune des trente
Il se mit à chanter, etc.

—La chanson que tu chantes
Je voudrais la savoir, etc.

—Embarque dans ma barque,
Je te la chanterai, etc.

Quand elle fut dans la barque,
Elle se mit à pleurer, etc.

—Qu'avez-vous donc la belle,
Qu'avez-vous à pleurer? etc.

Je pleure mon anneau d'or
Dans l'eau il est tombé, etc.

Ne pleurez point la belle,
Je vous le plongerais, etc.

De la troisième plonge,
Le galant s'est noyé,
Le galant s'est noyé.

 Sur le bord de l'île,
Le galant s'est noyé
 Sur le bord de l'eau,
 Sur le bord du vaisseau.

This melancholy story was quickly ousted from memory by other and more lively airs, so that the impromptu pic-nic was a great success. The little lady looked pleased, and laughed right merrily when her experiments on hard-tack resulted in a vain endeavour to indent it with her pearly molars and incisors. An offer to file her teeth to the requisite sharpness was declined with a profusion of thanks which abashed the offerer as completely as if he had been smothered in rosebuds. Further enjoyment of the festive occasion is cut short by the announcement that the rapids are near. The pilots take their position, and in a few moments the drams, one after another, spring forward with fearful velocity, and plunge violently into the breakers of the Long Sault. The waves leap to the encounter as if they would dash themselves over the restless timber, but exhausted by their own fierceness, tumble headlong in masses of white foam. The dram stops, a convulsive throb gives motion seemingly to every fibre of the timber—but it is for an instant. The pilot shouts; the men strike their oars deep in the water, and the dram, like an expert surf-diver that it is, takes a header through the loftiest breaker; the bow oarsmen drop on their knees and cling to the traverses. For a few seconds they are lost to sight in tempests of spray, while an undulating spasm seizes the dram and runs through its entire length, causing every portion in turn to heave and toss like a wounded serpent, and straining every withe to its utmost tension. But the stoppage is momentary. Again the all-powerful current clutches the dram, and, rendered

more fierce by impediment, drags us onward, down narrow passages between rocks, over precipices of water, past threatening shoals, cutting the crest from pyramids of surge, and riding victor-like upon clouds of sparkling spray until, wearied with triumph, we lose all consciousness of the hydra-headed dangers lurking on every side, and give fancy and imagination free rein to revel in the sights of grandeur and beauty which flit before our eyes like an enchanted panorama.

It is hard to say who of the non-raftsmen exhibited the most equal courage during the passage, but, though she had sat by herself in the middle of the dram, had looked very pale, trembled very much, and let slip a few tears when the last white cap was left astern, the little lady was pronounced by unanimous vote to be a true raftsman; and several sunburnt, big-shouldered fellows carried a large stick of timber near to where she sat (which they shortly brought back again), to secure the opportunity of whispering to her, "You are a trump, miss." At any rate when she again asked for a song, big Barreau, who had slain his thousands of trees, and rafted innumerable drams down the rapids, for the first time volunteered a song. He commenced :

"Nous avons sauté le Long Sault,
Nous l'avons sauté tout d'un morceau.
Ah ! que l'hiver est long !
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons,
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons !"

but fell back, blushing violently, after racking his memory in vain for the words of the second verse.

When the drams were moored in safety at Smart's Bay (opposite Cornwall) that Friday night, an oar was laid between the dram and the shore as a sort of "gang-plank." It is scarcely necessary to say that those who wished to go ashore dry had to do some nice feats of balancing. The little lady and her papa were taking leave of us. Papa performed on that oar like an elephant

on a tight rope, and would in all probability have got wet had he not beat a hasty retreat. At these demonstrations of papa's the little lady laughed very undutifully and declared her intention of "going first." The words were scarcely uttered before there was a splash heard, and the little lady was carried ashore, like a child, in the brawny arms of a six-foot raftsman who found no difficulty in walking through four feet of water, even with her as a load. She doubtless was a little startled, but the gallant fellow meant well, and his act was a farewell tribute to her pluck.

Before eleven o'clock next morning the drams were lashed together; then set out for Coteau with a steam-tug at their head. The procession moved solemnly through Lake St. Francis, the monotony being broken only by passing steamboats, propellers or grain barges, whose passengers eyed us with an interest which was flattering. Perhaps some of them regarded us as on our way to destruction, and shed pitying tears. We certainly grieved for their captivity, though we too were "cribbed, cabined and confined." It is not pleasant sometimes to be an object of interest; but on a raft one learns to endure with patience even a stare through a field-glass. When we were glared at by lady passengers on the steamboats, even the most sunburnt of us showed a heightened colour. By this time constant exposure had blackened some complexions, and given to others a scarlet hue whose brilliancy almost answered the purpose of flint and steel at night. Bardolph's nose was not a circumstance to noses on board. More than one person might have had applied to him, with appropriateness, Falstaff's apostrophe to his famous swash-buckler: "Thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp." But as all were more or less sun-painted—complexion veils being out of the question—there was little comparison of hues. Like ladies at a ball or an opera, we by common consent tabooed the subject. At seven in the

evening our destination was reached, and, as the French raftsmen whose assistance was required for the next rapids would not run them on Sunday, we spent that day in the village. At five next morning we found the raft fairly alive with men. There were ten drams, and each dram took about seventeen additional hands and a pilot to work through, at a cost of about \$2.50 per man, and \$6.00 to the pilot. According as the drams were unfastened, they moved off, the big sweeps making not unpleasant music as they struck the water in steady unison. The bell of the village church rang out a parting blessing; the men crossed themselves and knelt for a few moments to pray for a safe journey; and the women and children on shore waived adieux to their fathers, husbands, brothers and lovers—for certainly it seemed that we had carried away the entire male population of the pleasantly situated but exceedingly quiet village. The Coteau and the Cedars (about nine miles apart) were taken at the rate of twelve miles an hour, with the loss of a few sticks of timber, which were driven out of the bottom of the dram as it bounded over a huge boulder, and plunged its bow too deep into the water. One unlucky dram, immediately behind us, had entered the rapid sideways, and being caught in an eddy, whirled and twirled its huge length around until its helpless gyrations almost dizzied those who watched it. Tired with its plaything, the current at last shot us high and dry on shore at a safe but puzzling spot, where its crew had to go to work at the unsatisfactory task of re-rafting. Five miles further on the Cascades were encountered, with the well known Split Rock guarding the entrance like a granite Cerberus. The dangers of the rapids are lost sight of by the tourist on a steamboat: to appreciate them one must, as it were, mingle in the fray, feel on his cheek the foam cast up by the seething waters around him, have his ears filled with their din, and his eyes startled by the rock apparitions which emerge and disappear

in an instant, like porpoises at play. The Ile des Cascades lies a short distance from the Pointe des Cascades and, with two or three other smaller islands, breaks the current of the river at its entrance into Lake St. Louis. Here the drams shoot into the whirl of waters produced by a sudden declivity in the river, whose bed is obstructed by rocks in some places, and scooped into cavities in others. The bow oarsmen receive the first shower-bath with resolution, but on the approach of a dense mass of upreared water, rush to the middle of the dram to avoid the onset. Too late! they are knocked down like ten-pins, and left (luckily for them) sprawling in all directions on the sticks of timber, to which they cling with the tenacity of barnacles. Though rocking like a cradle our good ship rises and plunges forward with desperate energy and equal strength, and gains headway again in the current. A feeling of awe creeps over one, gazing thus upon the contest. The descending waters are precipitated with great velocity between the islands, repelled with seemingly an equal force by the rocks and hollows underneath, then thrown up in spherical figures high above the surface, and driven back once more upon the current. Through this tempest the pilot guides his unwieldy charge, skinning shoals which seemingly block all entrance, and, by a skilful and swift turn, grazing reefs which are apparently unavoidable at our headlong speed. Once more we are through in safety, and in Lake St. Louis have a little leisure to think of absent friends. Soon they come along one after another, but "not the six hundred;" instead of nine, only seven put in an appearance, and we hear with selfish complacency that one is aground and the other "absent without leave," no one knows why. But as the rule is every one for himself, we proceed on our way towards Nun's Island, having first disembarked the Coteau oarsmen. A steam-tug awaited our arrival at the foot of the rapids and took us in tow. While going through the lake we learned

that the Beauharnois canal, 11 ½ miles long, built to avoid these three rapids, has a rise of lockage of 82 ½ feet. Six o'clock in the evening found us at anchor near Chateauguay.

The last rapid was to be run on the morrow, and, the night being before us, a little relaxation was indulged in. Visitors from the shore came aboard in canoes, and we were soon on speaking terms with the civilized descendants of the Caughnawaga Indians. Theirs was not a visit of ceremony; they meant business. The Lachine could not be run without their assistance. The foreman of the raft gave audience to the most Indian-looking of the visitors, and after a brief powwow, we learned that a selection of pilots and oarsmen had been made. Each pilot has his gang of men who accompany him on every voyage down, and by arrangement with him their services are secured. The wages given are \$2 ½ per man, \$8 or \$10 apiece to the pilot and sub-pilots. These wages are earned only when the drams are moored in safety at Montreal; when a dram is wrecked no one gets paid; when put on a shoal, the crew work away until it is taken off, no matter how many days, and receive no further pay than if the usual time were consumed. So, "no success no pay" is the rule of the river adopted to secure due precaution and skill in pilotage. There is no higgling over wages. Custom has laid down a tariff, and none expect more or will take less than the usual fees. In a very short time, therefore, everything is arranged, and the Indians depart as silently as they came, with strict orders to be on board at three o'clock next morning. The raftsmen huddle together in the shanties, the fires are stirred up, and cards, dancing, jokes, stories and songs find their place in the programme of the night. The tourists are told that the most dangerous rapid, the Lachine, has yet to be run, and are plied with tales of hair-breadth escapes from drowning; of drams that had broken from their mooring at night in a gale, and had

shot the rapids without pilotage; of drams that had struck rocks in such a manner as to cause the sticks of timber to bounce up high in the air; of drams that had been sucked into eddies and had bathed their crews in six or seven feet of water; of drams that had gone to pieces, and whose unleashed logs had jammed and pounded every one on board into unrecognisable pulp—in fact all the rafting horrors of years are renewed for the especial benefit of the laymen whose fortune it is to be present at the night's recital. But no terror was equal to the ridicule which would have been ours had we gone ashore on the eve of the event which was to cap the climax of the voyage; or to the contempt which would have rendered our names immortally luminous in raftsmen's story had we yielded to the promptings of an unbiassed discretion; so, looking as cheerful as possible, we stowed away a more than liberal allowance of hard-tack, potatoes, and tea, and contributed a fair share of the heroic to the night's entertainment. Martyrs to rashness, we could not help endeavouring to recall the particulars of our life policies, so spent a moment or two in wondering whether the suicide clause applied to rapids. But the argument of the 1st Clown in Hamlet, act V. sc. 1. reassured us: "If the man go to this water and drown himself, it is will-he, nill-he, he goes; mark you that? but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life." This train of thought was consoling, and to the surprise of many, one of us without invitation or pressure announced himself as a volunteer songster. His song was "The night before Larry was stretched." It was too lugubrious, so another broke in with—

"Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra."

This was too suggestive; but the unexpected display of temerity, as may be sup-

posed, raised the tone of the meeting, and a refrain, thrilling, though scarcely intelligible, followed :

“C’était un vieux sauvage,
Tout noir, tout barbouillé,
 Quick’ ka !
Avec sa vieille couverte,
Et son sac à tabac,
 Quick’ ka !
Ah ! ah ! tenaouich’ tenaga
Tenaouich’ tenaga, quick’ ka !”

The neighbourhood being full of legend, it was to be expected that a little prompting would draw out some story-teller. An attempt was only too successful. Jean Baptiste (it is as thick here as Jones or Brown elsewhere) remembered, at great length, that his grandfather had rescued from the Lachine a young Indian warrior and an Indian maid, the course of whose love had been as obstructed as the channel through the rapid. The lovers had walked into the river, one frosty morning, hand in hand, intending to drown in each others’ arms, but the aforesaid grandfather being lynx-eyed and an early riser, discovered them before they had got far into the stream, and brought them out by raising his gun to his shoulder, and threatening to riddle them with buck-shot. They returned sadly to the shore. The warrior shot himself next day, but the maiden, grieved to the heart at his folly, lived on for many years which she improved by becoming an expert hand at a raft oar, and earning large wages in the rapid. The romance has never been done into verse, so ballad writers may, with impunity, make use of the melancholy particulars. What confirms one’s belief in the truthfulness of the story is the fact that a few years ago, when men were scarce hereabouts, womens’ rights so far as work was concerned being recognized, squaws were hired to assist at the oars, two of them being considered equal to one man. The love story had the effect of turning the channel of song from the heroic

to the sentimental, and the young man Henri trolled out lustily :

“Vive la Canadienne,
 Vole, mon cœur vole,
Vive la Canadienne,
 Et ses jolis yeux doux,
Et ses jolis yeux doux, tous doux,
 Et ses jolis yeux doux.
“Nous la menons aux noces,
 Vole, mon cœur vole,
Nous la menons aux noces,
 Dans tous ses beaux atours.

This was too much for the cook, who declared that if the entertainment was to last all night, supper might be indulged in with recklessness. His remarks were loudly cheered, and by way of response he brought in supper in his arms, that is to say, he dived into the hard-tack barrel, and cast upon the table large supplies of biscuit rigid enough to make any teeth, save those of a raftsmen, water. False teeth would never serve a useful purpose on a raft. But hard-tack goes very fairly, if well soaked, and the eater has in its favour the prejudice acquired by long abstinence from anything else. It economises time also, which is of some importance on board a raft, as it obviates the conventional objection to a person going about with his meals in his pocket. By way of dessert the cook treated us to some raspberries and raw onions, which he had received from a squaw the day before, in exchange for grease. After this prosaic interruption of the feast of reason which had characterized the night, it was deemed best for all to go to sleep. Ten minutes after the advice had been given all hands were snoring. At three in the morning the Indians came on board, according to orders, and by six everything had been got ready, and the drams cleared for the run. Twenty-six men rowed on each. The sun was shining out gloriously ; not a breath of wind stirred the surface of the river. The oars swung in their holders with a uniform thud. The men pulled, of course, standing up, and as they

were on the lowest tier or bottom of the dram, they moved constantly in five or six inches of water. However, damp feet are not a cause of anxiety to a raftsman. Between Lachine and Caughnawaga the breadth of the St. Lawrence narrows to about half a mile. As we pass the churches on either shore, the men drop on their knees and say their prayers,—some for a moment or two, others for a longer time. There is little or no noise save the splash of oars, and there is much less profanity than is usually heard. "Don't swear till we get through the Lachine," says one rebukingly to an irate companion. The roar of the rapid is now heard. The pace is getting faster and faster every instant. The drams stretch out in line of battle, and the pilot's voice is more frequently heard shouting his orders: "En haut," meaning row away at the bow; "à derrière," at the stern. Now, the bow oars are alone at work; now, the men at the stern make their oars bend with a will; now all, at bow, stern and sides, pull with their utmost strength. Everything depends on how and where we enter the rapids, and as the pilot mops his brow with his red handkerchief, we know that the time has come for all his presence of mind, all his skill. A few feet to the wrong side may suffice to cause him the loss of his pay, and ourselves the loss of our lives. From Caughnawaga to the lower extremity of the rapid, a distance of nearly four miles, there is a gradual shelving descent of the rocky bed of the river. The stream in passing down acquires an irresistible impetus, and towards the lower part runs with a velocity of eighteen miles an hour, until it is separated by some islands below into several channels. Into this ravine we glide with tremendous rapidity, and take the first pitch like a cork, all hands seeking a dry spot in the middle of the dram, until a heavy wave strikes and passes over. Straight onward the dram speeds, the men giving their whole strength to their oars to keep it in the proper course. Now a corner is to be turned, and the violence of

the waters is such that the men in the bow can with difficulty retain their places. There is a very Babel of voices. The pilot, notwithstanding his Indian blood, springs to and fro on the timber, and shouts excitedly to the men in a mixture of Indian and French, and the sturdy fellows yell encouragement to each other, with savage appreciation of the danger. Wave after wave gathers itself in a mass and tumbles on us as if seeking to conquer by sheer weight of water; wave after wave dashes itself to fragments against our sturdy side. The shanty leaps into the air; over goes the stove; down come the stove-pipes; the withes can almost be heard to shriek with the agony of extreme tension, and the sticks of timber move restlessly in their faithful clutch. The excitement culminates in a roar of triumph, as the dram swings round the point of danger and cleaves the waves with a hissing sound which tells how fearful is the speed. The men again leap to their oars. In a moment or two we have passed through a stretch of comparative calm; shot over a rocky ledge on the crests of billows so much engaged in smashing each other as to be careless of the use to which they were put by us; and gone headlong down the third pitch. The dram emerges spluttering, and shakes its high sides like a Newfoundland dog. The men are again at their posts, dripping but joyful, and the pilot stands quietly mopping huge patches of perspiration from his face. "A pretty rough passage, pilot," one ventures to observe. "The best I have had, Sir; you brought luck with you." The Victoria Bridge was now in sight, and after passing underneath one of its spans, we were, about two o'clock, brought to anchor near Montreal. Some of the drams, which came out of the rapid too far to the south, found themselves carried by the current on shoals, where they were forced to lie until towed off by steamboats. A good many sticks of timber were floating about, which men in canoes rescued and delivered up on payment

of 50 cents a stick for salvage. These men are called "Le gang quarante" or the Forty Thieves, as their honesty in returning lost timber is questionable. Next day the raft started for Quebec in charge of a steam-tug. As the three days' voyage down was somewhat monotonous, and as the reader is by this time familiar with, if not tired of, life on

a raft, it will suffice to add that for generosity, profanity, recklessness, industry, kindness, courage, endurance and simple mindedness, mingled in an olla podrida of manhood, no class will compare with the stalwart swarthy fellows who annually take our timber to the sea.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

LET the world roll blindly on !
 Give me shadow, give me sun,
 And a perfumed eve as this is :
 Let me lie,
 Dreamfully,
 When the last quick sunbeams shiver
 Spears of light athwart the river,
 And a breeze, which seems the sigh
 Of a fairy floating by,
 Coyly kisses
 Tender leaf and feathered grasses ;
 Yet so soft its breathing passes,
 These tall ferns just glimmering o'er me,
 Blending goldenly before me,
 Hardly quiver !

I have done with worldly scheming,
 Mocking show, and hollow seeming !
 Let me lie
 Idly here,

Lapped in lulling waves of air,
 Facing full the shadowy sky.
 Fame !—the very sound is dreary,—
 Shut, O soul ! thine eyelids weary,
 For all nature's voices say,
 "'Tis the close—the close of day,
 Thought and grief have had their sway :"

Now Sleep bares her balmy breast,—
 Whispering low
 (Low as moon-set tides that flow
 Up still beaches far away ;
 While, from out the lucid West,
 Flutelike winds of murmurous breath
 Sink to tender-panting death),
 "On my bosom take thy rest ;
 (Care and grief have had their day !)
 'Tis the hour for dreaming,
 Fragrant rest, elysian dreaming !"

PAUL H. HAYNE.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE discussion of the Treaty continues without any visible alteration of the great divisions of opinion. The farmer, the lumberer, the miner are still favourable, together with a portion of the shipowners; ship-owners whom it greatly concerns to be admitted to the American coasting trade are discontented; the manufacturers, as a body, are adverse. But we are confirmed in the impression that the competition which the manufacturers really fear is not that of the United States, but that of England. Party still, in despite of reason and patriotism, mingles with the question, as no doubt it will with that of the transit of Venus.

We have watched in vain for an answer to the question which we raised at the outset, and which, we imagine, must be answered if the Treaty is to have any chance of passing the Congress of the United States. It is allowed that English goods must always be admitted into this country as free as American. How then are we to discriminate, in exporting to the States, between goods made in England and goods made in Canada? English manufacturers would have no difficulty or scruple in imitating Canadian goods, if necessary, for the American market. The American tariff would then be completely taken in flank, and Canada would become a vast smuggling depôt for the introduction of English goods into the States. Even the Free Traders in Congress would hardly like to see England walk through their tariff without their own consent. The objection seems to us to be practically fatal unless it can be removed. But though the two Governments have acted very properly in bringing the whole subject of the commercial relations between the two countries under consideration, the different parts of the

Treaty are not inseparably connected with each other. Whatever may be the fate of the clauses relating to manufactures, the free interchange of natural products would be an unmixed boon to both countries, and, if people will approach the matter in a rational temper, there is no reason why it should not be secured.

