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THE
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 6.]

NOVEMBER, 1874.

[No. 5.]

CELESTIAL AMERICA.

BY J. D. EDGAR.

SPPEEDING westward by a Central Pacific express train, the passenger gradually accustoms his eye to the appearance of John Chinaman, whose stolid face and peculiar raiment first attract attention as he stands upon the platforms at railway stations beyond Salt Lake. He is next observed as a navy working upon the track among a gang of his fellow-countrymen, and meekly steps aside, with pick or shovel over his shoulder, to allow the Silver Palace cars to thunder by. As the train swings along, after it has climbed the Rocky Mountains, passed the cloud-capped Wasatch Range, and crossed the great arid alkali desert—the Sahara of our continent—to where

“The dim Sierras far beyond uplift
Their minarets of snow”

in the Golden State itself, the countenance and dress of “John” become more and more familiar. He waits upon you in the railway dining-room, and, as a waiter, he is clad for the most part in a garment which

looks like a tidy white shirt, worn as a surtout, with turned up wooden shoes everlastingly clattering underneath. If a bit of ground is fenced in, and made to blossom as the rose upon the bleak mountain-side, you will see John somewhere about. At the mushroom towns and cities springing up near railway stations, his residence is surely marked by a long strip of red paper nailed upon the door, covered with black Chinese letters in perpendicular lines, and interpreted on an adjoining piece of white paper in horizontal caligraphy thus:—“Chung Foo, Washing and Ironing.” To wash and to mangle, to starch and to wield the flat-iron, are the first foreign accomplishments that a Chinaman learns; and he has succeeded in obtaining almost a monopoly in the supply of “boiled shirts” for the California miners.

San Francisco is a considerable city, but not populous enough to absorb its Asiatics so as to keep them from appearing on the surface. There are in that place to-day over

22,000 male, and 700 female Chinese, who occupy a large district called "Chinatown." Here they swarm like bees in a hive, as busy, as buzzing, but not so fragrant of sweet flowers as are those pleasing insects. In their quarter I was pointed out several good square houses, with stores below, and three or four flats of lodgings above, that were rented to Chinamen for from \$500 to \$700 per month. These were sub-let to single gentlemen in great numbers, and at very large profits. One house in particular was said to be always full, because the business-like landlord had it continually inspected by a medical man, and any Celestial who was found to be at all ailing was incontinently ejected. This prevented any deaths from taking place in the house, and it was explained that there was a strong prejudice against occupying a house where any one had died, and that none would live in the chamber of death itself for two years afterwards. Therefore lodgings, wherein men are at liberty to die, have often been unprofitable to the owners.

It is well known that all Chinamen are returned, dead or alive, to their native land. The process may be sufficiently unpleasant anterior to dissolution, but after that event it becomes complicated and costly. The greater proportion of emigrants from China are exported by wealthy companies, who make some profit on the passage money, and more on farming out the labour upon its arrival. To return the body of each emigrant is a legal, as well as a moral, religious, and patriotic obligation. A large and profitable part of the trade of trans-Pacific steamers is the freight upon Celestial remains. They cannot be called "ashes," as neither the ancient nor the modern systems of cremation are in vogue. They are simply and literally boiled bones. The outside barbarians do not, I fear, invariably show a proper consideration for these valued relics. The Captain of the steamer *Prince Alfred*, that plied between San Francisco and Victoria, B. C., (until she was wrecked this summer,) told

me that he charged just the same fare, \$15 steerage, for a box of bones containing the framework of a Chinaman, as he did for John alive. The bodies are interred for a time in ordinary cemeteries, until a batch are ready for resurrection. Among well-informed people on the Pacific Slope the rumour is generally discredited which connects the subsequent treatment of the remains with either soap or glue factories.

That the preparations for the disinterment are conducted with system and publicity is shown by the following advertisement, which I cut out of a San Francisco newspaper on the day of its date :

"~~NOT~~ Notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that the Fook Ting Tong Co. is about to disinter from the Laurel Hill Cemetery the bodies of the following deceased Chinese, late members of the said Company, for the purpose of sending them back for burial in their native land, viz. :—Ah Sing, Ah Ho, Lee Ngok, Lee Yin, Lee Ping, Chou Soon, Wong Chun, Yung Yin, Lee Kou, and Lee Ho. Done by order of the Fook Ting Tong Company, this 26th day of May, 1874.—" CHUN LUCK, *Inspector.*"

The investigation of the habits of the Chinese in their new home within the Golden Gate, was one thing I determined upon when I found myself in San Francisco. Armed with a letter from Mr. Booker, the excellent representative of Her Britannic Majesty at that port, I made my wishes known to the chief of police, and was politely told that the detective who had charge of Chinatown would wait upon me at my hotel the same evening and take me to see the whole thing. Accordingly, about eight o'clock detective W. and I started together from the Grand Hotel, and soon reached the heart of Chinatown, in the vicinity of Dupont and Jackson streets. My companion was a man of powerful stature, and elbowed his way among the pagan crowd that filled the streets with a thorough disregard of the consequences of a collision. Indeed he was so well known that John submitted to be jostled good-humouredly enough, merely laughing, and

giving the officer the name by which he was familiar to them as a household word, viz.: "fat policeman." The first curious place we visited was a pawnbroker's shop. Without ceremony or "by your leave," my companion pushed through the outer den, saying nothing to the proprietor, took up and trimmed an oily lamp, and led the way, through several low, narrow, odoriferous passages to the interior store room. Here were articles of all descriptions, duly ticketed with hieroglyphics, and for the most part left on pledge to raise money for gambling. Shoes, coats, hats, fans, opium pipes and pistols were the most plentiful deposits, if we except the collection of knives. These are John's favourite weapons of attack and defence. Without a knife or two about his person, he displays abject cowardice. Striking a blow with the fist is unknown, but, if desperate, he will occasionally scratch. He opens his palms and strikes sideways and downwards at his opponent's face, often inflicting ugly gashes with his long sharp nails. The variety in his knives is great, but the most formidable is the two-handed weapon. In a single sheath two handles and two blades are held, each with its side flat against the other. They vary from neat little ivory handled sets, eight or ten inches long, to murderous scythes of some eighteen inches. When, and not until, John has one of these drawn in each hand, does he consider himself in a position to take part in an argument upon a fair footing. Even the most mild-eyed heathen of them all never goes into the street without carrying a brace of knives somewhere under his dark blue blouse.

Following my guide next into a Chinese restaurant, I found him leading the way, uninvited as usual, straight through to the kitchen and scullery. O, the sight we witnessed there! Yet I am wrong in implying that any single sense was more startled than another. The appeal to the eye from the smoking cauldrons of boiling nut oil was not stronger than the impression which was received

through another channel, when the aforesaid nut oil overflowed, and the broiling onions and cabbage emitted their savoury fragrance. The cooking of meat, fruit and vegetables could apparently be only accomplished by the aid of nut oil. Before ducks were cooked they had been rendered thrice oleaginous by having been pressed and preserved in oil ere they left the shores of Asia. Among their odd dishes there was one which seemed the most popular. I can't venture to reproduce its original name, but when we came, and saw, and tasted, only one term in my own vocabulary occurred as appropriate. Does the reader remember the name of the first literary effort of the gifted Washington Irving? Without putting this forward as a conundrum, I think it a fair question, because any one who once heard the name, and looked up its meaning as interpreted by Johnson, could not forget it. Irving called his medley "Salmagundi," and Dr. Johnson tells us that this word was said to be corrupted from *selon mon goût*, and means "a mixture of chopped meat and pickled herrings, with oil, vinegar, pepper and onions." With a full sense of responsibility I do not hesitate to pronounce the dish in question to have been Salmagundi, "if not more so." That no fragments of the delicacy might be lost, or its flavour impaired, the *chef* elaborated the thinnest possible sheets of dough for its reception. The dough was literally rolled as thin as the paper on which this is printed, and then cut up into pieces the size of an apothecary's powder papers. Into each piece was rolled up a dose of the mixture, and to make this fit for the table it was finally fried in nut oil! As a variety in their cuisine I observed them frying green lettuce with fat pork, and cabbage with tallow. Besides a greasy soup, they seemed chiefly to revel in an insipid kind of rice cake and pea-nut candy. The guests were provided with chopsticks, and permitted to indulge a "square meal of all the delicacies of the season for a minimum charge of 12½ cents, or a "bit,"

up to the highest tariff of half-a-dollar, liquor (tea) included.

A Chinese drug-shop has counter, shelves and drawers like any other, but there the resemblance ceases. The correct thing to do when you enter is to drink a cup of strong, excellent tea, without milk or sugar, from a steaming urn that stands as free to all comers as a public drinking fountain. There seems to be a great variety in their drugs, but they are nearly all vegetable preparations. While the mineral kingdom affords few contributions to their pharmacopœia, it is enriched from the animal world by such choice drugs as dried locusts, or, in plainer language, dead grasshoppers. Their doses are large and powerful, and are said to give relief in simple cases. I procured a phial of their headache mixture that was recommended to me, and propose to try its efficacy upon the first of my friends whose faith is strong and whose head is splitting.

In China various repressive measures have from time to time been attempted to check the practice of opium smoking. The United States and British Columbia, being free countries, furnish John with an opportunity to indulge his cherished vice, only limited by his capacity to enjoy, and his coin to pay for it. In Victoria, B. C., as well as in San Francisco, I visited extensive opium dens. They are all alike in their main features. Oriental luxury you do not find, but squalor and an entire absence of any attempt at elegance. A long dark narrow passage leads you to the smoking-room, which may be any length, though it seldom exceeds ten or twelve feet in width. On each side are shelves, generally two tiers, extending out from the wall four or five feet, leaving a narrow aisle along the middle of the room. To lie upon these shelves, with their heads towards the wall, and leaning upon their elbows, or upon a hard cushion, the "mild-eyed, melancholy" opium smokers came. Between every pair of them a lighted lamp was placed upon the shelf, with a pipe and a sufficient allowance

of opium. It may be a more attractive occupation

"In the hollow lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind ;"

yet these Celestial sybarites reposed as voluptuously upon the hard boards as if they were beds of asphodel. I am also prepared to believe that, like the lotos-eaters, they can "live" reclined, as I am already abundantly satisfied that they can "lie" in that or any other position. When the pen of a De Quincey could scarcely describe the ecstatic visions he beheld after swallowing opium, who could picture or imagine John's sensations when he has inhaled the same poison juice of poppies! From our education and the experience of our civilization, we cannot even conjecture "in that sleep what dreams may come." The reply to an enquiry addressed upon this interesting subject to the Chinese proprietor of a San Franciscoden would not warrant the conclusion that they were Swinburne's "doubtful dreams of dreams." On the contrary their visions seem to have a practical drift. After having taken several turns at the pipe, one fellow lay back, and, with eyes shut and a placid smile playing on his lips, murmured several sentences. I felt that my time had come to penetrate the mysteries of dreamland, and eagerly asked the proprietor what the dreamer was talking about, and if he "felt good." Promptly my question was answered in the choicest pigeon English: "O yes! him feel pelly coot, all-ee-same; him talkee him own fine low blick houses; opium pelly coot for Chinaman, all-ee-same." And this was his elysium—thinking he owned a row of brick mansions!

The market value of opium being about eighteen gold dollars per ounce places excessive indulgence in it above the reach of the poorest class. It is always used without waste, and in small quantities. The opium pipe is a bamboo stem about the size of an ordinary flute. The bowl is attached at about two-thirds of the length from the

mouth-piece, and is made of earthenware. It is round, some two inches wide, and covered over, except in the centre, where a small pin-hole communicates with the hollow stem. With a steel needle, ten inches long, a portion of opium, scarcely as large as a pea is taken up by its own adhesion, and is thoroughly burnt and melted in the flame of the lamp. A dense acrid smoke is emitted during the process. By then inserting the point of the needle into the pin-hole of the bowl, and pushing it downwards with simultaneous dexterous twists, the opium is made to adhere in a little pyramid on the surface of the bowl and just around the pin-hole. The needle is withdrawn, and the pipe is considered charged. It is then politely and generously handed, by the one of the pair who has prepared it, to his chum, whose eager looks have been fixed upon the whole operation. The opium upon the bowl is held by the recipient to the lamp, and John seems at once transformed into a bellows, a high-pressure steam-engine and a volcano. From mouth and nose (and it seems as if from eyes and ears also) puffs and snorts and clouds of smoke are seen and heard to issue, without any cessation, until the opium is exhausted. This only signifies a period of about half a minute, and then John takes a short rest before filling for his friend. They keep this up until they become so stupefied as barely to be capable of walking home, where they sleep a deathlike, dreamless sleep for hours.

It must not be supposed that opium smoking is universal among the Chinese in America. Like dram-drinking among Anglo-Saxons, it has a strong hold upon a large portion of their population, while its practice is deplored and shunned by the best of them. The slave of gin, or Canadian whiskey, is wonderfully like the Chinaman whose soul is bound in the shackles of the opium demon. In season and out of season they both crave for their poison. A lady in Victoria had, as is the custom, a Chinaman for a domestic.

She told me that he was a good "boy," yet at times he seemed stupid and sleepy, although he always stoutly denied that he used opium. It was at last accidentally discovered that he had stealthily established his lamp, hiding it, not under a bushel, but under the floor of the kitchen. To an excavation in that region he habitually retired to solace himself amid the cares of cooking, washing, and ironing.

I went the same night to a Chinese theatre, and saw part of a play. It may have been a modern play, it may have been one of the oldest in the world. We must not forget that this inscrutable race flourished several thousand years ago in about the same stage of civilization as to-day. When Greece was deriving her latest sensations from the drama of *Æschylus* or *Sophocles*, and

"The lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic ;"

when in later days the voluptuous myriads of Imperial Rome thronged the Coliseum, to applaud the death-struggles in the arena after the edict had gone forth "*Christianos ad leones*," perhaps the same race was performing the same play, in the same dress, the same jargon, but, I can only hope, with a better orchestral accompaniment. At this theatre there are said to be sixty professionals on the permanent staff as actors, musicians (!) or otherwise employed. The actors are educated at a theatrical college in their native land, and succeed in producing results certainly highly artificial, while free from any appearance of the art which should "hold the mirror up to nature." The building is airy enough, and is capable of affording seats for 1,100 persons. The stage strikes one as spacious, but it may be on account of the absence of scenery. A door upon the right allows the actors, and apparently half the audience, to pass out at the back after walking across the stage. Another door upon the left is the means of ingress for the performers. Upon the stage, well back, and

between these doors, is the orchestra. It is a considerate and merciful arrangement to place even the actors between the music and the audience, for it somewhat softens the melody, and thus must prevent many strangers from going mad on the spot. To enumerate the instruments of auricular torture that are wielded with such appalling effect is not to be accomplished in the English or any other tongue, living or dead. They were wind, string and metal. I have no sort of doubt that there were sackbuts and tabors, psalteries and fifes, shawms, and even hautboys, among them. I had my eye on a fellow who was doing his best to sound the loud timbrel. Bones, jews' harps and fire crackers mingled with shrill pipes, sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. To swell this unearthly diapason of discords, which never ceased for more than five minutes together during the evening, the cracked and squeaking voices of the actors were often added in an attempt at operatic singing. The musical effect of this addition was like driving an alarmed flock of geese among a terrified covey of guinea hens. To account for so extraordinary an absence of even accidental or occasional harmony I formed a theory, which I submit as a fair and reasonable solution of the difficulty. I assume that each performer had thoroughly mastered the programme for the evening. If there be one remarkable quality in which John excels, it is his power of repeating accurately what he has once learned; and his weakest point is a great difficulty in adapting himself to new circumstances as they arise. To illustrate this: a story is told in Victoria of a lady who instructed her Chinese cook how to make a pudding. After having broken and used two eggs for the purpose, the third was rejected "on its merits." The cook learned to make many an excellent pudding, but it was one day discovered that he still rejected every third egg that was broken, no matter how fresh or how dear they were! Well, the disturbing element in the orchestra

I take to be cigars, which they are allowed to smoke as often as they choose. They all start fairly together, each with his piece of work before him to be conscientiously carried through. One stops to light his cigar, and begins again exactly where he left off. Another, who perhaps labours with the same zeal at a wind instrument, falls still further behind because he must stop to smoke his tobacco as well as to light it. As they are all fond of the weed it does not take long to account for the very worst general results, while each man, no doubt, feels that he is doing his duty by his employer if not by his neighbour. The acting itself is a mixture of pantomime, opera bouffe, tumbling and juggling. There are no actresses, and the prima donnas are very well disguised young men. The absence of women from the stage may be an excuse for the grossness of the amatory scenes. What is concealed from the jealous lover is often confidentially revealed to the audience. The natal hour is indicated by practical obstetrics, and the introduction of the *sage-femme* upon the stage. Would the admirers of "The Black Crook," or "Babil and Bijou" like to see their darling *spectacles* carried so far? The actors are continually making direct appeals or exhortations to the pit, where John sits quietly smoking with his hat on, cheering never, but laughing often.

The Seven Dials, of London, and the Five Points, of New York, had struck me as good places to visit—with an escort; but they become insignificant by comparison with the Chinese thieves' quarter in San Francisco. My guide was indeed at home there. As if to assert his authority he at times incontinently grabbed some passing Chinaman, and after thrusting his arm up under the tunic of the submissive Asiatic to search for stolen goods, gave him a shake, and a blessing, and let him go. The central glory of this heathen Gomorrah is a square courtyard, with dens, where the wretches burrow, on four sides. No Black Hole of Calcutta, no Atlantic steamship

steerage hold, could be more densely packed. They sprawled and smoked on shelves reaching up to the very ceiling on both sides of "seven by nine" rooms. Their cooking was going on in pots and pans over fires built on the floor of the courtyard. Here it was the old story of the restaurant over again—grease and nut-oil, nut-oil and grease—yet for all that the courtyard itself and the outer walls presented a comparatively clean appearance. The detective took credit to himself for this, as he insisted for sanitary reasons upon having a hose, with a large nozzle, turned on every day. I had the honour of being presented to the Chinese landlord of the courtyard. He possessed the most diabolical countenance, aggravated, poor devil, by having had one cheek blown off in a gas explosion. He politely offered me permission to touch the scar, and since I was going in for tasting all the horrors, I did so. I can only remark that an extreme effort was required to prevent me from a nervous start. The sensation will be understood by those who have reflected profoundly upon what Trinculo must have felt when he crawled under Caliban's gaberdine and came in contact with that moon-calf. It is possible that the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan may have felt it necessary to conceal his countenance to preserve his influence, but I am not without a suspicion that this worthy landlord exposed his from the same motive. We read that to strike terror into their enemies the Chinese warriors wear hideous masks, and may not his tenants, the chicken thieves and forgers, have been forcibly impressed with the additional claims to his rent established by this man's fiendish face?

It is probable that every one of the Ten Commandments, except perhaps the sixth, is violated by each of these fellows once a week. Gambling, forgery, embezzlement, and stabbing may not be technically mentioned in the decalogue, yet they are also practised with equal regularity. At first, my detective told me, great difficulty was

experienced by the police in the management of the Chinese. They require a strong hand and a "stiff upper lip" to keep them in order. He said that some years ago he went with another police officer to arrest a man on the stage at the theatre. When he stepped up he was fired at from the pit. His comrade saw the man who fired, and shot him dead. The pit rose against them, they sounded an alarm, and held their own till the arrival of a dozen men of the force to their aid. I was told, and fully believe, that the police remained there until they had knocked down or driven out every Chinaman originally in the building. From that time forth detective W. has never received, nor has he had occasion to administer such treatment. In case of having to arrest more than one prisoner, he simply ties their pig-tails together and marches them to the cells, driving them before him two deep through the most populous parts of Chinatown.

A heathen temple in the midst of American civilization is startling. We worship Mammon and the Rising Sun all over the continent, but try to disguise our idolatry by euphemisms. John Chinaman seeks no disguise, but sets up a solid piece of carved and gilded wood, calls it his god, and worships it honestly. North America may be considered evenly balanced in its production of moral phenomena. In the east are the Free Lovers, in the centre the Mormons, and the west contains the old-time image worshippers. Of an afternoon in May I found myself climbing the stairs of a three-story brick building in Chinatown, to view the fane of a *bona fide* heathen god. A large room, occupying the whole of the third flat, is dedicated to this worship, and is called in English a Joss House. About the door several Chinamen were lounging in ordinary dress, and a few were loafing through the room with hats on, of course, and with no apparent feeling of awe or veneration, but examining the finery with much curiosity. An aromatic odour of burning incense filled the air, and

came from some scores of little tapers, or rather slow fuses, that were stuck into urns and allowed to smoulder in front of the idol. In this manner John worships on a cheap and vicarious system. Instead of remaining to occupy his valuable time in prayer, he lights one of his tapers and gratifies his divinity by leaving it to emit fragrant smoke for his nostrils. He, after all, goes much upon the same principle as the man of business who lies and cheats for money, and balances his heavenly account by large cheques to religious objects. To feel that he has legalized a long swindle of half a million by building a church with a title of it, must be the same sensation as that of making a remarkably good bargain out of Providence which no doubt John feels when he sets fire to his sweet-smelling slow match before his god. This god of his is a gorgeous creature. The face is not that of a Tartar; it is rather Caucasian than Mongolian, and is decorated with a moustache and pointed beard. The expression of his countenance, if stupid, is placid and benign; and he is resplendent in a body glittering with rich gilding. His devotees have also placed before him for his enjoyment, cups of tea kept hot by lamps. Perhaps a legendary deluge is symbolized by the carved and gilt ship forming a prominent feature in the shrine. Can old Peor or Baäl have looked like this when they more than once proved too attractive to Israel? I must confess that the contemplation of this poor false god, in all his tinsel glory and cheap finery, made me incline to laugh rather than imbued me with the iconoclastic zeal that should properly have developed itself under the circumstances. The general effect of the interior of the temple was red, blue and gold. Brilliant enough were the gaudy screens and banners hanging from the walls and roof to impose upon barbaric taste. No visitor at San Francisco should fail to be directed to one of these Joss Houses, for it will give him a good illustration of the childish and degrading superstition prevail-

ing among countless millions of his fellow human creatures.

The restricted space of a magazine article does not admit of saying more about John's many peculiarities as a citizen, labourer, gardener, mechanic, cook, housemaid, maid-of-all-work, miner, navvy, clerk or merchant. He tries his hand at everything, and can do everything fairly well. Although we have a couple of thousand Chinese in our Pacific Province, the "heathen Chinese" problem need not cause Canadians any uneasiness. In British Columbia John is well treated, and most useful. Like the aborigines of the continent, he detests the Americans, while he manifests all the respect of which his nature is capable for British subjects. The Chinamen call our neighbours "Melican mans," and some of them have gotten hold of the strange notion that the "Melican mans," and not the Jews, are responsible for having crucified Christ. They are delighted at this or any excuse for holding an American up to the scorn of other Christians, and, as they are profoundly ignorant of the history of all outside barbarians, they are not staggered by the trifling anachronism which such an accusation involves.

The myriads who have already landed in San Francisco and spread themselves over the Pacific States are but the first ripple of the wave that may pour its Asiatic hordes upon the shores of North America. Africa has already sent her quota to the Atlantic States, and in some of them her dusky sons are dividing the supreme authority with the whites. So it may some day be Asia's turn in the west, when John has overcome his present objections to take upon himself American citizenship and to leave his carcase on American soil. Europe cannot hope to call this Northern Continent her sole heritage when her sons shall have exterminated the Red Man. The outpouring of humanity from Asia, the cradle of our race, went on for thousands of years until the overflow swept across the Atlantic and

on to the Pacific. There it stands face to face with an outflow from Asia in an opposite direction. So far they are like oil and water, they meet, but never mingle. Can it be that, springing from a common ancestry in a dim Eden far back in the vista of centuries, these two great families have been led on by the

same Providence to work out their separate civilizations, to come into collision in these later days, and to fight to the death for supremacy in this new world of ours? If the struggle is to come, with whom will the African side—with the heathen Asiatic or the Christian European?

LOW-FLYING.

I.

LOW flies the summer swallow, scenting rain,
And low my heart from prescience of pain;
When the clouds scatter both shall mount again.

II.

The summer swallow skims so low for flies,
And finds in cloudy, not in sunny skies;
So I, by being sad, may grow more wise.

III.

Nor men nor swallows can soar every day,
And men and swallows should not, if they may
And well for both that skies are sometimes grey.

IV.

For though the world is dull without the sun,
More sweetly shines he after showers are done,
And eyes are gladder when the tears have run.

V.

Therefore to-day I would not, if I could,
Forego my grief and be of merry mood:
As well might swallows rise, and miss their food.

ALICE HORTON.

THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS.

(From the French of M. Edmond About.)

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

HADGI-STAVROS.

DIMITRI set out on his return trip to Athens; the monk went back to his bees; and our new masters drove us into a path leading to the camp of their chief. Madame Simons at first obstinately refused to advance a step, but, on the brigands threatening to carry her, she was induced to proceed. Mary Anne was more astonished than alarmed. The brigands who had captured us had given proof of a certain amount of delicacy; they had searched no one, and had kept their hands off their prisoners. Instead of despoiling us they had required us to despoil ourselves; neither had they noticed that the ladies wore ear-rings, nor even requested them to take off their gloves. We were a great way off from those old stagers in Spain and Italy, who cut off a person's finger to obtain possession of a ring, or who pull off the lobe of the ear to secure a pearl or diamond. The whole misfortune to which we were reduced was the payment of ransom, and there was even a chance of our being released *gratis*. How was it to be supposed possible that Hadgi-Stavros would retain us with impunity at five miles distance from the capital, from the court, the Greek army, a battalion of his Britannic Majesty's, and an English guard-ship? So reasoned Mary Anne. Involuntarily my thoughts wandered to the story of the little girls from Mistra, and a feeling of sadness came over me; I feared, too, that Madame Simons, with her patriotic obstinacy, would expose her daughter to danger, and deter-

mined, therefore, to enlighten her as soon as possible on the dangers of our situation. We were walking in single file through a narrow path, and were separated from one another by our fierce travelling companions. The way seemed endless, and I inquired many times whether we would soon reach our journey's end.

Towards eleven o'clock a fierce barking apprised us of the vicinity of the camp. Ten or twelve enormous dogs, with hair like sheep's wool, flung themselves upon us, showing all their teeth. Our protectors received them with blows, and after hostilities had continued for about a quarter of an hour peace was made. These inhospitable monsters proved the advance guard of the King of the Mountains. They scent the gendarmerie as smugglers' dogs scent custom-house officials. But this is not all; their zeal is so great that they occasionally devour an inoffensive shepherd, a traveller who has lost his way, or even one of Hadgi-Stavros' companions. The king maintains them as the old sultans kept up their janizaries, in perpetual fear of being devoured.

The king's camp was a table-land of an area of about seven or eight hundred metres. It was in vain I sought thereon the tents of our conquerors; brigands are by no means Sybarites; and on the thirtieth of April they sleep in the open air. I saw neither heaped spoils nor treasures set forth, nor, in fact, any of those things one would expect to see at the headquarters of a band of robbers. Hadgi-Stavros causes all booty to be sold; every man receives his share in money, and can employ it according to his fancy.

Our arrival interrupted about twenty-five or thirty men at their breakfast, who all hastened towards us with their bread and cheese. The chief supplies his men with provisions; every day they get their rations of bread, oil, wine, cheese, caviare, pimento, bitter olives, and meat when the Church allows it. Brigands, like the rest of the common people, seldom light fires to prepare their meals—they eat cold meat and raw vegetables. I noticed that all those crowding round us religiously observed the law of abstinence: it was the eve of Ascension Day, and these brave people, of whom the most innocent had murder on his soul, would not have eaten so much as a piece of chicken.

The men composing our escort were overwhelmed with questions, to all of which they replied at length. They displayed the booty they had taken, and my silver watch became the centre of attraction. Mary Anne's gold hunting watch excited far less admiration. The public esteem in which it was held reflected some of its glory on me, for in the eyes of these simple people the owner of such a treasure must at the very least be a "milord." I asked to be taken before the chief. The mention of this word reminded our guides of their duty; they inquired where Hadgi-Stavros was, and were told that he was at work in his office.

"At last," said Madame Simons, "I will be able to get a comfortable seat."

Taking my arm, and offering her own to her daughter, she walked with slow and deliberate steps in the direction whither the crowd was leading us. The offices were at no great distance from the camp, and in less than five minutes we were there.

The chief's office resembled an office in about the same degree that the bandit camp resembled a real camp. Neither tables, chairs, nor furniture of any description were to be seen. Hadgi-Stavros was seated on a square of carpet under the shade of a fir-tree, surrounded by four secretaries and two servants. A youth of about seventeen was

occupied incessantly in filling, lighting and cleaning his master's *chibouk*. He wore in his girdle a tobacco-pouch, embroidered with gold and fine pearls, and a pair of silver pin-cers with which to take hold of the live coals. The secretaries, seated on the bare rock, were writing with cut reeds, each having within reach a long brass box containing reeds, a penknife and an inkstand.

The king was a fine-looking, well-preserved old man, upright, slender, supple, and bright and neat as a new sword. His long white moustaches hung down below his chin like two marble stalactites; the rest of his face was smoothly shaved. The expression of his features was calm and thoughtful; his small, light blue eyes and square chin proclaimed a firm and resolute will.

He wore the costume of Tino and the islands of the Archipelago. His red cap lay in a large fold over his forehead; his jacket was of black cloth, braided with black silk; his wide blue trousers were made of cotton check, and his boots of Russia leather. The only richness apparent was a belt embroidered with gold and precious stones, and containing within its folds an embroidered purse, a Damascus *cangiar* in a silver sheath, and a long pistol mounted with gold and rubies.

Motionless amidst his followers, Hadgi-Stavros stirred only his lips and the tips of his fingers, the former to dictate his correspondence, the latter to count the beads in his rosary. He raised his head on our approach and said gravely:

"You are welcome! Pray be seated."

"Sir," exclaimed Madame Simons.

He interrupted her by snapping his tongue against his teeth.

"Presently," he said, "I am occupied just now."

He could only speak Greek, while Madame Simons understood no language except English, but the king's physiognomy was so expressive that the good lady understood him.

We seated ourselves on the ground, fif-

teen or twenty brigands squatted round us, and the king, who had no secrets to hide, calmly proceeded to dictate his family and business letters. The chief of the band who had arrested us came up and whispered in his ear, to which he replied in a haughty tone of voice :—

“What does it matter even supposing the milord understands? I do no harm, and all the world is welcome to listen. Go and sit down, and you, Spiro, write—it is to my daughter.”

Then he proceeded with his grave and gentle voice to dictate the following letter :—

“MY BELOVED CHILD,—The principal of your school writes that your health is restored, but that the amount of application you bestow on your studies does not give satisfaction. It is asserted that you are becoming absent-minded and heedless, and that you are often seen leaning your elbow on your book, your eyes fixed on vacancy, as if your thoughts were far away. I cannot find words strong enough in which to impress fully upon you the necessity for constant application.

I coincide with you as to the necessity of a knowledge of music, but above all, you must acquire modern languages. You must be able to converse in French, English, and especially in German. You are not made to spend your life in this ridiculous little country, and I would rather see you dead than married to a Greek. The daughter of a king—you must marry a prince at least. Suitable ones can be found in Germany, and my fortune enables me to select one for you. If Germans were allowed to come and reign over us, I do not see why you should not go and reign over them in your turn. Hasten then to make yourself familiar with their language, and tell me in your next letter that you have made some progress therein. And now, my dear child, I send, along with your quarter's fee, my paternal benediction and fondest love.”

Madame Simons inclined towards me and whispered—

“Do you think he will invite us to breakfast?”

“Here comes his servant with refreshments.”

The king's *cafedgi* came towards us with three cups of coffee, a box of *rahat loukoum*, and a pot of preserves. Madame Simons and her daughter refused the coffee with disgust, for, being prepared in the Turkish manner, it was thick and muddy-looking, but I swallowed mine greedily, like an Eastern *gourmet*. The preserves also were received with equal disfavour, for there was but one spoon between the three of us—fastidious people are badly off in this easy-going country—but the *rahat loukoum* appeared delicious to them, and they emptied their box while the king dictated a business letter to Messrs. Barley & Co., Cavendish Square, London.

“Is he writing about us?” inquired Mary Anne.

“Not at present Miss; but tell me, is not your father partner in a banking house?”

“Yes, in the house of Barley & Co.”

Our examination was about beginning now. Hadgi-Stavros, instead of summoning us to appear before him, rose gravely and seated himself beside us on the ground, which mark of respect appeared to us a favourable omen. Madame Simons was evidently preparing to harangue the king, and I, fearful of the consequences, volunteered my services as interpreter. My offer was coldly rejected, and one of the bandits, a native of Corfu, called to undertake the office.

“Madame,” said the king, “you appear to be angry. Have you any complaint to make of the men who brought you hither?”

“It is an enormity!” she exclaimed.

“Your knaves arrested me, threw me into the dust, stripped, robbed, and almost starved me.”

“Pray receive my apologies; I am com-

pelled to employ uneducated people, but believe me, Madame, they did not so act in accordance with my commands. Are you English?"

"Yes, I come from London."

"I myself have been in London, I know and esteem the English. Your countrymen do not like walking over rocks, and I regret exceedingly that you were not permitted to take your own time. I know likewise that English people, when travelling, only carry along with them indispensable articles, and will therefore never forgive Sophocles for having robbed you, more especially if you are a person of rank. You are wealthy, no doubt."

"Yes sir."

"Bring a carpet for these ladies. Have you a yearly income of thirty thousand francs?"

"We have more."

"Sophocles is a clown whom I must certainly chastise. Lagothète, go and see that dinner is prepared for these ladies. "I am shocked at the manner in which you have been treated; you have doubtless many acquaintances in Athens?"

"I know the English minister, and if you had permitted yourself—"

"Oh! madame! Do you know also merchants and bankers?"

"My brother, who is at Athens, knows several bankers in town."

"I am delighted to hear it. Sophocles, come here and ask these ladies' pardon."

Sophocles muttered some apology, and the king continued:

"These ladies are English people of rank and fortune, and you should have treated them with every consideration, refraining from touching any of their effects. See to it that they are treated with all possible care and respect until such time as their brother or ambassador shall send their ransom of one hundred thousand francs."

Poor Madame Simons, dear Mary Anne, neither of them was prepared for this con-

clusion. As for me I was by no means surprised, knowing what a cunning scoundrel we had to deal with, and boldly addressed him.

"I am poor, my father has nothing, my brothers have often but dry bread to eat; I number neither bankers nor ambassadors among my acquaintances, and if you hold me in hopes of receiving a ransom, you will find yourself grievously mistaken."

Some of the audience appeared incredulous, the king, however, believed my words.

"If this be so," said he, "I will not keep you here against your inclination. Madame will entrust you with a letter to your brother, and you can set out for town this very day; if, however, you should feel disposed to rest a couple of days in the mountain, I freely offer you my hospitality."

After reflecting, on a few moments consideration I determined to accept his offer. I thought my presence and advice might prove of service to the ladies; besides I was unwilling to return to Hamburgh without securing a specimen of the rare and celebrated *boryana variabilis* to present to its museum.

I replied to the king: "I accept your hospitality on one condition: that you return my box."

"Be it so, but likewise on one condition, that you tell me its use."

"Certainly, it is meant to contain the plants I gather."

"And what is your object in collecting plants? To sell them?"

"Fie, I am not a merchant, but a scholar."

He extended his hand delightedly. "I am truly charmed," he said, "Science is a great thing. Our ancestors were learned, and possibly our grandchildren may be so likewise. The learned are highly esteemed in your country, are they not?"

"Very highly."

"They are well paid for their services, no doubt!"

"Pretty well."

"And their death is regarded as a public calamity?"

"Most assuredly?"

"Then you have no reason to complain of your fellow-citizens?"

"On the contrary, it is owing to their liberality that I was enabled to come here."

"Do you travel at their expense?"

"Yes, I have done so for the last six months."