In the re-election of Louis Riel for Provencher, we have a conclusive as well as offensive proof that the Manitoban difficulty is not yet at an end. Riel will, of course, be again expelled by Parliament, but Parliament cannot expel sympathy with him from the hearts of those who lead opinion in the Lower Province. It matters comparatively little whether he is or is not mock member for Provencher, while Quebec journals are calling him the most heroic of all the Métis. Manitoba in its present condition, and the Manitoban question, are the cockpit of two elements which unhappily remain unassimilated and unharmonized in the body of the Confederation, and which can be assimilated or harmonized, as the universal experience of history shows, only by the operation of a moral force which in our case is not at work. To go back to the system of the late Government, as disclosed by the Pacific Railway affair and by the result of the Manitoba Inquiry, is out of the question; it would be to purchase the stability of Confederation at the price of everything that makes Confederation, or any other political arrangement, worth having. Better a thousand times open divorce than union in corruption. Though isolation might weaken, it could not weaken half so much as the loss of public virtue. But the position of the present Government is a ticklish one, and

calls for our consideration and forbearance. Under our present circumstances, Quebec could not seriously be estranged without running the risk of giving birth to an annexation party which, if certain commercial interests found themselves in danger of being ruined by the Treaty, might receive accessions from another quarter. Annexation would effectually amnesty Riel.

The Cabinet which M. de Boucherville, after unusual delay, succeeded in forming in Quebec is too weak to give promise of long duration. It is weak absolutely and relatively: weak in being composed chiefly of third-rate or inexperienced men; weak compared with the abler and more experienced men whom it replaces, and in comparison with others whom it would be easy to point to within the limits of the party to which the Premier, apparently, determined to confine his selection. The length of time which the formation of this Ministry consumed is a silent attestation of the difficulty of the task. However it may be explained, M. de Boucherville has not got together the best, or even the second best, materials in the Conservative party. The selection of M. de Boucherville for the task of forming the Government is itself an enigma. The natural leader was M. Chauveau; and it is possible that he might have induced such men as M. Coursol, Mr. Starnes, M. Blanchet and Mr. Carter to join, while, if report be true, M. de Boucherville applied to them in vain. Either they had not confidence in the new leader or they concluded that the ill-odour of the "land-swap," which proved fatal to the old Ministry, would extend to the new. They might well have feared that the new men would be liable to come under the suspicion of desiring to explain away that accusation. It is uncertain whether the members of the Legislature who refused to figure in the De Boucherville Cabinet will consent to become its adherents and defenders. The late Ministry, self-condemned

by the act of resignation, must hang to the skirts of the party on whom the new Ministry relies for support. Against this embarrassment it will be difficult for M. de Boucherville to bear up; especially as he cannot rely on the cordial support, outside the Ministry, of such as refused to share the responsibility of its direction. The national elements of the new Government present no marked points of difference to those of the old. The extreme French separatists have never been, and probably never will be, content to see the Government with two English-speaking members in it. One of their organs insists that this feature of the Ouimet Government, so objectionable from its point of view, bore a larger part in the late break-up than the Tanneries scandal. The dream of forming a party on a national basis, and making it exclusively French, which some indulged during the crisis, was found to be only a dream the moment the new Ministry was announced. The Ministerial party has received a great shock, by which it has become shattered, and from the effects of which it may break to pieces. Whether some of the drifting timber set loose can be fashioned into the platform of an exclusive French party is a problem of which we must leave the solution to the event.

In Ontario, the note of preparation begins to be sounded on both sides for the general election. It is not easy to trace to its cause the feeling which prevails, that the Government has of late been losing ground. Every Government which has anything to give away is, of course, perpetually making enemies in the proportion of three malcontents to one ingrate. Expectation no longer waits on the distribution of the great surplus. The Opposition is also aided by the prevalent jealousy of a power behind the throne. One or two members of the Government individually have done things which they had better not have done, though our sense of their delinquencies is almost drown-

ed in the torrent of exaggerative abuse with which they are assailed. But where no great principles are at stake, and there is nothing on which Party can be rationally founded, personal caprice and the wayward love of change become predominant motives, and under the Ballot they will have free play, as the late elections in England showed. The contest will probably prove a forcible illustration of views which we have often propounded. Among those whose only object is good and honest government, there are probably very few who would not be glad to see the present leader of the Opposition a member of the Ministry. Even advanced Liberals would be disposed, for the sake of securing an honourable administrator of the affairs of Ontario, to overlook the conscientious objections which he is understood to entertain to expelling the Tarquins and beheading King Charles I. Nor could he, we may fairly assume, be more embarrassed by historical questions in acting with Mr. Mowat than he was in acting with the ex-Radical Mr. Sandfield Macdonald. Were the Executive elected by the Legislature, this, the only change which any man of sense must care to see, would be accomplished with certainty and in a quiet way. As it is, there will be a struggle, dignified with the name of a party contest, through the whole province, bribery and corruption will abound, evil passions will be stirred up, characters will be destroyed by the score; and, after all, either the object will not be gained, or it will be gained at the price of a general change of Government, for which, in private, nobody pretends that any adequate reason can be assigned. The only reason, at least of real weight, is the suspicion of subserviency on the part of the government to a secret and irresponsible influence; and this is not, properly speaking, a party issue.

In the Election Trials the judges have done their duty well, and made us sensible of our good fortune in possessing the first of

all political blessings, an independent and trustworthy judiciary. Their presence at the scenes of the trials, and their comments on the disclosures, are valuable, as well as their judgments. Justice administered with uprightness and dignity is, besides its direct benefits, an excellent moral lesson for a people. Not one of the decisions as yet has been questioned, and the fear that the position of the judges would be lowered by their connection with election trials, though it was natural, has proved entirely unfounded. We can seldom be sure, in these trials, that the disclosures are complete, as candidates often feel bound to withdraw from the struggle rather than imperil their friends; but so far as the disclosures have gone, though London abundantly deserved the stern admonition of the Chief Justice, the amount of corruption does not appear to have been very great. The worst feature of the case is the levity with which the disclosures are received, and this the bearing of the judges may do not a little to abate. The detection of corrupt practices among the party of Purity of course gives intense pleasure to Conservatives, who seem not unwilling to admit that a certain gay laxity of principle is natural to themselves. "The money is sound; come on and vote against bribery and corruption." This, no doubt, is hypocrisy, but not "organized hypocrisy." It denotes a mixture of two motives, both probably genuine in their way. But the question is not to be trifled with; it is one of life or death to free institutions.

As the Academical year is opening, it is not unseasonable to call attention once more to the question of University consolidation which was mooted by us some time ago, and our view of which has recently received support in a very able address delivered by the President of Cornell University, and noticed in the *Toronto Globe*. The fact is there is not room in Ontario for more than one University worthy of the name. Even

England, with all her wealth and corresponding demand for high culture, finds room only for two. The so-called University of London is merely a central examining board; it does not teach, or discharge any other function of a University; and as it was called into existence solely by the obstinate retention of the Tests which excluded Nonconformists from Oxford and Cambridge, it is not unlikely that, the tests having been abolished, it may in time cease to exist. The attempt to found a new University for the benefit of the North of England, at Durham, has proved totally abortive, though the new institution was sumptuously endowed, both with buildings and funds, out of the colossal wealth of the Cathedral chapter. A similar fate appears to have attended the project of a special University for Wales. The calamitous dispersion of resources and the equally calamitous prostitution of degrees which the friends of the higher education in the United States deplore, and from which they are now struggling, with painful steps, to return to a better system, is the result of mixed causes. But the similar disaster in our case is traceable almost entirely to Church feeling, which was originally forced into its present channel by the exclusive Anglicanism of the University of Toronto. We have said before, and nobody, we believe, has denied, that a small University means an inadequate and under-paid staff, an ill-furnished library, defective apparatus, lack of vigorous intellectual life, depreciated degrees, inferior education in short, and a consequent loss of power to the church which thus allows the intellect of its young men to be starved by poverty of instruction and stunted by seclusion. Another result of denominational Universities is that the national University is apt to contract an anti-Church bias by contrast and antagonism; and as the national University is sure to be the real seat of intellectual power, the cause of religion receives a

deadly wound from the instrument intended to promote it. President White calls for central and unsectarian Universities on the model of Cornell. We would qualify this demand. The student, to attend a central University, must leave his home and its influences, religious and domestic. For these a substitute is desired, and the desire is reasonable. The student class at Paris, and even that at Berlin, presents a moral type which we are far from desiring to propagate, much as we must respect the thoroughness of their mental training. But we have already pointed to the plan of an undenominational University, with denominational Colleges—the University furnishing the general instruction, holding the examinations and conferring the degrees, the College furnishing the religious instruction and the moral discipline—as the natural solution of the problem. Let the different denominational Colleges migrate to the precincts of the University of Toronto, and enter into the same relations with it in which an Oxford or Cambridge College is with the University of Oxford or Cambridge. They will lose nothing individually in point of religious or moral character; they will gain collectively all the advantages of a great University. Mere affiliation without migration to the central University would be something, because it would introduce uniformity of examinations, and thus restore in a measure the value of degrees; but it would not give us concentration of resources or much better instruction, and the instruction always drags down the examinations to its level, set your standard as high as you will. The heads of denominational Colleges might hold University offices—Professorships or the Vice-Chancellorship—as the heads of Colleges do at Oxford and Cambridge. No doubt, rooted feeling and strong local influences are in the way. But the first church which moves in this direction will at once render a great service to the general cause, and increase

its own influence in proportion to the improvement which is sure to follow in the training and intellectual power of its young men, besides relieving itself of a burden which hardly belongs to it as a religious association. Theological Colleges, and the theological departments of other Colleges, might of course remain where they are, and continue to do their own work ; in the case of the theological students seclusion is not a disadvantage. The same may be said of denominational schools, into which the local Universities might perhaps be partly converted.

At the same time we most earnestly hope that the University of Toronto will not shrink from adapting itself to the general requirements of the country by organizing a thoroughly efficient department of practical science. It was understood to be entering on this path of improvement at the instance of some of the most eminent representatives of practical science among us, who assert that for want of such training great advantages are slipping through our hands. How far the teaching of practical science is suitable work for Oxford or Cambridge is not the question : Universities, like other institutions, must meet the exigencies of the community to which they belong, and in a new country they must, to a certain extent, mix trades. Mere alterations of the curriculum or of the degrees will not be enough. What is needed is an efficient department, not severed from the University, but with a head of its own, a comprehensive master of practical science, with the power of organization, whose special functions need not, however, in any way interfere with the supremacy of the general head of the University. The aid of the Government and the Legislature will, no doubt, be needed, and it could not be better bestowed.

Upon the meeting of the reorganized Council of Public Instruction for Ontario, a question was raised as to the publi-

city of its proceedings. Some propose that reporters should be present at the sittings. The question is one which, we may safely say, has very little interest for the general readers of newspapers, who would prefer a column filled with less intellectual intelligence. In fact, if the Council wished to shroud itself in perfect mystery, it could hardly do better than publish a verbatim report of its proceedings in all the morning papers. The throne of the Congress of the United States has in this way become "dark with excess of light," while the sanctuary of private life, as it stimulates curiosity by its seclusion, is everywhere eagerly penetrated by the purveyors of food for the public appetite. The answer to the proposal of introducing reporters at the meetings of a deliberative Council is, however, one general in its scope, and founded on a fact little noticed, but of no small importance. Where publicity commences deliberation ends. No assembly, the discussions of which are reported, is, or can possibly be, really deliberative. To render deliberation real, every one must be perfectly at liberty to change his mind up to the close of the discussion ; but when a member's opinion has once been taken down by a reporter, his liberty of changing his mind is gone. Tentative suggestions, objections thrown out for the purpose of eliciting answers, the characteristic methods of men really taking counsel together, are almost equally precluded, and the so-called deliberation becomes a mere registration of opinions formed before the discussion began. There is not a grain of counsel in all the debates of the British House of Commons or in those of any legislature sitting with open doors. The result is settled beforehand ; and if there is any deliberation it goes on in some sort of cabinet or caucus, where a free interchange of thought can take place. The public knows this, and unless there is something spicy in the way of rhetoric or personality, it never reads the report of the debates.

It seemed to us that the speeches of the Governor-General during his recent tour showed, in point of form, an almost unique talent for that kind of composition. Their substance we did not very closely scrutinize; but, so far as our scrutiny went, we saw no questionable tendency, nor in fact any tendency at all. The speeches appeared to us simply the harmonious accompaniment, admirable in its kind, of the viceregal march. But it seems that some of them, purely by accident as the result shows, had a trifle too much of Canada and too little of Downing Street; and there are people who, like Mr. Wodehouse in "Emma," always insist on having their gruel thin, but not too thin. His Excellency, upon having his attention called to the subject, most graciously added a grain of Downing Street to the compound; the gruel is now pronounced to be of the right consistency, and nobody feels his baronetcy any longer in danger. This is fortunate; but we cannot help remarking that this anxious discussion of a Governor-General's personal utterances is irrational, somewhat slavish, and calculated to bring on, what we all wish to avoid, a discussion of the Governor-General himself. So long as the Governor of a Colony speaks as the representative of Her Majesty, and the mouth-piece of Her Majesty's Government, what he says will be received with an uncriticizing respect which will be preserved from the slightest taint of servility by its conformity to the rational laws of the constitution. But when his personal utterances are dwelt upon and used to give currency to one set of opinions and to inflict a stigma upon another set, criticism is challenged, and the right cannot be foregone without a real dereliction of constitutional liberty and real detriment to the public interests. Criticism, however, is not always favourable. No human being who has passed out of the Darwinian stage and learnt to walk erect imagines that artificial rank can lend a grain of additional weight to the words of its possessor. We

may have in a Governor a man of genuine talent and accomplishments. But any one at all familiar with English public life must know that from the indiscriminating wheel of political fortune the governorship of a colony is sometimes drawn by a man to whose opinions his own friends and associates attach no special importance, on whose lips, if he were talking at a London dinner-table, even on a subject with which he was familiar, the company would not hang. It is enough that he is capable of playing correctly and with dignity his constitutional part. But even if he is a man of marked ability, he comes to a land in which he has never before set foot, and from the hour of his arrival the screen of a court is interposed between him and the truth. He may make State progresses through the country no doubt, but readers of the Arabian Nights will remember that the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, when he wanted really to know what was going on, did not make State progresses through the streets of Bagdad. If a Governor speaks not of the condition and temper of the colony, but of general systems and theories of government, national or imperial, his judgment is worth no more than that of any other publicist of the day; if he aims at popularity, it is of course worth much less; nor can his forecast determine the future any more than that of the secretary at his side. Canada must read her destiny not in anybody's utterances, but where a nation always reads it—in her own heart.

It is curious to watch the fitful outbreaks in England of interest in Canadian affairs, and the strange shapes which English speculation about them takes. Somebody has possessed the London journals with the belief that we are all fired with a sudden desire of legislative union. The only ground for this fancy apparently is the projected union of the Maritime Provinces, which we need hardly say, if it is anything more than an economical measure, is an attempt to redress

the balance of Confederation. Never we fear was the desire of legislative union or closer union of any kind less prevalent in Quebec than it is at this moment ; and even as to the other Provinces the Ottawa Government would hardly say that its difficulty lay in moderating the violence of the centripetal tendency. The motives assigned to us by the London press for desiring a further change in our condition, are scarcity of first-class politicians and the special corruptness in the local legislatures. That the local legislatures are more corrupt than the central legislature it would not be easy to prove. The Land Swap and the Silver Islet job have their peers in the Pacific Railway case and some other episodes in the annals of Ottawa. That the local legislature of Ontario has been to a lamentable extent depleted of eminence, not to say of decency, by the removal of its leading men to Ottawa, and stands greatly in need of improvement, is too true ; but it may be doubted whether any but the few who attend the debates have a lively consciousness of the fact. The local legislatures have plenty of very substantial work to do : if there is a hollowness anywhere, it is in the case of the central government, which, though Federal in character, is not invested with the ordinary powers of a Federal government with regard to peace, war and external relations, and is consequently a good deal occupied with the simple work of keeping itself in existence by the arts and engines of party management. As to Manitoba and British Columbia, they, especially the latter, are not yet morally in the Confederation, much less are they ripe for a more intimate union.

It is true that the consolidation of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, to which the English journals confidently add Newfoundland, into a single Province, may be in one respect a step towards further change, inasmuch as it will reduce the number of members of the Confederation far below that hitherto deemed essential to

the Federal form of government. A considerable number of States, pretty equal in power to each other, or so related that no one State could visibly preponderate or be visibly depressed, seems from reason and experience to be the best basis for federation. If Manitoba and British Columbia become *bona fide* members of our system, and increase in population so as to stand on a level politically with Ontario, Quebec and Acadia, our number will be five. Otherwise it will be three ; and there will then be a great risk of a combination of two against one, and of the practical exclusion of the third from power, which could not fail to endanger the stability of the Confederation. An escape from that dilemma might be sought in legislative union, as an escape from the deadlock caused by the chronic struggle between Upper and Lower Canada was sought in Confederation, provided that it were possible to overcome the national and ecclesiastical separatism of Quebec. But at present the tendency, the causes of which the London press is expounding to an edified public, does not in fact exist.

The formation now accomplished of a new religious community, under the name of the Reformed Episcopal Church, by the split between the High Church and the Evangelical Anglicans, is an event which in its spiritual aspect belongs to the province of theologians, but which has also a social and economical aspect cognizable by lay writers. The economies of religion may sound like an irreverent expression ; but, as Mr. Gladstone said, in vindicating the right of Parliament to deal with the funds of the Irish Establishment, Churches, though their summits are in the skies, have their foundations in the dust. The underpayment of ministers is not only a cause of just complaint to the ministers themselves, but a matter of great concernment to society ; for if ministers are underpaid, human nature being what it is in post-apostolic times, we shall assuredly have

inferior men in places of great social authority and influence. But underpayment is traceable, in part at least, to the peculiar economical conditions, or rather to the anti-economical conditions of the profession. Instead of one minister for a given number of people, we are called upon to maintain three or four, with as many churches and their appurtenances, on the ground of differences of doctrine which, so far as the various denominations of Protestants are concerned, if they have not lost all the hold they had upon the popular mind in that zealous and contentious age in which the Churches were originally formed, have in great measure lost their power of opening the popular purse. Economy therefore distinctly counsels, if conscience does not absolutely forbid, a junction with some existing church in preference to the formation of a new one. The boundary line between Catholicism and Protestantism is clear; and it runs and forms the line of cleavage through the Church which has hitherto combined both elements in an undeveloped state, and is now being riven asunder by their development. Church infallibility, the divine right of the priesthood, the sacramental system, auricular confession and the need of priestly absolution, are matters about which compromise is as impossible as it is at once to affirm and deny that a miracle is wrought in the consecration of the eucharist. It is necessary therefore that, when there are both Catholics and Protestants, there should be both a Catholic and a Protestant Church, and the strictest economy has nothing to say against the expenditure. But a study of the history of Protestant Churches enables us to understand and forgive the comparative apathy of the people about dogmatic differences which were not regarded as grounds of estrangement by the Reformers themselves till they had been aggravated by controversy, and then stereotyped in the formation of rival churches. In a country like ours, there prevails among Protestants of all denominations, in their social and domestic life,

not only charity such as may exist even in spite of vital differences, but the harmony and the consciousness of being governed by the same principles and actuated by the same motives which any vital differences would exclude. And except for something which they really feel to be vital, people will not easily be persuaded to lay down their cash. This is no doubt the lowest of all the considerations that can present themselves to the minds of people deliberating on the foundation of a new Church. But though low, it is real, which is more perhaps than can be said for some of the things which separated Luther, Calvin, John Knox, and Hooper, with their respective disciples, from each other.

Which of the two sections of the Anglican Church whose disruption has given occasion to these remarks has the truth upon its side, is a question which it does not fall within our province to discuss. That both produce Christian characters is, perhaps, an indication that neither of them has a monopoly of the means by which Christian characters are produced. But we shall be guilty of no impropriety in saying that their mutual resentment, and the angry diatribes in which it finds expression, are entirely misplaced. They are alike the victims of a series of historical accidents, belonging to a remote age, which have combined under the same outward organization two churches radically differing in essential principles from each other. Torpor alone produced a semblance of identity; the influences which have warmed the sections into spiritual life have disclosed their fundamental antagonism to each other. Their only rational, their only Christian course, is to recognize this fact and part in peace, without discrediting religion, in its hour of peril, by scandalous altercations.

In the Toronto "Church Chimes," which announces itself as "a Monthly Organ of Catholic Progress in Canada," we have an account of a commemoration of the Guild

of St. Lawrence, commencing with "a high celebration of the Holy Eucharist," and conducted throughout in a way which would probably have been too much for Laud, and would most certainly have filled with horror the strongest High Churchman of the last century. The "celebrant" afterwards preached a sermon in which he urged the Guild "to abstain from controversy, which always created bitterness, which never converted sinners, and which widened the gulf between souls." But in an adjoining column, and signed with the preacher's own initials, we find these lines :

"The vested Priest of God before the altar stands,
For this from age to age the Church of God commands,
As one who turns to greet a Presence at a Shrine—
Uplifting Holy Gifts, not earthly but divine,
He stands where by his deed the Truth shown forth
appears,
He stands where Priests have stood for twice nine
hundred years.

"But at the 'Northern end' the people's hireling
stays,
Because he knows that this is popular and pays—
Because by doing this which all dissenters do,
He prospers with the rent of many an added pew,
Nor recks he that such act is but the outward sign
Of Preacher put for Priest, of Table changed for
Shrine."

Commend us to such a "finence from bitterness. Commend us also to the respect for facts which represents the "priests" of the Church of England as having always stood before the altar. Clarendon states expressly that up to the time of Laud the communion table itself stood in the centre of the church. In another column we find a "Hymn for Children," commencing thus :

"I am a little Catholic,
I love my church and school :
I love my dear old English Church
I love her faith and rule.

"I'm not a little Protestant,
As some would have me say ;
I'm not a little Romanist ;
So call me what you may."

If the little theologian means to say that its dear old English Church did not till yesterday with one voice call herself Protestant, we are surprised at its precocious assurance. We may add that if it repudiates both Protestantism and Romanism, while the Greek Church refuses to have anything to do with it, the ground left it will scarcely be wide enough for its infant feet. But the moral, we repeat, is—part in peace.

There are still some good men to whom the opening of two new and handsome theatres or opera-houses in Toronto will seem a bad sign. It would have been so in the days of the Restoration dramatists, but it is not so now. It is now a sign not only of growing wealth but of an improvement in the popular taste, which all sensible reformers will encourage. The theatre has unquestionably been a great organ of immorality. But it has also been, and is always capable of being made, a great organ of morality. Noble sentiment seldom sinks more deeply into the hearts of the people than when it comes to them with the vividness of drama and in the impressive tone of a good actor. But to keep the standard high, the theatre must be patronized by those who will put up with nothing low. Our theatres, partly owing to the want of suitable accommodation, have hitherto been little frequented by the more educated class ; and the consequence has been that our people have, to a lamentable extent, been left to batten on those wild sensation dramas which are only one degree less depraving than those commonly called immoral. Such wretched stimulants are not necessary. Shakespeare wrote for the people, and he is their prime favourite still. The same remarks hold good with regard to the opera, which is now more popular than the ordinary drama, and which, if neglected by those who ought to regulate public taste, sinks into a wretched compound of vulgar music and licentious ballet-dancing. Our people appreciate music of a better kind

when they hear it, and the power of music as an instrument of national culture has not yet been fully tried even by the most musical nations.

Our eyes are not often turned to the British Colonies which, on the other side of the globe, are running with us the race of Anglo-Saxon freedom ; but Victoria is at present the scene of a political crisis from which we may derive practical instruction. The Bicameral system has there signally collapsed. The Legislature of Victoria is composed, after the fashion prescribed by the best writers on political science, of two Houses. In members and electors of the Upper House a property qualification is required : in the case of members an estate of £2,500 or an income of £250, in the case of electors an estate of £1,000, or an income of £100, an exception being made in favour of graduates and students of universities, clergymen, schoolmasters, lawyers, physicians and officers of the army and navy, whose education is accepted as an equivalent for property. The Lower House is elected by manhood suffrage. The members of the Upper House go out by rotation, so regulated that a total change is effected in ten years ; the members of the Lower House are elected for a term of three years. This seems a reasonable plan, and one which, if the Bicameral system were what its devotees imagine, might be expected to work well. The result, however, has been a chronic collision between the two Houses and a legislative deadlock. As the only mode of escape from the dilemma, it is proposed to enact that, after twice disagreeing, the two Houses shall fuse and vote as a single House. But this will be, once more, the case of the Frenchman who conformed to the English custom of using sugar-tongs by taking them into his hand and slipping his fingers through them to pick up the sugar. The formal process of two disagreements and a fusion will be the sugar-tongs through which the party

which has the majority will take up a legislative result previously arranged in caucus. It is by an exactly analogous process that a State Legislature in the United States elects a United States Senator ; and there the result is, that the party caucus settles the affair by a nomination which is equivalent to an election, and then performs the electoral minutæ prescribed by the wisdom of the Constitution.

We have before had occasion to advert to the strange dance which constitution-builders and the world in general have been led by a mistake as to the character of the British House of Lords. The British House of Lords is not an Upper Chamber : it is an estate of the realm. It represents, or rather it is, a great interest separate from the Commons and the clergy, which are the two other estates ; for, to speak of the Crown, which summoned the estates to Parliament, as itself an estate, is a constitutional solecism : and the action of the House of Lords throughout the political history of England has been in accordance with its character. It has invariably played the part of a territorial aristocracy, naturally resisting, as long as it dared, in the interest of its own possessions and privileges, every change which could in any way be regarded as democratic, and many changes merely from a feeling that every change tends to undermine established privilege. Its existence may have been beneficial to the nation or the reverse ; but this is what it is and this is what it has done. The theory that it has acted as an impartial organ of mature political wisdom, calmly revising the precipitate decisions of the more popular House, is historically baseless, though it is the origin of all the modern Senates and Upper Chambers of every description which have filled the legislative world with confusion or abortion. Perhaps the delusion has been aided by a kindred fallacy regarding the American Senate, which, it is needless to say, is a representation of States, and would fall to the ground at once if the

extreme view of the Republican party could take effect and the Federal Constitution give place to that of a united and centralized nation.

Had the framers of constitutions, who fancied that in their Bicameral structures they were reproducing the House of Lords, studied English history instead of studying formal and legal accounts of the Constitution which are rather the product of the wig than the brain, they would have known that the experiment of a Second Chamber was once made in England, and with a very decisive result. Partly perhaps to relieve his government of the strain laid on it by a chronic struggle with the Parliament, partly as a step towards the restoration of the constitutional monarchy, the Protector Cromwell formed an Upper House by nomination, in compliance with the prayer of his adherents embodied in the Petition and Advice. The failure was immediate and disastrous. By the removal of the leading supporters of Government into the Upper House, which was necessary to give that House character, the lead in the Lower House was broken up, the two Houses fell foul of each other, and the Parliament was dissolved in a storm.

Of elective Upper Chambers, the end has been deadlock; of nominative Upper Chambers the end has been nullity. We have before quoted the words of M. Duvergier d'Hauranne as to the total nullity of the nominative Upper Chamber in France. They may be applied with emphasis to the nominative Senate of the Dominion. A better opportunity could hardly have been devised than the Pacific Railway affair for the authoritative intervention of a Senate, if the Senate had possessed any real authority with the people; yet not only was no help or counsel found in it, but its name literally was not mentioned through the whole of the affair. It is true that the nominations have been unsatisfactory: they have been used as mere payments for party services or as bribes: hardly a single effort has been made to

strengthen the body and increase its influence by the appointment of men who, though outside the party ring, might be fitted by their personal character, position and intellect, to lend dignity to a Senate. But what can a party government do? It has always some political debt to pay, and if it began to talk about the public service, its party would disband.

There is no use in attempting to divide the national will, for it cannot be divided; or to make it place external checks upon itself, for such checks will never be real. The only hope of mitigating the excesses and controlling the passions of democracy lies in purifying the national will itself, and in providing that its expression shall be as far as possible fair, deliberate, and equitable. Party government and general elections are stimulants of political passion, which such devices as the Bicameral system are powerless to countervail.

The state of opinion in England, which we endeavoured to describe in our last number, has been strikingly illustrated by Professor Tyndall's address to the British Association. Before an audience which may safely be taken as thoroughly representative of the most highly educated classes, the Professor propounded the blankest Materialism in the broadest terms. Matter, according to him, is all, the beginning and the end. If we might be pardoned a cursory remark on such a subject, we should say that to matter he must at least add a force or a power of evolution capable of giving birth to conscious personality, and to all the phenomena of intellectual, moral and spiritual life. But of what can we conceive as imparting such force or power, except a Being who possesses them Himself? Evolution may generate everything else, but it cannot generate evolution. The belief that conscious personality or the power of producing it can be bestowed by anything which itself is devoid of consciousness and of per-

sonality, is as repugnant to the fundamental laws of our understandings as the proposition that two and two make five.

The extravagant authority which is now conceded to mere physicists in questions beyond their proper sphere, and which they are using to reduce humanity to a herd of scientific animals, is the Nemesis of the theological habit hitherto prevalent, of attempting to decide scientific questions without reference to science. But it is surely not less irrational than the fallacy which it furnishes. The phenomena of moral and spiritual life are as real as those which fall under the cognizance of anatomy or geology; the character of St. Paul is as much a fact as the conformation of a monkey's brain; and before we can presume to propound an hypothesis, each set of phenomena demands careful investigation. But the careful investigation of moral and spiritual phenomena is what the physicists have not had time to undertake; so they assume the universality of physical laws, and throw out some slapdash theory to account for anything which does not seem readily to conform to that assumption. The objection to Mr. Darwin's account of the higher life of man is not that it is degrading (for if we are mere animals, mere animals we must be), but that it fails to cover the facts. He affirms that conscience, and everything connected with it, may be resolved into a sort of etiquette generated by the gregarious sentiments of the human herd. This appears to him a satisfactory account of spiritual life with all its emotions, hope and aspirations, with all its self-sacrifices and martyrdoms, with all its prayers, and hymns and fanes. But it occurs to him, very justly, that the existence of remorse is incompatible with his theory; accordingly he denies the existence of remorse. In another passage he says that a man who had committed a heartless act of cruelty to a dog must have felt remorse all the rest of his life.

In the case of Professor Tyndall there is,

what in the case of Professor Huxley there is not, a peculiar personal proclivity to the coarser view of things. His letter on the Jamaica Massacre was the most repulsive expression we have ever seen of the sentiments generated by an exclusive study of the animal nature of man. It reminded us of the German anthropologist who told Agassiz that, if science had its due, a scientific man would be able to go into the street and shoot a specimen of the genus homo for his museum.

What it concerns us to note, however, is the way in which Professor Tyndall's materialism was received. "The Professor's confession," says the Conservative-liberal *Spectator*, "that he believed matter, using the word in a very broad sense, to be the ultimate cause of all, is said to have caused some sensation, but so little as to show that his somewhat fierce demand for freedom for scientific statement was in this country hardly required. It is the right of political statement which now requires extension. Professor Tyndall will be much less persecuted socially for denying the existence of God than he would be for questioning the value of monarchy, and may defend Atheists with much less abuse than Communists or Oligarchs. English "Society," nowadays, holds two things to be divine: Property and the usual." But why is a man who questions the value of monarchy persecuted by people who would themselves scoff at the religious loyalty of the Cavaliers, and who in private have no scruple in battenning on the grossest scandal about members of the Royal Family? Simply because they think that monarchy is an outwork of property and its pleasures, so that the two social divinities of the *Spectator* may be reduced to one. It would be unjust, however, to omit Flunkeyism, which, among the vulgar rich especially, has reached a point literally unparalleled since the monstrous servility of the Roman empire; for a certain generous superstition, not unfruitful of deeds of honour, mingled

with the sentiment of the old *régime* in France. Such Englishmen as Hampden and Falkland, to take a name from each camp, looked on political institutions and social grades merely as temporary necessities and as safeguards of the higher life ; and while they would have been led by their religion to pay due reverence to every lawful ordinance of man, they would have regarded with contemptuous loathing the adulation now offered to artificial rank in England, and, unfortunately, not there alone. Supposing Professor Tyndall's theory to be true, and granting, as we heartily grant that, if it is true, it ought to be made known to mankind ; still, either the world has been upside down for some eighteen hundred years, or people are not in a very noble mood when they furiously resist any inquiry into their material arrangements, and look on with complacency or apathy at the dethronement of their God. What a glimpse does this affair give us into the interior of that cathedral where the rank and wealth of England met to offer their thanksgivings for the recovery of the Prince of Wales !

At the same time, in this singular menagerie of opinion, we have a vehement controversy raging about the title of Reverend, as applied to ministers of religion. A Non-conformist minister assumes the title on a tombstone erected to the memory of his daughter. But the clergy, naturally elated by the Conservative victory to which they so largely contributed, are venturing to display their recovered ascendancy in a way not altogether convenient to their political chiefs. The rector indignantly excludes the tombstone from the cemetery. The parties appeal to the Bishop, who decides one way, and to the Archbishop, who decides the other ; the ecclesiastical antiquaries hasten to bring their stores of erudition to the solution of a problem so important to humanity. When the question about Reverend is settled, it seems likely that a supplemental controversy as to the use of the term "minister" will

arise. And the din of this quarrel about ecclesiastical nomenclature mingles in the newspapers with the voice of Science denying the existence of a Creator. The Roman battering-ram shakes the gates, and the defenders of the Temple are fighting among themselves over a title which, without intruding on the province of the antiquaries, we may venture to say was not known to the Apostles.

The battering-ram does now shake the gates of the Temple in earnest. The greatest and deepest controversy, the most momentous and far-reaching in its probable consequences that the world ever saw, appears to be drawing to a head in England. Our readers can hardly have failed to see some allusion to an anonymous work entitled "Supernatural Religion." The book itself, though erudite and laborious, is, we should say, not of first-rate ability, and it lacks, in tone at least, the perfect impartiality peculiarly required of those who undertake to arbitrate on a question of evidence. But the profound impression which it has evidently made is not surprising, for it goes to the vital point. It subjects to a strict examination the positive evidence for the miraculous portions of Christianity. As we have had occasion to say before, in criticising works upon these subjects, the question whether an extraordinary event has or has not taken place cannot be settled by the application of general principles. The famous proposition of Hume, with which, as with a logical scythe, he supposed himself to have mown away at once all possibility of belief in miracles, will be found on close examination to amount to no more than this, that a miracle cannot take place because its occurrence would be miraculous. On the other hand, much of the general reasoning of the defenders of miracles is capable of being resolved into platitudes equally valueless. Is the fact attested by a sufficient number of trustworthy eye-witnesses ? That is the real question in the case of an alleged

restoration of sight to the blind as well as in the case of any alleged event which is the subject of investigation in a court of justice. And it is raised by the author of "Supernatural Religion," though, as we have said, not with transcendent ability, with a fulness and completeness of detail which apparently must lead to a thorough discussion and bring the controversy to a decisive issue.

In the midst of the crisis is still heard the voice of poor Mr. Greg crying out, in article after article, that if religion loses its restraining power, somebody may take away his mutton and claret, and imploring us all to set up some new religion for the purposes of spiritual police in place of that which, as the author of "The Creeds of Christendom," he has done his best, upon grounds in our humble judgment extremely trivial, to pull down. There can be no doubt that even mutton and claret would be less secure if earthly law were their only safeguard; though Mr. Greg may derive some comfort from the continuance of social order of a certain kind, without any religious belief, under the Roman Empire and in modern China. But what is to be said about the millions who have no mutton or claret—the multitudes whose lot, even in the great pleasure city of Plutocracy, approximates much more closely to that of the cab-horse than to that of the millionaire—and to whom Mr. Greg offers the stone of his political economy in place of bread here, while Professor Tyndall denies them hope hereafter?

The conversion of the Marquis of Ripon to the Church of Rome has made a sensation proportioned rather to the rank than to the intelligence of a nobleman who earned his grade in the peerage by his participation in the Treaty of Washington. All this has happened before. In the reign of Charles I, the Ritualist element in the Church of England was stimulated to activity just as it is at present; and then as now the Ritualist hen was often perturbed by finding that she

had hatched a Romanist duck, and by seeing the young bird take to its congenial element. Clarendon says that the success of the Jesuit missionaries in his time was chiefly among the weaker members of the female aristocracy. But the effects of factitious rank and unearned wealth upon the character and the understanding are not confined to one sex.

Famine in India has now been fairly beaten by British administration. The highest praise is due to the Viceroy, both for the measures which he has taken and for those which, though menaced with the wrath of an imperious press, he firmly refused to take. Had he prohibited the exportation of rice, as he was angrily summoned to do, he would in the first place have inflicted dearth upon the Provinces to which a good deal of the rice is exported; in the second place he would have locked up the stores of the commodity which he thus debarred from a remunerative market; and in the third place he would have inflicted a permanent injury on commerce and production far exceeding in magnitude the relief afforded by his interference. As it is, both commerce and production appear to have received a stimulus which will partly countervail the loss occasioned by the famine. A formidable truth, however, appears to have come to light. Indian famine has revealed itself as no accident, but a law. The soil is marvelously rich, but dependent for its fertility on periodical rains. As a rule, the rains come; the land teems with plenty, and teems at the same time with a population which multiplies with rabbit-like fecundity and recklessness, up to the limits of its coarse and poor, but easily raised and abundant food. Occasionally, however, the rain fails, and a local famine is the inevitable result. British dominion has in some respects aggravated, in others alleviated the evil. By banishing to the frontier the wars and disturbances which previously filled the whole country, it

has removed the rude checks on the growth of a redundant population, and thus brought new multitudes into a precarious existence. At the same time it has probably had the usual effect of conquest in reducing whatever there was of native energy and self-help among the people. The fall of the Roman Empire was due to a variety of causes, of which slavery was undoubtedly one: but the main cause was the general apathy and helplessness which a state of servile security produced. On the other hand, the evil has been met in a way in which it had never been met before, by British administration, and by the increased facilities of locomotion which have been introduced under British auspices of late years. In the chronicles of the middle ages an ever-recurring incident is famine, which for the most part was merely local, though the monkish chronicler, with his limited horizon, fancied it to be universal, but which from the want of means of distribution defied relief. Under the Mogul Emperors, if a famine occurred in one of the Provinces, it was no doubt allowed to run its course by a government at once helpless and comparatively callous to the sufferings of a servile people.

England, however, is beginning to count the cost of her gorgeous and envied possession. The famine in Bengal will cost six millions sterling; the famine in Orissa, if relieved on the same scale, would, it is said, have cost still more. The *London Times*, in an article which we may be sure echoes the talk of the clubs, observes that Indian finance is always in arrear—always represented as really flourishing, always entering on a new period of prosperity and surplus, but still always in arrear. If India were a nation, finance would be only one element in her prospects; but as she is a subject empire, finance is all. The Duke of Wellington's saying is fulfilling itself: "It would be a shame to govern India badly; but it is ruinous to govern her well." England has undertaken to provide a vast and semi-bar-

barous country, in which there is no self-help, with all the appliances of the most civilized humanity, and she begins to find that no financial genius is equal to the task. That is the great fact which at once harmonizes Mr. Grant Duff with Mr. Fawcett, and silences them both. The old East India Company did pretty much as the Indian princes before it had done; it administered in a rough way, and shut its eyes to famines, while England could, to a certain extent, shut her eyes to the shortcomings of the East India Company. But the incorporation of the great dependency with the Imperial country has brought everything home to the conscience of England, and she feels bound to extend to an apathetic and half civilized race of slaves all that has been produced by the energy and intelligence of her own free and highly civilized people. It is difficult to reconcile conquest with humanity, though it is honourable to have been the first to make the attempt. The fears of Anglo-Indians have constantly pointed to the rise of some prophet-soldier, of the type familiar to oriental revolution, as the destined term of our Eastern Empire; and the Wahabee movement, together with the progress which Mahomedanism has indubitably been making among the natives, seemed to announce the approach of fate. But Deficit may do, in a less romantic way, the work assigned by learned presage to a Mokanna.