"You must be very learned?"

"I am a Doctor."

"Is there any higher rank than that in science?"

"No."

"And how many Doctors are there in the town you inhabit?"

"I cannot exactly say, but there are not by any means so many Doctors in Hamburg as Generals in Athens."

"Oh, I would never deprive your country of so extraordinary a man! You must return to Hamburg, Doctor. What would they say down there if they heard that you had been taken prisoner in our mountains?"

"They would say it was a misfortune."

"Well, rather than lose such a man, the city of Hamburg would sacrifice fifteen thousand francs. Take back your box, and follow the course of your studies. Replace that money in your pocket. It is yours. I esteem learned people too highly to rob them, but your country is rich enough to pay for its glory. Fortunate young man! You discover to-day how greatly the title of Doctor adds to your personal value! I would not have required the ransom of a cent had you been an ignorant man like myself."

The king closed the meeting, and with a gesture pointed out our dining-room. Mary Anne appeared very much cast down, but such is the inconsistency of youth that she uttered an exclamation of joy on beholding the delightful spot where our table was spread. It was a little grassy slope enshrined in the grey rocks, groups of trivet and

laurel served as tapestry, hiding at the same time the rough walls, while overhead was stretched the cloudless and beautiful blue vault of heaven, and two vultures hovering in mid-air seemed to have been suspended there specially to give pleasure to the eye. In one corner of the *salon* was a clear and limpid stream, gliding calmly, almost silently, through the herbage.

The table was laid with pastoral simplicity: a loaf of brown bread, hot from the oven, emitted a most delicious odour, a wooden bowl of curds, large olives and green capsicums heaped on wooden platters, a ewe-milk cheese and half a dozen lettuces, composed the bill of fare. One of the king's officers, the Corfiote who understood English, was charged with the duty of waiting upon us and of listening to our conversation. He cut the bread with his poniard, and helped us bountifully to everything on the table. Madame Simons questioned him haughtily:

"Sir," said she, "does your master for one moment seriously believe that we would pay him a ransom of one hundred thousand francs?"

"He is certain of it, Madame."

"Then he does not understand the English nation."

"He both knows and understands it, Madame, and so do I. At Corfu I was acquainted with several Englishmen of good family."

"Well, tell the Stavros to lay in a good supply of patience, for he will indeed have long to wait for the hundred thousand francs he expects so surely."

"He charged me to tell you that he would wait for them until the 15th of May at noon."

"And if we have not paid up by the 15th at noon?"

"He would regret the necessity of cutting your throat as well as that of Mademoiselle."

Mary Anne let fall the piece of bread she was in the act of conveying to her mouth.

"Give me a little water?" she gasped.

The brigand ran towards the spring and returned immediately with a cup of water, which he handed to the young lady, then turning towards me he continued :

“As for you, *Monsieur le Docteur*, my orders are to inform you that you have thirty days allowed you wherein to complete your studies and pay the stipulated amount. I will furnish to you and these ladies all necessary writing materials.”

“Thanks,” said Madame Simons, “we will think of it a week hence if we have not been delivered meanwhile.”

“Is there anything I can procure for you in the meantime?”

“First of all, a bedchamber.”

“I will send for a couple of the shepherd’s tents from down below and you can encamp here awaiting the arrival of the gendarmes.”

“I require a lady’s maid.”

“Nothing will be easier than to procure one—our men will go down into the plain and arrest the first peasant woman they may chance to come across.”

“Next, I require clothing, linen, towels, soap, a mirror, combs, scents, a”

“You require a great deal, madame, and in order to satisfy all your wants we would be compelled to capture Athens. Still we will do our best.”

The king and his subjects retired at seven o’clock, when supper was served. Four torches illuminated our table, and with their red and smoky light gave a strange colouring to the pale face of Miss Simons. At times the fire in her eyes seemed to be quenched, to be kindled anew like the revolving beacon in a light-house. Her voice too at intervals recovered its richness, and while listening to her my mind was lost in visions of the supernatural. A nightingale warbled forth his delicious notes, and I seemed to see the silvery melody hovering on Mary Anne’s lips. We had all had a very trying day, and even I soon discovered that my only hunger was for sleep; so wishing the ladies good-night I retired to my tent,

where I soon forgot nightingale, danger and ransom in a sound sleep.

On awakening at daybreak my thoughts were melancholy in the extreme. With sad eyes I followed the sun as he slowly appeared above the eastern horizon and tinged the mountain brow with gold. By degrees confused noises succeeded to the stillness of night, but I lacked the energy to look at my watch and discover the time of day, or to turn round and see what was going on in my immediate vicinity. In this utter prostration of every faculty I had a vision, which partook at the same time of the nature of a dream and a hallucination, for I was neither awake nor asleep. It seemed to me I had been buried alive, that my black felt tent was a catafalque strewed with flowers, and that the prayers for the dead were being chanted over me. Seized with terror I endeavoured to exclaim, but my voice failed me or else was overpowered by the singers. In utter desperation I now endeavoured to move my right arm; it felt heavy as lead; next I tried the left, which yielded easily, and striking against the tent caused something like a bouquet to fall to the ground. Rubbing my eyes and sitting up I examined the flowers, which seemed to have fallen from heaven. Among their number was a superb specimen of the *boryana variabilis*. At last I really held clasped in my hand this queen of malvaceous plants! But by what accident did it get into my tomb, and how send it thence to the botanical gardens at Hamburgh? While cogitating thus a severe pain drew my attention to my right arm which felt as if a prey to a swarm of invisible animals; rubbing it with my left hand, however, it presently returned to its normal condition, the weight of my head for several hours had benumbed it. I was alive then, for pain is one of life’s privileges! But what was the meaning of the funereal chant which so obstinately buzzed in my ears?”

I rose and left the tent. Our apartment was in precisely the same condition as on—

the previous evening ; Madame Simons and Mary Anne were still sleeping soundly, and a large bouquet similar to mine was suspended over their tent. I now suddenly recollected that the Greeks are in the habit of decorating their dwellings with flowers on the first of May. These bouquets then, and the *boryana variabilis*, proceeded from the king's generosity. The funereal chant still pursuing me, I climbed up the rocky staircase leading to the dwelling of Hadgi-Stavros where I beheld a most curious sight, one which astonished me far more than aught I had seen the previous day. An altar was reared underneath the royal fir-tree, and the monk, clothed in magnificent robes, chanted the Divine service with imposing dignity ; while the brigands, some standing, others kneeling on the dusty ground, were either kissing wooden images or signing themselves with the sign of the cross. The king's *chibougdi* went around among them with a copper vessel saying, " Give alms ! He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord." Coins rained down into his dish, and the noise of the money falling on the metal formed an accompaniment to the voice of the priest and the prayers of those present. On entering the assembly of the faithful they all saluted me cordially, while the king, who stood close to the altar, made room for me by his side. He held a large open book in his hand and to my surprise I perceived that he was chanting the lessons aloud. In his youth he had received the second minor order of priesthood ; he was reader or *anagnosti*. The service continued till a few minutes past noon ; an hour later the altar had disappeared, and the brigands were drinking and rioting with the priest in their midst.

Hadgi-Stavros took me aside to inquire whether I had written, and on my promising to do so without further delay he sent for reeds, ink and paper. I wrote to John Harris, to Christodule and my father. I besought Christodule to intercede on my

behalf with his old comrade, and to tell him how utterly incapable I was of raising fifteen thousand francs. I cast myself on the generosity of Harris, well aware that he was not the man to leave a friend in distress. " If anyone can save me," I wrote, " it is you. I have not the slightest idea how you will set about it, but with my whole heart do I place my trust in you. Act as you see fit, set fire to the kingdom if you please, you have my sanction to everything beforehand, but don't lose any time, for I feel that my head is weak and my senses might take leave of me before the end of the month."

As for my unfortunate father, I took good care not to let him know how and where I was lodged. I simply wrote as usual at the beginning of every month, adding that I was travelling in the mountains, had discovered the *boryana variabilis*, as well as a young lady richer and far more beautiful than the princess Ypsoff of romantic memory. Owing to unfavourable circumstances, I had as yet been unable to inspire her with a feeling of affection, but presently I expected to have the opportunity of rendering her some signal service, or of presenting myself before her in the irresistible uniform of my late uncle Rosenthaler. However, I added, with a feeling of unconquerable sadness, " who knows but what I may eventually die a bachelor ? Then Francis or Jean Nicolas will have to make a fortune for the family. My health is unimpaired, my strength unabated, but Greece is a treacherous country that often cuts off the strongest and most vigorous by some unforeseen circumstance. If I were condemned never to revisit Germany, believe me, my dear excellent father, my last regret would be that I must die so far away from my family, and my last thought would wing its way to you."

Hadgi-Stavros made his appearance just as I was wiping away a tear, and I verily believe this sign of weakness lowered me in his estimation.

" Come, young man," said he, " take cour-

age, it is as yet too soon to weep over your fate. The English lady has just finished a letter eight pages in length, without shedding a single tear—go and keep her company. Ah, if you were a man of my stamp! At your age, and in your place, I should not have been a prisoner long. My ransom would have been paid before the expiration of two days, and I know well at whose expense. Are you married?"

"No."

"Well, don't you understand? Return to your apartment and be amiable; I have furnished you with a splendid opportunity of making your fortune, if you don't profit by it you will prove yourself to be an awkward fellow."

I found Mary Anne and her mother seated by the spring. Awaiting the arrival of the promised maid, they were fain to set about shortening their riding-habits themselves, the brigands having furnished them with thread or rather twine and needles, suitable for sewing tent canvas. I inquired how they had slept, and then for the first time noticed Mary Anne's hair. She was bare-headed, and having bathed in the rivulet was letting her hair dry in the sun. Her long chesnut hair fell in one mass of waves and curls over her shoulders and down her back, while the rays of sunlight, playing and gliding through the locks, coloured them with a soft velvety hue, and her face thus framed seemed to me the most beautiful picture I had ever beheld.

Plan after plan for escape presented itself before my mind, but all were alike impracticable—besides I would have seemed to commit a mortal sin in making my escape without Mary Anne.

The arrival of the Corfu bandit with the desired lady's maid, put an end to my reverie. The maid was an Albanian peasant girl, rather pretty, in spite of her flat nose. She had been captured by two brigands while she was walking between her mother and her betrothed, and, her heart-rending

shrieks notwithstanding, they carried her off, consoling her, however, with the promise of setting her at liberty within a fortnight, and paying her well meanwhile. She was easily pacified, and almost rejoiced at a misfortune which would increase her dowry.

The day closed without further adventure. The following day was intolerably long; the Corfiote did not leave us an instant, and Mary Anne and her mother were on the constant look out for the gendarmes. Accustomed to an active life, I chafed at this enforced idleness. I might have wandered in the mountain with a guard, but preferred remaining with the ladies.

Saturday morning, between four and five o'clock, an unusual noise attracted me towards the king's chamber, where Hadgi-Stavros, standing in the midst of his band, presided over a riotous council. The brigands were all armed to the teeth, and ten or twelve trunks were lying on hand-barrows ready for removal, doubtless containing the baggage of our captors, who were about to raise the camp. The Corfiote, Vasile and Sophocles were deliberating, and all speaking at the same time. In the distance the dogs were heard barking, and presently a ragged courier came running towards the king, exclaiming: "The Gendarmes!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE GENDARMES.

THE king did not seem greatly affected; his eyebrows were rather more contracted, and he frowned slightly; that was all. He inquired calmly of the new comer:

"By which way are they ascending?"

"By way of Castia."

"How many companies?"

"One only."

A second messenger arrived in hot haste to give the alarm. Hadgi-Stavros called out to him from afar:

"Is it the company of Périclès?"

The brigand replied : " I know not, being unable to read the numbers."

A shot resounded in the distance.

" Hush !" said the king, pulling out his watch. The assembly observed strict silence. Four shots were now heard in quick succession, the last being followed by a violent detonation, resembling a fire by platoons, and Hadgi-Stavros smilingly replaced his watch.

" It is well," said he ; " put the baggage back in the dépôt, and help us to some *Ægina* wine."

Perceiving me in my corner when he had finished his sentence, he called in a bantering tone of voice :—

" Come on, sir German, you are not by any means *de trop* ; it is well to get up early, for then one sees strange sights. Come and drink a glass of wine with our worthy gendarmes."

Five minutes later three enormous leathern bottles were brought from some secret store, while a belated sentinel announced to the king—

" The gendarmes of *Périclès* !"

Some of the brigands hastened to meet the band, while the Cornote, who was a good speaker, harangued the captain. Presently the drum was heard ; the blue flag broke upon our vision, and sixty well-armed men filed off two by two and came to the apartment of Hadgi-Stavros. I recognized Monsieur *Périclès*, having admired him on the promenade of *Patissia*. He was a young officer about thirty years of age, handsome, well made, and a great favourite among the ladies. Replacing his sword within its sheath, he advanced to the King of the Mountains and kissed him on the lips.

" Good day, little one," said the latter, patting the captain on the cheek. " How have you been all this time?"

" Very well, thanks, and you?"

" As you see ! What about your family?"

" My uncle, the bishop, is ill with a fever."

" Bring him here, I will restore him to health. Is the chief of police better?"

" Rather better, he sends you kindly greetings, as also the minister."

" What is the news?"

" A ball at the palace on the 15th."

" I see you are still fond of dancing. Have you letters for me?"

" Yes, here they are. *Photini* was not ready, and will send hers by mail."

" Take a glass of wine. Your health, my boy."

" God bless you, godfather. Who is this Frenchman who is listening to us?"

" Nobody of consequence, a German scholar. Have you no news for us?"

" The general paymaster is going to send twenty thousand francs to *Argos*, and his party will pass the *Scironian* rocks to-morrow evening."

" I will be there. Will a strong force be necessary?"

" Yes, the chest will be guarded by two companies."

" Good or bad?"

" Shocking, they will fight to the last."

" I will take my entire band ; you will carefully watch the prisoners during my absence."

" Certainly, with pleasure. By the way, I have very strict orders ; your English ladies have written to their ambassador, and summoned the whole army to their assistance. I must write my report with due regard to this circumstance, and will relate that we had a desperate fight."

" We will draw it up together."

" Remember, godfather, it is my turn to gain the victory."

" How insatiable you are ; it is not a year ago since I made you captain."

" But pray consider, my dear godfather, that it is for your interest to be beaten, for when once it becomes known that your band is dispersed, confidence will be reawakened, travel will begin, and you will reap a golden harvest."

"Yes, but if I am overcome, funds will rise and I am on the decline."

"You can, at least, permit me to massacre a dozen of your men."

"So be it ; but for my part I must kill ten of yours."

"How so? On my return it will be at once perceived that my company is complete."

"Not at all, you must leave them here ; I stand in need of recruits."

"In that case let me recommend little Spiro, my adjutant, to your notice ; he is quick and intelligent. The poor youth's pay is but seventy-eight francs a month, and his parents are badly off. If he remains in the army he will not even be sub-lieutenant for five or six years to come, there are so many officers on the list."

"Well, Spiro shall be one. You would be a brigand yourself were it not for your mother's prejudice ; she maintains that you have no talent in that line. Your health ! Yours also, Master German. Let me introduce to you my godson, Captain Périclès. My dear Périclès, I have much pleasure in introducing to you this gentleman, a German Doctor, and worth fifteen thousand francs. Would you believe that this learned Doctor has not as yet succeeded in getting his ransom paid by our English ladies ? The world is degenerating ; it was very different in my time."

Whether owing to the pleasure of an anticipated campaign, or to the joy of seeing his godson, the King had certainly grown suddenly young again ; he seemed at least twenty years younger, and laughed and joked with all. I should never have imagined that the only event capable of cheering up a brigand was the arrival of the gendarmerie. The marauding band was soon ready to start, the young Adjutant Spiro, and the other nine men selected from among the gendarmes, exchanged their uniforms for the picturesque costume of the bandits, and testified no regret at leaving their former condition ; on the contrary, the grumblers

were those who remained under the flag, but the captain comforted them to the best of his ability by promising their turn should come. Hadgi-Stavros before starting delivered up all the keys to his substitute. He showed him the wine grotto, the flour vault, the gap where the cheese was stored, and the trunk of the tree where the coffee was kept ; instructed him in the precautions necessary to hinder our escape, and retain so important a capital. To all this Périclès smilingly replied : "What do you fear ; am I not a shareholder?"

By seven o'clock that morning the king set out with his subjects ; the band marched in a northerly direction, turning their backs on the Scironian rocks, and singing in a loud voice.

Madame Simons, who was sleeping by the side of her daughter, started up out of her sleep and ran to the window, or rather to the waterfall. She was cruelly disappointed on beholding enemies where she expected to see friends and deliverers. She recognized the king, the Corfiote, and many others, but what surprised her most of all was the evident importance of this early expedition. She counted sixty men as following Hadgi-Stavros. "Sixty," thought she, "why there will be only twenty left to guard us," and the idea of an escape presented itself to her mind. In the midst of her reflections she perceived a rear guard filing off. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty men ! No one was left in the camp ! We were free ! "Mary Anne !" she exclaimed. The marching past still continued. The band was composed of eighty brigands, and ninety were setting off !

Mary Anne rose on hearing her mother's exclamation, and hurried out of the tent.

"At liberty !" shouted Madame Simons. "They have all left."

Hastening towards the staircase, they beheld the king's camp occupied by the gendarmes. The Greek flag was floating triumphantly from the summit of the fir-tree,

while the place of Hadgi-Stavros was filled by M. Périclès. Madame Simons rushed into his arms, fairly shrieking : " Angel sent by Heaven, the brigands have all left ! "

" Yes, Madame, " calmly rejoined the captain in English.

" Did you put them to flight ? "

" Certainly, Madame, had it not been for us they would still be here. "

" Excellent young man ! The battle must have been terrible. And now we are free ! "

" Most assuredly. "

" We can return to Athens ! "

" Whenever it suits us. "

" Well then let us start. "

" It is impossible to do so instantly. "

" What are we doing here ? "

" Our duty as conquerors ; we guard the battle-field ! "

" Sir, " continued Madame Simons, " it is God who sent you here ! We had lost all hope, our only defender was a young German who employs himself gathering herbs. But here you are ! I felt convinced we should be rescued by the gendarmes. Is it not so, Mary Anne ? "

" Yes, mother. "

" You must know, sir, that these brigands are the meanest of men, they began by taking possession of everything we had about us. "

" Everything ! " inquired the Captain.

" Yes, everything except my watch, which I had taken the precaution of hiding. "

" You did well, Madame. Did they keep all they took ? "

" No, they returned to us three hundred francs, a silver *nécessaire* and my daughter's watch. "

" Did they take your ear and finger-rings. "

" No, sir. "

" Be kind enough to hand them over to me. "

" Hand you over what ? "

" Your rings, earrings, a silver *nécessaire*, two watches, and the sum of three hundred francs. "

Madame Simons uttered an exclamation of astonishment. " Sir, " she cried, " Do you wish to take from us what the brigands restored ? "

The Captain replied with dignity : " Madame, I merely do my duty. "

" Is it your duty to despoil us ? "

" My duty is to collect all possible evidence against Hadgi-Stavros. "

" It seems to me you have evidence enough against him without our jewellery and money. He arrested two Englishwomen. Is not that alone sufficient to have him hanged ? "

" Madame, the forms of justice must be obeyed. "

" But, my dear sir, among the objects you demand are several which I greatly prize. "

" All the more reason for confiding them to me. "

" But if I have no watch I will never be able to — " "

" Madame, I will always consider it an honour to tell you the time of day. "

Mary Anne now observed that she felt reluctant to part with her earrings.

Mademoiselle, " replied the gallant captain, " you are quite beautiful enough to dispense with ornament. "

I had listened to this dialogue from beginning to end, and it was with difficulty I kept my indignation in check. When, however, this rascal of a gendarme offered the girl his arm to rob her politely, I felt my wrath kindle, and marched up to him to tell him my opinion of his proceedings. He must have read my intention in my eyes, for, casting on me a threatening glance, he left the ladies on the steps leading to their tent, and ordering a sentinel to keep watch he returned saying :

" It is our turn now. "

Without more ado he hurried me along into the king's apartment, where placing himself in front of me, and gazing into my eyes, he said : " Sir, you understand English ? "

I confessed my knowledge of the language.

"You understand Greek as well?"

"I do."

"Then you are too learned. Can you comprehend my godfather amusing himself by relating our affairs before you? As for his own it is not of so much consequence; but just put yourself in my place! Mine is a delicate position, and I have many things to consider; I am not rich, and have but my pay, the esteem of my chiefs, and the friendship of the brigands. A single traveller's indiscretion may cause me to lose two-thirds of my fortune."

"And do you believe that I would keep the secret of your infamous actions?"

"When I depend upon anything, I assure you sir, my confidence is rarely deceived. I don't know whether you will leave these mountains alive, or if your ransom will ever be paid; if my godfather has your head cut off, my mind will be at rest, for you will not then talk of what you have seen and heard. If, on the contrary, you return to Athens, I advise you as a friend, to be silent on these subjects."

"I shall reflect on your advice."

"On your return to Germany you are at perfect liberty to relate, write, or print whatever you please; the works published against us harm no one unless their authors. If you were faithfully to depict what you have seen, the good folks in Europe would accuse you of traducing an illustrious and oppressed people. No one would believe you. The public believes only lies that bear some faint appearance of probability. I do not forbid your publishing your adventure, but you must wait until you have left the country, else it might cost you your life."

"But," I objected, "if some indiscreet act were to be committed before my departure, how would you know it to be my fault?"

"You alone are in my secret; the English ladies are convinced I am delivering them from Hadgi-Stavros, and I can easily keep

them in this delusion until the king's return in two days. They will deal their blow tomorrow evening, and, as conquerors or conquered, will be here on Monday morning; meanwhile, until my godfather's return, I will keep you at a safe distance from the ladies. I will borrow your tent—you must perceive that my skin is of a different texture to that of the worthy Hadgi-Stavros. Besides, I must keep these forlorn ladies company—it is my duty as their deliverer. Pray allow me to give an order on your account. Corporal Janni, to you I confide the custody of this gentleman. Surround him by four sentinels, who must watch over him day and night, and accompany him everywhere. Let the guard be relieved every two hours. Move on!"

He bowed to me with ironical politeness, and sauntered in the direction of Madame Simons' tent.

From this moment began for me a torment the like of which can scarcely be conceived. Every one has doubtless some notion of what a prison might be, but just try to imagine a living and moving prison, whose four walls come and go, widen and draw near again, turn and turn again, rub their hands, stir, struggle, and obstinately fix eight large black eyes on their prisoner. The day seemed endless, the night eternal. The captain had taken possession of my bed along with my room, and the rock which served as my couch was not by any means like a feather bed. If at times I fell into an uneasy slumber, I was awakened by hearing corporal Janni giving the word of command. Then too a fine, penetrating rain began to fall, and made me cruelly conscious that roofing is a glorious invention, and that tilers render invaluable services to society. Dozing or waking, however, I thought I beheld Mary Anne and her venerable mother shaking hands with their deliverer. Ah! now I began to do justice to the good old King of the Mountains! How I recalled all the curses I had hurled at him! How I regretted his gentle, paternal government! How I sighed for his

return! How fervently I prayed for him! "My God," I prayed, "give the victory to Thy servant Hadgi-Stavros! Cause all the soldiers in the kingdom to fall before him. Deliver into his hands the money chest and the last dollar of this infernal army! And pray send back to us the brigands so that we may be rid of these gendarmes!"

On finishing this orison, a firing was heard proceeding from the camp, and this was kept up at intervals during the day and following night. It was a trick of M. Périclès, who, the better to deceive Madame Simons, and persuade her that he was defending her against an army of bandits, ordered a field exercise from time to time.

This whim might have cost him dear, for on Monday morning at daybreak, when the brigands arrived at the camp, they believed they had to deal with real enemies, and returned the fire with some shots which, unfortunately, hit nobody. Heaven had not hearkened with a favourable ear to my prayers—the Greek soldiers had defended themselves so furiously that the combat was prolonged far into the night. The troops killed fourteen brigands; young Spiro's future career was cut short by a bullet. Sixty men arrived fairly worn out with fatigue—dusty, bleeding, bruised and wounded. Sophocles had received a gunshot wound in his shoulder, and was being carried; the Corfu bandit, along with several others, were left on the way—some with shepherds, others in a village, others again on the bare rocks by the wayside.

The whole band was gloomy and discouraged. Sophocles howled with pain. I heard some grumbling at the king's imprudence in exposing the life of his followers for the sake of a miserable sum of money, instead of quietly plundering rich and compliant travellers.

The most tranquil, calm and light-hearted man among them was the king himself. On his face was legible the proud satisfaction of having done his duty. He recognized me

at once in the midst of my four jailors, and cordially held out his hand.

"Dear friend," said he, "you here behold a very ill-treated king; those hounds of soldiers would not give up the case—it must have been their own money, for they would assuredly never have allowed themselves to be killed for the property of others. My trip produced nothing, and my outlay has been fourteen fighting men, not including some wounded who will not recover; but no matter, we fought well. Those knaves were more numerous than we, and had bayonets besides."

He hummed the first verse of his favourite air, and then continued: "I would not have been at home since Saturday for twenty thousand francs. Cafedgi, my child, attend to your duty, I have performed mine. But where on earth is Périclès?"

The gallant captain was peacefully resting in his tent. Janni ran to advise him of the king's return, and brought him, still half asleep. I know no more efficacious method of waking a man than a glass of cold water, or a piece of bad news. M. Périclès was truly disconcerted on hearing that Spiro and two other of his men had fallen in the combat.

"I am undone!" he exclaimed. "How can I account for their presence in your midst, and in bandit uniform too? Shall I say they deserted to you? that you had taken them prisoners or what? I was waiting for you to write my grand report. Last evening I wrote saying I was closing you in on the *Parnès*, and that all our men were behaving admirably. Holy Virgin, I will not dare show my face at Patissia next Sunday."

Hadgi-Stavros was seated, and calmly sipped his coffee. He said to his godson: "You are greatly troubled and perplexed; just remain with us, I will ensure you a minimum of ten thousand francs a year, and enlist your men. We will take our revenge together."

M. Périclès answered with visible embar-

rassment: "I thank you, but I require time to reflect. I am accustomed to town life, my health is delicate, and the winters must be very severe in the mountains; I have already taken cold. Moreover, the evil may not be so great as we fancy; who knows whether those three unfortunates have been recognized? Probably, too, the news of the circumstance will not have reached Athens before we do. I will at once proceed to the Minister's office, and no one will come to contradict my story, for the two companies continued their march to Argos. . . . Decidedly I must return. Take good care of your wounded. Adieu!" And he gave the signal for departure to his drummer.

Hadgi-Stavros arose, and coming towards me by the side of his godson, than whom he was fully a head taller, he said: "Sir, behold a Greek of modern times, I myself belong to the olden time. And yet the newspapers pretend that this is an age of progress!"

At the rolling of the drum my prison walls fell like the ramparts of Jericho, and two minutes later I was in front of Mary Anne's tent. Mother and daughter started up out of their sleep. Madame Simons was the first to perceive me and called out:

"Are we going to depart?"

"Alas! Madame, we have not reached that point yet!"

"But the captain gave us his word we should start this morning."

"The captain is a scoundrel, a thief and a liar! These are his true titles, and I will prove it, Madame."

"Why, sir, what harm did the gendarm-erie do you?"

"Do me, Madame? Pray come with me to the top of the staircase."

Madame Simons arrived in time to see the soldiers filing off, the drummer at their head, the brigands installed in their place, the king and captain locked in a farewell embrace. The surprise was too much; the poor lady fainted, and I was obliged to carry

her to the spring where her daughter bathed her face, but I firmly believe it was rage which caused her to revive.

"The wretch!" she exclaimed.

"Is it not true that he robbed you of your money and watches?"

"I do not regret my jewels, he is welcome to them, but I would willingly give ten thousand francs not to have shaken hands with him."

I could not repress a sigh on hearing Madame Simons give vent to this regret. All the weight of her wrath fell on me. "It is your fault," she said, "why did you not advise me? You should have told me that the brigands were saints in comparison to the gendarmes."

"Madame, I warned you not to expect too much from the gendarmes."

"You certainly said something of the sort, but so clumsily that I could not believe you. How could I fancy that this man was but the jailer of Stavros, and that he merely kept us here to give the brigands time to return? I see it all now, but you never warned me."

"Madame, I told you all I knew, and did all in my power."

"An Englishman in your place would have exposed his life for us, and I would have rewarded him by giving him my daughter's hand in marriage."

I felt so excited and bewildered by this speech that I dared neither raise my eyes, answer, nor ask the lady what she meant by these words. Was it not a cruel irony on my most secret thoughts? Who knows but what she suspected me of being in love with her daughter, and uttered the words to make me betray myself. I replied in a calm and firm tone:

"Madame, were I indeed fortunate enough to free you from this place, I swear to you it would not be to marry your daughter."

"And why not?" she replied. "The most fastidious might be well pleased to marry Miss Simons."

"Alas, Madame!" I replied, "you have

misunderstood me. The young lady is perfection, and were it not that her presence forbids me, I would tell you of the passionate admiration she inspired in me the first moment I beheld her. It is precisely on this account that I lack the presumption of hoping that any chance can ever prove me worthy of her."

I had hoped that my humility would soften this thunder-striking mother. But her anger was not one whit abated.

"Why do you not deserve my daughter?" she continued. "Pray answer me."

"Madame, I have neither rank nor fortune."

"No rank! You would acquire rank, sir, by marrying my daughter. No fortune! Will not the man who frees us from this place present us with one hundred thousand francs? Do you mean to say that a hundred thousand francs is a sum to be despised? Why, then, don't you deserve to marry my daughter?"

"Madame, I am not an Englishman."

"Well, do you think us absurd enough to imagine you guilty of a crime on account of your birth? The whole world cannot be English. But it is possible to be a sensible and honest man without being born in England."

"As for integrity, Madame, that is transmitted from father to son; mind and sense I have, sufficient to have been made Doctor; unfortunately, however, I do not delude myself as to the defects of physical appearance and"

"No, sir, you are by no means ugly; you have an intelligent face, and were you even ten times uglier you would not be so much so as my late husband. And yet the day I married him I was as pretty as my daughter is now. What do you say to that?"

"Nothing, Madame, except that you overwhelm me, and that it will not be my fault if to-morrow you are not on the way to Athens."

"What do you hope to do?"

"I hope you will be satisfied with me if you will kindly grant me your attention for a while."

"Proceed, sir."

"Madame, Hadgi-Stavros has all his funds with Messrs. Barley & Co."

"What! with us?"

"At No. 31, Cavendish Square, London. Last Wednesday he dictated before us a business letter addressed to Mr. Barley."

"Why did you not tell me that sooner?"

"You never gave me an opportunity."

"Your behaviour is inexplicable. We might have been at liberty six days ago! I would have gone to him and explained my relation to"

"Then he would have demanded two or three hundred thousand francs. Believe me, Madame, it will be for the best to say nothing at all about it. Pay your ransom; make him give you a receipt, and a fortnight hence send him an account current, with the following:—

"*Item*, 100,000 francs remitted in person by Madame Simons, our partner."

"In this way you will get your money back without the assistance of the *gardarmerie*."

I raised my eyes and beheld the sweet smile of Mary Anne, radiant with gratitude. Madame Simons, on the contrary, shrugged her shoulders furiously, seemingly only moved with vexation.

"Truly you are a strange man," she said, "you have known all this since Wednesday morning! I will never forgive you for not having told us immediately."

"Pray recollect, Madame, that I besought you to write to your brother, asking for the necessary funds."

"Are you sure that this Stavros will not detain us after having received the money?"

"I will answer for that. The brigands are the only Greeks who never fail to keep their word. You can easily understand that if they ever detained their prisoners after the

receipt of their ransom, no one would ever again purchase his freedom."

"True! Now take us to Stavros without further delay."

The king was breakfasting under his tree of justice, surrounded by the officers who still remained to him, and all were consulting as to the most expeditious method of replacing the killed and wounded. Every one in turn propounded some favourite project, but the king, whose mind was imbued with English ideas, thought of organizing a recruitment by force, and carrying off all the shepherds from Attica. This system appeared all the more advantageous, as by this means every disbursement would be avoided, and many flocks gained into the bargain.

Displeased at our interruption, the king granted us but a chilling reception. I addressed him in the name of the ladies, and owing to the absence of the former interpreter, the king was compelled to accept my services. I hastened to tell him that owing to the previous day's disaster he would, doubtless, be pleased to learn Madame Simons' determination: that she had resolved to pay her ransom and mine at the shortest possible interval, and that the funds would be deposited the following day either at the Bank of Athens or in such other place as he would be pleased to fix.

"I am delighted," said he, "that these ladies have given up their idea of summoning the Greek army to their assistance. Tell them they shall be furnished with all necessary writing materials; but they must not a second time abuse my confidence and draw the soldiers down upon me here! The instant one appears I will have their throats cut. I swear it by the Blessed Virgin."

"Have no fear. I give you my word for the ladies and myself. Where do you wish the funds to be deposited?"

"In the National Bank of Greece, the only one which has not yet been bankrupt."

"Have you a safe man to carry the letter?"

"The monk will go."

"All right; when Madame Simons' brother has lodged the money for your receipt, the monk will come and let you know."

"What receipt? Wherefore a receipt? I have never yet given one. Once you are all at liberty it will be easily perceived that you have paid me my due."

"As you please, I merely spoke in Madame Simons' interest, who is her daughter's guardian, and will have to render an account of her fortune when the young lady is of age."

"Let her manage that as she pleases! What great harm would there be in her paying for her daughter? I have never regretted my expenditure for Photini. There is paper, ink and reeds; be kind enough to superintend the composition of the letters, remember your head is also at stake."

I arose and followed the ladies, who noticed my confusion, though unable to fathom its cause. A sudden inspiration made me retrace my steps and say to the king:—

"You are right not to sign a receipt; I was wrong to request it."

"What do you mean?"

"One must be prepared for everything; who knows but what you might yet experience a defeat more terrible than the first, and might chance to fall into the hands of the soldiers?"

"Who, I?"

"You would then be prosecuted like any other malefactor; the magistrates would no longer fear you, and under these circumstances a receipt for ransom paid you would be overwhelming proof against you."

He replied in a thundering tone:

"Chance and their superior numbers on one occasion gave soldiers the advantage over me, but that will never occur again. I fall living into their hands! I, whose arm is proof against fatigue, and whose head is ball-proof. What! Should I go and be seated in front of a judge like any common peasant who may have stolen cabbages? Young

man, you don't know Hadgi-Stavros yet ! It would be easier far to uproot the *Parnès* and plant it on the summit of the *Taygète* than to force me from my mountains and set me in a court of justice. Write me the name of Madame Simons in Greek, and your own as well."

"It is unnecessary, and"

"Write it, I say. You know my name, and, doubtless, will never forget it. I want yours to remember it likewise."

I scribbled my name as well as I was able in the harmonious language of Plato. The king's lieutenants applauded his firmness without foreseeing it would cost him so dear. Satisfied with myself, I hastened towards Madame Simons' tent, and related what a narrow escape her money had had, whereupon she condescended to smile. Half an hour later she submitted the following letter for my approbation :

"On the PARNES, in the midst of the demons of STAVROS.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"The gendarmes you sent to our assistance betrayed and robbed us. I advise you to have them hanged. Their Captain, Périclès, ought to have a gibbet a hundred feet in height. It is useless to expect anything from the local authorities. All the natives are leagued against us, and the day following our departure the Greeks will assemble to share our spoils. Fortunately they will get but little. I learn from a young German, whom at first I took for a spy, but who is a very honest gentleman, that this Stavros, or Hadgi-Stavros, as he styles himself, has placed all his capital in our house. I pray you to verify this fact, and if it is the case, nothing hinders us from paying the ransom required. Have 115,000 francs deposited in the Bank of Greece (£4,600 stg.) for a regular receipt, sealed with the seal of Stavros. The sum will be charged to him and all will be right. Our health is good

in spite of the comfortless life we lead on this mountain. Believe me, my dear brother,

"Your affectionate sister,

"REBECCA SIMONS.