The British Premier the other day proclaimed the advent of a European crisis of the most appalling kind; if we trusted his words, we should fancy ourselves on the eve of an Armageddon which, unfortunately for Canada, would not be confined to the mortal shock of the Powers of Good and Evil by land, but would also entail maritime operations, extending, probably, to the mouth of the St. Lawrence. But the announcement produced no more effect on public opinion or the funds than a prediction of the end of the world by Dr. Cumming. There are no

signs of special activity in the British dockyards; no note of preparation of any kind is heard. Mr. Lowe, who is always railing at classical education, and never opens his mouth without talking Greek, calls Mr. Disraeli a teratologist, a word of which it is difficult to find a polite translation, but which does not mean that the startling statements of the person to whom it is applied are to be taken as literally true. The conflict foreshadowed by Mr. Disraeli was a vast religious war; it was a great onslaught of the Papacy and its embattled hosts upon civil liberty represented by the State; and his object in foretelling its arrival was manifestly a practical one—to raise the wind that was needed to fill the sails of the Public Worship Bill. That in the field of theological controversy and in the political arena the coming years will witness a very severe and probably final conflict between Rome and mental freedom, between the spirit of the middle ages and that of modern society, no prophet is needed to foretell. But the prospect of an armed collision is at present very slight. On the hills of Northern Spain the last army of the Papacy is making its last stand. Whence is another host to be drawn? Where are the reserves of Rome? Believing Power there is none. France, though unbelieving, would espouse the cause of the Papacy and draw again the sword of St. Louis if she could thereby gain her revenge, disunite Germany, and reduce Italy again to vassalage. But whatever French journalists may write, France well knows that at present her military power is a headless lance and a broken sword. She has cherished and fed insurrection in Spain, vaguely hoping perhaps that some aggrandizement to her might be the result; feeling at all events, as she always has felt, that she had an interest in her neighbour's weakness. But she is called upon to recognize the government of Serrano, and, though with a cry which betrays her bitter mortification, she is forced to yield. In no other quarter can Rome now look for

superstitious hosts, such as were set in motion by the ambition of Hildebrand or of Innocent III. Germany, Austria, Italy, even Spain is gone.

There is a danger of war in Europe far more real than that which arises from the ineffectual wrath of a religious fanaticism no longer able to wield the temporal sword. It is the existence of standing armies numbering some six millions of men, besides naval armaments on a similar scale. These are the means of doing ill-deeds, the constant sight of which makes it morally certain that in the end ill deeds will be done. Passion, royal or national, thus armed will never learn self-control. If great standing armies have ever been long in existence without kindling the flames of war, it has been in cases like that of the Roman army in ancient and the Austrian in modern times, where work enough was found for the soldiery in guarding a vast frontier or in securing the allegiance of reluctant provinces. The wars, for the most part frivolous in their pretexts and barren in their results, but murderous and desolating, which filled the period from the accession of Frederick the Great to the era of the French Revolution, whence did they arise but from the possession of great standing armies ready for the service of ambition or passion by Frederick himself and the Sovereigns his contemporaries? The world reeked with carnage and smoked with devastation to avenge an epigram on a woman who happened to have thirty legions at her command. National passions are less mean than personal passions, but they are not less angry or explosive. Curiously enough, the one of all the great powers which is most suspected of aggressive designs is the one in which the principal cause of danger least exists. The army of Germany is in great measure not one of those mercenary hosts, of whose blood ambition is as reckless as it is of powder, but a citizen army in whose wounds the country bleeds.

It is not only that when passion is kindled the possession of a standing army affords the means of indulging it. The presence of these hosts, always glittering and blaring before the eyes and in the ears of the people, keeps up the military fever, and trains nations in the love of war. In France no distribution of prizes at a public school, no civic ceremony or festival of any kind could take place without the practical inculcation of the lust of glory. Opinion, even the opinion of philosophers, has been infected more deeply than those whose studies have not led them to the secret sources of events may be aware. Of the social and historical philosophers of France a large proportion are propagators of the military sentiment, not a few direct advocates of war. Direct advocacy of war is characteristic, for instance, of the writers of the theocratic school of which De Maistre was the chief. De Maistre actually teaches that it is the duty and the destiny of man to immolate his fellows in fields of battle, and he connects this horrible fancy with the sacrifice of the Atonement. Even in the mystic shrine of Hegel's metaphysics may be traced that respect for force, engendered by the constant sight of its most palpable embodiment, which, finding more open expression in the writings of such historians as Mommsen, indicated to close observers the great change of the German character from the philosophical to the practical and military, which took the world in general by surprise. In England Carlyle has formed the sentiments of a great number of half-thinking people. And what is the social ideal of Carlyle but an army, or his practical type of greatness but success in war?

The war-spirit, however, and the means of war being there, occasions of quarrel are not wanting, and several points may be named at which the fire might any day break out. Common expectation points to an attempt of France to recover her provinces and redeem her honour by a direct attack on Germany. We have already said

that in the way of such a movement stands the thorough demoralization of the French army. France is the first of all nations to rush to the attack; she is the last of all nations to rally and recover her self-confidence after a defeat. Such stimulants as the projected canonization of Joan of Arc will no more supply the place of the Imperial Guard than a glass of *absinthe* will restore an amputated limb. But though French arms may be quiet, French intrigue may be stirring, and may lead to a disturbance of the peace of Europe. The annexation of Belgium would much more than make up for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine; and to annex Belgium was the last project of Napoleon III., imprudently disclosed by him in that fatal game of chess which he played, nothing doubting his own supreme skill, with the first chess-player in the world. In the plebiscite, self-aggrandizing ambition has found an instrument by which, not without a nominal deference to public morality, historic nationalities may be strangled in an hour. Much, however, would depend upon the state of parties in the two countries. The Ultramontanes are at present in the ascendant in Belgium, though of late their majority has slightly decreased. Suppose the party of reaction to become dominant in France, the mutual attraction would be very strong; and nationality would be the last thing to stand in the way of an Ultramontane, if he thought that the interests of the cause in Europe could be promoted by the sacrifice. On the other hand, should the Liberal party gain the upper hand in France, the Belgian Liberals might be inclined to an annexation as a refuge from the Ultramontane yoke. The chances of French interference in Belgium, and of the renewal of French aggression generally, would be increased by the restoration of the empire. "Other kings," said Napoleon I., when pressed in the decline of his fortunes to make some concessions as the price of peace, "other kings can afford to own themselves

beaten and to make concessions ; I am a soldier, and to me glory is indispensable." What the founder said of himself is true in no small measure of the dynasty. It is essentially military ; it must have glory or it dies ; in quest of its necessary aliment it was forced to invade successively the Crimea, Italy, Germany, after proclaiming itself, perhaps not insincerely, to be Peace. Restored to the throne, it would at once reorganize the Imperial Guard and begin to cast about for the means of obliterating Sadowa and Sedan.

Linked to the destinies of Belgium are those of Holland, which tempts the cupidity of Germany as Belgium does that of France. The notion, however, cherished by many Germans, that there is an annexationist party or tendency in Holland, is totally without foundation. The feeling of the Dutch is very strongly the other way. Mere affinity, without identity of language, has little influence, and the original unity of the Teutonic race is buried to the eyes of the Dutch beneath their own strong and historic nationality. Teutonism is a powerful talisman, but Germans conjure with it too much. Holland has played so illustrious a part in the history of Protestantism, that we are apt to forget that more than a third of her people are Catholics, to whom it would be anything but congenial to be annexed to Bismarck. The heavy debt, contracted in the days when Amsterdam was squandering money on tulips as London now squanders it on China jugs, is the only thing which could lead Holland to desire a change in her condition ; and though her taxes are heavy, and there is a good deal of pauperism among her lower classes, her finances are sound, and her credit good. She has even been slightly reducing her debt of late years. The only plebiscite therefore, which could annex Holland, would be that which issues from the ballot box of war.

Disturbances again may follow from the new position which we can hardly doubt

will be taken up by Spain. Spanish regeneration seems to pessimists a dream ; so not twenty years ago did the regeneration of Italy, which is now a glorious fact. As in the case of Italy, so in the case of Spain, there were certain definite causes which had led to the decay of a nation unquestionably gifted, and inhabiting a land renowned for its climate and fertility ; weights, as it were, upon the removal of which it was morally certain that the native energy of the people would rise again to its former height. In the case of Italy the causes were Papal influence and foreign domination. In the case of Spain they were civil and ecclesiastical tyranny, a close aristocracy, the ignorance which was the result of the latter, a fallacious commercial system pushed to its utmost extreme, and a system of dependencies which was supposed to feed the imperial country, while it was really draining her life-blood. All these have been removed, or are in a fair way to be removed ; for we can hardly believe that the exhausting struggle for the retention of Cuba will be carried on much longer. Should Spain begin to feel a new life coursing through her veins, Gibraltar will no doubt become more than ever galling to her pride ; but she could hardly, with the slightest hope of success, at least without the aid of some powerful alliance, attempt to wrest it from the mistress of the sea. It is far more likely that she will direct her efforts to the Union of the Iberian Peninsula—the annexation of Portugal, an act of self-aggrandizement which, if geography could lend a sanction to ambition, would be the most warrantable of all. The old policy of England in the days when the double monarchy of the House of Bourbon threatened Europe with its baleful ascendancy, led her jealously to maintain the independence of Portugal, and to cherish a close connection, commercial as well as diplomatic, with that country, among the monuments of which are the taste for port wine, and the consequent prevalence of gout.

But the House of Bourbon has ceased to trouble, port-wine has gone out of fashion, and England, even if she had the power, would hardly care to put a veto on the union of the Peninsula. France, on the other hand, would be cut to the heart by the formation of another strong power on her frontier, and the final walling up of another of the sally-ports of her ambition. She could scarcely forbear striking a blow for the prevention of so hateful a consummation.

There is another point in the European horizon which deserves the attention of the observers of the weather, though their eyes are seldom turned to it. The movements of General Von Falkenstein in the north of Germany at the beginning of the Franco-German war are understood to have had reference to an agreement known to exist between France and Denmark, in virtue of which, had France been successful at the outset, Denmark would have joined her. The traitorous part which has been played by Denmark as the accomplice and satellite of French ambition, and which abundantly justified that much-abused measure of European police, the seizure of the Danish fleet by Great Britain, is excused by her feebleness and liability to aggression, which again are the result of her unnatural position. She is the maritime portion of Germany, cut off from the mainland, to which economically as well as geographically she belongs. There is not enough of her to make a nation. She feels it; and though she was legally wrong in the Schleswig-Holstein question, as every one who was guided by diplomatic history and not by sentiment allowed, the temptation of extending her national area a little was so strong that Puffendorf might have condoned her offence. She is always in fear for her life. She is unprosperous; her people are poor, crime and socialism are rife among them. Her politics are violent, unintelligible, and barren. At one time, Denmark, though not included in the Empire, was almost a part of the German system, and a Danish

king was the head of the German Protestants during that period of the Thirty Years war which immediately preceded the appearance of Gustavus Adolphus. To enter the German Bund with the same guarantees for her separate rights which are enjoyed by Bavaria and other federated States would be an obvious remedy both for military weakness and for economical depression. And to this the commercial classes in the towns would probably not be disinclined: neither would the Royal Family, which is of German origin, and which must be weary of being tossed on the tempestuous teacup of Danish revolution. But the country people are violent nationalists, ready to cut the throat of any king or minister who should propose union with the Bund. Nevertheless, after a few more political storms and a little further growth of pauperism and socialism, the question of union will probably assume a practical form. Even as we write, the first mutterings of another Schleswig-Holstein question are heard. Though the interest of Germany in mere extension of territory is not great, her interest in the acquisition of the seaboard, and in the extinction of a perpetual liability to invasion by a maritime power, is immense. But there would be a grand commotion in Europe. France would be beside herself with anger; and in this quarrel she would be assured of the assistance of the most powerful of all allies. For, by the annexation of Denmark, Germany would become warden of the Baltic, and mistress of the Northern Sea.

It has been often remarked that great Continental Empires are led by an irresistible instinct to make their way to the sea. Such was the impulse which brought down the Assyrian upon Palestine and Phœnicia, the Persian upon Asia Minor and Greece. Russia, in the same manner, has been always persistently bent on obtaining a seaboard, and her capital, founded otherwise in defiance of nature, and placed where a far from impossible conjunction of accidents

may any day bury it beneath the waters, is a colossal monument of that desire. But since the time of the founder of St. Petersburg, the development of Russia has inclined southwards, and the hope has dawned upon her of being a power upon a sunnier sea. Any loss, or apprehension of loss, of ascendancy in the Northern waters, either by the annexation of Denmark to Germany or by the growth of the German navy, would render Constantinople more than ever an object of cupidity. And though assiduously dosed and pillowed on all sides by the doctors of diplomacy, the sick man is now apparently near his last gasp. Not that, in a military point of view, Turkey is at this moment particularly weak; on the contrary, so far as her army and navy are concerned, she has been galvanized into an unusual display of force, and, as her soldiers are naturally brave, she would, probably, at present offer a formidable resistance. But this military revival she has effected by an expenditure which, combined with the unceasing demands of luxury and corruption, is draining the last drop of her financial life-blood. We saw her the other day an applicant for a loan of one million of dollars. Never was there a more signal instance of a thought moulded by a wish than the blindness with which so shrewd a man as Lord Palmerston persisted in proclaiming the regeneration of Turkey, and inducing English capitalists to lay down their money in reliance on that most palpable illusion. The history of the Turks is that of other conquering hordes which have not come under the civilizing influence of Christianity. The horde descends from the seat of its native barbarism and vigour, takes possession of a wealthy country, and is corrupted by the enjoyment of wealth. Industry it scorns, and the military virtues with which alone it is endowed decay from want of exercise. Corruption attacks the reigning family first, because they have the greatest command of sensual pleasures. The satraps then assert their independence, and

the Empire breaks up. The Mogul Empire was being broken up by the revolt of satraps when the English appeared as a conquering power in Hindostan; and the same process had commenced in the case of Turkey by the revolt of Egypt, and would have run the usual course and ended in the dissolution of the Empire, had it not been arrested for diplomatic purposes by the European powers. Such was the fate of the Assyrian, the Median, the Persian Monarchy, erected by pastoral or hunter tribes, which found in dominion the grave of their energy. In the case of Turkey the existence of the Empire has been prolonged and the inevitable catastrophe delayed by three special causes—perpetual collision with the military nations of Europe, which sustained the martial qualities of the Turks; the formation of the corps of Janissaries, which, being recruited among the children of the Christian population, constantly infused into the army a supply of uncorrupted blood; and, for the last half century, the jealous fears of the European Governments which, by their assiduous pressure from different sides, have kept the fainting frame upon its feet. But this process cannot go on for ever. Turkey has none of the elements of national life. The dominant race is essentially as uncivilized as it was when it stormed Constantinople. Science and literature it has none. Its religion is a superstition, of which the only ennobling element has its life in conquest, and with conquest dies, leaving nothing but ceremonialism and fatalism behind. No fusion has taken place between the dominant and the subject races; they remain as master and slave in a state of normal hostility to each other, and as the slaves cannot be trusted with arms, the conscription falls wholly on the masters, and, combined with the infecundity of women, caused by bad domestic institutions, is steadily reducing the number of the Turks. The land, once studded with cities and teeming with a prosperous population, is stricken by misgovernment with ever-increasing bar-

renness and desolation. The provinces are without roads, without police; and the interior of Asia Minor is a country almost as little known to the geographer as the heart of Africa. If there has been improvement, it has been not among the Turks, but among the subject races. To find a Turk engaged in commerce, or in any pursuit that can stimulate national progress, would be as difficult as to find one engaged in literature or science. The Government is an unspeakably corrupt bureaucracy, tempered by foreign intrigue and by the power vested in the organs of reactionary fanaticism. Even the so-called reforms of government, being all in the bureaucratic direction, have destroyed the only saving element which there was in the mass of corruption—the personal honour of the old grandees of the Empire. A poor Turk has the negative virtues of poverty, but raised to power he at once becomes dishonest and corrupt. Where there is in fact no nation, patriotism is unknown; and the best servants of the Porte, even its best generals, are renegades, like Omar Pasha. The enlightened and tolerant legislation in favour of the subject Christians of which so much has been said, has in the first place scarcely any existence except on paper, beyond the environs of Constantinople, and in the second place has not emanated from the wisdom of the Porte, but been imposed by foreign power upon its weakness. Financial disorder is not the root of the evil; the root of the evil is the sensuality of barbarians unrestrained by any moral or religious influence. But financial disorder must soon bring the end.

The present Emperor of Russia is a man of pleasure, and probably averse to aggressive undertakings. But the Heir to the Throne is understood to be an impersonation of that spirit of military ambition, mingled with crusading fanaticism, which makes the growing power of Russia a danger to civilization; and, despotic as the Government is, no Czar has been able to pursue a

policy contrary to the genius of the nation. A crisis in Turkey would almost infallibly set the armies of Russia in motion; and if the other powers are determined to prevent her interference, a general conflagration must ensue. If Turkey, therefore, should again appear as a borrower in the money-market, it will be time for us to look to the defences of the mouth of St. Lawrence. The British navy, notwithstanding the jeremiads of Mr. Ward Hunt, is no "phantom navy;" it is by far the most powerful of all. But it is no longer all-powerful; and this time the dependencies must be prepared to bear their part of the burden of war.

The Conference assembled at Brussels under the auspices of the Emperor of Russia, ostensibly for the purpose of mitigating the horrors of war, has had no practical effect but that of indicating that the Emperor regards war as a probability. Russia proposed some amendment of the law of nations, the manifest tendency of which was to tie the hands of an invaded nation in the interest of the invader, and to place the world more than ever at the mercy of the masters of great standing armies. The smaller powers very properly refused their assent to the Russian rules. An attempt would no doubt have been made to limit the rights of maritime war in the interest of continental powers; but Great Britain declined beforehand to be a party to the discussion of that subject. These parliaments of peace and philanthropy are very apt to become scenes of manœuvring in which each party tries to cripple by humane regulations its antagonist's powers of destruction without diminishing its own. A more effectual way of diminishing the horrors of war would be to make the despot on whose fiat peace and war depend, himself go under fire for an hour, or spend a night in the trenches. In the meantime, the exodus of the European peasantry, who are flying from the military system, and whose emigration the

governments in vain strive to check, may have more effect than the abortive Conference of Brussels.

The death of M. Guizot sounds like the death-knell of the Constitutional monarchy of which he was the chief pillar and the faithful devotee. Neither it nor he suited the French. Frenchmen are at once excessively logical and excessively sentimental. Constitutional monarchy, as a practical compromise is at once defiant of logic, and, except when hallowed by national history, ill-calculated to excite sentiment. M. Guizot was moreover, both by profession and temperament, a Protestant, while Frenchmen are Ultramontanes or Materialists. His career was not stainless. Its worst stain was the intrigue which brought about the Spanish marriages; and into which he was no doubt drawn by misplaced deference to the wishes of the master whose want of firmness when the hour of peril to the Constitutional monarchy arrived, was the ruin of them both. Yet, on the whole, M. Guizot holds a most respectable place among statesmen, to which by his marvellous powers of work he was enabled to add a still higher place among men of letters. His end was peace. After the storms of his public life, and amidst those which were still sweeping over his country, he closed his days in the studies of his earlier years; and there were few prettier domestic pictures than the patriarchal form of the old statesman surrounded by his children at Val Richer. An old age so calm and happy, especially after misfortune and failure, is, at all events, a strong indication that life has not been devoted to selfish ends.

The last election in France indicates a rally of Republicanism, though the Bonapartists also polled a large vote. Legitimism and Constitutional Monarchy are nowhere. By a tour through Brittany Marshal Macmahon has ascertained two facts—that a

provisional chief excites no enthusiasm; and that some of the peasantry, on whose suffrages the fate of France depends, are ignorant enough to believe, when they see the Marshal in uniform, that the empire must have been restored, and that the Marshal must be the Emperor.

The ravages of the grasshoppers in Minnesota and Kansas are almost a counterpart to the famine in Bengal, and suggest unpleasant suspicions as to the value of Manitoba, which is liable to the same plague. Otherwise the harvest in the States has been good, and will give American prosperity its first upward spring since the crisis of last year. There is, however, still a general stagnation of trade, and this stagnation will continue till the growth of the nation overtakes the excessive products of speculation in iron, railroads and other leading departments. Before that time arrives many will have sunk under the burdens which they have to carry. No one, however, who knows the United States and their people, and has seen the solid wealth, earned by steady and honest industry, which exists in every village and throughout the country, can imagine that there is going to be a universal bankruptcy, or doubt that the tide of prosperity, now at the ebb, will at no very distant time begin to flow again.

In the meantime matters have taken a very serious turn in the Southern States. New Orleans has been the scene of a petty civil war. Some allowance must be made for party exaggerations stimulated by the approach of the Fall elections, but in Tennessee, Alabama and Kentucky, as well as in Louisiana, the symptoms are so grave that apprehensions may well be entertained of that war of races which has been often predicted but hitherto has not come. The people of the North boasted, not without reason, of the unexampled lenity in the treatment of the vanquished which marked the conclusion of their civil war. There were

no executions except that of the officer in charge of the prison camp at Andersonville, who suffered not for rebellion but for murder; no sweeping confiscations; no proscriptions beyond a measure of temporary disfranchisement, which might seem rather a precaution than a punishment. It is true that the relations of the parties had been those of the most regular belligerents; that the Northern Government had not only interchanged prisoners and made armistices through its generals with the Southerners, but had actually treated with them; that those whom the victors called defeated rebels were morally a conquered nation; and that the scaffold could not have been erected for their leaders without provoking the indignation of the world. Still, the Northern people, with the exception of a few sanguinary philanthropists, were unquestionably bent on acting with humanity, and they deserve full credit for that desire. The course they took, however, or rather allowed to be taken by corrupt or fanatical politicians in their name, has been so unfortunate as almost to equal, in the cruelty of its practical consequences, the sterner policy usually adopted by the victors in a civil war. Military occupation, till the embers of the struggle were completely extinguished, was a necessity of the case; it entailed no fresh humiliation for the vanquished; and, probably, had it been frankly prolonged, the sufferings of the South would have been less than they are now; for honour, while it has been too often absent from the breasts of the politicians and the political soldiers called into existence by the civil war, has generally been found in those of the officers of the regular army, who in this respect, as well as in their military skill, have done high credit to West Point. Negro suffrage, also, though a measure with which much unsound or hypocritical philanthropy mingled, and tainted with a democratic superstition almost as absurd as "the right divine of kings to govern wrong," was a practical as

well as a logical corollary of the struggle between Slavery and Freedom; it gave the restored Union a body of supporters which might well seem indispensable in the South; and it appears that the Southerners, though they could not be favourable to it, were not bitterly opposed to it, but accepted it when accomplished, like the abolition of slavery, as a part of the situation. But tranquillity having been restored, and the slaves having been emancipated and invested with the suffrage, if a policy of lenity was to be pursued, the South ought to have been handed over with as little delay as possible to its own people and their natural chiefs. The negro would then, no doubt, have found politically the level assigned him by his ignorance and the feebleness of his intelligence; he would have fallen into rank behind his former master, towards whom, as a rule, he entertained no vindictive feeling; but his vote would still have been a protection and a badge of freedom to him; while the restoration of slavery was a thing which few at the South even desired, and of the possibility of which no one dreamed. The unsettlement inevitable after such a struggle would have subsided; cotton would have resumed its sway and reorganized its producers; and a state of society would have resulted differing, perhaps, as a society consisting of a superior and an inferior race must differ, from the perfect democracy of the North, yet not incapable, provided State rights were reasonably respected, of living with it under the same Federal Constitution. Perhaps things might have taken this course had it not been for the irruption of the horde of Northern carpet-baggers supported by the bayonets at the command of the extreme party which had retained the ascendancy at Washington. These adventurers, whose ostentatious and clamorous loyalty affords a warning against the interested abuse of such professions, even among ourselves, saw in the ignorance and credulity of the negro voters a boundless mine of wealth. They excited his fears

and his jealousy against the native whites ; they presented themselves as his champions and protectors ; by means of his vote and with the aid of a few *scallawags* or white renegades, who were willing to share the speculation, they created in several of the States Governments which, under the abused forms of law, have been simply the instruments of enormous, shameless, and desolating plunder. Immense State debts have been incurred, the bonds sold to New York speculators for what they would fetch, which was sometimes a mere fraction of their nominal value, and the proceeds swept into the pockets of the carpet-baggers, who have then in some cases decamped with their wealth, one of the most prominent of the illustrious group honouring Canadian soil, it is stated, with his presence. The State debt of Louisiana, and the City debt of its capital, have together swelled to about ninety millions. The public works, for which the money was ostensibly borrowed, even the repairs of the levees on the Mississippi, have of course been left undone. Taxation has been increased, so as in some hapless districts to swallow up almost the entire income of the property, and what had been left by the sword of war has been swept away by the pen of the tax-gatherer. We have before us in a new Orleans paper, the list of notices to delinquent tax-payers, whose properties will be sold on further default of payment. It fills nineteen columns and a half, though each notice consists only of one line. Such forfeiture is confiscation as sweeping and as cruel as has ever been inflicted by the conqueror in a civil war, while it is embittered by the vileness of the instruments, by the meanness of their objects, and by the boasts, perpetually renewed, of lenity and humanity. The State and County taxes in Louisiana now amount to about five per cent. of the assessed value of property, while the assessment is excessively high. The assessors are creatures of the carpet-bagger government. They are interested in making

false returns, being themselves paid by the plunder of the taxpayer. The five assessors for New Orleans received for four months' services, \$120,000. The tax collectors are appointed in the same way, and are likewise interested in the pillage, of which they are the instruments, and from which they draw enormous gains. From the judgment of this den of thieves there is no appeal. The depression of all business by misgovernment aggravates the effects of fiscal spoliation. Ignorant negroes, without property, are the supporters of a tyranny, the excesses of which, we may remark in passing, read us a terrible lesson on the dangers of municipal taxation. The Registrars who make out the list of voters, and the supervisor who receives and counts the votes are, like the tax-gatherers, appointed by the carpet-baggers, and from their iniquity again there is no appeal. Such is the picture drawn by the sufferers, and its substantial correctness seems beyond doubt. The corruption which fills the Government extends no doubt to the judiciary in Louisiana, as it does in South Carolina, the partner of Louisiana in misery, where a stranger going into the Supreme Court of the State, found the judgment seat occupied by a carpet-bagger, a negro, and a Jew.

Supposing all the allegations in the American Declaration of Independence to be true, the people of Louisiana would still have stronger grounds for rebelling against the Government of New England than the people of New England had for rebelling against the Government of George III. If a great crisis is not at hand, it must be because the spirit of the Southerners has been quenched by their defeat in the civil war. The people of the North have been responsible for the proceedings of the carpet-baggers only by negligence and apathy ; but negligence and apathy have now become not only culpable but dangerous. In the Southern States which have thoroughly got rid of the carpet-baggers, peace reigns and prosperity is begin-

ning to return. The swift expulsion of these ignominious tyrannies from every State where they still exist is essential both to the honour and the safety of the Union.

To crown all, Mr. Sumner has solemnly bequeathed to his party his Civil Rights Bill, formed for the purpose of forcing the two races, in nature's despite, into social union. In any matter affecting the relations between the ex-slave-owner and the negro, the fact that a measure originated with Mr. Sumner would be almost a sufficient reason in the eyes of any coolheaded statesman for discarding it. The concession of political rights, as we have already said, though a dangerous experiment, was the almost inevitable consequence of the civil war, and would have been accepted by the Southerners without resistance. But to pass a bill enforcing social union, by compelling the two races to mingle in public conveyances and places of public resort, would be, without the justification of any political exigency, to sound the tocsin of a chronic social war.

If the Northern people do not look to it their own institutions will soon be seriously affected by the state of things at the South. All the predictions so freely hazarded by the enemies of the Republic, that the civil war would result in the overthrow of the

constitution and the creation of a military despotism, were signally falsified by the good sense of the people, the respect for law rooted in their hearts, and the moderation of their citizen soldiers. The spirit of the soldier was never allowed to prevail, even for a moment, over that of the citizen; the generals remained in perfect subordination to the civil government; Grant, to his great credit, showed himself peculiarly adverse to anything which could perpetuate military ascendancy; and when Sherman forgot his duty for an instant, by treating as a victorious general with the Southern Government, his own soldiers, though they idolized him, at once showed their sense of his error. The army which pessimists expected to play the part of Janissaries or Zouaves, as soon as the last shot had been fired vanished, like the armed men evoked from the earth in the fairy tale, into the furrows of regular industry. But a South flaming with social war may render a military government indispensable; and under Republican forms there may be a marshalate of Grant as well as of MacMahon and Serrano. In any event, the conflict between races at the South and the disaffection of the whites can hardly fail to have a serious effect on the practical character and working of the Constitution.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

IT is refreshing, in the heated atmosphere of religious discussion we are compelled to inhale in this time of transition, to take a quiet and unpretending survey of "The Ethical Teaching of Christ." A paper by the Rev. Vincent H. Stanton on this subject, with which the *Contemporary Review* for September opens, is written in the best of tempers, and deserves commendation because of the conspicuous absence in it of the *odium theologicum*. The writer's object is to show how far the complaints against the Saviour's moral teaching as being "impracticable, contradictory to Economic Science, deficient and onesided," have any foundation. He therefore proceeds to examine the records of that teaching, as given in the Gospels, "in the light of the requirements of moral and social science." The first inquiry is: "Whether there is anything in the Ethical Teaching of Christ corresponding to what, in a system reduced to scientific form, we should call a First Principle, a Law to which all other precepts are subordinate, from which they may be seen to flow; and if there is, what is its value?" These questions are answered by citing the central principle—"Love thy neighbour as thyself." With the first commandment of Jesus Mr. Stanton does not use to deal, because he desires to confine himself to the purely ethical question. There seems to us, we must confess, a weak point here—a weakness the writer shares with the author of "Ecce Homo." So far as it goes, the examination of Christ's teaching, from a merely human stand-point, is capable of doing good service in an age when faith in the supernatural is dim, and the spiritual lights have burned low; but it is not fair treatment of a system which so intimately connects duty to God with duty to man, that they cannot be separated except by violence. The motive to right conduct is wanting; the sanctions upon which Jesus lays the chief stress are taken away. Mr. Stanton himself quotes one of many texts which would prove this view of the Christian code of Ethics:—"Love your enemies," &c. Why? "That ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven." The best part of the writer's paper is the comparison of the Greek and Roman moral philosophies with the teaching of Christ. Mr. Stanton is not a Utilitarian in Ethics, and he, of course, aims a blow against the shreds which yet remain of the "greatest happiness" principle. His

second inquiry relates to asceticism, and finally the attitude of Christian morality to the progress of human society. In the course of the latter Mr. Stanton makes a good point by placing together two passages—one from the well-known work of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, in which he asserts that if men took the morality of the Gospels as their guide of life, they would, in sober earnest, "turn the world upside down," and the other from Mr. J. S. Mill, "On Liberty," where he complains that Christianity is "essentially a doctrine of passive obedience; it inculcates submission to all authorities found established," &c.

Dr. Bastian, the author of "The Beginnings of Life," returns to his special subject in a paper on "Heat and Living Matter." A very full account is given of the experiments of the Abbé Spallanzani in the last century, on the effects of heat on organic life, animal and vegetable. He remained a Pan-spermatist, as Pasteur and Huxley are now. That is, he believed that no life can have any existence except by means of antecedent life. Dr. Bastian, on the contrary, is a believer in "spontaneous generation," and goes so far as to express a conviction that organisms may be produced from inorganic matter. Having hermetically sealed a glass tube which had contained organic life, and had been submitted to heat sufficient, as he believes, to destroy all vitality, he found that infusoria were still alive after an interval of several weeks. Professor Huxley says that sooner than admit spontaneous generation, he would incline to the belief that there were germs which heat could not destroy.

Mr. Hewlett's rather lengthy essay on "The Poems of Matthew Arnold" is a very able one in many respects. It is perhaps, too invariably eulogistic, but the writer's thorough sympathy with his author will be of service to the reader. The paper is intended to serve as a guide to the connected and natural study of Mr. Arnold's works. Mr. Hewlett traces with great care the progress of the poet's mind, from the early poems in which he was imbued with the Hellenic or "Neo-pagan spirit," through the period of doubt to the more spiritual and "Hebraistic" phase into which he passed in spite of himself. The continuity of purpose in his prose and poetical works is traced, and the apparent conflict between them, in tone and object, reconciled by a careful ex-

amination of them both. The paper is well written, and, taken on the whole, seems to us the most appreciative estimate of Matthew Arnold which has yet appeared.

Mr. Thomas Brassey's contribution on "Our Seamen," is a review of the Plimsoll controversy regarding unseaworthy and overloaded ships. The subject is one of great interest to Canada, which stands third on the list of the world's commercial marine. Mr. Brassey, with that practical good sense which always distinguishes his utterances, disapproves of much of Mr. Plimsoll's course, and is not prepared to accept his remedies; yet he claims for him the gratitude of his countrymen—a claim substantiated by the statistics of the past two years. We are glad to see that the legislation of Canada on this subject is so warmly approved by the Royal Commission that its adoption in England is recommended. Of Mr. Proctor's second paper on Sir W. Herschel's "Two Methods of Star-Gauging," although written in his easy and graphic style, we can scarcely give an abstract here.

Mr. Fairfax Taylor's essay on "Longevity in a New Light," is an exceedingly interesting one. He takes middle ground between the extreme scepticism of Sir G. Cornwall Lewis and the credulity of others who are ready to swallow any stories of centenarianism they hear. The principal cases are examined in detail of persons who are alleged to have survived their hundredth year, and the weak points in the evidence exposed. The fallacy of argument from statistics is indicated; the uncertainty of early personal recollections, and the downright dishonesty which has induced some old people to put on the clock of their life too fast, are also considered at length. On the whole, Mr. Taylor thinks that incredulity about centenarianism, when its proofs are valid and unimpeachable, is absurd; but that these proofs ought to be most carefully sifted until they are absolutely irrefragable.

Mr. W. R. Greg is rather roughly treated in the *Contemporary* this month. There are two replies to his papers entitled "Rocks Ahead; or the Warnings of Cassandra." As the reader will remember, these lugubrious dissertations on the darkness of England's future were three in number, and had reference to three impending dangers:—

1. The political supremacy of the working classes.
2. The approaching industrial decline of England.
3. The divorce of the Intelligence of the country from its Religion.

It will not be necessary here to recapitulate Mr. Greg's remarks on each of these points, because they will be incidentally noticed in the brief summary we propose to give of the replies by Mr. Arthur Arnold

and Lord Lyttleton respectively. The former entitles his paper "Sailing Free," and it is certainly written in a slashing style. To us this appears to be a blemish; because after all, banter is not argument, and the tendency to flippant and contemptuous remark conspicuous in Mr. Arnold's reply materially impairs the real strength of some of his counter-statements. The first sentence we may quote as the key-note of the whole:—"Becalmed in May and June in the vessel of State, I was suddenly alarmed by a cry of 'Rocks Ahead!' and on looking up in the tranquil time before Public Worship and Endowed Schools disturbed the languor of Parliament, I felt tempted to say, 'It is only Mr. Greg,' and to resume a careless attitude." Style apart, however, Mr. Arnold has no great difficulty in resolving Mr. Greg's "rocks" into optical delusions, caused by the mists of prejudice and fallacious statistics. He asserts that instead of the enfranchisement of the working classes being a source of danger, it will prove a source of strength; that the labour of the British artisan is not slovenly, but far superior to that of his continental brothers; and finally, that it is a delusion to say that shorter hours of labour diminish the resources of the nation. On the last two points Mr. Arnold claims to speak as a practical authority, having superintended 6,000 artisans, and being acquainted with the manufacture of textile fabrics in every town in Lancashire. Passing on to the second "rock," Mr. Arnold combats the "coal exhaustion" theory, and repudiates as economically erroneous the notion that because other nations are turning their attention to manufactures, England must be ruined in consequence. "Mr. Greg's fundamental error," the writer says, "lies in confounding our relative position, which of course declines as other countries approach a higher level of industrial and mechanical industry with our actual position as regards wealth and comfort in the future." On the third "rock" Mr. Arnold does not make any lengthened remarks. He denies that there is such a thing as "the religion of a nation," religion being an affair of the individual conscience, and regards it as absurd to suppose that temporary alienation from established creeds would at once cause robbery, arson, social warfare and all the horrors of the Terror or the Commune. Lord Lyttleton's "Notes on the Third Rock of the Greg Formation (Scopulus Greggianus)," in spite of its sensational heading, is a very temperate paper on the theological point. Its object is to show Mr. Greg's inconsistencies in the third paper, and to expose the fallacy that Christianity could submit to, or even survive, his proposed elimination of its distinctive doctrines.

Mr. A. B. Mason, an American, writing from Chicago, contends, in the *Fortnightly Review*, that

the glowing pictures of the unlimited field for labour in the United States are too highly coloured. He endeavours to show by statistics, and from evidence gathered by himself, that the labour market there is overstocked, that the limit of profitable land-culture has been reached, and that there is really no opening for the emigrant without capital. He incidentally bears testimony to the advantages of Canada as a field for emigration, by showing conclusively that even the slight difference in wages in favour of the States is counterbalanced almost three-fold by the greater purchasing power of the wages received. Lord Lytton's paper on "A Novelty in French Fiction" is an eulogistic review of "Les Pléiades," by Count Gobineau. This work, written somewhat in the style of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, is a psychological study of remarkable power, including an analytical examination of modern institutions and prevailing theories of social and political life. The author is a diplomatist by profession. He is also a linguist and a writer on metaphysics and antiquities, as well as an acute observer of human character.

In *Macmillan* Professor Cairnes, in a paper which has been long in preparation, replies to Mr. Goldwin Smith's article on "Female Suffrage." The Professor's tone indicates considerable exasperation, though it is temperate compared with that of some of the female critics. It begins, rather inauspiciously for a calm consideration of the question on its merits, by attempting to pick a quarrel about a reference made by Mr. Smith to the passage in Mills' Autobiography, respecting the relations of Mr. Mill with his wife, and to the probable effect of those relations on his peculiar theories as to the general relations of the sexes. This, Prof. Cairnes says, is "using poisoned shafts," and he tries to create odium against his antagonist by talking of the "keen pain inflicted on more than one living person who, from the nature of the case, are precluded from defending those whom they hold dear." The disclosure of Mr. Mill's conjugal affairs was his own act, and the act of the friends by whom, in com-

pliance with his will, his autobiography was published. It is not for them to complain if the public or the press notice what they have laid before it. Mr. Mill's work is the text-book of the agitation; the connection of his theories with the incidents of his life is at once obvious and important; nor will it be found, on reference to Mr. Goldwin Smith's article, among the *Selections* in our number of last July, that there is anything in his remarks offensive in tone, or which was not rendered necessary by the course of his argument. If delicacy did not forbid Mr. Mill's friends to publish to the world his private conduct, delicacy does not forbid them, if called upon, to defend it.

Professor Cairnes throughout forgets or ignores the fact that Mr. Goldwin Smith's article was a reply to Mr. Mill. He inveighs against Mr. Smith for treating of women as a sex, without reference to national and sectional distinctions, as though Mr. Mill had not done precisely the same thing, and put the discussion on that footing.

Mr. Goldwin Smith will, no doubt, say in due time what he deems necessary in support or explanation of his views. But he would make a great mistake if, having undertaken to deal with a question of the most vital importance to humanity, he were to accept any challenge to quarrel, or to do anything which could degrade a great public discussion to the level of a petty altercation. With regard to this controversy, above all others, it may safely be said that those who import into it most personality or acrimony are sure to be the least worthy of attention.

There is one suggestion in the Professor's paper which, we confess, makes us shudder. He says that "when politics become a subject of interest alike for men and women, it would very soon become a principal consideration in determining matrimonial alliances." We are afraid that if we were to comment upon this we should incur the imputation of levity. Would a post-nuptial change of political principles be, in the improved order of things, a sufficient ground for a divorce?