"Monday, May 5th."

I took the letter to the king, who examined it with so critical an eye that I trembled lest he should discover the contents, though I was perfectly aware that he did not understand one word of English. He appeared satisfied only on seeing the figures £4,600 stg., for then he perceived there was no question of gendarmes. The letter was deposited with other papers in a tin box, and the priest being summoned, the king delivered it to him with minute instructions. He set out at once, and my heart went with him to his destination.

The king grew milder since this important matter was settled. He ordered quite a banquet for us, and for his men a double ration of wine, while all the bandits received orders to treat us with great respect.

The breakfast now served was one of the most joyous repasts of my life. All my troubles seemed ended ! After two more days of delightful captivity I would be free ! I ate heartily, and drank to the health of Mary Anne, of her mother, my good parents and the princess Ypsoff. Madame Simons desiring to know the history of this illustrious stranger, I related the whole affair. Mary Anne listened attentively, and thought the princess had done well, and that a woman should seize happiness wherever she found it. I seemed floating towards some terrestrial paradise !

Under the influence of this ecstasy I told both ladies the whole history of my life. I am unaware to what extent my recital may have interested them, but it gave me at least great pleasure.

On Thursday morning the monk appeared, and handed to the king a letter from the Manager of the Bank, and to Madame Simons a note from her brother. Hadgi-

Stavros stepped forward, saying : " You are at liberty, Madame, and may take your daughter with you. May I express the hope that you do not carry with you too unpleasant a recollection of our mountain home. If bed and board were unworthy of you, it was the fault of circumstances. If I dared offer a little gift to your daughter, I would beg her to accept this antique ring. It is not the product of robbery. I purchased it from a merchant of Nauplia. When the young lady returns to England she can show the jewel when relating her visit to the court of the King of the Mountains."

I faithfully interpreted this little speech, and had the pleasure of slipping the ring on Mary Anne's finger.

"And shall not I too receive some token in memory of you?" I asked.

"You, my dear sir, remain with us ; your ransom is still unpaid."

I turned towards Madame Simons, who handed me the following note :

"DEAR SISTER,—After examination and verification I gave the £4000 in exchange for the receipt. I was unable, however, to

advance the other £600, as the receipt not being in your name, it would have been impossible to recover them. I am, awaiting your dear presence, &c."

I had preached too successfully. Hadgi-Stavros thought it imperative to send two receipts.

Madame Simons whispered : " You seem greatly troubled ! Throw off this gloomy appearance. The hardest part is over. seeing that my daughter and I are saved without cost ; as for you my mind is at rest, you will find some way of escape. What day shall we expect your visit ?"

I thanked her heartily, for was she not giving me a fine occasion on which to display my personal qualities and so win the esteem of Mary Anne. "Madame," I replied, "You shall hear from me presently."

"Once you have made your escape you must not fail to call upon us."

"I will not fail, Madame."

"And now, ask this Stavros to give us an escort of five or six men."

"My goodness ! What for ?"

"To protect us from the gendarmes."

(*To be continued.*)

NOVEMBER.

WITHIN the deep-blue eyes of Heaven a haze
 Of saddened passion dims their tender light,
 For that her fair queen-child, the summer bright,
 Lies a wan corpse amidst her mouldering bays :
 The sullen autumn lifts no voice of praise
 To herald winter's cold and cruel might,
 But winds foreboding fill the desolate night
 And die at dawning down wild woodland ways :
 The sovereign sun at noonday smileth cold—
 As through a shroud he hath not power to part—
 While huddled flocks crouch listless round their fold :
 The mock-bird's dumb, no more with cheerful dart
 Upsoars the lark through morning's quivering gold,
 And dumb or dead, methinks, great Nature's heart.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

THE COUNTESS ANNA.*

OUT in the Köpnicke fields, to the east of Berlin, surrounded by pleasant gardens and wide lawns, there stands a stately building, with high tower and wide-spreading airy wings—the hospital and deaconess house of Bethany. This house of mercy, which is used for nursing the sick, and for training young women to minister efficiently to the sick bodies and souls of their poor brethren, was one of the earliest erections of that large-hearted king, Frederick William IV., of Prussia.

It was the 3rd of June, 1853. In the large garden at Bethany the young shrubs and trees were clad in green, and the elders and other flowering plants were radiant in beauty and sweetness. Some convalescent patients were passing up and down in the pretty grounds, dressed in the blue costume of the institution, or were sitting on the terrace rejoicing in the spring air and sunshine. Just then a perfectly dazzling equipage swept over the Köpnicke fields, which were at that time almost free from houses. A black stag on a gold ground, and two red trout on a silver shield, decorated the panels. A young lady, whose features were expressive of great character and true sweetness, rose suddenly from the back seat as if impatient of expectation, and looked out of the open window; her large brown eyes sparkled as they gazed lovingly at the tower with the two bells and the bright windows of Bethany, and then turning to the two dear old faces sitting opposite to her in the carriage, she exclaimed in a voice of deep emotion, while her beautiful eyes filled with tears, and she pressed their hands in hers: "Thank you,

thank you, darling father and mother, for this hour; may God bless us and the poor sick ones in that house!"

The ancient house of Stolberg was built up in Thuringia, in the darkness of the middle ages, and ever since its members have been famous for their deep piety and devoted love of the fatherland. They were among the earliest Crusaders, and the song of the Crusader, Knight Henry of Wernigerode, is a well-known tradition in Thuringia. Theirs has always been a race of poets as well as of warriors; the brothers Stolberg, in their young days wild *Burschen*, and ardent admirers of Klopstock, are known to all readers of Goethe's *Dichtung and Wahrheit*, and the Countess Augusta, with whom he formed a romantic friendship, and carried on a confidential correspondence without ever having seen her, was their sister. At the time of the French Revolution, Christian Frederick, the reigning Count of Stolberg Wernigerode, lived a simple, happy, patriarchal life in his beautiful Hartz home, beloved by his people and his ten children, and surrounded by the forests, the hills, and legends of his childhood. When Napoleon seized the core of the German Provinces and made Jerome Bonaparte King of Westphalia, the Stolbergs would not do homage to the usurper, or fight under French colours; in sorrow and shame—but remembering their old motto, "*Spes nescia falli*"—Hope never maketh ashamed!—they withdrew to their native mountains. This caused great indignation in Cassel, especially against the youngest son of Count Christian—Count Anton, who though only twenty years of age, had fought against the French at Saalfeld and Jena, and bravely distinguished himself in many bloody battles during the succeeding winter's campaign. He was proclaimed an outlaw, and

* Anna Countess zu Stolberg Wernigerode, Lady Superintendent of "Bethany," Deaconess House at Berlin. A Story of our own Times. Translated from the German of Arnold Wellmer.

a price was set on his head, but he was perfectly safe in the green solitudes of the Hartz mountains; not one of his faithful people was base enough to betray him, though numbers knew where he was concealed. Soon after Count Christian left the home which had been his from childhood, and where his children had been born, but whose happiness had been poisoned by the French usurpation, and took up his residence in the beautiful old castle of Peterswaldan, near Reichenbach, where he had large possessions. To this house, in 1809, Count Anton brought home his bride, Louise, the daughter of the Prussian Minister, Von der Reck, and soon the old Count's declining years were gladdened by a fresh bright circle of blooming grandchildren. Through the war of Independence Count Anton fought with distinguished bravery, and he could not have survived the wounds he received at the battle of Lutzen but for the affectionate solicitude of Prince William, who sought for him and had him removed to a place of safety. When, after the peace, he returned to his aged parents, his young wife and little children, he wore the Iron Cross (Class 1 and 2) on his hero breast.

In the castle at Peterswaldan, September 6th, 1819, Countess Anna, the eighth child of Count Anton and the Countess Louise, was born. A warm German feeling animated this house so rich in children. The mother and grandmother moved gently and quietly about their own house and in the huts of the poor, and the children were early allowed to share in this work of blessing. It was considered a special reward and distinction to be permitted to accompany the mother on a quiet errand of mercy and love, carrying a little basket containing food for the hungry, or delicacies for the sick, or clothing for the naked, and thus the first seeds of active brotherly love were planted in each little heart. Their manner of bringing up could hardly have been simpler in a burgher-house. Dressed in linen frocks spun in a loom in

the village, and without any ornament, the Count's children played merrily and harmlessly under the fine old trees of the park, while, with her work in her hands, their mother sat by, guiding and watching them. A drive with their parents in the country, an expedition to the neighbouring mountains, or into the forest, were the children's greatest treats on their birthdays; a bunch of grapes from the hand of their parents or grandparents, their most costly present. It was a joyful event in their child-world when the mother of their governess, Cleophea Schlatter, sent two books for her daughter's pupils from her far-distant shop behind the tower at St. Gall; they were the "Basket of Flowers" and "Rosa of Jaunenberg," by the author of "Easter Eggs."

In the spring of 1824, the grandfather, Count Christian Frederick, went home to his fathers; six years previously he had had the joy of celebrating his "golden wedding" in the midst of his children and grandchildren. He left to his youngest son, Anton, the estate of Kreppehof, at the foot of the Riesengebirge mountains, and the year after his death the family migrated there. At Kreppehof, Count Anton's wide benevolence and ceaseless activity proved a blessing to his people, and his wife and daughters emulated him in good deeds among the poor in the five villages on their estate. They were now in the neighbourhood of many noble and beloved friends. Prince and Princess William often sought refreshment from their golden prison in Berlin, in the pure mountain air of the castle of Fischbach. The old grey-headed field-marshal Gneisenau, peacefully ending his days in beautiful Erdmannsdorf, was united in the closest friendship with his fellow-soldiers, Prince William and Count Anton; and in the evening of his life old Stein came back over the Rhine into the quiet valley of the Riesengebirge, and to the noble men with whom he had passed such a troubled but glorious time. The children would listen with sparkling eyes as their

elders spoke of the bygone days they had spent together. "Germany, Germany before all else!" everything they saw and heard cried to the children. In after days, when Stein lay with his fathers in the old burial place, at Fürth, Count Anton took his children to read the inscription on that true patriot's grave: "Humble before God, noble towards men, an enemy of lies and falsehood, devoted to duty and fidelity, unmoved by contumely or persecution, the uncrushed son of crushed Germany, the deliverer of his country in battle and victory." It was among such noble spirits that Anna Stolberg learned some of her first lessons in life.

On being appointed President of Düsseldorf, Count Anton and his family removed to that town, where they resided three years. Many men celebrated in the religious or political world, or in art or science, visited the hospitable home of the President. And among these eminent men and high-born nobles sat two men ennobled by genius, William Schadow, nephew of a poor Berlin tailor, yet a great artist, director of the Berlin Academy, and founder of a new school of painting; and Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, the son of a Jew, the youthful master of music. Count Anton frequently took his children to Schadow's studio, and drew lessons for himself and them from the great oil painting, "The Wise and the Foolish Virgins," which the artist was at that time finishing. Count Anton—himself a performer on several instruments—delighted in the soul-inspiring music of Felix Mendelssohn. When the young master used to improvise on the piano by an open window, on a summer's evening the President and his daughters might have been seen walking up and down before his dwelling for hours, listening to the wonderful sounds. "I never heard such heavenly music as in the Düsseldorf streets, under his window," said the Countess Anna many years afterwards. It was in Düsseldorf she first saw Pastor Fliedner, of Kaisers-

werth, with whom her father now formed an intimacy that continued all their lives. The Count and he had many earnest conversations about the Christian duty of helping the poor and sick, the miserable and forsaken, and about the work which had formerly been done in the church by deaconesses, and might be done still. These conversations were eagerly drunk in by two glistening brown eyes, sometimes nearly overflowing with tears; and then Fliedner, with his love for the young, would tenderly stroke the fair girl's head.

In 1841, King Frederick William IV. called Count Anton to Berlin, and made him Minister of State and Leader of the King's Privy Council. In Berlin a new world opened before the eyes of Anna, a world of glitter and festivity, but a world which neither dazzled nor blinded her simple, childlike mind. Only as far as the high position of her father demanded, did either she or her mother take part in it, and their hearts remained as peaceful and pure as ever. The evenings spent at the tea-table of the King and Queen at Sans Souci, or Charlottenburg, were a source of pleasure and improvement from the high gifts and cultivation of those who met there; and among them were often to be found some of the most earnest workers in the cause of religion. The sermons and prayers, and pious, loving life of old "Father Gossner," exercised a deep influence over the devoted enthusiastic character of Anna. And at that time she became acquainted with a wonderful woman—a most honoured worker in the kingdom of God. One evening in the circle at the palace, she saw for the first time England's female prisoners' apostle, Elizabeth Fry, who was afterwards often in the houses of the Princess William and Count Anton. It was a strange, imposing, and yet homelike appearance that this woman of sixty presented in her narrow, plain, slate-coloured dress, with her white hair covered by a Quaker cap, her fine old face looking so peaceful and gentle, her glad

childlike eyes so penetratingly wise, and her friendly lips addressing the hearty "thou" of the Quakeress alike to high and low. She sat between the Queen and the Princess William on the sofa talking quite unreservedly, and telling with marvellous energy of mind, and in the most forcible language, of the physical and mental need of the poor prisoners and deserted children, and unsheltered wanderers; and then she entreated and pleaded, and prayed for them. How the great brown girl-eyes which had already so thoughtfully drunk in Fliedner's and Gossner's words, lighted up when listening to Elizabeth Fry! Anna Stolberg sat quite quietly and silently in the royal circle, but her eyes spoke for her. The picture of that powerfully practical Quakeress never vanished again from her mind, and Mrs. Fry's address to the women and maidens of Germany (written at Bunsen's request) was never forgotten by her.

On the 10th of October, 1847, the Bethany Deaconess House first opened its doors to the sick poor. The King, the Queen, and the whole court were present. Fliedner brought over nine of his Kaiserswerth deaconesses, and the superintendent, Marianne Von Bautzen, to begin the work. Three young probationers at the same time entered the house. Fliedner closed the dedication with an address and prayer. To Anna this was a solemn and memorable ceremony, never to be forgotten.

After the revolution of March, 1848, Count Anton and his family returned to Kreppelhof. That year poverty and the famine fever pressed heavily on the poor of the Riesengebirge, and the whole Stolberg family exerted themselves beyond their strength to alleviate the misery that surrounded them. The Count built a little "Bethany" for the sick poor, and in memory of a beloved child who had died early, called it the Marianne Institution. The Countess and her daughters helped to build it with the work of their own hands, making

clothes and house-linen, curtains, and even mattresses for the hospital. When it was opened, the young Countesses served like deaconesses beside the sick beds. At this time the house of Kreppelhof, once so rich and joyous with children, was very lonely. Three daughters and one son had been taken away by death; the eldest daughter had long been married; the four surviving sons were in State appointments, or in the army; only Anna and two sisters were now left with their parents. But the smaller the chain the closer will it bind the few it encloses, and in the close bond of love, amidst the peaceful solitudes of the Riesengebirge, and in constant working for others, their wounded hearts found healing and peace. When Prussia was again quiet, the King called Count Anton to his side, appointed him Minister of the Palace and Privy Councillor, and decorated him with the Order of the Black Eagle. The family had to return to Berlin, and bid farewell to the Marianne Hospital, which was, however, permanently established and adopted as a branch by the mother house of Bethany. Once again death entered the house of Stolberg, and bore away a beloved one. The second son, Conrad, was suddenly taken away in the pride of his youth. But each blow made the peace of God reign more powerfully in the hearts of the survivors. A little while before, the young Countess Charlotte had been married, and Anna and Bertha were now the only ones at home. When the idle noise of the Berlin world became too much for them, they sought a refuge in the "Bethany Home." Often, but especially on each Sunday, they went out to the great house, with the clear-sounding bell between the towers, to enjoy the favourite hymns of the sisters in that house of God, to visit the sick beds of the women and children, and to rest on the loving heart of the mother, Marianne Von Bautzen. About these days Anna afterwards wrote: "I never was so happy as at Bethany, so I went there as often

as I could. Very soon a longing desire awoke in me to serve the Lord's sick members in company with these dear sisters, and every thought about it turned to the prayer that the Lord would open my way to it."

Her parents gave her desire their cordial approval and blessing, and, as we have seen, conducted her themselves to the house of mercy and self-denial. On that day she received from her father her first watch, as all in that great populous building must be punctual to the minute, and every deaconess wears one. And to the end of her life the day was to her like a birthday, celebrated with praise and thankfulness to God and her dear parents.

"Scarcely a quarter of a room could the young probationer henceforth call her own; not even a tiny chamber, only one of the compartments ranged round the walls of the large probationers' ward. White curtains walled in the little territory that had hardly space for a pine bedstead with green and white striped hangings, a chair and a table. The mistress of the probationers slept with them, as she superintended their general duties, and their training in sick nursing. And here the high-born Countess slept next the daughter of a poor day-labourer, for perfect equality in Christ was the principle carried out. As early as half-past five, the bell called Anna from her hard couch. She had barely time for her simple toilet and for the arranging of her tiny compartment before proceeding to the frugal breakfast in the hall; then came prayers in the church, and then the day's work begins. The three sisters who had the night-watch in the house, give up their wards, and explain their reports to their successors. The new probationer is led to the children's wards. This is a welcome post to Anna, with her joyful, loving, childlike heart. Bed after bed stands round the wards of the wide, airy, light rooms. Here lies a poor baby whose mother died in giving it birth; it must be cleaned, bathed, fed, quieted, hushed to

sleep. There is a girl with large tear-filled eyes; the child has broken her leg in playing. The bandages must be changed, and Sister Anna's hands tremble a little, for the child twitches painfully, but love makes her skilful. There is a loathsome sore to be dressed, but love conquers the disgust. There a child is crying for its mother, and love suggests the best way to comfort it. The beds have all been visited, now the room must be cleaned. Joyfully do the tender and really beautiful hands of the young Countess learn to perform the work of a servant. Now the children who are recovering want to be attended to by their "dear aunt," and taught how to play on the floor, or by the little tables on which pretty playthings are lavishly scattered. And so it goes on with the children the livelong day; but love is unwearying. Then there is school-time for the poor sisters whose education has been neglected, and the accomplished Countess Anna sits on the narrow benches of the probationers listening to the religious teaching of the house chaplain. At midday the hundreds of invalids in the house have to be fed, and the dietary for every patient in the five distinct divisions of the house carefully attended to. For the poorest patient in the gratuitous ward no wine is too costly, no game too rare, if the doctor has ordered it; that is the only limit in Bethany. Then the superintendent, deaconesses and probationers, meet in the hall at a general midday meal. In the afternoon more work has to be done at the sick beds, and this goes on till evening. After supper one of the elder sisters in turns reads prayers. Then the patients are washed again and laid to rest with a word of comfort. Thus one day after another glides away in the fulness of their occupation, rich in blessing and bright with happiness; and the Sundays, with their two services, were still more calm and peaceful.

"Many trying scenes has the young girl to be present at! She must stand with the

superintendent sister ready to help the doctor at an operation, while her heart bleeds for the pain of the sufferer. Her blood froze in her veins and her head swam as she saw the knife work into the quivering flesh. But love strengthened her. And she must see death—sometimes in all its terrors; when the sick one cries out that she will not, cannot die, for the sins of her past life stand like a frightful spectre before her! She grasps the air frantically, then buries her hands in the bed-covering as if she could thus cling to her miserable life. All is in vain. The sick one is dead! Sister Anna closes the dimmed eyes, folds the cold hands on the now quiet breast, having prayed by her up to the last minute. Helped by others, she carries the body to the dead-room, washes it, and clothes it in the white burying clothes. Then the still, cold form is borne out to the chapel in the garden. Love has enabled Anna to go through it all.”

Before sister Anna's probation was over her beloved father died. The King ordered that the noble old hero should have a magnificent lying-in-state, and with his Queen and nobles assembled with the mourners, and prayed beside the bier. Next morning, very quietly, a train decked with flowers bore his body to the home of the Wernigerodes, where it was received by torchlight, and laid beside his fathers in the quiet little churchyard of St. Theobald's, at the foot of the Hartz mountains.

Many months had not elapsed after Anna's probation was over, and she had been consecrated as deaconess, when the superintendent, Mother Marianne, who had long been ill, died; and the Community were unanimous in electing Anna to fill her place. She accepted the call humbly, tremblingly, for, as it was afterwards said of her, all exercise of authority was trying to her; her delight was to go among the poor and solitary: to be obliged to order and arrange everything forced her to exercise great self-control and self-denial. But she gave her

whole soul to the work appointed to her; her duty became her pleasure, and Bethany the dearest place on earth. She afterwards showed a peculiar talent for organization; every thing became straight when she took it decidedly in hand. Besides deaconesses, probationers and others, there were beds for three hundred sick in the house, and for all, sick and well, Mother Anna had to care, to order, to overlook. Over sick wards and kitchens, over the medicines for the apothecary sisters, over the bandages and charpie, over her house linen and stores (regular caskets of order and cleanliness), over gardens and cow-houses, she reigned in her perfect gentleness. At every operation she was present, and with two assistant sisters gave the necessary help, and did the dressing. Her love for her poor sick ones was the keynote of her whole life on earth.

“The wide poor neighbourhood of Bethany alone knows the whole extent of her unwearied, secret self-denial. The yearly income of her private fortune was too small for her great heart; she frequently gave it entirely away. Even the frequent experience of having been deceived by unworthy objects could not harden her tender heart, and not only did she give with an open heart and hand, but worked also incessantly for the poor. Before Christmas, many poor women used to come to Bethany, to carry away winter clothing and stockings, to delight their little ones at that holy time, and for each Mother Anna had a true, hearty word, a friendly smile, a warm pressure of the hand. Next day all the happy children came at noon in their new clothes to Bethany, and Anna and the sisters used to take the poor little ones on their laps and kiss them, and feast them in the hall with sweet coffee and great pieces of cake, and give them pretty pictures to take away with them. Day after day crowds of poor people came to be fed and nourished, yet there always remained something over, so liberally did Anna and the cooking sisters provide.

“Christmas Eve was a specially beautiful festival at Bethany. In each sick room Christmas Trees blazed brightly. The children had learned Christmas hymns from the teaching sisters, and the mother used to go from room to room with her sweet tender smile, and great happy childlike eyes, and from bed after bed heard the old childish hymns, and then bent down and kissed each little lisping one with a true mother’s heart. Each child and every patient received a Christmas present. Easter was another joyful festival, when the children were delighted with coloured eggs of every shade, and chocolate, and beautiful toys. Mother Anna joined in the amusements like a child, and even the gravest sister shared in the happy excitement. All the little ones looked forward to this Easter festival the whole year.

Anna’s eldest brother, Count Eberhard, was as devoted to charity as his sister. He was Chancellor of the order of Hospitaliers, Johanniters, or Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, revived by Frederick William IV. With the help of his sister Anna, Eberhard opened twenty-four nursing homes and hospitals in connection with his Order; and when war broke out between Prussia, and Austria and Denmark, all the arrangements for the field hospitals were left to him. Then he knocked at the doors of Bethany, at the heart of his sister: “Anna, help! We need the hands of your sisters more than ever; we need yourself.” And Anna went! They rented at Altona a large house with nineteen bright, airy apartments, and it was soon ready in the hands of the mother and her deaconesses as a pattern hospital of fifty-five beds, to receive the sick and wounded soldiers, without distinction of country or creed. Then the heavy work by the sick beds began; like messengers of peace the deaconesses moved about among the victims of war, to close the wounds which the sword had opened. Night or day there was no more rest for Anna and her sisters; night and day for weeks they scarcely had their

clothes off. Scarcely had they stretched their weary limbs on a straw palliase at some late hour of the night after a day of great labour, and drawn the woollen rug up (for the good beds were entirely reserved for the sick), when there would come another knock—more wounded brought out of the snow, away from the hot rain of bullets and cannon balls, by the Johanniters; and again the sisters had to give nourishment, to wash, to bind up, till the morning’s light brought a new day’s work.

The Hanoverian garrison in Altona helped the knights and deaconesses as far as they could. One night when the streets were as slippery as glass from ice, and the Johanniters were constantly carrying fresh wounded on litters to their hospitals, the whole of the inhabitants voluntarily brought sand in handkerchiefs and baskets to scatter on the frozen paths.

What the Johanniters accomplished for the relief of the wounded, under the management of their leader, Count Eberhard, and with the help of Anna and her deaconesses, is now matter of history.

The last great work which Mother Anna performed was among the people of Rhein, in East Prussia, where the poor inhabitants and hundreds of railway labourers lay crowded together dying of typhus fever, brought on by famine and pestilential air. “Help, Anna! help us and these poor creatures!” cried the good Count Eberhard; and Anna quickly responded to the call. The one hospital prepared by the Johanniters was full to overflowing, and in the small noisome dwellings in the town, poor creatures lay on damp mud floors barely covered with dirty straw, burning with fever or shivering with cold, hungry and thirsty, devoured with vermin, and expecting only one relief—death! “My heart stood still when I first saw them!” said Anna. But if it stood still for that moment it was only to beat more warmly towards the poor sufferers the next instant. With the help of the

Johanniters she worked day and night ; and at last provided the hungry with food, the naked with clothes, and the sick with clean beds and careful nursing. Then she returned to her beloved Bethany, her whole soul still filled with the misery she had seen, and her thoughts active in devising new measures for its relief. But the fatal contagion had taken possession of her ; she was laid on her sick bed and never rose from it again.

She had requested that she might be buried quietly, like one of the deaconesses, but she had been too much honoured and beloved, had done too many good deeds, for this to be permitted. King William laid a shining laurel crown on the coffin of her who had nursed his wounded soldiers, next to the maiden myrtle wreath. Queen Augusta and the widowed Queen Elizabeth added the white roses and camelias of love ; and when the hundreds of high-born mourners had departed, the poor came to add their humble flowers, while tears of love and sorrow flowed from their eyes. The King and Queen and all their household—the chief heads of the church, the state, the army—the nobility, to whose order her virtues had done such honour—the Johanniters with whom she had worked, all were present at her funeral. The King accompanied the grey-haired mother of eighty after the coffin ; next came all the Stolbergs, then the weeping deaconesses with wreaths and crosses of flowers, then a mourning procession of more than a hundred carria-

ges. In the last carriage sat General Von Ollech, who had been cured of his battle wounds by the excellent nursing at Bethany.

It is a wonderfully peaceful, quiet little spot in the churchyard where the Bethany deaconesses rest from their labours. A simple iron railing, blooming with creeping plants, encloses a long piece of turf ; fifteen green hillocks over deaconesses who have gone home to their rest are ranged side by side ; a little white tablet at the head tells the time of death, and the text which was the favourite of the departed one when on earth. Nothing more ; no eulogies ; no worldly praise. In the midst of these graves a tall white marble cross stands conspicuous. Beneath it lie two graves, one old and covered with grass, with the little tablet :

“Marianne Von Bautzen,
5th January, 1855.
Romans xiv. 8.”

And next it a fresh hillock, which is covered by four Springs' fresh green covering, and is always adorned with wreaths which loving hands place there. A weeping willow tree bends over it. Its inscription is—

“Anna, Countess zu Stolberg Wernigerode,
17th February, 1868.
1 John, i. 7.”

The flowers on the hillock will fade ; the white marble will get weather-beaten, and the grave will vanish from the face of the earth ; but the abiding influence of Anna's actions, and the memory of her life of whole-hearted devotedness, can never be effaced from the annals of time or eternity.

SEVEN YEARS PAST.

BY N. W. BECKWITH.

I.
SEVEN years flown !
I lay, alone,
On an Indian isle's far verge ;
And watched the sweep,
In cohorts deep,
Of the broad Pacific surge,

Break on the strand
Of pearly sand—
White foot o' the green robed isle !
While the sun sank low,
And night stole slow
Oversea with her dusky smile.

II.

Out from the west,
 Winged to rest,
 Trailed the song-bird's waning hymn ;
 While cricketings shrill,
 And gurgle of rill,
 Crept up with the twilight dim ;
 To the whisp'ring breeze
 Sighed back the trees—
 But their sleepy blossoms furled,
 While drowsily fell,
 Like a Lethean spell,
 The breath of the resting world.

III.

And a music new,
 With the falling dew,
 Thro' the tender choral wreathes ;
 The soundless rhyme,
 The tongueless chime,
 Each tiny flower-bell breathes ;
 And air and earth
 Alike give birth
 To a multifold melody's tone,
 That lulls the soul
 In charmed control,
 As I muse on the sward alone.

IV.

Each scintillant line
 In unison fine
 With the tranquil chant, sublime
 In glittering march
 Up the glorified arch
 The stars in their courses climb ;
 Yet a last faint light,
 'Thwart the van of night,
 To the pearly beach still clings—
 Where the snaky surge
 With a booming dirge,
 Its floods on the shell-drift flings.

V.

Ah ! terrible tolls
 Of resurgent rolls
 Hurl'd up from the sounding sea !
 Ye crowd from mine ear
 The harmonies clear
 Of the multifold melody !
 But I hear complain
 With a wail of pain,
 All the beautiful nautili—
 For a myriad fleet,
 In each pitiless beat,
 Are crunched on the strand—and die.

VI.

O ! types so fair !
 What hope is there ?
 Are there none to mourn but I,
 For each beautiful form,
 With its rose-tints warm,
 That yet will not wholly die ?
 Will the monster whorl
 Of the surf still curl,
 And smite on each fragile crust—
 Will Destiny's mill
 Keep grinding it still,
 Till the stars know it not from dust ?

VII.

Is it only a play ?
 And by night alway
 Do yon stars in the circles sit ;
 Looking down, ever down,
 With never a frown !
 (Who are these ? that glare from the pit !)
 With never a frown
 Not a thumb turned down,
 One atom to save from fate !
 Are they not, at last—
 After ages past—
 Of the spectacle satiate ?

VIII.

Ah, knowing no fear,
 Unwitting they steer
 To wreck—in a common doom !
 Thus widens the reach
 Of the broadening beach,
 And for myriads more makes room.
 More myriads sail
 With the changeless gale,
 In which a dim Destiny dwells.

* * * * *
 —Seven years past !
 I have read—at last—
 What the merciless lesson tells.

* * * * *
 Looks over the seas
 Strong Herakles,
 Still bearing the club of might ;
 Stern Algebar,
 With many a star
 Aligning his sword of light ;
 Rears Perseus higher
 That blade of fire,
 Once potent the wrong to right ;
 Do they know—full well,
 That each foam-born shell
 Is an Aphrodite bright ?

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY AND AMERICAN SOCIALISM.

BY A BYSTANDER.

IN the "History of American Socialisms," by Mr. J. H. Noyes, the founder and father of the Oneida Community, we are presented with an instructive enumeration of the various socialistic experiments made in America, chiefly within the last fifty years.* This enumeration furnishes the basis for an induction. That religious communities succeed, while the non-religious invariably fail, is the inference drawn by Mr. Noyes, whose own community is religious. "The one feature" he says "which distinguishes these (the prosperous) Communities from the transitory sort, is their religion; which in every case is of the earnest kind, which comes by recognized *afflatus*, and controls all external arrangements." "It seems then," he adds, "to be a fair induction from the facts before us that earnest religion does in some way modify human depravity, so as to make continuous association possible, and insure to it great material success."

To the writer the facts suggested a different conclusion; but before embracing it he wished to see the Oneida Community. The Oneida Community is, at all events, not afraid of being seen. The writer was one of some five hundred visitors in the month of September alone. Upon applying for the requisite permission he was received with the most courteous hospitality, and allowed freely to satisfy his curiosity, so far as the shortness of his visit would permit. He came away confirmed in his previous opinion.

Community of steady, sober and industri-

* Mr. Noyes has embodied in his work the researches of Macdonald, an Ex-socialist, who devoted himself to the preparation of materials for a history of the movement.

ous workers, held together by a religious bond, or by the influence of a venerated chief, will make money; if they have no separate families there will be no family interests to draw them apart; if they are childless, or have few children, their money will accumulate; their wealth will become a new bond, but will at the same time put a stop to proselytism, so that the extension of the community will be limited by the number of its children, and if it has no children, it will become extinct. A practical assurance of this fact, which might have been taken for granted without any experiment, the writer believes to be the net upshot of the eighty experiments which have been made, many of them on a very costly scale. In other words, he believes that the law of success or failure is not a religious law, but an economical law, and one of the most commonplace kind. The utmost that religion or sentiment of any sort has done is to form the original bond of union, and invest the prophet-chief with the necessary power.

If religion could sustain a communistic association, success would have been assured to Hopedale, founded at Milford, Massachusetts, in 1841, by about thirty persons from different parts of that State, under Rev. Adin Ballou. This community was, to use Mr. Noyes' own expression, intensely religious in its ideal. In the words of its founder, it was "a church of Christ, based on a simple declaration of faith in the religion of Jesus Christ, as He taught and exemplified it, according to the Scriptures of the New Testament, and of acknowledged subjection to all the moral obligations of that religion." No person could be a member of it who did.

not cordially assent to that declaration. It was "to afford a beginning, a specimen and a presage of a new and glorious social Christendom—a grand confederation of similar communities—a world ultimately regenerated and Edenized." Nor was a leader wanting, for Mr. Ballou, besides being an ardent enthusiast, was evidently in point of ability no ordinary man. He strove hard for success. He set the example of labour by working, and working hard, with his own hands. We are told that he would sometimes be found exhausted with labour, asleep on the sunny side of a haycock, and that the only recreation he had was occasionally to go out into the neighbourhood and preach a funeral sermon. The result, however, was a total failure, which Mr. Ballou ascribes to the lack or the decline of religious enthusiasm, but which, at all events, assumed a decidedly economical form. Mr. Ballou was superseded as President by Mr. Draper, who, being a sharp business man, and in partnership with a brother outside, sacrificed the interests of the community to those of his firm, got three-fourths of the stock into his own hands, and ultimately compelled Mr. Ballou to wind up.

It was enough to ruin Hopedale that it accepted, among other Christian principles, that of "connubiality," which must have created separate interests and have prevented the accumulation of money, while industry was probably slackened by want of the full stimulus of competition and by reliance on the community. Mr. Draper would not have found it so easy to operate on the stock of the Oneida Community or the Rappites.

There are two great groups of experiments, all failures, which Mr. Noyes characterizes respectively as Owenite and Fourierist, the Owenite Utopias being founded on the principle of Communism, the Fourierist on that of Joint-Stock Association, though the two principles are apt to run into each other, and it is difficult to say exactly to which class any particular experiment belongs.

The two fits of national enthusiasm, however, seem clearly marked. The first commenced with the visit of Robert Owen to the United States, in 1824, the second was brought on twenty years later through the dissemination of Fourierism by Brisbane in Horace Greeley's paper, the *New York Tribune*.

"Robert Owen is a remarkable character. In years nearly seventy-five; in knowledge and experience superabundant; in benevolence of heart transcendental; in honesty without disguise; in philanthropy unlimited; in religion a sceptic; in theology a Pantheist; in metaphysics a necessarian circumstantialist; in morals a universal excusionist; in general conduct a philosophic non-resistant; in socialism a communist; in hope a terrestrial elysianist; in practical business a methodist; in deportment an unequivocal gentleman." Such is the portrait, drawn by the sympathizing hand of a fellow visionary, of the great Social Reformer who was to deliver the world from the monstrous Trinity of man's oppressors—Private or Individual Property, Irrational Religion, and their concomitant, Marriage. Owen had tried organized philanthropy in Scotland: but for Communism he sought a more fitting cradle amidst the wild lands and crude ideas of the new world. He was received with enthusiasm; the Hall of the Representatives at Washington was assigned him as a lecture room, and the President, the President elect, all the Judges of the Supreme Court and a number of the Members of Congress were among his hearers, while the large private fortune which, while he included private property in the trinity of evil, he had not scrupled to retain, furnished him with the means of trying his experiment on the largest and most costly scale. He purchased a fine property of 30,000 acres at Harmony, in Indiana, just vacated by the Rappites, who left behind them good buildings and well cultivated fields, so that "terrestrial elysianism" here escaped the hard-

ships which have proved fatal at once to Utopias founded in the wilderness. Some 800 people were drawn together by the prospect of unbounded happiness. In the course of eighteen months New Harmony had seven successive constitutions. About a year after the foundation, "in consequence of a variety of troubles and disagreements, chiefly relating to the disposal of the property, a great meeting of the whole population was held, and it was decided to form four separate societies, each signing its own contract for such part of the property as it shall purchase, and each managing its own affairs; but to trade with each other by paper money." Mr. Owen had not shown sufficient confidence in his own theory to give up his hold either on the land or on the power. We are told that he was now beginning to make sharp bargains with the independent Communists. "He had lost money, and no doubt he tried to regain some of it, and used such means as he thought would prevent further loss." Yet he chose this time for a solemn re-promulgation of his communistic creed under the title of the *Declaration of Mental Independence*.