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

WE propose in future to devote a portion of our space to a review of matters musical and dramatic. The amusements of any community, although of course subordinate to weightier interests, are not to be passed over as undeserving of atten-

tion. Their value, æsthetic or educational, is to a large extent the measure of public taste, which may be correct and refined, or, on the other hand, coarse and degraded. They can never, therefore, be a matter of indifference to the journalist. Indeed he

may either do a great injury to his readers or indicate higher aims, according as he approves what is base or strives to elevate the standard of opinion in matters of art. It is not necessary here to enter into the defence of the theatre or the opera, because that would lead us into a discussion beyond our present purpose. The question is usually decided upon non-logical grounds, such as habit, prejudice, or early training in certain traditional opinions. The man who, from childhood, has been in the habit of witnessing at least a Christmas pantomime yearly under the eye of his natural guides, cannot understand the outcry against dramatic performances; and so, *per contra*, he who has been impressed in early life with the belief that the theatre is in itself a sinful amusement, will probably remain steadfast in that belief. In either case, reason has very little to do with the opinion of the individual. That this is actually the case is apparent from the groundless distinctions made between one species of amusement and another. Some people see nothing objectionable in an oratorio or a cantata, but express the greatest abhorrence of the opera. It surely cannot be merely because of the subject, since those who attend performances of the *Messiah* will not scruple to listen to the *Acis* and *Galatea* of the same composer. And if it be the stage accessories of dress, scenery and footlights, is there any rational ground for the prejudice? If there be operas whose moral tone is dubious, there is no reason why we should witness their performance; but to denounce the lyric drama entirely because some of its composers degrade the art, is to deprive oneself of a pleasure which in itself refines and educates the taste and feelings and, under the censorship of a correct public opinion, can never demoralize. There is yet another distinction often made by some between the drama proper and the opera—the former having, in their opinion, something intrinsically bad about it, whilst the latter is, at least, a permissible entertainment. It would perhaps be difficult to understand any tenable ground for this notion. One plea may be urged—that the patrons of the opera go to hear the music, and pay little or no heed to the words, and that as music has an elevating influence on the mind, the entertainment must on the whole be good. But there are good operas and bad operas. The *libretti* are usually weak and often silly, and we can hardly understand the moral status of the man who repudiates *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, and yet sees nothing objectionable in *La Traviata* or the *Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*. It is in fact with the performances of plays and operas as with the reading of books—especially works of fiction. Each must be judged upon its own merits; and it seems unreasonable to reject a very important and effective branch of human intelligence because

it has been sometimes pressed into the service of evil. Moreover, it ought not to escape the notice of those who denounce the theatre, that they are themselves, in a measure, to blame for any deterioration in it, moral or artistic. The people who take pleasure in the rapid jokes of negro serenaders and circus clowns are not the best judges of a play. Their manners and their tastes are coarse, even though their morals may not be actually worse than their neighbours'. If those classes of society whose office it is to give a tone to the art and literature of the time stand aloof and surrender any department of them to those who are inferior in intelligence and discrimination, what is to be expected save the deterioration of that particular department, and perhaps its ministry to the cause of vice? To say that intelligent and thoughtful men and women have forsaken the theatre because of the decay of the drama, is to confound cause with effect, or, in homely phrase, to put the cart before the horse. The golden days of the drama were the days when the intellect and refinement of the nation were its supporters. Its basest period was the result of a divorce between the more elevated and intelligent portion of the people and the theatre, and it extended from the Restoration down into the Georgian era: for Congreve survived the first monarch of the House of Brunswick. "If," says Lord Macaulay, "it be asked why that age encouraged immorality which no other age would have tolerated, we have no hesitation in answering that this great depravation of the national taste was the effect of the prevalence of Puritanism under the Commonwealth." Even before the death of Dryden, however, the tide had turned and purity had re-asserted itself. Congreve, it is true, attempted a reply to Jeremy Collier's attack on the stage; but it was felt to be a failure even by the friends of the dramatist. There is no danger, in our time, of a recurrence to a dramatic literature so degraded and so utterly subversive of the fundamental principles of morality. There is no reason, in our time, when the intelligence of the people is so strongly enlisted on the side not merely of theoretical morality but also of purity in speech and act, why the theatre should not regain much of its lost ground. We have no contemporary Shakspeare it is true, nor even a Fletcher or a Massinger, but there are materials arranging themselves into shape, though now in a solvent and transitional condition, which some day will be at the service of the dramatic poet. When the *sacer vates* makes his appearance we shall hear no more of the decline of the stage. It has indeed been urged that the theatre has been superseded by other instrumentalities; the same, by the way, has been said of the pulpit. But, in fact, there is no single means of reaching the hearts of the people

which can be a substitute for the acted drama. It has been likened to poetry, painting and sculpture combined; but there is an element of reality about the stage which none but an art-enthusiast can fully appreciate in a statue, a painting, a novel or a poem. Mr. Leslie Stephen, in a late number of the *Corrill*, after speaking of a French artist who carried realism so far that when he wanted to paint a sea-beach he plastered real sand upon his canvas, continues thus: "And this is precisely what is done in the drama. The dramatic author has to paint his beaches with real sand; real live men and women move about the stage; we hear real voices; what is feigned merely puts an edge on what is; we do actually see a woman go behind a screen as Lady Teazle, and after certain intervals, we see her very shamefully produced again." Even the art of the novelist, Mr. Stephen goes on to show, is merely painting on a flat board, with a great resulting loss of vividness. It is often said that there is an absence of reality about the stage; whereas, in the hands of genius, it is eminently realistic. We think we know our nearest relatives, our neighbours or daily companions in business or pleasure; but how much do we know about them after all? Are we as well acquainted with their characters as with those of Ingo, Macbeth, Overreach, Sir Peter Teazle or any prominent personage of the drama? Yet we call the former reality and the latter fiction. The fact of the matter is that no effective substitute for the dramatic representation can be found; it has no *alter ego* which can permanently relieve it from duty. Such being the case, we intend to reserve some space to a consideration of it as it appears amongst us at its best. By so doing we believe we shall serve the interests of art, which properly considered, are aids, not hindrances to the cause of morality. Our preliminary remarks have extended to such length that we are hardly able to deal adequately with the subject on this occasion. After all, however, a few evenings in an opening week do not afford material for a just estimate of a dramatic company, and, therefore, a fuller criticism may be of more value in a future number.

When the Opera House Company, consisting of some of our prominent capitalists, was incorporated by the local legislature, a general feeling of satisfaction was expressed, and this feeling was heightened by the announcement that Mrs. Morrison would undertake the difficult and trying duties of the management. To Mrs. Morrison and other members of her family, the play-going people of Toronto and the other western cities are deeply indebted. It is not too much to say that to them we owe the establishment of the theatre as a source of innocent and elevating amusement, in the midst of difficulties of no ordinary kind. With the old building now num-

bered amongst the things of the past, are connected memories of the energy and enterprise of Mr. John Nickinson and his four daughters—the earnestness of their purpose, and the thoroughly intelligent and honourable view they took of the proper functions of the stage as a means both of instruction and entertainment. Of Mrs. Morrison, known in former days of early triumph as Miss Charlotte Nickinson, there is no reminiscence which her best friends could desire to forget, and the same may be said of those who worked with her. As an actress, she would have made her mark on any stage. Intelligent, refined and well educated, she always threw her whole soul into the work for which she was so well qualified by gifts natural and acquired. There were a native grace and a hatred of inborn coarseness and impropriety which over-awed the rudest tyro who came to tread the same boards with her. In the highest as well as in the lowest parts she undertook, there was always a ladylike dignity in her acting. Between Ophelia and Meg, or Lady Teazle and Nan, in the *Good for Nothing*, there would seem to be a great gulf fixed; but Mrs. Morrison had so studied all these parts that they were true without being vulgar, faithful to art without over-stepping the modesty of nature. But her merits as an artiste did not form the only reason why she has secured, and for so long a time retained, the respect of the community. She is known as a benefactress and a disinterested worker in much charitable work, as most estimable in private life and, as being what she is, has won the esteem of many who look with no favor upon the dramatic profession. For these reasons her name is a tower of strength to the new Opera House. It is a guarantee of excellence in its performances, of ability in the company, and of what, above all, the public value most, unimpeachable propriety, and unaffected grace in its entertainments. We can imagine, in fact, the memories which crowded upon her mind when she stood face to face with the enthusiastic audience which completely filled the Grand Opera House on the opening night. That she should falter with emotion was a touch not of art, but of nature, which struck a new chord of sympathy in the audience, and added to the embarrassment of its object.

The *School for Scandal* was the opening play. Sheridan's great comedy is within a year or so of completing its centenary upon the English stage. There have been many diverse opinions expressed about it. It certainly forms an agreeable contrast with Congreve's *Love for Love*, or any of the plays fashionable at the time when it was first presented. It has its defects, doubtless—the wit is sometimes of the tinsel order, there is too constant a straining after epigrammatic effect, and an effort to be bril-

liant even where the glitter is out of place. Still the comedy has held its own, and enjoys greater popularity than it did in the author's lifetime. We forget that Sir Oliver, Sir Benjamin, Sir Peter, Lady Teazle, Maria, and even Rowley and Trip, are all talking Sheridan. This is not perceived in representation; the audience only knows that it is involved in a shower of pyrotechnics which seems inexhaustible. The screen scene alone is so unique in kind, and has so many varied attractions in the cross purposes of the parties to it, that it would redeem the dullest play ever written. It has not generally been noted by Sheridan's critics that Washington, when asked to select a play for performance before himself and his staff, at once named this much criticised but always successful play. We have intimated our intention of avoiding any particular criticism at present; but we cannot refrain from expressing our conviction, and it is many years since we first saw her in the character, that Lady Teazle has lost none of her spirit, her taste, or her correct delineation of the character. *Au reste*, we may say generally that there was no part in the play unworthily filled. From Sir Peter down to Trip or Moses, the acting was exceptionally good. *The Willow Copse* gave an old dramatic friend, Mr. C. W. Couldock, an opportunity of showing that he had lost none of the passionate fire of former years. The play is no particular favourite of ours, yet we were glad to see it revived, if only as a memory of old times, and a proof of the still active powers of an excellent actor. *London Assurance*, also by Dion Boucicault, is a specimen of modern genteel comedy, and its characters, including Lady Gay Spanker, were rendered with vivacity and in admirably good taste. We ought perhaps, in this connection, to make an exceptional reference to Mrs. Marlowe, who has made

very perceptible progress since we saw her last as Miss Virginia Nickinson. We ought also to mention the orchestra, which is really a model one, but Herr Müller will perhaps be content to wait for a more favourable opportunity.

We should very much regret that we have so little space to devote to the TORONTO PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, if the first of its performances took place during the present month. As it is, a brief appeal to the musical public on its behalf, will be *pro tempore* sufficient. This excellent association is the last and most successful of a series of attempts to infuse an elevated musical taste amongst us. It has had its struggles, and it would perhaps be still premature to say that they have been surmounted. Yet the introduction of a high class of music, and the labour and expense involved in training chorus and orchestra, should secure Mr. F. H. Torrington, the conductor, and the Society, a larger share of public support than they have yet received. Reliance on the precarious receipts at single performances will not ensure the success of the movement. The subscription is not large, and it is amply returned in the shape of tickets. The performances of the season will be four in number: Haydn's *Creation* in November; Handel's *Messiah* during the Christmas week; early in the ensuing year, Randegger's secular cantata of *Fridolin*, as part of a miscellaneous concert; concluding with Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. Those who were present at the *Elijah* performances last season will have full confidence in the conductor's power to produce the new works in a most creditable manner. All that is wanted is a little more liberality on the part of the public, and the success of our Philharmonic Society will be placed beyond question.

BOOK REVIEWS.

POEMS AND SONGS. By Alexander McLachlan. Toronto: Hunter, Rose and Company.

The author of this handsome volume of lyrics is well and favourably known in Canada, both as a lecturer and a "weaver of rhymes." Many of the poems now collected have seen light before—some of them have been recited at patriotic gatherings. It is greatly to Mr. McLachlan's credit, and it constitutes one reason—though not the principal one—why he ought to gain the ear of his fellow colonists, that he has always kept before him as his chief aim

the cultivation of a purely indigenous school of poetry, the worship, if we may so phrase it, of a muse distinctively Canadian. Not that he forgets to find room for praise of his native Scotia, or to syllable his thoughts occasionally in the Lowland dialect which Burns and Scott have made familiar to us Southrons. He would not be a good Canadian if he had ceased to be a patriotic Scot. But the general tone of his verse has been caught from our own Province—from the rural sights and sounds of Ontario. There is scarcely a bird, or tree, or flower,

familiar to Canadians, which Mr. McLachlan has not consecrated by a few light touches and embalmed in verse. The "great brotherhood of pines," the maple tree, the autumn leaves, and the season of Indian Summer, when their tints surpass the painter's skill; and then the birds, the whip-poor-will, the hobolink, the thrush, and the humming-bird—all come in for their share of the poet's attention. Amongst the other poems peculiarly belonging to Canadian life are "The Fire in the Woods," "The Settler's Sabbath Day," "Old Canada on Book Farming," and many others. The last we have mentioned naturally leads to another feature in Mr. McLachlan's poetry—the dry sense of humour which at times gets the better of him even in serious themes. Nothing could be richer than some of the serio-humorous pieces contained in this collection. Some of these are written in a sort of Yankee dialect, such, for example, as "The Backwoods Philosopher," "The Rough Uncultured Critter," or that curious balancing of matrimonial chances in "Going to the Bush." We are not told where this fascinating young gentleman lived, but any one starting for Manitoba, for instance, with a choice of five young ladies for a help-mate, might well be perplexed in making his selection. There is also much humour in the companion poems, "Old Hoss" and "Young Hoss," and what is better, the moral in both cases is a very sound one. "The death of the Ox" is the pathetic side of the same tender regard for the animal creation which characterizes our author throughout the volume. "October," and "The Indian Summer," are poems of a more ambitious aim; their construction, lyrically, is perfect, and their inspiration has been drawn from the free air of our Canadian country life.

Mr. McLachlan's verses on domestic life are almost always good. We have little room to quote—a necessity at which we cannot affect a regret we do not feel; for we should like Canadians to read what one of themselves can write about the homeliest of lives, and the most commonplace of the scenes which meet them every day. Let one extract suffice:—

OLD HANNAH.

'Tis Sabbath morn, and a holy balm
Drops down on the heart like dew,
And the sunbeams gleam
Like a blessed dream
Afar on the mountains blue.
Old Hannah's by her cottage door,
In her faded widow's cap;
She is sitting alone
On the old grey stone
With the Bible on her lap.

An oak is hanging above her head,
An' the burn is wimpling by;
The primroses peep

From their sylvan keep,
And the lark is in the sky.
Beneath that shade her children play'd,
But they're all away with Death,
And she sits alone
On the old grey stone
To hear what the spirit saith.

Her years are o'er three score and ten,
And her eyes are waxing dim,
But the page is bright
With a living light,
And her heart leaps up to Him
Who pours the mystic harmony
Which only the soul can hear!
She is not alone
On the old grey stone,
Tho' no earthly friend is near.

There's no one left to love her now,
But the Eye that never sleeps
Looks on her in love
From the heavens above,
And with quiet joy she weeps;
For she feels the balm of bliss is poured
In her lone heart's deepest rut;
And the widow lone
On the old grey stone,
Hath a peace the world knows not.

In a humorous vein of the domestic sort are other poems, such as "Speaking," and "The Pic-nic." In all that touches the affections, treats of home, and especially rural home life, Mr. McLachlan always excels. His verses are occasionally rough, but not from want of a well-tuned ear—rough perhaps because the author desired to adapt his style to his subject. It would be hypercritical, therefore, to remind an author that "history" does not rhyme with "destiny," (p. 19), that, as in "The Hall of Shadows" (p. 87), "aisles" and "pales" are not even assonances, and that, in the same stanza, the use of the double rhyme detracts from the dignity of a serious theme. While we are fault-finding, we might also hint to Mr. McLachlan, that his metres are not always well chosen. Nothing, for example, could be more musical than the rhyme of "May," nothing more offensive to the ear than the jingling rhymes of "Napoleon in St. Helena," in other respects, a poem well designed, although we can hardly understand the first Emperor, or the third, for that matter, uttering the orthodox couplet:—

"O! the love-founded throne—that of Jesus alone,
Shall smile at the waves of mutation."

It is not to the matter of this poem so much as the form that we object. There the double rhyme, which we have already noticed as a blemish in a particular stanza, becomes a chronic disorder. We do not like to find fault where we find so much to approve, but the systematic recurrence of a rhyme, which may sometimes be used effectively, but should always be used sparingly, is a fault. The constant repetition of such endings as "descending" and "ending,"

"bereft me" and "left me," "thunder" and "wonder," and, worst of all, "foundation" and "mutation," would mar the noblest poetical conception.

On religious questions, Mr. McLachlan follows closely in the footprints of Burns, whom he eulogizes in what would be a fine ode, if it were not marred by the faulty rhyming of which we have already spoken. There is the same depth of religious feeling as is shewn, in the present volume, in the poems entitled "God," "Awful Spirit," "O spread the Glad Tidings, and "The Settler's Sabbath Day," intended evidently as a Colonial representation of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," which it unconsciously imitates. There is something in a Scotsman's religious education which imprints these solemn feelings upon his intellect and conscience as the Dinornis has left its fossil footmark on the stone that once was plastic mud. On the other hand, there is a tendency lying parallel to this, and not inconsistent with it as might, at first sight, appear, to satirize religious pretension. We are familiar with it in Burns, and we are not surprised to find it in Mr. McLachlan.

Let any one compare, for example, either of the devotional pieces we have mentioned with "Who knows" (p. 20), which is as despondent of the future as Burns' "Man was made to mourn," or another (p. 12) which opens in this sad vein :—

"We're all afloat in a leaky boat,
On Time's tempestuous sea ;
Death at the helm steers for his realm,
And a motley crew are we."

Despair, in the attempt to solve the dark problem, yields, in this case to faith, as it does also, though from another cause, in "Song" on the following page. In "Man" (p. 24) the same dark question again comes to the top, and the terrible issue is presented :—

"Did'st thou not, Father, shape my course?
Or am I but a causeless force—
A stream that issues from no source ?

Here a difficulty is suggested which is really no difficulty—hence the dilemma presented is not a real one, but only the result of a peculiar view of dogmatic religion. Here again, however, as in the last poem to which we referred, the solution is a hopeful one. In one or two cases Mr. McLachlan indulges in *Arri-flege*, not with great success to our thinking. We have already quoted and commented sufficiently upon the religious tone of these poems, and, therefore, when we quote a stanza or two from "We live in a rickety House," we shall not be understood as representing Mr. McLachlan in the light of a scoffer. There is a very serious moral in the poem which might be taken to heart in more quarters than one ; but as a piece "rounded off and of itself," as a rough old

writer once said, it is not satisfactory. There may seem a want of connection in the stanzas we quote ; our only apology is that we cannot afford space for more.

"And pious folks, with their tracts,
When our dens they enter in,
They point to our shirtless backs,
As the fruits of beer and gin.

And they quote us texts to prove
That our hearts are hard as stone ;
And they feed us with the fact.
That the fault is all our own.

And the parson comes and prays—
He's very concerned 'bout our souls ;
But he never asks, in the coldest days,
How we may be off for coals."

And then, after the apology for grog, which is "raiment, food and fire, and religion all in one," comes the terrible refrain, renewed from the first verse :—

"We live in a rickety house,
In a dirty dismal street,
Where the naked hide from day,
And thieves and drunkards meet."

It is evident that this is an old world complaint, compounded of compassion for the poor, as the author has doubtless seen them "at home," as we fondly call it, and remembrances of Burns and Hood. We have already exhausted our space, and cannot trench upon Scottish ground. Scotsmen alone are proper judges of Mr. McLachlan here, and to them we commend him. It is, at all times, difficult to appraise the value of purely *dialectic* poems, if we may coin a word, without trenching on the province of logic ; and an attempt to judge how far Mr. McLachlan is worthy to tread in the footsteps of Scott, Burns, Hogg, Ramsay, Tannahill, or any of the other Scottish lyricists would be an attempt we are not weak enough to make. It appears to us, however, with our feeble lights, that Mr. McLachlan is not an unworthy disciple of the great school of Scotland's bards. Their humour he certainly has ; if evidence were otherwise wanting it only needs the reading of "The Lang Heided Laddie" (p. 202) which is not unworthy of Burns.

In conclusion, we commend the volume to our readers, not as equal in all its parts, or faultless anywhere, but as one of the first instalments of the Canadian literature we desire to welcome. Ontario, with all its noble opportunities, has not hitherto rivalled its less progressive sister of Quebec in the path of literature ; that there is an ample field to be broken up by stalwart hands, Mr. McLachlan has shown. We, therefore, commend his volume to intelligent men ; he has struck upon many paths, in none of them despisably, in most of them well, and if his example will only inspire some of the "rough, untutored geniuses" of the land to make their inspiration march within the grooves of verse, his indirect labour will not be unprofitable. I wish Mr. McLachlan is capable of still better and more permanent work than this, and we hope to be able to record his success in future pages.

EXHIBITION SUPPLEMENT.