"Disagreements and jealousies." "Many persons leaving. The *Gazette* shows how impossible it is for a community of common property to exist, unless the members comprising it have acquired the genuine community character." "Although there was an appearance of increased order and happiness, yet matters were drawing to a close. Owen was selling property to individuals; the greater part of the town was now resolved into individual lots; a grocery was established opposite the tavern; painted sign-boards began to be stuck up on the buildings, pointing out places of manufacture and trade; a sort of wax-figure-and-puppet-show was opened at one end of the boarding-house; and everything was 'getting into the old style.'" It is useless, as Mr. Noyes says, to follow this wreck further. The destructive forces of roguery and whisky seem to have mingled

with the fundamental impracticability of the scheme in bringing on the final catastrophe. Owen complained that he got the wrong sort of people — the dishonest, the intemperate, the idle, the apathetic, the selfish, instead of the honest, the temperate, the industrious, the active-minded and the self-sacrificing. But we should say he got the right sort of people for the purpose of a social reformer who undertakes by the application of his regimen to purge human nature of its vices and transform society. The inventor of a patent medicine might as well complain that he got the sick and not the healthy to operate on. One of the qualifications prescribed by Owen for the members of his community was a conviction of the fact that the character of man is formed for, and not by, himself. The people of New Harmony showed practically that they were fully possessed of this qualification.

Mr. Owen afterwards became a Spiritualist and a believer in Special Providence. If he had been so before, Mr. Noyes seems to think, the result of the experiment at New Harmony would have been different. We will touch on this point hereafter. Here it is important to notice that, whatever may have been his theory, Owen did not attempt any practical innovation on the subject of marriage; at least he did not attempt to annihilate the separate family or to check the propagation of children.

Another great experiment on Mr. Owen's principles was made at Yellow Springs, in Ohio, the present site of Antioch College, the co-educational university, so that there seems to be something radical in the soil. This community consisted of about a hundred families, and included professional men, teachers, merchants, mechanics, farmers, and a few common labourers. "In the first few weeks all entered into the new system with a will. Service was the order of the day. Men who seldom or never before laboured with their hands, devoted themselves to agriculture and the mechanic arts

with a zeal which was always commendable, though not always according to knowledge. Ministers of the Gospel guided the plough; called the swine to their corn instead of sinners to repentance; and let patience have her perfect work over an unruly yoke of oxen. Mercants exchanged the yard-stick for the rake or pitchfork. All appeared to labour cheerfully and for the common weal. Among the women there was even more apparent self-sacrifice. Ladies who had seldom seen the inside of their own kitchens went into that of the common eating-house (formerly a hotel) and made themselves useful among pots and kettles; and refined young ladies, who had all their lives been waited upon, took their turn in waiting upon others at the table. And several times a week all parties who chose, mingled in the social dance in the great dining hall." This continued for three months. Then—"the industrious, the skilful, and the strong saw the products of their labour enjoyed by the ignorant, the unskilled and the improvident; and self-love rose against benevolence. A band of musicians insisted that their brassy harmony was as necessary to the common happiness as bread and meat; and declined to enter the harvest-field or the workshop. A lecturer upon natural science insisted upon talking only, while others worked. Mechanics, whose day's labour brought two dollars into the common stock, insisted that they should in justice work only half as long as the agriculturist, whose day's work brought but one." It is strange that these words should have been written by one who is himself a Communist.

With New Harmony and Yellow Springs, went to "that limbo near the moon" the ghosts of a number of other abortive attempts of the Owenite epoch. The history of the failure in some cases is traced, and it is clear that the result was due to the irresistible action of the economic laws which the projectors had undertaken to supersede; in other cases the end is shrouded in pathetic

silence, but we may be sure that the course of events was essentially the same. It is sad to think of the waste of earnest, perhaps heroic effort, and of the disappointment of generous hopes. Owen had his qualities, but to call him a genius of the first order is preposterous. Genius in art produces high works of imagination; but genius in action does not indulge in impracticable reveries, and cover the world with the wrecks of schemes the failure of which common sense might have foreseen.

That anybody out of Bedlam should have followed Fourier, has always seemed to us one of the most curious facts in the history of opinion. This visionary believed that the grand mistake, and the source of all disorder and misery, was the habit of attempting to restrain our passions, and that by letting them all loose, and giving free play to every kind of propensity and idiosyncrasy, we should produce complete equilibrium and perfect harmony in society. His dream of material felicity included the conversion of the sea-water into lemonade, and the peopling of the ocean with a new race of creatures serviceable to sailors and fishermen, while the lot of landsmen was to be equally improved by a boreal crown. To match this he had a philosophy of history than which wilder nonsense never was penned, even on that seductive theme. Nevertheless, he possessed some sort of electricity which called into activity the Utopian tendencies of other men. About twenty years after the appearance of Owen, the conditions of soil and atmosphere in the United States being then favourable to fungoid growths, a crop of Fourierist *Phalanxes* sprung up like mushrooms, and, like mushrooms, died. The economical reasons of their death are such as commonsense would at once suggest, and are disclosed with almost ludicrous distinctness. "The transition," says Mr. Noyes, always clear-sighted, except with regard to his own peculiar phase of the illusion, "from the compulsory industry of civilization to the volun-

tary, but not yet attractive industry of association, is not favourable to the highest industrial effects. Men who have been accustomed to shirk labour under the feeling that they had poor pay for hard work will not be transformed suddenly into kings of industry by the atmosphere of a Phalanx. There will be more or less loafing, a good deal of exertion unwisely applied, a certain waste of strength in random and unsystematic efforts, and a want of the business-like precision and force which makes every blow tell, and tell in the right place. Under these circumstances many will grow uneasy, at length become discouraged, and, perhaps, prove false to their early love." Mr. Noyes proceeds to say that these are temporary evils and will pass away. They may be suspended by the strong hand of a chief like Mr. Noyes, but they will pass away only with human nature.

The passionate expressions of enthusiasm, the confident belief that under Fourier, "the Columbus of social discovery," the caravels of enterprise were again touching the shore of a new world, the first chilling contact with the inexorable reality, the struggle, sometimes a gallant one, against overmastering fate, the inevitable break-up, the voice of faith trying to rise triumphant over the wreck of hope, are enough to touch any heart less stern than that of an economical Radamanthus. But comedy is mingled with the tragedy. A scene at the opening of the Clermont Phalanx reminds us of one in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. "There were about one hundred and thirty of us. The weather was beautiful, but cold, and the scenery on the river was splendid in its spring dress. The various parties brought their provisions with them, and toward noon the whole of it was collected and spread upon the table by the waiters, for all to have an equal chance. But alas for equality! On the meal being ready, a rush was made into the cabin, and in a few minutes all the seats were filled. In a few minutes more the provisions had

all disappeared, and many persons who were not in the first rush had to go hungry. I lost my dinner that day, but improved the opportunity to observe and criticize the ferocity of the Fourieristic appetite." At Prairie Home there was an Englishman named John Wood who was imperfectly Fourierized. John, having blacked his boots, put away the brushes and blacking. "Out came a Dutchman and looked out for the same utensils. Not seeing them, he asked the Englishman for the 'prushes.' So John brings them out and hands them to him, whereupon the Dutchman marches to the front of the porch, and in wrathful style, with the brushes uplifted in his hand, he addresses the assembled crowd: 'He-ar! lookee he-ar! Do you call dis community? Is dis common property? See he-ar! I ask him for de prushes to placken mine poots, and he give me de prushes and *not give me de placking!*'" Occasionally we catch a glimpse of the form of a speculating Yankee floating like a shark among the flat fish, with no visionary intentions. The members of the communities generally appear to have been honest and loyal to the common cause, but at the end of the Sodus Bay experiment we are told that "each individual helped himself to the movable property, and some decamped in the night, leaving the remains of the Phalanx to be disposed of in any way which the last men might choose."

Fourierism finally staked its existence on the success of the North American Phalanx, which was planted not in the wilderness but near New York City. This community, consisting of only a hundred members of both sexes, starting with a capital of \$28,000, and supported by the dead-lift efforts of the leaders of the school, dragged on its existence for twelve years. But the inevitable did not fail to arrive. "Most of them," says an observer, "are decent sort of people, have few bad qualities and not many good ones, but they are evidently not working for an idea. They make no effort to extend

their principles, and do not build, as a general thing, unless a person wanting to join builds for himself. Under such circumstances the progress of the movement must necessarily be slow, if ever it progress at all. Latterly the number of members and probationers has decreased. They find it necessary to employ hired labourers to develop the resources of the land." The powers of talking, directing others, and grumbling, were found to be possessed in a high degree by those who had little power of work. At meals the best of the food was taken by those who had stayed at home, while "the swinked hedger," coming late from the field and then having to wash, got the worst. Eighteen hundred was Fourier's pet number of members for a Phalanx. The people were asked what would have happened if the North American Phalanx had consisted of that number: they answered that it would have broken up in two years.

Brook Farm stands by itself, and Hawthorne's *Bliithdale Romance* has made it sufficiently familiar to the general reader. It would be an injustice to call it "a pic-nic," or to say that "half the members worked while the other half sketched them from the windows." It was a little Boston Utopia, in which a number of men, afterwards notable in the intellectual world, sowed their philosophic wild oats, and gratified the literary man's fancy for manual labour, sharpening their wits no doubt at the same time by intercourse with each other. If they seriously believed that men trained to work with the brain could, with advantage to themselves or to society, take to working with their hands, they were the victims of a strange illusion. The effective combination of manual with mental labour, as a system, is impracticable. Both draw on the same fund of nervous energy, which, when drained by one sort of labour, is unable to supply the other.

Mr. Noyes is of opinion that among the causes of failure in all these cases, was the

universal propensity to invest in land and engage in the business of farming. Factories, he thinks, are more suitable for communistic experiments. But surely, if the *afflatus* is the decisive thing, the investment ought not to be of so much consequence.

With the principles of common property or associated labour, there mingled in these Utopias all the other chimeras and fanaticisms of the day:—Individual Sovereignty—Labour Exchange—Paper Currency—Transcendentalism—Swedenborgianism—Vegetarianism—Blumerism—Woman's Rights—Anti-domestic-servantism—Spiritualism. Everything impracticable, in short, came to find a place for putting itself in practice outside the conditions of existence. Mr. Noyes traces the connection of Socialism with religious revivals, and shows that people who were preparing their Ascension robes were the unconscious harbingers of the Fourierist movement. The Skeneateles Community had, as one of the articles of its programme, "a disbelief in the rightful existence of all governments built upon physical force," and proclaimed "that they were organized bands of banditti, whose authority was to be disregarded;" that it would not vote under such governments, or petition to them, but "demanded that they should disband;" that it would do no military duty, pay no taxes, sit on no juries, give no testimony in "courts of so-called justice;" that "it would never appeal to the law for a redress of grievances, but use all peaceful and moral means to secure their complete destruction." The relation between the sexes was of course one of the fields for innovation. Robert Dale Owen carried not only the law separating the property of married women from that of their husbands, but the divorce law of Indiana. As a general rule, the mother of all these "notions" was New England, who will have have to take care that she does not become as great a source of mischief to this continent as South Carolina, though in a different way.

The failures we have seen. Now what were the successes, and what was the reason of their success. Was it *afflatus*, or something more commonplace? The list drawn up by Mr. Noyes in 1870, is as follows :

Beizel's Community.—Has lasted one hundred and fifty-six years ; was at one time very rich ; has money at interest yet ; some of its grand old buildings are still standing.

The Shaker Community. — Has lasted ninety-five years. Consists of eighteen large societies, many of them very wealthy.

The Zoar Community.—Fifty-three years old and wealthy.

The Snowberger Community.—Forty-nine years old and "well off."

The Ebenezer Community.—Twenty-three years old, and said to be the largest and richest Community in the United States.

The Janson Community. — Twenty-three years old and wealthy.

The Oneida Community, which is also a commercial success, we omit for the present, undertaking hereafter to show that its case is covered by our induction.

All the communities enumerated are religious. But they are not the only religious communities. Hopedale, as we have said, was religious in the highest degree, and its religion was a better one than that of these ignorant and fanatical little sects. Even the spirit-rapping communities may claim to be placed at least on a level, in the religious scale, with the delirious orgasm of the Shakers. But Hopedale, as we have seen, was strongly Conservative with regard to marriage. That which is at once common to all the successful communities, and peculiar to them, is the rejection of marriage, whereby in the first place they are exempted from the disuniting influence of the separate family ; and in the second place, they are enabled to accumulate wealth in a way which would be impossible if they had children to maintain.

The members of Beizel's Community are strict celibates ; so are the Shakers ; so are

the Rappites ; so are the Snowbergers. The Ebenzers permit marriage "when their guiding spirit consents to it ;" but the parties have to undergo some public mortification ; and the community at its foundation, to meet the difficulties of the struggle, resolved that for a given number of years there should be no increase of their population by births, which resolution was carried into effect. Among the Zoarites, marriage is now permitted. But we are told that at their first organization it was strictly forbidden, not from religious scruple, but as an indispensable matter of economy ; that for years no child was seen within their village ; and that, though the regulation has been removed, the settlement retains much of its old character in this respect. The Jansonists, though they do not forbid marriage, hold that a "life of celibacy is more adapted to develop the life of the inner man." In fact these associations are not so much communistic as monastic, and belong to a class of phenomena already familiar enough to economical history.

The Rappites, a set of enthusiasts who expected the speedy advent of the Millennium, called their first two settlements Harmony. Their third, by a significant change of name, they called Economy. They are not only wealthy, but millionaires of the first order. We are not surprised to learn that they do not proselytize, though converts enough might undoubtedly be found to a doctrine even more extravagant than Rappism, if it were endowed with twenty millions. The Silver Islet Company would be about as likely to desire proselytes. Those who have visited the community report that all its members are advanced in years. The end of Rapp's Millennium is in fact a ton-tine, which will terminate in a Rappite Astor.

We are far from saying that in these cases the religion had nothing to do with the result. It collected and united a body of enthusiasts, whose very fanaticism, being of the coarsest kind, was a guarantee for their belonging to a class accustomed to manual

labour and to submission ; it helped to hold them together through the first struggle for subsistence ; and, what was perhaps the most important point of all, it led them to render implicit obedience to a prophet-chief, who, whether fanatic or impostor, was pretty sure to be an able man. The ascendancy of the prophet-chief is evidently the main-spring of Mormonism, which is also a great material success. But we very much doubt whether even the strong hand of Brigham Young could hold together for a year a Utah combining the separate family and free propagation of children, with community of goods.

The Oneida Community, a visit to which suggested the subject of this paper, was founded in 1847, by the Rev. John Humphrey Noyes, a man whose ability is written on his brow, on the pages of his vigorously-written books, and on the work of his organizing hands. He was, by his own confession, a religious enthusiast of the wildest and most erratic kind. Libertinism he has not confessed, though by loose and sensational versions of his words it has been made to appear that he has done so.* The form of religious enthusiasm in which he ultimately landed was *Perfectionism*. The gist of the Perfectionists' creed, if we rightly comprehend it, is that the second coming of Christ took place in the lifetime of St. John ; that the reign of Law in every sense then finally gave place to that of the Spirit ; that now, the believer united with Christ, and "confessing holiness," is above all ordinances, including the ordinance of marriage, and perfectly free from sin. This sounds like Antinomianism, but we are told that it is only "anti-legality." At all events it is not the professed belief of the Perfectionists that one of their number

cannot do wrong. There is a series of subordinate articles, some of them highly mystical, while others, introducing Spiritualism, have probably been grafted on the religion since its first promulgation. The Bible is implicitly received, though with Perfectionist interpretations. Scepticism is denounced. Much is made of special interpositions of Providence, and of Providential "signals." Form of worship the Perfectionists have none. They only confess Christ before each other, and communicate religious thought in their family gathering. The Sabbath is not distinguished from the week except by cessation from work. This religion is proclaimed to be still the bond of union among the members of the community. They will tell you that they are held together by Father Noyes' love of Christ, and by their love of Father Noyes.

The community at Oneida numbers 201. At Willow Place, on a detached portion of the same domain, are nineteen more ; and there are forty-five in a branch establishment at Wallingford, Connecticut. All these are supposed to constitute one family, with the founder as father. The property is held in common ; there are no separate interests, incomes, or allowances whatever. The several members of the family are presented with such money as they may require from time to time, just as children are furnished with pocket money by their parents, the only restriction being family duty. The other characteristic feature of the system is one which it is difficult to describe in language at once measured and adequately expressive of the feelings of repugnance with which it must be regarded by every one who acknowledges the Christian rule of morals. The marriage tie is totally discarded. The male and female members of the community pair with each other for a time, and for a time only ; not promiscuously, but under the authority of the community, which appears to be guided in regulating these matters partly by the policy of restraining the increase of its

* An incident, however, which is related by Mr. Noyes himself in a recent number of the *Oneida Circular*, and which occurred in 1846, indicates plainly enough that a case of elective affinities was the immediate source of his theory about the relations between the sexes, and of his practical application of that theory in the Oneida Community.

numbers, partly by physical rules connected with what is styled the scientific propagation of children. The initiative is assigned to the woman, who makes it known to the authorities when she is willing to become a mother. She is not permanently wedded to one partner, but may have two or three in succession. So that the "permanence" predicated of Oneida unions, in the *Circular*, must have reference not to the individual parties, but to the family aggregate. The parental relation is not ignored, but it is merged in the community, the children being brought up together as brothers and sisters in common nurseries. There are certain supplementary portions of the system which its inventor is in the habit of bringing without reserve before the public, but over which Christian decency enjoins us to draw a veil. Either the creed of the Oneida Community is true, and Christian marriage, with all that is connected with it, has been abrogated by the Second Advent, or the practice of the Oneida Community is hateful to God and man.

During the early years of the community few children were born to it, though of late, and apparently in connection with the growth of its wealth, the number of births has been allowed to increase. And thus we have again the two familiar and simple conditions of success—exemption from the disuniting influence of the separate family, and the facility for the accumulation of wealth attendant on the absence or paucity of children. Communism, in fine, can be rendered practicable only by a standing defiance of morality and nature.

In the case of the Oneida Community the measure of commercial success has been large. A strong business head has controlled its financial operations as well as its internal economy. The principle that *afflatus* eschews land and delights in factories has been carried into effect with the most gratifying result. The Community owns a farm of 650 acres, highly cultivated,

round its mansion; but its chief investments, and the source of its opulence, are three factories—one of traps, one of silk goods, and one of canned fruit. The trap factory, which seems a singular line of business to be chosen by Perfectionism, is a monument of one of the original members of the Community, who was a trapper and a maker of traps. The canned fruit of Oneida enjoys the highest reputation, and we do not doubt the truth of the assertion that the business might be greatly extended if the Community chose to borrow capital. Manual labour, though not repudiated by members of the Community, as the writer can testify, is now chiefly performed by hired hands, of whom there are about 150 in the factories, besides some negroes employed in the coarser housework. The members of the Community, as a general rule, are now, like other capitalists, the employers and directors of labour. They are apparently good employers, and, in case of any attempt to disturb them on the ground of their defiance of established morality, they feel secure in the attachment of the people around them, many of whom, we are told, are English immigrants. It is a remarkable proof of the confidence of the Community, both in its own cohesiveness and in its ability to face scrutiny, that it has ventured to send several of its young men to the Scientific Department of Yale College, in order to supply itself with the scientific element requisite for its manufacturing purposes.

The mansion is a spacious and handsome range of buildings, fitted up simply, but with every comfort. Its public rooms are a double dining hall, a large parlour, with a stage for the gatherings and amusements of the whole family, and other parlours for the meeting of smaller circles. Round it are well-kept grounds, to which the Community admits neighbours and visitors with a liberality which must somewhat interfere with the purposes of its own enjoyment. With the

charms of green lawns, shady walks, and gay flower-beds, are combined views of a valley, which, in its rich cultivation and the soft outline of the hills surrounding it, reminds the traveller of England. There are croquet grounds, which appear to be in constant use. A few miles off, by the side of a lake, the Community has a hunting-box, called Joppa, to which excursions are frequently made. Pleasure evidently has its due place among the objects of existence, and is organized with care and on a liberal scale. Teams in sufficient number appeared to be at the service of the brethren. Music is much cultivated, and, by a refinement of humanity, the practising room is a separate building, at some distance from the mansion. In winter, intellectual pursuits and self-culture are the order of the day. The writer was told that an old lady had taken up Greek and acquired the power of reading the New Testament in the original tongue.

The library is furnished with books of all kinds, and New York papers are on the table. The Community, however, is politically seclusionist, and its members never vote. Political divisions might disturb the family, though the writer was told that the members were all in spirit New Englanders, and would cast a united Republican vote. They escaped the draft through the error of two officials, each of whom supposed the Community to be in the jurisdiction of the other.

"This reform means trousers," said a female advocate of Woman's Rights the other day in the United States. The ladies of the Oneida Community have adopted the Blumercostume, though in a mitigated form. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, has recorded his opinion that this dress is becoming. He could hardly extend his commendation to the practice of cutting the hair short in male fashion, which is also universal among the Oneida ladies; at least, if he did, we should be unable to agree with him.

Cookery is not delegated to inferior hands, but done by those of the Perfectionists themselves. The fare is simple but most excellent. There appear to be no rigorous ordinances about diet. As a matter of habit and taste, meat is sparingly eaten, but vegetarianism is not enjoined. Stimulants are banished from the board, but the use of them is not morally proscribed; at least they are offered to a guest. Tobacco is denounced by Father Noyes. One of the brethren was living entirely on brown bread and baked apples, at an expense to the Community, as he reckoned, of 12 cents a day. But this was voluntary, and the motive was dietetic. While there is no appearance of luxury, asceticism is equally unknown.

Among the members of the Community are persons of many various social grades and degrees of education—ex-clergymen and ex-lawyers, as well as mechanics; though there must obviously be a limit intellectually to the class disposed to believe in Perfectionism and Father Noyes. If you ask how order and harmony are preserved in so large and so heterogeneous a family, the all-sufficing answer is, through the institution of mutual criticism. Every member of the Community, in turn, is compelled thus to submit himself to the organized influence of social opinion, in order that he may be warned of his social faults and constrained to address himself to their cure. The author of *New America* had the good fortune to witness one of these singular operations, which at that time were performed in the great parlour by the Community at large. But the duty has since been delegated to a Committee of Criticism, which summons before it the person to be criticized, together with those who are most intimate with him and best qualified to point out his defects. It is asserted that the system perfectly answers its purpose, and that at the same time it has the effect of banishing from the Community irregular backbiting and malevolent love of scandal. It may be doubted, perhaps,

whether this or any other gentle instrument of government would work so well if within the velvet glove were not felt the iron hand of Father Noyes, though the members of the Community speak with confidence of the self-sustaining power of the system, and profess to look forward without fear to a demise of the paternal crown.

To preserve the unity of the family, all the members are assembled for an hour every evening in the great parlour. Matters of interest to the whole Community are then brought forward and discussed, correspondence is read, sympathy is expressed with the sick, professions of religious sentiment are exchanged. To give the assembly a domestic air, three or four tables were disposed over the room with groups of women at work around them. But it would not do. The assembly was not a family circle: it was a meeting, though a meeting of people agreed in conviction, and well acquainted with each other. In the very unanimity of opinion and sentiment there was an undomestic ring. In the same manner the repasts in the common hall lack the character of a family meal. Dinner is a *table d'hôte*, at which those who partake of it do not even sit down together, but separately, each when he pleases, between certain hours, just as they do in a hotel. And this was the general impression made on the writer by what he saw of Oneida. He felt that all the time he was in a great hotel, an hotel where people boarded all the year round, and were on friendly terms with each other, but still an hotel and not a home. Mention has been already made of the departure from the original institution of family criticism, and the delegation to a committee of the function, once performed by the Community at large. This is obviously a symptom of disintegration, while the necessity under which the committee finds itself of summoning special witnesses proves that within the great circle of the Community inner social circles are formed. In fact, without

some miraculous enlargement of the range of human affections, it is absurd to talk of forming a family of two hundred people. They may be under the same paternal despotism, but they can be a family in no other sense of the term. To preserve the domestic unity of the three establishments, Oneida, Willow Place and Wallingford, will be still more beyond human power.

The children, as has been already said, are regarded as children of the Community, and are brought up together on that footing. The mother is allowed to take part in nursing them as much as she pleases, but she is not required to do more. Undeniably they are a fine, healthy-looking, merry set of infants. But we need not jump from this fact to a conclusion in favour of Scientific Propagation, and all its repulsive incidents. The Oneida children are reared under conditions of exceptional advantage, which could not fail to secure health to the offspring of any but positively diseased parents, whose union no coarse intervention of Anthropological science is needed to forbid. The nurseries, with everything about them, are beautiful. Large play-rooms are provided for exercise in winter. The nurses are not hirelings, but members of the Community who voluntarily undertake the office. Every precaution is taken against the danger of infection. A simple and wholesome dietary is enforced, and no mother or grandmother is permitted to ruin digestion and temper, by administering first a poison from the confectioner's, and then another poison from the druggist's. Lessons may perhaps be learned from the nurseries of the Oneida Community, but not the lesson for which the Community cites a long roll of the hierophants of science, that it is good in human unions to disregard, or treat as secondary, the selective instinct of affection, and to breed human beings as we breed horses or swine.

It is by no means surprising that the Perfectionists should not be anxious to make proselytes to the possession of the Oneida

estate, and the three flourishing factories upon it, any more than the Rappites are anxious to make proselytes to their millions. We read in the *Circular*, under the head of Admissions:

These communities are constantly receiving applications for admission which they have to reject. It is difficult to state in any brief way all their reasons for thus limiting their numbers; but some of them are these: 1. The parent Community at Oneida is full. Its buildings are adapted to a certain number, and it wants no more. 2. The Branch-Communities, though they have not attained the normal size, have as many members as they can well accommodate, and must grow in numbers only as they grow in capital and buildings. 3. The kind of men and women who are likely to make the Communities grow, *spiritually and financially*, are scarce, and have to be sifted out slowly and cautiously. It should be distinctly understood that these Communities are not asylums for pleasure-seekers or persons who merely want a home and a living. They will receive only those who are very much in earnest in religion. They have already done their full share of labor in criticising and working over raw recruits, and intend hereafter to devote themselves to other jobs (a plenty of which they have on hand), receiving only such members as seem likely to help and not hinder their work. As candidates for Communism multiply, it is obvious that they cannot all settle at Oneida and Wallingford. Other communities must be formed: and the best way for earnest disciples generally is to work and wait, till the Spirit of Pentecost shall come on their neighbors, and give them communities right where they are."

It appears that from a pretty early period regard was had to "financial" as well as to "spiritual" qualifications; for the amount of property brought in by members of the community and its branches up to 1857 was, according to the *Handbook*, \$107,000. This, and cheapness of living in common must of course be taken into account in estimating the commercial success of the community, and tracing it to its real source.

That the Oneida community, or any one of the group to which it belongs, has solved any great problem for humanity, or even tried any experiment of general interest, the writer sees not the slightest ground for believing. Of course nothing which involves

celibacy can be extended beyond a few circles of fanatics, such as the monks in former days, or the Shakers in ours; and the abolition of the family is, except within the same narrow limit, equally impracticable as well as utterly revolting. In addition to which, such a mode of living as that adopted by the Oneida community, and essential to the application of their principles, is wholly at variance with the general conditions of industrial life. Close to the mansion of the community runs a railroad on which they ship their goods, and which is necessary to their subsistence. Can they imagine it possible to organize the life of the people employed upon that railroad after the model of their own? They send some of their goods across the ocean. Do they think that the sailors who carry those goods can be gathered with their families into a communistic home?

There is at Brooklin, on the Southern shore of Lake Erie, another community which has attracted notice from numbering among its members an Englishman of some distinction, Mr. Lawrence Oliphant. About this association little is known, even among the people at Oneida, whose curiosity it naturally excites. But it appears to be not a counterpart of Oneida, but a small group of householders living under the presidency of Mr. Harris, the prophet of a religion akin to Swedenborgianism, and entrusting their property to his hands. So long as that property holds out, the community may of course continue to exist without impugning any of the received laws of political economy, or introducing any new principle into the world.

It is true that there may be points worthy the attention of the social pathologist in connection with the tendencies which have called these strange structures into existence, though the subject is too extensive to be discussed at the close of this paper. Among the impelling motives have evidently been the discomfort and the waste attendant on the domestic economy of our

separate households, which advancing civilization will surely teach us in some degree to mitigate. Another motive is the desire of escaping from the gloom and dullness of excessive family isolation into more mixed and more cheerful society. The family is the centre of happiness; but at the same time a man and woman can rarely be so gifted as, after the honeymoon, to be absolutely sufficient for each other. The writer of this paper was once the guest of a friend residing in the neighbourhood of London, and in the middle of a district of suburban villas. On his noticing the number of houses bespeaking opulence which was visible on every side, his friend replied, "Yes, and you would suppose there was a great deal of good society here. There is absolutely none. It is impossible to bring these families together for any social purpose whatever. The man goes up to his place of business in London every morning; stays there till he returns home for dinner, then reads the newspaper the rest of the evening. For two months in each summer the family goes to a watering-place where it lives in a private lodging by itself. That is the whole existence of these people." A dreary and a truncated sort of existence it is. Unfortunately it is not confined to the suburbs of London. We need in Canada as much as anywhere, to be taught the art of preserving the happiness of the family by supplementing it with the enjoyments of more general society in a cheap and reasonable way.

Communism, in a certain sense, was no doubt the original condition of mankind; at least tribal not private ownership of land is

the rule of primæval history: and probably this union of interest served an important purpose in the foundation of primitive States. A temporary communism has also played a memorable part in the commencement of great religious or social enterprises. The first preachers of Christianity for a time had all things in common, and so had the founders of New England. Monachism was also communistic, and partly in virtue of its detachment from the ties and cares of property, it was able to perform a mighty work in the conversion of the Barbarians, and the foundation of Christian civilization. Besides these limited instances, extensive though vague manifestations of the communistic sentiment have generally attended the great crises of history, such as the Reformation, and the English and French Revolutions. It is difficult to believe that such yearnings of humanity, though premature and abortive, are without any significance. "Property has its duties as well as its rights," is a sentiment, the distinct expression of what is comparatively of recent date. It may perhaps gain force and ascendancy till, in the course of ages, property is virtually merged in social duty. The saying of the Greek dramatist, as to the Omnipotence of time, has acquired new meaning from the late revelations of science and historical philosophy. But the attempts of American Socialists at once to transmute humanity by founding Utopias, have all come to nothing. For the present, the only seat of communism, and the proper sphere of the communistic sentiment, is the family, if the Woman's Right party will only have the wisdom to let it alone.

A DIRGE FOR THE DYING SUMMER.

A LAS ! for the summer dying,
 Fading so fast away ;
 There is sadness blent with the brooding light
 Of the sunny autumn day !

For the winter is hastening onward
 On wings that are all too fleet,
 And the bright-hued flowers are shedding fast
 Their blossoms at our feet.

The dahlia, in robes of velvet,
 So queenly and so rare,
 The asters' many-tinted rays
 That glow through the golden air ;

We scarce can greet them gladly,
 For they presage the fading year—
 The death of a world of joyous life,
 And the winter—dark and drear !

Alas ! for our short-lived summer !
 For it seems but a few short days
 Since the trees burst forth into fresh young
 leaves,
 And the birds sang their wedding lays :—

Since the rose-flushed apple-blossoms
 Clustered thick on the orchard trees,
 And the humming-bird fed at the lilac bloom
 That perfumed the summer breeze ;—

Since the glowing heart of the rosebud
 Was opening, fold on fold ;
Now the apple hangs, ripe, o'er the orchard
 wall,
 And the maples are flecked with gold.

The earth hath its autumn glory ;
 But it seemeth all too soon

For the summer sunshine to pass away,
 And the light of the summer moon ;—

The rosy and purple sunset,
 The incense-laden night,
 The fresh, bright morning's balmy breath,
 And the noon steeped in quivering light ;—

The sparkle of dancing waters,
 The gleams through the glancing leaves,
 The hum of the bee, and the clover scent,
 And the twitter beneath the eaves ;

All gone ! So the heart dreams sadly,—
 Yet wherefore shouldst thou repine—
 When the Love that guides the seasons' course
 Is a higher love than thine ?

A higher love, and a wiser,
 Bids the summer come and go,
 And the same hand that loosens the blossoms
 now
 Shall banish the winter's snow !

In the daily round of duty
 Lose sight of the present pain,
 And look with a calm and hopeful heart,
 For the spring that shall come again.

And so, when the heart's bright summer
 Is clouded by storm and strife,
 And mist and darkness are closing fast
 Round the winter of our life—

We may look through the dreary shadows.
 Through the tempest and the gloom,
 To the light of a spring that is ever green.
 And a summer of fadeless bloom !

FIDELIS.

THE LAND OF THE PYGMIES.*

THE age of geographical discovery will soon have passed. During the last quarter of a century nearly one-half of Africa has been explored for the first time, and it is extremely probable that we shall be familiar with what remains before the expiration of another twenty-five years. When Africa has been explored and the transit of Australia has been effected, what will remain for the geographical discoverer except a few nooks and corners of the world and the inaccessible poles? The age of our grandchildren will be denied the excitement of reading the accounts of travels over virgin tracts, garnished with wondrous illustrations drawn from life by the writer, or from fancy by his London artist. Then, every river will have been traced to its source; every mountain range will be figured in the atlas of the world, and our descendants, escaping from the inclement winters of northern latitudes, will, bent on pleasure, steam up rivers with barbarous names, take pot-luck in the country of the cannibals, and scratch their vulgar names, *more Anglorum*, on the rocks at the summits of the Mountains of the Moon. A few more mysteries will have been explained—the romance of geography will be gone. The advance of knowledge is fatal to the mysterious and the romantic—

"Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
There was an awful rainbow once in heaven;
We know her woof, her texture; she is given
In the dull catalogue of common things.
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
Emptify the haunted air and gnomed mine."

* The Heart of Africa: Thirty Years' Travels and Adventures in Central Africa, from 1868 to 1871. By Dr. Georg Schweinfurth. New York: Harper Bros., Publishers. 1874.

And she will also deprive Africa of that entrancing interest which we feel in what is only half known.

But let us enjoy the present, when every two or three years brings us a new account of hair-breadth escapes, of dusky tribes hitherto unknown, ruled by savage kings, of mighty rivers rolling no one knows whither, of broad lakes whose outlet baffles discovery, of remarkable plants, of fierce animals, of the strange manners of strange men, who in a fertile country maintain a precarious existence on the produce of a rude agriculture and the flesh of all kinds of invertebrate and vertebrate animals, not even excepting man. Such an account has just been published, under the title of "The Heart of Africa," by Dr. Georg Schweinfurth, a German botanist, sent out by the Humboldt Institution of Natural Philosophy and Travels, to explore the country traversed by the western affluents of the Nile.

Unlike most great rivers, the Nile receives no affluents near its mouth. You have to travel about twelve degrees up its eastern, and about twenty up its western bank, before coming to any considerable branch of its mighty stream. The first eastern affluents rise in Abyssinia; the western affluents rise in the little known country which lies south of Darfoor, and north of Cazenbe and the valley of the Lualaba, in exploring which Livingstone spent the last years of his life. This section of the country has for its eastern boundary the Nile and the Albert Nyanza. From it the unexplored country extends north-west to the neighbourhood of Lake Tsad, west to the Niger, south-west to Loanda, and south to the Zambesi. Livingstone's latest travels just invade the eastern limit of this vast block of unknown territory. The extreme

southern point reached by Schweinfurth was the capital of Munza, a Monbuttoo King, between 3° and 4° north latitude, and between 28° and 29° east of Greenwich, about two hundred miles west of the mouth of the Albert Nyanza of Sir Samuel Baker, about eight hundred miles north of Cazembe, and about five hundred miles north of the point reached by Livingstone in June, 1871. The extreme western point reached by Schweinfurth was about 26° W. in the country of Darfertret, between 7° and 8° north latitude, and about seven hundred miles from Lake Tsad, S.S.W. of the capital of Munza. About 2° north of the Equator, and about 4° west of the Albert Nyanza, lies the Land of the Pygmies. If Livingstone had been able to persevere on his northern course in the year 1871, he would have passed directly through their country.

Dr. Schweinfurth's qualifications for travelling in Africa have never been surpassed, and rarely equalled. He is, in the first place, a thoroughly educated man, being a graduate of the University of Berlin. He is an ardent botanist, and possesses a fair knowledge of the other physical sciences. He is a master of the Arabic language, which is for the traveller in northern Africa as useful as French in Europe. He is a fair shot and an accomplished draughtsman, and finished on the spot many of the numerous sketches which embellish his volumes. In other works of travel the sketches have been generally touched up by some artist in Europe. Schweinfurth was able to dispense with such assistance, and in consequence his illustrations are both reliable and beautiful. Add to this that he was so thoroughly acclimatized that he never once during his three years' absence had an attack of fever, and that he possesses a more than ordinary share of industry and patience, and you have some idea of his fitness to encounter the hardships and to investigate the geography of Central Africa. Of his more than German perseverance the following anecdote furnishes a

good illustration :—When, on account of the loss of his watches, he was unable to note the time employed in marching from place to place, and in consequence unable to estimate the distance travelled, he actually resorted to the plan of counting his footsteps, and persevered in it till his return to Europe, or for a period of six months. During this time he counted no less than a million and a quarter steps.

To what extent Schweinfurth possesses the mingled courage and tact, the Ulysses-like combination of fortitude and astuteness which has been displayed in a pre-eminent degree by many of his predecessors, the circumstances under which he carried out his explorations prevent us from discovering. He made his investigations under the protection of two ivory merchants of Khartoom on the upper Nile. These men, types of a class of traders who, stimulated by the European demand for ivory, send annual expeditions into the pagan country to procure it, appear to have afforded Schweinfurth every protection against human enemies. To a certain extent these merchants resemble our own Hudson Bay Company, and the other fur-trading companies of North America. Each ivory-trader, though at Khartoom a subject of the Sultan of Turkey, is in the interior an independent prince, with possessions limited only by his ability to maintain soldiers. At different points in his district there are garrisoned trading-posts, which are visited annually or less frequently by a caravan of troops. In the train of this caravan follow a host of bearers, supplied by the subjugated tribes, who carry merchandise to the trading-posts, and ivory from them. The caravan obtains supplies of provisions, and sometimes slaves, by forays on hostile tribes. As might be expected, the different ivory-traders are not on the most friendly terms, and skirmishes and robberies frequently occur.

Mohammed-Abou, Sammat, and Ghattas, under whose protection Schweinfurth travel-

led, had their landing-place on the Gazelle River, a considerable western feeder of the Nile. There several companies combined in order to proceed to the south. Each company displayed its own banner, but on all the banners alike were certain passages from the Koran, relating to the conquest of unbelievers. The whole caravan, numbering five hundred men, two hundred of whom were armed, marched for six days through the territories of the Dinka, a hostile tribe which maintains large numbers of cattle. These they never kill, but they eat them when they die from any cause. The cattle belong to the Zebu race, and are remarkably characterized by an entire absence of fat.

Beyond the Dinka they passed successively through the countries occupied by the Dyoor, Bongo and Miltoo tribes, which are in subjection to the ivory dealers. Beyond the country of the Bongo lies the land of the Landey or Niam-niam, an independent race. Their native name is Landey, but the Nubians call them Niam-niam, an onomatopœic word, signifying "eaters," on account of their liking for human flesh. They are honourably distinguished from the surrounding nations by the chastity of their women and the conjugal affection of their men. Though they pay some attention to agricultural pursuits, they are expert hunters, and sell annually large quantities of ivory. Schweinfurth is inclined to set them down as related to the Fan tribes of the west coast, who resemble them in the mode of dressing their hair and in their cannibal propensities.

To the south of the Niam-niam lies the country occupied by the Monbuttoo nation, over a section of which King Munza rules. His capital lies to the south of the great river Welle, which rises in the Blue Mountains, seen by Sir Samuel Baker on the west coast of the Albert Nyanza, and flows to the west-northwest. The Monbuttoo, though cannibals, are much more civilized than any other tribe visited by Schweinfurth. They devote themselves to the cultivation of the

soil, and the country supports a dense population. They are expert workers in iron, clay and wood, and their king maintains a state and ceremonial unknown to the petty monarchs of other tribes. About five per cent. of the population have light hair, and present other signs of albinism. The Monbuttoo approach the Semitic races in the form of their skulls, and Dr. Schweinfurth is inclined to regard them as allied to the Fulbe or Fellatas, a conquering race of Central Africa. The Fulbe are believed to be of eastern origin, but, as a conquering race, they have spread from the sources of the Niger eastward. The Monbuttoo possess considerable architectural ability. The hall of the king's palace is 150 feet long, 60 wide, and 50 high.

In one of those characteristic sentences into which the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire delights to compress the results of his extensive reading, he classes the Pygmies with the Centaurs, the Satyrs and the headless men, as mere creations of the imagination of the ancients to fill the void in their knowledge of tropical lands. "The ancients, who had a very faint and imperfect knowledge of the great peninsula of Africa, were sometimes tempted to believe that the torrid zone must ever remain destitute of inhabitants; and they sometimes amused their fancy by filling the vacant space with headless men, or rather monsters; with horned and cloven-footed satyrs; with fabulous centaurs, and with human pygmies, who waged a bold and doubtful warfare against the cranes." Gibbon's incredulity was excusable, but whatever we may think of the Centaurs, the Satyrs, and men whose eyes were on their breasts, we are compelled by the discoveries of recent travellers to admit that the belief of antiquity in the Pygmies had for its basis a solid foundation of fact.

The word Pygmy, which is Greek in origin, is derived from a noun denoting a measure of length equivalent to the distance between the elbow and knuckles. The Pygmies are first mentioned in the third book of the Iliad,

by Homer, who likens the noise caused by the motion of the Trojan host to that arising from the flight of the cranes, migrating at the approach of winter, towards the streams of the ocean, bearing slaughter and fate to the Pygmæan men; but whether he uses the term in its literal signification or in its derived meaning of dwarfish, it is impossible to tell. They are afterwards mentioned by Herodotus, Aristotle, Pliny, Strabo, and some of the classical poets. They are variously placed in India, in Arabia, and at the sources of the Nile; they are described as three spans high, and as dwelling in houses built of mud, feathers and egg-shells. According to other accounts, they dwelt in holes in the ground, and in harvest-time felled their corn with hatchets, as ordinary men would cut down trees. "Every spring their cavalry, mounted on rams and goats, marched in battle array" to attack the nests of the cranes and destroy their eggs. Such are some of the tales which tickled the fancy and excited the wonder of the ancient Greeks and Romans.

It is needless to observe that in these stories the generation has done its accustomed work. The Pygmy, as revealed to us by recent travellers, is nearer three than one cubit in height, and wars not with cranes but with elephants. Yet he is a sufficiently remarkable being. That portions of the African continent should be occupied by tribes of uniformly diminutive stature and peculiar features, is an ethnological fact of the highest importance.

Of the accounts of these Pygmies, that given by Schweinfurth is by far the most complete. Krapf, who saw one on the eastern coast indeed, ascertained that a tribe of them, called Doko, dwelt between Abyssinia and the Equator, at about 3° north latitude. On the western side of the continent Du Chaillu discovered a tribe called Olongo, in the territory of the Ashango, near the Equator. He describes them as averaging about 4 feet 7 inches in height, as not ill-shaped, and as having skins of a pale yellow-brown,

somewhat lighter than their neighbours. But Schweinfurth not only saw them but measured them, executed drawings of them, and succeeded in taking, half-way down the Nile on the way to Europe, a young pygmy, who unfortunately became ill and died at Berber in Nubia.

Schweinfurth never visited the country of the Akka, which is the name these Pygmies give themselves. But a portion of the Akka are subject to Munza, the Monbuttoo king, and he, desirous of enhancing the splendour of his court by the addition of natural curiosities, had compelled several families of Pygmies to settle at his capital. Some of these Schweinfurth saw, and he also saw on one occasion a troop of several hundred Pygmy warriors, who accompanied the king's brother on his return with the booty obtained by a successful campaign against a hostile tribe. The Akka whom he measured appear to have varied in height from 4 feet 7 inches to 4 feet 10 inches. Their hair is woolly and they are beardless. They are very much bent at the shoulders; their necks are weak and thin; their heads large; the skull is almost spherical, and has a deep indentation at the base of the nose. Both jaws protrude excessively, and, as the chin is not prominent, the result is a snout-like projection. The ears are very large. The arms are lanky. The upper portion of the chest is flat and contracted, but the belly is protuberant. The spinal curve is very marked, and the feet are turned inwards. On the contrary, the hands are elegantly shaped. The mouth gapes, and the continual changes of expression which play on their countenances, the twitching of the eye brows, the rapid gestures with the hands and feet while talking, the incessant wagging and nodding of the head, all combine to give them a grotesque appearance, and to make them the source of infinite amusement.

The Akka are a nation of hunters. Their only domestic animals are poultry. Nsewne, the pygmy whom Schweinfurth attempted to

bring to Europe, was always fond of torturing animals, and took a special pleasure in throwing arrows at the dogs by night. His pronunciation was inarticulate, and he was markedly deficient in the power of acquiring languages, being in this respect very different from Africans of other tribes.

The ethnological relations of many of the African tribes are very complex and exceedingly difficult to decipher. This could not fail to be the case in a country in which tribe is continually supplanting tribe, and in which the intermixture of blood arising from this cause is still further complicated by the practice of purchasing female slaves for wives, and by the conversions to the Mohammedan religion. For in that portion of Africa lying between the Equator and 20° north latitude, and extending from the east to the west coast, which is sometimes called the Soudan and sometimes Nigritia, Mohammedanism is a progressive religion. Though as compared with European culture the Mohammedan culture of the interior of Africa is utter barbarism, to the negro it is the symbol of advancement, order, commerce, and the arts. The Moslem kingdoms of Central Africa, utterly contemptible as we should consider their organization, are yet in this respect infinitely superior to the negro kingdoms which have not borrowed from them. In some portions of the Soudan there is a large admixture of Arab and Moorish blood, and a knowledge of the Arab language is widely spread. The conquering Fulbe or Fellatas, who founded the kingdom of Sockatoo, to the west of Bornou, and at one time threatened to overrun the whole of Soudan, are considered by the traveller Barth to be of mixed Arab, Negro, and Berber blood. As far as the evidence of language goes, it proves the original negro inhabitants of the whole of Nigritia to be more or less closely related. They all speak branches of what is known as the Nubio-Libyan family of languages. To this uniformity it is probable that the language of the Pygmies will prove

an exception. Dr. Schweinfurth was so unfortunate as to lose by fire his notes on their language, but as the Pygmies are so distinct physically, it is probable that they are distinct linguistically. All the evidence in our possession points to the conclusion that they are the remnants of an aboriginal race, which has been unable to maintain a successful struggle for existence against the taller and stronger African tribes. The Bushmen of Southern Africa, whose average height, according to Gustav Fritsch, is 4 feet 8½ inches, and who resemble the Akka in other particulars, appear to be another remnant of the same autochthonous people. The existence of four different races of Pygmies then has been discovered, namely, the Bushmen, the Doko of Eastern Africa, the Obongo of Western Africa, and the Akka of the interior. Their distribution seems to show that at one time they may have occupied the whole of Equatorial and Southern Africa. Indeed, if the account given by Herodotus is to be believed, they once inhabited the northern part of the Soudan. According to the story related by him, some Nassamonians having directed their course westward, when crossing the Sahara, "at length discovered some trees growing in a plain; these they approached, and seeing fruit upon them, they gathered it. Whilst they were thus employed some men of dwarfish stature came where they were, seized their persons, and carried them away. They were mutually ignorant of each other's language, but the Nassamonians were conducted over many marshy grounds to a city, in which all the inhabitants were of the same diminutive appearance, and of a black colour. The city was washed by a great river which flowed from west to east, and abounded in crocodiles."

This description appears to suit the Niger, but the statement is too indefinite to render it worth while to discuss the question what stream is meant. It seems reasonable, however, to conclude that the whole of Africa

south of the Sahara was at some remote epoch overspread by races of diminutive stature, and that the title, Land of the Pygmies, as applied to Africa, is no misnomer. But if the Pygmies were the autochthones of the *greater* part of Africa, whence came the Negroes? To this question history affords no answer. The Egyptian monuments inform us that at the very dawn of civilization in the Valley of the Nile there were Negroes in the country to the south. Perhaps the Upper Valley of the Nile was the original home of the Negro race. This view receives support from the traditions of many of the tribes on the West Coast who believe that their ancestors came from the North-east; but on this, as on the relations of the true Negroes to the Caffres and Hottentots, it is at present useless to speculate. As our information about the Africans of the interior and their languages increases, we may be able to resolve some of these knotty problems.

As was to be expected, Dr. Schweinfurth's incidental notes on the Botany of the districts he visited are replete with interest and information. Most remarkable is the ambatch, distinguished for the unexampled lightness of its wood. "Only by taking it into his hands could anyone believe that it were possible for one man to lift on his shoulders a raft made large enough to carry eight people on the water." The ambatch tree grows in the water in clumps, and as the roots do not attach themselves very firmly to the soil, the clumps frequently break away and float off to become attached elsewhere. These clumps, if numerous in a particular locality, stop the drifting grass and other things carried down by the river, and thus originate the famous grass barriers which impede the navigation of the Upper Nile. These barriers seem to persist in one place for years, and the floating islands of plants of various kinds, anchored more or less securely to the bottom of the stream by roots or by the tangled river weeds, attain such solidity as to support the weight of herds of

oxen. El Sett, the great grass barrier of the Nile, is many miles long, and as the channels through it are continually shifting, they are a source of great perplexity to navigators. In this grass barrier and in the upper waters of the Nile, grows the papyrus, from which the ancient Egyptians made paper, and from the name of which, indeed, our word paper comes. It is an enormous grassy plant, belonging to the sedge family, and attains a height of fifteen feet. Strange to say it is now never found in Egypt.

Tobacco is universally cultivated and used throughout Africa. There are two species of it, the Virginian tobacco, which has unquestionably been introduced from America, and *Nicotiana rustica*, which Dr. Schweinfurth is inclined to regard as a native of Africa as well as America. It is interesting to note that the latter species was cultivated by the aborigines of Canada, and that it may now frequently be found growing wild about the sites of ancient Indian villages. Dr. Schweinfurth is inclined to conjecture that the Negroes smoked the *Nicotiana rustica*, or some other plant, long before the discovery of America, and that the existence of the practice facilitated the spread of the Virginian weed. Whatever may be thought of that theory, it is certain that the number and variety of pipes invented by the Negroes are marvellous. Each nation or tribe has its own peculiar contrivance. The Dinka have pipe-bowls of such a size, and pipes in every way so ponderous, that they are obliged to sit down while they smoke. A small calabash, filled with baste to denarcotize the smoke, is employed for a mouthpiece, and at times the baste serves a double purpose, as in seasons of scarcity the Dinka remove and chew it. The Bongo likewise make use of baste, but it is placed in the mouth of the smoker, and when a pipe is passed around, the lump of baste goes with it. This tribe is exceedingly addicted to smoking, in illustration of which Schweinfurth tells that on one of his marches a Bongo man had in-

dulged to such excess that he fell senseless into a camp-fire, and was so severely burnt that his companions had to carry him on a litter for the remainder of the journey. They also chew, and have the disgusting habit of carrying their quid over the ear in the intervals during which it is not in use. The Niam-niam smoke clay pipes which have no stems, but are simply elongated bowls. King Munza's pipe had, on the contrary, an iron stem six feet long. The lower end of this tube was plugged up, and in an opening near it a slave placed as often as necessary a plantain leaf twisted up and filled with tobacco. It will interest smokers to learn that Schweinfurth states that this contrivance modified the rankness of the tobacco almost as perfectly as if it had been inhaled through the water-reservoir of a narghileh. Though smoking is universal among the Negroes, chewing is confined to the Mohammedans and those races that have been brought under Mohammedan influence.

The principal building material in the Monbuttoo country is the leaf-stalk of the wine-palm. The leaves of this tree attain the extraordinary length of from twenty-five to thirty-five feet, and the midrib of the leaf is both light and strong. The Monbuttoo cultivate the sugar-cane, but do not express the juice or turn it to account in any way except to chew it. Schweinfurth introduced and cultivated in the Bongo country the tomato, which previously was entirely unknown in these regions. His perpetual excursions in search of plants excited the wonder of the natives, who embodied the theory by which they accounted for them in the name of Leaf-eater, which they applied to the traveller. The opinion of the natives was that he came from a country entirely destitute of vegetation, and that in his botanical rambles he retired to out-of-the-way places to gratify unseen his passion for vegetable food.

Among travellers, Schweinfurth is entitled to high distinction as a lover of dogs. From the beginning to the end of his journey, he

seems to have had around him one or more dogs. He obtained the Pygmy whom he attempted to carry to Europe from the Monbuttoo King in exchange for a dog. A German dog, brought from Berlin by the traveller, less fortunate than his master, succumbed to the climate of the Bongo country. He appears to have been soon replaced by a native. The hair on the neck and back of the Bongo dogs bristles like that of an angry cat at every provocation; and they are never buried by their masters, because they fear that to do so would prevent the fall of rain. The Niam-niam possess a peculiar breed of dogs which they kill and eat. Schweinfurth succeeded in bringing one of these as far as Alexandria, where it leapt from a two-story window and was killed.

Schweinfurth's principal addition to our knowledge of the physical geography of Africa is the discovery of the river Welle. This river, which, it is inferred, rises in the Blue Mountains west of the Albert Nyanza, flows west through the Monbuttoo country. It can apparently prove to be one of only three streams. It may flow directly west across the continent, and thus prove to be the Benuwe of Barth, and the eastern branch of the Niger. It may flow North-west into the Shang, which empties into Lake Tsad, or it may curve round to the east and empty into the Nile. Of these hypotheses, Schweinfurth rejects the third, because the Welle conveys more water than any western affluent of the Nile, and the first because it would be difficult to account for the size of the Shang if so large a portion of the country which it appears to drain were cut off. The interior of Africa seems to manifest little diversity in its geology, the same ferruginous rock underlying the districts traversed by Schweinfurth as was noticed by Du Chaillu in the Gorilla country. From this rock iron is extracted, and from this various implements and ornaments are manufactured, some of which serve as the medium of exchange.

Schweinfurth's expectations of the extinction of the slave-trade are not sanguine. He reports that Sir Samuel Baker's expedition has simply diverted the trade into another channel, the slaves now being taken across the desert instead of down the Nile. He paints a dreadful picture of Moslem barbarity, and comes to the reasonable conclusion that the slave-trade cannot be stopped until slavery is abolished in Egypt. That would involve a great social and religious change. Slavery is recognized by the Koran, and he who will abolish slavery in a Mohammedan country must face the opposition excited by religious fanaticism as well as that arising from motives of self-interest.

The elevation of humanity is a tedious process, and perhaps Mohammedanism has done nearly all the work that it is capable of doing in the world. The slave-trade of Central Africa is atrocious, and the treatment of the Pagan Negroes by the Moslems is likewise atrocious. But ill-treatment of the inferior race seems, sad to say, always to follow bringing into contact two races differing markedly in civilization. The history of the treatment of the Indians of this continent by the Anglo-Saxons has chapters in it that rival in darkness the worst reports that have been made of the method of proceeding in the Soudan. To put an end to the slave-trade involves the establishment of a protectorate over nearly the whole of Africa, and any nation may well pause before undertaking so gigantic a task. At no distant date that task will be forced on some nation—probably on that nation which, twice within a decade, has felt herself compelled to defend her honour and maintain the respect due to her flag by expeditions into the inland parts

of the continent. As missionaries and traders force their way into the heart of Africa, cases will continually occur showing the absolute want of some authority capable of enforcing obedience to law, and sooner or later intervention will follow. So far, we think, we can clearly see into the realm of the future, but by no straining of our vision can we catch a glimpse of what is beyond. Whether the descendants of the Negroes, who are savages so improvident that on that fertile soil they suffer from famine once a year, or the imported labour of the Chinese, will cultivate the cane and the cotton plant in the rich alluvium of the great rivers in the years that are to come, we cannot foretell. But they will be cultivated; the crowding and jostling populations of the world demand it. The material improvement and physical progress which the present age almost deifies, will extend to Africa. There will probably also be moral and intellectual progress. But though we cannot regret the abolition of slavery which will follow the advance of civilization, that advance will have other consequences of a less pleasing character. Not only are many noble animals doomed to extinction, but the inferior races of men. The same fate awaits the lion, the gorilla, and the Pygmy. In the case of the Pygmies, indeed, the advent of the white man will only accelerate a destruction which was already inevitable. Instead of the slow operation of the struggle for existence with the negro races, will be substituted the speedy effects of the vices and diseases of Europeans. The path of advancing civilization may be traced backwards by the mangled remains of the victims crushed beneath the wheels of her chariot.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

THE declarations against the Reciprocity Treaty in the United States have been so many and so strong that its opponents are hardly premature in numbering it with the dead. We will not say that we shall deplore the rejection of this particular treaty, because our manufacturers, who ought to be the best judges of their own interest, are convinced that they would suffer by it, and we cannot concur with those who treat the manufacturers as a petty fraction of the community to be sacrificed without hesitation to the wishes of the rest. Such a policy would, besides its present injustice, involve a very shortsighted renunciation of the probable development of Canadian manufactures in the future. But we shall deplore even a temporary defeat of the principle of Reciprocity. It is impossible to doubt that Canada suffers, as every country in similar circumstances has suffered, by commercial severance from the continent of which, commercially speaking, she is and cannot help being a part. No distant market can possibly make up to her for the loss of that which is close at hand. She is in the condition of Scotland before its commercial union with England. The Scotch were not wanting in energy, intelligence or enterprise; but the Customs line at the Border kept them in a state of poverty which, as soon as the barrier was removed, gave place to one of rapidly-increasing wealth. The same result would follow in Canada if, the fiscal barrier between us and the rest of the continent being removed, trade were relieved of its shackles, and capital allowed to flow freely through all the veins of the commercial frame. To reciprocity in the exchange of natural products there can absolutely be no objection, except those which are raised by mere party feeling against particular negotiators, or by a blind and passionate antipathy to intercourse with our neighbours. But it seems incredible that even our manufacturers could fail to be gainers by admission to the largest and dearest market of the world. The difficulty, so far as that part of the matter is concerned, lies in our imperfect control over our own affairs, and our necessary incompetence to negotiate in our own interest alone. It was preposterous to suppose that Mr. Brown, whose powers as a negotiator were entirely derived from Downing Street, would be suffered to frame a treaty without regard to the commercial interest of England; and it was almost equally vain to hope that the American Senate would recognize our Colonial obligations and permit us to make our territory a postern door for the introduction into the States of the goods of our mother country. Commercial union with political independence is the relation between Canada and the United States which it should be the aim of Canadian statesmen to bring about. Both elements of it are good for both nations, and Mr. Blake is quite right in saying that the better sense of the American people has renounced any idea of forcing us into the Union. The policy of our Government was sound. Whether its diplomacy was the best conceivable is a question, the answer to which depends on circumstances at present imperfectly disclosed. With its choice of a negotiator no fault can be found, except in respect of the opposition which his name was sure to raise, and which his treatment, as a journalist, of interests threatened by his Treaty, was not likely to allay. That the honour of the country was betrayed by taking the initiative, instead of leaving the Americans

to make the first overture, can only be alleged by those whose eagerness to throw a stone at the Government makes them forget the institutions under which we live. How could the American Government, without loss of self-respect, or, indeed, without impertinence, open negotiations with the municipal government of a dependency which has no international existence.

Ultramontanism in Quebec has been vomiting fire and smoke, perhaps more smoke than fire, through all its craters in the press, against the Supreme Court of the Province for reversing the decision of Judge Routhier in favour of pulpit immunity from law. We use the phrase advisedly. Where there is no established church, the immunity must be conceded, if at all, not to the priest of any particular church, but to everything calling itself a pulpit. Every preacher, of whatsoever denomination, must be allowed to draw around himself a wizard's circle of privilege which the law may not overstep, and within which he will be at liberty to commit any enormity in the way of personal denunciation that fanaticism may suggest. No doubt the Ultramontanes intended the doctrine for their own special benefit; but if it is valid, it is as good for any street preacher as for them. That it is not valid has been declared by the Judges of the Court of Appeal in language which has the true ring of Law speaking as the guardian of Civil Freedom.

This rebuke, however, will not arrest the tide of Ultramontane ascendancy which appears to be steadily rising in Quebec. In his own sphere, the Jesuit has all the influence of the day upon his side. Of the *Syllabus* and the *Encyclical* he is the true embodiment; and since the Lateran Council, the *Syllabus* and the *Encyclical* are the animating spirit of the Church of Rome, National Catholicism, the quiet offspring of the Gallican Liberties, and of the security of a by-gone day, can make no head against the

fierce spasm of centralization with which Rome gathers all her forces together for her last struggle against the advancing forces of science and modern civilization. Monstrous as the doctrine of Papal Infallibility is, it was dictated by a true instinct of self-preservation. Completely to suppress free thought within, and to present the perfect unity of an absolute dictatorship to foes without, is the only policy in which Rome can find the slightest hope of victory. Therefore the National element among the French Catholics of Quebec will perish; so will every modification of Catholicism which has in it any trace of Liberalism, of allegiance to the State, of deference for Reason. All will share the fate of Lamennais, which was near being that of Montalembert also. Liberalism in Quebec will be reduced to the party stigmatized by the name of *Rouge*, though in reality it is perfectly free from the ultra-revolutionary tendencies which are connected with that sinister name in France. Even with the *Rouges* it is likely to go hard for the British Conservatives, on political grounds, cast in their lot with the Ultramontanes, and the Grits are too much embarrassed by their connections with the Roman Catholics in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, to act as Liberals in support of what is pre-eminently the Liberal cause. The National party in Ontario is young; but if it should gain strength it would be the natural antagonist of the foreign Jesuit as well as of all other anti-national influences, and being entangled in no liaisons, it might be expected frankly to hold out its hand to the sorely-pressed defenders of civil and religious liberty in Quebec.

It was natural that the National Club, or any young society desirous of commencing its life under the auspices of patriotism and honour, should invite Mr. Blake to lay the first stone of its dwelling. For, whether his opinions are right or wrong, it is certain that by his general conduct and bearing he has

done much to lend dignity and interest to our politics, and to save public life among us from becoming, what in such communities as ours it is too apt to become, a trade infested by low adventurers and shunned by the better class of men. But if the invitation was natural, the refusal was judicious. Acceptance, besides compromising Mr. Blake himself, would have created false expectations of political activity on the part of the Club, which at present can serve at most only as a centre of independent opinion. The first stone was laid privately; but the opportunity was not allowed to slip of healing any incipient division in the Liberal party by pouring a torrent of contumely upon people who at all events had so far assumed no attitude of hostility. It is something to possess any accomplishment in the highest perfection; but perhaps of all accomplishments the one least to be coveted by a political leader is that of converting with unparalleled rapidity, friends into neutrals, and neutrals into enemies.

It is possible that by his speech at Aurora Mr. Blake may have partly intended to counteract, in the interest of his party, the fatal talisman of its chief, and to show that within the verge of Liberalism there was still room for some freedom of thought. In that case it is a little ungrateful to sneer at his remarks on the value of a national spirit as "the chirrup of a self-constituted prophet," especially as similar remarks, when made by a person of quality, had been received with profound respect. But it is more likely that he was simply giving way to his natural tendency, as an independent leader of opinion, to cast aside the petty squabbles of the party fray, and give his views on some of the more important questions of the immediate future. Among those on which he touched, the reform of the Senate is perhaps the most likely to assume a practical shape. Nobody can doubt that a nominee Senate has proved a nullity for all good purposes, while there is in it a lurking possibility of

mischief in case, after being packed by a party Minister during a long tenure of power, it should attempt to act in concert with him against the existing majority in the other House. There is literally no limit to the capacity of mankind for being fooled by names: in the United States the slave-owning oligarchy long drew after it the populace of the Northern cities by calling itself Democratic. Yet it is hardly possible that any Canadian should be blind to the fact that the Crown has no more to do with the appointments to our Senate than the Grand Llama. They are absolutely in the hands of a party leader, and what use a party leader will make of them has been demonstrated by too conclusive experience. It is a further reason for change that we might thereby prolong the lives of some of the most respected of our citizens, who in their venerable age are needlessly dragged to Ottawa to keep up their privilege of sitting among gilded furniture, which we would all gladly allow them to enjoy at home. Our own opinion, founded on the experience of Europe as to the Bicameral system in the case of ordinary legislatures, has already been expressed. But the example of the United States proves that, in the case of a Federal legislature, a Senate elected by the Assemblies of the several States may be invested with real authority. This is what Mr. Blake proposes, and it seems to us far better than any other method of election. There are only two things to be borne in mind; first, that when Conservatism is specially represented by an Upper House, the Lower House is apt to think itself licensed to be as reckless in its demagogism as it pleases; and secondly, that to form the Upper House, the best elements must almost inevitably be subtracted from the Lower. Were we at liberty to frame a constitution according to our own ideas, we should perhaps incline to a single Federal Assembly elected by the Provincial Legislatures, those Legislatures being themselves elected, under the most liberal

system of suffrage, by the people. It appears to us that such institutions would be at once rationally Conservative and adequately expressive of the national will. But taking things as they are, we hope that the next session will see the commencement of a practical movement in the direction proposed by Mr. Blake.

The representation of minorities, which Mr. Blake also proposes, is much in vogue, and holds a place among the Conservative reforms which are being gradually adopted by the wisdom of the people in the United States. We confess that our observation of its working in England leaves our opinion at present in suspense. Among other consequences, probably unforeseen, the system has the effect of preventing contests, and to such an extent as to render it possible that the balance of opinion may completely change, and yet the minority not rouse itself to struggle for a second seat, while on the other hand, the minority may dwindle to a shadow before the majority makes up its mind to face the risk and trouble of giving battle for the whole representation. The holder of a minority seat invariably tries to square the election. So that the representation of minorities might interfere with the perfect expression of national opinion, the end which compulsory voting—another of Mr. Blake's reforms—is intended to attain. It is also to be observed that the representative of a minority is nailed to his seat, which he cannot vacate, except at a general election, without handing it over to the majority. In England he cannot take office or a peerage: he could not take office or a senatorship here.

On the other hand, it is possible that the representation of minorities, by conferring a nomination here and there upon some small but specially enlightened section of a constituency, might indirectly mitigate a malady incident to representative institutions which threatens seriously to impair the character of elective legislatures, and to unfit them for

the higher work of legislation. We mean the malady of localism, to which the constituencies in the United States have entirely succumbed, and of which we may expect to see an increasing development in our own Parliamentary elections, there being no question before the people at large great enough to neutralize local influences and prevent the representation from being engrossed by the personal ambition of local men. The effects of the system, carried to an extreme, as it is in the United States, are so calamitous, that no pains ought to be spared in endeavouring to preserve a national element in our representation. Some have proposed to substitute the national system of election altogether for the local. But this would divorce the legislature too much from the soil; and the plan requires on the part of the masses an acquaintance with the merits of public men which they can hardly be expected to possess. It is easier to point out the evil and prove its magnitude than to devise a cure; but any palliation will be welcome.

That portion of Mr. Blake's speech in which he advocates the encouragement of a national spirit will be echoed by more hearts than lips. If four millions lack, as he says, British freedom in the management of their foreign affairs, they also, from what cause it would be difficult to say, lack something of British sturdiness in the expression of individual opinion; and in the sentences to which we refer, Mr. Blake has not fashion on his side. He is told, indeed, that his exhortations are superfluous, the national sentiment being strong enough already; but that which is only superfluous does not scare people out of their courtesy and discretion. Those who took an active part in reducing the political authority of the Crown in the Colonies to a shadow are hardly at liberty to persecute others for proposing to introduce self-government into the diplomatic sphere.

We can understand the feelings of a good

old Tory who pines for the Family Compact, and thinks that a colony ought to be just what it was in the reign of George III. ; but it is not so easy to understand the attitude on this subject of some who call themselves Liberals.

Imperial Confederation, to which Mr. Blake seems to incline, is a subject on which we have said what we had to say, and now stand aside from the debate. We only desire to see the question brought to a practical issue by those who believe in the possibility of Confederation. But the great objection to the plan now is that, while it is advocated with earnestness, we might almost say with passion, and while very ignominious motives are sometimes imputed to those who do not see their way to its adoption, no human being has taken or seems inclined to take a single step towards its practical realization. A better opportunity than this for bringing the question forward in the British Parliament has never presented itself, nor is so good an opportunity likely to present itself again. In Europe reigns a peace which is probably a calm between two storms ; all is harmony between the Mother Country and the Colonies ; the party favourable to Imperial aggrandizement is in possession of power in England with a majority sufficient to carry any measure it may adopt. Mr. Disraeli, the great dealer in Imperial sentiment, is Prime Minister, the Duke of Manchester is in the Lords, and Mr. Jenkins, clothed with the additional authority of Canadian Ambassador, is in the Commons. Now is the time to move, if you really believe in your theory ; and if you do not really believe in your theory, now is the time to say so, and let us try some other way of securing for ourselves "our full share in the privileges and responsibilities of Britons."

The fact is that British statesmen, as a rule, are at heart total disbelievers in the assumption on which Imperial Confederation or any plan implying that Canada is a self-sustaining power, and capable of compacts

or alliances with another power, must rest. The secret creed of almost every one of them, with regard to this country, is that disclosed in Mr. Brodrick's letter to the *London Times*—Loyalty while it will last and afterwards Annexation. They are willing enough to prolong the period of Loyalty indefinitely, and in the meantime to gratify us with official sentiment to the top of our bent ; but to talk of our independent existence in any form, whether as an associate of England in the powers of a United Empire, or as a separate nation, they at heart regard as absurd. If any one doubts that such is the real state of their minds, let him privately cross-examine them on the subject, and begin with the first of them that comes to hand.