THE purpose of the following pages is to give, in brief, a succinct account of the salient features of the Exhibition lately held in this city. It is not pretended that the sketch is exhaustive; yet we trust it will afford our readers a fair idea of the value of the Exhibition in its various departments. It will be seen that considerable prominence has been given to mechanical and musical instrument manufactures. Both of these have assumed increasing importance of late years: one of them closely connected with material progress, the other with æsthetic culture. From a pecuniary point of view the recent Exhibition was a most encouraging success, as the following figures will show by comparison with previous years. Visitors:—London, 1869—60,152; Toronto, 1870—69,816; Kingston, 1871—24,224; Hamilton, 1872—50,252; London, 1873—63,800; Toronto, 1874—77,040. These figures do not include those admitted on members' passes, which have increased in about an equal ratio. The receipts during these years were as follows:—1869—\$15,038; 1870—\$17,450; 1871—\$6,056; 1872—\$12,563; 1873—\$15,950; 1874—\$19,260. The preference given to Ottawa over Kingston as the place of exhibition of 1875 was perhaps determined quite as much by chagrin at the loss suffered in 1871, as by a desire to do justice to the Ottawa valley. The Ottawa Exhibition will, no doubt, be unique in its character. We can hardly expect that the show of stock will be as large or as good as in London or Toronto; and agricultural products, as well as machinery, will not be so fully represented. On the other hand, the wood and the mine will furnish a display unequalled on any previous occasion. The textile fabrics and manufactures on both sides of the river Ottawa and from Cornwall down, will show to increasing advantage. New buildings are to be erected, and we would submit for consideration whether it would not be better to erect detached buildings connected by passages, rather than the great barns at present in vogue.

In spite of the efforts of the Committee, the din, the dust, the noise and the confusion of our so-called Crystal Palace is almost unbearable. The Art Department, especially, suffers in many ways from defective light, crowding, and the Babel of sounds which do not always proceed even from musical instruments. The Annual Address of the President, Mr. Gibbons, was full of practical hints to the farmer, and traversed a good deal of ground in a forcible and business-like way. The effect of forest-tree destruction in producing drought, recommendation of fruit (especially grape) and flax culture, the propagation of fish, &c., all came under his practical survey of the field. We desire to throw out one hint more. The departments of Arts and Manufactures are not fully represented at the Agricultural Fair. We therefore propose that adequate buildings be erected in Toronto, and that a Provincial Exposition of our progress in these departments be *annually* held here. This is the proper place for such a display; it should be a complete exhibition in every class of articles produced, from Ottawa to the Sault, and, under proper regulations, it would be, not a competitor with the ordinary Fair, but a very valuable feeder to it. Offering these suggestions for future consideration, we may proceed to a detailed account of the recent Exhibition in its various departments.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

HORSES — CATTLE AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, AND FRUITS, GRAINS, &c.

The show of thorough-bred horses, of which there were 31 entries, comprised the best stock in the country, and was a marked improvement upon that at the former Exhibition. The best "blood" in the country was on the ground, and the arrangements for its accommodation were as good as the time and means at the disposal of the Committee could make it. The list comprised roadsters, carriage horses, Canada bred draught and farm horses, which were especially fine, and many of which sold for "fancy" prices. The bidding for the last class of stock was spirited, and competition exceedingly keen. We may mention a few of the most celebrated: "Whalebone," an imported stallion, own-

ed by Mr. Geo. Holmes, of Guelph; a blood stallion, "Hamambio," owned by Mr. Luiton; "Young Peacock," owned by J. J. Fisher; and Wm. Long's imported three-year-old Cleveland bay "Chucks-all." A heavy draught three-year-old mare, "Young England's Glory," owned by Jas. Fleming, deserved all the praise bestowed upon it. An unusually fine heavy bay stallion, "Johnny Cope," also attracted much attention. The horses were in splendid condition, and there appeared to be every requisite to stock Canada with the finest breed of horses in the world.

The cattle, consisting of over 400 entries, including Durham, Hereford, Devon, Ayrshire, Galloway and Alderneys, as well as the lower grades, fully equalled in point of excellence the stock of horse flesh, and included contributions from the following noted breeders: John Miller, Pickering; J. & R. Hunter, Alma; J. K. & J. W. Jardin, Saltfleet; Wm. Rodden, Plantagenet; Simon Beattie, Wm. M. Miller, Pickering, and a host of others.

The show of sheep included specimens of the Cotswold, Leicester, Lincoln, Southdown, Shropshire, and Southdown breeds and Spanish, French and Saxon Merino sheep. The total number of entries for animals of these classes was a little under 500. Several commanded high prices, while others could not be had at any price. The great improvements over those exhibited at the last Exhibition was a subject of general remark. The swine and poultry exhibits were in keeping with the former breeds of cattle and sheep.

The show of agricultural implements was varied and select; the Massey Manufacturing Company being to the fore, in the matter of horse rakes, ploughs, and other farming apparatus of iron and wood. Of farming tools, such as axes, there were numerous assortments.

The Date Patent Steel Company, Niagara, showed an admirable selection of malleable cast-iron, made from American pig iron, for which they fairly earned 1st prize. An extra prize for steel manufactured from malleable iron was awarded, as well as an extra prize for sample of steel made from wrought-iron. Their stock of goods included a complete set of carpenters' and coopers' tools; chopping and hand-axes; hatchets and chisels of all descriptions. The axes made by this Company are punched from the solid bar, saving welding and avoiding all fractures. Their "pick-eye" is made from the solid metal of the best American brand of iron, without any welding whatever, thereby securing much greater strength and durability. This Company was organized last February, and since that time its operations have been remarkably successful. Special attention is being given to the New York and South American markets. The works, which are finely located, overlooking the Niagara River, cover four acres of ground, and give employment to one hundred men. The present working power of the Company enables them to turn out about one hundred dozen of assorted tools per day. Four ovens, with a capacity of sixteen tons each, turn out about sixty-four tons of the best malleable iron on the Continent every fourteen days. The impetus which this Company has given to the iron trade in Canada augurs well for its future success. There is no reason why malleable iron cannot be as profitably and successfully worked in Canada as across the line, as the gratifying success of this Company has amply proved.

The Waterous Engine Works Company, referred to elsewhere, also had a valuable apparatus for grain scouring. The most successful plough exhibitors were Wm. Hardy, Churchville; Geo. Wilkinson, Aurora; Geo. Ross, Rondeau; Munro & Hogan, Scaforth; Jas. Kilpatrick, Rothsay; J. Lowrie, Sarnia; B. W. Walton, Fergus; J. Linton, Orono; and W. Rennie, Toronto. Messrs. Moore, Vickers & Co., Uxbridge, carried off the prize for the best stump extractor.

The stock of fine roots, grains and seeds was very large, and competent judges say that the quality of each has visibly improved during the past few years. In many cases it was a matter of no little difficulty to award the superiority.

In the show of domestic wines there was ample evidence to prove that the domestic grape can be successfully made into wine. The samples submitted for our inspection were fully equal to the best American wine in the market.

HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

The exhibit of nursery fruits, garden vegetables, fruits and flowers, occupied an entire department. Their fragrance was delicious, and the building was crowded with enraptured admirers of their beauties. Many of the samples of apples, pears, plums and grapes were unusually large, and almost every American growth of fruit was represented. The show of grapes and pears is worthy of special mention.

ARTS AND MANUFACTURES.

CABINET WARE.

Foremost in the show of cabinet-ware was a handsome suite of bedroom furniture, manufactured by R. Hay & Co., of Toronto, occupying a large section of the Crystal Palace building. It was particularly attractive for its beauty of design and thoroughness of manufacture, and is a specimen of the most skillful workmanship we have ever seen. Messrs. Bell & Co. and Jackson & Co., of Guelph, also had some fine entries in this class, and succeeded in obtaining prizes for decorative carving. Mr. C. Potter, of Toronto, had on view a patent school desk with folding chair, with plain circular cherry seat, made to adapt itself to the hollow of the back. The Board of Public Works and Council of Public Instruction have adopted this simple and efficient apparatus.

Under the head of "Miscellaneous" were a number of clothes wringers, each claiming some special merit. First in point of simplicity, strength, ease of adjustment and firmness of hold, was an ingenious wringer made by W. T. Bunnell, Ottawa. It performs the service for which it is required thoroughly. The same maker was fortunate in securing a prize for a patent washing machine, which merits a brief description. The clothes are placed in a kind of cradle provided with diagonal bars, a duplicate in shape is made to fit into this cradle, also provided with diagonal bars running reversely to those underneath. By working a crank the article to be washed is thoroughly turned both ways, pressed and cleansed. The machine is free from complications and commends itself to every housekeeper.

CARRIAGES.

A large selection of carriages and sleighs was exhibited by the McClary Thompson Carriage Manufac-

turing Co., of London, Ont., all remarkable for their quality and elaborate finish.

THE FINE ARTS—OIL PAINTINGS.

This department cannot be said to have been a success; possibly the comparatively recent exhibition of the Art Union may account for this, but whatever the cause may be, the contributions in arts were a failure compared with the fine display made in other departments. Mr. F. A. Verner, an artist of no mean skill, did not, we think, exhibit his best efforts. Such as were shown attracted general attention. A figure of an Indian was perhaps the best of his paintings. Mr. J. Bell Smith presented a picture of a painted group, "Two Sisters," well conceived, and denoting in some points a careful study. Mr. W. N. Cresswell, a clever painter, exhibited two landscapes, which were among the best. Mr. Thomas Griffith's "Group of Flowers" was decidedly well done. There was a freshness and reality about this picture very pleasant to note. A collection of fruit was another study sent in by the same gentleman, fully equal to anything in the gallery. A clever pen and ink sketch, by Miss Alice Clarkson, was extremely well executed and deserving of commendation. Mr. Mollington also exhibited an extremely creditable study in carved wax work. In point of attraction Messrs. Bridgman & Forster's portraits in oil bore the palm, that section of the gallery being crowded with approving lookers on. In this department of art Messrs. Bridgman & Forster have long been favourably known in Western Canada. Every picture gives evidence of complete and careful study. The outlines are graceful, the position of the body natural and unconstrained, the head sitting well upon the shoulders and the whole presenting a life-like appearance. Take for instance the picture of Mr. W. Gooderham. There is a freshness about the portrait; we cannot fail to observe the feeling thrown into the expression of the face. The hair, always a difficult matter to paint well, is here detailed with an exactness which those who are acquainted with the original will at once detect. The same may be said of Senator Mills, of Hamilton; the likeness is excellent, and true to the original. The lines in the face are faithfully delineated, and the entire figure comes out boldly from the canvas, life-like and real. The colour in all the portraits is well distributed, and laid on with smoothness and delicacy of handling. The art of portrait-painting is yet in its infancy in Canada, but while there is yet much to learn, we must admit that this firm is on the high road to its attainment. To portray the expression of the human face so as to give a generally correct idea of its usual expression is one of the most difficult studies to master. In this the firm has succeeded in an eminent degree, as instanced by the life-like portraits of the public men on view during the past month.

A number of amateur paintings in oil and water colours were contributed by Miss Nancy Strickland, Oshawa; Miss Westmacott, Toronto; Mr. Bell Smith, Montreal; and Miss Josephine Oates, Toronto. Some of these gave indications of considerable ability.

LITHOGRAPHIC, COPPER AND STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

Messrs. Rolph, Smith & Co. had a fine collection of lithographs of different kinds, executed in the style for which this firm is noted. Some superb specimens of the engraver's art were submitted by

Messrs. Woodward and Grant, of Toronto, particularly in die-sinking, embossing, and steel and copper-plate engraving. The lettering and shading were particularly fine, equal to any specimens of European art we have seen. Their proof samples of steel engravings merit high praise. The ingenious designs in monograms were also noticeable, and the specimens of illuminated embossed work of a most superior description. The letters were all finely and clearly cut, showing great delicacy of finish. In cameo and relief stamping they were far ahead of anything exhibited. Mr. A. Fry, of Toronto, was present with his improved pentagraph, a simple and ingenious little instrument, designed to duplicate plans and drawings, and answers its purpose faithfully and well.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

The number of entries was small (46), but the quality of the goods submitted was very choice. For best barley and cornmeal, James Russell, Claremont, took the first prize. Specimens of buckwheat flour, exhibited by Morgan Bros., Howdon, were of unusually fine quality. In bottled pickles and sauces, Richardson, Moore & Co., of Toronto, took first prize. The firm of W. A. Snyder, of Grimsby, had a choice assortment of fruits bottled and hermetically sealed. The flavour of the samples of canned goods was fully equal to the best American brands. This is the only firm in the Dominion who put up fruits and vegetables in this form, and from the varieties of stock exhibited by them, they should command a large trade in this important branch of manufacture.

MACHINERY, CASTINGS, AND TOOLS.

This class occupied considerable prominence, it being the most magnificent collection that has ever been shown in Canada. The largest firms in the country were represented, and the exhibition was one worthy both of exhibitors and the Province at large. The number of entries was 259.

First on the list is The Waterous Engine Works Company of Brantford. The display of machinery made by this Company was the principal attraction to visitors interested in this important branch of manufacture. One of the sights on the grounds was the working of one of their 20 horse-power Patent Direct Action Portable Saw Mills. The simplicity and speed of the machine is its best recommendation. A brief description of its working will best enable our readers to judge of its value as a labour-saving agent. The logs are placed upon a carriage, at the end of which is a circular saw. In front of this saw is a circular piece of metal, answering the purpose of a wedge, and also freeing the saw itself from contact with the rough particles of dust, securing greater freedom of operation, and a material saving in the wear and tear of the saw itself. At the other end of the carriage the operative stands, who can, at will, control the machine. By pulling a simple apparatus with which is connected the piston rod, he can open or shut off the steam at will, and if necessary almost instantaneously stop the working of the machine. It is estimated that it will cut at the rate of 1,500 feet per hour. The value of this mill is becoming generally recognized, and its use is not confined simply to Ontario. It is employed in New Brunswick, Manitoba, Michigan, and even to New Zealand it has found its way. One of its most valuable features is, that it can be adapted to almost any position;

it can be set on mudsills framed in the ground, on one side, or if desired, elevated three or four feet. Another piece of machinery which attracted a large share of attention was a 40-horse power Economical Engine, driving all the machinery upon the ground. It is simple but elegant in design, easily regulated, runs smoothly, and is a fine model of mechanical ingenuity. Among other great advantages are the additions of "outer bearings" to the valve spindles. The "stuffing-boxes" are supplied with brass "glands," and are firmly secured in place by a screwed "cap," thus avoiding any liability to get out of line. All the piston-rods and crank-pins are of steel. The valve-spindles are made of the best Lowmoor iron. Engines of this kind are complete in every particular and are fine models of engineering skill. In connection with this engine we saw a movable "coal-heater," or "boiler-feeder," which, as its name implies, supplies the boiler with water. One would scarcely suppose that so small an article could perform the large amount of work which it does daily. Its height is only two feet, by eight inches in diameter. It will furnish a fifty horse-power boiler with all the water that is necessary. The water leaves the heater at about 212°. The fuel saved by the use of this simple article must be considerable. Another point in favour of this engine is that it has a removable water-chamber, a benefit which those who employ steam largely will readily appreciate.

Next to the above was a 4 horse-power Upright Boiler and Engine, especially adapted for the use of those requiring light power. It is largely used in printing-houses and cheese factories. In this invention care has been taken to guard against fire, and the fact that Insurance Companies do not make any extra charge is an indirect assurance of its safety. These boilers consume hard coal. As the engine and boiler are placed on one casting, they can easily be erected. An ingenious contrivance to guard against explosion is another valuable consideration; the engine is furnished with a fusible plug, which relieves the boiler before the crown sheet is exposed. This provision is so simple that a boy can understand its operation. A 5 horse-power engine occupies only 3 feet 6 inches \times 4 feet 4 inches high, and is made from templates, so that all duplicate parts interchange.

An assortment of Rotary Pumps, for protection against fire, was exhibited by the same firm on the south-west side of the Crystal Palace. These pumps have been in use several years, and have stood most severe tests. The same firm exhibits a "climax saw-gummer," for which they are agents, as also an assortment of saws, among which Emerson's Patent Adjustable Extension Tooth Planer Saw, deserves commendation for its novelty and usefulness. Its novelty consists in a patent appliance for inserting larger sized "bits or teeth," which can be moved backwards or forwards by means of a tapering key, or, when requisite, taken out. The advantage is apparent, there being no strain upon the plate of the saw, besides securing greater ease in running.

The Welland Vale Company, St. Catharines, showed a splendid assortment of steel axes, chisels, scythes, draw-knives, adzes, hammers, hoes, rakes, &c.

The Whiting Manufacturing Company, Oshawa, also made a similar display of tools of elaborate finish and quality.

James Robertson & Co., Toronto, had on view a magnificent assortment of saws of all sizes and for

all purposes. The exhibition made by this firm was much admired.

R. H. Smith's, (St. Catharines,) display of saws occasioned universal expressions of approval for the taste with which they were arranged, as well as for the magnificent quality of the metal. Mr. Smith was one of the few Canadian competitors at the Paris Exposition, and succeeded in obtaining "honourable mention" from the judges. The largest circular saw ever made or imported into Canada—so we are informed—was on exhibition, being a circular of eighty-four inches. Saws of every make were on view, the entire display being warmly commended by competent judges.

The Union Iron Company of Buffalo (represented by Messrs. J. H. Bartlett & Co., of Toronto) exhibited a fine collection of iron work, consisting of rolled beams, channel, tee, and angle iron and shafting of all sections and sizes, from a 4 inch beam weighing 10 lbs. per foot, to a 15 inch, weighing 66½ lbs. per foot. The largest sample of angle iron, 6 \times 6, we were informed is a most unusual size to make, and only recently manufactured. Specimens of sections of the "Kellogg" columns, extensively used in bridge building, were on view. The columns are made exclusively of wrought iron, and their peculiar sections were particularly noticeable, receiving high marks of commendation from scientific men present. The iron was of excellent quality.

The celebrated Sheffield (England) firm of Turton, Bros. & Matthews were also represented by Messrs. Bartlett, and were awarded a first prize for their fine assortment of files, of all shapes and sizes. For fineness of cut and firmness of bite they cannot be excelled. The Union Car Springs Manufacturing Company of New York, through Messrs. Bartlett & Co., exhibited a sample lot of car-springs, ingenious but simple in construction, consisting of spiral coils of steel, placed inside of each other, thus giving greater strength and elasticity of spring. The specimens on view were of the best possible make, and from their simplicity and strength will doubtless be widely used by railway companies. A steam pump, called a "Pulsometer" or Magic Pump, made by Messrs. C. H. Hall & Co., of New York, was shown by Messrs. Bartlett & Co. It is a simple casting with four valves. The steam pipe, ¾ diameter, and discharge pipe, 1½ inches were the principal tubes, and from the force which this small instrument exerts, its usefulness cannot be questioned. Various firms which Messrs. Bartlett & Co represent were fortunate in exhibiting so varied and excellent assortments.

The Bowmanville Machine Company—The exhibit made by this Company of lathes, planing and morticing machinery was very fine. The first to which our attention was drawn was a wood and iron-framed tenon machine, the specialty being the width of tenon, 14 inches. A power morticing machine, particularly adapted to sash, door and blind work, was next inspected. Rapidity of motion was easily and promptly obtained, the machine executing its work thoroughly. It is provided with an adjusting wheel and rods. We were next shown an iron topped shaper, for shaping and rounding mouldings. A decided improvement is effected in this shaper over others formerly used; the belt is protected with iron flanges placed underneath the steel top, out of sight of the workman, and so arranged that they cannot possibly get loose by ordinary means. A band saw, shown by the same firm, with a cutting

capacity of fourteen inches, came next in order. It has a continual cut and no back stroke. An adjustable table forms a part of the invention, and the whole carries a belt from one-half to two and a quarter inches. A one, two, three and four sided moulder was also on view, with a capacity of eight inches face. These machines are made for either one or four sides, and the same machines are also made in wooden frames. A splendid sample of mechanical skill was shown in the shape of an iron Lathe and Planer for iron work. Although this Company is of comparatively recent date, yet it finds employment for a large number of hands, and may safely be regarded as one of the great mercantile fixtures of the country.

McKechnie and Bertram, Dundas, had an extensive display of iron and wood working machinery in operation, noticeable among which was a double surface planing and matching machine of the largest size. A four-sided moulding machine, simple, but capable of accomplishing a great deal of work, was also among their list. An immense iron brake lathe, weighing over eight tons, made expressly for a prominent engine-builder, was on view. Its advantages are that it is a self-acting and screwing lathe. There were several other machines of their make on the ground, the details of which require more space than we can give.