The ruling class, however, in England, generally will at this moment be found by Imperial Confederationists in the most propitious mood. Elated by its victory at home, the aristocracy begins once more to cherish the almost abandoned hope of propagating itself in the Colonies and making them outworks of Privilege instead of pioneers of Equality. A recent writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, under the title "Colonial Distinctions," gives expression to what we have no doubt is a prevailing sentiment by repeating the old dictum that the Americans would never have revolted if they had been endowed with an aristocracy and an established church, and by proposing, in pursuance of the lesson taught by that experience, to institute a titled and privileged order in the Colonies. He says nothing definitely about an established church, but he would probably find that the author of the dictum about the Americans was in the right, and that it would be requisite to make the reign of Privilege complete by carrying it into the religious as well as the social and political sphere. A plan which he cites and seems to regard with complacency is that of a certain Mr. Wentworth, an Australian politician. The crown is to create a certain number of baronets, attaching to baronetcies seats in the Upper

House of Parliament, and empowering them if we understand the scheme rightly, thereafter to elect their own colleagues, so that they would form an entirely separate and exclusive order, with political privileges more invidious even than those of the English peerage, which is not self-elected, but nominated by a Minister who is himself supposed to represent the majority of the nation. The nominations are not to be intrusted to the Prime Minister of the Colony, because, it seems, he would be apt to be influenced by party motives, from which it is serenely assumed that British Prime Ministers are free, though about the first use which the present Conservative Premier made of his prerogative was to confer a baronetcy on the notorious electioneering agent of the Party. Behind the proposal to put a privileged order over our heads, of course lies a project for the introduction of primogeniture and entail, without which hereditary aristocracy cannot exist, and for reducing the Canadian freeholder, on the land which his own hands has redeemed from the wilderness, to the servile condition of the English tenant-at-will.

The type of a colony which lurks in the mind of every true Briton, and colours all his ideas about us and his plans for our welfare, is Botany Bay. He thinks that the presence of a British man of rank, as Governor, maintains among us some kind of order and decency, though on a very precarious footing and in a lamentably imperfect way. He would be much astonished, and probably not a little scandalized, if he were told that the foundations of social order are at least as strong, that property is at least as secure, that as much confidence is felt in the soundness of institutions, that the future is at least as unclouded by any fear of coming trouble in this country as it is in one where the dreadful extremes of wealth and poverty confront each other in a sullen attitude of mutual suspicion, and where a great standing army is a condition of political security, with the presence of

which the ruling class could not venture to dispense for an hour. Under what image does the poet of aristocracy paint the social security which Privilege bestows? Under that of a man asleep, with a lion all the time creeping nearer to its prey.

"Blue for uniforms is absurd," said the British footman when he saw a French regiment without the familiar scarlet, "except in the Artillery and the Horse Guards Blue." John Bull cannot imagine society being held together without Rouge-dragon and the Beefeaters. Talk to him of diffused possession of property, of the general interest of citizens in the stability of government and in the welfare of the country, of the influence of the great employers and organizers of labour, of that of the churches, the universities, the learned and scientific professions, of all those conservative forces the operation of which we feel every hour; he will admit, perhaps, that these things may mitigate anarchy or stave it off for a time; but anarchy he is persuaded there must be without Rouge-dragon and the Beefeaters. Moral, intellectual, commercial authority may be good things when nothing better is to be had; but they are not the best things; they are not the authority of "the tenth transmitter of a foolish face," squandering hereditary wealth at the gambling-table or on the race-course. Perhaps we ourselves contribute in some degree to the illusion, for we are rather apt to ascribe what is good in our own political condition to venerable relics, instead of ascribing it to the living forces to which it is really due, and learning to develop those forces to the utmost of our power.

If it is to improve our manners that an aristocracy is to be set over us, perhaps we are not the best judges of the extent to which such schooling is required. Probably we have few persons among us qualified for the office of Master of the Ceremonies, or capable of performing the feat of walking backwards for a quarter of a mile before

Royalty, which is said to have been performed by the Lord Chamberlain at the opening of the Exhibition of 1851. But, after all, the best manners are those which are the reflection, in the outward bearing, of an unselfish heart, and an habitual regard for the comfort and for the feelings of others ; and if anybody thinks that a kindly Canadian farmer or mechanic is not, in this sense, as well-mannered as the British plutocrat with a handle to his name, especially the younger members of the caste, the experience of a day's journey on an English railway will probably be sufficient to modify his opinion. No doubt fustian is too apt to take its revenge on broadcloth here for kicks received in the old world. This is unpleasant, and naturally stimulates colonial toryism, which we take to be in great measure, not so much a theory of the public good as a personal desire of more observance and respect. But a wise man will pardon the rudeness which is really directed, not against him, but against the squire and parson over the water, and by steadfastly observing the rule of courtesy himself, do what in him lies to preach it to his generation. Courage ! Even in manners we need not despair of arriving some day at the level of Lord Dundreary, and Lord Dundreary is by no means the lowest specimen of his caste.

If, again, the object is to raise the standard of honour among our public men, we will not say that improvement is needless, but we will say that we doubt whether the institution of a shoddy baronetage would effect it. Last year witnessed a very severe trial of the public morality of the Canadian people. Through that trial the nation fought its own way unschooled and unprompted, save by its own sense of right ; it worked out its own salvation, without assistance from any aristocratic monitor, or from any quarter whatever. But the voice of aristocratic morality was heard. It was heard deriding the just indignation of our people, and preaching a political cynicism such as would scarcely

be avowed by the lowest demagogue in the United States. It would be irreverent to suppose that the moral standard of baronets would be higher than that of a duke.

We do not much apprehend that a plan involving the introduction of primogeniture and entail, if not that of an established church, will ever be carried into effect. But there is another proposal, which, ludicrous as it sounds, is rather more feasible. It has been suggested that the younger and more needy members of the English aristocracy should come out to the Colonies as social carpet-baggers, if we may be pardoned the bluntness of the expression. To wheedle a *jeunesse dorée* into exchanging its salons, clubs and race-courses for the dulness, discomfort and vulgarity of colonial existence would probably be no easy task, even if a promise of colonial heiresses without limit were added to that of social domination. Ouida, whose description of the class which she adores is not a very great exaggeration, paints one of her heroes, a Guardsman too, as taking a bath well dashed with eau de cologne to purify himself after a slight contact with the common people. But if the scheme did take effect, it is too probable that our untitled Canadian youth would have a bad time of it for at least one generation. In the days when the British officers constituted a sort of aristocracy here, the young native civilian found himself socially set aside, in favour, sometimes, of a soldier and a gentleman, and sometimes of one who was neither. Still more certainly would he be set aside in favour of a title, though its wearer might be a libertine or a Yahoo. To the power of Finkeyism there are almost no bounds. Nor would the feelings of the slighted plebeian be spared ; for the insolence of the old aristocracy, being tempered by high breeding, was tolerable compared with that of the coroneted soap-boiler of the present day. There would be no help for it. The young Canadian merchant would have to look lower for his society and for his bride. The

Canadian statesman would find himself turned out of his seat in Parliament by a sprig of nobility. The social observer would stand aside, comforting himself with the reflection that fashions change, that even crinoline went out, and that our grandchildren might perhaps become aware of the fact that the real successor of the old nobility of arms and law is the nobility of industry, science, character, and beneficence, not that of idleness and eau de cologne. "God fulfils Himself in many ways." So far as we can see, Providence has done with the genuine Normans, and has no need of the Brummagem counterfeits.

If any one accuses us of overrating the influence of factitious rank, we might refer him to an article in a professional journal which lies before us. There is a professional man in one of our cities (names are immaterial) whose scientific eminence and moral worth combined obtain for him, in unstinted measure, the only kind of homage which a man of sense desires. Nor is there the least reason for supposing that he himself wishes for anything more. But his friends think that their love and respect for him would be increased if he could only be made a knight. So they openly solicit for him a title which would lose all its value, if it had any, by being granted, not spontaneously, but in compliance with a petition. To any one accustomed to view these questions in the light of history, the tail of a Darwinian monkey would seem as suitable a decoration for a man of science as a military honour of the Middle Ages. The prayer of the professional writer is, however, warmly supported by a political journal, and one of the first rank, which, in the course of its remarks, congratulates Canadians on having at length "forced themselves on the notice of their fellow-citizens in England." In common life, how stands the character of a man who forces himself on the notice of other people, and what is the value of the recognition which he receives? The journal to which we refer is

Conservative; but it was in Liberal columns that we read some time ago a paragraph about some Canadian works of art, which are stated to be good in themselves but to possess a *special* interest, as having attracted the attention of an English nobleman of the highest rank. Mr. Blake's exhortation to cultivate nationality was declared to be needless, because nationality was visible and had been read by the Governor-General on the countenances of our people and the aspect of our fields. We own that we shall feel more sure of its existence when Canadian eminence is satisfied with Canadian distinction.

A rumour—to which we should not allude if we believed it to be merely a rumour—has gone abroad of a projected agreement between some active members of the two parties, for the mutual withdrawal of the petition against the election of Sir John Macdonald at Kingston, and that against the election of Mr. O'Donohoe in East Toronto. Nothing more profoundly corrupt than such a compact could be imagined. It would involve at once the endorsement of bribery in your own party, the condonation of it in your opponent's, the deliberate introduction of two false votes into the Legislature, and an infamous fraud upon the two constituencies. A man detected in such an intrigue would richly deserve disfranchisement for life. Legislation against corruption would be a useful employment of the moral energies of the country, if the result were to be a corruptionist clearing-house! Yet, we repeat, there was ground for the report; and, if we are not misinformed, it was from the Party of Purity that the overture came. That the member for East Toronto should be regarded as an equivalent for the leader of the Opposition, seems strange; but an explanation may perhaps be found in the ticklish relations of the Ministerialists with their Roman Catholic allies. A lurid light is cast by this incident not only upon party purity, but upon

the pretended differences of principle on which the two parties are based. The two old aristocratic parties in England were once compared to two shops, ostensibly rivals, and each drawing custom to itself by clamorous denunciation of the other, but when both became bankrupt, discovered to be the same concern. We have suggested an explanation of the willingness of certain Ministerialists to allow the leader of the Opposition to retain his seat. But there are already slight symptoms of a change of policy which would furnish a more direct motive, and we shall not be surprised to see these symptoms multiply in the future. Upon the minds of some Ministerialists at all events, the great fact has begun to dawn that the other party will remain incurably weak so long as the late Prime Minister retains his place in the House of Commons.

The report of Mr. Brydges on the Intercolonial Railway, is clear, terse and strong, like everything that comes from his pen. If literary merit called for notice in a practical document, we should call it the perfection of a business style. It can hardly be said, perhaps, to convict the late Government of actual corruption. But it does convict them of the needless multiplication of appointments, for the gratification of political partisans, and of connivance at very great abuse of patronage, as well as of general neglect of the public interest, and reckless waste of public money. Indeed if the name of corruption is applicable to any thing which does not involve illicit gain on the part of the Ministers themselves, we can hardly abstain from affixing it to the practices disclosed in such sentences as the following :—

“ But I must very strongly indeed press upon your attention one indispensable condition, if the line is to be worked successfully, and without loss to the country.

“ I allude to the severance of all interference from political patronage. That has been the main cause of a very great redundancy of staff, and the employment of many incompetent men.

“ When roadmasters, for instance, know that they owe their places to political influence, and believe that they can be retained, regardless of their efficiency, by such influences, the head of their department has no control over them.

“ The same cause has foisted upon the line incompetent cashiers, too many paymasters, an incompetent storekeeper, costing the government many thousands of dollars annually, duplicate establishments for repairs, an unnecessary staff of clerks, as at St. John, and a useless staff of assistant engineers.

“ It has also put a useless class of men as station-masters on the new central district, and is clearly involving the risk of considerable deficiencies in their accounts. Men have come to me whilst on the line, to point out their political influence as reasons why they should be promoted. I have not heard them speak of their efficiency as reasons for advancement.

“ The system is a most vicious one, and can only end, if not put a stop to, in a constant lavish and increasing expenditure, and a most inefficient system of carrying on the business of the railway.

“ It must not be forgotten that the men employed on a railway have both the lives and property of the public entrusted to them— perfect discipline and control must be established and maintained, if the greatest dangers are not to be encountered.

“ Railway working requires intelligence and knowledge, and in fact as a rule the best men of the country are needed for it.

“ Now the members for the different counties claim the right, because the railway belongs to the Government, to nominate men to all vacancies that may arise, and to have a certain number of appointments to give away.

“ Those nominations cannot be because the applicants are fitted for the places, but are based upon past or prospective political support.

“ Mr. Carroll fairly claims that much of the state of things I have detailed in this report is due to the political system, and to the men that have been forced upon him for political reasons. To a certain extent it is true; and I cannot too strongly urge that the staff of the railway shall be appointed and maintained upon the merits and fitness of the men, and not upon political considerations.

“ It only requires the system I advocate to be properly established, to ensure great and prompt reforms in all departments of the service.”

Everybody, except the members for the counties on the line of the Intercolonial, will agree with Mr. Brydges as to the expediency of adopting his system, if it were possible to do so. But we fear he is advising us to put salt on the bird's tail. At least if he

means to effect his reform, he must go a good deal deeper. We shall never be tired of repeating that where there are no great questions at issue, parties can be held together, and party government carried on only by the use of patronage, while the use of patronage for party purposes infallibly tends to the evils which Mr. Brydges deplures. That under the present holders of power in the Dominion and Ontario, things are as bad as they were under their predecessors, we will not say: we do not doubt that when they came into office their intentions were very good. But we greatly doubt whether, with a tribe of partisans, and such partisans as the election trials have unmasked, dunning them for the price of venal support, they will be able to carry their good intentions into effect. To suppose that political influence has, since the change, ceased to tamper with public institutions, would unfortunately be a great mistake.

The Department of Marine and Fisheries under the late Government was admirably administered: this all admit. But daily disclosures prove that the administration generally was neglected by the chiefs, abandoned to predatory underlings, and reduced to a very bad state. The chiefs had no time or energy to spare for the public service: they were entirely absorbed in the management of the party. And shuffle the political cards as often as you will, while the system remains the same, such will be the practical result. If we are charged with being visionary in these and similar remarks, we beg leave to say that while we have pointed out the evils of the party system in a country where there are no differences of principle, and exposed, as we venture to think, the fallacy of the arguments by which it is defended, we have never expressed the slightest expectation of seeing it abandoned. A man, when he says that a cobra is a noxious reptile, does not show himself to be a visionary; but he shows himself a visionary if he expects that the cobra will be killed by a

snake-worshipping Hindoo. People will read Mr. Brydges' report and say to themselves that only the salutary influence of party can obviate this corruption; though every line tells them that of all this corruption, party, and nothing but party, was the cause.

As to the possibility of working the Intercolonial Railway with profit, or without loss, Mr. Brydges has views which, we own, we are not sanguine enough to share. This Railway is not a commercial undertaking; it is a political line, and as a political line it will have to be worked, with due regard to economy of course, but without any expectation of profit, except in an indirect way, as the line may be generally beneficial to the country. It must be classed with lighthouses and arsenals, not with roads built to pay interest on stock.

There is likely to be a large expenditure on public works in the coming years, and the position of the Minister of Works, exposed to the pressure of political jobbers, will be far from enviable if he is an honest man, as we believe the present Minister of Works to be. He will have to be careful how he allows independent support to be estranged from him by the tyrannical violence of narrow partisans. Integrity will not bend to a yoke, but it will stand by you in a storm, and it has not yet lost its hold upon the people. The time, however, is not distant when, however reluctant people may be to face general questions, the relation between Public Works and party government will force itself upon the attention of the country, and we shall be compelled, under penalty of the most serious consequences to our political system, to devise some means of placing Public Works, like Public Justice, in skilled and trustworthy hands.

In commenting on *The Queen v. Patteson*, we are happily able to remove all personal elements from the case by substituting the name of the *Mail* for that of the defendant,

whose affidavit shows that he was not personally responsible for the libel, and that he met the action merely as the representative of the journal of which he is the manager. It would, indeed, be something worse than a scandal if a high-bred and cultivated gentleman had been convicted of doing such work for a faction with his own hands. It is not so clear that the name of the private prosecutor should be substituted for that of the Queen. More than an advocate's animus was displayed by the Ministerialist lawyer who conducted the prosecution, and it can scarcely have been without the cognizance of the Attorney-General that an extreme use was made of the powers of the Crown. The peremptory challenge of eleven jurymen could have no object but that of producing a jury politically favourable to the accuser; nor has the Government organ, in defending the proceedings generally, attempted to explain this portion of them, or to disconnect it from the party feelings which were excited by the trial. The prosecution would, perhaps, say that, party entering into everything, and everybody on the panel being a partisan of one side or the other, the only choice was between a jury packed in favour of the accuser and a jury packed in favour of the accused. An excellent opportunity is afforded to the champions of party government for a dissertation on the salutary influence of the system in connection with our judicial institutions. It seems that, after all the challenging, there still remained in the box a single jurymen who had once given a Conservative vote, and on him the hopes of the defence reposed. But either he had changed his party or he failed to display a constancy equal to that of his British compeer, who, before entering the box, said to the accused, "Mr. Blank, sir, don't you be afraid. I've jist bought a new pair of leather breeches, and I'll sit a hole in 'em before I find against ye."

With the question as to the exercise of the Crown's right of challenge, some others have

been reserved for the decision of a superior tribunal. Among them is that relating to the power of the Judge, under Lord Campbell's Act, to instruct the jury with regard to the libellous character of the statement in question, the defence contending that he is authorized to instruct only with regard to the bare fact of publication. The name of Lord Campbell recalls to our memory the well-known figure of an astute advocate, a learned Judge, the most inaccurate of biographers, and the greatest lover of popularity in his day. The law of libel was a subject in dealing with which his weakness would be apt to come into play. This part of the English law has perhaps not been unaffected by the special circumstances under which it was moulded, and which were those of a fierce political struggle waged in the Courts between an arbitrary Government, alarmed by the spread of seditious opinions, and the forensic champions of popular right. Justice, and the interest of innocence exposed to the attack of libellers, require that the judge, if unbiased, should be allowed to give the jury all the instruction, whether as to the fact of publication, or as to the character of the statement, which may be necessary to guide them to a right decision. A common jury is an unsatisfactory tribunal, at best, for the trial of a case of libel. Twelve plain men may be competent to decide a plain question of fact, but they may be very incompetent to decide an issue which generally requires superior intelligence and sometimes considerable fineness of moral perception, as well as a confirmed insensibility to clap-trap, which to the mind of the impannelled rustic is as fresh as to the first hearers of the Iliad was the first invocation of the Muse. Commonly speaking, the practical result is a game of billiards between two advocates, whose comparative skill, combined with the chances of the panel, decides into which pocket the ball shall roll. The only security for reasonable verdicts is the corrective influence of the

judge. If this is to be cancelled, and the most effective, or the last piece of clap-trap uttered by an advocate is to be allowed to carry the day, the supreme authority of the jury in libel cases will, no doubt, remain a conventional palladium of liberty and an excellent theme for declamation; but justice, which seems the main object, will hardly fare better in a British court than in that of a Spanish Alcalde or a Turkish Cadi. Our judges are not the mere nominees of the Crown; nor have they, like the English judges in the time of George III., a rotten-borough Parliament to support them in their encroachments upon public right. They are thoroughly responsible to the nation, and any authority which is conducive to the practical object of judicial institutions may safely be entrusted to their hands.

We do not mean to say that the verdict in *The Queen v. Patteson* was, in itself, contrary to justice. Supposing it to be obtained by the proper means, we are satisfied that it was such as public morality required. We are not concerned, even if we felt that liberty, to reopen the discussion as to the personal history of the prosecutor, who will not be again found in the service of a Canadian Government. But it was distinctly proved that the motive for publishing the charge against him was not the public service, but the service of a faction; and to the service of a faction we can permit no man's character to be sacrificed, not though he be the humblest, not even though he be the worst of mankind. That the object of the *Mail* in ruining a man who had done it no wrong was to injure a political opponent, would have been conclusive, as it seems to us, with the most impartial jury in the world. The badness of the motive being proved, the truth or falsehood of the charge was a secondary, and indeed hardly a relevant consideration. A sense of duty may require the press to expose the untrustworthiness of a person who has been placed in an office of public trust; but we may be sure that the same

sense of duty will ensure a cautious investigation of the charge, and will make its influence apparent in the calm and deliberate character of the publication. In the present case no reader of the journal could question the veracity of its manager when he said that all it wanted was to "pitch into Mr. McKellar," who, we may remark in passing, is a notable example of the manner in which indiscriminate and incessant "pitching in" defeats its own object by rendering the public incredulous or careless of the real delinquencies of a public man.

We cannot allow ourselves to be hurried by the turbid eloquence of the counsel for the prosecution into a general sympathy with wandering adventurers. As a rule an honest man will be found in a steady calling. Nor have we unlimited confidence in moral conversions, by whatever means accomplished. It was said of a philanthropic Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland who, to encourage the reformatory system, had taken ticket-of-leave men into his service, that he would wake up some morning and find himself the only spoon in Dublin Castle. Yet it is true that when a man has really scrambled out of the gutter, policy as well as humanity forbids us to thrust him back into it. Where the basis of the character is not very bad, prosperity may produce respectability. A brand from the burning must always be closely watched; but it is not necessary always to confront him with his antecedents, and to close against him the door of every reputable employment. Besides, a sound and comprehensive morality will distinguish, among the shifts to which people in need of bread resort, those which are merely low from those which are positively criminal; and in every case will look to the reality and not to conventional opinion. Not all the walks of life which are equally objectionable are equally condemned by society. Scuttling ships to defraud the Insurance Company is no doubt an occupation out of the common beat; but some of the imputa-

tions cast by the defendant in this case upon the plaintiff, if true, would not be worse than that of prostituting a public journal, as too many journalists have done, to the service of unscrupulous and malignant politicians. It is a mitigation, not an aggravation of the offences of the social Arab that he has never been trained to walk among honourable men in the paths of honour.

Into this scrape and some others of the same kind, the *Mail* has been betrayed by the same temper, or the same influence which has led it to depart generally from its programme, and thereby to disappoint the hopes of its friends and of the public. Its appearance was welcomed by us, and not by us alone, from an independent point of view. We knew that it must be a party journal, and to that extent our interest in it might be diminished. But the party system exists, and while it exists we have to make the best of it. The best can be made of it only by having two parties pretty equally balanced, and represented by journals of equal power. Ontario, and even the Dominion, was threatened with a newspaper despotism of the narrowest and most oppressive kind, and from this the *Mail* apparently came to save us. Its programme led us to believe that it would not be the mere tool of a political clique, but a good general newspaper, and on this basis its founder's not only appealed to the public, but, if we are rightly informed, obtained subscriptions. It promised to be not more but less narrow in its partizanship than its rival, not lower but higher in its tone, not more but less addicted to personalities, not more but less the organ of a tyrannical vindictiveness, not more but less opposed in spirit to the higher morality and intelligence of the country. A better start a journal could not have, and while we expected from it no miracles, we, in common with many others, hoped that in the hands of men who had every advantage of social position and education, it would be the means, to some extent at all events, of rais-

ing the standard of public morality, correcting the public taste and purifying the atmosphere of public life. Its managers, had they only been true to the interests of their stockholders and to their own, might have played a part most gratifying to honourable ambition, as well as most beneficial to the country; and if, in taking the right line, they had met with difficulties, and had needed support, support would surely have been forthcoming. In point of literary ability, of enterprise in the collection of news, and of typography, the *Mail* has not fallen short of the general expectation, though the literary ability has been almost quenched by the fetid stream of party invective and personality. It has also saved us from a dictatorship, though much as we might be saved from typhus by having the small-pox. In other respects it has been a calamitous disappointment. From the very outset it became the tool not only of a clique, but almost of a single politician. Acting, it seems, on the mistaken policy of fighting the enemy with his own weapons, it not only imitated but exaggerated the vices of its rival, thereby throwing away the chance of popularity which the avoidance of those vices held out. Instead of raising, it has lowered the standard of public manners; instead of purifying the political atmosphere, it has loaded it with a fresh taint. That the line it has taken has been the best for its stockholders, nobody can believe, who has not persuaded himself that a narrow constituency is a better basis of circulation than a broad one. To say that nothing but rancorous and personal invective will go down is a libel on the people. Debauched as it has been by bad guides, the public taste in Ontario has still not sunk so much below what it is elsewhere. Small wire-pulling politicians may crave for their natural food; but the people generally, though they do not want anything high or philosophic, like what is good-humoured, broad and genial. One of the most successful orators who ever addressed the

masses used to say that there were two things which always told with them—a good story and a generous sentiment. Even for the purpose of a party, the object should have been to gain the public ear, which cannot be done without, at least, simulating moderation. Nothing could be more suicidal, even in a party point of view, than to trample on the public conscience, as the *Mail* did at the time of the Pacific Railway scandal. But the best service that it could render, either to its party or the country, was to curb its rival by securing a large portion of the circulation; and to do this it needed only to be a good, general paper. Why should not the tone of the Press of Toronto be as high as that of the Press of Montreal? At Montreal the leading journals join vigorously, sometimes passionately in the party fray: you see things in them with which you do not agree, which you do not approve, but you never see anything that might not have been written by a gentleman.

The trial of Ambrose Lepine for the murder of Thomas Scott has resulted in a conviction. We may fairly congratulate the people of Ontario and the people of Manitoba, not because the vulgar thirst for revenge has been satisfied, but because the crying demands of justice have been answered. It is an omen of promise for the North-west that, with a mixed jury, and in a society where the passions of race and religion are morbidly active, twelve men have dared to do their duty. In Quebec the verdict will not be favourably received, from motives which perhaps are honest, but certainly mistaken. If our French fellow-citizens would tighten the reins of passion, and pause for reflection, they would hardly complain because the juror's oath has overcome the prejudices of nationality and religion. The fact that there were men of French origin on the jury, and that influence was powerless to warp them from the line of duty, is a prouder triumph

for the race than the proclamation of an amnesty. Of the guilt of Lepine there was no doubt. The only question was as to the measure and the legal significance of it. So far from thinking with the Government organ that he was a tool in the matter, we believe him to have been one of the chief, if not the chief, of the actors. Riel's apologists have always defended him by casting the blame upon Lepine, and his court-martial. However this may be, one thing is certain, Lepine presided at the death, and dropped the handkerchief as a signal for the volley which wounded but did not kill the unfortunate Scott. We do not recall these facts with any revengeful view. The jury have recommended Lepine to mercy; even if we demurred to that recommendation, and we do not, their fortnight's patient attention to the evidence, and their honest verdict, would of themselves be decisive in its favour. We want no executions at this distance from the event. The punishment must be exemplary; but it may stop short of the death penalty. The electors of Provencher evidently require a lesson, but British humanity may teach it them without the shedding of blood.

The loyalty of the English is unpleasantly blended with a prurient love of scandal about the Royal Family. Of this ignoble, and essentially flunkeyish taste, the Prince of Wales was the victim while he was still a stripling, and we may safely assert, owing to his home education, more free from any taint of vice than most youths of his age. Of late the food of scandal have been his supposed debts, and those whose charity most abounded adorned the tale by feigning that his principal creditor was his brother. The Prince of Wales is, except in his expectations, a private gentleman, and he might very properly have answered impertinence by saying that when he asked anybody for assistance it would be time enough to enquire into his concerns. He or his advisers have preferred to make known to the public

the state of the case, and it turns out to be that the annual deficit in his accounts, which has to be supplied out of a fund accumulated during his minority, does not exceed the extraordinary expenses cast upon him as the representative of the Queen while she is in seclusion. The result of the inquiry in fact seems to be that the Prince, in being called upon to defray out of his own purse expenses which properly belonged to the Crown, has suffered considerable injustice, and perhaps a greater injustice than at first sight appears, because the rise of prices and of the scale of living since the enormous growth of English wealth, has greatly reduced the purchasing power of the income settled on him many years ago by Parliament. If there were as good an answer to all the charges against the Prince as there is to this, there need be no speculation as to the consequences of having another George IV. upon the throne.

The lot of a Prince in these days is hard. He is expected to make moral bricks without straw; to be perfectly virtuous without the necessary incentives to virtue. In the Middle Ages a king had to keep his crown upon his head by his own ability and courage; the thews and sinews of his character were exercised like those of other men, nor were his early training and intercourse with his companions very different from those of the young nobles who were almost his peers. What we know of the early years of the greatest of our own medieval kings resembles the history of a gallant and aspiring youth in an English University. To lead in war was an essential function of royalty, and one which could not be tolerably performed without some practical intellect as well as valour. But the working of Constitutional Monarchy would be embarrassed and imperilled if the king had the ordinary qualities and aspirations of a man. He is practically condemned to the part of a Grand Llama. The most important duty assigned him is laying first stones, an occupation as monotonous as that of the chaplain

to a cemetery, and almost as funereal. Yet he is expected to exhibit almost preternatural firmness of character; to keep at bay the most enervating influences of the highest artificial rank and the most boundless luxury; conscientiously to train a mind which is hardly ever to be used, and to remain perfectly pure amidst the seductions of what is now about the most corrupt society in the world. If ever a human being was immolated to the supposed interest of the community, the Prince of Wales has been, and what he deserves is not universal calumny but universal charity and pity.

Strikes continue in England, and they have spread to Bolton, a place the staple of which is the finer kind of cotton-goods, and which has been remarkably prosperous while the woollen districts have been suffering from depression. These movements fill Mr. Greg with continual terror, but they are peaceably conducted, and they have not prevented the employers from growing enormously rich. The rise in the price of coal was ascribed to the unreasonable demands of the workmen, but in fact it was principally due to the cupidity of a ring of coal-owners, who managed to swell a temporary alarm into a panic, out of which they sucked prodigious gains. That the men should desire to share the gains, and combine for that purpose, is human nature, let Mr. Greg denounce them as he will. What inducement has he to offer that will counteract their natural craving for their portion of the luxury which they see around them, and the means of which, they feel, are supplied by the labour of their hands? He bids them forego sensual enjoyment and ease in the name of the future interests of British Industry. They have sense enough to ask him, or at least to feel that they might ask him, whether he and the plutocrats of his acquaintance practise similar self-denial? To abstract interests few men will sacrifice their own pleasures, least of all a collier on a

Saturday night. The parson, whose creed Mr. Greg, till he was seized with social panic, treated with small respect, was not a very powerful organ of industrial virtue, but he did at least supply a real motive, and a pretty stringent one, for obedience to his exhortations; Mr. Greg and his school supply none.

The relations between the masters and the men probably suffer from a cause little noticed, and which, if noticed, could hardly be removed. In former days the masters lived in modest mansions, close to their works, and among their people. You may sometimes see an old master still living in this style. But those of the present generation have migrated to luxurious villas in the country, and see their people only during business hours, if then. The workman going for a breath of air from those dingy rows of unpleasant cottages in which he commonly has his abode, passes an enchanted castle of luxury and splendour, from which issues forth a brilliant equipage, bearing the employer and his gorgeously-attired lady. Perhaps he feels a touch of envy as well as of longing. At all events he begins considering whether the screw of a Trade Union might not squeeze a little more out of the "wages fund." There is no personal relation between him and his master, which can make him scrupulous about taking all he can get. No doubt a man who lives at an Italian villa in the country, with beautiful grounds and gardens, shows better taste than the man who lives in a square brick house, within hearing of a mill, and it would be chimerical to expect that the old régime should be recalled to existence. But you cannot have the advantage of both systems—the air and ormolu of the villa—the kindly relations of a resident employer with his men. At Saltaire, near Bradford, is a manufacturing Eden, constructed by the beneficence of one of the best of employers and of men, Sir Titus Salt. Everything seems to be there which can minister to the virtue and happiness of a

multitude of workmen and their families. One thing only is wanting—the house of Sir Titus Salt.

Our remarks as to the comparative vitality of the Liberal and Republican parties in England have been illustrated by the large number of votes polled by Bradlaugh at Northampton. That he should fail to be elected was a matter of course. But he was not far behind his opponents, and of the 1,766 votes polled for him every one must have been given in grim earnest, and in defiance of all those influences, social and pecuniary, which in an English borough generally deprive the lower class of voters of any kind of political independence. It must be remembered, too, that Bradlaugh is not merely a Republican, but, with pertinacious imprudence, weights his Republicanism, obnoxious enough in itself, with the most offensive profession of Atheism; for the profession of Atheism on the platform is still offensive, though the belief may be the belief of the drawing-room. The interviewer, to whom every man of eminence who visits New York now submits himself as regularly as he does to the barber, describes Mr. W. E. Forster as saying that the Republican party in England has very little life in it. Mr. Forster probably reads the *Times* and the *Spectator* more than the coarse journals which circulate among the people. He may be right, however, in saying that speculative Republicanism in England is weak; so it was in the Faubourg St. Antoine on the eve of the French revolution. But if, in the great Plutocracy, speculative Republicanism is weak, the Republicanism of Misery is strong, and the wider becomes the gulf between the extremes of wealth and poverty, the stronger it is likely to grow. That Misery, led by Bradlaughs, should prevail against Plutocracy, fenced with bayonets, is extremely improbable, but so, till it happened, was the storming of the Bastille. Nothing, however, would suffice to work the English

masses up to the point of revolutionary agony at which the French masses were in 1790, short of some great shock from without, causing commercial ruin and consequent suffering, severe and widespread enough to equal the financial distress of the French monarchy. There is no apparent likelihood of any such shock ; though there are some indications that the commercial prosperity of England has passed its zenith, and that trade may gradually change its course.

Bradlaugh's determination to go to the poll in spite of the appearance of Mr. Bright's brother on the field, and the defection of nearly half the Liberal party in Northampton from the orthodox standard, are bad signs for the reconstruction of that party. They show that its extreme left is uncontrollable and at the same time formidable. No foundation of new clubs, or any other apparatus of reconciliation, will produce unity of movement among men who are going different ways. If the old Liberal party regains coherency and life, it must be by some unexpected transmutation. On the other hand, Conservatism, as a distinct organization, upholding Church and Throne, is rapidly ceasing to exist. Rich Conservatives and rich Liberals alike are becoming simply members of the party of wealth, which sees in the Crown merely the coping-stone of the Plutocracy, and in the Church its ecclesiastical outwork. Disestablishment may become a question, if there is life enough left in Nonconformity to raise the issue ; but it is a question on which a large proportion of those who still faintly profess Liberalism would be on the Conservative side.

We were about to say that Mr. Gladstone had come out on the subject of Ritualism, but it would be nearer the truth to say that he has *gone in*, for his article in the *Contemporary Review* tells less of his mind than his resolutions and speeches in the House

of Commons. It appears to be little more in fact than an eloquent sermon on the due measure to be observed in the use of ceremonial as an accessory of devotion. It does not face the question which is at present agitating the country—Is God actually present in the elements of bread and wine when they have been consecrated by a priest? If He is, Ritualism, carried to the highest pitch to which human devotion can carry it, is the logical result. If Ritualism were merely a passion for genuflections and decorations, as accessories of devotion, the public mind would not be so deeply moved. But everybody knows, and the Ritualists themselves tell us with perfect frankness, that it means Transubstantiation, and, at the same time the revival of that priestly power of which Transubstantiation is the key. This is the point to which every speaker or writer who wishes to instruct the public must address himself ; and if Mr. Gladstone is not prepared to speak his mind on it he had better be silent. The same may be said of all those good people who are hastening to close the yawning fissure in the Anglican Church by preaching a middle course. There may be a middle course in policy, and in all matters of expediency, but there can be no middle course between believing and disbelieving in the High Church doctrine of the Sacrament.

Exception has naturally been taken not only to Mr. Gladstone's want of explicitness as a theologian, but to his want of prudence as a party leader. It is said that his denunciation of the recent conduct of Rome, which is the most salient point of his article, will estrange his Roman Catholic supporters. We must confess that to us, who are little connected with party politics, it is rather refreshing to see a man who has done great things in the practical sphere, not too anxious about his party leadership and his return to power, but keeping the man above the politician, and feeling a paramount interest in the great questions of humanity. At the

same time a leader ought, of course, to think of his followers, and of the interests committed to their charge. But the fact is that the support of the Roman Catholics was already lost to the Liberals. The only thing that attracted them to the party of progress was the necessity of obtaining aid for the removal of their disabilities. The disabilities being removed, the Roman Catholics take their natural place in the party of reaction. They now vote Tory in England ; in Ireland all party relations are deranged by Home Rule, but the tendency of the Irish priesthood is so far Tory that the Protestants of the North of Ireland are beginning to lean to the Liberal side.