The Dundas Tool and Machine Company showed an improved machine for making others. A universal radial arm drilling machine, easily adjusted to bore in any direction or at any angle, is a most useful piece of mechanism.

The Joseph Hall Manufacturing Company, Oshawa, had on view a splendid lot of agricultural machinery, besides an apparatus designated a "Middlings Purifier," and for procuring a superior quality of flour with a larger yield to the bushel than usually obtained.

The Fire King Manufacturing Company, Toronto, exhibited a chemical steam engine, fire extinguisher and hook and ladder. The usefulness of these machines, particularly the fire-extinguisher, is becoming recognized daily. The application of carbonic acid gas is not new, but its usefulness as a fire-destroying agent cannot be disputed. The articles on view appeared to be well made in every particular.

W. C. Nunn, Belleville, also sent a chemical fire engine called the "Little Giant," said to possess great force as a fire-extinguishing agent, and to have greater control over a large fire than any other chemical engine made. The one on view combined simplicity with readiness of action, and seemed well calculated to accomplish all that is claimed for it.

The Johnson Patent Force Pump is another useful fire-extinguishing appliance, and possesses many recommendations in its favour. It is simple, cheap and reliable, and a decided preference for it was expressed by one of the prominent officials of the Great Western Railway. The testimony of an eminent firm in its behalf is conclusive, and it is decidedly one of the best and most simple inventions of the day.

SEWING MACHINES.

First on the list was the "Webster," made by the Canada Sewing Machine Company, Hamilton, (agent, H. C. Nunn, Toronto.) The praise which this popular machine has so justly earned rests purely upon its merits. The fact that it has carried off a prize in England, where the number of competitors is much larger than here, is no small recommenda-

tion in its favour. The simplicity and quality of construction renders it a most reliable article, and it does not readily get out of repair. Its tension is perfect, the shuttle is of the most improved kind, and possesses an extra large bobbin, thus regulating the strain upon the thread, which is always the same. It can be adapted to any kind of work. It is thoroughly tested before being sent out of the factory, and in elegance of finish it holds its own with any other machine. After a few hours' practice the operator can work it with perfect ease. Among its other advantages, it has a revolving "Pressure Foot," enabling the needle to be more readily fitted and threaded. The attachments are all of the best workmanship and of the most complete and useful kind. Another machine manufactured by the same Company, and on exhibition, was the "Little Canadian," a hand shuttle machine, with a patent "Leaf Supporter" attached, simple in operation, and free from that buzzing sound which is so annoying to many persons. Indeed it is almost noiseless, works easily, and is altogether a most reliable machine. The Company claim that it will last for years without getting out of repair. It presents a specimen of solidity, without clumsiness, which goes a long way to confirm their statement. Every stitch which other machines will do, this will also perform satisfactorily, and the usual complications of "threading" are by a simple contrivance avoided, thereby saving time and temper to the operator. A gentleman of large experience in the manufacture of sewing machines in Europe, personally endorses all that has been said with reference to the "Webster."

The Gates' Family Sewing Machine.—This machine is of local manufacture, being made in Toronto. Although the Gates is comparatively a new machine, it has kept pace with the improvements in others of the kind. To those makers who are desirous of keeping their places in the front rank of this important branch of manufacture, it becomes imperatively necessary that something more than the ordinary details of a sewing machine should be shown, and unless all the modern improvements suggested by long experience are combined in addition to the simple principles of the apparatus, they soon fall behind and are forgotten. This important consideration the maker of this machine has kept well in view, and we can safely affirm that this machine will hold its own with any other in the market. It is essentially, as its name implies, a Family sewing machine, and is especially designed for domestic work, although, if necessary, it will as readily operate upon heavy goods. Four thicknesses of stout overcoating were sewn together as easily as the finest material, without producing any strain upon the mechanism. In design it is tasteful and neat, not too lavish of ornament, and great care appears to have been taken in the minor points. There is not one part of it which will not bear thorough inspection.

The "Home" Sewing Machine, exhibited by W. A. White & Co., Toronto. The principal qualities claimed for this machine, which is of American manufacture, are rapidity, silent working, and ease of motion, lightness of construction, and durability of workmanship. It combines easiness of running with lightness of make. The sample of work submitted was fully equal to the famous "Wheeler & Wilson" machine, the cost being far less. The price is as low as can be, consistent with good workmanship and quality of stitch. The "Home" Sewing Machine

Company has been in existence a little more than two years, during which time we are told it has placed in the market 7,000 machines. It is rapidly becoming a favourite with Canadians, and, as far as we can judge, deservedly so.

The remaining machines exhibited were the "Royal," supplied with an extension table, the advantage of which is apparent, manufactured by the Gardner Company at Hamilton; the "Osborn," made at Guelph—another machine fast rising in popularity; the celebrated "Wheeler & Wilson," which has a world-wide reputation; the "Williams," made in Montreal upon the "Howe" pattern; the "Howe" and the "Florence," the two latter being of American manufacture, and fine specimens of mechanical ingenuity.

METAL WORK.

Under this head stoves are included. There were 173 entries in all, and as an average the quality of the work was of the best possible description.

Coppersmiths' work takes the first rank in this class, and is represented by Messrs. Booth & Son, of Toronto, who had on view a "Baudelot" Beer-Cooler, extensively used by Canadian brewers. It consists of an upright series of tubes, at the top of which is placed a small trough. The liquor enters the trough and is strained off. The malt liquor flows over the tubes (filled with water from the bottom) and is evenly distributed over the surface by means of small teeth attached to the under part of the tubes. The water entering from the bottom and filling the tubes rapidly, cools the liquid. A set of plished copper boilers (for heating purposes) and a set of liquid measures are extremely well made.

The show of engineers' brass work was highly creditable, as also the sample of firearms, gas-fixtures, iron and locksmith work. Among the last there were several fine specimens, including Griffiths' (Toronto) Patent Lever Mortice Locks and Latches for doors and railway carriages.

Thomas McDonald, Toronto, exhibited an elegant set of plain and Japanned Tinware, tastefully executed. The enamels are remarkably fine, nearly all of them being painted by hand.

Wexelberg & Co., Toronto, exhibited a patent improved flat-cripped stove-pipe elbow, peculiarly simple. The process of manufacture attracted an interested crowd of lookers on. The simplicity and usefulness of this elbow, as well as its moderate price, make it a necessity with every housekeeper.

W. H. Rice, Toronto, showed a fine stock of wire-work of excellent quality and novelty of design. A sample Invalid's Chair and Bedstead were particularly noticeable. The arms of the chair are held upright with a "ratch-hook" and holds the chair in any of five positions by means of niches in the rounds of the forearms. It can be thrown back and placed in a horizontal position if necessary. The end of the chair has a foot-board, raised or lowered at pleasure and the whole, when extended, is seven feet in length. The elasticity of the bed of the chair is caused by the peculiar twist of the wire, which is light, strong and durable. The novelty of the design, together with its easy adjustment to any position, makes this invention a valuable boon to sufferers. A flower-stand with spiral twisted columns and graceful curves occupies a conspicuous place.

Samples from E. & C. Gurney's Foundry, Toronto and Hamilton, occupied a separate building, and were a general centre of attraction. Four self-

feeding base-burning stoves were in active operation. Gurney's "first-class cooking stove," and two-story self-feeding hall stoves with evaporators, were splendid specimens.

James Smart, Brockville, had a specialty designated the "Mansard Cook Stove." The advantages are that a steak may be broiled, or bread toasted, by merely opening the front, while the top remains undisturbed. The advantages it possesses are striking, and combine economy with heating power to the best advantage. In elegance of finish and design, the goods of this exhibitor are worthy of all praise.

Messrs. Hart and McKillop, Toronto, show a variety of hot-air furnaces. There are no pipes or fear of clogging, and the amount of fuel saved by their use is claimed to be fully one-fourth.

D. S. Keith, Toronto, exhibited a large French cooking range with copper steam cooker and heating apparatus. In addition to the above the principal firms represented were J. G. Beard, Toronto, who had a fine selection of articles, distinctive for their simplicity and great economy in fuel consumption. St. Catherines Stove Company, A. Laidlaw & Co., Hamilton, Beech & Bros, London (exhibiting "Henderson's Patent"), and J. M. Vanalstine, St. Catharines.

Messrs. F. P. G. Taylor & Co., Toronto, made quite an extensive display of compound metals, foremost among which may be classed the "Babbitt" metal, the application of which, for mechanical purposes, is now becoming generally recognized. It is unsurpassed in quality, and well adapted for the purposes required, viz., lining and bearing.

Thurber's Royal Anti-friction metal, shown by the same exhibitors, is an economical and indispensable adjunct in machinery liable to great friction, which it will resist to a greater degree than any other at present in use. Each sample appeared to be of the best make, and we have the opinion of competent mechanicians for saying that it is the most economical anti-friction agent at present employed.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Messrs. Heintzman & Co., of Toronto, had an exhibition an upright piano, designated an "Upright Grand," of their own manufacture. The numerous testimonials of acknowledged critics in musical art, given in favour of their instruments, are reliable guarantees, and fully corroborated by this splendid instrument. It is of admirable workmanship. The back is framed of iron, rendering it especially suitable for resisting those climatic influences which sadly mar the beauty of tone in pianos unprovided with this important adjunct. In a climate like ours this provision becomes an important item. Possessing a check repetition action, a resilient, light and firm touch is produced. The interior mechanism is admirable, as for example, the action of the soft pedal bringing the hammers nearer the strings the force is greatly lessened, the tone although lessened is clearer and more liquid in quality, and free from that unpleasant vibration we have before observed in instruments of professedly better make. The tone of this piano is delightful, being rich, powerful, sweet and full. Two Grand Squares were also on view, made by the same firm, both possessing the same qualities though not, in our opinion, in so large a measure as the "Grand Upright." The case, although of secondary consideration, was fully up to the standard of American pianos in decoration. This firm also exhibited a Goodman Organ, made in Syracuse, N. Y. This in-

strument more closely resembles the pipe organ than any we have heard. An improvement producing this resemblance is effected by the notes proceeding from the reeds vibrating through metallic tubes, thereby securing greater fullness and roundness of tone. The Estey Organ, for which Heintzman & Co. are agents, elicited marked approval for its beauty and generally good qualities.

The Canada Organ Company, Toronto, show an excellent variety of instruments. The principal instrument shown by this Company was one with thirteen stops, effecting a beauty of combination seldom heard. The Eoline stop operating with the Celeste, Trumpet and Bourdon, produces a full and sweet melody, orchestral in effect, free from harshness, and pleasant to the ear. The Bourdon stop is also remarkably good. In this, as in most of the organs made by this company, the sub-bass is a specialty, and with a judicious use of the remaining stops the effect is very fine. As a whole these instruments are very rich in quality, and peculiarly elegant in design.

The Uxbridge Organ Company claim an improvement in the use of a patent-leverage bellows, which enables the musician to pump a large amount of wind into the instrument, at less exertion than used in the ordinary instruments. The piccolo stop and basset-horn produce an enchanting effect, entirely novel. This Company do not make any pretension of super-excellence in their instruments, which we were informed were taken out of stock, and not especially made for show. They have adopted the "revolving fall-board," another improvement which is fast coming into use. Their instruments present a very beautiful appearance. The cost is extremely moderate, and well suited to any family who desire a cheap but good parlor organ.

Messrs. John Jackson & Co., Guelph, also had a choice variety of instruments, five in number. Through an accident in transit, a two-manual pedal bass organ was withdrawn from exhibition. The success which has attended this firm is the best guarantee of the value of their organs. It would scarcely be fair to criticise the instruments exhibited by them, in view of the unforeseen circumstance which prevented them exhibiting an instrument which they claim is far ahead of anything made in this country. Those, however, which were on view, were of a quality of which no firm need be ashamed.

Messrs. Bell & Co., Guelph, set 10 instruments: The celebrity this firm has gained in the trade is their best recommendation, having succeeded in taking prizes at every exhibition since 1867.

PAPER, PRINTING, &C.

Messrs. James Adam & Co. exhibited a copy of the "Canadian Farmer's Manual of Ariculture." As a specimen of letter-press printing the book took 1st prize, while its matter attracted great attention from agriculturists, to whom Mr. Whitcombe, the author, is well known as a farmer of wide experience.

In book-binding, specimens of which were few but elegant, Brown Bros., Toronto, and E. Zell, Philadelphia, took 1st and 2nd prizes.

John Fleming, electrotypist, Toronto, displayed an admirable set of progressive specimens of stereo and electrotyping from their early stages down to the present time, showing the relative applications, more

especially with regard to book-work. The arrangement of the specimens evinced thorough practical knowledge of the different departments of this interesting art.

Considering the large trade done in manufacturing paper, there was a general expression of surprise that no paper-making firm was represented. The nearest approach to it was an admirable assortment of paper bags manufactured by Messrs. J. C. Wilson & Co., Montreal.

There is an evident difference between the articles manufactured by Messrs. Wilson & Co. and other machine-made bags, notably the imported American ones, as there is between a cut and an uncut diamond. Every bag from the Montreal manufactory is perfect, well shaped and finished, and made from the best paper, specially prepared for them; whilst ordinary bags, (especially the home-made article) are all sizes and shapes, and about a third of them are stuck together, the effect of too liberal a use of paste. No storekeeper, whatever may be his business, can fail to be struck with the economy resulting from the use of these bags, for they not only save time and waste of paper—fragments of which are not only unsightly, but cost money—but add to the appearance of his goods, as even a good article is depreciated if enveloped in a clumsy package.

SADDLE, ENGINE HOSE, TRUNKMAKER'S WORK, &C.

The best specimen of saddlery was made by Thos. Jenkins, a working saddler of Toronto, who had on view a highly finished ladies' saddle, with a removable lever adjustment.

E. Bach, Toronto, had an extensive show of saddles of all descriptions.

An assortment of leather machine-belting was submitted by J. F. Macklem, Chippawa, comprising samples of best Spanish sole leather, for which he was awarded 1st prize, as also 1st prize for best slaughter sole leather. In machine-belting he exhibited a superior quality of goods. The difficulty of the judges in determining the award for the 1st prize, rested simply on the fact that a similar grade of beltting shown by another firm was of harder surface, and had been oiled to a less extent, the quality being the same as that for which Mr. Macklem was awarded 2nd prize.

H. E. Clarke & Co., Toronto, exhibited some splendid samples of sole leather travelling trunks, of different shapes and sizes, with patent lock, fastenings of the latest improved description. The goods, in style of make and economy of space, are equal to the best samples of English make. The ingenuity displayed in fitting up the various compartments bespeaks experience and good taste. For strength and durability they are equal to any amount of hard knocks in travelling. The strength and reliability of the locks is an important consideration in their favour. Every attention appears to have been bestowed upon the workmanship in order to make them what they really are, first-class goods.

The following exhibitors occupied prominent places in this class:—Double carriage harness—S. & H. Burbridge, Ottawa; Lugsden & Barnett, Toronto. Plain saddle—E. Bach, Toronto. Whips—Morgan, Bros., and Canada Whip Company, Hamilton. Belt leather—J. & E. Wissler, Salem. Strap and bridle leather—J. & E. Wissler. Carriage cover—Peter Mennie.

SHOE AND BOOTMAKERS' WORK.

The entries in this class were 51; consisting principally of side leather. David Pimsey, Cobourg, had a choice selection of gentlemen's wear, from the heavy clump'd winter boot to the finest dress gaiter. Almost every article was thoroughly hand-made, and calculated not only for show, but for practical purposes.

Norman's Patent non-elastic seamless gaiter is entitled to a short description, as it has much to recommend it. These boots have the shape of a gaiter, and, the uppers being cut in one piece, are stitched together in one place only, at the heel, where the whole length of the seam is about two inches. The boot opens behind, above the stiffener of the heel, thus receiving the foot in the same way as a slipper. Instead of the elastic sides, the boot is buckled round the ankle by means of two straps. There is no seam to rip or to press on the foot; there is no elastic to heat or squeeze the ankle; nor are the buckled straps liable to get out of order, as is generally the case with the elastic.

D'Ary's Curative Galvanic Sole.—This article decidedly merits attention. It is intended to fill a gap in the number of medico-electrical appliances. Every body knows the curative value of electric belts, collars, chains, wristbands, etc., and their great curative qualities. Yet their use is generally very inconvenient, and their prices unreasonably high. The galvanic sole, which can be procured at a small cost, is said to be not only quite as efficient as any of the other galvanic apparatus mentioned above, but also electrically to isolate the wearer's body from the earth, thus greatly increasing the effect of the galvanic current which it sends through all parts of the body. It is slipped into any boot or shoe like any common cork or felt sole.

WOOLLEN AND COTTON GOODS.

There were 87 entries in this class, including blankets, flannels, cloths, gloves and carpetings. David Kitchen, Canning, and Mrs. Joseph Grand, Aberfoyle, exhibited splendid samples of woollen blankets of extra fineness of quality, for which they obtained 1st and 2nd prizes.

The Elora Carpet Manufacturing Company, represented by their agent, Messrs. Henry Graham & Co., Toronto, had on view some splendid samples of Canadian carpeting, consisting of extra super. two ply woollens (12 pieces) of excellent quality and brightness of colour. For wear as well as ornament these goods hold their own against any in the market.

In Cardigan jackets, gloves and drawers, the Ancaster Knitting Company stood first. Messrs. Bamford & Cartledge, Ancaster, also showed a splendid assortment of these articles, which were superior in quality and softness. In shawls, stockings, and drawers, M. A. McIntyre took the first prize.

Messrs. Skelton, Tooke & Co., Montreal, had a large and varied display of White Dress, Regatta, Oxford and Zephyr Shirts, also a large range of Linen Collars and Cuffs. This firm takes the credit of importing the first labour and machinery direct from Troy (the great centre for laundry work), in connection with their manufacturing establishment, and deserve the success they have attained in this important department. They are employing between 350 and 400 operatives, chiefly female, and are supplying most of the largest importing houses, who

formerly imported these goods. They show over thirty distinct styles of one quality, and, from the general appearance the most popular styles worn are plain fronts, corded, and others with coloured trimmings, having collars attached.

A prize for the best assortment of fur and sleigh robes was awarded to Henry Ferdinand. In leather gloves and mits, to H. Story, Acton; best home-made shawls, Platt Harman.

R. Walker & Sons, Toronto, were awarded 1st prize for best overcoating and clothing made of Canadian cloth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The articles under this heading each have their particular merits, which are worthy of attention:

The samples of hair goods displayed by Mr. Geo. Ellis, Yonge-street, were especially noticeable for their freshness, superior quality and variety. Every description of hair goods, human and artificial, gave evidence of superior workmanship. To the unprofessional eye, it was a matter of the utmost difficulty to determine the real from the imitation hair as worn by ladies. The designs were numerous and novel, and those mysterious coils of hair of wonderful construction, were subjects for an interesting study upon human vanity.

Mrs. Ellis, King-street West, also had an elaborate display of similar goods, "got up" in the best style.

The Ithaca, N. Y., Calendar Clock Company, represented by F. P. G. Taylor & Co., Toronto, sent in a number of clocks, possessing several novel and useful features. In addition to possessing the requirements of an ordinary time-piece, these clocks, by an ingenious contrivance, show the month of the year, the day of the week, the day of the month, and the hour of the day. They have not long been introduced in Toronto, but judging by the attraction they proved to the numberless visitors at the Exhibition, who seemed agreeably surprised at their efficiency, they will no doubt soon become widely known. A reliable time-piece is always worth money; but one combining such special advantages, is an additional recommendation in their favour. We hope to see them occupying a place in every banking and mercantile office.

Mr. James Authors, Toronto, has a small but excellent display of artificial limbs and orthopedic apparatus, combining an essential knowledge of art and science. The construction of an artificial leg, weighing less than a pound, was explained to us. This humane invention consists of a combination spring which adapts itself to the motions of the natural limb. The same mechanism gives motion to the foot as well as the upper portion of the leg. The article is elaborately cased in enamelled raw hide. In addition to this, Mr. Authors has a specialty for those afflicted with what is commonly called "hollow legs," extremely ingenious and interesting. Mr. Authors' knowledge of anatomy and physical science is varied and extensive, and from its ingenious application he may truly be considered a benefactor to his race.

W. R. Manger, Toronto, had on view a variety of grocers' furniture, consisting of canisters, vases, and tea-caddies japanned on wood. The varieties of designs were numerous, and the time and labour expended in making must have partaken of a large ingredient of patience. The samples on view were excellent specimens of workmanship in each instance.