It may seem paradoxical to say that the day of the greatest Carlist success was to Carlism the day of doom. Yet it was so, for it most distinctly proved, by the absence of any sympathetic movement in the rest of Spain, that Carlism was merely a local insurrection, fed by the partisans of Reaction in other countries. Northern Spain has always been a peculiar district : it was the last to succumb to the Moors, it was the first to escape from their domination. Its Legitimism is at least as much antagonism to Madrid as a belief in the Divine Right of Kings. The end appears to be coming and in the usual way, with desertions, dissensions in the Carlist camp, mutual recriminations, and refusals of the insurgents in one province to march to the assistance of those in another. Serrano will soon be master of the destinies of Spain. What he will do is a question which we cannot pretend to answer, without a more accurate account of his character, and the influences by which he is surrounded, than has yet fallen in our way. But if he has any ambition, or is swayed by any one who has, he is not unlikely to conclude that amidst the conflicting claims of Pretenders, and between the violent Legitimism of Asturias, and the equally violent

Republicanism of Andalusia, the best and safest course is—Marshal Serrano.

Some doubt seems still to hang over the authenticity of the letter of sympathy which the Czar is said to have sent to Don Carlos at a moment so unluckily chosen that what was intended as a compliment might almost seem a mockery. But there is no doubt that the sympathy exists, whether it was formally expressed or not. As devout sons respectively of the Greek and Roman Churches, the Czar and Don Carlos profess each to consider the other out of the pale of salvation as a heretic on the subject of a mystic article in the Creed ; but theological Orthodoxy in Europe is fast giving way to more substantial considerations. The Czar's attitude with regard to Spain has a significance beyond that which attaches to it as a mark of sympathy with Don Carlos, or even with the cause of Reaction in general. It indicates jealousy of Germany, anger at the course which things are taking in Europe, and a tendency to interference in European affairs. When the master of an enormous army, who is also sure of the French alliance, betrays such a temper, storms are near. Europe sleeps in apparent peace, but with her hand on her sword, and the unquiet movements which pass over her frame show that she dreams of war.

In France, the result of the local elections under the new law is the subject of dispute between the parties. The better opinion seems to be that it is slightly unfavourable to the Republicans, favourable to the Imperialists, and very unfavourable to the Monarchists. In local elections, merely local objects are sure to have great weight, and the wealthier classes, to whom local influence belongs, are generally opposed to the Republic. In the elections to the National Assembly the Republicans hold their ground ; and the steadiness of purpose shown by the constituencies, in defiance of all the influence of the Government and

the local functionaries, is so remarkable, and presents so strong a contrast to the usual levity and servility of the French character, as to warrant the assertion of the Republican chiefs, that the nation has made up its mind. But, thanks to the desperate exertions of the vast official hierarchy created by the Empire, the members of which still occupy the prefectures and other local offices, Bonapartism assumes every day more menacing proportions, and is now evidently the one formidable competitor of the Republic. The Bourbon cause has been so utterly ruined by the obstinate adherence of its representatives to the White Flag, that it would not be surprising to see the Priesthood transfer its allegiance and carry over its still powerful support to the Bonapartes, who, if they are not religious despots, are at least despots, and hold out a better hope to the Ultramontane than any form of liberty. Indeed the Empress Eugenie, if she could succeed in controlling the policy of her son, would, in spite of the notorious corruption of her court, be as religious a ruler in the priestly sense as any ultramontane could desire. But the issue, it is melancholy and humiliating to reflect, practically depends, not on the comparative ascendancy of political ideas in educated minds; not on anything that can be described as the result of the efforts to regenerate the nation, made by a long succession of statesmen, patriots, and political martyrs, from Mirabeau and Barnave down to Guizot and the leaders of the Republic; not on moral or intellectual forces of any kind; but on the will of a coarse and uninstructed, though honest soldier, whose ideas of government have been formed in an Algerian camp. About a third of the army is supposed by Gambetta to be Republican in sentiment; but we cannot doubt that the whole would at once obey the word of command given by Marshal MacMahon. The people are disarmed—the national militia of all kinds having been disbanded, and there would be not even an

attempt at resistance. Since the election for the Maine-et-Loire, the sword has hung suspended over the life of the Republic by a slenderer thread than ever. For, in that election, the party of MacMahon and his Septennate coalesced with the Bonapartists. In the excitement of a contest, it is true, people are glad to accept allies from any quarter. But at the Court, the coalition implies on the part of the marshal a preference for Bonapartism over Republicanism, which, if Republicanism seemed on the point of triumphing, would probably lead him to cast his sword into the scale.

A more inscrutable problem could hardly be submitted to the political observer than which is presented by the state of affairs in France. As a rule, in studying revolutions, and forecasting their probable results, it is useful to keep the eye fixed on what may be called the point of aberration—the point that is where the really national movement ends, where an extreme party gets the lead, and the movement degenerates into violence. In the case of the English Revolution, the settlement of 1788 closely corresponded with the aims of the leading Reformers at the opening, and during the first Session of the Long Parliament. A Constitutional Monarchy, such as was ultimately established in the person of William III., was evidently what Pym, Hampden, and the mass of the nation with them desired. Probably, when the perfidy of Charles had been unmistakably demonstrated, a change of dynasty, such as was effected by the expulsion of James II., also entered into the councils of the leaders. Torn from this basis by the civil war which ensued, rocked to and fro for half a century by the alternating ascendancy of the extreme factions, and oscillating between the Republic of Vane and the Monarchy of Charles II., the nation returned nearly to the point of departure at last. Nearly, but not quite—for new ingredients had been added to the political caldron by the course of the struggle, and the settlement, in its strict preservation

of all the forms of Monarchy, and of the privileges of the Anglican Church, bore the traces of the revulsion caused by the excesses of the Regicides, and the gloomy rule of the Fanatics. But in the case of France, besides the new elements of opinion, and the new forces generated by the events of the Revolution itself—the mingled repulsion and fascination of the Terror, the memories of the Republican victories, the military legend of the Empire, and the impressions left by all the shiftings of the scene, and the successive dominations of opposite ideas and parties from the fall of Napoleon I. to that of the Commune, Modern Science, with its influences on the one hand—Modern Ultramontanism on the other—have entered as factors into the problem, and enhanced its complexity to an almost hopeless degree.

Renan has written a discourse on the moral and intellectual reform of France, which bears a close analogy to the strange programme of Atheist Imperialism put forth after the English Revolution, and under the influence of the impression made by it on selfish and cowardly natures, in the *Leviathan* of Hobbes. Though it is not Imperialism that Renan advocates, but oligarchy, the source of inspiration is the same, and the character of the theory is equally revolting. The author of "The Life of Jesus" is a man without a faith, otherwise he would have been saved from the moral blunder, not to mention the irreverence, of accusing the subject of his biography of a hideous fraud. Christians at all events are preserved from these wretched panics by their trust in the Providence which overrules the course of the world, however mysterious it may be, and by that religious interest in the future of humanity which makes the Christian desire that the great plan should be worked out, even though its progress may entail some disquietude and some loss of material comfort on the generation in which he happens to live. Christianity herself brought not peace but a

sword to the tranquil and self-satisfied sensualism of the Roman Empire. She always has been, and always will be, ready to run risks of a material kind in the interest of the spiritual community and of spiritual life. But Christianity in Europe is now weak, and with her the public spirit, which a survey of the history of political liberty will show to have been always closely connected with her, waxes faint, and seems likely to die away. We ask in vain what there is, in France or elsewhere, to sustain political life? Public virtue implies a willingness to sacrifice your own interests, and even to some extent the interests of the present generation, to the larger and more permanent interests of the nation and of mankind. But what motive for such sacrifice have those who believe that their hopes and their existence are bounded by their own lives? If a few continue, under the influence of a lingering sentiment or of a metaphysical idea of the unity of mankind, to make exertions and brave dangers for the good of society, will not the mass be content to submit to any force that may happen to be in the ascendant, even to such a gang as that which plotted the *coup d'état*, and to grasp all the sensual enjoyment within their reach? Will not European society become, at best, like the Roman Empire under the Antonines, the outward order and tranquillity of which fascinate Gibbon, while its inward rottenness was known to no one better than Marcus Aurelius himself? If that science which derides religion as a thing of the past has itself any doctrine which can save mankind from materialism and corruption, now is the time to make it known.

Politics in the United States have long been in the state of a sea tossing under a shifting wind. The party system being established, nothing could be done till parties had been reorganized. But to reorganize them was not easy, the old dividing line of slavery and all the issues connected with it being gone. The Anti-Slavery party

indeed remained, under the name of Republicans, bereft of its old principle of union, but furnished with one at least equally strong in the possession of power with an immense patronage. To form an Opposition on any intelligible basis seemed impossible. All sorts of issues were tried, but would not do. The currency question and free trade were cross divisions: there were Republican as well as Democratic, Inflationists and Anti-Inflationists, there were Democratic Protectionists and Republican Free Traders. Administrative Reform was taken up, not by the Democrats, whose reputation in that respect is in fact not a very large capital to trade on, but by an independent party, styling themselves Liberal Republicans. The remnant of the Liberal Republicans miserably collapsed, when the political hacks at the Cincinnati Convention succeeded in setting the genuine representatives of Reform aside, and getting Horace Greeley nominated to the farcical candidature which ruined and killed him. But the state of affairs in the South, combined with the general abuses of the administration, seems at last to have restored life to the dry bones of the Democratic party, which has gained such a series of victories in the fall elections as to make it probable that there will soon be a close wrestle between it and its long dominant antagonist for the possession of supreme power. Hard as well as close the wrestle will be. The party in power is supported by an army of placemen posted all over the Union, which has no doubt been meditating a re-election of Grant; and which though that hope must be abandoned, will struggle with the union of perfect discipline

and the energy of despair for the retention of its immense spoils.

The people of New Orleans have not been wanting to their own cause. They prudently submitted to the Federal authority when it was exerted, thereby lending their allies in the North the best moral assistance in their power. The measure of the oppression which they have been enduring at the hands of the Carpet-bag government was understated by us, in one particular at least, in our last number. We said that the list of tax sales in New Orleans filled nineteen columns of a newspaper. The whole list was not before us; it actually filled fifty two columns. We repeat with emphasis that a confiscation so sweeping has hardly followed any civil war. Our remark as to the evil effect of this tyranny upon the political character of the North itself has also received ample illustration. Nothing could be more indicative of the worst and most insolent spirit of despotism, than some articles and cartoons in the papers which support the Government. Serve them with grape-shot first and listen to their complaints afterwards, was the general cry; and there was an evident exultation in the idea of the grape-shot. The consequences of oppression, as usual, are worse to the oppressor than even to the oppressed. If, in the interest of the unhappy South a change is to be desired, it is still more to be desired in the interest of the Republic, and of free institutions throughout the world. At a great crisis the American people have never yet failed to show good sense and moral force. We feel confident that it will not fail to do so now.

SELECTIONS.

THE ACTION OF PRAYER EXPLAINED IN A NEW WAY.*

From "Speech in Season," by Rev. H. R. Havocis, M.A., Incumbent of St. James, Westmoreland, St. Marylebone, London.

[We select the following lecture not because we coincide in its opinions, but in accordance with the general principle on which our selections are made, because it is the work of a leading writer of the school to which he belongs, and a curious illustration at once of the activity and the eccentricity of theological speculation at the present time.—ED. C. M.]

FEELING comes before reflection. We have a number of experiences, mental and spiritual, long before we take the trouble to analyze them. And when we do come to apply thought to religion, when we ask ourselves what is the nature of our feelings about God, our thought very often tends to modify or change the feeling itself. Thought is valuable to feeling, and feeling is valuable to thought. You could not get a knowledge of God through your head alone. The knowledge of God comes to you through those wonderful inspirational influences which act upon the emotional, and through the emotional upon the active life. But the inspirations have to be sifted, the spirits have to be tried.

Emotion sometimes tells strange tales, and clothes itself with strange forms. The heart and centre of religion is the same in all ages of the world, but the forms of religion are determined by thought, and differ widely. For the mind of man has been in different ages of a very different calibre. Feeling is defined by thought, and the great use of thought in religion is to analyze feeling, so as to ascertain how far we are rightly conceiving the nature and the objects of worship. For be sure that the character of the worship itself will be sooner or later dependent upon the object of worship which thought has built up.

This is why it is not unimportant whether you believe rightly or wrongly. Try and be right as well as sincere. You ought to try and get as near the truth, by the assistance of your mind, as you can. You must bring Reason to bear upon your religious feelings. You must insist upon having the best and truest attainable ideas about God, the soul, and duty, that there be no schism between the spirit and the

intellect; so the music of life, as Tennyson says, will be vaster—vaster because more far-reaching, vaster because more comprehensive: arranging more facts of experience in relations of harmony.

192. We live in an Age when every feeling is subjected to scrutiny—when the form of every belief is turned over and over again. It is impossible for us to pretend that we are still in the simple unreflecting stage of feeling. Feeling has come to that period when it must be analyzed; religious opinions, which have hitherto rested often upon the vaguest sentiment, have now to be examined and re-examined. It is not a question of whether you like to receive what has been told you when you were young as it was told you when you were young; it is not a choice, it is a necessity which is put before you in these days. You must sift, and you must search.

193. In the long run men do not believe what they *will*, but what they *can*. To hear some people talk, you would think it was only necessary to put forth a certain amount of truth in a definite way to get it accepted. So thought Luther when he imagined the Pope would become instantly converted upon hearing of the reformed faith. But men's minds are not made so: they believe so much as they are prepared for—no more. Grace is given to them, not without measure, but it is given to them according as they have intellectual, spiritual, experimental measure to receive it. Now the reception of truth turns upon knowledge. The heart often declines to give its allegiance where the head forbids; and although that allegiance is sometimes given since feeling precedes thought, yet feeling is often withdrawn or modified at the bidding of thought. So wisely does St. Peter speak when he tells men not only to "sanctify" themselves, to have experimenta

* London: Henry S. King & Co., Publishers.

religion, to be in spiritual relations with God, but "to be able to give an answer" for the faith that is in them to every man. That is what we want, not only for the sake of other people, but for ourselves. We want to understand a little more clearly, not only facts of spiritual experience, but some of the processes which underlie them.

194. When a man begins to think about God, if he is a man of ordinary intelligence, if he has lived in the current of nineteenth century thought, what are his general conceptions of God, and of religion? Let me draw from you some of your thoughts. Let me try and think a little aloud for you and for myself. Let me stand here—the highest thing I can ever aspire to be—let me stand here as your representative; let the little rills of thought come in from your minds, and let me catch them and turn them into one continuous stream.

195. When I ask, What dost thou believe about God, and about prayer, about the possibility of a communion between God and man? dost thou not lift up blind eyes and feeble hands and cry, "Oh, my God, Thou hast placed me in the midst of these mysterious dispensations. I did not will to be born. I came I know not whence; I am going I know not whither. Here I am in this little space of cloudy light, and I look up and see men as trees walking. All things are mysterious to me. I understand not so much as is needful for life and action, and the chief thing I do see is the permanence of physical laws. Beyond a very narrow range all is mystery. Yet I have a consciousness of something beyond I have had thoughts and feelings; I have had brave aspirations which I can little interpret to myself. But again, there seems to be a great iron system of law ready to grind everybody to powder. Where is there, in this iron law, a trace of sympathy with me?

'And yet the whole of religion, every religion, demands a counter truth. You may explain to me how religions have been evolved naturally by the action of the world upon man's nature, and man's nature upon the world. But how came his nature to be capable in the first place of any such evolution? Mind can come from mind alone, whatever the process be. If I live, I come from that which lives; if I think, I come from that which thinks; and if I love, I come from love. And it is this which Jesus

Christ comes forth to tell me. The world anticipated the message, and the world has been ringing with it ever since. He is the balance of the iron law; He stands for the principle of sympathy in God for man.

'And yet, now that I have this side of God expressed to me outwardly, now that I have this point of sympathy for my soul, although I believe this about God, although I believe that there is an aspect of His nature which is sympathetic as towards man, yet in prayer I find it very hard to believe that He does hear me, still more that He does adjust in the slightest degree whatever, the circumstances of my life to my prayers; and does not vital prayer imply something of that sort?

"For instance, if I pray in sickness, in distress, if I bring my religion, as preachers always say we should do, to bear upon the common affairs of life, then the immensity of the Deity and the insignificance of man, notwithstanding the revelation in Christ, is at once felt. How can I ask this Being to look after affairs so small? How can I summon the High and Holy One to take cognisance of my poor life and its doings? I may justify it to myself, and say, theoretically, Of course I am told He does hear me, and attends to my petitions, but the Christ has departed, and the invisible Comforter is often but too feebly felt, and we seem to stand alone as the poet Goethe stood upon one of the high Alps, looking into the abysses below and above; and we cry out with him, in the words of the psalmist: "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" *

196. Who shall come to our rescue when we are filled with these feelings about God, when we are bowed down with the consciousness of our own personal insignificance? Suppose, my friends, there should come to us an old thought in a new vesturè. Suppose the chasm between the human and divine were suddenly bridged over by the doctrine of sympathetic ministries! You may call them, if you like, intermediary agencies. With this doctrine there comes a certain lifting of the vail by which is unfolded to man the ways and means, or something of the ways and means, in which spiritual communion becomes possible, and of the manifold

* Quoted by Matthew Arnold in "Literature and Dogma."

efficacies of invisible help. Admit that God's sympathy for man has been fully and adequately expressed once for all by Jesus Christ; admit that there is direct action of God's Spirit upon the hearts of man. Without seeking to explain how—saying if you like that it is a holy mystery, and cannot be explained—still there is room for explaining how man's mind may often be reached by divine influence, and how man's life may be directly in its smallest details modified, and here I come to establish, apart at present from evidence, the reasonableness of intermediate agencies. I begin with some related facts which lie ready to hand.

197. When we look to the lower forms of life we have no difficulty, or but small difficulty, in tracing or conceiving a continual and progressive development up to man; for though philosophers and scientific men tell us there are unaccountable gaps between the lowest and highest, yet they do not seem to despair of being able to fill them up. As far as we can analyze throughout the visible universe, life teems, and the highest form of visible life is that of man. But we acknowledge a higher life—the life of God; but between God and man what a chasm! yet between man and lower forms there is no such appalling chasm! Well, then, as we have in part filled up the gap from the lowest we know up to man, who is the highest? If you think there is any sort of God at all,* then there comes this immense gap from man to God. Do we say, as we gaze, for instance, across those mighty spaces which distance this world from other worlds, there is nothing but emptiness? Do we say, as we gaze upon those countless worlds themselves, which float beyond us in the liquid azure of the heavens, that they are so many gigantic luminous bubbles floating about in space with no purpose whatever? Do we say, life having been brought from the lowest up to man, stops there, and that there is no further life, until we come to One who is the source of all being and life?

Comes there not to you a strong presumptive feeling when you contemplate these facts, that there are other beings, other intelligences, other ministers of God, besides men? We inhabitants of this planet are indeed His ministers, sent forth to fulfil, in however small a measure,

* See my "Thoughts for the Times," 3rd and 4th Discourses.

part of the divine plan. But are we alone? Does man, in his arrogance, say, 'I am the only being which this eternally fertile source of life has made intelligent, capable of loving, of serving Him?' No! Instantly we seem to discern that this cannot be. If the laws which rule the development of the lowest animals up to man reach through the universe, then beyond the visible there may still be life, progress, development.

198. Well, of course there are some here to whom I can appeal confidently on the basis of their present convictions. As religious people yourselves, as Christians yourselves, do you not look forward to go up into a higher range of being, to begin anew, and to go on developing? Do you not believe that? I suppose that most of you here believe that life is not rounded with an eternal sleep. You hope to live again, or rather never to die, and you think of those countless multitudes who have passed away from this world as still alive; you believe that they are developing in other spheres, are going on, are taking their places in the intermediate ranks between man as he lived upon the surface of the globe, and the Almighty, All-pervading Spirit that calls him into being.

199. And where are they—the dead? they who under altered conditions may, like the electric spark, annihilate time and space, living as we live, in thought here at one moment, in far worlds at another, possibly at times very near to ourselves? And where are they, the celestial ones, who, out of the fertile Source of all being, have taken life and people the higher ranges of existence with their august and radiant forms? Do you think that all those countless worlds above are without tenants, and are merely gigantic lamps, hanging, as the ancients thought, in the solitary places of the air?

No, my brethren, as our world has had a history and development, so there are worlds seen and unseen, and spiritual spheres, and spheres that are hidden from our eyes; and depend upon it there are spiritual beings besides ourselves, *having spiritual affinities* with us and points of contact with us, *because we are spiritual*; whether in the body or out of the body, whether before what we call death or after it, we are spiritual; the belief is ancient, though now often discredited.

200. To readers of the Bible the doctrine of

Intermediate Agencies is of course familiar. But we have grown to look upon certain things in the Bible as of uncertain authority, and no doubt, as I have shown in my first volume,* there is good reason for this. But every attempt to get rid of the supernatural out of the Bible, short of destroying the whole of it, must fail. Whatever be the authority for one and another miracle in the Old or New Testament, what we call the miraculous is too deeply seated in the Bible to be torn from it. Only remember that miracle is only another word for ignorance. What seems to happen outside or in defiance of recognized laws we call miracle; but any such event may at any time be shown to be in harmony with known laws, or with others that are beginning to be known. Nothing can happen without a fitting cause; every Almighty fiat has its appropriate agency, and this is the proposition which contains the whole philosophy of the doctrine of what I call Intermediate Agency. The gap of being between God and man begins to be filled up. For the seer, the hills are crowded with horses of fire and chariots of fire, 2 Kings vi. 17. The unseen realm flashes for a moment upon the inspired watcher, and we behold those, or *symbols of those*, who, as the Apostle tells us, are sent forth to minister unto such as shall be the heirs of salvation.

201. Do you think that this is an absurd conception of the spiritual world? How are these beings, supposing them to exist, who are all ministers of God, who presumably convey straight to us the messages of God, how are they arranged in the order of the spiritual world so as to be commanded by our prayers, and be acted upon by our feelings and emotions? How do they exercise their functions toward us? Our ideas are cramped by gross forms of matter, by conditions of time and space and limited conceptions of velocity; but even in what is known we have hints of other conditions independent, or almost independent, of time and space. We in the body have to pass with difficulty to and fro, but under finer material conditions, could intelligence be clothed with such (and why should it not be?), we might travel unimpeded wherever our thoughts went. Of such speed and such subtle conditions we have already hints in the world of matter around

us. Consider the vast weightless forces, the great imponderables of nature. Look, for instance, at the air, or look at electricity—I will not here speak of animal magnetism—and think of what its relations are to time and space. Suppose Intelligence, an individual being, a human soul under changed conditions, should be able to use a form of electricity as a vehicle, as a new body or expression medium for itself, instead of these gross tissues, then so constituted it might be present anywhere—it might pierce where our bodies cannot, travel where we cannot.

202. You say we cannot see such beings, even if they exist; we cannot test them by our natural senses and under ordinary conditions. But what are you? Your senses are very dense. Look at your eye. How imperfect an instrument it is. Why, the hawk sees farther than you do; the dog smells better than you do; the bat and the cat can go in the dark, but you cannot. The human eye might have been made to see the smallest thing which ever existed; it might have been gifted with microscopic powers, or with telescopic powers to see the furthest thing, but it has been made with neither.

It has but limited powers of self-adjustment—things must be brought into its focus, or it cannot see. But things do not cease to be because you cannot see them. There are chemically prepared plates which will take lights and shades of colour that your gross eye cannot see. There are substances which will vibrate to sounds which your gross ear cannot hear. Then, I say, things may exist which your senses cannot at all times, or indeed at any time, take cognisance of. The great imponderables of nature are about us, they point to the constitution of spiritual forces, they supply frequent hints of intelligential vehicles other than flesh and blood. Intelligence clothed upon by electricity, would belt the globe in a few seconds, and pass through iron better than through air.

203. But we can draw a step nearer to some such subtle force even now in alliance, close alliance with man's spirit. I can appeal to your own experience. I can show you presumptively that you are all filled with subtle imponderable influences, and that you are full of unexplained affinities. Tell me, when one person comes into a room, why is it you feel something you

* "Thoughts for the Times."

cannot account for? You have never seen him or her before, and yet there has been already an unseen communication. There has been an interchange of something very subtle. You call it an influence of personality. You are instinctively drawn to one person and repelled from another. After you have been in a company for some little time, you feel with reference to some one person—'How strange it is! When you first came, I could not say a word to you. We have not said much now, but my tongue is unloosened, we are *en rapport* with each other. Yet surely more has passed between us than words and phrases.' The imponderables have been at work. They are very real. Life feeds upon them; social ties and amenities are hollow without them.

Our very loves and hates are built upon them. Have you never found it strange that as you sat together silent in the same room you should find, on speaking, that both were thinking of the same thing?—Has this happened often enough to startle you? Have you ever wondered why one should suddenly hum the tune that was in your own head?—or have you often met the person whose image crossed your brain the moment before, perhaps the last person you expected to think about or to meet? You may say all these things are coincidences. About that you must judge for yourself—coincidence has a broad back. But suppose it is the imponderables? You who may have known how, in the magnetic state, one mind can impress another or read another's thought, or bring another a mile distant by will-power, will not need to be told that it is the imponderables. And probably most of you have seen something of this kind produced by electro-biology. In such cases we have simply to deal with facts, and superstition has nothing to do with it; the one thing requisite is that such facts should be adequately proven.

Those who are capable of estimating evidence, and have had adequate proofs, are driven to admit that there passes something from brain to brain, apart from speech, sometimes in defiance of space. That something is powerful enough, and we may approach to something like a knowledge of the conditions under which the communication takes place: but what it is or how it acts we cannot tell. We may call it a brain wave, or animal magnetism, or physical

force. Why not call it a spiritual imponderable?—and it is in *you*.

204. Well, that is just the point of contact, as it seems to me, between you and the spiritual world; that is the one plane on which you may meet and be controlled by spiritual intelligences, it may be even those who have once lived on earth, or other spiritual beings—the one link, the spiritual missing link, the imponderable force, is that which binds you even here on earth to other realms and other beings. It is the one great, almost physical hint, of the Hereafter. For although intelligence may be distinct from what we call matter, its magnetic vehicle may still be a form of matter. Here then, we discover the possible foundation for the doctrine of Intermediate Agencies. The divine communications flow through these divinely-appointed channels to the soul of man—the heavenly fact is not changed but for a moment, the heavenly mechanism is unveiled. Some modification of electricity or magnetic force is the one thing common to us and a world of life beyond us. That is the hypothesis.

Through the common force the two touch. Through these magnetic conditions invisible agencies reach the body and reach the mind. As an unseen magnetizer in the flesh will through a brick wall or from a distance impress his very thought upon a sensitive subject, so any one brought into the sensitive state may be magnetized by an unseen magnetizer out of the flesh—in each case the magnetic element is the one thing common to those in the flesh and out of the flesh.

205. This power of impressing thoughts, I think, supposing it to be true, gives us the only possible clue to the explanation of prophecy, dreams that come true and true forebodings or presentiments. If an outside power can impress your mind, it can impress another. The intelligence which in sleep or in any other way tells you of or presents you with the image of a coming event, *brings about that event* by impressing others to act in such and such a manner, or reads their minds and sees what will come of their combinations with reference to you, and then presents you with the appropriate image or symbol beforehand.

The sleep state is presumably a condition in which it is easier to reach your mind. You

dream that you receive a certain letter, next day you get it; but the dream was impressed upon you by an intelligent agent, who knew the letter was being written. Such agencies may be at times but instruments of divine wisdom or knowledge—just as *we* are at times—at others they may act capriciously upon man, as man himself is allowed to act capriciously upon man, often very far from rightly, faithfully, divinely. When a dream or presentiment does not come true the agent may have been inadequate to the task—may, after impressing your mind, find the subtle condition absent or inadequate for impressing the minds of others, and the whole thing falls through. The prophecy fails. I could work out all these hints at great length; at present I suggest them to you and leave them.

206. But do not these intermediate influences supersede God? No more than man supersedes God when he tills the ground in order to bring the harvest. God brings not the harvest without his labour—man is the intermediary; his work does not rob God—it glorifies God. The power which brings the harvest is as direct as ever you like, yet it comes through an appropriate channel.

When I say spiritual agencies convey rationally, intelligibly to you, divine blessings, strengthen will, help prayer, answer prayer, and produce joy, I have not said you are not acted upon by God, but I have said you are acted upon by appropriate instruments. The gifts is from Him, the immediate giver may be any one; what does it matter? When you sit at a man's feast, whom do you thank? Whom do you feed with? Whom are ye in sympathy with? Not so much with the servants who give you the food as the man who has invited you. So when you get a letter, what do you sympathize with? The ink and the paper? The words? The spelling? Not at all. It is the message that you look to, not the postman, nor the quality of the paper, nor the envelope. All these do but bring you into contact with the thought and feeling of your friend. The comparison is not close, for the sympathetic ministers of God come to us not as mere servants, but they come charged with Himself, they are the *sympathetic* channels as well as the *mere* channels; it is as though He Himself arose in

their persons to serve us, as Christ arose and washed the disciples' feet.

207. Now, helping our infirmities with a figure, do you suppose, if my eyes were suddenly opened, and I looked up and saw a great unapproachable light, where dwelt God, and one told me, 'Thou canst come near to that light, yet out of it comes power to warm thee, and health, and wisdom, and smiting upon thee as the sun smites the earth, not nakedly, but through veiled distance, sown with atmosphere and cloud, so this central radiance belongs to thee, is tempered to thee, that it may not scorch, that it may not blind thee; behold yonder ministering spirits, through whom passes the stream of goodness, the special communication, these prepare it for thine heart, and prepare thine heart for it. The emotion that would kill thee is thus fitted to thy spiritual organism, the knowledge that, perceived nakedly, would overturn the balance of thy mind, and shock thee into insanity, is imparted through a power of veiled mercy and kindness, which is to thee as the shadow of a cloud in a desert, smitten with white heat. It is directly from above, yet thy nature is consulted, and thou art reached appropriately. God is near thee, His tenderness is about thee, His voice is in thy heart, but in His own wise way with His own wise method; and still it is true, "Thou canst not see God and live, although in Him thou dost live and move and have thy being."

208. I confess such a doctrine of intermediate agency explains much that seems strange in what are called divine communications. The undeveloped mind is dealt with through undeveloped allegory, the crude mind has taken in only crude and one-sided views of truth—that being all it could take—yet that, so tempered, so distorted if you will, like rays of white light through prismatic mist—was from God. Not His the error; but as when we teach a savage, the details of our teaching are rough, will not bear criticism; we tell him the earth is round; when he has got that idea we are too thankful, we hold up a cannon ball and explain 'round! round!' Yet that is not true—yet is good truth enough for the present. We do not now trouble ourselves to explain that the world is not round because it is slightly flattened at the poles. And this is a parable of all theologies.

So the human mind may receive an imperfect view of duty, a really inspired view, yet faulty, and it may be enough; yet by-and-by it may seem to be faulty, and a higher communication may then be reached. And the direct action, what we may call spiritual telegraphy, between creature and Creator, may be after all carried on through rough symbols, devised by appropriate spiritual agents, divinely and sympathetically related to the soul of man. Yet when we pray, it is to God, not to them; for the power is from God, the love is from God, not from them; and yet if, being agents, they are also loving friends and fellow-helpers, the communion of saints is lighted up with a strangely new and comforting and awe-inspiring significance. Is it not so?

And often when you think your thoughts are yours they are not, and often you have spoken and acted with a power that came from without. You were not conscious of this; you were being dealt with. 'Undertake for me,' cries Isaiah, who was perhaps conscious above other men of the wonderful spiritual agencies which surrounded him; whose eyes were opened to see the seraphim that touched his lips with a live coal from the altar.

209. But then we are no longer responsible if we are the sport of such agencies? Granting that God's prerogative is not interfered with, what becomes of man's prerogative of personal responsibility? I reply, it is just where it was. In this world you have good on one side and evil on the other. You are acted upon, consciously sometimes, unconsciously at others, by subtle personal influences. Spirits in the flesh, good and bad, are about you; but though you are aware of their influence, you stand free. When all inducement, argument, and passion have had their say from without, conscience sits on the judgment-seat; that is not bound like a prisoner; you are free to judge and to choose for yourself. Yes, and though thoughts evil and good flash upon your brain, suppose you did not put them there, yet when they are there *you* and not another have got to deal with them; *you* are responsible. But you are responsible for something more. If influences come upon you unbidden, nothing is more certain than that you, rising out of inaction by a free-will effort, can summon other influences. Just as a man says, 'I will go out and take to

myself seven spirits more wicked than I;' just as you can go forth into the streets of this city, nay, even into your own social circles, and call to your side what is evil and it will come like a devil. So you can by the tone and bent of your spirit call about you a legion of angels. It is free-will and conscience that have to choose and attract the influences by which the spirit is to be trained and assisted, or degraded and ruined. And you are no more a mere machine or puppet when you are swayed by spirits out of the flesh than when you are swayed by spirits in the flesh.

210. Now, if we admit that God's dealings with the soul of man are like His dealings with the earth, that just as the strength and ingenuity of man brings the harvest, so appropriate agents are charged to bring blessings and supply the fit channels for the divine communications; if we admit this, we ask, how do these intermediate agencies work in detail? They are attracted to us by our states, they are commanded by our prayers, those prayers being at all times addressed to God. Through them the efficacy of prayer as a doctrine is restored to you just at the moment when, according to a section of the scientific world, it has been given up.

211. Apply prayer to health. The laws of disease and health, for instance, we are told are inexorable. Certainly; but many a disease is cured by the healer's art, only we must find the right healer, and the healer must find the right methods. Does every one know the right healer? Does every healer know the right methods? Can the healer be sure that he himself knows all the methods and healing powers that are available, and that he can himself apply them? But what if by prayer you bring yourself into sudden contact with spiritual intelligences charged for you with wise counsel? Suppose they cannot, or only with difficulty and partially, communicate with you unless you do your part and place yourself *en rapport* with them by raising your heart to the Father of Spirits, they meet you in that high plane, and you are brought to the right physician—you are guided to the right remedies. Once admit the possibility of a thought being suggested, and defective knowledge may be supplemented, without any violation of law, by a wiser power, to which we have access under conditions; we

have been put in possession of resources which actually exist—that is all. The right doctor is found, the remedies are found, and the patient recovers, and it has been through prayer. Had we not been put in the right track, we might have blundered and failed; and remember, if there is any power leading *us* to the right people, the same power may act upon *them* to bring them to us. I opine that the discovery of doctors and remedies may be more providential than some of us think.

212. But I will go further; and here those who have followed me with difficulty will probably leave me out in the cold altogether. I will say that I think it not unlikely that in a divinely constituted system of means to ends such as we see around us, there may be some provision for a direct healing agency similar to that of magnetism. Some of you may know how the passes of some one gifted with magnetic power, or in any way found to be in a certain magnetic rapport with another, passes, I say, made with the hand over the affected part, will alleviate pain. Headache can often be taken away, and it is a power very easily verified. There will usually be found in every family one or more who possess it in a limited degree, and you can test it quite sufficiently with headaches. If *one* has no effect, let another try, and so on. So far from this being mere imagination, a relative of my own, who died of a mortal internal complaint, which all day kept him in great agony, used to have a magnetizer every day, and for about two hours, without always sleeping, he enjoyed perfect freedom from pain during his passes; and previous to the introduction of chloroform, a similar practice was commonly adopted as an anæsthetic under which operations were performed without pain. Of course chloroform as an anæsthetic, being much quicker and more certain, has for a time driven animal magnetism out of the field. Still I think that many legends concerning the healing power of saints, as also many cures really wrought by irregular practitioners in our own day—the late Harrup of Brighton, for instance, or the Baron du Potet, still living in Paris [1874], may be attributed to the possession of some real magnetic power of healing.

213. What is that power? It is an imponderable, it is on the border land, which, as we have seen, may fitly form the point of union or

contact between intelligence out of the body and intelligence in the body: and it is at this point that the thought dawns upon us of a direct magnetism, or healing power of some kind, coming to man from a supersensuous sphere. If in prayer he brings himself on to a spiritual plane, it becomes possible, according to the divine order and harmony of satisfied conditions, that he shall be reached by direct curative powers of an occult or hidden nature; yet not of a nature quite outside all our experiences, nay, of a nature with which we are already in part familiar through such magnetic healings as I have referred to.

214. If this be so, we have a presumptive explanation of those sudden recoveries, of those strange turns for health, that constantly baffle our doctors; if there are cases when the doctor says, 'I cannot see why that man should have died,' he may still oftener say, 'I cannot see why that man should have got well.' There was a man in Edinburgh, whom the celebrated Abernethy would never notice or speak to. 'I attended him, I know his case, and he ought to have been dead,' said the doctor. The man got well, but the great physician cut him in disgust.

215. A great deal of (I think) unseemly anger or merriment was caused a short time ago by an eminent surgeon, who suggested that two wards in a hospital should be set aside to test prayer. All the churches and chapels were to pray for one ward and not for the other, and then it was said we should see what effect prayer had upon disease. The religious world was in a great rage, but it is not easy to see why people who doubtless approve of the test put by Elijah—requiring the true God to answer by fire—should be angry at a somewhat similar test being suggested to convince people that prayer is as directly efficacious as ever. Professors Tyndall and Huxley would be quite as fit and proper subjects for conversion as the Baal worshippers on Mount Carmel. But, in truth, the suggestion was probably understood to be a sort of flippant skit upon a question of sacred importance to many, and I do not say that as such it was unfairly treated with a certain measure of contempt.

216. Yet personally I cannot but feel that such a taste would be either unfair or unwise, unless a great deal more than mere praying

were admitted and allowed on both sides. For the basis on which prayer, according to my idea, acts is a natural basis. Prayer used for healing purposes is to give us the full possession of all resources within our reach. I should never advise any one to try and get by prayer what they could get without. I should give the magnetizers full swing in my hospital; I should have them trained and tested. I should wish the doctors to exert their best faculties, whilst placing themselves willingly at the disposal of any institutions which might seem to reach them through prayer; they would even then have to use their common sense in deciding how far such seeming intuitions were really helpful and reliable. I should get my patients to pray for themselves, that they might become receptive, and make it easy for the assumed influences to reach them. Whilst fully admitting that some diseases were beyond the reach of such influences, I should not in our present state of ignorance assume that any were—I should try. Under these influences I should hope for very remarkable results. But, in the present state of religious and scientific opinion, I fear my view of the way in which prayer might be used as a real healing agent will find no favour with either section, for the religious would call it profane, and the profane would call it chimerical. But I should like to see whether we have—in prayer as applied to disease—a power, not something by which we can compel divine influence to do what is contrary to divine order, but something which places us within the reach of healing magnetic influences at present little used or recognized.

The prayer test, however, is likely to outlast many experiments, good, bad, and indifferent. At any rate, it is a test which is constantly being made, and will doubtless continue to be made by individuals, and with the rather startling result that belief in the efficacy of prayer is quite the common acceptance of the term is so far from dying out, that it is, if anything, a little more rampant than ever, and that not only amongst the clergy, the women, and the peasants, as it is commonly said, but amongst thoughtful and clever people. That many really religious persons have given it up in the above direct sense I am aware, nor have I any special interest in supporting a belief in immediate or direct answers in connection with temporal

things. I think I should be content to hold that all prayers should be the willing self-surrender of the heart, should rest entirely on spiritual ground, should be used for strength in trial, comfort in sorrow, hope and faith in the love of God and immortality; and I still hold that the best and highest prayer is 'Thy will be done.' But suppose the reach of prayer does really extend to what we call temporal things, and suppose that this continues to be believed in spite of good arguments and excellent opinions to the contrary, simply because so many people continually get what they pray for; why, then, in the interest of alleged facts, I would simply ask, is there anything irrational or absurd in trying to understand whether this thing is, and how this thing can be.

217. As regards the hospital test, then, suppose that by prayer you do set in motion a sympathetic, spiritual machinery. I do not see that a scientific test under fit conditions would be impossible. I think it would be difficult to devise in detail, because we really do not know all the conditions for such an experiment, but perhaps sufficient are approximately known. There are personal conditions as regards those who pray and those who are prayed for; there is the force of prayer and character, and the time of prayer and general circumstances, which would differ in each case, and would have to be particularly dealt with, and not wholesale. At the same, I think that could such a test be applied for as good a purpose and as reverently as similar tests are said to have been applied in the Old and New Testaments, perhaps a result different from that so confidently anticipated by the scientific world might be obtained.

218. Again, remember that no demand is being made upon miraculous powers in prayer; merely through prayer, powers that exist are liberated and placed at our disposal. That is the *rationale* of prayer. Cases not to be healed by magnetism, natural or spiritual, or beyond the reach of curative processes here or elsewhere, will not be healed by prayer, or as far as we have reason to believe, by any sort of divine *fiat*. Our respect for divine *fiats* would not be increased if they were. As far as I can see, there are no divine *fiats*, in the sense of things happening without adequate causes. From a close observation of the world about

us, one and another event supposed to be by divine *fiat*, is now seen to be due to natural causes, and the answers to prayer will, doubtless, when better understood, prove to be no exceptions to this rule. By prayer you merely set in motion a sympathetic spiritual machinery which has points of contact with matter, just as thought has with brain tissue, and which is found to be adequate to certain results, such as suggesting thoughts, such as inspiring emotion, such as magnetizing and controlling the nervous centres. That is my hypothesis.

219. But I am not at all afraid lest prayer should cease, nor even lest a belief in direct answers of the kind indicated above should die out. To the end of time there will probably be sufficient apparently unanswerable and obviously ungranted prayers to raise difficulties and rouse scepticism. There will always be abundant failure to comply with right conditions of prayer; but there will always be enough abundance of answers to prayer to make a widespread infidelity on this subject impossible. If it could ever be overthrown, I think it would be about this time; but I think that just now, after the fiercest of onslaughts, it is farther than ever from being overthrown.

220. After what I have said, you will find it reasonable to pray for others. You will then bring to bear upon them spiritual agencies which they may have failed to bring to bear upon themselves. Remember, to such agencies Space may be as nought. Continents may divide you, yet, like an electric flash or the passage of starlight to earth, so may be the influence that speeds to them, and the thought and impulse from the spirit realm that finds access to their brain. Of course your friend, your child, your husband, your wife, is still free—is still open to resist the influence of the heavenly as of the earthly message, in that as in the case of disease, one more means that might have succeeded has failed; but what was to be done has been done, all that could be done without interfering with the prerogative of human free will, without upsetting moral conditions. Mother, you may pray to save your son; wife, you may pray to win back your husband; child, you may pray for your parents; friends, you may pray for each other;—all *that* is restored to you rationally by the doctrine of intermediate agencies acting magnetically

through human nature. But you say, 'Is it not an insult to God to believe that my brother will be saved by my prayer?' Are the poor fed by you? are the sick healed by you? are the sorrowful comforted by you? Would they go unfed, un comforted, unhealed without you? Would God feed, heal, and comfort them direct? He might, but as a rule He does not. He sets you there to do it, and if you will not do it, often it is not done. You know that this is so. Well, you leave untried a powerful machinery within reach, out of mock humility. You will not pray, and others are not influenced that way who might be influenced that way.

221. Once more, you may pray for success, and thus open your brain to energies that inspire you to win—to compel—success. You may pray for wisdom and discretion; you may pray to be brought to the right people; you may pray to marry the right woman. There is nothing you may not rationally pray for, if you believe that by the act of prayer you are making it easy for wholesome, divinely-appointed influences to reach you, to co-operate with you, 'to undertake for you.'

222. And you who watch and you who pray will perceive that your life is filled with coincidences. They will be so piled one upon the other, that you, cautious as you are, will not resist them. And the more you use these powers, bringing here as elsewhere, everything to the bar of common sense and reason, not allowing yourself to be led further than the occasion warrants, the more you thus walk with God, the more convinced will you be that you are the centre of a circle of divine influences which will sustain and bless you indefinitely, just in proportion as you, by voluntary prayer and meditation, place yourself within the sphere of their radiant energy.

223. Men of prayer, women of prayer, do my words strike home to you? Do they interpret to you your own experiences. You felt that you were helped; you could not think how God could help you, or answer you. You felt in sickness a new revival; you were at a loss to account for it. Your doctors declare they had nothing to do with it. You spoke vaguely of God, yet what were the means He employed? You could not tell, it was all so strange. You thought you would pray desperately, hopelessly for the rescue of one dear to you. Some un-

wonted word or look from him told you that he had been shaken with unusual emotion, that something had passed. You prayed for one at a distance. A letter comes brimful of such things as startle you, you cannot believe your eyes, it so exactly corresponds with the prayer, something you longed and prayed for. A certain conjunction of events, you are helpless, powerless to bring them about. One after another they fall into their places, and personages arrange themselves with an almost dramatic precision. *You* cannot see; *they* do not know the hand that is moving, only one unlooked-for coincidence after another brings about the conjunction of events which you desired, and you have got your chance at last. Long you could not believe that God was occupying Himself

with these trivialities. You said, 'How can these things be?' And we announce to you a doctrine as old as the earliest record of the Bible, probably immeasurably older. We tell you that the great God works spontaneously, sympathetically to us-wards, through a system of divinely appointed intermediary agencies. And then, when this truth has been represented and re-stated according to present modes of speech, and expressed in the latest terms of our knowledge—then the answer to prayer and the whole question of the soul's contact with a spiritual world becomes as easy and intelligible as the answer of one man to another, and the influence and helpfulness, and the care and the love, and protecting regard and watchfulness of a human spirit in the flesh over another.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE first place must, of course, be given this month to Mr. Gladstone's paper on "Ritualism and Ritual," in the *Contemporary Review*. The powerful hold the subject has taken on the public mind in England, and the general eagerness to learn the ex-Premier's views upon it, are evidenced by the fact that this number of the *Review* has reached a third edition. Yet, now that the oracle has spoken, no one is satisfied. Mr. Gladstone leaves everything as he found it, for his utterances are as vague and ambiguous as those of the priestess of Apollo. The Evangelicals complain, as the *Times* puts it, that "there is plenty hinted at that would be more distasteful to an English mind." Moreover, the very question at issue, the bone of contention between the contending parties, is purposely ignored. The question how far Parliament ought to tolerate innovations in ceremonial, made "for the purpose of assimilating it to the Roman or Popish ceremonial; and, further, of introducing the Roman or Papal religion into this country, under the insidious form, and silent but steady suasion, of its ceremonial," is only stated to be dismissed from view. Yet this is precisely what Mr. Gladstone was expected to consider fully and to express his opinions upon with clearness. Nor are the Ritualists better pleased; for there are passages in the essay which seem to insinuate that they are substituting ritual for inward

devotion, and bringing in the reign of "formality and deadness." Finally, the Roman Catholics are not merely dissatisfied with the essay, but positively in anger about five words in it—"the bloody reign of Mary." Perhaps the Dean of Westminster and his friends are the only Churchmen likely to regard Mr. Gladstone's attitude with complacency. Yet the speech delivered by the ex-Premier last session on the Public Worship Bill might have saved the belligerents from disappointment. The essay is only a new edition of the speech, elaborated and adjusted to the ear of the theological public. Mr. Gladstone is opposed to coercion and favourable to comprehension in ceremony, if not in doctrine. He, therefore, desires to mediate, and hence deals in casuistry, so as, if possible, to keep the subject *in nubibus*. The result might have been anticipated. Leaving on one side the definitions, the complaint that Englishmen want æsthetic taste, and the remarks on the progress of ritualism in all the churches, the gist of the essay is easily given. Ritual may be good or it may be bad; there may be too much of it or there may be too little; and both excess and defect are faults. If ritual ministers to personal religion it is good, no matter what the amount of it; if ritual impedes or is a substitute for the religion of the heart, then it is harmful, no matter how small the extent of it. All depends on the individual worshipper; for what is

one man's meat is another man's poison. After stating these truisms Mr. Gladstone has no more to say, and he closes his essay without uttering a word on the real *casus belli* between the two church parties. Clearly the theologian has once again run away with the statesman.

By way of reply to a recent defence of Hegel and the Speculative method by Lord Arthur Russell, Mr. G. H. Lewes gives a chapter from the forthcoming volume of his "Problems of Life and Mind." Mr. Lewes, in his first volume, laid violent hands on the term metaphysics, which he appropriated to his own use, making the philosophers a present of a bran-new word, *Metemprics*, in exchange. When, therefore, he compares Lagrange, the natural philosopher, with Hegel, the speculative philosopher, we know his conclusion in advance. Both employed the deductive method; but the assumptions of the former were verifiable, those of the latter not. Mr. Peter Baine contributes the first part of an essay on "Charles I. and his Father," which gives an estimate of the character of James I. The writer does not agree with Carlyle, and, we may add, the elder Disraeli, in patching up the dilapidated reputation of the first Stuart. The paper is written in an easy, flowing style, and, without entering deeply into the history of the reign, gives an accurate general survey of it. We hardly think, however, James left his daughter Elizabeth and her husband, the Elector Palatine, unaided because the latter had foolishly accepted the Crown of Bohemia. Frederick had been in trouble and had needed aid in the Palatinate before that fatal step was taken. The proposed Spanish marriage had no doubt more to do with it, and so had James's parsimony, cowardice, and want of natural affection. He was incapable of a worthy or chivalrous action, and preferred slobbering and blubbering over Steenie to doing his duty on the continent.

"The Philosophy of the Pure Sciences," by Professor Clifford, of which the first part is given, can hardly be summarized with advantage here. We may state, however, that instead of Kant's necessary forms—space and time, the Professor would substitute space and motion. He admits that Kant's contention that our knowledge of absolute and necessary truths cannot come from experience, is unanswerable by the sensational school. And that this is true, whether we mean with Mill *our own* experiences, or with Herbert Spencer, the hereditary accumulation of experiences. He expresses his conviction that the solution of the question is not to be sought in the subjective method, but in the physiological, "in the study of the physical facts that accompany sensation and of the physical properties of the nervous system." South Australia, intellectually speaking,

bids fair to distance all the other colonies. A year or two ago the Chief Justice assailed the orthodox creed in a semi-Straussian view of Christology, and now Mr. Musgrave, the Governor of the Colony, runs full tilt at political economy in a long paper entitled "Mr. Mill on Capital." Taking up Mr. Mill's fundamental propositions one by one, beginning with the first—"that industry is limited by capital," and ending with the assumption that money is not capital, the Governor finds nothing but fallacies, sophisms, or paradoxes on every side. The paper is written with considerable vigour of style, and displays, if not an accurate, yet a familiar knowledge of the subject. "St. Paul's Cathedral," by Mr. Fergusson, the well-known writer on architecture, is a very powerful and earnest appeal against the plan for the completion of the Cathedral, designed by Mr. Burgess and adopted by the Committee.

Mr. St. George Mivart brings to a conclusion his essay on "Contemporary Evolution." A review of it will be more satisfactory when it appears in a separate form. The present instalment treats of philosophical evolution as either hostile or supposed to be hostile to Christianity. It need not be said that the views expressed are the antipodes of Mr. Lewes'. The writer takes a rapid survey of the entire field of modern speculation. Of the theological writers, there is Strauss; of the philosophers, there are Mill, Bain, Spencer, Comte, and Lewes; of the "scientists," Darwin, Huxley, Bastian, Voght, Buchner, and Haeckel. Mr. St. Mivart examines their negations as they severally relate to the Ego, the Will, Nature and God. His remedy is a return to the Peripatetic philosophy. Mr. Matthew Arnold replies at length to objections raised against his "Literature and Dogma." He complains that his purpose has been misinterpreted; that he intended to prevent those who were about to discard the Bible from doing so, not to make war against it. He then reviews the objections, and indicates the position taken in his work.

The opening article in the *Fortnightly* has divided with Mr. Gladstone's paper the attention of the public. "The Next Page of the Liberal Programme," by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, is an admirably clear and honest utterance, whether we agree with it or not. The writer candidly avows his belief that there is no immediate prospect of a return of the Liberals to power, nor does he affect to wish for it. His object is to consider what the party is to fight for. Mr. Goschen declares that it ought to fight, and yet protests that it would be "most impolitic to get up a cry." If that be the case, Mr. Chamberlain replies, then the Conservatives ought to be kept in office; Mr. Goschen's policy is theirs, and they are the pro-

per persons to carry it out. Then follows a review of the causes of the defeat at the polls. Mr. Chamberlain evidently thinks, although he does not say it in so many words, that Mr. Gladstone has done his work as leader. He praises that work, but he can also say some hard things. No agent of the Conservative reaction could utter anything severer than this:—"At a moment's notice the dissolution was resolved on, and Mr. Gladstone promulgated through the country the meanest public document that has ever, in like circumstances, proceeded from a statesman of the first rank." The writer proceeds to contend that the party must go forward—must have a programme. After suggesting some minor reforms which are required, and passing over Free Land as premature, and Free Schools, because Mr. Foster has ruined the question, he takes his stand on a Free Church as the best and most urgently required of all the liberal measures. He presses the questions of disestablishment and disendowment, regarding them as inseparably connected—the one not to be thought of without the other. "If," says Mr. Chamberlain, "Mr. Gladstone feels that he has done his work, his worst enemies will admit that he has earned his right to repose." * * "Great crises do not wait for leaders, but create or do without them."

Mr. Leslie Stephens contributes a review of Disraeli's novels. We are somewhat surprised at the monotone of eulogy which runs through it, but service, however, will be done by the publication of this critique simultaneously with the appearance of Mr. Gladstone's paper. It will afford the means of comparing the two party leaders, and set in a clear light the earnestness of moral purpose in the one and the love of gaud and tinsel and tinsel characteristic of the other. Mr. Ashton Dilke gives a graphic and extremely interesting account of the Caucasus, which may be recommended to those who know little of Schamyl's country;—that is almost everybody. Professor Beesly's paper on "The History of Republicanism in France" is well written; but although the facts are clear enough, we do not profess to understand how the writer comes by his inferences. After proving that the Republicans have always been a small minority of the French people, he concludes that a Republic is not only possible, but inevitable. His great idol is Danton, as a previous writer's was Chaumette. He has a great deal to say about the White Terror of 1795 and 1815, but nothing of the

Reign of Terror which was brought to an end on the 9th Thermidor, 1794. He says that "French instinct has always leant steadily to personal rather than parliamentary government," which would point, we should think, not to the permanence of the Republic, but the restoration of the Empire. We believe the Republic gives France the best promise of order and repose; but we do not think Professor Beesly has proved that it is likely to last. However, he has something more to say on the point. Mr. Oscar Browning puts in a plea for the effective teaching by models, &c., of archæology in schools, including in it art and daily life, and also topography.

Mr. Morley reviews the anonymous work on "Supernatural Theology," which has excited such general attention in England. He says that these volumes "are by far the most decisive, trenchant and far-reaching of the direct contributions to theological controversy that have been made in this generation." As the work will probably reach us in a short time, we may content ourselves here with a remark or two. The work is an attempt to answer fully and exhaustively the all-important question:—"Is Christianity a divine revelation supernaturally made, or is it not?" The writer's answer is in the negative. The antecedent credibility of miracles is discussed at great length, with Hume as a basis, although he evidently furnishes but a small part of the ground. There is, then, the question, "Did the Scripture miracles really happen?" The reader is reminded, in the words of Baden Powell, that "at the present day it is not a miracle, but the narrative of a miracle, to which any argument can refer, or to which faith is accorded." Hence a large portion of the work is taken up with a destructive criticism of the Gospels. An examination of the testimony of Justin Martyr alone occupies one hundred and fifty pages. Comparative Thaumaturgy, or a comparison of the miracles of all nations, also finds a place. The entire work appears to be the most able and elaborate assault upon the faith yet made. Mr. Appleton's paper on "The Public Endowment of Research" is an argument in favour of giving public support to those who make scientific discovery, strictly so called, the business of their life. He contends that the universities were founded to support this class, and, therefore, that they ought to supply the necessary funds.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE *Creation* is to be produced in the Music Hall on the 24th instant. Judging from the effort of the Philharmonic Society on the occasion of their presentation of the *Elijah*, it may confidently be expected that Haydn's lighter work will be interpreted with fidelity and effect. A few particulars, briefly stated, in connection with the masterpiece of the "genial" composer may prove acceptable to those of our readers not familiar with it, or in whose libraries musical literature is unrepresented. The only accounts that come to us of the composition of the *Creation* are from French and German sources, and unfortunately these do not agree in regard to dates. According to the authority of M. Fétis, and other French writers, the oratorio was commenced in 1795, when Haydn was sixty-three years of age, and completed early in 1798. It would appear from this that the composition occupied over two years, and it is related that Haydn, when urged to hasten his labours, replied, "I am long about it, for I wish it to last long." Haydn is also said to have remarked that when he was working at the *Creation* he felt himself so penetrated with religion that before he sat down to the piano he prayed confidently to God to give him the talent requisite to praise Him worthily. The German authorities state that Haydn commenced the composition of the oratorio in 1797, in his sixty-fifth year, and completed it in 1798, and that it was first performed in Vienna on the 19th March, 1799. All the writers, however, agree that the work met with the most pronounced success, and excited the greatest enthusiasm both in England and Germany. No comparison can, of course, fairly be made between the *Messiah* and the *Creation*; distinct in style, each must be judged on its own merits. It is allowable, nevertheless, to contrast them. Handel's gigantic conception is characterized by the utmost simplicity and grandeur; the *Creation* is distinguished by a prevalent tone of lightness—the religious emotions, it is true, find expression with truth and fervour, but the expression is that of joyous and confident faith. Haydn's own words give the key to the character of his work:—"Whenever I think of God, I can only imagine a Being infinitely great and infinitely good; and the idea of the latter attribute of the heavenly nature fills me with such confidence, with such joy, that I should even set a *miserere* to *chierful* music." While as a whole the oratorio has been pronounced to be a production of

the highest order, and to be marked by tenderness, grace and devotion—the last of the most pure and healthy tendency—exception has been taken by critics to certain passages of a directly *imitative* nature, as being trivial, and calculated to excite but commonplace ideas. Take, for instance, the imitations of the whale plunging, and the descent of rain, hail and snow. The justice of the objections may be recognized, for the fact that the performance of many of these imitative passages provokes laughter among an audience, may be taken as giving some ground for the assertion that they tend to detract from the generally elevated nature of the composition. In other portions of the work, where Haydn casts aside imitative effects, and endeavours to suggest certain ideas by exciting kindred emotions, what wonders has he achieved, how noble are his ideal representations. Beethoven, when writing the *Pastoral Symphony*, now acknowledged to be the best specimen of the best kind of descriptive music, said, "it (the symphony) consists more in the expression of sentiment than in actual representation." Although the admirers of Haydn will secretly ever regret that he often made his music so objective in its nature, they are not slow to represent that the great Handel himself has condescended to "word-painting." The public must be left to judge of these minute imperfections in Haydn's score. We may all join in frankly acknowledging the merits of a work that will always be admired so long as men are capable of appreciating pure and wholesome music. "Joy and gratitude, benevolence and love, are expressed with as much purity and ecstasy in the *Creation* as are the sublime emotions which inspire all the hopes and terrors of religion—all the blessing of honour, glory and power that are assigned to the great Creator and Preserver of mankind in the *Messiah*." The words of the *Creation* are in part selected from the Bible, and in part written by Baron Von Swieten. The oratorio is divided into three parts. The first part is devoted to illustrating the destruction of Chaos, and the creation of the world. The story is told by the three archangels, Raphael, Gabriel and Uriel. Between the narration of each creative effort, a heavenly chorus breaks in with songs of rejoicing. The musical suggestion of Chaos is allotted to the orchestra, and its startling combinations will at once arrest the attention. The birth of light is indicated in the first chorus in the words, "and there was LIGHT," by a

sudden burst of sound from the vocal and instrumental masses *fortissimo*, and the intention will be apparent to the most careless listener. The intensity of the effect is heightened by the apparition of the major harmony, previously rigidly excluded. Raphael's announcement (in recitative) that God made the firmament and divided the waters, gives the composer an opportunity of indulging in some fanciful imitations which are continued in the air "Rolling in foaming billows." Then follows the exquisite *aria*, "With verdure clad," the heavenly beauty of which is too obvious to need comment. The concluding chorus of the first part, "The Heavens are telling the glory of God," remains the most popular choral number in the oratorio, its broad melody being easily followed even by the most uneducated ear. It was this number that the late Dr. Croft—with doubtful taste—endeavoured to ridicule, when he said "it began at the Opera House and ended at Vauxhall." The second part treats of the creation of life, and finally of man, the narrative, as before, being supplied by the three archangels. It is impossible within the limits of a brief notice like the present, to enumerate the numerous gems in this portion of the oratorio. Attention may be directed to the charming *terzetto*, "Most beautiful appear," the brilliant *trio* and chorus, "The Lord is great," the air, "In native worth," and the elaborate "Achieved is the glorious work." The third part brings man upon the scene, and exhibits him in his sinless state before the fall, his soul seeking expression in adoration of the Creator. The exquisite refinement of the duet between Adam and Eve, "O star the fairest," is characteristic of the composer. The final chorus with quartette, "Praise the Lord," developed in the free fugal style, and wonderfully elaborated, forms a fitting peroration to a work to which the composer appended the words "*Laus Deo*."

Mlle Marie Aimée and her Opera Bouffe Company appeared for the first time in Toronto on Tuesday last, the 27th ult., at the Grand Opera House. A genuine version of M. Charles Lecocq's *La fille de Madame Angot* was selected for the occasion, and met with unqualified success. The opera was first produced in February, 1873, at the *Folies Dramatiques* and nearly drove the Parisian public crazy with delight. It was subsequently performed in London and New York, and never failed to "draw." The story in itself is uninteresting, its situations often "pitchforked" together, and were it not for its alliance with Lecocq's light and piquant music, would scarcely merit notice. As it is, we can offer but a mere outline. *Clairette*, the daughter of Madame Angot, left an orphan by the death of her mother, is adopted by the "porters" and saleswomen of the fish market of Paris, by whom she is brought up as a *fleurist*. Con-

trary to her inclinations, they affianced her to *Pomponnet*, barber. She is, however, really attached to a composer of seditious songs, *Ange Pitou*, and in order to prevent or postpone her union with *Pomponnet*, she causes herself to be arrested by singing in the public street some of her lover's objectionable rhymes. She is taken before Mlle. Lange, the intimate friend of Barras, of the Directorate, an old school-mate, and released. Mlle. Lange now falls in love with *Pitou*, obtains an interview, and succeeds in seducing him from his allegiance to *Clairette*. The daughter of Madame Angot, by a complicated process which we cannot here follow, obtains proof of her lover's perfidy, and rendered ferocious by the discovery, dresses herself *en poissade*, repudiates the innocence and refinement that has been attributed to her, and declares herself to be a true daughter of her mother, who, we have been previously told, did not number delicacy among her virtues. The opera closes with the reconciliation of *Clairette* and *Pomponnet*, who are of course married. The music itself is extremely pretty. The melodies have a wonderfully *ad captandum* effect, and although superficial, and occasionally commonplace, are often strikingly original and effective. The instrumentation is graceful and appropriate, and ingeniously written. The overture, however, is simply suggestive of the principal *morceaux* of the opera. The first number worthy of comment is *Amaranthe's* couplet "*Marchande de marlé*," a narrative of a few episodes in the life of Madame Angot. The air is particularly lively and pretty, and the audience seemed enraptured with it, as sung by Mlle. Kid. Ange Pitou's song, "*Jamais Clairette*," although done justice to by Mons. C. Kolletz, fell rather flat. Clairette's song, "*Jadis les rois, race proscrite*," a brilliant and characteristic *morceau*, was electrical in its effect, and a portion of it had to be repeated. The second act, perhaps, contains the best music. The opening chorus struck many as being rather insipid and tame, and certainly was not well sung. The couplets, "*Les soldats d'Angereau*," and the duet between *Clairette* and *Lange* are good, although the peroration of the latter degenerates almost into vulgarity of melody. The effect of the striking and ingenious chorus of conspirators, "*Quand on conspire*," supplemented by the queer attitudinising of the executants, proved refreshingly unique. The alternations of *pianissimo* and *sforzando* were irresistibly ludicrous, and took the house by storm. It was admirably rendered. The act concludes with the waltz "*Tournez tournez*," a charming bit of writing. In the third act, *Clairette* sings her famous song, "*De la mère Angot, je suis la fille*," in which she throws off the mask, and proclaims herself a true *poissade*. Mlle. Aimee, who took the character, acted and sang here, and indeed

throughout, in an inimitable manner; her gestures might have been objected to as being even too suggestive, but as a piece of French delineation, her effort was excellent. The opera virtual'y closes with the clever quarelling duet between Lange and Clairette. M'lle. Aimee gave an extremely spirited presentation of Clairette, and her singing, of its kind, is rarely equalled. M'lle. Nardin as *Lange*, and second principal lady, ably sustained the *role*; her singing is careful and effective, and her voice contains some good notes in the lower register. Mr. Kolletz makes a good *buffo tenor*, and the interest in his part was never allowed to flag. The rest of the artists fairly supported the efforts of their principals, and the singing generally was very even. The orchestra played well, but lacked brilliancy, owing to its weakness in strings. We cheerfully admit the merit of the Aimee Opera Company, but consider it doubtful whether a familiarity with French Opera Bouffe does not tend to lower the standard of public taste. The dialogue, even in French, is often objectionable, the music inclines towards the frivolous, and never rises above the pretty. It can scarcely be wished that a *taste* for this class of entertainment should be cultivated; a public enamoured of the cloying melodies of Offenbach and Lecocq will probably feel a disinclination to make itself acquainted with the healthier and purer music of the "immortal five."

It is gratifying to learn that the *debut* of Mdlle. Albani in New York was an unqualified triumph. Her first appearance was at the Academy of Music, on Monday, the 19th ult., when she assumed the *role* of *Amina*, in "La Sonnambula." The New York press states that her youth, beauty and, above all, her exquisite singing and finished acting took the susceptible heart of the public by storm. On the following Friday, Mdlle. Albani achieved a still greater success as *Lucia*, and we are told that her conception of the character approached almost an inspiration, and was more touching than that of Mdlle. Nillson, whose *Lucia* is of a more tragic cast and less feminine. It is somewhat amusing to observe with what eagerness our American cousins claim Mdlle. Albani as their own. The *New York Herald* refers to her "as a young American girl," while the *Republic*, with infinite condescension, says, "to be sure, we are told that the lady was born in Canada, but Canada is in America, and we are willing to give Mdlle. Albani the *benefit* of our republican nationality." Our New York friends can afford to be generous, and they should, without reserve, recognize the *distinction* that Mdlle. Albani claims for herself, that of being a Canadian. It is said that Mdlle. Albani will shortly appear in Toronto; it is unnecessary to speculate as to the character of the greeting she will receive.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE second American contribution to the International Scientific Series will consist of a "History of the Conflict between Religion and Science," from the pen of Dr. John W. Draper, whose "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe" has taken such high rank among the original contributions of the time.

The translation from the German of Prof. Maetznor's great work on English Grammar is positively announced for publication in November. Dr. Morris' long promised "Elementary Lessons in Historical English Grammar" has at last appeared. It deals with accident and word-formation. Philological students may also be interested in the announcement of a new and compendious Dictionary of the French Language, by Prof. Gustave Masson, of Harrow.

The work is being well received by educationists in England.

A new volume of Essays, by Lowell, the American poet, and a work on Poetry and Criticism, by Emerson, are announced as among the forthcoming publications.

A collection of Essays on Chemical and Geological Subjects, by Prof. T. Sterry Hunt, late of Montreal, and now of Boston, will shortly issue from the press. A still cheaper edition, in four volumes at \$2 each, of Prof. Jowett's translation of the "Dialogues of Plato," has just been issued by Messrs. Scribner of New York.

Dr. McCosh's forthcoming work on Scottish Philosophy, it is understood, is to be biographical in its character, embracing sketches of Hutcheson, Hume,

Dugald Stewart, Sir James Macintosh, Adam Smith, Lord Brougham, Prof. Wilson, and Sir William Hamilton, illustrative of the history and progress of philosophic thought within the period covered by the volume.

New additions will be immediately made to the issues of Lange's Commentary, and the Speaker's Bible Commentary, in the publication of the Book of Job in the former series, and the Books of Isaiah to Daniel in the latter.

Considerable interest has been manifested in the recent Explorations in Nineveh, Assyria and Babylonia, by Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, the distinguished Oriental scholar. That interest will doubtless be whetted by the announcement of the approaching publication of Mr. Smith's researches, with photographic reproductions of the most important inscriptions brought to light by the traveller.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has just issued the first volume of his highly enlogistic biography of Napoleon III., the material for which he has derived from State records and unpublished family correspondence, and to which he has had privileged access. The work is to extend to four volumes, and will be profusely illustrated with portraits, fac-similes of letters, State documents, &c.

The *Cornhill Magazine* has just commenced the issue of a new story, by William Black, the author of "A Daughter of Heth," and other novels, which have met with deserved favour recently. The story is entitled, "Three Feathers."

A new work on the Russian Empire, by Ashton W. Dilke, reviewing the political position of that country, especially in regard to the relations between the Russian and subject races, will shortly appear.

Sir Samuel Baker's Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the suppression of the slave trade will be published early in November. It will comprise two 8vo volumes, fully illustrated, and bears the title of "Ismailia."

A volume of Autobiographical Reminiscences and Selections from the diaries of Macready, the actor, is announced, by one of his executors, Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart.

An important contribution to the literature of Economic Science appears in a work entitled "Some Leading Principles of Political Economy newly Expounded," by Prof. J. E. Cairnes, of University College, London. The volume appears in an English dress, from Messrs. Macmillan, and in an American from Messrs. Harper Bros.

An admirable series of educational works dealing with the History of England and Europe at successive epochs, has just been projected by the Messrs Longman, and three volumes of the issue have appeared. The subjects of these volumes are :

1. The Era of the Protestant Revolution. 2. The Crusades; and 3. The Thirty Years' War. They are all prepared by eminent scholars, and will be found useful for general reading and the refreshment of the memory as to the salient points of history, as well as of use to the student.

The posthumous volume of Essays on "Nature, the Utility of Religion, and Theism," from the pen of John Stuart Mill, may be expected early in November.

Two volumes of the speeches of Lord Lytton, with some hitherto unpublished political writings of the late novelist, have just been published. Their appearance goes far to justify Bulwer's claim to be ranked among the statesmen of his time.

The first instalment, of two volumes, of Mr. W. S. Lindsay's "History of Merchant Shipping and Ancient Commerce," has just appeared. It embraces the narrative of the commercial intercourse of the world from the beginning of the present century backwards to the maritime commerce of antiquity. The two unpublished volumes will treat of the mercantile operations of subsequent times, and will doubtless, when completed, form an important contribution to the literature of trade.

Two notable contributions to recent serial literature—viz., Mr. John Morley's paper "On Compromise," from the *Fortnightly*, and Mr. W. R. Greg's "Rocks Ahead" from the *Contemporary*, are promised for early publication in separate form.

Mr. W. F. Rae, the translator of "Taine's English Literature," will shortly issue a translation of the English Biographical Studies of M. C. A. Sainte-Beuve, collected from the *Causeries du Luvai*.

The third volume of Scribner's *Bric-a-brac* series comprises selections from Prosper Merimée's "Letters to an Incognita;" also from Lamartine's "Twenty-five Years of My Life," and from some of the writings of Mme. George Sand. It is a delightful compilation, and will find many readers. The fourth volume of the series, we believe, will deal with the English humourists of the last century.

A Life of the late Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, Editor of *Good Words*, is expected immediately from the press. The second and concluding volume of the Autobiography of Dr. Thomas Guthrie may also be looked for among the forthcoming publications.

A reprint is announced of the remarkable work recently published in England, entitled "Supernatural Religion; an Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation," and of which the Editor of the *Fortnightly* says that "it is by far the most decisive, trenchant, and far-reaching of the direct contributions to theological controversy that have been made in the present generation.